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Beyond Good and Evil

Friedrich Nietzsche

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Friedrich Nietzsche

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

Plain modern English

Translated from the German by Blue Energy People, Inc. (SUN), with AI assistance from Claude Opus 4.5.

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Preface

Let's suppose that truth is a woman. What then? Isn't there good reason to suspect that all philosophers, at least the dogmatic ones who were sure they had the final answers, didn't understand women very well? Isn't it likely that the grim seriousness and the clumsy pushiness they have always used when chasing after truth were awkward and improper ways to win over a woman? One thing is certain: she has not let herself be won. And today every kind of dogmatic belief stands there looking sad and discouraged. If it is even still standing at all! Because there are mockers who claim it has fallen, that all dogmatism is lying on the ground. Even more, they say all dogmatism is breathing its last. But speaking seriously, there are good reasons to hope that all the dogmatic preaching in philosophy, however solemn and final and absolute it pretended to be, may really have been nothing more than a noble kind of childishness, the work of beginners. And maybe the time is very close when people will understand, again and again, how little was actually needed to lay the foundation stone for the grand, absolute buildings of philosophy that the dogmatists have built so far. That foundation might have been some popular superstition from ancient times, like the superstition about the soul, which, in the form of the superstition about the "subject" and the "I", is still causing trouble even today. Or it might have been some play on words, or being led astray by grammar, or a bold generalization drawn from very narrow, very personal, very human, all-too-human facts. The philosophy of the dogmatists was, we hope, just a promise stretching across thousands of years, the way astrology was in even earlier times. Astrology may have received more work,

money, cleverness and patience than any real science so far. And we owe to it, and to its claims about the heavens above the earth, the grand style of building in Asia and Egypt. It seems that all great things, in order to carve their everlasting demands into humanity's heart, first have to wander across the earth as huge and frightening monster-faces. Dogmatic philosophy was such a monster-face: for example, the Vedanta teaching in Asia, and Platonism in Europe. Let's not be ungrateful to it, even though we must certainly admit that the worst, longest-lasting and most dangerous of all errors so far was a dogmatist's error: namely, Plato's invention of the pure mind and of the Good in itself. But now that this error has been overcome, now that Europe can breathe freely after this nightmare and can at least enjoy a healthier... sleep, we, whose task is to be awake, are the heirs of all the strength that the struggle against this error has built up. It is true that speaking about the mind and the good the way Plato did meant standing truth on its head. It meant denying seeing from a point of view, which is the basic condition of all life. In fact, one may ask, the way a doctor would: "Where did such a disease come from in Plato, the most beautiful plant that grew in the ancient world? Did the wicked Socrates corrupt him after all? Was Socrates really the corrupter of the young? And did he deserve his cup of hemlock poison?" But the fight against Plato, or, to say it more plainly and for "the people", the fight against the pressure of the Christian church over thousands of years, because Christianity is Platonism for "the people", has created in Europe a magnificent tension of the mind, the kind of tension that has never existed on earth before. With a bow pulled so tight, one can now shoot at the most distant targets. Of course, the European person feels this tension as a kind of distress. And twice already there have been large-scale attempts to loosen the bow: once through the Jesuits, and the second time through the democratic Enlightenment. With the help of freedom of the press and newspaper reading, the Enlightenment may indeed manage to make the mind no

longer feel itself so easily as a state of "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder, and hats off to them for that! But they made up for it: they invented the printing press.) But we, who are not Jesuits, nor democrats, nor even German enough, we good Europeans and free, very free thinkers of a new kind, we still have it: the whole distress of the mind and the whole tension of its bow! And perhaps also the arrow, the task, and, who knows? the target.....

Sils-Maria,

Upper Engadine, June 1885.

Part One:

The Prejudices of Philosophers

1.

The urge to know the truth will still tempt us into many risky adventures. Think of that famous truthfulness that all philosophers so far have spoken about with such respect. What questions this urge to know the truth has already put in front of us! What strange, nasty, doubtful questions! It is already a long story, and yet it seems to have barely begun. So is it any wonder that we finally grow suspicious, lose our patience, and turn around impatiently? Is it any wonder that we learn from this Sphinx how to ask questions ourselves? Who is it, really, who is asking us questions here? What part of us actually wants "the truth"? In fact, we stopped for a long time at the question of what causes this urge. Then, in the end, we came to a complete stop in front of an even deeper question. We asked what this urge is worth. Suppose we want truth: why not untruth instead? Or uncertainty? Or even not knowing? The problem of what truth is worth came and stood before us. Or was it we who came and stood before the problem? Which of us is Oedipus here, the one who must answer the riddle? Which of us is the Sphinx, the one who asks it? It seems to be a meeting place of questions and question marks. And would you believe it? In the end it starts to seem to us that this problem has never been raised before. It seems as if we are the first to see it, to look it in the eye, to dare to face it. For there is a risk in it, and maybe there is no greater risk.

2.

"How could something come from its opposite? For example, truth from error? Or the urge to know the truth from the urge to deceive? Or an unselfish act from selfishness? Or the pure, sunny gaze of the wise person from greed? Something can't come about that way. Anyone who dreams of it is a fool, or worse. The things of highest value must have a different origin, one of their own. They can't be traced back to this passing, tempting, deceiving, petty world, this tangle of illusion and desire! No, their source must lie in the womb of being itself, in what never passes away, in the hidden God, in the 'thing as it really is'. That is where it must be, and nowhere else!" This way of judging is the typical prejudice by which you can recognize the metaphysicians, the thinkers about what lies beyond the world, in every age. This way of valuing things stands in the background of all their logical steps. Starting from this "faith" of theirs, they work hard to reach their "knowledge", something that at the end is solemnly baptized as "the truth". The basic faith of the metaphysicians is the belief that values come in opposites. Not even the most careful among them thought of doubting right here at the doorway, where doubt was needed most. And this was so even when they had sworn to "doubt everything". For one may doubt, first, whether opposites exist at all. And second, one may doubt whether those popular judgments of value and opposites of value, which the metaphysicians stamped with their seal of approval, are perhaps only surface judgments. Perhaps they are only temporary points of view, maybe even seen from a corner, maybe looking up from below. They might be "frog's-eye views", so to speak, to borrow a phrase painters use. Whatever value may belong to what is true, what is truthful, what is unselfish, it might be that appearance, the urge to deceive, selfishness and desire must be given a higher and more basic value for all of life. It is even possible that what makes those good and honored things valuable is

exactly this: that they are related to those bad, seemingly opposite things in a tricky way. Maybe they are tied to them, hooked into them, maybe even the same thing at heart. Maybe! But who is willing to bother with such dangerous maybes? For that, we will have to wait for a new kind of philosopher to arrive. These will be philosophers with some other, opposite taste and leaning than those so far. They will be philosophers of the dangerous "maybe" in every sense of the word. And speaking in all seriousness: I see such new philosophers coming.

3.

I have watched philosophers closely for long enough, reading between their lines and keeping an eye on their hands. Now I tell myself this: we must count most of our conscious thinking as the work of instinct, and this is true even of philosophical thinking. We have to relearn here, just as we have relearned what we thought about heredity and what is "inborn". The act of being born plays only a tiny part in the whole process of heredity, before and after. In the same way, "being conscious" is not, in any important sense, the opposite of instinct. Most of a philosopher's conscious thinking is secretly guided by his instincts and forced into certain tracks. Even behind all logic, which seems to move freely as its own master, there stand judgments of value. To put it more plainly, there stand bodily needs for keeping a certain kind of life going. For example, the belief that what is definite is worth more than what is vague, or that appearance is worth less than "truth". Such judgments may be very important for guiding us. Still, they might be only surface judgments, a certain kind of silliness, the sort that beings like us may need just to survive. That is, assuming that man is not, after all, "the measure of all things"...

4.

For us, the fact that a judgment is false is not yet a reason against it. This is perhaps where our new way of speaking sounds strangest. The question is how far the judgment helps life, keeps life going, keeps the species going, maybe even helps breed a better species. And we tend, on principle, to claim that the falsest judgments are the ones we can least do without. Among these are what philosophers call "synthetic judgments a priori", truths about the world we supposedly know before any experience. We claim that people could not live without accepting logical fictions. They could not live without measuring reality against a purely invented world of the absolute, of things always equal to themselves. They could not live without constantly falsifying the world through numbers. We claim that giving up false judgments would mean giving up life, saying no to life. To admit that untruth is a condition of life certainly means resisting our usual feelings about value in a dangerous way. And a philosophy that dares to do this has, by that alone, already placed itself beyond good and evil.

5.

What makes us look at all philosophers half with distrust and half with mockery is not that we keep finding out how innocent they are. It is not how often and how easily they make mistakes and lose their way, in short, how childish and childlike they are. It is that they are not honest enough. And yet all of them make a great, virtuous noise as soon as the question of truthfulness is touched on, even from far away. They all act as if they had discovered and reached their real opinions through the cold, pure, godlike, carefree working-out of logical argument. (In this they differ from mystics of every kind, who are more honest than they are, and clumsier: the mystics talk about "inspiration.") But really, what they defend is a statement they decided

on in advance, a sudden idea, a "flash of insight." Most often it is a wish of the heart that has been made abstract and sifted clean, and then they look for reasons afterwards to defend it. They are all lawyers who do not want to be called lawyers. In fact, most of them are crafty defenders of their own prejudices, which they baptize as "truths." They are very far from the courage of a conscience that admits this, exactly this, to itself. And they are very far from the good taste of a courage that also lets others know it, whether to warn an enemy or a friend, or out of high spirits and to make fun of itself. Take old Kant, with his moral hypocrisy, as stiff as it is prim. He lures us along sneaky back roads of argument that lead to his "categorical imperative," his supposed absolute moral command. Or rather, they do not lead us there, they lead us astray. This show makes us smile, spoiled as we are, because we find no small fun in watching closely the clever little tricks of old moralists and moral preachers. Or take that hocus-pocus of mathematical form that Spinoza used for his philosophy. In the end, if we read the word fairly and correctly, "philosophy" means "the love of his own wisdom." He wrapped it up and masked it as if in bronze armor, to frighten off from the start the courage of anyone who might attack it, anyone who might dare to cast a glance at this unconquerable maiden, this Pallas Athena. How much shyness of his own, and how much weakness to attack, this masquerade of a sick loner gives away!

6.

Little by little it has become clear to me what every great philosophy has been so far. It has been a personal confession by the one who made it, a kind of memoir he wrote without meaning to and without noticing. It has also become clear to me that the moral (or immoral) aims in every philosophy were the real living seed from which the whole plant grew each time. In fact, if you want to explain how a

philosopher's most far-fetched claims about the nature of reality really came about, it is good, and wise, to always ask first: what morality is it aiming at? What morality is he aiming at? So I do not believe that a "drive for knowledge" is the father of philosophy. I believe that some other drive, here as elsewhere, has only used knowledge (and misunderstanding, too!) as a tool. But if you look at the basic drives of human beings and ask how far they may have played their games here as inspiring spirits (or as demons and goblins), you will find that every one of them has done philosophy at some point. And you will find that each one of them would just love to present itself as the final purpose of existence and as the rightful master of all the other drives. For every drive wants to rule, and because of that, it tries to do philosophy. Of course, with scholars, the truly scientific people, things may be different, "better," if you like. With them there may really be something like a drive for knowledge, some small independent clockwork that, once it is well wound up, bravely keeps working away without the scholar's other drives really taking part. That is why a scholar's real "interests" usually lie somewhere else entirely, say in his family, or in making money, or in politics. It hardly even matters whether his little machine is set up in this part of science or that one, or whether the "promising" young worker turns himself into a good expert in old languages, or in mushrooms, or in chemistry. Becoming this or that does not say anything about who he is. With the philosopher, it is the opposite: there is nothing impersonal about him at all. Above all, his morality gives clear and decisive proof of who he is. That is, it shows the ranking in which the deepest drives of his nature stand toward one another, which ones rule and which ones obey.

7.

How spiteful philosophers can be! I know of nothing more poisonous than the joke Epicurus allowed himself against Plato and his follow-

ers. He called them "Dionysiokolakes." Taken word for word, and on the surface, this means "flatterers of Dionysius," the tyrant, so it means hangers-on of a tyrant and bootlickers. But on top of all that, it also means: "They are all actors, there is nothing real about them." (For "Dionysokolax" was a common nickname for an actor.) And this second meaning is really the spiteful dart that Epicurus shot at Plato. What annoyed him was Plato's grand manner, the way Plato and his students knew how to put themselves on stage, which Epicurus did not know how to do! He, the old schoolmaster from Samos, who sat hidden in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books. Who knows why? Maybe out of anger and ambition against Plato? It took a hundred years for Greece to figure out who this garden god Epicurus had really been. Did it ever figure it out?

8.

In every philosophy there comes a point where the philosopher's "conviction," his firm personal belief, walks onto the stage. Or, to say it in the language of an old religious play:

"Adventavit asinus, pulcher et fortissimus," which means: "In came the donkey, beautiful and very strong."

9.

You want to live "according to nature"? Oh, you noble Stoics, what a trick you are playing with words! Imagine a being like nature: wasteful beyond all measure, uncaring beyond all measure, without goals and without consideration for anyone, without mercy and without justice, fertile and barren and uncertain all at once. Imagine indifference itself as a power. How could you live according to that indifference? Living: isn't that exactly wanting to be different from what this nature is? Isn't living judging, preferring, being unfair, being limited,

wanting to be different? And suppose your command, "live according to nature," really means "live according to life." Then how could you not do it? Why turn into a rule what you already are and have to be? The truth is something quite different. While you pretend, full of delight, to read the rules of your law out of nature, you actually want the opposite, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to lay down your morality and your ideal for nature, even for nature, and to make nature swallow them. You demand that nature be nature "according to the Stoa," according to your Stoic school. You would like all existence to exist only in your own image, as one huge, eternal glorification and spreading of Stoicism! For all your love of truth, you force yourselves for so long, so stubbornly, so rigidly as if hypnotized, to see nature falsely, that is, in a Stoic way, until you can no longer see it any other way. And in the end some bottomless arrogance gives you the crazy hope that because you know how to tyrannize yourselves (and Stoicism is self-tyranny), nature will also let itself be tyrannized. After all, isn't 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 any philosophy starts to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do anything else. Philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most mind-centered form of the drive to grow stronger, the drive to "create the world," to be the first cause of everything.

10.

All over Europe today, people are going after the problem of "the real world and the world that only seems real" with great eagerness and great cleverness. I would even call it cunning. That should make us stop, think, and listen closely. Anyone who hears nothing behind it except an "urge to know the truth" certainly does not have the sharpest ears. In a few rare cases, such an urge to know the truth may

really be at work. It may be a wild and adventurous courage, the ambition of a metaphysician holding a lost position, someone who in the end would rather have a handful of "certainty" than a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities. There may even be puritan fanatics of conscience who would rather lie down and die on a certain nothing than on an uncertain something. But that is nihilism. It is the sign of a soul in despair, tired to death, however brave such a virtue may look from the outside. With stronger thinkers, more full of life, still thirsty for life, things seem to be different. They take sides against appearance, against what only seems. They already say the word "seeing from a point of view" with pride. They trust their own bodies about as little as they trust the plain look of things, which tells us "the earth stands still." And so, apparently in good spirits, they let go of the surest thing they own, for what do people today believe in more firmly than their own body? Who knows whether, deep down, they are not trying to win back something people once owned even more securely? Something from the old property of the faith of earlier times. Perhaps "the immortal soul," perhaps "the old God." In short, ideas that people could live on better, meaning more strongly and more cheerfully, than on "modern ideas." There is distrust of these modern ideas in this. There is disbelief in everything that was built yesterday and today. Perhaps there is also a touch of weariness and scorn mixed in, a refusal to put up any longer with the junk pile of ideas from every possible source that so-called positivism is selling on the market today. It is the disgust of a more refined taste at the cheap fairground colors and the patched-together rags of all these little would-be philosophers of reality, in whom nothing is new and genuine except that loud mix of colors. In this, it seems to me, we should agree with these skeptics of today who turn against reality and peer at knowledge through a microscope. Their instinct, which drives them away from modern reality, has not been disproved. What do we care about the backward, sneaky paths they take! What matters about them is not that they want to go

"back," but that they want to get away. With a little more strength, a little more ability to fly, a little more courage and artistry, they would want to go out and beyond, and not back!

11.

It seems to me that everywhere today people are trying to steer attention away from the real influence Kant had on German philosophy. Above all, they cleverly slip past the value he gave himself. Kant was first and foremost proud of his table of categories, his list of the basic forms of thinking. Holding this table in his hands, he said: "This is the hardest thing that could ever be undertaken for the sake of metaphysics." Just take in those words, "could ever be"! He was proud of having discovered a new ability in human beings: the ability to make what he called synthetic judgments a priori, that is, judgments that tell us something new about the world and yet are known before any experience. Suppose he was fooling himself about this. Still, the growth and quick flowering of German philosophy depends on this pride, and on the race among all the younger thinkers to discover something even prouder, and in any case "new abilities"! But let us think it over. It is time. How are synthetic judgments a priori possible? Kant asked himself. And what was his actual answer? "By means of an ability to make them." Sadly, though, he did not say it in a few words. He said it in such a long-winded, solemn way, with such a show of German depth and German curlicues, that people missed the comical German silliness hidden in such an answer. People were even beside themselves with excitement about this new ability. The cheering reached its peak when Kant also discovered a moral ability in human beings. For back then the Germans were still moral, and not at all yet "practical politicians." Then came the honeymoon of German philosophy. All the young theology students at the seminary in Tübingen soon went off into the bushes, all of them hunting for "abilities." And what didn't

they find, in that innocent, rich, still youthful time of the German mind, when Romanticism, that wicked fairy, blew and sang her spells into it, back when people could not yet tell "finding" apart from "making up"! Above all, they found an ability for what lies "beyond the senses." Schelling named it intellectual intuition, a kind of seeing with the mind, and with it he gave his Germans, who at heart longed to be pious, exactly what they most dearly wanted. You can do no greater injustice to this whole bold and dreamy movement, which was really just youth, however boldly it dressed itself in gray, old-man ideas, than to take it seriously, or even to treat it with moral outrage. Enough. People grew older, and the dream faded. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads, and they are still rubbing them today. They had been dreaming, and the first and foremost dreamer was old Kant. "By means of an ability," he had said, or at least meant. But is that an answer? An explanation? Or is it not just the question repeated? How does opium make you sleep? "By means of an ability," namely its sleep-making power, answers the doctor in Molière's play,

in Latin: "quia est in eo virtus dormitiva, cujus est natura sensus assoupire," meaning: "because there is a sleep-making power in it, whose nature is to put the senses to sleep."

But answers like that belong in a comedy. It is finally time to replace Kant's question, "How are synthetic judgments a priori possible?" with another question: "Why is it necessary to believe in such judgments?" That means understanding that creatures of our kind must believe such judgments are true in order to survive. Which of course means they could still be false! Or, to say it more clearly, bluntly and thoroughly: synthetic judgments a priori should not be "possible" at all. We have no right to them. When we say them, they are nothing but false judgments. Only, of course, the belief that they are true is necessary, as a surface belief, a way things look, which is part of the way life sees everything from a point of view. Finally, think of the

huge effect that "German philosophy" has had all over Europe. I hope you understand why it deserves those quotation marks? There should be no doubt that a certain sleep-making power played a part in it. Thanks to German philosophy, people of every nation, noble idlers, virtuous people, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians and political dark-age types, were delighted to have an antidote against the still overpowering belief in the senses, which had flowed over from the last century into this one. In short, something "to put the senses to sleep"...

12.

Now, about materialist atomism, the idea that everything is made of tiny solid bits of matter. It is one of the most thoroughly disproved ideas there is. Today, probably no educated person in Europe is so uneducated as to take it seriously, except as a handy everyday tool, that is, as a shortcut for talking about things. We owe this first of all to the Polish thinker Boscovich, who, together with his fellow Pole Copernicus, has so far been the greatest and most successful opponent of what our eyes seem to tell us. Copernicus convinced us, against everything our senses say, that the Earth does not stand still. Boscovich taught us to give up our belief in the last thing about the Earth that still seemed to "stand firm": the belief in "stuff," in "matter," in the atom as a last little lump or crumb of earth. That was the greatest victory over the senses ever won on this planet. But we must go further. We must also declare war on the "need for atoms," which still lives on dangerously in places where nobody suspects it, just like the more famous "need for metaphysics," the need for some deeper world beyond this one. It must be a merciless war, a fight to the finish. First of all, we must also finish off that other, more harmful kind of atomism, the one Christianity taught best and longest: soul atomism. By this word I mean the belief that the soul is something

that cannot be destroyed, something eternal and indivisible, a single unit, an atom that cannot be split. This belief should be thrown out of science! Between you and me, it is not at all necessary to get rid of "the soul" itself in the process, and to give up one of the oldest and most respected ideas we have. That is what usually happens to clumsy natural scientists: the moment they touch "the soul," they lose it altogether. But the road is open to new versions and finer forms of the idea of the soul. Ideas like "the mortal soul," "the soul as many subjects in one," and "the soul as a community of drives and emotions" deserve, from now on, a rightful place in science. The new psychologist puts an end to the superstition that has grown around the idea of the soul so far, as thick and wild as a tropical jungle. In doing so, it is true, he has pushed himself out into a new wasteland, so to speak, and into a new kind of distrust. It may be that the older psychologists had an easier and merrier time of it. But in the end he knows that this very thing condemns him to invent, and, who knows? perhaps also to discover.

13.

Scientists who study living bodies should think twice before claiming that the drive to keep oneself alive is the main drive of any living thing. Above all, a living thing wants to let out its strength. Life itself is the drive to grow stronger. Staying alive is only one of the indirect results of this, though one of the most common. In short, here as everywhere else, beware of unnecessary principles that explain things by their supposed purpose! The drive to keep oneself alive is just such a principle; we owe it to Spinoza, who was not consistent here. Good method demands this caution, because good method must, at its core, be thrifty with principles and use as few as possible.

14.

Perhaps five or six people are now beginning to realize that physics, too, is only a way of interpreting the world and arranging it to suit us (if I may say so!), and not an explanation of the world. But because it rests on trust in the senses, it is taken to be more than that, and for a long time to come it will still have to count as more, namely as an explanation. It has eyes and fingers on its side. It has what we can see and what we can grab on its side. To an age whose basic taste is that of the common crowd, this is charming, persuasive, convincing. After all, such an age instinctively follows the rule of truth set by the senses, a rule that will always be popular. What is clear? What has been "explained"? Only what can be seen and touched; every problem has to be pushed that far. The opposite was true of Plato's way of thinking. Its magic lay precisely in resisting what the senses make obvious. It was a noble, high-minded way of thinking. It belonged perhaps to people whose senses were even stronger and more demanding than ours, but who found a higher triumph in staying masters over those senses. They did this by throwing pale, cold, gray nets of ideas over the colorful whirl of the senses, over the mob of the senses, as Plato called it. There was a different kind of pleasure in overpowering and interpreting the world in Plato's manner than the one offered to us by today's physicists, and likewise by the Darwinists and anti-religious thinkers among those who study the body, with their principle of "the least possible force" and the greatest possible stupidity. "Where a person has nothing more to see and grab, he has no business looking there." That is certainly a different command from Plato's. Yet it may be exactly the right command for a tough, hard-working generation of machine builders and bridge builders of the future, who will have nothing but rough work to do.

15.

If you want to study the body with a clear conscience, you have to insist that the sense organs are not mere appearances in the way idealist philosophy says they are. If they were, they could not cause anything! So the senses must be trusted at least as a working rule, if not as a method for making discoveries. What? And others even say that the outside world is something our organs create? But then our body, as a piece of that outside world, would be created by our organs! But then our organs themselves would be created by our organs! This, it seems to me, is a thorough proof that the idea leads to nonsense, assuming that the idea of something being its own cause is complete nonsense. So the outside world is not created by our organs, is it?

16.

There are still some innocent people who like to watch their own minds, and who believe there are such things as "instant certainties." For example, "I think," or, as Schopenhauer superstitiously believed, "I will." They act as if, in these cases, our knowing could grab hold of its object purely and nakedly, as the "thing as it really is," with nothing being bent or falsified, either by the one who knows or by the thing that is known. But I will repeat it a hundred times: "instant certainty," just like "absolute knowledge" and "thing as it really is," contains a contradiction in its very words. The adjective cancels out the noun. People should finally break free of being misled by words! Ordinary people may believe that knowing something means knowing it completely, all the way to the end. But the philosopher has to tell himself this: "If I take apart what happens in the sentence 'I think,' I end up with a whole row of bold claims. They are hard to prove, maybe impossible to prove. For example: that it is I who am thinking; that there must be some 'something' that does the thinking at all; that

thinking is an activity, an effect produced by some being that we picture as its cause; that there is such a thing as an 'I'; and finally, that it is already settled what the word 'thinking' means, in other words, that I know what thinking is. Because if I had not already made up my mind about that, how could I measure that what is happening right now is not maybe 'willing' or 'feeling' instead? In short, that 'I think' takes for granted that I compare my present state with other states I know in myself, so that I can decide what it is. And since it depends on this looking back at other 'knowledge,' it has no instant 'certainty' for me, in any case." So, in place of that "instant certainty" that ordinary people may believe in here, the philosopher ends up holding a whole set of deep questions about what is real. These are true questions of conscience for the thinking mind. They go like this: "Where do I get the idea of thinking from? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to talk about an 'I,' and even about an 'I' as a cause, and finally about an 'I' as the cause of thoughts?" Someone might dare to answer these deep questions right away, by appealing to some kind of gut feeling or inner insight, the way a person does who says: "I think, and I know that this, at least, is true, real, and certain." Such a person will find that a philosopher today has a smile and two question marks ready for him. "My dear sir," the philosopher might hint to him, "it is unlikely that you are not mistaken. But why do you insist on truth at all?"

17.

Now, about the superstition of the logicians, the people who study the rules of reasoning. I will never get tired of pointing out, again and again, one small, short fact that these superstitious people do not like to admit. It is this: a thought comes when "it" wants to, and not when "I" want it to. So it bends the facts to say that the subject "I" is the condition for the verb "think," as if the "I" had to be there first for

thinking to happen. Something thinks. But that this "something" is exactly that famous old "I" is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, a claim, and above all not an "instant certainty." In the end, even saying "something thinks" goes too far. Even this little "something" already contains an interpretation of what is happening. It is not part of the happening itself. Here people are just following the habits of grammar. They reason like this: "Thinking is an activity. Every activity needs someone who is doing it. Therefore..." The older theory of atoms followed roughly the same pattern. Besides the "force" that has an effect, it also looked for a little lump of matter where that force sits and from which it acts: the atom. Stricter thinkers finally learned to get along without this "leftover bit of earth," this last scrap of solid stuff. And maybe one day people will get used to it, the logicians included, and learn to get along without that little "something" too. That is all that is left of the honest old "I" after it has slowly faded into thin air.

18.

Truly, one of the biggest attractions of a theory is that it can be proven wrong. That is exactly what draws the sharper minds to it. It seems that the theory of "free will," which has been disproved a hundred times, survives only thanks to this attraction. Again and again, someone comes along and feels strong enough to disprove it.

19.

Philosophers usually talk about the will as if it were the best-known thing in the world. Schopenhauer even suggested that the will is the only thing we truly know: know completely, with nothing taken away and nothing added. But it keeps seeming to me that in this case, too, Schopenhauer only did what philosophers usually do. He took over a common popular prejudice and blew it up even bigger. To me, willing

seems above all to be something complicated, something that is a single thing only as a word. And it is exactly in that one word that the popular prejudice hides, the prejudice that has always gotten the better of philosophers, who were never very careful anyway. So let us for once be more careful. Let us be "unphilosophical" and say this. First, in every act of willing there are several feelings. There is the feeling of the state we want to move away from. There is the feeling of the state we want to move toward. There is the feeling of this "away" and "toward" itself. And then there is also a feeling in the muscles that goes along with it. Even when we do not actually move our "arms and legs," this muscle feeling starts up out of a kind of habit as soon as we "will" something. So, just as we have to admit that feeling, and many kinds of feeling at that, is one ingredient of the will, we have to admit that, second, thinking is another. In every act of the will there is a thought that gives the command. And no one should believe that you could separate this thought from the "willing" and still have some will left over! Third, the will is not just a bundle of feelings and thoughts. Above all, it is also an emotion, namely the emotion of giving a command. What people call "free will" is basically the emotion of feeling superior to the one who has to obey. "I am free; 'he' has to obey." This awareness is inside every act of will. So is that tightening of attention, that straight gaze fixed on one thing only, that absolute judgment: "right now this is needed, and nothing else." So is that inner certainty that the order will be obeyed, and everything else that belongs to the state of someone giving orders. A person who wills is giving orders to something inside himself, something that obeys, or that he believes obeys. But now notice what is strangest about the will, this many-sided thing for which ordinary people have only one word. In any given case, we are both the ones giving the orders and the ones obeying them. As the ones obeying, we know the feelings of being forced, pushed, pressed, of resisting and of moving, feelings that usually start right after the act of will. On the other

hand, we are in the habit of skipping over this doubleness, of fooling ourselves out of it, by using the convenient idea that bundles everything together: the idea of "I." Because of this, a whole chain of mistaken conclusions has attached itself to willing, and with them a chain of false judgments about what the will itself is worth. The result is that the person who wills honestly believes that willing is enough to make an action happen. In the vast majority of cases, people have only willed something when they could also expect the order to have its effect, that is, to be obeyed, that is, to lead to action. So this appearance has turned into a feeling, as if there were some necessary link between willing and its effect. In short, the person who wills is fairly sure that will and action are somehow one and the same. He gives the will itself the credit for the success, for carrying out what was willed. And in doing so he enjoys an extra boost of that feeling of power that every success brings with it. "Free will": that is the word for this many-layered state of pleasure in the one who wills. He gives the orders and at the same time thinks of himself as one with the one who carries them out. As such, he shares in enjoying the victory over obstacles, but he privately decides that it was really his will itself that overcame them. In this way the one who wills adds to his own pleasure as the commander the pleasant feelings of the tools that carry out the orders and succeed: the obedient "under-wills" or under-souls. After all, our body is nothing but a community of many souls. "L'effet c'est moi," French for "The result, that's me": what happens here is what happens in every well-built and happy society, where the ruling class takes the successes of the whole society as its own. In all willing, it is simply a matter of giving orders and obeying, based, as I said, on a community of many "souls." That is why a philosopher should claim the right to see willing in itself as something that belongs within the field of morality. By morality I mean the study of the relationships of rule and power out of which the thing called "life" arises.

20.

Individual philosophical ideas are not random, and they do not grow up each on its own. They grow up in relation to one another, like members of a family. However suddenly and randomly they seem to appear in the history of thought, they still belong to one system, just as all the animals of one continent belong together. This finally shows itself in how reliably the most different philosophers keep filling in the same basic pattern of possible philosophies, again and again. As if under an invisible spell, they keep running around the same circular track once more. They may feel as independent of one another as they like, with their urge to criticize or to build systems. But something inside them leads them. Something drives them along one after another in a set order, and that something is exactly this built-in system and family relationship among ideas. Their thinking is really much less a matter of discovering than of recognizing again, remembering again. It is a going back, a coming home, into a distant, ancient household of the soul, the shared home out of which those ideas once grew. In that sense, doing philosophy is a kind of throwback to our ancestors, of the very highest rank. The strange family resemblance among all Indian, Greek and German philosophy is easy enough to explain. Wherever languages are related, it simply cannot be avoided that everything is prepared from the start for philosophical systems to develop in the same way and in the same order. This happens because of the shared philosophy built into grammar, by which I mean the unconscious rule and guidance of the same grammatical patterns. And in the same way, the road to certain other possible ways of explaining the world seems to be blocked off. Philosophers from the Ural-Altaic family of languages, where the idea of a "subject" is least developed, will very probably look "into the world" differently and be found on other paths than Indo-Europeans or Muslims. In the end, the spell of certain grammatical patterns is the spell of judgments of value rooted

in the body, and of the conditions of race. So much for rejecting Locke's shallowness about where ideas come from.

21.

The idea of a "causa sui", something that is the cause of itself, is the best self-contradiction anyone has ever come up with. It is a kind of violence done to logic, something against nature. But human pride, which knows no limits, has managed to get itself deeply and terribly tangled up in exactly this nonsense. Think about the longing for "free will" in that grand, over-the-top, metaphysical sense, which sadly still rules in the heads of half-educated people. That is the longing to carry the whole and final responsibility for your own actions yourself, and to let God, the world, your ancestors, chance and society off the hook. This longing is nothing less than wanting to be that very cause of yourself. It is like Baron Münchhausen, who claimed he pulled himself out of a swamp by his own hair, only even bolder: you would be pulling yourself by the hair out of the swamp of nothingness and into existence. Now suppose someone sees through the simple-minded, peasant-like naivety of this famous idea of "free will" and wipes it out of his head. Then I ask him to push his "enlightenment" one step further and also wipe out of his head the opposite of that non-idea "free will". I mean the "unfree will", which comes down to misusing the ideas of cause and effect. We should not wrongly turn "cause" and "effect" into real things, the way natural scientists do (and anyone today who thinks like them in a naturalist way). They follow the clumsy mechanical thinking that is in fashion now, which pictures the cause pushing and shoving until it "has an effect". We should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure ideas. That means using them as agreed-upon fictions, helpful labels for naming things and making ourselves understood, not for explaining anything. In things as they really are, there are no "chains of cause and effect", no "necessity", no

"psychological unfreedom". There, "the effect" does not follow "the cause", and no "law" is in charge. It is we, and we alone, who made up causes, one thing coming after another, one thing being for another, relativity, force, number, law, freedom, reason and purpose. And when we read this world of signs into things, as if it were part of them in themselves, and mix it into them, we are doing once again what we have always done: we are making myths. The "unfree will" is a myth. In real life, it is only a matter of strong wills and weak wills. When a thinker already senses force, need, having-to-follow, pressure and unfreedom in every "link between cause and effect" and every "psychological necessity", that is almost always a sign of what he himself is lacking. Feeling things exactly this way gives him away: the person reveals himself. And in general, if I have observed correctly, the "unfreedom of the will" is taken up as a problem from two completely opposite sides, but always in a deeply personal way. Some people do not want, at any price, to give up their "responsibility", their belief in themselves, and their personal right to take credit for what they have earned (the vain races belong here). Others, the opposite way round, do not want to be responsible for anything or to blame for anything. Out of a hidden contempt for themselves, they want to be able to shift the weight of themselves onto something else, anywhere at all. These second people, when they write books these days, like to take the side of criminals. A kind of socialist pity is their most attractive disguise. And in fact, the fatalism of the weak-willed, their belief that everything is fixed by fate, makes itself amazingly pretty when it knows how to present itself as "la religion de la souffrance humaine", "the religion of human suffering". That is its idea of "good taste".

22.

Please forgive me, as an old philologist, a scholar of texts who cannot give up being a bit nasty, for pointing my finger at bad ways of inter-

preting. But that "lawfulness of nature" which you physicists talk about so proudly, as if... well, it only exists thanks to your interpretation and your bad "philology", your bad reading. It is not a fact, not a "text". It is only a naive, humanitarian rearranging and twisting of meaning, and with it you go out of your way to please the democratic instincts of the modern soul! "Everywhere, equality before the law. Nature is no different and no better off than we are in this": that is a nice hidden thought. Hidden in it, in disguise, is once again the mob's hatred of everything privileged and self-ruling, and also a second, more refined kind of atheism. "Ni dieu, ni maître", "neither God nor master", that is what you want too, and so you cry "long live the law of nature!", don't you? But, as I said, that is interpretation, not text. Someone could come along with the opposite aim and the opposite art of interpretation. Looking at the same nature and the same events, he might know how to read out of them exactly the opposite: the tyrannical, ruthless, merciless pushing through of claims to power. He would be an interpreter who showed you how every "drive to grow stronger" works without any exceptions and without any conditions. He would show it to you so clearly that almost every word, even the word "tyranny", would in the end seem useless, or would already seem like a weakening, softening metaphor, too human. And yet this interpreter might end up claiming the same thing about this world that you claim: that it follows a "necessary" and "predictable" course. But not because laws rule in it. Rather, because laws are completely missing, and every power, at every moment, goes as far as it possibly can. Suppose that this too is only interpretation, and you will be eager enough to make that objection, won't you? Well then, so much the better.

23.

Until now, all of psychology has stayed stuck on moral prejudices and fears. It has not dared to go into the depths. No one has yet even brushed, in his thoughts, against the idea of understanding psychology the way I understand it: as the study of the shapes and the growth of the drive to grow stronger. That is, if we are allowed to see, in what has been written so far, a sign of what has been kept quiet so far. The force of moral prejudices has reached deep into the most intellectual world, the world that looks coldest and freest of assumptions. And of course it has done harm there: holding back, blinding, twisting. A real physio-psychology, a study of the mind tied to the body, has to fight against hidden resistance in the heart of the researcher himself. It has "the heart" against it. Even a theory that "good" and "bad" drives depend on each other causes distress and disgust, as a subtle kind of immorality, in a conscience that is still strong and brave. Even more so does a theory that all good drives can be traced back to bad ones. But now suppose someone goes so far as to take the emotions of hatred, envy, greed and the lust to rule as emotions that life depends on. He sees them as something that must be present, at its very root and core, in the whole household of life, and that must therefore be made even stronger if life is to be made stronger. Such a person suffers from the direction his judgment takes as if from seasickness. And yet even this idea is far from the most painful and strangest one in this huge, almost brand-new kingdom of dangerous knowledge. And there are, in fact, a hundred good reasons why everyone who can stay away from it should do so! On the other hand, once your ship has been blown off course and landed here, well then, come on! Now grit your teeth hard! Open your eyes! Keep your hand firm on the wheel! We are sailing straight over morality. While we make this voyage and dare to go there, we may crush and grind to pieces what is left of our own morality. But what do we matter! Never

before has a deeper world of insight opened up to bold travelers and adventurers. And the psychologist who "makes sacrifices" in this way (it is not the "sacrifizio dell'intelletto", the sacrifice of the intellect, quite the opposite!) will at least have the right to demand something in return. He may demand that psychology be recognized once again as the queen of the sciences, and that the other sciences exist to serve it and prepare the way for it. Because psychology is now once again the road to the basic problems.

Part Two:

The Free Thinker of a New Kind

24.

Oh, holy simplicity! What a strange simplified and falsified world people live in! Once you have opened your eyes to this wonder, you can never stop being amazed by it! Look how we have made everything around us bright and free and light and simple! Look how we managed to give our senses a free pass for everything on the surface, and to give our thinking a godlike craving for reckless leaps and wrong conclusions! Look how, right from the start, we knew how to hold on to our ignorance, so that we could enjoy an almost unbelievable freedom, carelessness, recklessness, courage and cheerfulness in life, so that we could enjoy life! And only on this ground of ignorance, now solid and hard as granite, has science been able to rise up so far. The will to know has been built on the ground of a much more powerful will: the will not to know, the will to stay uncertain, the will to what is untrue! Not as its opposite, but as a more refined form of it! Language, here as everywhere else, may be too clumsy to do better, and it may keep talking about opposites where there are really only degrees and many fine steps in between. In the same way, the moral hypocrisy that is now deep inside us, part of our unbeatable "flesh and blood," may twist the words in our mouths, even for us who know better. But now and then we understand it and laugh about it. We see how even the best science wants most of all to keep us inside this simplified, completely artificial, made-up, faked world. We see how science loves error, both against its will and willingly, because science, being alive itself, loves life!

25.

After such a cheerful opening, there is a serious word that should not go unheard. It is meant for the most serious people. Watch out, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of becoming martyrs! Beware of suffering "for the sake of the truth"! Beware even of defending yourselves! It ruins all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience. It makes you stubborn against objections, like a bull charging at a red cloth. It makes you stupid, beastly and bull-headed, when you are fighting against danger, slander, suspicion, being thrown out, and even worse results of hostility, and in the end you even have to play the part of defenders of truth on earth. As if "the truth" were such a harmless and clumsy person that she needed defenders! And of all people, she would need you, you knights of the saddest face, you gentlemen who loiter on street corners and spin cobwebs of the mind! After all, you know well enough that it must not matter whether you in particular turn out to be right. You also know that no philosopher so far has ever turned out to be right. And you know that there is probably more admirable truthfulness in every little question mark you put after your favorite words and favorite teachings (and sometimes after yourselves) than in all the solemn gestures and winning moves you make in front of accusers and courts! It is better to step aside! Run away and hide! And keep your mask and your subtlety, so that people mistake you for someone else! Or so that they fear you a little! And please, do not forget the garden, the garden with the golden fence around it! And keep people around you who are like a garden, or like music over the water in the evening, when the day is already turning into a memory. Choose the good kind of being alone, the free, playful, light kind of being alone, which also gives you the right to stay good in some sense! How poisonous, how sly, how bad every long war makes you when it cannot be fought out in the open with force! How personal a long fear makes you, and a long

habit of keeping your eyes on enemies, on possible enemies! These outcasts of society, these people who were hunted for a long time and chased cruelly, and also the forced loners, people like Spinoza or Giordano Bruno, always end up, even if they hide behind the most intellectual disguise, and maybe without knowing it themselves, as clever revenge-seekers and poisoners. (Just try digging down to the foundations of Spinoza's ethics and theology!) And that is not even to mention the foolishness of moral outrage, which in a philosopher is a sure sign that his philosophical sense of humor has run away from him. The martyrdom of a philosopher, his "sacrifice for the truth," drags into the light whatever bits of the rabble-rouser and the actor were hiding in him. And if people have so far watched him only with an artist's curiosity, then, with some philosophers, one can certainly understand the dangerous wish to see him in his decline for once: fallen into a "martyr," into someone who shouts from the stage and the speaker's platform. But anyone who has such a wish must be clear about what they will actually get to see. It will only be a satyr play, a silly comic piece performed after the tragedy, only a farce at the end, only constant proof that the long, real tragedy is over. That is, assuming that every philosophy, while it was coming into being, was a long tragedy.

26.

Every truly exceptional person instinctively looks for his own castle and hiding place. There he is set free from the crowd, from the many, from the vast majority. There he may forget the rule called "human being," since he is the exception to it. There is only one case where this is different: when an even stronger instinct pushes him straight toward that rule, because he is a seeker of knowledge and understanding in the great and rare sense. Anyone who, when dealing with people, does not sometimes shimmer in all the colors of distress,

turning green and gray with disgust, weariness, sympathy, gloom and loneliness, is certainly not a person of higher taste. But suppose he does not take all this burden and discomfort on himself willingly. Suppose he always dodges it and stays, as I said, quietly and proudly hidden in his castle. Well, then one thing is certain: he is not made for knowledge and understanding, not destined for it. Because if he were, one day he would have to say to himself: "To the devil with my good taste! The rule is more interesting than the exception, more interesting than me, the exception!" And he would climb down among people, and above all go "into" them. Studying the average person, for a long time and seriously, and for that purpose using lots of disguise, mastering oneself, getting close to people, keeping bad company (and all company is bad company except the company of one's equals): this is a necessary part of the life story of every philosopher. It is perhaps the most unpleasant part, the worst-smelling part, the part fullest of disappointments. But if he is lucky, as a lucky child of knowledge should be, he will meet people who actually shorten and lighten his task. I mean the so-called cynics. These are people who simply admit the animal in themselves, the common and low, the "rule," and who on top of that have just enough intellectual depth and itch that they feel they must talk about themselves and their kind in front of witnesses. Sometimes they even roll around in books as if in their own dung. Cynicism is the only form in which common, low souls come close to what honesty is. And the higher kind of person should prick up his ears at every kind of cynicism, crude or subtle. He should congratulate himself every time a clown with no shame, or a scientific satyr, a lustful half-goat of a scholar, starts speaking loudly right in front of him. There are even cases where fascination mixes with the disgust. That happens when, by some whim of nature, genius is tied to such an indiscreet goat and ape. That was the case with the Abbé Galiani, the deepest, sharpest-sighted, and perhaps also dirtiest man of his century. He was much deeper than Voltaire, and so also a good

deal quieter. It happens more often, as I hinted, that a scientific head sits on an ape's body, that a fine, exceptional intelligence sits on a common, low soul. Among doctors and among those who explain morals by the body, this is not rare at all. Wherever someone talks about human beings without bitterness, quite harmlessly, as a belly with two kinds of needs and a head with one; wherever someone only ever sees, looks for and wants to see hunger, sexual desire and vanity, as if these were the real and only forces that drive human actions; in short, wherever people speak "badly" of humans, and not even wickedly, there the lover of knowledge should listen closely and carefully. In general, he should keep his ears wherever people speak without outrage. For the outraged person, and anyone who keeps tearing and mauling himself with his own teeth (or, as a substitute, the world, or God, or society), may rank higher than the laughing, self-satisfied satyr if you count by morals. But in every other sense he is the more ordinary case, the less interesting one, the one you learn less from. And no one lies as much as the outraged person.

27.

It is hard to be understood. It is especially hard if you think and live gangasrotogati, that is, flowing fast like the river Ganges, while surrounded by people who think and live differently: kurmagati, slowly like a turtle, or at best mandeikagati, "moving the way a frog moves," in hops. Am I doing everything I can to make myself hard to understand? So one should be truly grateful from the heart to anyone who even makes the effort to read one with some subtlety. But as for "good friends," who are always too lazy and who think that, just because they are friends, they have a right to be lazy: it is wise to give them, right from the start, a playground and open field where they can misunderstand as much as they like. That way you still have

something to laugh about. Or else get rid of these good friends altogether, and laugh about that too!

28.

The hardest thing to translate from one language into another is the tempo, the speed and rhythm, of its style. This tempo is rooted in the character of a people, or, to put it in terms of the body, in the average tempo of its "metabolism," how fast its body burns its fuel. There are honest translations that are almost forgeries, because without meaning to they make the original more common and low. This happens simply because its bold and merry tempo could not be carried over, the tempo that leaps over everything dangerous in things and words and helps you get past it. The German is almost incapable of presto, of real speed, in his language. So, as one may fairly conclude, he is also incapable of many of the most delightful and daring shades of free thought, the thinking of a free mind. Just as the comic clown and the satyr are foreign to his body and his conscience, Aristophanes and Petronius cannot be translated into his language. Everything heavy and solemn, everything that flows slowly, everything pompous and clumsy, all the long-winded and boring kinds of style have grown among the Germans in huge variety. Forgive me for saying it, but even Goethe's prose, with its mix of stiffness and daintiness, is no exception. It mirrors the "good old days" it belongs to, and it expresses German taste from the time when there still was such a thing as "German taste," which was a Rococo taste, a fussy, ornamental taste, in manners and in the arts. Lessing is an exception, thanks to his actor's nature, which understood many things and was good at many things. It was no accident that he translated Bayle, and that he liked to take refuge near Diderot and Voltaire, and even more among the Roman writers of comedy. Lessing loved free thinking in tempo too, he loved escaping from Germany. But how could the German language, even in

the prose of a Lessing, imitate the tempo of Machiavelli? In his book The Prince, Machiavelli lets you breathe the dry, fine air of Florence. He cannot help presenting the most serious matters in a wild allegrissimo, at a racing, high-spirited pace. Perhaps he did this with a wicked artist's awareness of the contrast he was daring: thoughts that are long, heavy, hard and dangerous, delivered at a gallop and in the very best, most playful mood. And finally, who would even dare a German translation of Petronius? More than any great musician so far, he was the master of presto, of speed, in inventions, ideas and words. What do all the swamps of the sick, wicked world matter in the end, even of the "ancient world," if you have, like him, the feet of a wind, the rush and breath, the freeing mockery of a wind that makes everything healthy by making everything run! And as for Aristophanes, that mind who transfigures things and completes the picture, for whose sake one forgives the whole of ancient Greece for having existed, provided one has understood deeply how much there needs forgiving and transfiguring: nothing has made me dream more about Plato's secretiveness and his Sphinx-like nature than one small fact that luckily has come down to us. Under the pillow of his deathbed, people found no "Bible," nothing Egyptian, nothing Pythagorean, nothing Platonic, but Aristophanes. And how could a Plato have endured life, a Greek life to which he said No, without an Aristophanes!

29.

Only very few people are able to be independent. It is a privilege that belongs to the strong. And anyone who tries it, even with every right to do so, but without being forced to, shows that he is probably not just strong but daring to the point of recklessness. He walks into a maze. He multiplies by a thousand the dangers that life already brings with it. And not the smallest of those dangers is that nobody can see with their own eyes how and where he gets lost, ends up alone, and is

torn to pieces bit by bit by some cave monster of conscience, like the Minotaur in the old Greek maze. Suppose such a person is destroyed. Then it happens so far away from what other people can understand that they don't feel it and don't feel for him. And he can't go back! He can't even go back to people's pity! —

30.

Our highest insights must sound like foolishness, and sometimes even like crimes, when they reach, without permission, the ears of people who are not made for them and not meant for them. And they should sound that way! In the old days, philosophers made a distinction between ideas for outsiders and ideas for insiders. They did this among the Indians, the Greeks, the Persians and the Muslims, in short, everywhere that people believed in a ranking of people and values rather than in equality and equal rights. But the main difference between the outsider and the insider is not that the outsider stands outside and sees, values, measures and judges things from the outside instead of from within. The more important point is that the outsider looks at things from below, looking up, while the insider looks at them from above, looking down! There are heights of the soul from which even tragedy stops feeling tragic. And if you took all the pain of the world together as one thing, who would dare to decide whether seeing it would necessarily tempt and force us into pity, and so double the pain? What serves as food or comfort for a higher kind of person must be almost poison for a very different and lesser kind. The virtues of the common, low man might count as vices and weaknesses in a philosopher. It could even happen that a person of high quality, if he went into decline and was ruined, would only then gain the qualities that would make people in the lower world he had sunk into honor him like a saint. There are books that have opposite value for the soul and for health, depending on who uses them: a lower soul

with weaker life force, or a higher and more powerful one. In the first case they are dangerous books that crumble and break things apart. In the second case they are like the calls of a herald, challenging the bravest to be brave. Books meant for everybody always smell bad: the smell of small people sticks to them. Wherever ordinary people eat and drink, and even where they worship, it usually stinks. You shouldn't go into churches if you want to breathe clean air. —

31.

When we are young, we honor and despise things without the art of fine shades and differences, the art that is the best thing life can teach us. And it is only fair that we pay hard for having attacked people and things like that with a flat Yes or No. Everything seems set up so that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the absolute, gets cruelly fooled and abused, until a person learns to put some art into his feelings, and even prefers to take a chance on the artificial, as the true artists of life do. The anger and the deep respect that belong to youth seem to give themselves no rest until they have twisted people and things into a false shape, just so they have something to let out their feelings on. Youth in itself is already something that fakes and cheats. Later, the young soul is tortured by one disappointment after another. At last it turns back on itself with suspicion, still hot and wild, even in its suspicion and its guilty conscience. And now how angry it is with itself! How impatiently it tears itself apart! How it takes revenge for having blinded itself for so long, as if that blindness had been chosen on purpose! In this stage of change, you punish yourself by distrusting your own feelings. You torture your enthusiasm with doubt. You even feel that a clear conscience is a danger, a kind of hiding from yourself and a tiredness of the finer kind of honesty. And above all, you take sides, as a matter of principle, against "youth." Ten years later, you understand that all of this, too, was still youth!

32.

For the longest part of human history, the time we call prehistoric, people judged whether an action was worth something or worthless by its results. Neither the action itself nor where it came from mattered. It was a bit like today in China, where an honor or a disgrace earned by a child reaches back to the parents. In the same way, it was the backward-reaching force of success or failure that led people to think well or badly of an action. Let's call this time the pre-moral period of humanity. Back then, the command "know yourself!" was still unknown. In the last ten thousand years, however, people in some large parts of the world have slowly, step by step, come to let the origin of an action, rather than its results, decide its value. This was a huge event as a whole. It meant a big refinement of how people looked at things and how they measured them. It was the unconscious after-effect of the rule of aristocratic values and of the belief in "origin" or good birth. And it is the mark of a period that we may call, in the narrower sense, the moral period. With it, the first attempt at self-knowledge was made. Origin instead of results: what a reversal of the point of view! And surely a reversal reached only after long struggles and much back and forth! But of course, along with it came a fateful new superstition, a strange narrowness in how things were explained. People explained the origin of an action in the strictest sense as coming from an intention. Everyone came to agree that the value of an action lies in the value of its intention. The intention as the whole origin and back-story of an action: under this prejudice, people on earth have praised, blamed, judged and even done philosophy about morals almost up to our own time. But today, shouldn't we have reached the point where we must once again decide on a reversal and a basic shift of values, thanks to people once more reflecting on themselves and looking deeper? Shouldn't we be standing at the doorstep of a period that, put negatively, we would first call the

period outside morality? Today, at least among us immoralists, the suspicion is growing that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in what is not intended about it. We suspect that all of its intention, everything about it that can be seen, known, or become "conscious," still belongs to its surface and its skin, and like every skin, it reveals something but hides even more. In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign and a symptom that first has to be interpreted. And it is a sign that means too many different things, so on its own it means almost nothing. We believe that morality as it has been until now, that is, a morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a rushing ahead, maybe something temporary, something on the level of astrology and alchemy, but in any case something that must be overcome. Overcoming morality, and in a certain sense even morality mastering itself: let that be the name for the long, secret work that has been saved for the finest and most honest consciences of today, and also the most mischievous ones, which act as living testing stones for the soul. —

33.

There is no way around it. We have to call to account, without mercy, the feelings of devotion and of sacrificing ourselves for our neighbor, the whole morality of giving up the self. We have to put them on trial. The same goes for the theory of art built on "looking at things without any self-interest." Today that theory is used, temptingly enough, to give a good conscience to the way art is being robbed of its manly strength. There is far too much magic and sugar in those feelings of "for others" and "not for me." So we need to become doubly suspicious here and ask: "Could these perhaps be seductions?" These feelings are pleasing to the person who has them, to the person who enjoys what comes of them, and even to someone who is just watch-

ing. But that is no argument in their favor. In fact, it is a reason to be careful. So let us be careful!

34.

Whatever position in philosophy you may take today, from every angle one thing stands out. The surest and most solid thing our eyes can still get hold of is this: the world we believe we live in is full of error. We keep finding reason after reason for this, and these reasons tempt us to guess that some deceiving principle sits at the very "core of things." But some people blame our thinking itself, that is, "the mind," for the falseness of the world. This is an honorable way out, the one taken by everyone who defends God, whether he knows it or not. Whoever treats this world, along with space, time, shape and motion, as a false conclusion drawn by thinking would at least have good reason to finally learn to distrust all thinking itself. Hasn't thinking played the biggest trick of all on us so far? And what guarantee is there that it won't keep doing what it has always done? In all seriousness: there is something touching and awe-inspiring about the innocence of thinkers. It lets them, even today, stand in front of consciousness and ask it to give them honest answers. For example, they ask whether it is "real," and why it keeps the outside world so firmly at arm's length, and other questions of that kind. Believing in "instant certainties" is a moral naivety that does us philosophers credit. But we are simply not supposed to be "only moral" people! Leaving morality aside, that belief is a stupidity that does us little credit! In ordinary, respectable life, always being ready to distrust may count as a sign of "bad character," and so it may count as unwise. But here among ourselves, beyond the respectable world and its yeses and noes, what should stop us from being unwise and saying this: by now the philosopher has a right to a "bad character." After all, he is the creature that has always been fooled the most on earth. Today he has a duty to dis-

trust, to squint as wickedly as he can out of every deep pit of suspicion. Forgive me for this joke, this gloomy grimace and turn of phrase. For I myself learned long ago to think differently about deceiving and being deceived, and to value it differently. I keep at least a few jabs in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers fight against being deceived. Why not? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance, seeming. In fact, it is the most poorly proven assumption in the world. Let us at least admit this much: there would be no life at all if it were not built on judgments made by seeing from a point of view, and on things that only seem to be so. Some philosophers, with their virtuous enthusiasm and clumsiness, want to get rid of the "world of appearances" completely. Well, suppose you could do that. Then at least nothing of your "truth" would be left either! In fact, what forces us to assume at all that there is a basic opposition between "true" and "false"? Isn't it enough to assume that there are degrees of seeming? We could think of lighter and darker shadows and overall tones of appearance, different "valeurs," to use the painters' word for shades. Why shouldn't the world that matters to us be a fiction? And if someone asks, "But doesn't a fiction require an author?" couldn't we answer him flatly: Why? Isn't this "require" perhaps part of the fiction too? By now, are we not allowed to be a little ironic about the subject, and about the predicate and the object as well? Shouldn't the philosopher rise above his faith in grammar? All respect to governesses, who teach children their grammar. But isn't it time that philosophy gave up the faith of governesses?

35.

Oh Voltaire! Oh humaneness! Oh nonsense! There is something special about "truth" and about searching for truth. And if a person goes

about it in too human a way, as in the saying "he seeks the truth only in order to do good," then I bet he finds nothing!

36.

Suppose that nothing is truly "given" to us as real except our world of desires and passions. Suppose we cannot get down or up to any other "reality" except the reality of our drives, our urges, since thinking is only the way these drives relate to one another. Then aren't we allowed to try an experiment and ask a question? Is what is given here enough to let us understand, from things of the same kind, the so-called mechanical or "material" world as well? I don't mean understanding that world as an illusion, an "appearance," an "idea in the mind," in the sense that the philosophers Berkeley and Schopenhauer meant. I mean understanding it as having the same rank of reality as our emotion itself. I mean seeing it as a more primitive form of the world of emotions. In it everything is still locked together in one powerful unity, everything that later branches off and takes shape in living processes, and also, as you would expect, gets softened and weakened. I mean seeing it as a kind of life of drives in which all the functions of living things are still bound together into one: self-regulation, taking things in, feeding, getting rid of waste, and the exchange of matter in the body. In short, couldn't we see it as an early form of life? In the end, we are not only allowed to try this experiment. The conscience of good method demands it. Do not assume several kinds of cause and effect until you have pushed the attempt to manage with just one as far as it can possibly go, even to the point of nonsense, if I may say so. That is a morality of method that no one may escape today. It follows "from its definition," as a mathematician would say. The question, in the end, is whether we really accept that the will acts, whether we believe that the will causes things. If we do, and basically this belief is just our belief in cause and effect itself,

then we have to try out the idea that the will's causing is the only kind of causing there is. Of course, "will" can only act on "will," and not on "matter," not on "nerves," for example. In short, we must dare to test this idea: wherever we recognize "effects," maybe will is acting on will. And maybe every mechanical event, as far as some force is at work in it, is simply the force of will, the effect of will. Finally, suppose we managed to explain our whole life of drives as the shaping and branching out of one single basic form of will, namely the drive to grow stronger, as my claim says. Suppose we could trace all the functions of living things back to this drive to grow stronger, and found in it the answer to the problem of reproduction and feeding as well, which is really one single problem. Then we would have earned the right to define every active force clearly as: drive to grow stronger. The world seen from the inside, the world defined and described by its "intelligible character," meaning its inner nature as the mind grasps it, would be exactly that: "drive to grow stronger," and nothing else.

37.

"What? Put in plain popular terms, doesn't that mean: God has been refuted, but the devil hasn't?" On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And, devil take it, who is forcing you to speak in popular terms?

38.

Think of what happened with the French Revolution, not long ago, even in the bright light of modern times. Seen up close, it was a horrible and pointless farce. But noble, starry-eyed onlookers all over Europe watched it from far away. For so long and with such passion, they read their own anger and their own excitement into it, that in the end the real events disappeared under their reading of them. It was like a text buried under its own commentary. In the same way, a

noble later generation might one day misunderstand the whole past once more, and maybe only that way make the past bearable to look at. Or rather: hasn't this already happened? Weren't we ourselves this "noble later generation"? And now that we understand this, isn't it exactly now that it's over?

39.

Hardly anyone will believe a teaching is true just because it makes people happy or makes them good. The only exception might be the sweet "idealists", who rave about the Good, the True and the Beautiful. In their little pond they let all sorts of colorful, clumsy, good-natured wishes swim around in a jumble. Happiness and goodness are not arguments. But people easily forget, even level-headed minds, that making someone unhappy or making someone bad are no more arguments against something either. A thing could be true even if it were extremely harmful and dangerous. In fact, it might be part of the basic nature of existence that anyone who understood it completely would be destroyed by that knowledge. If so, the strength of a mind would be measured by how much of the "truth" it could just barely stand. Or, to put it more clearly: by how far it needed the truth watered down, covered up, sweetened, dulled and faked. But there is no doubt about this: when it comes to discovering certain parts of the truth, wicked and unhappy people have the advantage and a better chance of success. Not to mention the wicked who are happy, a kind of person the moralists keep quiet about. Maybe hardness and cunning are better conditions for growing a strong, independent mind and philosopher than the gentle, delicate, yielding good nature and the knack of taking things lightly. Those are qualities people value in a scholar, and they are right to value them there. All of this assumes, of course, that we don't narrow the idea of "philosopher" down to the philosopher who writes books, or worse, who puts his philosophy

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into books! One last touch to the picture of the free-thinking philosopher comes from Stendhal. I want to underline it, precisely for the sake of German taste, because it goes against German taste. "To be a good philosopher," says this last great student of the human mind, "you have to be dry, clear, and without illusions. A banker who has made a fortune has part of the character you need to make discoveries in philosophy, that is, to see clearly into what really is."

40.

Everything that is deep loves a mask. The very deepest things even hate images and comparisons. Might it be that only the opposite of what one is makes the right disguise, the costume in which a god's modesty, shame, would walk around? That's a questionable question. It would be strange if some mystic hadn't already dared to think something like it in private. There are things that happen that are so tender that it's wise to bury them under some rudeness and make them unrecognizable. There are acts of love and of wild generosity after which the smartest thing to do is to grab a stick and beat up whoever saw it. That clouds the witness's memory. Some people know how to cloud and abuse their own memory, so they can at least take revenge on this one witness who knows. Modesty, shame, is inventive. It isn't the worst things that we are most ashamed of. And there isn't only wicked cunning behind a mask; there is so much kindness in cunning. I can imagine a person who had something precious and easily hurt to hide, and who rolled through life rough and round, like an old green wine barrel with heavy iron bands. The delicacy of his shame wants it that way. A person whose shame runs deep also meets his fate and makes his tender decisions on paths that few ever reach. Even the people closest to him and those he trusts most must not know these paths exist. The danger to his life stays hidden from their eyes, and so does the safety he later wins back. Someone hidden like

this uses speech, by instinct, to stay silent and to keep things back, and he never runs out of ways to avoid sharing himself. He wants a mask of himself to walk around in place of him in the hearts and heads of his friends, and he helps it along. And even if he doesn't want this, one day his eyes will be opened, and he will see that there is a mask of him there anyway, and that this is good. Every deep mind needs a mask. More than that: a mask keeps growing around every deep mind, because every word, every step, every sign of life he gives is always misread, meaning read in a shallow way.

41.

You have to put yourself to the test to prove that you are meant for independence and for giving orders, and you must do it at the right time. You shouldn't dodge these tests, even though they may be the most dangerous game you can play, and even though in the end they are tests taken only in front of yourself as witness, before no other judge. Don't get stuck on one person, not even the one you love most. Every person is a prison, and also a corner you get trapped in. Don't get stuck on a homeland, not even if it's suffering terribly and badly needs help. It's actually easier to free your heart from a homeland that is winning. Don't get stuck on pity, not even pity for higher kinds of people, whose rare torment and helplessness chance has let us glimpse. Don't get stuck on a science, not even if it tempts you with the most precious discoveries, which seem to have been saved up just for you. Don't get stuck on your own breaking free, on that delicious distance and strangeness of the bird who flies higher and higher so he can see more and more beneath him. That is the danger of the one who flies. Don't get stuck on your own virtues, so that your whole self becomes the victim of one single trait, for example your "hospitality". That is the danger of all dangers for high-minded and rich souls, who spend themselves freely, almost carelessly, and push the virtue of

generosity until it becomes a vice. You have to know how to keep yourself back. That is the hardest test of independence.

42.

A new kind of philosopher is rising. I dare to give them a name, and not a harmless one. As I guess at them, and as far as they let themselves be guessed, since it's part of their nature to want to stay a riddle in some way, these philosophers still to come may have a right, or maybe no right, to be called testers and tempters. In the end, this name itself is only a test, and, if you like, a temptation.

43.

Are these coming philosophers new friends of "truth"? Quite likely, since all philosophers so far have loved their own truths. But they will certainly not be dogmatists, people who lay down fixed beliefs for everyone. It must go against their pride, and against their taste too, if their truth is supposed to be a truth for everybody. Yet that has always been the secret wish and hidden aim behind every dogmatic effort until now. "My judgment is my judgment. Nobody else has an easy right to it." That is what such a philosopher still to come might say. One has to get rid of the bad taste of wanting to agree with many people. "Good" stops being good once your neighbor starts saying it too. And how could there ever be a "common good"! The phrase contradicts itself: whatever can be common, low and shared by all, is always worth very little. In the end, things must stay the way they are and always have been: great things are left for the great, the deep places for the deep, the delicate feelings and the thrills of awe for the refined, and, to put it short and simple, everything rare for the rare. -

44.

After all this, do I really need to say that these philosophers still to come will also be free thinkers of a new kind, very free ones? Of course they will not only be free thinkers of a new kind. They will be something more, something higher, greater and deeply different, something that does not want to be misunderstood or mistaken for anything else. But as I say this, I feel a duty, toward them almost as much as toward ourselves, we free thinkers of a new kind, who are their messengers and forerunners. The duty is to blow away, together, an old, stupid prejudice and misunderstanding about us. For far too long it has hung like a fog over the idea of the "free thinker of a new kind" and made it impossible to see clearly. In every country of Europe, and in America as well, there is now something that misuses this name. It is a very narrow, trapped, chained-up kind of mind, and it wants roughly the opposite of what lies in our aims and instincts. Not to mention that, when it comes to those new philosophers who are on their way, these people are bound to act like shut windows and bolted doors. To put it briefly and bluntly, these falsely named "free thinkers" belong among the levelers, the people who want to make everyone equal. They are eloquent slaves of democratic taste and its "modern ideas", slaves always ready with a pen. All of them are people who never know being alone, who have no being alone of their own. They are clumsy, decent fellows. Nobody should deny that they have courage and respectable manners. It is just that they are not free, and they are laughably shallow. Above all, they have a basic tendency to see the old forms of society as more or less the cause of all human misery and failure. And so they happily manage to stand the truth on its head! What they would love to achieve with all their strength is the general happiness of the herd grazing on green pasture: safety, no danger, comfort, an easier life for everyone. Their two songs and teachings, sung most often and most loudly, are called "equal rights"

and "sympathy for everything that suffers". And they treat suffering itself as something that must be done away with. We are the opposite. We have opened an eye and a conscience for the question of where and how the plant called "human being" has so far grown most strongly upward. And we believe that each time this happened under the opposite conditions. We believe that for this to happen, the danger of a person's situation first had to grow enormous. His power to invent and to pretend (his "mind") had to develop, under long pressure and force, until it became subtle and daring. His will to live had to be pushed until it became an unconditional drive for power. We believe that harshness, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, hiding, stoic toughness, the art of tempting and every kind of devilry, that everything evil, terrible and tyrannical in human beings, everything in them like a beast of prey or a snake, serves to raise up the human species just as well as its opposite does. In fact, we are not even saying enough when we say only this much. In any case, with what we say and what we keep silent about here, we stand at the far end from all modern ideology and from everything the herd wishes for. Perhaps we are its exact opposite? Is it any wonder, then, that we "free thinkers of a new kind" are not exactly the most talkative minds? That we do not wish to give away in every respect what a mind can free itself from, and where it may then be driven? And as for the dangerous formula "beyond good and evil", it at least protects us from being confused with others. We are something other than "libres-penseurs", "liberi pensatori", "so-called free thinkers", or whatever else all these decent champions of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. We have been at home in many countries of the mind, or at least been guests there. Again and again we have slipped out of the stuffy, cozy corners where we seemed to be held fast by our likes and dislikes, by youth, by our family background, by chance meetings with people and books, or even by the tiredness of long travel. We are full of spite against the lures of dependence that hide in honors, or

money, or official positions, or the excitement of the senses. We are even grateful for hardship and for illness in all its changing forms, because they always set us free from some rule and its "prejudice". We are grateful to God, to the devil, to sleep and to the worm inside us. We are curious to the point of vice, researchers to the point of cruelty. We have fingers that do not hesitate to reach for what cannot be grasped, and teeth and stomachs for what is hardest to digest. We are ready for any job that needs a sharp mind and sharp senses, ready for any risk, thanks to an extra supply of "free will". We have front souls and back souls, and nobody can easily see into our final intentions. We have surfaces and hidden depths that no foot could ever walk to the end of. We are hidden people wrapped in cloaks of light. We are conquerors, even though we look like heirs and spendthrifts. We sort and collect from morning till night. We are misers with our riches and our stuffed drawers. We are careful housekeepers in what we learn and what we forget. We are inventive with systems and schemes, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls at our work even in broad daylight. Yes, when it is necessary, we are even scarecrows, and today it is necessary: that is, insofar as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of being alone, of our own deepest being alone, at midnight and at noon. That is the kind of people we are, we free thinkers of a new kind! And perhaps you are something like this too, you who are coming? You new philosophers? -

Part Three:

What Religion Is Like

45.

The human soul and its limits; how far human inner experience has reached so far; the heights, depths and far reaches of those experiences; the whole story of the soul up to now, and all the possibilities it still has not drunk to the bottom: this is the hunting ground set aside for anyone who is a born psychologist and loves the "big hunt." But how often he has to tell himself in despair: "Just one person! Oh, only one person! And this huge forest, this wild, ancient jungle!" So he wishes he had a few hundred helpers for the hunt, and fine, well-trained, learned tracking dogs that he could send into the history of the human soul to round up his game for him. It is no use. Again and again he finds out, thoroughly and bitterly, how hard it is to find helpers and dogs for exactly the things that make him most curious. The trouble with sending scholars into new and dangerous hunting grounds, where you need courage, good sense and sharpness of every kind, is this: they stop being useful exactly where the "big hunt" begins, and where the big danger begins too. Right there they lose their sharp eyes and their keen noses. Take an example. Suppose you wanted to figure out and pin down what has happened, over time, to the struggle between knowing and conscience inside the souls of deeply religious people. To do that, a person might have to be as deep, as wounded, and as enormous as Pascal's intellectual conscience was. And even then, he would still need something like a wide sky above him, a sky of bright, mischievous intellectual depth, able to look down from above on this swarm of dangerous and painful experiences, to put it in order, and to force it into clear formulas. But who

would do me this service? And who would have the time to wait for such servants? They clearly grow far too rarely; in every age they are so unlikely! In the end you have to do everything yourself if you want to know a few things yourself. That means you have a lot to do! But a curiosity like mine is, after all, the most pleasant of all vices. Sorry! I meant to say: the love of truth gets its reward in heaven, and already here on earth.

46.

Think of the faith that early Christianity demanded, and quite often actually achieved. It arose in the middle of a doubting, southern, free-thinking world, a world that had centuries of fighting between schools of philosophy behind it and inside it, and that had also been trained in tolerance by the Roman Empire. This faith is not the trusting, gruff faith of loyal subjects, the kind with which someone like Luther or Cromwell, or some other northern barbarian of the mind, clung to their God and their Christianity. It is much closer to the faith of Pascal, which looks frighteningly like a long, drawn-out suicide of reason: a tough, long-lived reason, like a worm, that cannot be killed all at once with a single blow. From the very start, Christian faith is sacrifice: the sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all the mind's confidence in itself. At the same time it is making yourself a slave, mocking yourself, and cutting pieces off yourself. There is cruelty in this faith, and a kind of religious Phoenician spirit, like the ancient Phoenicians who were said to sacrifice their own children to their gods. This faith is demanded of a conscience that is worn down, complicated and badly spoiled. It assumes that bending the mind into submission hurts beyond words, and that the whole past and all the habits of such a mind fight back against the utterly absurd thing that "faith" seems to it to be. Modern people have gone numb to all Christian vocabulary. They no longer feel the horror, the shock of the

extreme, that a person with ancient tastes felt in the paradox of the phrase "God on the cross." Never before, and nowhere, had there been anything so bold in turning things upside down, anything so terrible, so questioning, and so questionable as this phrase. It promised a rethinking of all values of the ancient world. It was the East, the deep East, it was the slave of the East, who in this way took revenge on Rome and its noble, high-minded and light-hearted tolerance, on Rome's "catholic," all-accepting attitude toward belief. And it was never faith itself, but freedom from faith, that half-Stoic, smiling unconcern about the seriousness of belief, that made the slaves furious at their masters and set them against their masters. "Enlightenment" makes people furious. The slave, you see, wants things that are absolute. He understands only what is tyrannical, in morality too. He loves the way he hates: without shades, all the way down, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness. All his hidden suffering rises up in anger against the noble, high-minded taste that seems to deny that suffering matters. Doubting suffering, refusing to take it so seriously, is really just an attitude of aristocratic morality. Yet it played no small part in starting the last great revolt of the weak, which began with the French Revolution.

47.

Wherever on earth religious neurosis has shown up so far, we find it tied to three dangerous rules about how to live: being alone, fasting, and giving up sex. But we cannot say for sure which of these is the cause and which is the effect, or whether there is any cause and effect here at all. There is good reason for that last doubt. One of its most regular symptoms, among wild peoples and tame ones alike, is a sudden burst of wild, unrestrained lust, which then, just as suddenly, flips over into fits of penance and into saying no to the world and to one's own will. Could both of these perhaps be explained as epilepsy

in disguise? But nowhere should we hold back from explanations more than here. No other type of person has had so much nonsense and superstition grow up around it. No other seems to have interested people so much, even philosophers. It would be about time to cool down a little on this subject, to learn caution, or better still: to look away and walk away. Even in the background of the most recent philosophy, Schopenhauer's, this frightening question mark of religious crisis and religious awakening stands almost as the problem in itself. How is it possible for the will to deny itself? How is a saint possible? That really seems to have been the question that made Schopenhauer a philosopher and set him going. And so it fit Schopenhauer's thinking perfectly that his most convinced follower (maybe also his last, as far as Germany goes), namely Richard Wagner, brought his own life's work to its end right here. In the end he even put that terrible and eternal type on the stage as Kundry, a type drawn from real life, exactly as it lives and breathes. And this happened at the very time when the doctors of the insane in almost every country in Europe had a chance to study this type up close, wherever religious neurosis, or what I call "the religious nature," made its latest outbreak and parade as an epidemic in the form of the "Salvation Army." But if you ask what, in the whole phenomenon of the saint, people of every kind and every age, philosophers included, have found so wildly interesting, the answer is without any doubt this: it looks like a miracle. That is, it seems to show opposites following one right after the other, states of the soul that morality judges as complete opposites. People thought they could grab it with their own hands: here a "bad person" turns, all at once, into a "saint," a good person. Psychology so far has been shipwrecked at exactly this point. And wasn't that mainly because it had put itself under the rule of morality? Because it believed in morality's opposites of value, good against bad, and then saw these opposites in the text and the facts, read them into it, and interpreted

them into it? What? The "miracle" just a mistake in interpretation? A lack of careful reading?

48.

It seems that the Latin peoples feel their Catholicism as something much more deeply their own than we northerners feel Christianity as a whole. So unbelief in Catholic countries must mean something quite different from what it means in Protestant ones. There, it is a kind of revolt against the mind of the race. With us, it is more like a return to the mind of the race (or to its lack of mind). We northerners clearly come from barbarian peoples, and that includes our talent for religion: we have very little talent for it. The Celts may be an exception, and that is why they were the best soil in the north for taking in the Christian infection. In France the Christian ideal came into full bloom, as far as the pale northern sun allowed it to. Even these latest French skeptics still seem strangely pious to our taste, as long as there is some Celtic blood in their family line! How Catholic, how un-German Auguste Comte's sociology smells to us, with its Roman logic of the instincts! How Jesuit-like that charming and clever tour guide of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, seems, even though he hated the Jesuits! And then there is Ernest Renan. To us northerners, the language of someone like Renan sounds closed off and hard to reach. Every few moments some tiny bit of religious tension throws his soul off balance, a soul that is pleasure-loving in a refined way and likes to make itself comfortable. Just try repeating these lovely sentences of his, and see what spite and cheeky pride stir up at once in our soul, which is probably less lovely and harder, which is to say more German! He writes, in French: "So let us say boldly that religion is a product of the normal human being, that a person is most in the truth when he is most religious and most sure of an endless destiny.... It is when he is good that he wants virtue to match an eternal order. It is when he

looks at things without any self-interest that he finds death outrageous and absurd. How can we not suppose that it is in these moments that a person sees most clearly?...." These sentences are so completely the opposite of my ear and my habits that when I first found them, my first anger wrote next to them: "Religious silliness in its purest form!" But in the end my last anger even grew fond of them, these sentences with their truth turned upside down! It is so pleasant, such an honor, to have one's own exact opposites!

49.

What is amazing about the religion of the ancient Greeks is the wild overflowing amount of gratitude that pours out of it. It takes a very noble, high-minded kind of person to stand before nature and before life in this way! Later, when the mob gained the upper hand in Greece, fear spread and took over in religion too. And so the way was prepared for Christianity.

50.

The passion for God comes in different kinds. There are peasant-like, simple-hearted, and pushy kinds, like Luther's. In fact, the whole of Protestantism lacks the delicate touch of the south. There is an Eastern kind of being carried away, like that of a slave who has been shown favor or raised up without deserving it. Augustine is an example: he lacks, in an offensive way, any nobility in his gestures and his desires. There is a womanly tenderness and longing in it, which shyly and without knowing what it is doing pushes toward a mystical and bodily union, as with Madame de Guyon. In many cases it oddly appears as a disguise for the puberty of a girl or a young man. Here and there it even appears as the hysteria of an old unmarried woman, and as her final ambition. The Church has more than once declared such a woman a saint.

51.

Up to now, even the most powerful people have always bowed in awe before the saint, seeing him as the riddle of self-conquest and of deliberately giving up everything. Why did they bow? Behind the question mark of his frail and pitiful look, they sensed a superior force that wanted to test itself through such self-conquest. They sensed a strength of will in which they recognized their own strength and their own joy in ruling, and knew how to honor it. When they honored the saint, they were honoring something in themselves. On top of that, the sight of the saint made them suspicious. "Such a monstrous amount of saying no, of going against nature, can't have been wanted for nothing," they said and asked themselves. "Maybe there is a reason for it, some really great danger, which the ascetic knows more about, thanks to his secret advisers and visitors?" In short, the powerful of the world learned a new fear in front of him. They sensed a new power, a strange enemy not yet defeated. It was the "drive to grow stronger" that forced them to stop and stand still before the saint. They had to ask him...

52.

In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book about God's justice, there are people, things, and speeches on such a grand scale that Greek and Indian writings have nothing to set beside it. We stand in fear and awe before these huge remains of what human beings once were. And at the same time we have sad thoughts about ancient Asia and its little peninsula sticking out in front, Europe, which so badly wants to stand for "human progress" compared to Asia. Of course, someone who is himself only a thin, tame house pet and knows only the needs of a house pet (like our educated people of today, including the Christians of "educated" Christianity) will feel neither amazement nor sadness among those ruins. A taste for the Old Testament is a test of

what is "great" and what is "small." Perhaps such a person will find the New Testament, the book about grace, more to his liking. It has a lot of that real tender, stuffy smell of praying brethren and small souls. This New Testament is a kind of rococo of taste in every respect, fussy and over-decorated. To have glued it together with the Old Testament into one book, as "the Bible," as "the Book itself": that is perhaps the greatest act of nerve and the greatest "sin against the mind" that literary Europe has on its conscience.

53.

Why atheism today? "The Father" in God has been thoroughly disproved, and so have "the Judge" and "the Rewarder." The same goes for his "free will": he does not hear, and even if he did hear, he still would not know how to help. Worst of all, he seems unable to make himself clearly understood. Is he unclear? This is what I have found out, by asking and listening in many different conversations, to be the causes of the decline of belief in God in Europe. It seems to me that the religious instinct is indeed growing strongly, but that it rejects, with deep distrust, exactly the kind of satisfaction that belief in a personal God offers.

54.

So what is all of recent philosophy really doing, deep down? Ever since Descartes, every philosopher has been launching an attack on the old idea of the soul. And they do it more to defy Descartes than because they are following his lead. They pretend to be just examining the ideas of "subject" and "predicate" in grammar. But what they are really attacking is the basic starting point of Christian teaching. Recent philosophy is a kind of doubt about what we can know, and so, whether it hides it or shows it, it is against Christianity. Yet, to say it for those with sharper ears, it is not at all against religion. You see,

people used to believe in "the soul" the same way they believed in grammar and in the subject of a sentence. They said: "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and depends on it. Thinking is an activity, and so we must imagine a subject that causes it. Then, with amazing stubbornness and cleverness, philosophers tried to see whether they could get out of this net. They asked whether maybe the opposite was true: that "think" is the condition and "I" depends on it. In that case, "I" would only be something put together, built by thinking itself. What Kant really wanted to prove was that you cannot prove the subject by starting from the subject, and you cannot prove the object that way either. The idea that the subject, which means "the soul," might only seem to exist may not always have been strange to him. That same idea once already existed on earth, with enormous power, as the Vedanta philosophy of India.

55.

Religious cruelty is like a tall ladder with many rungs, but three of those rungs matter most. Long ago, people sacrificed human beings to their god, and perhaps exactly the people they loved most. This includes the sacrifices of the firstborn found in all ancient religions. It also includes the sacrifice made by the Emperor Tiberius in the cave of the god Mithras on the island of Capri, the most horrifying of all Roman throwbacks to an older age. Later, in the moral age of humanity, people sacrificed to their god the strongest instincts they had, their own "nature." You can see this festive joy shining in the cruel gaze of the hermit who denies himself everything, the enthusiastic fighter "against nature." And finally, what was left to sacrifice? In the end, didn't people have to sacrifice everything comforting, holy and healing? All hope, all faith in a hidden harmony, in future happiness and future justice? Didn't they finally have to sacrifice God himself, and, out of cruelty toward themselves, worship stone, stupidity, heavi-

ness, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness: this strange, contradictory mystery of the final cruelty was saved for the generation that is just now coming up. All of us already know something about it.

56.

Think of someone who, like me, has long struggled, driven by some mysterious desire, to think pessimism through to its very depths. He wanted to set it free from the narrow, simple-minded form, half Christian and half German, in which it last showed itself to this century, namely in the philosophy of Schopenhauer. Think of someone who has really looked, with an Asian eye and even more than an Asian eye, into the most world-denying of all possible ways of thinking, and down to its bottom. He looked beyond good and evil, and no longer, like Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the spell and the illusion of morality. Such a person may, without really meaning to, have opened his eyes to the opposite ideal. That is the ideal of the most high-spirited, most alive, most world-loving person. This person has not only made peace with everything that was and is, and learned to get along with it. He wants to have it all again, exactly as it was and is, for all eternity. He keeps shouting "Once more! From the beginning!" like an audience that can never get enough. He shouts it not only to himself but to the whole play and performance. And not only to a play, but really to the One who needs exactly this play, and who makes it necessary, because he needs himself again and again, and makes himself necessary again and again... What? And wouldn't this be God as an endless circle?

57.

The stronger a person's mind can see and see into things, the more the distance and the space around him seem to grow. His world be-

comes deeper, and more and more new stars, new riddles and new images come into view. Maybe everything the eye of the mind has used to sharpen its cleverness and its depth was only an excuse for practice, a game, something for children and childish minds. Maybe one day the most solemn ideas, the ones people have fought and suffered over most, the ideas of "God" and "sin," will seem no more important to us than a child's toy and a child's pain seem to an old man. And maybe then "the old man" will need yet another toy and another pain, since he is still child enough, an eternal child!

58.

Has anyone really noticed how much a truly religious life needs outward idleness, or at least half-idleness? By a truly religious life I mean both its favorite tiny, microscope-like task of examining oneself, and that gentle calm which is called "prayer" and which is a constant readiness for "God's coming." And by idleness I mean idleness with a good conscience, the kind that has been around for ages and runs in the blood. It is not far from the aristocratic feeling that work brings shame, because it makes body and soul common, low. And doesn't it follow that modern hard work, which is noisy, which squeezes every minute out of time, which is proud of itself, and stupidly proud, trains and prepares people for "unbelief" more than anything else does? Among the people in Germany today, for example, who live apart from religion, I find many kinds and many origins of the so-called free thinkers. But above all I find a majority of people whose religious instincts have been dissolved by hard work, passed down from one generation to the next. They no longer even know what religions are good for. They simply take note that religions exist in the world, with a kind of dull surprise. These decent, upright people already feel busy enough, whether with their business or with their pleasures, not to mention the "fatherland," the newspapers, and their "family duties." It

seems they have no time left at all for religion. Besides, it is unclear to them whether religion would be a new kind of business or a new kind of pleasure. After all, they tell themselves, surely nobody goes to church just to spoil their good mood. They are not enemies of religious customs. If, in certain cases, the state for instance asks them to take part in such customs, they do what is asked, the way people do so many things: with patient, modest seriousness, and without much curiosity or discomfort. They simply live too far apart and outside of it all to feel any need, even inside themselves, to be for or against such things. Today most German Protestants of the middle classes belong among these indifferent people, especially in the busy, hard-working big centers of trade and transport. So do most hard-working scholars and everything else that goes with the universities. The theologians are the exception: the fact that they exist there at all, and how that is even possible, gives the psychologist more and more puzzles to solve, and ever more delicate ones. Religious people, or even just churchgoing people, rarely imagine how much good will, you could even say how much deliberate effort of will, it now takes for a German scholar to treat the problem of religion seriously. His whole craft pushes him the other way. So does, as I said, the workman-like hard work that his modern conscience demands of him. Because of all this he tends to feel a superior, almost kindly cheerfulness toward religion. Sometimes a light contempt is mixed in, aimed at the "uncleanness" of mind that he assumes wherever someone still openly belongs to the church. Only with the help of history, and so not from his own personal experience, does the scholar manage to bring himself to a respectful seriousness toward religions and a certain shy consideration for them. But even when he has raised his feeling as far as gratitude toward them, he personally has not come one step closer to whatever still exists as church or piety. Maybe it is even the other way around. He was born and raised into a practical indifference toward religious things, and in him this indifference usually gets refined into caution

and a sense of cleanliness that shies away from touching religious people and things. And it may be precisely the depth of his tolerance and his humanity that tells him to avoid the delicate awkwardness that tolerating itself brings with it. Every age has its own godlike kind of innocence, its own naive simplicity, and other ages may envy it for having invented it. And how much naivety lies here: a naivety worthy of respect, childlike, and endlessly clumsy. It lies in the scholar's belief that he is superior, in the good conscience of his tolerance, and in the plain, unsuspecting confidence with which his instinct treats the religious person as a lesser and lower type, one he himself has grown past, beyond, and above. And who is he? A small, arrogant dwarf, a man of the mob, a busy, nimble worker with head and hands in the trade of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

59.

Anyone who has looked deeply into the world can probably guess how much wisdom there is in the fact that people are shallow. It is their instinct for survival that teaches them to be quick, light, and false. Here and there, among philosophers as well as artists, you find a passionate, exaggerated worship of "pure forms." Let no one doubt that whoever needs to worship the surface like this once, at some point, reached underneath it and grabbed something terrible. Perhaps there is even a ranking among these burnt children, these born artists, who can now find joy in life only by trying to falsify its picture, as if taking a long, drawn-out revenge on life. You could measure how much life has been spoiled for them by how far they wish to see its picture falsified, thinned out, moved into another world, and made divine. You could even count religious people, the homines religiosi, among the artists, as their highest rank. It is a deep, suspicious fear of a pessimism that cannot be cured that forces whole thousands of years to sink their teeth into a religious explanation of existence and refuse

to let go. It is the fear of an instinct that senses that people might get hold of the truth too early, before humans have become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough.... Seen this way, piety, the "life in God," would look like the finest and final offspring of the fear of truth. It would look like an artist's worship and drunkenness in front of the most thorough of all falsifications, like the will to turn the truth upside down, to choose untruth at any price. Maybe until now there has been no stronger way to make human beings themselves beautiful than piety. Through it, a person can become so much art, surface, play of colors, and goodness that looking at him no longer causes pain. -

60.

To love people for God's sake: until now, that has been the most noble, high-minded and the most far-off feeling that human beings have ever reached. Here is the idea: that love for people without some hidden, holy purpose behind it is just one more piece of stupidity and animal behavior; that the urge to love people must first get its measure, its refinement, its grain of salt and its speck of fine perfume from some higher urge. Whoever the person was who first felt this and truly "lived" it, however much his tongue may have stumbled as he tried to put such a delicate thing into words, may he stay holy and worthy of honor to us for all time, as the person who has flown the highest so far and gone astray most beautifully!

61.

The philosopher as we understand him, we free thinkers of a new kind, is the person with the widest responsibility of all, the one whose conscience covers the whole development of humankind. This philosopher will use religions for his work of breeding, cultivating and educating people, just as he will use whatever political and economic conditions happen to exist. Religions can be used to select and

to breed, and that always means they can destroy as well as create and shape. The influence they have this way is many-sided and varies, depending on the kind of people who are placed under their spell and their protection. Take the strong and independent people, those prepared and destined to give orders, in whom the reason and skill of a ruling race take living form. For them, religion is one more tool for overcoming resistance so that they can rule. It works like a bond that ties rulers and subjects together. It hands over the consciences of the subjects to the rulers and gives away their hidden, innermost selves, the part of them that would like to slip out of obedience. And suppose some individuals of such noble, high-minded birth lean, because of their great intellectual depth, toward a quieter, more withdrawn and thoughtful life, keeping for themselves only the finest kind of ruling, over chosen followers or brothers of a religious order. Then religion can even be used to give them peace from the noise and hard work of rougher kinds of governing, and to keep them clean of the dirt that always comes with doing politics. The Brahmins of India, for example, understood this. With the help of a religious organization they gave themselves the power to choose the people's kings, while they themselves stayed apart and outside, and felt themselves to be people with higher tasks, tasks above those of kings. Meanwhile, religion also gives some of the ruled people guidance and a chance to prepare themselves for ruling and commanding one day. These are the classes and social groups that are slowly rising, in which, thanks to good marriage customs, the strength and joy of the will, the will to control oneself, keeps growing. Religion offers them plenty of pushes and temptations to take the paths toward higher intellectual depth, and to try out the feelings of great mastering of oneself, of silence, and of being alone. Strict self-denial and Puritan strictness are almost necessary tools for educating and refining a race, when it wants to get the better of its roots in the mob and work its way up to ruling one day. Finally there are the ordinary people, the vast majority, who exist to

serve and to be generally useful, and who are only allowed to exist for that reason. To them religion gives something priceless: contentment with their position and their nature, a great deal of peace of heart, a nobler kind of obedience, one more shared happiness and shared suffering with people like themselves, and a bit of glow and beauty. It gives them something that makes sense of their whole everyday life, all their lowliness, the whole half-animal poverty of their souls. Religion, and the feeling that life has a religious meaning, casts sunshine over such constantly troubled people and makes even the sight of themselves bearable. It works on them the way the philosophy of Epicurus, with its calm pursuit of quiet pleasure, usually works on suffering people of higher rank: it refreshes them, refines them, almost makes good use of their suffering, and in the end even makes it holy and justified. Perhaps nothing about Christianity and Buddhism deserves as much respect as their skill at teaching even the lowest people to place themselves, through faith and devotion, in a higher order of things, an order that is only an appearance, a seeming. In this way they stay content with the real order, in which they live hard enough lives. And that very hardness is needed!

62.

In the end, of course, we also have to draw up the bad side of the account for such religions and bring their eerie danger out into the light. The price is always high and terrible when religions do not serve as tools for breeding, cultivating and educating people in the hands of the philosopher, but instead rule on their own, as supreme masters. It is terrible when they want to be final goals themselves, and not just one tool among other tools. Among humans, as among every other kind of animal, there is a surplus of the badly formed, the sick, those in decline, the frail, and those who are bound to suffer. Among humans too, the cases that turn out well are always the excep-

tion. And since the human being is the animal whose nature is not yet fixed, they are even a rare exception. But it gets worse. The higher the type of person someone represents, the less likely it becomes that he will turn out well. Chance, the law of nonsense that runs through the whole household of humanity, shows itself most frighteningly in the way it destroys the higher kinds of people, whose conditions for living are delicate, many-sided and hard to work out. So how do the two greatest religions I have named, Christianity and Buddhism, deal with this surplus of failed cases? They try to preserve them, to hold on to whatever can possibly be kept alive. In fact, as religions for those who suffer, they take the side of these people on principle. They say that everyone who suffers from life as if it were an illness is right. And they would like to make sure that every other way of feeling about life is counted as false and becomes impossible. We may value this gentle, protecting care as highly as we like, since it applies, and has applied, to the highest type of human as well, which until now has nearly always also been the type that suffers most. Still, when the whole account is added up, the religions we have had so far, that is, the ones that ruled supreme, are among the main causes that kept the type "human" stuck on a lower level. They preserved too much of what ought to have perished. We owe them things beyond price. And who is rich enough in gratitude not to feel poor in front of everything that, for example, the "spiritual people" of Christianity have done for Europe up to now! And yet, they gave comfort to the suffering, courage to the oppressed and the despairing, a staff and support to those who could not stand on their own, and they lured the inwardly broken and those who had turned wild away from society into monasteries, into prisons and training houses for the soul. So what else did they have to do so that they could work, with a good conscience and on principle, at keeping everything sick and suffering alive, which in fact and in truth means working at making the European race worse? They had to turn all values upside down. That is what they had to do!

And they had to break the strong, make great hopes sickly, cast suspicion on the happiness found in beauty. They had to bend everything proud and self-ruling, manly, conquering and eager to rule, all the instincts that belong to the highest and best-formed type "human", and twist them into insecurity, torment of conscience and self-destruction. In fact, they had to turn all love of earthly things and of ruling over the earth into hatred of the earth and of earthly things. The Church set itself this task, and had to set it, until in its eyes "turning away from the world", "turning away from the senses" and "higher kind of person" finally melted together into one single feeling. Suppose someone could look over the strange, painful comedy of European Christianity, which is as crude as it is subtle, with the mocking, uninvolved eye of an Epicurean god, a god who just watches calmly from a distance. I believe he would never stop being amazed and laughing. For does it not seem as if one single will has ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries, the will to turn the human being into a sublime freak, a grand misshapen creature? But imagine someone with the opposite needs, no longer calm like an Epicurean, but holding some kind of divine hammer, who stepped up to this almost deliberate decline and stunting of the human being that the Christian European is (Pascal, for example). Would he not have to cry out with fury, with pity, with horror: "Oh you clumsy fools, you arrogant, pitying fools, what have you done! Was this a job for your hands! How you have hacked at my most beautiful stone and botched it! What gave you the right!" What I mean to say is this: Christianity has so far been the most disastrous kind of arrogance, of people placing themselves above where they belong. These were people not high and hard enough to be allowed to shape humanity as artists shape their material. They were people not strong and far-seeing enough to let the surface law of failure and ruin, which happens a thousand times over, take its course, which would have taken a noble mastery over themselves. They were people not noble, high-minded enough to see

the ranking of people and values, the deep, abyss-like gap in rank between one person and another. Such people, with their idea of being "equal before God", have ruled over Europe's fate until now. And in the end a smaller, almost laughable kind of creature has been bred: a herd animal, something good-natured, sickly and mediocre, the European of today....

Part Four:

Sayings and Interludes

63.

Someone who is a teacher through and through takes everything seriously only as it relates to his students. That even includes himself.

64.

"Knowledge for its own sake": that is the last trap that morality sets. Fall for it, and you get completely tangled up in morality all over again.

65.

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

65 a.

People are at their most dishonest toward their god. He is not allowed to sin!

66.

The habit of putting yourself down, of letting yourself be robbed, lied to and used, might be the shame of a god living among humans.

67.

Loving one single person is a kind of barbarism, because that love is given at the cost of everyone else. The same goes for loving God.

68.

"I did that," says my memory. "I cannot have done that," says my pride, and it will not give in. In the end, it is my memory that gives in.

69.

You have not watched life closely enough if you have not also seen the hand that kills, and kills gently.

70.

If you have character, you also have your own typical experience, the one that keeps happening to you again and again.

71.

The wise person as an astronomer. As long as you still feel the stars as something "above you," you still lack the eye of someone who truly understands.

72.

It is not how strong a lofty feeling is, but how long it lasts, that makes people lofty.

73.

Whoever reaches his ideal, by that very fact, moves beyond it.

73 a.

Some peacocks hide their beautiful tail from everyone's eyes, and they call that their pride.

74.

A person with genius is unbearable unless he has at least two other things as well: gratitude and cleanliness.

75.

How much sexuality a person has, and what kind, reaches all the way up to the highest peak of his mind.

76.

When times are peaceful, the warlike person turns on himself and attacks himself.

77.

We use our principles to bully our habits, or to excuse them, or to honor them, or to insult them, or to hide them. So two people with the same principles probably want something completely different from them.

78.

Someone who despises himself still respects himself, at least as the one doing the despising.

79.

A soul that knows it is loved, but does not love in return, gives away what lies at its bottom. Its dregs, the lowest part of it, rise to the top.

80.

Once a thing becomes clear to us, it stops mattering to us. So what did that god mean when he advised, "Know yourself"? Did it perhaps

mean, "Stop mattering to yourself! Become objective!"? And what about Socrates? And what about the "scientific person"?

81.

It is a terrible thing to die of thirst in the middle of the sea. So must you put so much salt in your truth that it can no longer even quench thirst?

82.

"Pity for everyone"? That would be harshness and tyranny toward you, my dear neighbor!

83.

Instinct. When the house is on fire, you even forget about lunch. Yes, but you make up for it later, eating on top of the ashes.

84.

A woman learns to hate to the same degree that she forgets how to charm.

85.

Men and women have the same emotions, but at a different speed. That is why men and women never stop misunderstanding each other.

86.

Even women themselves, behind all their personal vanity, still keep an impersonal contempt for "woman" in general.

87.

Bound heart, free mind. If you tie your heart up tightly and lock it away, you can give your mind a great deal of freedom. I have said this once before. But people do not believe me, unless they already know it for themselves...

88.

When very clever people become embarrassed, we start to distrust them.

89.

When someone has terrible experiences, it makes you wonder whether the person who has them is not something terrible himself.

90.

Heavy, gloomy people become lighter through the very things that make others heavy: hate and love. For a while, these bring them up to their own surface.

91.

He is so cold, so icy, that you burn your fingers on him! Every hand that touches him jumps back in shock! And that is exactly why some people think he is red-hot.

92.

Who has not, at some point, sacrificed himself for the sake of his good reputation?

93.

Being friendly and easygoing with everyone has nothing of hatred for people in it. But for exactly that reason, it has far too much contempt for people in it.

94.

Being a mature man means having found again the seriousness you had as a child when you played.

95.

Being ashamed of your immorality is one step on a staircase. At the top of it, you are also ashamed of your morality.

96.

We should leave life the way Odysseus left Nausicaa: more blessing it than in love with it.

97.

What? A great man? All I ever see is an actor playing the role of his own ideal.

98.

When you train your conscience, it kisses you at the same moment that it bites you.

99.

The disappointed one speaks: "I listened for an echo, and all I heard was praise."

100.

When we are alone with ourselves, we all act simpler than we really are. That is how we take a rest from other people.

101. Today, someone who seeks knowledge might easily feel like God turned into an animal.

102.

Finding out that your love is returned should really make the lover see the loved one more soberly. "What? This person is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or, or..."

103.

The danger in happiness. "Now everything works out for the best for me. From now on I love every fate. So who wants to be my fate?"

104.

It is not their love for humanity that stops today's Christians from burning us at the stake. It is that their love for humanity has no power left.

105.

For the free thinker of a new kind, the "devout follower of knowledge," a pious lie goes even more against his taste, against his "devoutness," than an ungodly lie does. That explains his deep failure to understand the Church, which is typical of the "free thinker of a new kind." This is where he is not free.

106.

Through music, the passions get to enjoy themselves.

107.

Once a decision has been made, closing your ears even to the best argument against it: that is the sign of a strong character. In other words, an occasional will to be stupid.

108.

There are no moral facts at all. There is only a moral way of interpreting facts...

109.

Often enough, a criminal is not up to the level of his own deed. He makes it smaller and tells lies about it.

110.

A criminal's lawyers are rarely artistic enough to turn the beautiful horror of the deed to the advantage of the one who did it.

111.

Our vanity is hardest to wound right after our pride has just been wounded.

112.

Someone who feels he was born to look and see, not to believe, finds all believers too noisy and too pushy. He fends them off.

113.

"You want to win him over? Then act embarrassed in front of him."

114.

Women expect an enormous amount from sexual love, and they feel shame about that expectation. Together, these spoil their whole outlook on things right from the start.

115.

Where love or hate is not part of the game, a woman plays only an average game.

116.

The great turning points of our lives come when we find the courage to rename what is evil in us as what is best in us.

117.

The will to overcome an emotion is, in the end, only the will of another emotion, or of several others.

118.

There is an innocence in admiring someone. It belongs to the person who has not yet realized that he, too, might be admired one day.

119.

Our disgust at dirt can be so strong that it stops us from cleaning ourselves, that is, from "justifying" ourselves.

120.

Physical desire often rushes the growth of love, so that its root stays weak and is easy to pull out.

121.

It is a subtle touch that God learned Greek when he wanted to become a writer, and that he did not learn it any better.

122.

For some people, being pleased by praise is just politeness of the heart. And it is the exact opposite of vanity of the mind.

123.

Even living together without marriage has been spoiled: by marriage.

124.

Someone who still rejoices while being burned at the stake is not triumphing over pain. He is triumphing because he feels no pain where he expected to feel it. This is a parable.

125.

When we have to change our minds about someone, we hold it hard against him that he has caused us this trouble.

126.

A people, a whole nation, is nature's long way around to produce six or seven great men. Yes, and then to find a way around them, too.

127.

For every true woman, science goes against her sense of modesty and shame. It feels to her as if science wants to peek under her skin. Worse still, it feels as if it wants to peek under her clothes and her jewelry.

128.

The more abstract the truth you want to teach, the more you have to tempt the senses toward it, so that people can see, hear and feel it.

129.

The devil has the widest view of God, and that is why he keeps so far away from him. By the devil, I mean the devil as the oldest friend of knowledge and understanding.

130.

Who someone really is starts to show when their talent fades, when they stop showing what they can do. Talent is also a kind of decoration, and a decoration is also a hiding place.

131.

Men and women are wrong about each other. The reason is that, deep down, each only respects and loves themselves, or their own ideal, to put it more politely. So the man wants the woman to be peaceful. But the woman is, at heart, not peaceful at all, just like a cat, however well she has practised looking peaceful.

132.

We are punished most for our good qualities, our virtues.

133.

Someone who cannot find the way to their ideal lives more carelessly and more shamelessly than a person who has no ideal at all.

134.

All believability comes first from the senses. So does every clear conscience, and every sense that something plainly looks true.

135.

Self-righteous hypocrisy, the kind the Pharisees are known for, is not a decline in a good person. On the contrary, a good portion of it is actually what makes being good possible at all.

136.

One person is looking for a midwife to help bring his thoughts into the world. Another is looking for someone he can help. That is how a good conversation is born.

137.

When we deal with scholars and artists, we easily misjudge them, but in opposite directions. Behind a remarkable scholar we quite often find an average person. And behind an average artist we often find a very remarkable person.

138.

We do the same thing awake as we do in dreams. We first invent and make up the person we are dealing with, and then we forget at once that we did.

139.

In revenge and in love, a woman is more savage than a man.

140.

Advice as a riddle: "If the cord is not to break, first you have to bite on it."

141.

The belly, with its needs and functions, is the reason a human being does not so easily believe he is a god.

142.

The most modest and pure saying I have ever heard is this, in French: "In true love, it is the soul that wraps around the body."

143.

Whatever we do best, our vanity would like people to think of as the very thing that is hardest for us. This says something about where some moralities come from.

144.

When a woman has a taste for learning, there is usually something not quite right about her as a woman, sexually. Even being unable to have children leans her toward a somewhat manly taste. For man is, if you will excuse me, "the barren animal", the one who cannot bear children.

145.

Comparing men and women as a whole, you could say this: woman would not have her genius for dressing up and decorating herself if she did not have the instinct to play the second role.

146.

Whoever fights monsters should take care not to become a monster himself in the process. And if you stare into an abyss for a long time, the abyss also stares back into you.

147.

From old stories from Florence, and also from life itself, comes this Italian saying: "A good woman and a bad woman both need the stick." It is from Sacchetti, story number 86.

148.

Tempting the people around you into having a good opinion of you, and then, afterward, sincerely believing in that opinion yourself: who can match women at this trick?

149.

What one age feels to be evil is usually an out-of-date leftover of something that was once felt to be good. It is an older ideal coming back, like an old family trait that suddenly shows up again in a later generation.

150.

Around the hero, everything becomes a tragedy. Around the half-god, everything becomes a comic play full of satyrs. And around God, everything becomes what? Perhaps the "world"?

151.

Having a talent is not enough. You also need your permission to have it. Isn't that right, my friends?

152.

"Wherever the tree of knowledge stands, there is always paradise." That is what the oldest snakes say, and the newest ones too.

153.

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

154.

Raising objections, straying off the path now and then, cheerful distrust, and the love of mockery are all signs of health. Everything absolute, everything that admits no doubt, belongs to the study of disease.

155.

Our feeling for the tragic grows and shrinks along with our sensuality, our appetite for the pleasures of the senses.

156.

Madness is rare in individual people. But in groups, parties, nations and whole eras, it is the rule.

157.

The thought of suicide is a strong comfort. With it, a person can get through many a bad night.

158.

Our strongest drive, the tyrant inside us, gets not only our reason to bow down to it, but our conscience as well.

159.

We have to pay back both good and bad. But why exactly to the person who did us the good or the bad?

160.

As soon as you share what you know, you no longer love that knowledge enough.

161.

Poets have no shame about the things that happen to them: they exploit them.

162.

"The neighbor we are told to love is not the one next door, but the one next door to him." That is how every nation thinks.

163.

Love brings to light the high and hidden qualities of the person who loves, what is rare and exceptional in him. In that way, it easily fools us about what is normal and usual in him.

164.

Jesus said to his fellow Jews: "The law was for servants. Love God as I love him, as his son! What does morality matter to us sons of God?"

165.

With every political party in view: A shepherd always needs a lead ram as well, or else he has to be a ram himself now and then.

166.

You can certainly lie with your mouth. But the face you pull while doing it still tells the truth.

167.

In hard people, tenderness and deep feeling are a matter of modesty and shame, and something precious.

168.

Christianity gave Eros, the god of love and desire, poison to drink. He did not die from it, but he declined and turned into a vice.

169.

Talking a lot about yourself can also be a way of hiding yourself.

170.

There is more pushiness in praise than in blame.

171.

Pity in a person devoted to knowledge and understanding is almost laughable, like dainty hands on a Cyclops, the one-eyed giant.

172.

Out of love for humanity, we sometimes hug just anyone, because we cannot hug everyone. But that is exactly what we must never let that random person know...

173.

We do not hate as long as we look down on someone. We only hate when we see them as our equal or our better.

174.

You utilitarians, who judge everything by how useful it is: you too love everything useful only as a cart that carries your own wishes. Don't you too, deep down, find the noise of its wheels unbearable?

175.

In the end, we love our desire, and not the thing we desire.

176.

Other people's vanity only offends our taste when it gets in the way of our own vanity.

177.

About what "truthfulness" really is, perhaps nobody has yet been truthful enough.

178.

People refuse to believe that clever people do foolish things. What a loss of human rights!

179.

The results of our actions grab us by the hair, not caring in the least that we have "improved" ourselves in the meantime.

180.

There is a kind of innocence in lying that is a sign of sincere faith in a cause.

181.

It is inhuman to bless someone who is cursing you.

182.

When someone above us acts all friendly and familiar, it makes us bitter, because we are not allowed to act that way back.

183.

"What shook me was not that you lied to me, but that I can no longer believe you."

184.

There is a kind of kindness so bold and overflowing that it looks like malice.

185.

"I don't like him." Why not? "I'm no match for him." Has anyone ever answered like that?

Part Five:

Toward a Natural History of Morality

186.

In Europe today, people's moral feelings are delicate, late-blooming, many-sided, touchy and highly refined. At the same time, the matching "science of morality" is still young, a beginner, clumsy and heavy-handed. That is a fascinating contrast, and sometimes you can see it in the flesh, inside a single moralist. Even the phrase "science of morality" is far too proud for what it actually describes, and it goes against good taste. Good taste usually gives us an early hint that humbler words would be better. To be strict with ourselves, we should admit what is needed here for a long time to come, and what alone is justified for now. That is: collecting the material; putting into clear ideas and sorting out a huge kingdom of delicate feelings about value and fine differences in value, feelings that live, grow, give birth and die. And perhaps also attempts to show clearly the shapes that keep coming back and appear most often in this living crystal growth. All of this would prepare the way for a study of the basic types of morality. Of course, until now nobody was that modest. As soon as philosophers dealt with morality as a science, all of them demanded something much higher of themselves, something grander and more solemn, and they did it with a stiff seriousness that makes you laugh. They wanted to give morality a foundation. Every philosopher so far has believed he had given morality its foundation. But morality itself was simply taken as "given". Their clumsy pride kept them far away from the task of describing it. That task seemed dull to them, and they left it lying in the dust and the rot, even though hardly any hands or senses could be fine enough for it! The moral philosophers knew

the facts of morality only roughly. They knew a random selection, or a chance shortcut: for example, the morals of the people around them, of their social class, their church, the spirit of their age, their climate and their part of the world. They knew little about other peoples, other times and the past, and they were not very curious to learn. And exactly because of that, they never even caught sight of the real problems of morality. Those problems only show up when you compare many different moralities. Strange as it may sound, in all the "science of morality" so far, the problem of morality itself was missing. Nobody even suspected that there was anything here worth questioning. What philosophers called "giving morality a foundation", and demanded of themselves, was, seen in the right light, only a learned form of sincere faith in the morality that ruled at the time. It was just a new way of expressing it. So it was itself a fact inside one particular morality. In the end, it was even a kind of denial that this morality could be treated as a problem at all. In any case, it was the very opposite of testing, taking apart, doubting and cutting open alive this very faith. Listen, for example, to the almost touching innocence with which even Schopenhauer describes his own task. Then draw your own conclusions about how scientific a "science" can be when its latest masters still talk like children and little old women. He says, on page 136 of his book The Basic Problems of Morality: "The principle, the basic rule, on whose content all moral thinkers really agree: neminem laede, immo omnes, quantum potes, juva", which is Latin for "Harm no one; rather, help everyone as much as you can", "that is really the statement which all teachers of morals struggle to give a foundation to... the true foundation of ethics, which people have been searching for over thousands of years, like the philosopher's stone." Now, giving a foundation to that statement may indeed be very hard. As everyone knows, Schopenhauer did not manage it either. And anyone who has once truly felt how stale, false and sentimental this statement is, in a world whose very core is the drive to grow stronger,

may want to be reminded of something: Schopenhauer, even though he was a pessimist, actually... played the flute. Every day, after dinner. Read his biographer about this. And, just to ask in passing: a pessimist, someone who says no to God and to the world, but who stops short in front of morality, who says yes to morality and plays the flute, to the "harm no one" morality. What? Is that really a pessimist?

187.

Leaving aside how much claims like "there is a categorical imperative inside us" are worth, that is, an absolute moral command, we can still ask: what does such a claim tell us about the person making it? There are moralities that are meant to justify their creator in front of other people. Other moralities are meant to calm him down and make him pleased with himself. With others he wants to nail himself to the cross and humble himself. With others he wants to take revenge. With others he wants to hide. With others he wants to make himself shine and lift himself up, high and far away from everyone. This morality helps its creator to forget; that one helps him make others forget him, or forget something about him. Many a moralist would like to use his power and his creative whims on humanity. Many another, perhaps Kant in particular, uses his morality to say: "What deserves respect in me is that I can obey. And it should be no different for you than it is for me!" In short, moralities are also just a sign language of the emotions.

188.

Every morality is the opposite of "laisser aller", of simply letting things go as they will. Every morality is a bit of tyranny against "nature", and against "reason" too. But that is not yet an argument against it. To object to it, you would already have to stand on some other morality and declare from there that every kind of tyranny and

unreason is forbidden. What is essential and priceless about any morality is that it is a long, steady pressure, a long compulsion. If you want to understand Stoicism, or the strict religious community of Port-Royal, or Puritanism, think of the pressure under which every language so far has grown strong and free: the pressure of meter, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble the poets and speakers of every people have put themselves through! That includes some prose writers of today, who carry a merciless conscience inside their ears. They went to all that trouble "for the sake of a silly whim", as the utilitarian blockheads say, the people who think only usefulness counts and who feel clever saying so. Or they did it "out of submission to arbitrary laws", as the anarchists say, who imagine that saying this makes them "free", even free thinkers of a new kind. But the strange fact is this. Everything on earth that has, or ever had, freedom, finesse, boldness, dance and masterly sureness, whether in thinking itself, or in ruling, or in speaking and persuading, in the arts just as much as in manners and morals, grew only thanks to the "tyranny of such arbitrary laws". And quite seriously, there is a good chance that exactly this is "nature" and "natural", and not that letting-things-go! Every artist knows how far his "most natural" state is from the feeling of letting himself go. In moments of "inspiration" he freely arranges, places, decides and shapes. And just then he obeys, strictly and delicately, thousands of laws. These laws are so hard and so exact that they laugh at every attempt to put them into words. (Compared to them, even the firmest idea has something floating, many-sided and vague about it.) What matters most, "in heaven and on earth", so it seems, is, to say it once more, that people obey for a long time and in one direction. In the long run, this always brings out, and always has brought out, something that makes life on earth worth living: for example virtue, art, music, dance, reason, intellectual depth. It brings out something that lifts life up and makes it shine, something refined, wild and divine. Think of the long unfreedom of the mind. Think of

the suspicious control over which thoughts could be shared. Think of the discipline that thinkers placed on themselves, to think only within the rules of the church or the royal court, or only on the assumptions of Aristotle. Think of the mind's long, stubborn will to explain everything that happens by a Christian pattern, and to find the Christian God again in every chance event and justify him there. All this force, this arbitrariness, this harshness, this horror, this going against reason, turned out to be the very means by which the European mind was bred to have its strength, its ruthless curiosity and its fine nimbleness. Granted, along the way a great deal of strength and mind that can never be replaced also had to be crushed, choked and spoiled. (For here, as everywhere, "nature" shows itself as it really is, in all its wasteful and uncaring grandeur, which is outrageous, but noble, high-minded.) For thousands of years European thinkers thought only in order to prove something. Today it is the other way round: we distrust any thinker who "wants to prove something". For them, the result that their strictest thinking was supposed to reach was always fixed in advance. It was like Asian astrology in earlier times, or like the harmless Christian-moral way people still read the events of their own lives today, "to the glory of God" and "for the salvation of the soul". This tyranny, this arbitrariness, this strict and grand stupidity, is what educated the mind. Slavery, it seems, in both the cruder and the finer sense, is the necessary means for the discipline and the breeding, cultivating of the mind as well. Look at any morality with this in mind. It is the "nature" in it that teaches us to hate letting-things-go, to hate too much freedom. It is nature that plants in us the need for limited horizons and for the tasks right in front of us. It is nature that teaches that narrowing our view, and so in a certain sense stupidity, is a condition for life and growth. "You shall obey, someone or other, and for a long time: otherwise you will perish and lose the last respect you have for yourself." This, it seems to me, is nature's moral command. It is certainly not "categorical", meaning uncondi-

tional, as old Kant demanded of a moral command; that is why it has an "otherwise" in it. Nor is it addressed to the single person; what does nature care about the single person! But it is addressed to peoples, races, ages and social classes, and above all to the whole animal called "human being", to humankind.

189.

Hard-working races find it very hard to put up with doing nothing. It was a masterstroke of the English instinct to make Sunday so holy and so boring that, without noticing it, the English start longing again for their working week. Sunday works as a kind of cleverly invented, cleverly inserted fast. You can find plenty of this sort of thing in the ancient world too, although, as you would expect with southern peoples, not exactly when it comes to work. There have to be fasts of many kinds. Wherever powerful drives, urges and habits rule, law-makers must make sure to put in extra days on which such a drive is put in chains and learns to go hungry again. Seen from a higher point, whole generations and eras that show up gripped by some moral fanaticism look like such inserted periods of force and fasting. During them a drive learns to crouch and throw itself down, but also to purify and sharpen itself. Certain philosophical schools can be read this way too. One example is the Stoics, in the middle of Greek culture after Alexander, whose air had grown heavy with the scent of love and lust and had turned lustful. This also gives a hint for explaining a paradox: why it was precisely in Europe's most Christian period, and only under the pressure of Christian judgments of value, that the sex drive was refined into love, into passionate love, "amour-passion".

190.

There is something in Plato's morality that does not really belong to Plato. It only turns up in his philosophy, you could say, in spite of

Plato. That something is the teaching of Socrates, which Plato was really too noble, high-minded for. Here is that teaching: "Nobody wants to harm himself, so everything bad is done without meaning to. For the bad person harms himself. He would not do that if he knew that the bad is bad. So the bad person is bad only because of a mistake. Take away his mistake, and you necessarily make him good." This way of reasoning smells of the mob. The mob looks only at the unpleasant results of doing wrong, and really judges: "it is stupid to act badly". At the same time it simply takes "good" to mean the same as "useful and pleasant". Whenever a morality is based on usefulness, you can guess from the start that it has this same origin, and you can follow your nose: you will rarely go wrong. Plato did everything he could to read something fine and noble, high-minded into his teacher's statement, and above all to read himself into it. He was the boldest of all interpreters. He took the whole of Socrates only as a popular tune, a folk song from the street, and then played endless and impossible variations on it, that is, he turned it into all his own masks and many sides. To say it as a joke, and in the style of Homer too: what is Plato's Socrates, if not "prósthe Pláton opithén te Pláton mésse te Chímaira", which means: Plato in front, Plato behind, and a Chimera, a made-up monster, in the middle.

191.

There is an old problem from theology about "faith" and "knowledge." Put more plainly, it is about instinct and reason. The question is this: when we judge what things are worth, does instinct deserve more authority than reason? Reason wants us to judge and act for reasons, by asking "Why?", which means asking what is useful and what serves a purpose. This is still that same old moral problem. It first showed up in the person of Socrates, and it divided people's minds long before Christianity came along. At first, Socrates himself took the side of

reason. That suited his particular talent, because he was a brilliant debater who could win any argument. And really, what did he do his whole life except laugh at his noble, high-minded fellow Athenians for being so clumsy and helpless? They were people of instinct, like all noble, high-minded people, and they could never properly explain the reasons for what they did. But in the end, quietly and in secret, he laughed at himself as well. When he questioned himself honestly, with his sharper conscience, he found the same difficulty and the same helplessness in himself. But then he talked himself into a way out. Why should we cut ourselves off from our instincts because of this? he told himself. We must give both the instincts and reason their due. We must follow our instincts, but persuade reason to back them up with good arguments. This was the real dishonesty of that great and mysterious master of irony. He got his conscience to settle for a kind of self-trickery. Deep down, he had seen right through the fact that moral judgments are not based on reason. Plato was more innocent in such matters. He did not have the cunning of a man from the common people, as Socrates was. Plato used all his strength, the greatest strength any philosopher had ever needed to use, to prove to himself that reason and instinct naturally head toward one and the same goal: toward the Good, toward "God." And ever since Plato, all theologians and philosophers have followed the same path. That means that in matters of morality, instinct has won so far. The Christians call it "faith." I call it "the herd." The only exception might be Descartes, the father of rationalism, and so the grandfather of the French Revolution. He gave authority to reason alone. But reason is only a tool, and Descartes was shallow.

192.

Anyone who has followed the history of a single science will find in its development a guide to understanding the oldest and most com-

mon, low processes of all "knowing and understanding." In science, just as in everyday knowing, certain things develop first: hasty guesses, made-up stories, the good-natured, foolish wish to "believe," and a lack of suspicion and patience. Our senses learn late, and never completely, how to be fine, faithful, careful tools of knowledge and understanding. When our eye sees something, it is easier for it to call up a picture it has made many times before than to hold on to what is different and new in what it sees. Holding on to the new takes more strength, more "morality." Hearing something new is painful and hard for the ear. We hear unfamiliar music badly. Without meaning to, when we hear another language, we try to shape the sounds into words that feel more familiar and homelike to us. For example, long ago Germans heard the Latin word "arcubalista," meaning crossbow, and turned it into the German word "Armbrust," which sounds like "arm" and "breast." Our senses also treat what is new with hostility and unwillingness. In general, even in the "simplest" acts of sensing, emotions are in charge, such as fear, love, and hate, and also the passive emotions, like laziness. Think of how a reader today does not read every single word on a page, let alone every syllable. Instead, out of about twenty words he picks out roughly five at random, and "guesses" the meaning that probably goes with those five. In just the same way, we do not see a tree exactly and completely, with all its leaves, branches, color, and shape. It is so much easier for us to imagine a rough idea of a tree. We do the same even in the middle of the strangest experiences. We make up most of the experience ourselves, and it is almost impossible to make us watch anything without being its "inventor." All this means that, at bottom and from ancient times, we are used to lying. Or, to say it in a more virtuous and more hypocritical way, in short a more pleasant way: we are much more artists than we realize. When I am in a lively conversation, I often see the face of the person I am talking to very clearly and in fine detail. It changes with the thought they are expressing, or the thought

I believe I have stirred up in them. It is so clear that it goes far beyond what my eyes can actually see. So the fine play of the facial muscles and the expression of the eyes must have been added by my own imagination. The person probably made a completely different face, or no particular face at all.

193.

There is a Latin saying: "Whatever happened in the light goes on in the dark." In other words, what we live through by day carries on in our dreams at night. But the reverse is also true. What we experience in dreams, as long as we experience it often, ends up being just as much a part of our soul's whole household as anything we "really" experienced. Because of it, we become richer or poorer, we have one need more or one need less. And in the end, even in broad daylight, and even in the brightest moments of our waking mind, we are led around a little, like a child on a leash, by the habits of our dreams. Imagine someone who has often flown in his dreams. Eventually, as soon as he starts dreaming, he becomes aware that he has the power and the skill to fly, as if it were his special privilege, and also his very own happiness that others would envy. Such a person believes he can trace every kind of curve and angle in the air with the slightest push. He knows the feeling of a certain godlike lightness: going "upward" without strain or force, going "downward" without lowering or humbling himself, and all of it without weight! How could a person with such dream experiences and dream habits not end up finding that, even in his waking day, the word "happiness" has a different color and meaning for him? How could he not long for a different kind of happiness? To him, the "soaring" that poets describe must seem, compared with that "flying," too earthbound, too muscular, too forced, too "heavy."

194.

People differ from one another, and this shows not only in the different lists of things they value. They want different good things, and even about the good things they all agree on, they argue over which matter more and which matter less, that is, over the ranking of people and values. But people differ even more in what they count as truly having and owning something good. Take a woman, for example. A more modest man thinks it is enough to have control over her body and to enjoy sex with her. For him, that is a clear and satisfying sign that he has her, that she is his. Another man has a more suspicious and more demanding thirst to own. He sees the question mark here. He sees that this kind of having is only on the surface. He wants finer tests. Above all, he wants to know whether the woman not only gives herself to him, but also gives up for him what she has or would like to have. Only then does he feel that she is truly his. A third man, though, has still not reached the end of his distrust and his wish to possess. He asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, might be doing it for a mere fantasy of him, for someone who isn't really him. He wants first to be known deeply, right down to the very bottom of his dark depths, before he can be loved at all. He dares to let himself be seen through. Only then does he feel that the woman he loves is fully his: when she no longer fools herself about him, when she loves him just as much for his devilishness and his hidden, endless hunger as for his goodness, his patience and his intellectual depth. One man wants to own a whole people. To do this, he thinks every clever trick is fair, all the higher arts of con men and plotters like Cagliostro and Catiline. Another man, with a finer thirst to own, tells himself: "You must not deceive where you want to possess." He gets irritated and impatient at the thought that a mask of himself, rather than his real self, is ruling the people's hearts. So he says: "Then I must let myself be known, and first of all, I must

know myself!" Among helpful and charitable people, you almost always find a clumsy kind of cunning. They first shape the person they want to help into what suits them. They imagine, for example, that this person "deserves" help, that he wants their help in particular, and that for all this help he will show himself deeply grateful, loyal and obedient to them. With these fantasies, they treat the needy person like a piece of property. In fact, it is from a general desire to own things that they are charitable and helpful in the first place. You will find them jealous if you get in their way while they are helping, or if you get there before them. Parents, without meaning to, turn their child into something like themselves, and they call that "upbringing." Deep in her heart, no mother doubts that in her child she has given birth to a piece of property. No father questions his right to bend the child to his own ideas and his own sense of what matters. In fact, in the past fathers thought it was fair to decide as they pleased whether a newborn baby should live or die, as among the ancient Germans. And just like the father, the teacher, the social class, the priest and the ruler still see every new human being as an easy chance to own something new. From which it follows.....

195.

The Jews were called a people "born for slavery" by the Roman writer Tacitus and by the whole ancient world. They called themselves, and believed themselves to be, "the chosen people among all peoples." The Jews achieved that amazing feat of turning values upside down. Thanks to it, life on earth gained a new and dangerous thrill for a couple of thousand years. Their prophets melted the words "rich," "godless," "evil," "violent" and "sensual" together into one single thing. And for the first time they turned the word "world" into a word of shame. This turning values upside down includes using the word for "poor" to mean the same as "holy" and "friend." That is where the im-

portance of the Jewish people lies: with them, the revolt of the weak in morals begins.

196.

Next to the sun, we can work out that there must be countless dark bodies, ones we will never see. Between you and me, that is a comparison, a picture for something else. And a psychologist of morals reads the whole writing of the stars only as a language of pictures and signs, which lets you keep a great deal unsaid.

197.

People completely misunderstand the beast of prey and the predator among humans, Cesare Borgia for example. They misunderstand "nature" itself, as long as they keep looking for something "sick" at the root of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and plants, or even for a "hell" they are born with. Yet that is what almost all moralists have done so far. Does it seem that moralists hate the jungle and the tropics? And that the "tropical human" must be made to look bad at any cost, either as an illness and decline of humanity, or as a private hell and self-torture? But why? For the sake of the "moderate climates"? For the sake of moderate people? The "moral" ones? The mediocre ones? This belongs in the chapter called "Morality as Fearfulness."

198.

Think of all these moral codes that speak to the single person and claim to aim at his "happiness," as they put it. What are they, really? They are just suggestions on how to behave, matched to how dangerous a life the single person lives with himself. They are recipes against his passions, against his good and bad leanings, in so far as these have the drive to grow stronger and want to play the master. They are small

and big bits of cleverness and trickery, and they carry the musty, back-corner smell of old home remedies and old wives' wisdom. In form, they are all odd and unreasonable, because they speak to "everyone," because they make general rules where no general rules should be made. They all speak as if their word were absolute, and they all take themselves as absolute. They should not just be taken with a grain of salt. In fact, they only become bearable, and sometimes even tempting, when they are over-seasoned and learn to smell dangerous, above all when they smell "of the other world," the world beyond. Measured by the mind, all of this is worth very little. It is far from being "science," let alone "wisdom." Instead, to say it again, and to say it three times, it is cleverness, cleverness, cleverness, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity. That goes for every one of them. It goes for the indifference and statue-like coldness toward the hot foolishness of the emotions, which the Stoics advised and tried to cure people into. It goes for Spinoza's "no more laughing and no more weeping," his naive call to destroy the emotions by taking them apart and cutting them open while still alive. It goes for turning the emotions down to a harmless middle level, where they may then be satisfied, which is Aristotle's kind of morality. It even goes for morality as enjoying the emotions in a deliberately watered-down form, a refinement into the mind through the symbols of art, say as music, or as love of God, and love of people for God's sake. For in religion the passions are allowed to be full citizens again, provided that... And finally it goes even for that friendly and playful giving in to the emotions, as Hafiz and Goethe taught, that bold letting go of the reins, that freedom of morals for both mind and body, allowed as an exception for wise old oddballs and drunkards, for whom "there is not much danger left." This too belongs in the chapter called "Morality as Fearfulness."

199.

For as long as there have been people, there have also been human herds: family clans, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches. And there have always been a great many who obey, compared with the small number who give orders. So obedience is the thing that has been practiced and bred into people the longest and the best. Given that, we can fairly assume that today the average person is born with a need to obey. It works like a kind of empty, built-in conscience that commands: "You must do something, no matter what, and you must not do something else, no matter what." In short: "You must." This need wants to be satisfied. It wants to fill its empty form with some actual content. And because it is strong, impatient and tense, it is not picky. Like a crude appetite, it grabs whatever it can get. It accepts whatever is shouted into its ear by anyone who gives orders: parents, teachers, laws, the prejudices of one's social class, public opinion. Human development has been strangely limited. It has been hesitant and slow, and it often slides backward or goes around in circles. The reason is that the herd instinct to obey gets passed down the best, and it does so at the cost of the art of giving orders. Imagine this instinct going all the way to its most extreme end. In the end, there would simply be no more commanders and no more independent people. Or else they would suffer inside from a guilty conscience. To be able to give orders at all, they would first have to fool themselves, telling themselves that they too are only obeying. This is actually the situation in Europe today. I call it the moral hypocrisy of those who command. The only way they know to shield themselves from their guilty conscience is to act as if they were just carrying out older or higher orders: orders from their ancestors, the constitution, the law, the legal code, or even God. Or they borrow herd slogans from the herd's own way of thinking, calling themselves, for example, "the first servants of their people" or "tools of the common good." On the other

side, the herd person in Europe today acts as if he were the only kind of person allowed to exist. He glorifies the qualities that make him tame, easy to get along with, and useful to the herd, and he calls them the true human virtues: team spirit, goodwill, consideration, hard work, moderation, modesty, forgiveness, pity. But there are cases where people believe they cannot do without leaders, without the ram that leads the flock. For those cases, people today keep trying experiment after experiment to replace the commanders by adding together a bunch of clever herd people. That, for example, is where all representative governments, such as parliaments, come from. And yet, despite all this, the appearance of someone who commands without any conditions is a huge relief for these herd-animal Europeans. It frees them from a pressure that is becoming unbearable. The last great proof of this was the effect that Napoleon had when he appeared. The story of Napoleon's effect is almost the story of the highest happiness that this whole century reached, in its most valuable people and its most valuable moments.

200.

Think of a person born in an age that is falling apart, an age that throws different peoples and bloodlines together. Such a person carries in his body the inheritance of many different origins. That means he has drives, urges and standards of value that oppose each other, and often do worse than just oppose each other. They fight with one another and rarely leave each other in peace. Such a person of late cultures, of light broken into many colors, will on average be a weaker person. What he wants most deeply is for the war that he himself is to finally come to an end. He sees happiness the way calming medicines and ways of thinking do, for example the teaching of Epicurus or Christianity. For him, happiness is above all the happiness of resting, of being left undisturbed, of being full and satisfied, of finally

becoming one whole. It is a "Sabbath of Sabbaths," a rest of all rests, to use the words of Saint Augustine, that skilled speaker, who was himself just such a person. But now suppose that in such a nature, the inner conflict and war act more like an extra thrill and spur to life. And suppose that along with its powerful drives that can never be made to agree, it has also inherited and been trained in real mastery and skill at waging war against itself, meaning self-control and the ability to outwit itself. Then you get those magical people who cannot be grasped or fully imagined. They are mysterious people, born to win and to seduce. Their finest examples are Alcibiades and Caesar. I would gladly add to them the first European to my taste, Frederick the Second of the Hohenstaufen family. Among artists, perhaps the finest example is Leonardo da Vinci. These people appear at exactly the same times when that weaker type, with its longing for rest, moves to the front of the stage. Both types belong together and spring from the same causes.

201.

As long as the only kind of usefulness that counts in our moral judgments is usefulness to the herd, as long as people look only at keeping the community alive, and look for what is immoral only and exactly in whatever seems to threaten the community's survival, there can be no "morality of loving your neighbor." Suppose that even back then people already practiced, steadily and in small ways, consideration, pity, fairness, gentleness, and helping one another. Suppose that even at this stage of society all those drives were already at work that would later be given honorable names, called "virtues," and in the end would almost mean the same thing as "morality" itself. Even so, at that time they did not yet belong to the realm of moral values at all. They were still outside morality. Take an act of pity, for example. In the best days of Rome, it was called neither good nor bad, neither

moral nor immoral. And if it was praised, that praise could sit perfectly well alongside a kind of reluctant contempt, as soon as it was set next to some act that served the good of the whole, the res publica, the Roman state. In the end, "love of your neighbor" is always something secondary, partly a matter of custom and partly a show put on at will, compared with fear of your neighbor. Once the structure of society as a whole seems settled and safe from outside dangers, it is this fear of the neighbor that creates new ways of seeing and judging what is moral. Certain strong and dangerous drives, such as love of adventure, reckless daring, desire for revenge, cunning, greed for plunder, and the hunger to rule, had until then been not only honored, because they were useful to everyone, though of course under other names than the ones I just used, but had even had to be raised and bred on purpose, because the whole group kept needing them when it was in danger from its enemies. Now these same drives are felt to be twice as dangerous, now that there are no outlets left for them, no channels to drain them off. Step by step they are branded as immoral and handed over to slander. Now the opposite drives and leanings receive moral honors. The herd instinct, step by step, draws its conclusion. How much or how little danger to the community, how much danger to equality, lies in an opinion, a state of mind, an emotion, a will, or a talent: that now becomes the moral point of view. Here too, fear is once again the mother of morality. When the highest and strongest drives break out with passion and drive a single person far beyond and above the average, above the lowlands of the herd's conscience, the community's sense of itself is ruined. Its belief in itself, its backbone, so to speak, breaks. So these are exactly the drives that it is best to brand and slander. A high, independent intellectual depth, the will to stand alone, even great powers of reason, are already felt to be a danger. From now on, everything that lifts the individual above the herd and makes the neighbor afraid is called evil. The fair, modest attitude that fits in and makes everyone equal, the

middle-sized, moderate desires, are the things that now get moral names and honors. Finally, in very peaceful times, there is less and less chance or need to train your feelings toward strictness and hardness. And now every kind of strictness, even in justice, starts to trouble people's consciences. A lofty, hard, noble, high-minded attitude, and taking full responsibility for oneself, almost gives offense and arouses suspicion. "The lamb," and even more "the sheep," gains respect. There comes a point of sickly softening and coddling in the history of a society where it even takes the side of the one who harms it, the criminal, and does so seriously and honestly. Punishing seems to it somehow unfair. What is certain is that the very idea of "punishment" and of "having to punish" hurts it and frightens it. "Isn't it enough to make him harmless? Why punish him on top of that? Punishing is itself something terrible!" With this question, the morality of the herd, the morality of timidity, draws its final conclusion. Suppose we could get rid of danger altogether, get rid of every reason to be afraid. Then we would have gotten rid of this morality too. It would no longer be needed, and it would no longer think of itself as needed! Anyone who examines the conscience of today's European will, out of a thousand moral folds and hiding places, always pull out the same command, the command of the herd's timidity: "We want there to be, someday, nothing left to fear!" Someday. Today, everywhere in Europe, the will to get there and the road leading there are called "progress."

202.

Let us say it again right away, something we have already said a hundred times. We have to, because people's ears today do not want to hear such truths, the truths that are ours. We know well enough how insulting it sounds when someone counts human beings among the animals, plainly and without dressing it up as a comparison. But people will almost hold it against us as a crime that we keep using

words like "herd," "herd instinct," and the like, and that we use them precisely about the people of "modern ideas." What can we do? We cannot help it, because this is exactly where our new insight lies. We found that Europe has come to agree on all its main moral judgments, and so have the countries where Europe's influence rules. Clearly people in Europe now know what Socrates said he did not know, and what that famous old serpent in the Garden of Eden once promised to teach. Today people "know" what good and evil are. Now it must sound harsh and unpleasant when we insist on this again and again: the thing that believes it knows here, the thing that praises and blames and so glorifies itself and calls itself good, is the instinct of the human herd animal. This instinct has broken through and gained the upper hand, ruling over the other instincts, and it keeps gaining more ground. That happens because people are growing more and more alike in body and nature, and this instinct is a sign of that growing sameness. Morality in Europe today is the morality of the herd animal. So, as we understand things, it is only one kind of human morality. Beside it, before it, and after it, many other kinds of morality are possible, or ought to be, and above all higher ones. But this morality fights with all its strength against such a "possibility," against such an "ought." It says stubbornly and without mercy: "I am morality itself, and nothing else is morality!" Indeed, with the help of a religion that gave in to the herd animal's most lofty cravings and flattered them, things have gone so far that we now see this morality expressed more and more openly even in political and social institutions. The democratic movement is the heir of the Christian one. But for the more impatient ones, for those who are sick with this instinct and addicted to it, the pace of that movement is still far too slow and sleepy. You can tell this from the howling, which grows wilder and wilder, and from the ever more open baring of teeth by the anarchist dogs that now roam the streets of European culture. They seem to be the opposite of the peaceful, hard-working democrats and the dreamers of

revolution, and even more the opposite of the clumsy would-be philosophers and brotherhood enthusiasts who call themselves socialists and want a "free society." But in truth the anarchists are at one with all of them. They are at one in their deep and instinctive hostility toward any form of society other than the self-governing herd. This goes so far that they even reject the very ideas of "master" and "servant"; "neither God nor master" is one socialist slogan. They are at one in their stubborn resistance to every special claim, every special right and privilege. In the end, that means resistance to every right at all, because once everyone is equal, nobody needs "rights" anymore. They are at one in their distrust of justice that punishes, as if punishment were violence against the weaker person, an injustice done to someone who is only the necessary result of all earlier society. But they are equally at one in the religion of pity, in sympathy for anything at all that feels, lives, and suffers, reaching down to the animals and up to "God." Going so far as to feel pity for "God" is an excess that belongs to a democratic age. They are all at one in the cry and the impatience of pity, in a deadly hatred of suffering in general, in an almost womanish inability to stand by and watch, to let anyone suffer. They are at one in a gloominess and softness that comes over them without their choosing, a spell under which Europe seems threatened by a new kind of Buddhism. They are at one in their belief in the morality of shared pity, as if it were morality itself, the peak that humankind has finally reached, the only hope for the future, the comfort of people living now, and the great release from all the guilt of the past. They are all at one in their belief in the community as the savior, which means in the herd, and so in themselves.....

203.

We who believe differently, we who see the democratic movement not just as a decayed form of political organization, but as a decayed form

of the human being itself, a way of making people smaller, of turning them into average types and lowering their worth: where must we turn with our hopes? To new philosophers. There is no other choice. To minds strong and original enough to start people valuing things in the opposite way, and to rethink and turn upside down the so-called "eternal values." To people sent on ahead, people of the future, who here in the present tie the knot and set up the pressure that will force the will of thousands of years onto new paths. Their task will be to teach humanity that its future is its own will, that it depends on a human will. They will prepare great risks and large-scale experiments in discipline, training, breeding and cultivating, so as to put an end to that horrible rule of nonsense and chance that has so far been called "history." And the nonsense of "the greatest number," the idea that what most people want must be right, is only its latest form. For this, at some point, a new kind of philosophers and commanders will be needed. Next to them, all the hidden, fearsome and kindly minds that have ever lived on earth might look pale and dwarfish. It is the picture of such leaders that floats before our eyes. May I say it out loud, you free thinkers of a new kind? There are the conditions that would have to be partly created and partly used for such leaders to come into being. There are the likely paths and tests by which a soul could grow to such height and power that it would feel driven to take on these tasks. There is a rethinking of all values, under whose new pressure and hammer blows a conscience would be hardened like steel and a heart turned into bronze, so that it could bear the weight of such responsibility. And on the other hand, there is the need for such leaders, and the terrible danger that they might never come, or might turn out badly and fall into decline. These are our real worries and our dark moods, you know it, don't you, you free thinkers of a new kind? These are the heavy, distant thoughts and storms that pass across the sky of our lives. There are few pains as sharp as having once seen, guessed, and felt along with how an extraordinary person went off

course and fell into decline. But some people have the rare eye to see the whole danger: that "humanity" itself is in decline. Like us, they have recognized the monstrous chance that has so far been playing its game with humanity's future, a game in which no guiding hand, not even a "finger of God," took part! They guess the doom that lies hidden in the foolish innocence and blind trust of "modern ideas," and even more in the whole Christian-European morality. Whoever sees all this suffers from a dread that no other can match. For he grasps at a single glance everything that could still be bred and cultivated out of human beings, if strengths and tasks were gathered and raised in a favorable way. He knows, with all the knowledge of his conscience, how humanity's greatest possibilities have not yet been used up, and how often the human type has already stood at mysterious crossroads and before new paths. He knows even better, from his most painful memories, what miserable things have usually broken a being who was growing toward the highest rank, made it stop short, sink down, and become pitiful. The overall decline of humanity, down to what today's socialist blockheads and shallow minds see as their "person of the future", as their ideal! This decline and shrinking of humanity into the perfect herd animal (or, as they put it, into the person of a "free society"), this turning of humans into dwarf animals with equal rights and equal claims, is possible, there is no doubt about it! Whoever has once thought this possibility through to the end knows one more kind of disgust than other people do, and perhaps also a new task!...

Part Six:

We Scholars.

204.

Preaching about morals may turn out here, too, to be what it has always been. As the French writer Balzac put it, it is a bold way to "show off your wounds." Even so, I want to take the risk and stand up against a shift in rank that is unfair and harmful. Today, without anyone really noticing, and as if with the clearest conscience, science threatens to push itself above philosophy. I believe that a person needs to speak from their own experience to have the right to join in on such a high question of rank. And experience, it seems to me, always means bad experience, doesn't it? Otherwise you talk like a blind person talking about colors, or like women and artists talking against science. (Their instinct and their modesty, their shame, sigh: "Oh, this nasty science! It always finds out what's behind things!") The scientist's declaration of independence, his breaking free from philosophy, is one of the subtler side effects of democracy, of both its good side and its bad side. The scholar's habit of praising himself and thinking himself above others is in full bloom everywhere today, in its finest springtime. That does not mean, though, that this self-praise smells sweet. "Away with all masters!" That is what the instinct of the mob wants here, too. Science fought off theology with great success, after having been its "servant girl" for far too long. Now, full of cockiness and lack of understanding, it is out to make the rules for philosophy, and to play the "master" for once. What am I saying! To play the philosopher. My memory is full of naive, arrogant remarks about philosophy and philosophers that I have heard from young natural scientists and old doctors. And it is, if you'll allow me, the

memory of a man of science myself! I won't even mention the most educated and most conceited of all scholars, the language scholars and the schoolteachers, who are both of these things as part of their job. Sometimes it was the specialist, the man who stands in his own little corner, who by instinct fought against every task and every talent that tries to bring things together into a whole. Sometimes it was the hard-working laborer who had caught a whiff of leisure and of noble, high-minded luxury in the way the philosopher runs his inner life, and who felt cheated and made smaller by it. Sometimes it was the color-blindness of the practical person who only cares what is useful. He sees nothing in philosophy but a string of systems that have been proven wrong, and a wasteful effort that "does nobody any good." Sometimes what jumped out was the fear of hidden mysticism, and of philosophy trying to redraw the borders of what we can know. Sometimes it was contempt for certain philosophers, which, without the person noticing, had grown into contempt for all of philosophy. But most often, in young scholars, I found something else behind their arrogant looking down on philosophy. It was the bad after-effect of one particular philosopher. They had, on the whole, stopped obeying him, but they had not escaped the spell of his scornful judgments of other philosophers. The result was a general bad mood against all philosophy. (This, for example, seems to me to be the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most recent Germany. With his unintelligent rage against Hegel, he managed to tear the whole last generation of Germans out of their connection with German culture. And that culture, all things considered, was a high point, with an almost prophetic fine sense for history. But on exactly this point, Schopenhauer himself was poor to the point of genius: blind to it, and un-German.) Overall, looking at the big picture, the main thing may have been the "human, all too human" side of recent philosophers, in short, their pitiful smallness. That is what most deeply damaged people's respect for philosophy and threw open the gates to the instinct of the mob. Let's

just admit how completely our modern world lacks the whole kind of person that Heraclitus, Plato, and Empedocles were, and all those other royal and magnificent loners of the mind. And let's admit how rightly a decent man of science may feel he is of a better kind and better family when he looks at today's representatives of philosophy. Thanks to fashion, these people are both on top and completely worthless. In Germany, for example, there are the two "lions of Berlin": the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the mixer of everything, Eduard von Hartmann. It is especially the sight of those hodgepodge philosophers who call themselves "philosophers of reality" or "positivists" that can plant a dangerous distrust in the soul of a young, ambitious scholar. At best, these men are scholars and specialists themselves, you can see that plainly! They are all people who were defeated and brought back under the rule of science. At some point they wanted more from themselves, without having any right to this "more" and without being able to carry its responsibility. And now, respectable, bitter and full of revenge, they stand for disbelief in philosophy's task to lead and rule, in word and deed. In the end: how could it be any other way! Science is flourishing today, and its good conscience is written all over its face. Meanwhile, what all recent philosophy has slowly sunk to, this leftover of philosophy today, stirs up distrust and annoyance against itself, if not mockery and pity. Philosophy has been reduced to "theory of knowledge." In fact, it is no more than a timid teaching of holding back your judgment and keeping away from things. It is a philosophy that never even gets past the doorstep, and anxiously refuses itself the right to go in. That is philosophy on its deathbed, an ending, a death struggle, something that makes you feel pity. How could such a philosophy ever rule!

205.

Today there are truly so many dangers to how a philosopher develops that you might doubt whether this fruit can ever ripen at all. The sciences have grown huge, both in how wide they spread and in how high their towers are built. So it has also become more likely that the philosopher gets tired while he is still learning, or lets himself get stuck somewhere and "specialize." Then he never reaches his proper height, the place from which he can look over everything, look around, and look down. Or he gets up there too late, when his best years and strength are already behind him. Or he arrives damaged, coarsened, run down by decline, so that his view and his overall judgment of values hardly mean anything anymore. It may be exactly the fineness of his intellectual conscience that makes him hesitate and lose time along the way. He is afraid of being tempted into becoming an amateur, a creature with a thousand feet and a thousand feelers poking into everything. He knows too well that someone who has lost respect for himself can no longer give orders or lead, even as a thinker. Unless, that is, he wants to become a great actor, a philosophical Cagliostro, a conman, a Pied Piper of minds, in short, a seducer. In the end this is a question of taste, if it is not even a question of conscience. And there is something else that doubles the philosopher's difficulty once again. He demands from himself a judgment, a yes or no, not about the sciences, but about life and the value of life. He is slow to believe that he has a right, let alone a duty, to make such a judgment. He has to find his way to that right and that belief only through the widest, and maybe the most upsetting and destructive, experiences, and often hesitating, doubting, falling silent. In fact, for a long time the crowd has mixed up the philosopher with other types and misunderstood him. Either they took him for the scientist and the ideal scholar, or for the religious dreamer, lifted up, cut off from the senses and "cut off from the world," a man drunk on God. And

today, if you hear someone praised for living "wisely" or "like a philosopher," it means hardly more than "clever and keeping out of things." To the mob, wisdom seems to be a kind of escape, a trick for getting yourself safely out of a bad game. But the real philosopher, or so it seems to us, my friends, doesn't it? lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," and above all not cleverly. He feels the weight and the duty of a hundred experiments and temptations of life. He keeps putting himself at risk, he plays the bad game.....

206.

Compare the scholar with a genius. By a genius I mean a being who either fathers or gives birth, taking both words in their widest and highest sense. Next to such a being, the scholar, the average man of science, always has something of the old maid about him. Like her, he has no skill in the two most valuable things a human being can do. In fact, people grant both of them, the scholars and the old maids, a kind of respectability, as if to make up for what they lack. In these cases people make a point of stressing how respectable they are. And people feel the same touch of annoyance at being forced to grant it. Let us look more closely: what is the man of science? First of all, he is a kind of person who is not noble, not high-minded. He has the virtues of such a kind of person, that is, a kind that does not rule, does not carry authority, and is not enough for itself. He is hardworking. He patiently takes his place in the ranks, like a soldier in line. He is steady and moderate, both in what he can do and in what he needs. He has an instinct for people like himself and for what people like himself require. For example, he needs that bit of independence and green pasture without which there is no peace and quiet for work. He needs that claim to honor and recognition, which first and above all requires that he be noticed and recognizable at all. He needs that sunshine of a good name, that constant stamp of approval on his worth and his use-

fulness. He needs this stamp again and again to overcome the inner distrust that lies at the bottom of the hearts of all dependent people and herd animals. As is only fair, the scholar also has the sicknesses and bad habits of a kind that is not noble. He is full of petty envy. He has eyes as sharp as a lynx for the low points of those people whose heights he cannot climb to. He is trusting and friendly, but only like someone who lets himself drift, not like someone who lets himself pour out like a river. And it is exactly in front of the person who flows like a great river that he stands all the colder and more closed off. Then his eye is like a smooth, unwilling lake, where no delight and no sympathy makes even a ripple anymore. The worst and most dangerous thing a scholar is capable of comes from the instinct of his kind for the average. It comes from that sly, Jesuit-like scheming of the mediocre, which works by instinct to destroy the unusual person. It tries to break every bow that is drawn tight, or, even better, to loosen it. To loosen it, that is, with care, with a gentle hand, of course. To loosen it with friendly, trusting pity: that is the true art of this Jesuit spirit, which has always known how to pass itself off as a religion of pity.

207.

However grateful we may be to the objective mind, and who has not at some point been sick to death of everything subjective and its cursed obsession with one's own self, in the end we must also learn to be careful even with our gratitude. We must put a stop to the exaggeration with which people lately celebrate the mind giving up its self and its personality, as if that were a goal in itself, a salvation and a glorious transformation. This happens especially in the school of the pessimists, who also have good reasons of their own to give the highest honors to "knowing without any personal interest." The objective man, who no longer curses and complains like the pessimist,

the ideal scholar, in whom the scientific instinct finally blossoms fully after a thousand total and half failures, is surely one of the most precious tools there are. But he belongs in the hand of someone more powerful. He is only a tool. Let us put it this way: he is a mirror. He is not "an end in himself." The objective man really is a mirror. He is used to bowing down before everything that wants to be known. He has no other pleasure than the one that knowing, that "mirroring," gives him. He waits until something comes, and then he spreads himself out gently, so that even light footprints and the slipping past of ghostly beings are not lost on his surface and skin. Whatever is still left of a "person" in him seems to him accidental, often random, and even more often a nuisance. That is how completely he has turned himself into a passageway and a reflection for other people's shapes and other events. He thinks back to "himself" only with effort, and often gets it wrong. He easily mistakes himself for someone else. He misjudges his own needs, and here alone he is clumsy and careless. Maybe his health troubles him. Or maybe it is the pettiness and stuffy air of his wife and friends, or the lack of companions and company. Yes, he forces himself to think about his trouble: but it is no use! His thoughts are already wandering off to the more general case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he did yesterday about how to help himself. He has lost his seriousness about himself, and also the time for himself. He is cheerful, not because he has no troubles, but because he has no fingers and handles to grab hold of his troubles. He is used to welcoming every thing and every experience. He takes in everything that comes his way with a sunny and open hospitality. He has a kind of goodwill that doesn't look at whom it is for, a dangerous carelessness about saying yes or no. Oh, there are enough cases where he has to pay for these virtues of his! And as a human being in general, he all too easily becomes the dead leftover residue of these virtues. If you want love and hate from him, I mean love and hate the way God, woman and animal understand them, he will do what he can and

give what he can. But don't be surprised if it is not much. Don't be surprised if, just here, he shows himself to be fake, fragile, doubtful and rotten inside. His love is something he wills himself into. His hate is artificial, more of a forced show of strength, a little vanity and exaggeration. He is genuine only as far as he is allowed to be objective. Only in his cheerful habit of taking in the whole of everything is he still "nature" and "natural." His soul is a mirror that keeps smoothing itself out forever, and it no longer knows how to say yes or how to say no. He does not command, and he does not destroy either. "I despise almost nothing," he says, along with the philosopher Leibniz. Do not miss or underrate that word "almost"! He is not a model for others either. He goes ahead of no one, and follows no one. He stands too far away from everything to have any reason to take sides between good and evil. People have long confused him with the philosopher, with the Caesar-like breeder and powerful shaper of culture. In doing so, they have given him far too much honor and overlooked what is most essential about him. He is a tool, a piece of a slave, certainly the most refined kind of slave, but in himself nothing, "almost nothing!" The objective man is a tool. He is a precious measuring tool that is easily damaged and clouded, a mirror that is a work of art, which should be handled with care and respected. But he is not a goal. He is not a way out or a rising up. He is not a completing human being in whom the rest of existence finds its justification. He is not an ending, and even less a beginning, a fathering and first cause. He is nothing tough, powerful, standing on his own feet and wanting to be master. Instead, he is only a delicate, hollow, fine, flexible mold, a pot for shapes, which has to wait for some content and substance before it can "take shape" around it. Usually he is a person without substance and content, a "selfless" person. And so, by the way, nothing for women either.

208.

These days, when a philosopher lets people know that he is not a skeptic, everyone hates to hear it. (I hope you picked that up from the picture I just painted of the objective mind.) People look at him with a certain fear. They would like to ask so many things, ask and ask... In fact, among timid listeners, and there are plenty of them now, he is called dangerous from that moment on. When he rejects skepticism, it feels to them as if they hear some evil, threatening noise far away. It is as if someone somewhere were testing a new explosive, a dynamite of the mind. Maybe it is a newly discovered Russian "nihilin," a pessimism of good will, which does not just say No and want No, but, terrible to think, actually does No. Against this kind of "good will," a will to really and actively deny life, everyone agrees that today there is no better sleeping pill or sedative than skepticism. Skepticism is like a soft, sweet poppy that lulls you to sleep. Even Hamlet is now prescribed by the doctors of our time as a remedy against the "ghost" (in German, the same word as "mind") and its rumbling under the ground. "Aren't our ears already full of nasty noises?" says the skeptic, as a lover of peace and quiet, almost like a kind of security police. "This underground No is frightening! Quiet at last, you pessimistic moles!" For the skeptic, this delicate creature, gets scared far too easily. His conscience has been trained to flinch at every No, and even at a firm, hard Yes, and to feel something like a bite. Yes! and No! both go against his morals. Instead, he loves to celebrate his own virtue by nobly holding back. For example, he says with Montaigne: "What do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "Here I don't trust myself; no door is open to me here." Or: "Even if it were open, why rush in right away?" Or: "What good are hasty guesses? Making no guesses at all might well be a sign of good taste. Do you really have to straighten out every crooked thing at once? Do you have to stuff every hole with some kind of rag? Can't it wait?

Doesn't time have time? Oh, you devils, can't you wait at all? Uncertainty has its charms too. The Sphinx, with her riddles, is also a Circe, a seductive witch, and Circe was also a philosopher." That is how a skeptic comforts himself. And it is true that he needs some comfort. For skepticism is the most mental expression of a certain complicated bodily condition, which in common, everyday language is called weak nerves and sickliness. It appears every time races or social classes that were kept apart for a long time are suddenly and decisively mixed together. In the new generation, which inherits different standards and values in its blood, so to speak, everything is restlessness, disturbance, doubt, and trial. The best strengths get in each other's way. The virtues themselves keep each other from growing and becoming strong. Body and soul lack balance, a center of gravity, the steady certainty of something standing straight. But what becomes sickest and declines most deeply in such mixed people is the will. They no longer know what it is to make a decision independently, or the brave pleasure of wanting something. They doubt "free will" even in their dreams. Our Europe of today is the stage for a senselessly sudden experiment in radically mixing classes, and therefore races. That is why it is skeptical from top to bottom. Sometimes it has a nimble skepticism that jumps impatiently and greedily from one branch to the next. Sometimes it is gloomy, like a cloud overloaded with question marks. And it is often sick of its own will, sick to death! Paralysis of the will: where can't you find this cripple sitting around today? And often all dressed up! So temptingly dressed up! There are the most beautiful showy costumes and lying disguises for this disease. For example, most of what is put on display in shop windows today as "objectivity," "being scientific," "art for art's sake," or "pure knowledge, free of will" is only skepticism and paralysis of the will in fancy dress. I will stand by this diagnosis of the European disease. The disease of the will is spread unevenly across Europe. It is greatest and takes the most forms where culture has been at home the longest. It fades to the

degree that "the barbarian" still, or once again, asserts his rights under the baggy, loose-fitting clothes of Western education. So in today's France, as you can just as easily work out as grasp with your own hands, the will is the sickest. France has always had a masterly talent for turning even the fatal turns of its mind into something charming and seductive. Today it really shows its cultural lead over Europe as the school and showcase for all the magic of skepticism. The power to will, and to keep willing one thing for a long time, is somewhat stronger in Germany, and stronger again in northern Germany than in central Germany. It is much stronger in England, Spain, and Corsica. In England it is tied to a calm, sluggish temperament, in the other two to hard heads. And I won't even talk about Italy, which is too young to know yet what it wants, and still has to prove whether it can want anything at all. But the will is strongest and most astonishing of all in that huge in-between empire where Europe seems to flow back into Asia: in Russia. There the power to will has been saved up and stored for a long time. There the will is waiting in a threatening way to be set off, to borrow the favorite word of today's physicists, though it is unclear whether it will be a will that says No or a will that says Yes. To free Europe from its greatest danger, wars in India and tangles in Asia might not be enough. What might also be needed are revolutions inside Russia, the breaking up of the empire into small pieces, and above all the introduction of parliamentary nonsense, plus the duty for everyone to read his newspaper at breakfast. I do not say this because I wish for it. The opposite would be closer to my heart. I mean that Russia could become so much more threatening that Europe would have to decide to become just as threatening. That is, Europe would have to gain one single will, by means of a new ruling class over all of Europe: a long, fearsome will of its own, one that could set goals stretching over thousands of years. Then at last the long, drawn-out comedy of Europe's many little states, and its many competing wills, both of royal families and of democracies, would

come to an end. The time for small politics is over. The very next century will bring the struggle to rule the whole earth, and with it the necessity of great politics.

209.

How far might the new warlike age, which we Europeans have clearly entered, also help a different and stronger kind of skepticism to grow? For now I want to answer that only with a comparison, one that friends of German history will understand. Think of that carefree enthusiast for tall, handsome grenadier soldiers who was King of Prussia. He gave life to a military and skeptical genius, and so, at bottom, to that new type of German who has just now risen up and won. This questionable, half-mad father of Frederick the Great had, in one point, the sure grip and lucky claw of a genius himself. He knew what Germany was missing back then, and which lack was a hundred times more worrying and urgent than, say, the lack of education and good social manners. His dislike of the young Frederick came from the fear of a deep instinct. Real men were missing. And to his bitterest annoyance, he suspected that his own son was not man enough. In this he was wrong. But who in his place would not have been wrong? He saw his son falling for atheism, for esprit, the sparkling French wit, and for the pleasure-loving, easygoing life of clever Frenchmen. In the background he saw the great bloodsucker, the spider called skepticism. He suspected the incurable misery of a heart that is no longer hard enough for either evil or good, of a broken will that no longer gives orders, that no longer can give orders. But meanwhile, inside his son, that more dangerous and harder new kind of skepticism was growing up. Who knows how much it was helped along precisely by the father's hatred, and by the icy sadness of a will that had been forced to stand alone? This was the skepticism of daring manliness. It is a close relative of the genius for war and conquest, and it made its

first entry into Germany in the figure of Frederick the Great. This skepticism looks down on things and yet grabs them for itself. It digs away underneath things and takes possession of them. It does not believe, but it does not lose itself in not believing. It gives the mind a dangerous freedom, but it keeps the heart under strict control. This is the German form of skepticism. It carried on Frederick's attitude and raised it to the highest level of the mind, and in this way it brought Europe for a good long while under the rule of the German mind and its critical, historical distrust. This happened thanks to the unbeatably strong and tough manly character of the great German philologists, the scholars of ancient texts, and of the great critics of history. Seen correctly, all of them were also artists of destroying things and taking them apart. Thanks to them, slowly, and in spite of all the Romantic dreaminess in music and philosophy, a new idea of the German mind took hold. In this idea the leaning toward manly skepticism stood out clearly: for example, as a fearless way of looking at things, as courage and toughness in the hand that cuts things apart, as a stubborn will to go on dangerous journeys of discovery, like North Pole expeditions of the mind under bleak and dangerous skies. There may be good reasons why warm-hearted but shallow do-gooders make the sign of the cross in fear before exactly this kind of mind. The French historian Michelet, not without a shudder, calls it "this fatalistic, ironic, Mephistophelean mind", meaning a mind like the mocking devil Mephisto. But if you want to feel how remarkable this fear of the "man" in the German mind is, the mind that woke Europe from its "dogmatic slumber", then remember the old idea of the Germans that had to be overcome along with it. Remember that not very long ago, a mannish woman could dare, with unbridled arrogance, to recommend the Germans to Europe's sympathy as gentle, kind-hearted, weak-willed and poetic fools. So let us finally understand, deeply enough, Napoleon's amazement when he got to see Goethe. It gives away what people had imagined for centuries when they thought of "the German

mind". Napoleon said, "Voilà un homme!" That meant: "Why, that is a man! And I was only expecting a German!"

210.

So suppose that something in the picture of the philosophers still to come makes us guess that they may have to be skeptics, in the sense I just described. Even then, that would only name one thing about them, and not who they are. With the same right they could let themselves be called critics. And they will certainly be people who experiment. With the name I dared to give them, testers and tempters, I already clearly stressed testing and the joy of testing. Did I do that because, as critics in body and soul, they love to use experiment in a new sense, perhaps a wider one, perhaps a more dangerous one? In their passion for knowledge, must they go further, with daring and painful experiments, than the soft and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve of? There is no doubt about it: these coming people will be the last ones able to do without those serious and somewhat risky qualities that set the critic apart from the skeptic. I mean: being sure of their standards of value, consciously using one consistent method, a shrewd kind of courage, the ability to stand alone and to answer for themselves. Yes, they admit to themselves that they enjoy saying no and cutting things apart, and that they have a certain calm, deliberate cruelty, one that knows how to guide the knife surely and finely, even while the heart is bleeding. They will be harder than kind-hearted people might wish, and perhaps not always only hard on themselves. They will not get involved with "truth" so that it will "please" them, or "lift them up" and "inspire" them. On the contrary, they will have little faith that truth, of all things, brings such treats for the feelings. These strict minds will smile if someone says to them, "That thought lifts me up, so how could it not be true?" Or, "That work delights me, so how could it not be beautiful?" Or, "That

artist makes me feel bigger, so how could he not be great?" They may have ready not just a smile but real disgust for everything gushing, idealistic, effeminate and half-man-half-woman of this kind. And anyone who managed to follow them into the secret chambers of their hearts would hardly find there any plan to reconcile "Christian feelings" with "the taste of the ancient world", let alone with "modern parliamentary government". Such peacemaking is said to happen even among philosophers in our very unsure, and therefore very peace-seeking, century. These philosophers still to come will not only demand of themselves critical discipline and every habit that leads to cleanliness and strictness in matters of the mind. They might even show these off like their own kind of jewelry. And yet, for all that, they still do not want to be called critics. To them it seems no small insult to philosophy when people declare, as they so like to do today: "Philosophy itself is criticism and critical science, and nothing else at all!" This view of philosophy may win the applause of all the positivists of France and Germany, those who trust only measurable facts. It might even have flattered the heart and taste of Kant; just remember the titles of his main works, which all begin with "Critique". But our new philosophers will still say: critics are tools of the philosopher, and precisely because they are tools, they are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great "Chinese thinker" of Königsberg, Kant, was only a great critic.

211.

I insist that people finally stop confusing the workers in philosophy, and scientific and scholarly people in general, with real philosophers. On exactly this point we should be strict about giving "to each what belongs to him": not too much to the first group, and not far too little to the second. It may be necessary, as part of a real philosopher's education, that he himself once stood on all the steps where his help-

ers, the scholarly workers of philosophy, stop and stay. They stay there because they have to. He himself may need to have been a critic, a skeptic, a dogmatist, a historian, and also a poet, a collector, a traveler, a solver of riddles, a moralist, a prophet, a "free thinker of a new kind," and almost everything else. He needs this so he can walk the whole circle of human values and feelings about values, and look at things with many kinds of eyes and many kinds of conscience: from the heights out into every distance, from the depths up to every height, from a narrow corner out into every wide space. But all of this only prepares him for his task. The task itself wants something else: it demands that he create values. Those workers in philosophy, built on the noble model of Kant and Hegel, have a different job. They must take some large body of value judgments and pin it down and squeeze it into formulas. These value judgments are really old acts of setting and creating values, which have come to rule and are, for a while, called "truths." This may be in the field of logic, of politics (which means morals), or of art. It is the duty of these researchers to make everything that has happened and been valued so far easy to see as a whole, easy to think through, easy to grasp, and easy to handle. They must shorten everything long, even "time" itself, and overpower the whole past. It is a huge and wonderful task, and serving it can surely satisfy every fine kind of pride and every tough, stubborn will. But real philosophers are people who give commands and make laws. They say, "This is how it shall be!" They are the ones who first decide where humanity is going and what it is for. In doing so, they make use of the groundwork done by all the workers in philosophy, all those who have overpowered the past. They reach for the future with a creating hand, and everything that is and was becomes for them a means, a tool, a hammer. Their "knowing" is creating, their creating is lawmaking, and their urge to know the truth is a drive to grow stronger. Are there such philosophers today? Have there ever been such philosophers? Must there not be such philosophers?…

212.

It seems to me more and more that the philosopher, as a person who is needed for tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, has always been at odds with his own today, and had to be. His enemy was always the ideal of the present day. These extraordinary people who push humanity forward are called philosophers, yet they rarely felt like "friends of wisdom," which is what the word means. They felt more like unpleasant fools and dangerous question marks. Up to now, all of them have found their task, a hard task they did not want and could not escape, and in the end the greatness of their task, in being the bad conscience of their time. They put the knife to the chest of the very virtues their age admired, like a scientist cutting open a living body. In doing so they gave away their own secret: that they knew of a new greatness for human beings, a new path no one had walked yet, leading to humans becoming greater. Each time, they uncovered how much hypocrisy, laziness, letting oneself go and letting oneself drop, how many lies were hidden under the most honored type of morality in their time, and how much virtue had outlived its use. Each time they said: "We must go over there, out there, to the place where you today feel least at home." Today we face a world of "modern ideas," which would like to shut everyone up in a corner and a "specialty." In such a world, a philosopher, if there could be philosophers today, would be forced to place human greatness, the very idea of "greatness," in a person's breadth and variety, in being whole while being many things. He would even decide a person's worth and rank by how much, and how many different things, that person could carry and take on, and how far that person could stretch his responsibility. Today the taste and the virtues of our time weaken the will and water it down. Nothing fits our time so well as weakness of will. So in the philosopher's ideal, strength of will, hardness, and the ability to make long-lasting decisions must belong to the idea of "greatness." He

would be just as right to say this as the opposite teaching was right for an opposite age. That opposite teaching was the ideal of a dull, self-denying, humble, selfless humanity. It suited an age like the sixteenth century, which suffered from a dammed-up flood of will-power and from the wildest waters and storm floods of selfishness. In the time of Socrates, things were different again. He lived among people whose instincts were tired, among conservative old Athenians who let themselves go. They called it seeking "happiness," but what they actually did was seek pleasure. And all the while they still used the grand old words, though the way they lived had long ago taken away their right to them. In that time, perhaps irony was needed for a great soul. That was the nasty, sure-footed irony of Socrates, the old doctor and man of the mob, who cut without mercy into his own flesh, just as he cut into the flesh and heart of the "noble, high-minded" people. He did it with a look that said clearly enough: "Don't pretend in front of me! Here, we are equal!" Today it is the other way around. Today in Europe only the herd animal gets honored and only the herd animal hands out honors. Today "equal rights" could all too easily turn into being equal in doing wrong. I mean it could turn into a shared war against everything rare, strange, and privileged: against the higher kind of person, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, and the full creative power and the quality of being a master. So today, these things belong to the idea of "greatness": being noble, high-minded, wanting to be yourself, being able to be different, standing alone, and having to live on your own terms. And the philosopher will give away something of his own ideal when he declares: "The greatest shall be the one who can be the most alone, the most hidden, the most different from everyone else; the person beyond good and evil, the master of his own virtues, the one with an overflowing abundance of will. This is what shall be called greatness: being able to be as many-sided as you are whole, as wide as you are full." And to ask once more: is greatness possible today?

213.

What a philosopher is, is hard to learn, because it cannot be taught. You have to "know" it from your own experience, or else you should be proud enough to admit you don't know it. These days, though, everyone talks about things they cannot possibly have experienced. This is truest, and worst, when it comes to the philosopher and the states of mind a philosopher lives in. Very few people know these states, very few are even allowed to know them, and all the popular opinions about them are wrong. Here is one example. A true philosopher combines two things: a bold, playful intellectual depth that runs along at top speed, and a strict, logical precision that follows exactly where it must and never takes a wrong step. Most thinkers and scholars have never experienced this combination, so if someone tried to describe it to them, they would not believe it. They picture every kind of necessity as a burden, as something painful, as being forced to follow along and being pushed around. To them, thinking itself is something slow and hesitant, almost hard labor, and often "worth the sweat of noble people," as the saying goes. They never see it as something light and godlike, a close cousin of dancing and high spirits! For them, "thinking" goes together with taking something "seriously" and taking it "heavily." That is the only way they have ever "lived" it. Artists may have a sharper nose for this. They know only too well that their feeling of freedom, of delicacy, of full power, of creating, arranging and shaping, reaches its peak exactly when they stop doing anything "at random" and make everything necessary. In short, for them, necessity and "free will" become one and the same. In the end, there is a ranking of people and values among states of the soul, and the ranking of problems matches it. The highest problems mercilessly push back anyone who dares to come near them without being destined to solve them by the height and power of their intellectual depth. What good does it do when nimble jack-of-all-trades

minds, or clumsy, well-meaning technicians and fact-collectors, crowd close to these problems with their low-born ambition, as happens so often today, pushing their way into this "court of all courts"? Rough feet may never walk on such fine carpets. The basic law of how things are has already made sure of that. The doors stay shut to these pushy people, even if they bang their heads against them until their heads break! You have to be born for every higher world. To put it more plainly, you have to be bred for it. You only have a right to philosophy, in the grand sense of the word, thanks to where you come from. Your ancestors, your "blood," decide this too. Many generations must have done the groundwork for a philosopher to come into being. Each of his virtues must have been gained, cared for, passed down, and made part of him one by one. This goes not only for the bold, light, delicate way his thoughts walk and run, but above all for his readiness to take on great responsibilities; the dignity of a commanding gaze, both looking out and looking down; the feeling of being cut off from the crowd and its duties and virtues; the kindly way he protects and defends whatever is misunderstood and slandered, whether it is God or the Devil; his love of great justice and his practice in it; the art of giving orders; the broadness of his will; and the slow eye, which rarely admires, rarely looks up, rarely loves....

Part Seven:

Our Virtues.

214.

Our virtues? It is likely that we, too, still have our virtues. To be fair, though, they will not be those simple, trusting, heavy-set virtues that make us honor our grandfathers, while also keeping them at a little distance. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstborn of the twentieth century, come with all our dangerous curiosity, our many sides, our skill at disguise, and our worn-down, sort of sweetened cruelty in mind and senses. If we have virtues at all, we will probably only have the ones that have learned to get along best with our most secret and heartfelt leanings and our most burning needs. Well then, let us go looking for them in our labyrinths, those inner mazes where, as everyone knows, so many things get lost, and so many things are lost for good. And is there anything more beautiful than searching for your own virtues? Doesn't that almost mean already believing in your own virtue? But this "believing in your virtue": isn't it basically the same thing people used to call their "good conscience"? That was a respectable old idea, like a long pigtail hanging down, which our grandfathers wore behind their heads, and often enough behind their good sense too. So it seems that, however little we may think of ourselves as old-fashioned and as respectable as grandfathers, in one way we are still worthy grandchildren of those grandfathers. We are the last Europeans with a good conscience: we, too, still wear their pigtail. Oh! If you only knew how soon, how very soon, things will be different!

215.

Out among the stars, there are sometimes two suns that together steer the path of a single planet. In certain cases, suns of different colors shine on one planet, sometimes with red light, sometimes with green light, and then again both at once, hitting it and flooding it with mixed colors. In the same way, we modern people, thanks to the complicated machinery of our "starry sky," are steered by several different moralities. Our actions take turns shining in different colors. They rarely mean just one thing, and there are plenty of cases where the things we do are many-colored.

216.

Love your enemies? I think that lesson has been learned well. It happens today a thousand times over, in small ways and big ways. In fact, sometimes something even higher and finer happens: we learn to look down on someone while we love them, and precisely when we love them best. But all of this happens without our noticing, without noise, without show, with that modesty, that shame, and that hiddenness of goodness which won't let the mouth speak solemn words or recite virtue slogans. Morality as a pose goes against our taste today. That is progress too, just as it was progress for our fathers when religion as a pose finally went against their taste. That includes the hostility and the bitter, Voltaire-style mockery aimed at religion, and everything else that used to belong to the body language of free thinkers back then. It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our mind, and no Puritan chanting, no moral sermon, and no goody-goody respectability will fit that tune.

217.

Watch out for people who care a great deal about being thought to have moral tact and a fine sense for telling right from wrong! They never forgive us once they have made a blunder in front of us, or worse, against us. They inevitably become people who, by instinct, speak badly of us and do us harm, even if they go on being our "friends." Blessed are the forgetful, for they also "get over" their own stupid mistakes.

218.

The psychologists of France, and where else are there any psychologists today, still have not had their fill of their bitter and many-sided pleasure in middle-class stupidity, the "bêtise bourgeoise." It is as if... well, enough; they give something away about themselves by it. Flaubert, for example, the decent citizen of Rouen, in the end could see, hear and taste nothing else. That was his kind of self-torture and his more refined cruelty. Now, for a change, since this is getting boring, I suggest something else to delight in. It is the unconscious cunning with which all the good, fat, decent minds of the average treat higher minds and their tasks. It is a fine, tangled, Jesuit-like cunning, a thousand times finer than the intelligence and taste of this middle class at its best moments, and even finer than the intelligence of its victims. This proves once again that "instinct" is the most intelligent of all the kinds of intelligence discovered so far. In short, you psychologists, study the philosophy of the "rule" in its fight against the "exception": there you have a show good enough for gods and their divine nastiness! Or, to put it even more clearly: cut open and examine, while it is still alive, the "good person," the "person of good will," the "homo bonae voluntatis"... in yourselves!

219.

Making moral judgments and condemning others is the favorite revenge of narrow minds against those who are less narrow. It is also a kind of compensation for having been given a poor share by nature. And finally it is a chance for them to gain some mind and become refined: malice turns into a kind of refinement into the mind. Deep in their hearts, it does them good that there is a measuring stick by which even people loaded with the riches and privileges of the mind stand equal to them. They fight for "the equality of all before God," and for that alone they almost need to believe in God. Among them are the strongest opponents of atheism. If someone told them, "A high intellectual depth is beyond any comparison with the decency and respectability of a person who is merely moral," it would drive them mad. I will be careful not to do that. Instead, I would like to flatter them with my claim that a high intellectual depth itself exists only as the final offspring of moral qualities. It is a combination of all those states that are credited to "merely moral" people, after these states have been gained one by one, through long discipline and training, perhaps over whole chains of generations. High intellectual depth is exactly the refinement into the mind of justice, and of that kind, firm strictness which knows it has the job of keeping up the ranking of people and values in the world, among things themselves, and not just among people.

220.

Now that praise of the "disinterested," of acting without self-interest, is so popular, we should make ourselves aware, perhaps not without some danger, of what ordinary people are actually interested in. What are the things the common man truly and deeply cares about? And this includes educated people, even scholars, and, unless everything is misleading, almost the philosophers too. What comes out is this fact:

almost everything that interests and excites finer and more spoiled tastes, every higher nature, seems completely "uninteresting" to the average person. If he still notices someone devoting himself to such things, he calls it "désintéressé," selfless, and wonders how it is possible to act "without interest." There have been philosophers who managed to give this popular amazement a seductive, mystical, otherworldly way of putting it. Maybe that was because they did not know the higher nature from their own experience. Instead, they could have stated the bare and really quite cheap truth that the "disinterested" action is a very interesting action, done out of interest, provided that... "And what about love?" What! Even an action done out of love is supposed to be "unselfish"? You fools! "And what about the praise of the person who sacrifices himself?" But anyone who has really made sacrifices knows that he wanted something for it and got something, perhaps something of himself in exchange for something of himself. He gave up here in order to have more there, perhaps in order to be more in general, or at least to feel like "more." But this is a land of questions and answers where a more spoiled mind does not like to stay. Here the truth already has to hold back a yawn when it is forced to answer. After all, truth is a woman: one should not use force on her.

221.

A fussy moralist, a man who splits hairs over small things, once said this: "Sometimes I honor and praise a selfless person. But not because he is selfless. I do it because he seems to me to have the right to help another person at his own cost. In short, the question is always who he is, and who that other person is. Take someone who was born and built to give orders. For him, denying himself and modestly stepping back would not be a virtue. It would be a waste of a virtue. That is how it seems to me. Any unselfish morality that treats itself as true

without exception, and speaks to everyone alike, does more than offend good taste. It pushes people to sin by leaving things undone. It is one more temptation wearing the mask of kindness to mankind. And it tempts and harms exactly the higher, rarer, more privileged people. We must force moralities to bow first of all to the ranking of people and values. We must press their arrogance onto their conscience, until at last they all agree on this point: it is immoral to say, 'What is right for one person is fair for another.'" So, my fussy moralist, my good-natured simple soul: did he deserve to be laughed at for urging moralities to behave morally in this way? Well, you should not be too much in the right if you want the laughing crowd on your side. A tiny grain of being wrong is actually part of good taste.

222.

Wherever pity is preached today, and if you listen closely, no other religion is preached anymore, the psychologist should open his ears. Through all the vanity and all the noise that belong to these preachers, as they belong to all preachers, he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine sound: the sound of self-contempt. This self-contempt is part of the darkening and uglifying of Europe that has been growing for a century now. Its first signs were already written down in a thoughtful letter from the Italian writer Galiani to Madame d'Epinay. And perhaps self-contempt is not just part of this darkening but its very cause! The person of "modern ideas," this proud ape, is wildly unhappy with himself. That much is certain. He suffers. And his vanity wants him to suffer only "with others," that is, only in pity.....

223.

The mixed-up European of today, all in all a fairly ugly commoner, absolutely needs a costume. He needs history as a storeroom full of costumes. Of course, he notices that none of them really fits him, so

he keeps changing, again and again. Look at the nineteenth century and see how quickly it fell in love with one style disguise after another and then switched. Look also at its moments of despair, when it felt that "nothing suits us." It is useless to show ourselves off as romantic, or classical, or Christian, or Florentine, or baroque, or "national," in our manners and in our arts: "it doesn't look good on us"! But the "mind," especially the "historical mind," finds a way to profit even from this despair. Again and again a new piece of the past or of foreign lands is tried on, put on, taken off, packed away, and above all studied. We are the first age that has truly studied "costumes," by which I mean moralities, articles of faith, artistic tastes and religions. We are prepared as no age ever was for a carnival in the grand style, for the most intellectual carnival laughter and high spirits, for the lofty heights of the greatest nonsense, for mocking the whole world the way the comic playwright Aristophanes did. Perhaps this is exactly where we will still discover the realm of our own invention, the realm where even we can still be original, perhaps as parodists of world history and as God's clowns. Perhaps, even if nothing else from today has a future, our laughter, of all things, still has a future!

224.

The historical sense is the ability to quickly guess the ranking of people and values that a people, a society, or a single person has lived by. It is a kind of "fortune-teller's instinct" for how these value judgments connect to each other, and for how the authority of values relates to the authority of the forces that are actually at work. We Europeans claim this historical sense as our special gift. But it came to us as a side effect of the charming and crazy half-barbarism that Europe was thrown into when democracy mixed up the social classes and the races. Only the nineteenth century has this sense; it is that

century's sixth sense. Because of this mixing, the past of every form and way of life, of cultures that used to sit hard up against each other or piled on top of each other, now pours into us "modern souls." Our instincts now run back in every direction at once. We ourselves are a kind of chaos. And in the end, as I said before, "the mind" finds a way to profit from this. Because we are half-barbarians in our bodies and our desires, we have secret paths into everything, paths that a noble, high-minded age never had. Above all, we have paths into the maze of unfinished cultures, and into every half-barbarism that has ever existed on earth. And since most of human culture so far has been exactly that, half-barbarism, the "historical sense" means almost a sense and an instinct for everything, a taste and a tongue for everything. And that alone shows at once that it is not a noble, high-minded sense. Take one example: we enjoy Homer again. Maybe our luckiest advantage is that we know how to savor Homer. People of a noble, high-minded culture could not easily take him in, and they still can't. Think of the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Évremond, who blamed Homer for having a mind that was too sprawling, or even Voltaire, who was the last echo of that culture. They hardly allowed themselves to enjoy Homer. Their palate said a very firm yes or no. They were quick to feel disgust. They held back and hesitated before anything foreign. They were shy of the bad taste that even lively curiosity can show. And in general, every noble, high-minded culture that is content with itself is unwilling to admit that it has a new craving, that it is unhappy with what it has, or that it admires what is foreign. All of this sets such people against even the best things in the world, if those things are not already theirs or cannot become their prize. No sense is harder for such people to understand than the historical sense, with its humble, servant-like, common curiosity. It is the same with Shakespeare, that amazing blend of Spanish, Moorish, and Saxon taste. An old Athenian from Aeschylus's circle of friends would have laughed himself half to death over him, or been furious. But we, of all

people, welcome exactly this wild mix of colors, this jumble of the most delicate, the crudest, and the most artificial things, and we do it with a secret closeness and warmth. We enjoy him as a refined kind of art that seems to have been saved up just for us. And we are as little bothered by the nasty fumes and the nearness of the English mob, which is where Shakespeare's art and taste live, as we would be on the Chiaia, the seaside street in Naples. There we walk along charmed and willing, with all our senses open, no matter how strongly the sewers of the poor neighborhoods stink in the air. We people of the "historical sense" do have our virtues, there is no denying it. We are undemanding, unselfish, modest, brave, full of mastering ourselves, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very obliging. But with all that, we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally admit it to ourselves. What we people of the "historical sense" find hardest to grasp, to feel, to taste for ourselves, and to love for ourselves, what we meet with prejudice and almost with hostility, is exactly what is perfect and fully ripe in every culture and art. It is what is truly noble, high-minded in works and in people: their moment of a smooth, still sea, of calm, serene contentment with themselves, the golden and cool quality that all things show once they have become complete. Maybe our great virtue, the historical sense, is necessarily opposed to good taste, or at least to the very best taste. We are bad at re-creating within ourselves the small, short, highest strokes of luck and moments of glory in human life that shine out here and there. We do it only poorly, only hesitantly, only by forcing ourselves. I mean those moments and miracles when a great power chose, of its own free will, to stop before the endless and the boundless. I mean moments when a flood of fine pleasure was enjoyed in suddenly holding back and turning to stone, in standing firm and planting oneself firmly on ground that was still shaking. Let us admit it: a sense of measure and limits is foreign to us. What thrills us is exactly the thrill of the endless, the unmeasured. Like a rider on a horse snorting and char-

ging forward, we let the reins drop in front of the endless, we modern people, we half-barbarians. And we only feel our deepest bliss where we are also in the most danger.

225.

Hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, eudaimonism: whatever you call them, all these ways of thinking measure the worth of things by pleasure and pain. That means they measure it by side effects and minor matters. They are surface ways of thinking, naive ways of thinking. Anyone who knows that he has shaping, creative powers and the conscience of an artist will look down on them with mockery, and also with pity. Pity for you! But of course this is not pity the way you mean it. It is not pity for social "need," for "society" and its sick and unlucky people, for those who are vicious or broken from the very start, lying on the ground all around us. Even less is it pity for the grumbling, downtrodden, rebellious slave classes, who are reaching for power and call it "freedom." Our pity is a higher pity, one that looks further ahead. We see how human beings are being made smaller, how you are making them smaller! And there are moments when we watch your pity, of all things, with a fear we cannot describe. Moments when we fight back against this pity, when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any kind of carelessness. You want, if possible, to do away with suffering, and there is no crazier "if possible" than that. And what about us? It almost seems that we would rather have suffering even greater and worse than it has ever been! Well-being as you understand it is not a goal at all. To us it looks like an end, a finish! It is a state that soon makes people ridiculous and contemptible, a state that makes you wish for their downfall! The discipline, the training of suffering, of great suffering: don't you know that this discipline alone has created every rise of humankind so far? Think of the tension a soul feels in misfortune, which breeds strength

in it. Think of how it shudders at the sight of great ruin. Think of its inventiveness and courage in bearing misfortune, holding out, finding meaning in it, and making use of it. And whatever depth, secret, mask, mind, cunning, and greatness the soul has ever been given: wasn't it given all this through suffering, through the discipline, the training of great suffering? In a human being, the creature and the creator are joined together. In a human being there is raw material, broken pieces, excess, clay, filth, nonsense, chaos. But in a human being there is also a creator, a sculptor, the hardness of a hammer, the godlike calm of the one who looks on, and the seventh day, when the work is done. Do you understand this contrast? And do you understand that your pity is aimed at the "creature in man"? It is aimed at what has to be shaped, broken, forged, torn, burned, made red-hot, and purified, at what must necessarily suffer and is meant to suffer. And our pity: don't you see who our reversed pity is for, when it fights back against your pity as the worst of all softness and weakness? So it is pity against pity! But, to say it once more, there are higher problems than all the problems of pleasure, pain, and pity. And any philosophy that comes down to nothing but these is naive.

226.

We immoralists! This world that concerns us is a world where we have to fear and to love. It is an almost invisible, almost silent world of delicate commanding and delicate obeying. In every way it is a world of "almost": tricky, full of traps, sharp, and tender. Yes, it is well protected against clumsy onlookers and nosy, overfamiliar curiosity! We are wrapped up in a strict net, like a tight shirt, made of duties, and we cannot get out of it. In exactly this sense we are "people of duty" too! Sometimes, it is true, we do dance in our "chains" and between our "swords." More often, and this is just as true, we grind our teeth under them and grow impatient with all the hidden harsh-

ness of our fate. But whatever we do, the fools and the surface look of things speak against us and say, "These are people without duty." We always have the fools and the way things look against us!

227.

Let us suppose that honesty is our virtue, the one we cannot get away from, we free thinkers of a new kind. Well then, we want to work on it with all our malice and all our love, and never grow tired of "perfecting" ourselves in this virtue, the only one we have left. May its shine one day rest over this aging culture and its dull, gloomy seriousness, like a golden, blue, mocking evening light! And if, all the same, our honesty one day grows tired, and sighs, and stretches its limbs, and finds us too hard, and wants things better, easier, softer, like some pleasant vice: then let us stay hard, we last Stoics! Let us send to its rescue whatever devilishness we have in us: our disgust at anything clumsy and vague; our "nitimur in vetitum," which is Latin for "we strive toward what is forbidden"; our adventurer's courage; our sharp and spoiled curiosity; our finest, most hidden, most mental drive to grow stronger and to overcome the world, a drive that greedily roams and swarms around all the kingdoms of the future. Let us come to the help of our "God" with all our "devils"! It is likely that people will misunderstand us for this and mistake us for something else. What does it matter! People will say: "Their 'honesty' is just their devilishness, and nothing more!" What does it matter! And even if they were right! Haven't all gods so far been devils like this, who became holy and were given new names? And in the end, what do we really know about ourselves? Or what name the mind that leads us wants to go by? (It is a matter of names.) Or how many minds we hide inside us? Our honesty, we free thinkers of a new kind: let us make sure it does not become our vanity, our finery and showing off, our limit, our stupidity! Every virtue leans toward stupidity, and every stupidity leans

toward virtue. In Russia they say "stupid to the point of holiness." Let us make sure that we do not, in the end, out of honesty, turn into saints and bores! Isn't life a hundred times too short to be bored in it? You would have to believe in eternal life to...

228.

Please forgive me for discovering that all moral philosophy so far has been boring and belonged among the sleeping pills. And forgive me for saying that, in my eyes, nothing has harmed "virtue" more than how boring its defenders are. By saying this I do not mean to deny that this boredom is generally useful. It matters a lot that as few people as possible think about morality. So it matters very much that morality should never one day become interesting! But don't worry! Things today are still as they always were. I see nobody in Europe who has any idea, or gives any idea, that thinking about morality could be done in a dangerous, tricky, seductive way, that there could be fate and disaster in it! Look, for example, at the tireless, unavoidable English Utilitarians, the thinkers who judge everything by how useful it is. See how clumsily and respectably they walk in Bentham's footsteps, plodding this way, plodding that way (an old simile from Homer says it more plainly), just as Bentham himself already walked in the footsteps of the respectable Helvétius (no, that Helvétius was not a dangerous man!). No new thought, nothing like a finer twist or fold on an old thought, not even a real history of what was thought before: all in all, impossible reading, unless you know how to sour it for yourself with a little malice, so you can digest it. For into these moralists too, whom you absolutely have to read with hidden thoughts of your own, if you have to read them at all, there has crept that old English vice called "cant," which is moral hypocrisy. This time it hides under the new disguise of being scientific. There is also no lack of a secret defense against pangs of conscience, which a race of

former Puritans will naturally suffer from, however scientifically it deals with morality. (Isn't a moralist the opposite of a Puritan? That is, a thinker who treats morality as questionable, as deserving a question mark, in short, as a problem? Shouldn't moralizing be immoral?) In the end they all want English morality to be proven right, because that is exactly what best serves humanity, or "the general good," or "the happiness of the greatest number." No! What it serves best is the happiness of England. With all their strength they want to prove to themselves that chasing English happiness, by which I mean comfort and fashion (and, at the very top, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the right path of virtue. They even want to prove that whatever virtue there has ever been in the world consisted in exactly this kind of chasing. None of these heavy, conscience-troubled herd animals (who take it on themselves to argue the cause of selfishness as if it were the cause of the general welfare) wants to know, or even get a whiff of, the following: that "the general welfare" is not an ideal, not a goal, not a concept you can get hold of in any way, but only something that makes you sick; that what is fair for one person can by no means be fair for another; that demanding one morality for everyone does harm precisely to the higher kind of person; in short, that there is a ranking of people and values between one human and another, and therefore also between one morality and another. These utilitarian Englishmen are a modest and thoroughly mediocre kind of people. And as I said: as long as they are boring, you cannot think highly enough of how useful they are. They should even be encouraged, as the following rhymes partly try to do.

Hail to you, good cart-pushers, steady and true, always "the longer the better" for you, stiffer and stiffer in head and in knee, never inspired, no fun at all to see, mediocre for good, no matter what you do, "sans génie et sans esprit," that is, without genius and without wit!

229.

In those late ages that have a right to be proud of their humaneness, a great deal of fear still remains. A great deal of superstitious fear remains of the "wild, cruel beast." Having become master over that beast is exactly what those more humane ages are proud of. And this fear is so strong that even obvious truths stay unspoken for centuries, as if people had agreed on it, because those truths seem to help bring that wild beast, finally killed off, back to life. Maybe I am taking a risk when I let one such truth slip out. Let others catch it again and give it so much "milk of pious thinking" to drink that it lies quiet and forgotten in its old corner. - We should learn something new about cruelty and open our eyes. We should finally learn to be impatient, so that big, shameless mistakes like these no longer stroll around, looking virtuous and bold. Take, for example, the mistakes that old and new philosophers have fed and fattened up about tragedy. Almost everything we call "higher culture" rests on cruelty being refined into the mind and made deeper. That is my claim. That "wild beast" was never killed off at all. It is alive, it is thriving. It has only been turned into something godlike. What makes up the painful pleasure of tragedy is cruelty. Think of the so-called tragic pity, and really of everything grand and lofty, all the way up to the highest and most delicate shivers of metaphysics, the deep questions about what lies beyond the world. Whatever feels pleasant in all of these gets its sweetness only from one ingredient mixed in: cruelty. Think of the Roman in the arena. Think of the Christian in raptures over the cross. Think of the Spaniard watching people burned at the stake or watching bullfights. Think of today's Japanese person crowding in to see a tragedy, or the worker from the Paris suburbs who is homesick for bloody revolutions. Think of the woman who loves Wagner and lets Tristan and Isolde wash over her with her will switched off. What all of these people enjoy, and try to drink into themselves with a secret,

burning lust, are the spiced potions of the great witch Circe, whose name is "Cruelty." To see this, of course, we have to chase away the clumsy psychology of the past. All it could teach about cruelty was that it arises when we see someone else suffer. But there is also a rich, overflowing pleasure in one's own suffering, in making oneself suffer. Think of when a person lets himself be talked into denying himself in the religious sense, or into cutting up his own body, as the Phoenicians and the strict hermits did. Think of when he is talked into getting rid of his senses and his flesh, into crushing himself with guilt, into the Puritan fits of repentance, into cutting open his own conscience like a living specimen, and into what Pascal did: sacrificing his own intellect. Wherever this happens, he is secretly lured and pushed forward by his cruelty, by those dangerous shivers of cruelty turned against himself. Finally, consider the person who seeks knowledge, understanding. He forces his mind to understand things against the mind's own leanings, and often enough against the wishes of his heart. That means saying No where he would like to say Yes, to love, to worship. In doing this, he is acting as an artist of cruelty, someone who makes cruelty beautiful and glorious. Every time we take something deeply and thoroughly, it is already an act of violence. It is a wish to hurt the basic will of the mind, which always wants to move toward appearance, seeming, and toward surfaces. So even in every wish to know there is a drop of cruelty.

230.

Maybe it is not obvious right away what I meant just now by a "basic will of the mind." Let me explain. That bossy something that ordinary people call "the mind" wants to be master, both inside itself and in everything around it, and it wants to feel like the master. It has a will that pushes from many things toward one simple thing. It is a will that ties things together, tames them, loves to rule, and really does

rule. In this, its needs and abilities are the same as the ones that scientists who study living bodies describe for everything that lives, grows and multiplies. The mind's power to take in what is foreign shows itself in a strong habit: it makes the new look like the old, it simplifies what is varied, and it overlooks or pushes away whatever flatly contradicts it. In the same way, it picks out certain features and lines in anything foreign, in any piece of the "outside world," and it underlines them more strongly than they deserve, makes them stand out, and bends them to fit, which really means it fakes them a little. What it is after in all this is to swallow up new "experiences" and to file new things under old headings. In other words, it is after growth. More exactly, it is after the feeling of growth, the feeling of having more strength. This same will is also served by an urge of the mind that seems to point the opposite way. It is a sudden decision to stay ignorant, to shut itself off on purpose. It closes its windows. It says an inner no to this or that thing and refuses to let it come near. It puts itself on the defensive against many things that could be known. It is content with the dark and with a horizon that closes it in. It says yes to ignorance and calls it good. All of this is needed, depending on how much the mind is able to take in, its "digestive power," if I may use an image. And truly, "the mind" is more like a stomach than like anything else. Another thing that belongs here is the mind's occasional wish to be fooled. Maybe it has a playful hunch that things are not really this way or that way, that we are only letting them pass as if they were. It enjoys every kind of uncertainty and double meaning. It takes a gleeful pleasure in the narrow, secret corner it has chosen for itself, in what is much too close, in the surface, in things that are made bigger, smaller, shifted or prettier than they are. It enjoys how freely it can show its power in all these ways. Finally, there belongs here the mind's rather worrying readiness to fool other minds and to put on an act in front of them. This is the constant push and pressure of a power that creates, shapes and can change its form. In this the mind

enjoys having many masks and being sly. It also enjoys feeling safe this way, because it is exactly through its shape-shifting tricks, like the sea god Proteus who could turn into anything, that it is best protected and best hidden. This will toward appearance, toward simplifying, toward the mask, toward the cloak, in short toward the surface, since every surface is a cloak, is opposed by a lofty tendency in the person who seeks knowledge. This person takes things deeply, in many ways, and thoroughly, and wants to take them that way. It is a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste. Every brave thinker will admit to having it, provided that he has, as he should, hardened and sharpened his eye for himself long enough and is used to strict discipline and to harsh words too. He will say: "There is something cruel in the leanings of my mind." Let the virtuous and the sweet try to talk him out of it! Indeed, it would sound nicer if, instead of cruelty, people said of us, whispered about us, praised us for, a kind of "wild, overflowing honesty", us free thinkers of a new kind, very free ones. And maybe that really is how our fame after death will sound one day. In the meantime, and there is plenty of time until then, we ourselves would probably be the least willing to dress ourselves up with such moral word-tinsel and word-fringes. All our work so far has spoiled exactly this taste for us, and its cheerful lushness. These are beautiful words that glitter, jingle and sound like a party: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for the sake of knowledge, the heroism of truthfulness. There is something in them that makes your pride swell up. But we loners and marmots, we hiding animals, have long since convinced ourselves, in the full secrecy of a loner's conscience, that even this dignified show of words belongs to the old lying finery, the junk and gold dust of unconscious human vanity. We know that even under such flattering colors and paint, the terrible original text must be recognized again: homo natura, the human being as a part of nature. That is the task: to translate the human being back into nature. To get control over the many vain and

dreamy interpretations and side meanings that have been scribbled and painted over that eternal original text, homo natura. To make sure that from now on the human being stands before the human being the way he already stands today before the rest of nature, made tough by the discipline of science. He should stand there with the fearless eyes of Oedipus, who insisted on the truth, and with ears sealed like those of Odysseus, who plugged his sailors' ears against the Sirens' song. He should be deaf to the luring tunes of the old bird catchers of metaphysics, who have piped to him for far too long: "You are more! You are higher! You come from somewhere else!" That may be a strange and crazy task, but it is a task, and who would deny it! Why did we choose it, this crazy task? Or to ask it another way: "Why have knowledge at all?" Everyone will ask us that. And we, pushed like this, we who have already asked ourselves the very same thing hundreds of times, have found no better answer, and still find none...

231.

Learning changes us. It does what all feeding does, and feeding also does not just "keep us as we are," as any scientist who studies the body knows. But deep down in us, all the way "down there," there is of course something that cannot be taught. It is like a block of granite: a fate of the mind, a decision made in advance, an answer to certain questions that were also chosen in advance. With every really basic problem, an unchanging "this is me" speaks up. About man and woman, for example, a thinker cannot learn something new and change his mind. He can only learn to the end, only finish discovering what is already "fixed" in him on that subject. Early on, we find certain answers to problems that give us in particular a strong belief. From then on we may call them our "convictions." Later, we see them only as footprints that lead toward knowing ourselves, signposts pointing to the problem that we are, or more correctly, to the great stupidity

that we are, to our fate of the mind, to what cannot be taught all the way "down there." After being this generously polite toward myself, as I just was, I may perhaps be allowed to speak out a few truths about "woman as such": provided that everyone now knows from the start how much these are only my truths.

232.

Woman wants to become independent. And to do that, she is starting to explain to men what 'woman as such' really is. That is one of the worst steps forward in the general way Europe is growing uglier. Just think what these clumsy attempts at female science and self-exposure are bound to drag into the light! Woman has so much reason for modesty, for shame. Hidden inside woman there is so much that is fussy, shallow, bossy like a schoolteacher, petty and arrogant, petty and unruly and pushy. Just watch how she deals with children! Up to now, all of this was best held back and kept under control by her fear of man. Watch out once the 'eternally boring side of woman' is allowed to come out into the open, and she has plenty of it! Watch out once she starts, thoroughly and on principle, to unlearn her cleverness and her art: the art of charm, of playing, of chasing away worries, of making things lighter and taking things lightly, and her fine skill at stirring pleasant desires! Already now, female voices are speaking up that, by holy Aristophanes, are frightening! With medical frankness, they announce, like a threat, what woman wants from man first and last. Isn't it in the worst possible taste when woman gets ready to become scientific in this way? Until now, luckily, explaining and enlightening was men's business, a gift of men. That way, men kept it 'among themselves'. And in the end, with everything women write about 'woman', we may keep a healthy suspicion about whether woman really wants to be enlightened about herself, and whether she even can want it. If a woman is not looking for a new piece of finery

for herself by doing this (and I do think dressing up belongs to the eternally feminine, doesn't it?), well then, she wants to make people afraid of her. Perhaps she wants power by doing it. But she does not want truth. What does woman care about truth! From the very beginning, nothing has been stranger to woman, more distasteful, more hostile, than truth. Her great art is lying. What matters most to her is appearance, seeming, and beauty. Let us men admit it: it is exactly this art and this instinct in woman that we honor and love. We have a hard time of it, and we like to find relief in the company of beings whose hands, glances, and sweet silliness make our seriousness, our heaviness and depth look almost like silliness too. Finally, I ask this question: has any woman herself ever admitted that a woman's head has depth, or that a woman's heart has a sense of justice? And isn't it true that, on the whole, 'woman' has so far been looked down on most by woman herself, and not at all by us? We men wish that woman would stop making a fool of herself by enlightening us. It was out of men's care and consideration for woman that the Church ordered: 'mulier taceat in ecclesia', which means 'let woman be silent in church'! It was for woman's own good when Napoleon let the far too talkative Madame de Staël know: 'mulier taceat in politicis', 'let woman be silent about politics'! And I think that a true friend of women is the one who calls out to women today: 'mulier taceat de muliere', 'let woman be silent about woman'!

233.

It shows that her instincts have gone bad, quite apart from showing bad taste, when a woman points to Madame Roland or Madame de Staël or 'Monsieur' George Sand, as if that proved something in favor of 'woman as such'. Among men, these three are simply the three comical women as such, nothing more! And they are exactly the best

arguments, without meaning to be, against the freeing of women and against women ruling themselves.

234.

The stupidity in the kitchen! Woman as cook! The horrifying thoughtlessness with which the family and the man of the house are fed! Woman does not understand what food means, and yet she wants to be the cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then, after being the cook for thousands of years, she would surely have discovered the greatest facts about how the body works, and she would have taken over the art of healing as well! Because of bad cooks, because of the complete lack of reason in the kitchen, human development has been held up the longest and harmed the worst. Even today things are hardly any better. A speech for young ladies at finishing school.

235.

There are turns of phrase and flashes of the mind, there are sayings, just a small handful of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly comes together and takes solid shape, like a crystal forming. One of these is the passing remark Madame de Lambert made to her son: 'mon ami, ne vous permettez jamais que de folies, qui vous feront grand plaisir', which means: 'My friend, never allow yourself any foolishness except the kind that will give you great pleasure.' By the way, it is the most motherly and the wisest thing ever said to a son.

236.

Take what Dante and Goethe believed about woman. Dante sang, 'ella guardava suso, ed io in lei', which means 'she looked upward, and I looked at her'. Goethe turned it into, 'the eternal feminine draws us

upward'. I have no doubt that every finer woman will fight against this belief. Because that is exactly what she believes about the eternal masculine...

237.

Seven little sayings about women.

When the worst of boredom takes its flight, a man comes crawling into sight!

Age, alas, and learning too, give even weak virtue strength anew.

A black dress and keeping quiet make any woman look... clever.

Whom do I thank when life goes well? God! And my dressmaker as well.

When young: a little cave covered in flowers. When old: out comes a dragon.

A noble name, a pretty leg, and a man on top of that: oh, if only HE were mine!

A short saying with a long meaning: that's slippery ice for a female donkey!

237.

Until now, men have treated women like birds that lost their way and came down to them from some height or other. They saw them as something finer, more easily hurt, wilder, stranger, sweeter, more full of soul, but also as something you have to lock up so it doesn't fly away.

238.

Some people get the basic problem of 'man and woman' wrong. They deny that there is a bottomless opposition here, and that there must always be a hostile tension between the two. Maybe they even dream of equal rights, equal education, equal claims and equal duties. That is a typical sign of a shallow head. And a thinker who has shown himself shallow at this dangerous spot, shallow in his instincts, can be considered suspect in general. More than that, he can be considered given away, exposed. He will probably be too 'short' for all the basic questions of life, including the life to come, and he will not be able to reach down into any depth. A man who does have depth, on the other hand, both in his mind and in his desires, and also that depth of goodwill which is capable of strictness and hardness and is easily mistaken for them, can only ever think about woman the way people in the East do. He has to see woman as a possession, as property that can be locked away, as something meant from the start to serve and that finds its fulfillment in serving. On this point, he has to stand on the huge wisdom of Asia, on Asia's superior instincts. That is what the Greeks once did, those best heirs and students of Asia. As everyone knows, from Homer to the time of Pericles, as their culture grew and their strength widened, they also became, step by step, stricter with women, in short, more like the East. How necessary, how logical, how even desirable for humanity this was: let everyone think about that for themselves!

239.

In no age have men treated the so-called weaker sex with as much respect as in ours. That belongs to the democratic leaning and basic taste of our time, just like the lack of respect for old age. So is it any wonder that this respect is right away being misused? People want more. They learn to make demands. In the end they find this tribute

of respect almost insulting. They would rather compete for rights, and in fact they would really rather fight. In short, woman is losing her modesty, her shame. Let us add at once that she is also losing her taste. She is forgetting how to fear man. But the woman who "forgets how to fear" gives up her most womanly instincts. It is fair enough, and easy enough to understand, that woman steps forward when what makes a man frightening is no longer wanted and raised up in him; to say it more exactly, when the man in the man is no longer wanted and bred to grow strong. What is harder to understand is that, by this very thing, woman goes into decline. This is happening today: let us not fool ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial mind has won out over the military and aristocratic mind, woman now strives for the money and legal independence of a shop clerk. "Woman as clerk" stands at the gate of the modern society that is now taking shape. As she grabs new rights in this way, tries to become "master," and writes the "progress" of woman on her flags and little banners, the very opposite happens, with terrible clearness: woman goes backward. Since the French Revolution, the influence of woman in Europe has shrunk to the same degree that her rights and claims have grown. And so the "emancipation of woman", the push to free her, as far as women themselves demand it and push for it (and not only shallow-minded men), turns out to be a strange sign that the most womanly instincts are growing weaker and duller. There is stupidity in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, which a well-made woman, and such a woman is always a clever woman, ought to be ashamed of down to the ground. Look at what is going on. Losing the instinct for the ground on which one wins most surely. Neglecting practice in one's own true art of fighting. Letting oneself go in front of men, perhaps even "as far as writing a book," where once one kept oneself in discipline and in a fine, cunning humbleness. Working against man's belief, with a virtuous boldness, that woman hides an ideal that is completely different from his, some eternal and necessary womanli-

ness. Talking man out of the idea, firmly and with a lot of chatter, that woman must be kept, cared for, protected and spared, like a more delicate, strangely wild and often pleasant pet. Clumsily and indignantly collecting everything slave-like and serf-like that woman's position has had, and still has, in the order of society up to now (as if slavery were an argument against something, and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every raising of culture). What does all this mean, if not a crumbling of womanly instincts, a loss of womanliness? Of course, there are plenty of foolish friends of women and spoilers of women among the learned donkeys of the male sex. They advise woman to lose her womanliness in this way and to copy all the stupidities that make the European "man," European "manliness," sick. They would like to bring woman down to the level of "general education," maybe even to reading newspapers and talking politics. Here and there people even want to turn women into free thinkers and writers. As if a woman without religious faith were not something completely repulsive or ridiculous to a deep and godless man! Almost everywhere, people are ruining women's nerves with the sickest and most dangerous of all kinds of music (our newest German music). They make women more hysterical every day, and less and less able to do their first and last calling, which is to give birth to strong children. In general, people want to "cultivate" them even more and, as the saying goes, to make the "weaker sex" strong through culture. As if history did not teach us as forcefully as it possibly can that the "cultivating" of human beings and their weakening have always gone hand in hand: weakening, that is, the splitting up and sickening of willpower. And as if history did not teach that the most powerful and influential women in the world (most recently Napoleon's mother) owed their power and their upper hand over men precisely to their willpower, and not to schoolteachers! What makes people respect woman, and often enough fear her, is her nature, which is more "natural" than man's. It is her genuine, cunning suppleness, like that of a beast of prey; her

tiger's claw under the glove; her innocence in selfishness; the way she cannot be educated; her inner wildness; the vast, wandering, hard-to-grasp quality of her desires and her virtues..... And what, for all that fear, makes one feel pity for this dangerous and beautiful cat called "woman" is that she seems to suffer more, to be more easily hurt, to need love more, and to be more doomed to disappointment than any other animal. Fear and pity: until now, these were the feelings with which man stood before woman, always with one foot already in tragedy, the kind of tragedy that tears you apart while it delights you. What? And now this is supposed to come to an end? The magic of woman is being broken? Woman is slowly becoming boring? Oh Europe! Europe! We know the animal with horns that you always found most attractive, the one that keeps threatening you with danger! Your old myth, where a bull carried you off, could become "history" once more. Once again an enormous stupidity could take control of you and carry you away! And this time no god is hidden inside it, no! Only an "idea," a "modern idea"!.....

Part Eight:

Peoples and Fatherlands

240.

Once again, as if for the very first time, I heard Richard Wagner's overture to The Mastersingers. It is splendid, overloaded, heavy, late-blooming art. It is proud enough to assume that, in order to understand it, its listeners still have two hundred years of music alive inside them. And it does the Germans credit that this pride was not mistaken! What a mix of juices and energies, of seasons and climates, is blended here! At one moment it strikes us as old-fashioned, at the next as foreign, harsh and too young. It is as much a matter of whim as it is pompous and traditional. Quite often it is playful, and even more often it is rough and crude. It has fire and courage, and at the same time the loose, pale skin of fruit that ripens too late. It flows broad and full. And then, suddenly, there is a moment of strange, unexplained hesitation, like a gap that opens up between cause and effect, a pressure that makes us dream, almost a nightmare. But already the old stream spreads out wide again: a stream of comfort and pleasure of every kind, of old and new happiness. Very much included in this is the artist's happiness with himself, which he does not want to hide: his amazed, happy awareness of how well he has mastered the tools he uses here, new tools of his art, freshly gained and not yet tested, as he seems to let slip to us. All in all, there is no beauty here, nothing of the South, nothing of the fine, bright southern sky, no grace, no dance, hardly any wish to be logical. There is even a certain clumsiness, and it is underlined, as though the artist wanted to tell us: "That is part of what I intended." It wears heavy clothing; there is something barbaric and solemn about it, done on a whim; a flutter of

learned and venerable treasures and lace. It is something German, in the best and the worst sense of the word: something many-sided, shapeless and endless in the German way. It has a certain German power and overflowing fullness of soul, which is not afraid to hide among the refined tricks of decay, and perhaps only feels truly at home there. It is a real, genuine symbol of the German soul, which is young and outdated at the same time, overripe and yet still overflowing with future. This kind of music best expresses what I think of the Germans: they belong to the day before yesterday and the day after tomorrow. They do not yet have a today.

241.

We "good Europeans" also have hours when we allow ourselves some hearty love of the fatherland, a flop and a relapse into old loves and narrow ways. I just gave an example of it. These are hours of national excitement, patriotic anxiety and all sorts of other old-fashioned floods of feeling. Slower minds than ours may need longer stretches of time to get over what, for us, is limited to a few hours and plays itself out within hours. Some need half a year, others half a lifetime, depending on how fast and how strongly they digest and "process their food." In fact, I could imagine dull, hesitant races who, even in our fast-moving Europe, would need half a century to overcome such throwback attacks of fatherland-worship and clinging to their native soil, and to return to reason, that is to say, to being "good Europeans." And while I was letting my thoughts wander over this possibility, I happened to overhear a conversation between two old "patriots." Both of them were clearly hard of hearing, so they talked all the louder. The first one said: "That man thinks about philosophy, and knows about it, as much as a farmer or a student in a drinking club. He is still innocent. But what does that matter today! This is the age of the masses. They fall flat on their bellies before anything that is massive. And it is

the same in politics. A statesman who piles up a new Tower of Babel for them, some monster of an empire and of power, they call 'great.' What does it matter that we, the more careful and reserved ones, still refuse for the time being to give up the old belief that only a great idea gives greatness to a deed or a cause? Suppose a statesman put his people in a position where from now on they had to play 'great power politics,' something they are badly suited and badly prepared for by nature. Suppose they would then have to sacrifice their old, reliable virtues for the sake of a new and doubtful mediocrity. Suppose a statesman condemned his people to 'doing politics' at all, when until then they had better things to do and think about, and deep in their souls could never shake off a cautious disgust at the restlessness, emptiness and noisy, quarrelsome bickering of the peoples who really are political. Suppose such a statesman stirred up the sleeping passions and greed of his people. Suppose he made them see their former shyness and their pleasure in standing on the sidelines as a stain. Suppose he made their love of foreign things and their secret sense of the infinite seem like a guilt. Suppose he made them value their dearest leanings less, turned their conscience around, made their mind narrow and their taste 'national.' What! A statesman who did all this, for which his people would have to pay far into the future, if they have a future at all, such a statesman would be great?" "Without a doubt!" the other old patriot answered him hotly. "Otherwise he would not have been able to do it! Maybe it was mad to want such a thing? But maybe everything great was only mad at the start!" "That is a misuse of words!" his partner shouted back. "Strong! Strong! Strong and mad! Not great!" The old men had clearly worked themselves up as they shouted their "truths" in each other's faces like this. But I, in my happiness and from my place far beyond all this, thought about how soon someone stronger will become master over the strong one. I also thought that when the mind of one people grows shallow, there

is something to balance it out: namely, the mind of another people growing deeper.

242.

People may call it "civilization" or "becoming more humane" or "progress", this thing that is now supposed to make Europeans special. Or they may simply call it, without praising or blaming, by a political name: the democratic movement in Europe. But behind all the moral and political surfaces that such labels point to, something huge is happening in the body and in the bloodline, a process that keeps speeding up. It is the process of Europeans becoming more and more alike. They are slowly breaking free from the conditions that create races tied to one climate and one social class. They are growing more and more independent of any particular surroundings, the kind of setting that, for centuries, would press the same demands into a people's soul and body until they were written there. So what we are seeing is the slow rise of a kind of human being that is basically beyond nations and always on the move, like a nomad. Speaking in terms of the body, the mark of this type is that it has the greatest possible skill and strength for adapting. This process of the European in the making can be slowed down by big setbacks. But maybe those very setbacks make it grow fiercer and deeper. The "national feeling" that is still raging like a storm right now belongs here, and so does the anarchism that is just now on the rise. This process will probably lead to results that its naive supporters and cheerleaders, the preachers of "modern ideas", would least expect. The very same new conditions that, on average, will make people more equal and more middling, turning the human being into a useful, hard-working, handy, all-purpose herd animal, are also perfectly suited to giving birth to exceptional people of the most dangerous and most fascinating kind. Here is why. That power of adapting keeps trying out conditions that are always changing, and

starts a new task with every generation, almost every ten years. That makes it impossible for any type of person to become truly powerful. The overall impression of these future Europeans will probably be of many chatty workers, weak in will and extremely easy to put to any job, who need a master, someone to give them orders, as much as they need their daily bread. So the democratizing of Europe ends up producing a type of person who is prepared for slavery in the most refined sense. And yet, in single, exceptional cases, the strong person will have to turn out stronger and richer than perhaps ever before. That will be thanks to his training, which is free of prejudice, and thanks to the enormous variety of practice, skill and masks he has at hand. What I mean is this: the democratizing of Europe is at the same time an accidental setup for breeding tyrants, and I mean that word in every sense, including the most intellectual one.

243.

I am pleased to hear that our sun is moving fast toward the star group called Hercules. And I hope that human beings on this earth will follow the sun's example. And we will lead the way, we good Europeans!

244.

There was a time when people liked to praise the Germans by calling them "deep." But now the most successful type of the new German is hungry for quite different honors. He may feel that everything with depth lacks "snap," that sharp, smart, military dash. So today it is almost fashionable, even patriotic, to wonder whether people fooled themselves back then with that praise. In short, people wonder whether German depth is really something else, something worse, and something that, thank God, we are about to get rid of successfully. So let us try to learn something new about German depth. All

we need is a little cutting open of the German soul while it is still alive. - Above all, the German soul is many-sided. It comes from different sources. It is more stuck together and piled up than truly built. That comes from where it began. If a German dared to say, "Two souls, alas, live in my chest," he would badly miss the truth. More exactly, he would fall short of the truth by many souls. The Germans are a people made from the most enormous mixing and stirring together of races, perhaps with the older, pre-Aryan part even being the strongest. They are a "people of the middle" in every sense. Because of this, they are harder to grasp, wider, more full of contradictions, less known, less predictable, more surprising, and even more frightening than other peoples are to themselves. They slip out of every definition, and that alone drives the French to despair. It is typical of the Germans that the question "What is German?" never dies out among them. Kotzebue surely knew his Germans well enough. "You have seen us as we are!" they cheered at him. But Sand also believed he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he angrily spoke out against Fichte's flattery and exaggerations, which were false but patriotic. But it is likely that Goethe thought differently about the Germans than Jean Paul did, even if he agreed with him about Fichte. What did Goethe really think about the Germans? - Well, he never spoke clearly about many things around him, and all his life he was a master of saying nothing in a clever way. He probably had good reasons for that. What is certain is that it was not "the Wars of Liberation" that made him look up with more joy, and not the French Revolution either. The event that made him rethink his Faust, and in fact the whole question of what a human being is, was the arrival of Napoleon. There are things Goethe said in which he judges, with impatient harshness, as if he were a foreigner, the very things the Germans are proud of. Once he defined the famous German "Gemüt," that warm, cozy German heart, as "being easy on other people's weaknesses and on your own." Is he wrong about that? - It is typical of the Germans

that you are rarely completely wrong about them. The German soul has passages and side passages inside it. It has caves, hiding places, and castle dungeons. Its disorder has a lot of the charm of something mysterious. The German knows the secret back paths that lead to chaos. And just as everything loves what resembles it, the German loves clouds and everything that is unclear, still forming, dim like twilight, damp, and veiled. Anything uncertain, unshaped, shifting, or growing, he feels to be "deep." The German himself does not simply exist; he is always becoming, he is always "developing." That is why "development" is the truly German discovery and lucky throw in the great world of philosophical ideas. It is a ruling idea which, together with German beer and German music, is working to make all of Europe German. Foreigners stand amazed and fascinated before the riddles that the contradictory nature deep in the German soul sets them. Hegel turned these contradictions into a system, and last of all Richard Wagner set them to music. "Good-natured and sneaky" - for any other people, putting these two side by side would make no sense, but in Germany it turns out to be true far too often, sadly. Just live among the Swabians for a while! The German scholar is heavy and clumsy, and dull and awkward in company. Yet, frighteningly, this fits very well with a kind of tightrope-walking inside him, a light daring that has already taught all the gods to be afraid. If you want to see the "German soul" with your own eyes, just look at German taste, German arts and customs. What peasant-like indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the most common and low things stand right next to each other! How messy and how rich this whole household of the soul is! The German drags his soul along like a heavy load; he drags along everything he lives through. He digests what happens to him badly, and he is never "done" with it. German depth is often just a heavy, slow "digestion." And just as all people with long-lasting illnesses, all people with bad stomachs, tend to like what is comfortable, so the German loves "openness" and "plain honesty." How com-

fortable it is to be open and plainly honest! - Today, perhaps the most dangerous and most successful disguise the German knows how to wear is this trusting, friendly, cards-on-the-table manner of German honesty. It is his real devil's trick, his Mephistopheles art, and with it he can "still go far"! The German lets himself go, looks out with his loyal, blue, empty German eyes - and right away foreigners mistake him for his bathrobe, as if he were just as harmless and cozy! - What I mean is this: whatever "German depth" may be, - just between us, perhaps we may allow ourselves to laugh about it? - we would do well to keep respecting how it looks and its good name in the future too. We should not sell our old reputation as a deep people too cheaply in exchange for Prussian "snap" and Berlin wit and Berlin sand. It is smart for a people to let others think of them as deep, clumsy, good-natured, honest, and not very clever, and even to make them think so. They might even - be deep! And finally: one should live up to one's name. It is not for nothing that the Germans were once called the "tiusche" people, which sounds like the German word for deceiving: the people who fool others...

245.

The "good old days" are gone. Their last song was sung in Mozart. How lucky we are that his Rococo world still speaks to us! How lucky that his "good society," his tender daydreaming, his childlike delight in Chinese things and fancy curlicues, his politeness of the heart, his longing for what is dainty, lovesick, dancing, and happily tearful, and his faith in the South can still call out to some leftover part of us! Oh, someday that will all be over! But who can doubt that our understanding and taste for Beethoven will be over even sooner? After all, Beethoven was only the final echo of a change and a break in style. He was not, like Mozart, the final echo of a great European taste that had lasted for centuries. Beethoven is what happened in between an old,

worn-out soul that keeps breaking apart and a future, too-young soul that keeps arriving. Over his music lies a kind of twilight, a mix of endless losing and endless, wild hoping. It is the same light that Europe was bathed in when it dreamed along with Rousseau, when it danced around the Revolution's tree of liberty, and when it finally came close to worshipping Napoleon. But how quickly this feeling is fading right now! How hard it already is today even to know what that feeling was! How strange the language of people like Rousseau, Schiller, Shelley, and Byron sounds to our ears! In all of them together, the same fate of Europe found its way into words, the same fate that knew how to sing in Beethoven. Whatever German music came afterwards belongs to Romanticism. Looked at historically, that was an even shorter, even more fleeting, even shallower movement than that great in-between act, Europe's passage from Rousseau to Napoleon and to the rise of democracy. Take Weber: what do his Freischütz and Oberon mean to us today? Or Marschner's Hans Heiling and The Vampire? Or even Wagner's Tannhäuser? That is music whose sound has died away, even if it is not yet forgotten. Besides, all this Romantic music was not noble, high-minded enough, not musical enough, to hold its ground anywhere except in the theater and in front of crowds. From the start it was second-rate music, and real musicians paid little attention to it. Things were different with Felix Mendelssohn, that calm, serene master. Because his soul was lighter, purer, and happier, he was quickly honored and just as quickly forgotten: he was the lovely little episode of German music. But what about Robert Schumann, who took things hard and who was taken hard by others from the very beginning? He is the last one who founded a school. Isn't it seen among us today as a piece of luck, a sigh of relief, a liberation, that this very Schumann-style Romanticism has been left behind? Schumann ran away into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his own soul, a small, cozy, picturesque hiding place. He was half like Goethe's moody Werther, half like the dreamy writer Jean Paul. He was cer-

tainly nothing like Beethoven! Certainly nothing like Byron! His music for Byron's Manfred is a blunder and a misunderstanding so bad that it does the poem wrong. Schumann had a taste that was, at bottom, a small taste. That is, he had a dangerous leaning toward quiet, lyrical moods and toward getting drunk on feelings, a leaning that is doubly dangerous among Germans. He was always stepping aside, shyly slipping away and pulling back. He was a noble softie who wallowed in nothing but nameless happiness and sorrow, a kind of young girl, a "don't touch me" from the very start. This Schumann was already only a German event in music, no longer a European one, as Beethoven was, and as Mozart had been on an even larger scale. With Schumann, German music faced its greatest danger: losing its voice for the soul of Europe and sinking down into mere small-minded patriotism.

246.

What torture books written in German are for anyone who has the "third ear," the inner ear for the sound of language! How reluctantly he stands beside that slowly swirling swamp of sounds that don't really sound and rhythms that don't really dance, which Germans call a "book"! And then there's the German who reads books! How lazily, how grudgingly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and expect themselves to know, that there is art in every good sentence? It is an art that has to be guessed if the sentence is to be understood! For example, get the speed of a sentence wrong, and the sentence itself is misunderstood! You must not be in doubt about which syllables carry the rhythm. You must feel that breaking a too-strict balance is done on purpose and is meant to charm. You must lend a fine, patient ear to every staccato, every short and clipped note, and every rubato, every stretching and slowing of the beat. You must guess the meaning in the order of the vowels and double vowels, and

in how delicately and richly they can color and recolor one another as they follow each other. Which book-reading German is willing enough to accept duties and demands like these, and to listen for so much art and intention in language? In the end, people simply "don't have the ear for it." And so the strongest contrasts of style go unheard, and the finest artistry is wasted, as if performed for the deaf. These were my thoughts when I noticed how clumsily and cluelessly people mixed up two masters of the art of prose. With one of them, the words drip down slowly and coldly, as if from the roof of a damp cave; he is counting on their dull sound and echo. The other handles his language like a flexible sword, and from his arm down to his toes he feels the dangerous thrill of the trembling, razor-sharp blade that wants to bite, hiss, and cut.

247.

How little German style has to do with sound and with the ears is shown by one fact: it is exactly our good musicians who write badly. The German does not read out loud, not for the ear, but only with the eyes. While he reads, he has put his ears away in a drawer. When people in the ancient world read, which happened rarely enough, they read to themselves out loud, in a full voice. People were surprised if someone read silently, and they secretly wondered what the reason could be. "In a full voice" means with all the rising and falling, the bends, the sudden shifts in tone and the changes of speed that the public world of ancient times took such delight in. Back then, the rules for writing were the same as the rules for speaking. And the rules for speaking depended partly on how amazingly trained the ear and the throat were, and on their refined demands, and partly on the strength, staying power and force of ancient lungs. For the ancients, a long sentence was above all a single thing of the body, in the sense that it was held together by one breath. Take the kind of long sen-

tences you find in Demosthenes and Cicero, which swell up twice and sink down twice, all within a single breath. Those were treats for ancient people, who, from their own training, knew how to value the skill involved, the rare and difficult feat of delivering such a sentence. We really have no right to the grand long sentence, we modern people, we who are short of breath in every sense! After all, those ancient people were all amateurs at public speaking themselves, and so they were experts, and so they were critics. That is how they pushed their speakers to the limit. It was the same as in the last century, when all Italian men and women knew how to sing, and so the art of brilliant singing (and with it the art of melody) reached its peak among them. In Germany, though, there was really only one kind of public speech that came anywhere near being an art, and that was speech from the pulpit. The only exception is very recent times, when a kind of speech-making from the platform has started, shyly and clumsily enough, to flap its young wings. Only the preacher in Germany knew how much a syllable or a word weighs, and how a sentence beats, leaps, plunges, runs and runs out. He alone had a conscience in his ears, and often enough a bad conscience. For there is no lack of reasons why a German, of all people, rarely becomes good at speaking, and almost always gets there too late. So it is only fair that the masterpiece of German prose is 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 just "literature". That is something that did not grow up in Germany, and so it did not grow into German hearts, and still does not, the way the Bible did.

248.

There are two kinds of genius. One kind above all fathers new things and wants to father them. The other kind likes to be made fertile and then gives birth. In the same way, among the nations of genius, there

are some who have been given the woman's task of pregnancy, the secret job of shaping, ripening and completing. The Greeks, for example, were a nation of this kind, and so are the French. And there are others who have to make others fertile and who become the cause of new ways of ordering life. Like the Jews, the Romans, and, if I may ask very modestly, the Germans? These are nations tormented and thrilled by unknown fevers and driven out of themselves by an urge they cannot resist. They are in love with foreign peoples and lust after them (after the kind that "let themselves be made fertile"). And at the same time they are hungry for power, like everything that knows it is full of fathering strength and so believes it rules "by the grace of God". These two kinds of genius look for each other, like man and woman. But they also misunderstand each other, like man and woman.

249.

Every nation has its own moral hypocrisy, and calls it its virtues. The best thing about yourself is something you do not know. You cannot know it.

250.

What does Europe owe to the Jews? Many things, good and bad. And above all one thing that is both among the best and among the worst: the grand style in morals. That means the terrifying power and majesty of endless demands and endless meanings, the whole romance and loftiness of moral questions that have no easy answer. And so it means precisely the most attractive, the most tricky and the most refined part of that play of colors and those temptations to live. Today the sky of our European culture glows in their afterglow. It is an evening sky, and it is glowing, and perhaps it is glowing out and fading away. We artists among the onlookers, and we philosophers, are grateful to the Jews for this.

251.

You have to accept a certain price when a people suffers from a national nervous fever and from political ambition, or wants to suffer from them. All sorts of clouds and disturbances drift across its mind. In short, it has little fits of stupidity. Take today's Germans, for example. Sometimes it is the anti-French stupidity, sometimes the anti-Jewish one, sometimes the anti-Polish one. Sometimes it is the Christian-romantic one, sometimes the Wagnerian one, sometimes the Teutonic one, sometimes the Prussian one. (Just look at those poor historians, men like Sybel and Treitschke, with their heads wrapped in thick bandages.) Whatever their names, they are all little fogs that cloud the German mind and conscience. I hope I will be forgiven if I, too, did not fully escape the disease during a short and risky stay in a badly infected area. Like everyone else, I began to have thoughts about things that are none of my business. That is the first sign of political infection. For example, thoughts about the Jews. Listen. I have never yet met a German who was fond of the Jews. All the careful, political people may reject outright antisemitism without condition. But make no mistake: their caution and their politics are not aimed at the feeling itself. They are aimed only at its dangerous excess, and above all at the tasteless and shameful way this excessive feeling gets expressed. Germany has more than enough Jews. The German stomach, the German blood, has trouble, and will have trouble for a long time, digesting even this amount of "Jew", the way the Italians, the French and the English have digested it thanks to their stronger digestion. That is the clear message of a general instinct, and people should listen to it and act on it. "Let no more new Jews in! And above all, shut the gates toward the East, Austria included!" That is what the instinct commands in a people whose character is still weak and unsettled. Such a character could easily be smudged, easily wiped out by a stronger race. But the Jews are, bey-

ond any doubt, the strongest, toughest and purest race living in Europe today. They know how to hold their own even under the worst conditions, and even better there than under good ones. They do it through certain virtues that people today would like to brand as vices. Above all, they owe it to a firm faith that has no need to be ashamed in front of "modern ideas". When they change, they only ever change the way the Russian empire makes its conquests. They are like an empire that has plenty of time and was not born yesterday. Their rule is: "as slowly as possible!" A thinker who carries the future of Europe on his conscience will count on the Jews in all the plans he makes for that future. He will count on them just as he counts on the Russians: as the surest and most likely players, for now, in the great game and struggle of forces. What Europe today calls a "nation" is really more something made than something born (in Latin, res facta rather than nata). At times it looks confusingly like something invented and painted on (res ficta et picta). In any case it is something still forming, young and easily shifted. It is not yet a race. It is even less something "more lasting than bronze" (aere perennius), the way the Jewish kind is. These "nations" really ought to be careful to avoid every hot-headed rivalry and hostility! It is certain that the Jews could already have the upper hand in Europe, even quite literally rule it, if they wanted to, or if they were forced into it, as the antisemites seem to want. It is just as certain that they are not working or planning toward that. For now, what they want and wish for is the opposite, even a little pushily: to be taken in and absorbed into Europe, by Europe. They thirst to be settled somewhere at last, allowed, respected. They want to put an end to the wandering life, to the "Wandering Jew". People should pay close attention to this pull and urge, which may itself already show that Jewish instincts are softening. People should meet it halfway. To do that, it might be useful and fair to throw the antisemitic loudmouths out of the country. Meet them halfway with all due care and with selection, roughly the way the

English nobility does. It is obvious that the stronger and more firmly formed types of the new Germany could mix with them with the least risk. One example is the noble army officer from the Mark of Brandenburg. It would be interesting in many ways to see this. That region today is the classic example of the inherited art of giving orders and of obeying. Could you add to that, could you breed into it, the genius for money and for patience? And above all, some mind and intellectual depth, which that place badly lacks? But here it is proper to break off my cheerful German-patriotic chatter and my holiday speech. For I am already touching on what I am serious about: the "European problem" as I understand it, the breeding of a new caste that will rule over Europe.

252.

These English are not a philosophical race. Bacon stands for an attack on the philosophical mind as such. Hobbes, Hume and Locke stand for more than a century of lowering and cheapening the very idea of a "philosopher". Kant rose up against Hume, and raised himself above him. Locke was the one of whom Schelling could rightly say, in French, "I despise Locke." Hegel and Schopenhauer, together with Goethe, were united in fighting the English mechanical view that makes the world stupid and clumsy. Those two were hostile brother geniuses in philosophy. They pulled apart toward opposite poles of the German mind, and they were unfair to each other in the way only brothers are unfair to each other. What England lacks, and has always lacked, was known well enough by that half-actor and speechmaker, the tasteless muddle-head Carlyle. He tried to hide behind passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what Carlyle lacked. He lacked real power of intellectual depth, real depth of vision in the mind. In short, he lacked philosophy. It is typical of such an unphilosophical race that it sticks strictly to Christianity. It needs Christian-

ity's discipline to make it "moral" and more human. The Englishman is gloomier, more sensual, stronger-willed and more brutal than the German. For exactly that reason, being the more common and low of the two, he is also more pious than the German. He simply needs Christianity more. To a finer nose, even this English Christianity still has a truly English side-smell of gloom and of drunken excess. It is used, for good reasons, as a medicine against these things: the finer poison against the cruder one. In fact, among clumsy peoples, a finer poisoning is already progress, a step toward refinement into the mind. English clumsiness and peasant seriousness are disguised most bearably by Christian gestures, by praying and singing psalms. More precisely, these things are explained and given a new meaning by them. And then there is that herd of beasts, the drunks and the debauched, who once learned to grunt morally under the power of Methodism and now do so again as the "Salvation Army". For them, a fit of repentance may truly be the highest achievement of "humanity" they can be raised to. That much one may fairly admit. But what offends even in the most humane Englishman is his lack of music, speaking in a figure of speech, and also without one. In the movements of his soul and of his body he has no rhythm and no dance. He does not even have the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music". Listen to him speak. Watch the most beautiful Englishwomen walk; no country on earth has more beautiful doves and swans. Finally, listen to them sing! But I am asking too much.....

253.

There are truths that average minds grasp best, because those truths suit them best. There are truths that only charm and tempt average minds. People are being pushed toward this perhaps unpleasant idea right now, ever since the mind of respectable but average Englishmen has started to gain the upper hand in the middle ground of European

taste. I mean Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. And really, who would doubt that it is useful for such minds to be in charge for a while? It would be a mistake to think that the high-born minds, the ones that fly off on their own paths, are especially good at pinning down lots of small, common, low facts, collecting them, and squeezing them into conclusions. On the contrary: because they are exceptions, they are from the start not in a good position to deal with "rules". After all, they have more to do than just understand things. Their job is to be something new, to mean something new, to stand for new values! The gap between knowing and being able to do is perhaps bigger, and also more unsettling, than people think. The person who can do things in a grand style, the creator, may well have to be someone who does not know very much. On the other hand, scientific discoveries of Darwin's kind may well be helped along by a certain narrowness, dryness and hardworking carefulness. In short, by something English. Finally, let us not forget that the English have already once, with their deep ordinariness, dragged the whole European mind down into a slump. What people call "modern ideas", or "the ideas of the eighteenth century", or even "the French ideas", the very thing the German mind rose up against in deep disgust, came from England. There is no doubt about that. The French were only the copycats and actors of these ideas. They were also their best soldiers, and sadly also their first and most thorough victims. Because of the cursed craze for all things English, the craze for "modern ideas", the French soul, the âme française, has in the end grown so thin and starved that today people can hardly believe what it once was. They remember its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its deep, passionate strength, its inventive, noble, high-minded spirit, almost with disbelief. But we must hold on to this statement of historical fairness with our teeth, and defend it against what the present moment and the outward appearance seem to show. European nobility, of feeling, of taste, of manners, taking the word in every high sense, is France's work and

invention. European commonness, the low, mob-like spirit of modern ideas, is England's.

254.

Even now, France is the home of Europe's most intellectual and most refined culture, and the high school of taste. But you have to know how to find this "France of taste". Those who belong to it keep themselves well hidden. It may be only a small number of people in whom it truly lives. And perhaps they are people who do not stand on the strongest legs: some are fatalists, gloomy, sick; some are pampered and overly artificial; people whose ambition is to stay hidden. They all have one thing in common: they cover their ears against the raging stupidity and the noisy big mouth of the democratic bourgeois, the middle-class citizen. In fact, on the surface today a France that has grown stupid and coarse rolls around. Recently, at Victor Hugo's funeral, it held a real orgy of bad taste and of self-admiration at the same time. These hidden people share something else too: a sincere wish to defend themselves against being turned German in their minds, and an even greater inability to do so! Perhaps Schopenhauer is already more at home in this France of the mind, which is also a France of pessimism, than he ever was in Germany. Not to mention Heinrich Heine, who has long since become part of the flesh and blood of the finer and more demanding poets of Paris. Or Hegel, who today, in the form of Taine, that is, the leading living historian, has an almost tyrannical influence. As for Richard Wagner: the more French music learns to shape itself to the real needs of the modern soul, the âme moderne, the more it will "Wagnerize". That can safely be predicted. It already does so plenty! Still, there are three things that the French can proudly point to even today as their own inheritance, and as a lasting sign of an old cultural superiority over Europe, despite all the willing or unwilling Germanizing of their taste and its sinking to

the level of the mob. The first is the ability to feel artistic passions, to give themselves completely to "form". The phrase l'art pour l'art, "art for art's sake", was invented for this, along with a thousand others. Such a thing has never been missing in France for three hundred years. And again and again, thanks to their respect for the "small number", it has made possible a kind of chamber music of literature, which you will search for in vain in the rest of Europe. The second thing on which the French can base a superiority over Europe is their old and many-sided culture of moralists, writers who study human character and behavior. Because of it, even among minor newspaper novelists and random boulevard idlers of Paris you usually find a psychological sensitivity and curiosity that in Germany, for example, people have no idea of, let alone the real thing! The Germans are missing a few centuries of this moralist kind of work, which, as I said, France did not spare itself. Whoever calls the Germans "naive" because of this is turning a lack into a compliment. (In contrast to German inexperience and innocence in the pleasures of psychology, the voluptas psychologica, which is not so distantly related to how boring German social life is, there is Henri Beyle. He may count as the most successful expression of a truly French curiosity and inventiveness for this realm of delicate thrills. He was that remarkable man who ran ahead of his time and anticipated what was coming. He raced at a Napoleonic speed through his Europe, through several centuries of the European soul, tracking down and discovering that soul. It took two generations to somehow catch up with him, and to guess some of the riddles that tormented and delighted him. He was a strange lover of pleasure and a man made of question marks, and he was France's last great psychologist.) There is also a third claim to superiority. In the nature of the French there is a half-successful blend of North and South. This lets them understand many things, and makes them do other things, that an Englishman will never understand. Their temperament turns toward the South from time to time and then away

again, and now and then the blood of Provence and Liguria foams over in it. This protects them from the dreadful northern gray-on-gray, and from the sunless ghost-world of abstract ideas and lack of lifeblood. That is our German illness of taste. Against too much of it, Germany has right now very firmly prescribed itself "blood and iron", that is to say, "big politics". (This follows a dangerous kind of medicine, which teaches me to wait and wait, but so far not yet to hope.) Even now in France there is an early understanding and a welcome for those rarer and rarely satisfied people who are too broad to be content with any kind of narrow patriotism, and who know how to love the South in the North and the North in the South. These are the born people of the Mediterranean, the "good Europeans". For them Bizet made his music. He was the last genius who saw a new beauty and a new temptation, the one who discovered a piece of the South in music.

255.

I think we should be quite careful about German music. Suppose someone loves the South the way I love it: as a great school for getting well again, both in matters of the mind and in matters of the senses; as a wild overflowing of sunshine, a sunlight that makes everything glow and seem transformed, spreading over a life that rules itself and believes in itself. Well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on guard against German music. As it spoils his taste again, it also spoils his health again. Such a Southerner, not by birth but by belief, must, if he dreams about the future of music, also dream of music being set free from the North. He must already hear in his ears the opening notes of a deeper, mightier, perhaps more wicked and more mysterious music. It would be a music above and beyond the German, one that does not fade away, turn yellow and grow pale when it faces the blue, sensual sea and the bright Mediter-

ranean sky, the way all German music does. It would be a music above and beyond the European, one that still holds its own in front of the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is related to the palm tree, and which knows how to feel at home and roam among great, beautiful, lonely beasts of prey..... I could imagine a music whose rarest magic would be that it no longer knew anything about good and evil. Only perhaps some sailor's homesickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might pass over it here and there. It would be an art that, from very far away, would see the colors of a sinking moral world, a world that has become almost impossible to understand, come fleeing to it for shelter. And it would be welcoming enough and deep enough to take in such late refugees. —

256.

Because of the sick estrangement that the madness of nationalism has put between the peoples of Europe, and is still putting there; and also because of the politicians with short sight and quick hands, who are on top today thanks to that madness and have no idea that the dividing politics they practice can only ever be an in-between politics, like a short break between two acts of a play; because of all this, and many things that cannot even be spoken aloud today, the clearest signs that Europe wants to become one are now being overlooked, or twisted into false and arbitrary meanings. Among all the deeper and broader-minded people of this century, the true overall direction in the secret work of their souls was this: to prepare the way for that new joining-together, and, as an experiment, to be the European of the future ahead of time. Only on their surface, or in weaker hours, in old age for example, did they belong to the "fatherlands." They were only taking a rest from themselves when they became "patriots." I am thinking of people like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer. Don't hold it against me if I count Richard

Wagner among them too. We must not let ourselves be misled about him by his own misunderstandings of himself; geniuses of his kind seldom have the right to understand themselves. Even less should we be misled by the rude noise with which people in France are now blocking and fighting against Richard Wagner. The fact remains, all the same, that the French late Romantic movement of the 1840s and Richard Wagner belong together in the closest and most intimate way. They are related in all the heights and depths of their needs, related at the very root. It is Europe, the one Europe, whose soul pushes and longs outward and upward through their many-sided, stormy art. Toward what? Into a new light? Toward a new sun? But who could say exactly what all these masters of new ways of expression could not clearly say themselves? What is certain is that the same storm and stress tormented them, and that they searched in the same way, these last great searchers! All of them were ruled by literature, right down into their eyes and ears: the first artists with an education in the literature of the whole world. Most of them were even writers and poets themselves, go-betweens and mixers of the arts and of the senses. (As a musician, Wagner belongs among the painters; as a poet, among the musicians; as an artist in general, among the actors.) All of them were fanatics of expression "at any price"; I single out Delacroix, who is Wagner's closest relative in spirit. All of them were great discoverers in the realm of the grand and lofty, and also of the ugly and the horrible; and even greater discoverers in effects, in putting on a show, in the art of the shop window. All of them had talent reaching far beyond their genius. They were virtuosos through and through, with uncanny access to everything that seduces, lures, forces and overwhelms. They were born enemies of logic and of straight lines, greedy for the foreign, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, the self-contradicting. As people, they were like Tantalus in their will, always reaching and never getting; they were common people who had climbed up, and who knew they were unable to keep

a noble, high-minded tempo, a slow lento, in their lives and in their work. Think of Balzac, for example. They were workers without limits, almost destroying themselves through work. They were rebels against rules and against customs, ambitious and never satisfied, without balance and without enjoyment. In the end, all of them broke down and sank before the Christian cross (and rightly so: for which of them would have been deep enough and original enough for a philosophy of the Antichrist?). On the whole, they were a daring, bold, splendidly forceful, high-flying kind of higher people, who sweep others up high along with them; a kind who first had to teach their century, and it is the century of the masses, what the idea "higher kind of person" even means. Let Richard Wagner's German friends think it over among themselves: is there anything purely German in Wagner's art, or is its special mark precisely that it comes from sources and drives that go beyond the German? Here we should not underrate how much Paris was necessary for shaping his type. In the most decisive period of his life, the depth of his instincts made him long for Paris. And the whole way he presented himself, the way he acted as his own apostle, could only be completed by looking at the example of the French socialists. Perhaps, if we compare more carefully, we will find, to the credit of Richard Wagner's German nature, that he pushed everything further, stronger, bolder, harder, higher than a Frenchman of the nineteenth century ever could. That is thanks to the fact that we Germans still stand closer to barbarism than the French do. Perhaps even the most remarkable thing Richard Wagner created will stay closed to the whole, so late Latin race, forever and not just for today; they will never be able to feel it or imitate it. I mean the figure of Siegfried, that very free human being, who may in fact be far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too anti-Catholic for the taste of old and worn-out peoples with ancient cultures. This anti-Roman Siegfried may even have been a sin against Romanticism. Well, Wagner more than made up for this sin in his old,

gloomy days, when, anticipating a taste that has since turned into politics, he began with his own religious fierceness, if not to walk the road to Rome, then at least to preach it. — So that no one misunderstands me in these last words, I will call on a few strong rhymes for help. They will make clear even to less sharp ears what I want, what I have against the "late Wagner" and his Parsifal music.

— Is this still German? —

Did this sultry shrieking come from a German heart? And is this tearing away of one's own flesh the work of a German body? Is this German, this priestly spreading of hands, this teasing of the senses with the sweet smell of incense? And is this German, this stopping, tumbling, staggering, this uncertain ding-dong dangling? This making eyes like nuns, this tinkling of Ave Maria bells, this whole falsely enraptured swooning beyond heaven itself?

— Is that still German? —

Think it over! You are still standing at the gate: for what you are hearing is Rome, Rome's faith without words!

Part Nine:

What Is Noble?

257.

Every time the human type has been raised higher, it has been the work of an aristocratic society, and it will keep being that way. By that I mean a society that believes in a long ladder, a ranking of people and values, where one person is worth more than another, and a society that needs slavery in some sense or other. Think of the feeling of distance between ranks. It grows out of class differences that are deeply rooted. It grows out of the ruling class always looking out over, and looking down on, the people beneath them and the people they use as tools. And it grows out of their constant practice in obeying and commanding, in keeping others down and keeping them at a distance. Without that feeling, another, more mysterious feeling could never grow either. This is the longing to keep widening the distance inside the soul itself: to develop states of mind that are ever higher, rarer, more distant, more far-reaching, and richer. In short, it is exactly this raising of the human type, the ongoing "mastering oneself of humankind," to borrow a moral phrase and use it in a sense that goes beyond morality. Of course, we must not fool ourselves with kind-hearted, humanitarian illusions about how an aristocratic society comes into being, even though it is what makes this raising of the human type possible. The truth is harsh. Let us say plainly, without sparing ourselves, how every higher culture on earth has begun so far! People whose nature was still wild and natural, barbarians in every frightening sense of the word, predators who still had unbroken willpower and a hunger for power, threw themselves on weaker, more civilized, more peaceful peoples. These might have been peoples who

traded or raised cattle. Or the barbarians fell upon old, worn-out cultures, where the last bit of life was flickering out in dazzling fireworks of mind and corruption. The noble class always began as the barbarian class. Their advantage did not come first from bodily strength, but from strength of soul. They were the more complete human beings, which at every stage also means "the more complete beasts."

258.

Corruption is a sign that chaos threatens among the instincts, and that the basic structure of the emotions, the thing we call "life," has been shaken. And corruption means something completely different depending on what kind of living thing it shows up in. Take an aristocracy like the French one at the start of the Revolution. It threw away its privileges with a lofty kind of disgust, and it sacrificed itself to an excess of moral feeling. That is corruption. In fact, it was only the final act of a corruption that had lasted for centuries. Through that long corruption, the aristocracy had given up its powers to rule, step by step, and had lowered itself into a mere function of the monarchy, and in the end into the monarchy's decoration and showpiece. But what matters most in a good and healthy aristocracy is this: it does not see itself as a function, whether of the monarchy or of the community. Instead, it feels that it is the very meaning of that community and its highest justification. Because of this, it accepts with a clear conscience the sacrifice of countless people, who for its sake must be pushed down and made smaller, into incomplete human beings, into slaves, into tools. Its basic belief has to be that society must not exist just for society's own sake. Society may exist only as a foundation and a scaffold. On it, a select kind of being can lift itself up to its higher task, and to a higher kind of existence in general. You could compare it to those climbing plants in Java, hungry for the sun, which are

called Sipo Matador. They wrap their arms around an oak tree again and again, for a long time, until at last they rise high above it. Still leaning on the oak, they spread out their crown in the open light and show off their happiness.

259.

People can agree not to hurt each other, not to use force on each other, and not to exploit each other. They can treat each other's will as equal to their own. In a certain rough sense, this can become good manners between individuals, if the right conditions are there. Those conditions are that the people really are similar in strength and in what they value, and that they belong together within one body, one group. But as soon as you try to stretch this principle further, and maybe even make it the basic principle of society, it would immediately show itself for what it is: a will to deny life, a principle of falling apart and decay. Here we have to think things through to the very bottom and fight off any soft, sentimental weakness. Life itself is, at its core, taking things for yourself. It is injuring, overpowering what is foreign and weaker. It is oppression, harshness, forcing your own forms onto others, swallowing them up, and at the very least, at the very mildest, exploiting them. But why should we always use exactly these words, which since ancient times have been stamped with the aim of slandering life? Think again of the body, the group, in which, as we assumed before, the members treat each other as equals. That happens in every healthy aristocracy. If that body is alive and not dying, it must itself do to other bodies all the things its members hold back from doing to one another. It will have to be the drive to grow stronger in living form. It will want to grow, to reach out and grab, to pull things toward itself, to gain the upper hand. It does this not because of some morality or immorality, but because it lives, and because life simply is the drive to grow stronger. Yet on no point is

the common, low thinking of Europeans more unwilling to be taught than on this one. Everywhere people now dream, even dressed up in scientific language, about future states of society where "exploitation" will be gone. To my ears, that sounds as if someone were promising to invent a kind of life that does without any of the body's natural functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a corrupt, or imperfect, or primitive society. It belongs to the very nature of living things. It is a basic function of living things, a result of the true drive to grow stronger, which is simply the will of life itself. Suppose this is something new as a theory. As a fact, it is the original fact underneath all of history. So let us be at least that honest with ourselves!

260.

I have traveled, so to speak, through the many moralities, some refined and some crude, that have ruled on earth so far or still rule today. On this journey I found that certain features kept coming back together, again and again, tied to one another. In the end two basic types showed themselves to me, and one basic difference jumped out. There is a morality of the masters and a morality of the slaves. I will add right away that in all higher and more mixed cultures you also see attempts to bring the two moralities together. Even more often you see them jumbled up and misunderstanding each other. Sometimes they even sit hard side by side, in the same person, inside a single soul. Moral judgments about what is valuable arose in one of two places. Either they arose among a ruling kind of people, who felt pleased and proud to know how different they were from those they ruled. Or they arose among the ruled: the slaves and the dependent people of every degree. In the first case, when it is the rulers who decide what the word "good" means, it is the lifted-up, proud states of the soul that are felt to set a person apart and to decide the ranking of people and values. The noble, high-minded person sets himself apart

from beings who show the opposite of such lofty, proud states. He looks down on them. Notice right away that in this first kind of morality, the contrast between "good" and "bad" means about the same as "noble" and "contemptible", that is, worthy of being looked down on. The contrast between "good" and "evil" has a different origin. Who is looked down on? The coward, the anxious person, the petty person, the one who only thinks about narrow usefulness. Also the suspicious person with his unfree, shifty glance, the person who lowers himself, the dog-like kind of person who lets himself be mistreated, the begging flatterer, and above all the liar. It is a basic belief of all aristocrats that the common, low people tell lies. "We, the truthful ones": that is what the nobles in ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that words for moral value were first applied everywhere to people, and only later, as a spin-off, to actions. That is why moral historians make a bad mistake when they start from questions like "Why was the act of pity praised?" The noble kind of person feels that he is the one who decides what has value. He does not need others to approve of him. He judges: "What harms me is harmful in itself." He knows that he is the one who gives things their honor in the first place. He creates values. He honors everything he recognizes in himself. Such a morality is self-glorification. In the foreground is the feeling of fullness, of power that wants to overflow, the happiness of being highly charged, the awareness of a wealth that wants to give and share. The noble person does help the unfortunate too, but not, or hardly at all, out of pity. He helps more out of an urge that comes from having more power than he needs. The noble person honors the powerful one in himself, and also the one who has power over himself, who knows when to speak and when to be silent, who enjoys being strict and hard with himself, and who respects everything strict and hard. "Wotan put a hard heart in my chest," says an old Scandinavian saga. That line was rightly written from the soul of a proud Viking. This kind of person is proud precisely that he was not made for pity. That

is why the hero of the saga adds a warning: "If your heart is not hard when you are young, it will never become hard." Noble and brave people who think like this are as far as possible from the kind of morality that sees the badge of being moral precisely in pity, or in acting for others, or in being selfless. Belief in oneself, pride in oneself, a deep hostility and mockery toward "selflessness": these belong to noble morality just as surely as a slight disdain and caution toward fellow-feeling and the "warm heart". It is the powerful who know how to honor. That is their art, the field where they invent. Deep respect for old age and for tradition is typical of the morality of the powerful. The whole idea of law and right rests on this double respect. So does the belief and the bias in favor of one's ancestors and against those who come later. And when, the other way around, people of "modern ideas" believe almost by instinct in "progress" and "the future", and have less and less respect for old age, that alone clearly gives away the low, not-noble origin of these "ideas". But what makes a morality of the rulers most foreign and embarrassing to today's taste is the strictness of its basic rule: that you only have duties toward your equals. Toward beings of lower rank, toward everything foreign, you may act as you please, or "as your heart wishes", and in any case "beyond good and evil". This is where pity and things like it may belong. Other typical marks of noble morality are these: the ability and the duty to feel gratitude for a long time and to take revenge for a long time, both only among one's equals; refinement in paying back; carefully thought-out ideas about friendship; and a certain need to have enemies. Enemies serve as drainage ditches, so to speak, for emotions like envy, love of quarrels, and arrogance. At bottom, they let you be a good friend. As I have hinted, this noble morality is not the morality of "modern ideas", and so today it is hard to feel your way into it, and also hard to dig it up and uncover it. Things are different with the second type of morality, the morality of the slaves. Suppose the abused, the oppressed, the suffer-

ing, the unfree, those who are unsure of themselves, and the weary start to make moral judgments. What will their moral values have in common? Probably they will express a gloomy suspicion about the whole human situation, perhaps even a condemnation of humans together with their situation. The slave looks at the virtues of the powerful with resentment. He is skeptical and distrustful. He has a finely tuned distrust of everything "good" that is honored up there. He would like to convince himself that even the happiness up there is not real. On the other hand, he pulls into the spotlight and pours light over those qualities that make life easier for people who suffer. Here pity, the kind and helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, hard work, humility, and friendliness are honored. For here these are the most useful qualities and almost the only ways to bear the weight of existence. The morality of the slaves is basically a morality of usefulness. This is the breeding ground for that famous contrast between "good" and "evil". Into the idea of "evil" people read power and danger, a certain frightfulness, subtlety, and strength that do not allow anyone to look down on it. So in the morality of the slaves, the "evil" person causes fear. In the morality of the masters, it is exactly the "good" person who causes fear and wants to cause it, while the "bad" person is felt to be the one worth looking down on. The contrast reaches its peak when, following the logic of slave morality to its end, even the "good" person of this morality finally carries a whiff of disdain. It may be a light and friendly disdain. This is because, in the slave way of thinking, the good person must above all be harmless. He is good-natured, easy to fool, maybe a little stupid: "un bonhomme", as the French say, a simple good fellow. Wherever the morality of the slaves gains the upper hand, the language tends to bring the words "good" and "stupid" closer together. One last basic difference: the longing for freedom, the instinct for happiness, and the fine shades of the feeling of freedom belong just as necessarily to the morality of the slaves as the art and passion of reverence and devotion are the usual sign of an

aristocratic way of thinking and valuing. From this it is easy to understand why love as a passion, which is our European specialty, must be of noble origin through and through. As is well known, it was invented by the knightly poets of Provence in southern France, those splendid, inventive people of the "gai saber", the joyful wisdom, to whom Europe owes so much, almost its very self.

261.

Among the things that a noble, high-minded person probably finds hardest to understand is vanity. He will be tempted to deny it is there, even in cases where another kind of person thinks he can grab hold of it with both hands. The puzzle for him is this: how can there be people who try to make others think well of them, when they do not think that well of themselves, and so do not "deserve" it either, and who then, afterwards, go on to believe in that good opinion themselves? To him this seems half in bad taste and disrespectful toward oneself, and half so strange and unreasonable that he would like to treat vanity as an exception. In most cases where people talk about vanity, he doubts it is really there. For example, he will say: "I can be wrong about my own worth, and at the same time still demand that others recognize my worth exactly as I judge it. But that is not vanity. It is arrogance, or, more often, what people call 'humility' or 'modesty'." Or he might say: "I can be glad that others think well of me for many reasons. Maybe because I respect and love them and enjoy every joy they have. Maybe because their good opinion backs up and strengthens my belief in my own good opinion of myself. Maybe because the good opinion of others is useful to me, or promises to be useful, even in cases where I do not share it. But none of that is vanity." The noble, high-minded person has to force himself, mostly with the help of history, to picture the following. Since time out of mind, in every layer of society that depended on others in any way,

the common, low person was only what he was taken to be. He was not at all used to setting values himself, so he gave himself no other value than the one his masters gave him. Creating values is the real right of masters. You may see it as the result of a huge throwback to the distant past that the ordinary person, even today, still first waits for others to form an opinion about him, and then gives in to it by instinct. And not only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unfair one. Think, for example, of most of the ways in which religious women learn from their confessors how to value themselves or how to undervalue themselves, and, in general, how the believing Christian learns this from his church. Now, in fact, as the democratic order of things slowly rises, along with its cause, the mixing of the blood of masters and slaves, the urge that was once noble and rare, the urge to give oneself a value on one's own and to "think well" of oneself, will be more and more encouraged and spread more widely. But this urge always has an older, broader, and more deeply rooted tendency working against it. And in the case of "vanity," this older tendency wins out over the younger one. The vain person is glad about every good opinion he hears about himself, quite apart from whether it is useful, and also quite apart from whether it is true or false. In the same way, he suffers from every bad opinion. That is because he submits to both. He feels ruled by them, out of that oldest instinct to submit, which breaks out in him. It is "the slave" in the blood of the vain person, a leftover of the slave's cunning. And how much of "the slave" is still left over in women today, for example! It is the slave who tries to lure others into good opinions about him. And it is also the slave who, right afterwards, falls down on his knees before those very opinions, as if he had not called them up himself. And let me say it again: vanity is a throwback to the distant past.

262.

A species comes into being, and a type becomes firm and strong, through a long struggle against conditions that are bad and that stay basically the same. On the other hand, people who breed animals and plants know from experience that species which get more than enough food, and more protection and care in general, soon tend very strongly to vary from their type. They become full of wonders and freaks (and also of freakish vices). Now try looking at an aristocratic community, say an old Greek city-state or Venice, as a setup for breeding, cultivating, whether people set it up on purpose or not. In such a place, people live close together and depend on each other. They want their kind to win out, mostly because they have to win out, or else they run a terrible risk of being wiped out. Here there is none of the comfort, the plenty, the protection that make variety flourish. The kind needs itself to be a kind. It needs to be something that can win out and last precisely because it is hard, uniform and simple in form. It is in constant struggle with its neighbors, or with the oppressed people who are rebelling or threatening to rebel. Long and varied experience teaches this kind which qualities, above all, it has to thank for still being here, against all gods and all people, and for having always won so far. It calls these qualities virtues, and it breeds only these virtues until they grow big. It does this harshly. In fact, it wants harshness. Every aristocratic morality is intolerant: in how it raises the young, in how it controls women, in its marriage customs, in how old and young relate to each other, and in its criminal laws (which only have in view those who stray from the type). It even counts intolerance itself among the virtues, and calls it "justice." In this way a type with few but very strong features gets fixed and lasts beyond the passing of generations. It is a kind of people who are strict, warlike, wisely quiet, tightly bound together and closed off to outsiders (and, being like this, they have the finest feeling for the charms and fine

shades of social life). As I said, the constant struggle with conditions that are always bad in the same way is the reason a type becomes firm and hard. But in the end, at some point, a lucky situation arises, and the huge tension eases off. Maybe there are no more enemies among the neighbors, and there is more than enough of what people need to live, and even to enjoy life. All at once, the tie and the pressure of the old discipline, training snaps. It no longer feels necessary, no longer feels like a condition for staying alive. If it wanted to carry on, it could only do so as a kind of luxury, as an old-fashioned taste. Suddenly variety appears on the stage in the greatest abundance and splendor, whether as straying from the type (toward something higher, finer, rarer) or as decline and freakishness. The single person dares to be single and to stand out. At these turning points in history, side by side and often tangled up and knotted together, you see a magnificent, many-sided growth shooting upward like a jungle, a kind of tropical speed in the race to grow. And you also see an enormous falling apart and self-destruction. This happens because of selfish drives that turn wildly against each other and almost explode, wrestling with each other "for sun and light," like plants in a jungle. They no longer know how to take any limit, any restraint, any mercy from the morality they had until now. It was this very morality that piled up the strength to such a huge degree, that bent the bow so threateningly tight. Now it is being "outlived," it is becoming out of date. The dangerous and eerie point has been reached where a bigger, more varied, wider life lives on past the old morality. The "individual" stands there, forced to make his own laws, to find his own skills and tricks for keeping himself alive, raising himself up, and saving himself. Nothing but new questions of "what for?" and "with what?" There are no shared formulas anymore. Misunderstanding and contempt go hand in hand. Decay, ruin and the highest desires are knotted together in a horrifying way. The genius of the race overflows from every horn of plenty, pouring out both good and bad. It is a fateful mix of spring and autumn at

the same time, full of new charms and veils that belong to a young corruption that is not yet used up and not yet tired. Once again danger is here, the mother of morality, the great danger. But this time it has moved into the individual: into one's neighbor and friend, into the street, into one's own child, into one's own heart, into everything most personal and secret in one's wishes and will. What will the moral philosophers who come along at this time have to preach now? These sharp observers, these people who stand on street corners watching, discover that the end is coming fast. They see that everything around them is rotting and making other things rot, that nothing will still be standing the day after tomorrow, except one kind of person: the hopelessly average. Only the average have a chance to carry on and to have children. They are the people of the future, the only survivors. "Be like them! Become average!" is now the only morality that still makes sense, the only one that people still listen to. But it is hard to preach, this morality of being average! After all, it can never admit what it is and what it wants! It has to talk about moderation and dignity and duty and love of one's neighbor. It will have a hard time hiding the irony!

263.

There is an instinct for rank, and more than anything else, this instinct is itself a sign of high rank. There is a delight in the fine shades of respect and awe, and that delight suggests noble, high-minded birth and habits. The fineness, goodness and height of a soul are put to a dangerous test when something of the very first rank passes by it, but is not yet protected by the shivers of authority against pushy grabbing and clumsiness. It is something that goes on its way like a living touchstone, a stone used to test whether metal is real gold: unmarked, undiscovered, testing people, perhaps deliberately hidden and disguised. Anyone whose task and practice it is to study souls

will use exactly this art in many forms, to find out the final worth of a soul, the fixed, inborn place it holds in the ranking of people and values. He will test it for its instinct of respect and awe. There is a French saying: "Difference breeds hatred." The common, low nature of some people suddenly spurts out like dirty water when some holy vessel is carried past, some treasure from locked shrines, some book bearing the signs of a great destiny. On the other hand, there is a silence that comes without thinking, a hesitation of the eye, a stillness in every gesture, and these show that a soul feels it is near something most worthy of reverence. The way Europe has, on the whole, kept up its respect for the Bible so far is perhaps the best piece of discipline, training and refinement of manners that Europe owes to Christianity. Books of such depth and such final importance need, for their protection, a tyranny of authority coming from outside. Only that way can they last for the thousands of years needed to draw everything out of them and work out their meaning. A lot has been achieved when the great mass of people, the shallow ones and those with quick bowels of every kind, meaning those who swallow and pass things through without digesting them, have finally had this feeling bred into them: that they may not touch everything; that there are holy experiences before which they must take off their shoes and keep their dirty hands away. This is almost the highest point they can reach toward being truly human. In contrast, among the so-called educated people, the believers in "modern ideas", perhaps nothing is as disgusting as their lack of modesty and shame. It is the easy, cheeky boldness of their eyes and hands, with which they touch, lick and finger everything. And it is possible that today, among ordinary people, the lower classes, and especially among farmers, there is still more noble, high-minded taste, relatively speaking, and more tact in showing respect, than among the newspaper-reading half-world of the mind: the educated.

264.

What a person's ancestors liked doing most and did most steadily cannot be wiped out of that person's soul. Maybe they were hard-working savers, part of the furniture of a desk and a cash box, modest and middle-class in their desires, and modest in their virtues too. Or maybe they lived used to giving orders from morning till night, fond of rough pleasures and, alongside them, perhaps even rougher duties and responsibilities. Or maybe, at some point, they gave up old privileges of birth and property so they could live entirely for their faith, for their "God", as people with a merciless and tender conscience, one that blushes at every compromise. It is simply not possible for a person not to carry in his body the qualities and preferences of his parents and forefathers, whatever appearances may say against it. This is the problem of race. Suppose you know something about the parents; then you may draw a conclusion about the child. Some disgusting lack of self-control, some petty envy lurking in a corner, some clumsy insistence on always being right: these three together have, in every age, made up the true type of the mob. Things like that must pass on to the child as surely as bad blood. And with the help of the best upbringing and education, all you will manage is to hide such an inheritance and fool people about it. And what else do upbringing and education want today! In our very popular age, which means our mob-like age, "upbringing" and "education" must basically be the art of deceiving: of covering up where people come from, the inherited mob in their bodies and souls. Imagine a teacher today who preached truthfulness above all and kept calling out to the pupils he was breeding: "Be true! Be natural! Show yourselves as you are!" Even such a virtuous, trusting donkey would, after a while, learn to reach for the pitchfork that the Roman poet Horace talks about, in order to drive nature out. With what result? As Horace says, the "mob" will always come running back. -

265.

I know this may upset innocent ears, but I will say it plainly: selfishness is part of what makes a soul noble, high-minded. By selfishness I mean the firm, unshakable belief that other beings must, by nature, serve a being such as "we are", and must give themselves up for it. The noble, high-minded soul accepts this fact about its own selfishness without any question mark at all. It doesn't feel anything harsh, forced or unfair about it. Instead, it sees it as something that may be built into the most basic law of how things are. If it looked for a name for it, it would say: "This is justice itself." Under certain circumstances, which make it hesitate at first, it admits to itself that there are others who have the same rights as it does. Once it has settled this question of rank, it moves among these equals, these people with equal rights, with the same sureness, the same modesty and gentle respect, that it shows when dealing with itself. It does this by a kind of inborn heavenly mechanics, the kind that all the stars understand, the way stars keep their proper distances from one another. This fine tact and self-restraint with its equals is just one more part of its selfishness. Every star is a selfish one in this sense. The noble soul honors itself in these equals and in the rights it grants to them. It has no doubt that trading honors and rights back and forth is the heart of all dealings between people, and that this too belongs to the natural order of things. The noble soul gives in the same way that it takes: out of a passionate, easily stirred instinct to pay back, which lies deep at its core. Among equals, the idea of "mercy" or "grace" makes no sense and has no sweet smell. There may be a lofty way of letting gifts come down on you from above, and of drinking them in thirstily like drops of rain. But the noble soul has no talent for that art and that gesture. Its selfishness gets in the way here. It doesn't like to look "up" at all. It looks either straight ahead, slowly and level, or down. It knows that it stands up high.

266.

"You can truly respect only someone who does not go looking for himself." That is what Goethe wrote to Councillor Schlosser.

267.

The Chinese have a saying that mothers already teach their children: siao-sin, which means "make your heart small!" This is the real basic tendency of late, worn-out civilizations. I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, looking at us Europeans of today, would first of all notice how we make ourselves small. That alone would be enough to make us "go against his taste".

268.

So what, in the end, is it to be common, low? Words are sound-signs for ideas. And ideas are more or less clear picture-signs for feelings that come up again and again and tend to come together, for groups of feelings. To understand each other, it isn't enough to use the same words. You also have to use the same words for the same kind of inner experience. In the end, you have to have your experience in common. That is why people from one nation understand each other better than people from different nations, even when they speak the same language. Or rather: when people have lived together for a long time under similar conditions, with the same climate, the same land, the same dangers, the same needs, the same work, then something comes out of it that "understands itself": a nation, a people. In all their souls, the same set of experiences that keep coming back has won out over the rarer ones. Because of these shared experiences, people understand each other quickly, and faster and faster. The history of language is the history of a process of shortening things. And because they understand each other so quickly, they bond together, closer and

closer. The greater the danger, the greater the need to agree quickly and easily on what has to be done. Not misunderstanding each other in times of danger: that is something people simply cannot do without when they deal with one another. You can see this same test in every friendship or love affair. None of them lasts once one person discovers that the other, while using the same words, feels, means, senses, wants or fears something different. (The fear of "never-ending misunderstanding": that is the kindly guardian spirit that so often keeps a man and a woman from rushing into a union that their senses and heart are urging on them. It is that, and not some "spirit of the species" of the kind Schopenhauer talked about!) Which groups of feelings wake up fastest inside a soul, which ones speak up first and give the orders: that decides the whole ranking of people and values for that soul. In the end, it sets its list of what is good and valuable. What a person values gives away something about how his soul is built, and about what it sees as its conditions for living, its real needs. Now suppose that need has always brought together only those people who could point to similar needs and similar experiences with similar signs. Then, taken as a whole, it follows that the ease of sharing needs, which really means living through only average and common, low experiences, must have been the strongest of all the forces that have ruled over human beings so far. The more similar, more ordinary people always had the advantage, and they still do. The more select, the finer, the stranger people, the ones who are harder to understand, easily end up alone. Being cut off like that, they fall victim to accidents and seldom have children. You have to call up huge opposing forces to block this natural, all too natural "progressus in simile", this steady development of humans toward what is similar, ordinary, average, herd-like: toward what is common, low!

269.

The more a psychologist turns toward the rarer, more exceptional cases and people, the greater his danger of choking on pity. I mean a born psychologist, one who cannot help himself, a natural reader of souls. He needs toughness and cheerfulness, more than anyone else does. For the ruin, the going-under, of the higher kind of person, of souls made differently from others, is actually the rule. It is terrible to have such a rule always before your eyes. The psychologist who has discovered this going-under suffers many kinds of torment. He discovers this whole inner "hopelessness" of the higher kind of person, this eternal "Too late!" in every sense. He discovers it first once, and then almost always again, all through history. This torment may one day cause him to turn bitterly against his own fate and try to destroy himself, so that he himself is "ruined". In almost every psychologist you will notice a telltale fondness for, and pleasure in, spending time with ordinary, orderly people. This gives away that he always needs healing. He needs a kind of escape and forgetting, away from what his insights and his cuts into people, his "trade", have laid on his conscience. He is afraid of his own memory. When others give their judgments, he easily falls silent. He listens with a blank face while people honor, admire, love and glorify the very thing he has seen through. Or he goes further and hides his silence by openly agreeing with some surface opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation goes so far that it becomes horrifying. In exactly the place where he learned great pity alongside great contempt, the crowd, the educated people and the dreamy enthusiasts learn great reverence. They learn reverence for "great men" and marvels, for whose sake people bless and honor their fatherland, the earth, the dignity of mankind, and themselves. These are the ones young people are pointed toward and raised to look up to.... And who knows whether the very same thing has not happened in every great case so far: that the crowd worshipped a god, and the

"god" was only a poor animal led to sacrifice! Success has always been the greatest liar, and the "work" itself is a success. The great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer is disguised by what he created, until you can no longer recognize him. The "work" of the artist or the philosopher is what invents the person who created it, or who is supposed to have created it. The "great men", as people worship them, are small, bad pieces of fiction made up afterward. In the world of historical values, forgery rules, like the making of fake coins. Take these great poets, for example: Byron, Musset, Poe, Leopardi, Kleist, Gogol. Look at them as they simply are, and perhaps have to be. They are people of the moment: excited, sensual, childish, careless and sudden both in distrust and in trust. Their souls usually have some crack that they try to hide. Often they take revenge with their works for some inner stain. Often they soar upward in order to forget a memory that is far too faithful. Often they stray into the mud and almost fall in love with it, until they become like will-o'-the-wisps, the flickering lights around swamps, and pretend to be stars. The common people then call them idealists. Often they fight a long disgust, a ghost of disbelief that keeps coming back, that makes them cold and forces them to long for glory and to gobble up "faith in themselves" from the hands of drunken flatterers. What a torment these great artists, and higher kinds of people in general, are for anyone who has once seen through them! It is easy to understand that it is from women in particular that they so easily receive those outbursts of boundless, completely devoted pity. Women see clearly in the world of suffering, and sadly they are also eager to help and to rescue far beyond their strength. The crowd, above all the worshipping crowd, does not understand this pity and piles nosy and smug explanations on top of it. This pity regularly fools itself about how strong it is. A woman would like to believe that love can do anything; that is her real faith. Oh, the one who truly knows the heart can guess how poor, stupid, helpless, arrogant and mistaken even the best and deepest love is, and how it

destroys more easily than it saves! It is possible that beneath the holy legend and disguise of the life of Jesus lies hidden one of the most painful cases of martyrdom that comes from knowing about love. It would be the martyrdom of the most innocent and most longing heart, which never had enough of any human love. That heart demanded love, being loved, and nothing else, and it turned with harshness, with madness, with terrible outbursts against those who refused it love. It would be the story of a poor soul who was never satisfied and could never be satisfied in love. He had to invent hell in order to send there those who would not love him. And finally, having come to understand human love, he had to invent a God who is all love, all ability to love, a God who takes pity on human love because it is so very wretched and so ignorant! Whoever feels this way, whoever knows about love in this way, seeks death. But why dwell on such painful things? Assuming one doesn't have to.

270.

Think of every person who has suffered deeply. How deeply people are able to suffer almost decides the ranking of people and values. Such a person has a pride of the mind and a disgust. He is filled through and through, colored through and through, by a shuddering certainty. He is certain that through his suffering he knows more than the cleverest and wisest people can know. He is certain that he has known many distant, dreadful worlds and once been "at home" in them, worlds of which, as he would say, "you know nothing!"..... This silent pride of the mind in the one who suffers, this pride of someone chosen for knowledge, of the "initiated", of someone who was almost sacrificed, finds every kind of disguise necessary. It needs them to protect itself from being touched by pushy, pitying hands, and in general from everything that is not its equal in pain. Deep suffering makes a person noble, high-minded; it sets him apart. One of the most refined forms

of disguise is Epicureanism, the attitude of calm enjoyment, together with a certain bravery of taste, put on show from then on. This attitude takes suffering lightly and defends itself against everything sad and deep. There are "cheerful people" who use cheerfulness because it makes others misunderstand them: they want to be misunderstood. There are "scientific people" who use science because it gives a cheerful look, and because being scientific makes others conclude that a person is shallow: they want to lead others to a wrong conclusion. There are bold, cheeky free thinkers of a new kind who would like to hide and deny that they are broken, proud hearts that cannot be healed. And sometimes foolishness itself is the mask for an unhappy knowledge that is all too certain. From this it follows that a finer kind of humanity includes having respect "for the mask", and not poking around with psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271.

What separates two people most deeply is a different sense and degree of cleanliness. What good is all their decency and their usefulness to each other, what good is all their good will toward each other? In the end it still comes down to this: they "can't stand the smell of each other!" The highest instinct for cleanliness puts the person who has it into the strangest and most dangerous state of being alone, like a saint. For that is exactly what holiness is: the highest refinement into the mind of this instinct. It is a kind of shared knowing of an indescribable fullness in the happiness of bathing. It is a kind of burning desire and thirst that constantly drives the soul out of night into morning, and out of the murky and the "gloomy" into what is bright, shining, deep and fine. Such a leaning sets a person apart as a mark of distinction, for it is a noble, high-minded leaning. But just as much, it also separates. The pity of the saint is pity for the dirt of

what is human, all too human. And there are levels and heights where the saint feels pity itself as something unclean, as dirt.....

272.

Signs of being noble, high-minded: you never think of lowering your own duties into duties for everyone. You don't want to hand over your own responsibility, and you don't want to share it. And you count your privileges, and the use of them, among your duties.

273.

A person who strives for something great sees everyone he meets along his path in one of three ways. Either they are a tool, or they are a delay and an obstacle, or they are a place to rest for a while. The special, high kind of kindness he has toward other people only becomes possible once he has reached his peak and is in charge. Until then, he is impatient, and he knows he is doomed to keep acting in a kind of play. Even war is a play of this sort, because it hides the real goal, just as every means hides its end. This impatience and this knowledge spoil every relationship he has. This kind of person knows what being alone is like, including the most poisonous side of it.

274.

The problem of those who wait. Inside a higher kind of person, the answer to some problem may lie asleep. For such a person to get the chance to act at the right moment, to "break out," as you might say, takes strokes of luck and many things no one can predict. On average, it doesn't happen. In every corner of the earth there are people sitting and waiting. They hardly know in what way they are waiting, and they know even less that they are waiting for nothing. Sometimes the wake-up call comes too late. That is the chance event that gives them

"permission" to act. It comes when their best youth and strength for action has already been used up by sitting still. And how many people, just as they "jumped up," found to their horror that their limbs had fallen asleep and their mind had already grown too heavy! "It's too late," they told themselves. They had lost faith in themselves and were now useless forever. In the world of genius, could it be that the "Raphael without hands," meaning a great talent who lacks the means to act, taken in the widest sense, is not the exception but the rule? Perhaps genius is not so rare at all. What is rare are the five hundred hands it needs to bully the kairós, the Greek word for "the right moment," into obeying it, to grab chance by the hair!

275.

Someone who refuses to see what is high in a person looks all the more sharply at what is low and on the surface in him. And by doing so, he gives himself away.

276.

With every kind of injury and loss, the lower and cruder soul is better off than the nobler, more high-minded one. The dangers facing the nobler soul must be greater. Because its life depends on so many different conditions, the chance that it will come to grief and be destroyed is actually enormous. A lizard can grow back a finger it has lost. Not so with a human being.

277.

Bad enough! The same old story again! When you have finished building your house, you suddenly notice that you have learned something along the way, something you absolutely should have known before

you started to build. The endless, annoying cry of "Too late!" The sadness of everything that is finished!

278.

Wanderer, who are you? I see you going on your way, without scorn, without love, with eyes no one can read. You are damp and sad like a sounding weight, a lead weight dropped on a rope to measure how deep the water is, that has come back up into the light from every depth still unsatisfied. What was it looking for down there? You have a chest that does not sigh, lips that hide their disgust, a hand that now only reaches out slowly. Who are you? What have you done? Rest here. This place welcomes everyone. Recover your strength! And whoever you may be, what would please you now? What would help you rest? Just name it. Whatever I have, I offer to you! The wanderer answers: "To help me rest? To help me rest? Oh, you curious one, what are you saying! But give me, I beg you..." What? What? Say it! "One more mask! A second mask!"

279.

People who are deeply sad give themselves away when they are happy. They have a way of grabbing hold of happiness as if they wanted to crush it and smother it, out of jealousy. Oh, they know all too well that it will run away from them!

280.

Someone says: "Bad! Bad! What? Isn't he going backward?" Yes! But you misunderstand him if you complain about it. He is stepping back, the way anyone does who wants to take a great leap.

281.

A man says: "Will anyone believe me? But I insist that people believe me. I have only ever thought badly of myself and about myself, and only in very rare cases, only when forced to, always without any desire to 'get to the point,' always ready to drift away from 'me,' and always without faith in the result. That comes from a distrust I cannot overcome, a distrust that we can ever really know ourselves. This distrust has gone so far that even the idea of 'immediate knowledge,' which the theorists allow themselves, strikes me as a contradiction in terms. This whole fact is almost the surest thing I know about myself. There must be some kind of unwillingness in me to believe anything definite about myself. Is there perhaps a riddle in that? Probably. But luckily it is not one for my own teeth to bite on. Maybe it reveals what species I belong to? But it doesn't reveal it to me, and that suits me well enough."

282.

"But what happened to you?" "I don't know," he said hesitantly. "Maybe the Harpies flew over my table." The Harpies were monsters from Greek legend who swooped down and spoiled people's food. These days it sometimes happens that a gentle, moderate, reserved person suddenly goes wild. He smashes the plates, knocks over the table, shouts, rages, insults everybody, and finally goes off to the side, ashamed and furious with himself. Where to? What for? To starve on his own? To choke on his memory? Someone who has the appetites of a high, choosy soul, and only rarely finds his table set and his food ready, will be in great danger in any age. But today the danger is extraordinary. He has been thrown into a noisy, mob-like age that he doesn't want to eat from the same bowl with. So he can easily die of hunger and thirst. Or, if in the end he does "dig in," he can die of sudden disgust. We have probably all sat at tables where we didn't

belong. And it is exactly those of us with the most intellectual depth, who are the hardest to feed, who know that dangerous indigestion. It comes from suddenly seeing clearly, and being let down by, our food and the people sitting next to us. It is disgust after dessert.

283.

Suppose you want to praise at all. Then it is a fine and also a noble, high-minded kind of self-control to praise only where you do not agree. Otherwise you would really be praising yourself, and that goes against good taste. Of course, this self-control gives people a handy reason and occasion to misunderstand you all the time. To be allowed this true luxury of taste and morals, you must not live among people who are clumsy in mind. You must live among people whose misunderstandings and mistakes are still amusing because they are so subtle. Otherwise you will pay dearly for it! "He praises me, so he must agree with me." This donkey-like way of reasoning ruins half the life of us loners, because it brings the donkeys into our neighborhood and our circle of friends.

284.

Live with a huge and proud calm, always beyond. Have your emotions, your for and against, or don't have them, just as you choose. Lower yourself to them for a few hours. Get up on them the way you would get on horses, and often the way you would get on donkeys. For you have to know how to use their stupidity as well as their fire. Keep your three hundred surfaces, the outer faces you show. Keep your dark glasses too, because there are times when no one may look into our eyes, and even less into our "reasons," the deeper grounds beneath. And pick, as your companion, that sly and cheerful vice called politeness. And stay master of your four virtues: courage, insight, sympathy, and being alone. For among us, being alone is a

virtue. It is a lofty urge and longing for cleanliness, which senses how unavoidably unclean things must get when people touch each other, "in society." Every community, somehow, somewhere, sometime, makes a person "common, low."

285.

The greatest events and thoughts are understood last of all. And the greatest thoughts are in fact the greatest events. The generations who live at the same time as them do not really experience these events. They live right past them. Something happens here like what happens among the stars. The light from the farthest stars is the last to reach people. And until it has arrived, people deny that there are any stars out there at all. "How many centuries does a mind need before it is understood?" That is also a way of measuring. With it, you can also set up a ranking of people and values, and a proper order of who comes first, as is needed: both for minds and for stars.

286.

"Here the view is open, and the mind is lifted up." But there is an opposite kind of person, who also stands up high and also has an open view, but looks down.

287.

What is noble, high-minded? What does the word "noble" still mean to us today? How do you spot a noble person, what gives him away, under this heavy, overcast sky of the mob beginning to rule, a sky that makes everything murky and gray as lead? It is not his actions that prove it. Actions can always be read in many ways, and you can never get to the bottom of them. It is not his "works" either. Today you can find plenty of artists and scholars whose works show that they are

driven by a deep longing for what is noble. But this very need for nobility is completely different from the needs of a noble soul itself. In fact, it is the loud and dangerous sign that nobility is missing. It is not the works that decide here. It is faith that decides and that sets the ranking of people and values. I am taking up an old religious saying here, but with a new and deeper meaning. What I mean by faith is some basic certainty that a noble soul has about itself. It is something that cannot be searched for, cannot be found, and perhaps cannot be lost either. The noble soul has deep respect for itself.

288.

There are people who simply cannot help having a mind. They can twist and turn as much as they like, and hold their hands in front of their eyes, which give them away. (As if the hand did not give you away too!) In the end it always comes out that they have something they are hiding, namely a mind. One of the cleverest ways to fool people for as long as possible, and to successfully act dumber than you are, is enthusiasm. In everyday, ordinary life, acting dumber is often as useful as an umbrella. And along with enthusiasm comes everything that belongs to it, for example virtue. For, as Galiani said, and he ought to know: "virtue is enthusiasm."

289.

When you read what a loner has written, you always hear something of the echo of empty wilderness in it. You hear something of the whisper and the shy, nervous glancing around that come from being alone. Even in his strongest words, even in his scream, there is still a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of keeping things unsaid. Think of someone who has sat alone with his own soul, year in and year out, day and night, in close quarrels and private conversations. Think of someone who, in his cave, became a cave bear, or a treasure hunter, or

a treasure guard and dragon. That cave might be a maze, but it might also be a gold mine. In the end, even the ideas of such a person take on a twilight color of their own. They have a smell that is as much of the deep as of rot. They have something unwilling about them, something that will not be shared, that blows coldly on anyone who passes by. The loner does not believe that any philosopher has ever put his real and final opinions into books. He assumes that a philosopher was always a loner first. Don't people write books precisely to hide what they keep inside themselves? In fact, he will even doubt whether a philosopher can have "final and real" opinions at all. He wonders whether behind every cave there is, and must be, an even deeper cave. Beyond every surface there is a wider, stranger, richer world. Behind every ground there is a bottomless pit, beneath every "grounding" or reason. Every philosophy is a philosophy of the surface. That is a loner's judgment. He says: "There is something random about the fact that the philosopher stopped here, looked back, looked around, that he did not dig any deeper here and put down his spade. And there is something suspicious about it too." Every philosophy also hides another philosophy. Every opinion is also a hiding place, and every word is also a mask.

290.

Every deep thinker is more afraid of being understood than of being misunderstood. Being misunderstood may hurt his vanity. But being understood hurts his heart, his feeling for others, which always says: "Oh, why do you want to have it as hard as I do?"

291.

Man is an animal with many sides, full of lies, artificial, and hard to see through. Other animals find him creepy and dangerous less because of his strength than because of his cunning and cleverness. Man

invented the good conscience so that, for once, he could enjoy his soul as something simple. And all of morality is one long, bold forgery, a fake, which is the only thing that makes it possible to take any pleasure in looking at the soul at all. Seen this way, perhaps much more belongs to the idea of "art" than people usually think.

292.

A philosopher: that is a person who is constantly experiencing, seeing, hearing, suspecting, hoping, and dreaming extraordinary things. He is struck by his own thoughts as if they came from outside, from above and below, as if they were events and lightning bolts of a kind meant for him. He himself is perhaps a thunderstorm, heavy with new lightning about to break. He is a fateful person, around whom there is always rumbling and growling and cracking open, and something eerie going on. A philosopher: oh, a being who often runs away from himself, who is often afraid of himself, but who is too curious not to keep coming back to himself, again and again.

293.

Picture a man who says: "I like this. I will make it my own, and I will protect it and defend it against anyone." Picture a man who can lead a cause, carry a decision through to the end, stay loyal to an idea, hold on to a woman, and punish and knock down someone who dares too much. Picture a man who has his anger and his sword, a man to whom the weak, the suffering, the hard-pressed, and even the animals gladly turn, and to whom they belong by nature. In short, a man who is a master by nature. If a man like that feels pity, well then, that pity is worth something! But what does the pity of people who are suffering themselves matter? Or the pity of people who go around preaching pity? Today, almost everywhere in Europe, there is a sick touchiness and sensitivity to pain. There is also a disgusting inability to hold

back complaints, a going soft, which likes to dress itself up as something higher with religion and philosophical odds and ends. There is a real cult of suffering, a kind of worship of it. In my view, the first thing that always jumps out at you is how unmanly it is, this thing that such groups of dreamy enthusiasts have named "pity." We must banish this newest kind of bad taste, firmly and completely. And in the end I wish that people would hang a good-luck charm around their heart and neck to protect them against it: the charm called "gai saber," joyful wisdom, or, to spell it out for the Germans, "the cheerful science."

294.

The vice of the Olympian gods. There was a philosopher, a true Englishman, who tried to give laughter a bad name among all thinking people. Hobbes said: "Laughter is a bad weakness of human nature, which every thinking mind will try to overcome." In spite of him, I would even allow myself to set up a ranking of people and values among philosophers, based on how high their laughter ranks, all the way up to those who are capable of golden laughter. And suppose the gods also do philosophy, which several lines of reasoning have already pushed me to believe. Then I have no doubt that while they do it, they also know how to laugh in a new way, a way beyond human beings, and at the expense of all serious things! Gods love to mock. It seems they cannot stop laughing even during holy ceremonies.

295.

Think of the genius of the heart, as that great hidden one has it: the god who tempts, the born Pied Piper who lures away people's consciences, the one whose voice knows how to climb down into the underworld of every soul. He does not say a single word or cast a single glance that does not hold some hidden thought, some fold of tempta-

tion. Part of his mastery is that he knows how to put on an appearance, a seeming. And it is not the appearance of what he really is. It is an appearance that becomes one more pull on those who follow him, making them press ever closer to him and follow him ever more deeply and completely. This genius of the heart makes everything loud and self-satisfied fall silent, and teaches it to listen. It smooths rough souls and gives them a taste of a new longing: to lie still like a mirror, so that the deep sky can be reflected in them. This genius of the heart teaches the clumsy, hasty hand to hold back and to take hold more gently. It guesses where the hidden and forgotten treasure lies, the drop of kindness and sweet intellectual depth under thick, murky ice. It is like a divining rod that finds every grain of gold that has long lain buried in a prison of mud and sand. This genius of the heart: everyone who is touched by it goes away richer. Not as if they had received a gift by grace, or been surprised, or made happy and at the same time weighed down by something that belongs to someone else. No, they go away richer in themselves, newer to themselves than before, broken open, breathed on and listened through by a warm wind that melts the ice. Perhaps they are less sure of themselves, more tender, more fragile, more broken, but full of hopes that have no name yet, full of new will and new flowing, full of new unwillingness and flowing back... But what am I doing, my friends? Who am I talking to you about? Did I forget myself so far that I did not even tell you his name? Unless, of course, you have already guessed on your own who this questionable spirit, this mind and god, is, who wants to be praised in this way. It is like this: as happens to anyone who has been on the road and in foreign lands since childhood, I too have crossed paths with many strange and rather dangerous spirits. But above all I have met the one I was just speaking of, and him again and again. He is no less than the god Dionysus, that great two-faced one, the god who tempts. Long ago, as you know, I offered him my first work, in complete secrecy and deep respect. I was, it seems to me, the last person

to offer him a sacrifice, because I found no one who understood what I was doing back then. Since then I have learned much, far too much, about this god's philosophy, and, as I said, straight from his own mouth. I am the last disciple of the god Dionysus, the last one let in on his secrets. So perhaps I may finally begin to give you, my friends, a little taste of this philosophy, as far as I am allowed? In a low voice, of course, as is fitting, because it deals with many things that are secret, new, foreign, strange, and uncanny. Even the fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and so that gods also do philosophy, seems to me a piece of news that is not harmless. It might stir up distrust, especially among philosophers. Among you, my friends, it will meet less resistance, unless it comes too late and at the wrong moment. For, as someone has told me, these days you do not like to believe in God or in gods. Perhaps, too, I will have to go further in the frankness of my story than the strict habits of your ears always find pleasant? Certainly the god I have named went further in our conversations, much further, and he was always many steps ahead of me... In fact, if I were allowed to give him, the way people usually do, beautiful, solemn, showy names of virtue, I would have a lot of praise to offer: praise for his courage as an explorer and discoverer, for his daring honesty, his truthfulness, and his love of wisdom. But a god like this has no use for all that honorable junk and showiness. "Keep that," he would say, "for yourself and your kind, and for anyone else who needs it! I have no reason to cover my nakedness!" You can guess what this means: perhaps this kind of god and philosopher lacks modesty, lacks shame? Once he said: "Under certain conditions I love human beings." And as he said this, he was hinting at Ariadne, who was there with us. "To me, the human being is a pleasant, brave, inventive animal with no equal on earth. It finds its way even through every labyrinth. I am fond of it. I often think about how I can push it further forward and make it stronger, more evil, and deeper than it is." "Stronger, more evil, and deeper?" I asked, alarmed. "Yes," he said once more,

"stronger, more evil, and deeper. Also more beautiful." And with that the god who tempts smiled his calm, serene smile, as if he had just paid someone a charming compliment. Here we see something else at the same time: this god lacks more than just shame. And in general there are good reasons to suspect that, in some ways, all the gods could come to us humans to learn. We humans are... more humane...

296.

Oh, what have you become, my thoughts that I wrote down and painted? Not long ago you were still so colorful, so young and so full of mischief. You were full of thorns and secret spices, so that you made me sneeze and laugh. And now? You have already taken off your newness like a piece of clothing, and some of you, I'm afraid, are ready to turn into truths. That is how undying they already look, so heart-breakingly upright and proper, so boring! But was it ever any different? What kinds of things do we actually copy down and paint, we Chinese scholars with our fine brushes, we who make lasting only the things that can be written down? What are we really able to paint? Oh, only ever the things that are just about to wilt and are starting to lose their smell! Oh, only ever storms that are moving away and worn out, and yellow, late feelings, like the leaves of autumn! Oh, only ever birds that have flown until they were tired, that have lost their way, and that now let themselves be caught by hand, by our hand! We make lasting only what cannot live and fly much longer, only tired and worn-out things! And it is only your afternoon, my written and painted thoughts, that I have colors for. Many colors, maybe, many colorful tender touches, and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds. But from all that, no one will guess how you looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and wonders that came to me while I was alone, you, my old, beloved, wicked thoughts!

From High Mountains

An Ending Song

Oh, noon of life! A solemn, special time! Oh, summer garden! A restless happiness as I stand and look out and wait. I am waiting for my friends, ready day and night. Where are you, friends? Come! It's time! It's time!

Wasn't it for you that the gray glacier decorated itself with roses today, glowing pink in the light? The stream is looking for you. The wind and the clouds push and shove each other, full of longing, higher into the blue sky today, to look out for you from the farthest bird's-eye view.

My table was set for you up at the very highest place. Who lives as close to the stars as I do? Who lives as close to the most terrible depths of the abyss? My kingdom: what kingdom has ever stretched out farther? And my honey, the sweet things I have to offer: who has ever tasted it?

And there you are, friends! But oh no, it isn't me you wanted to come to? You hesitate, you stare in surprise. Oh, I wish you were angry with me instead! Am I no longer me? Have my hand, my step, my face all been swapped for someone else's? And what I am to you, my friends, am I not that anymore?

Have I become someone else? A stranger even to myself? Have I run away from myself? Am I a wrestler who has beaten himself too often? Who has pushed against his own strength too often, and been wounded and held back by his own victory?

Did I go looking for the place where the wind blows the sharpest? Did I learn to live where no one lives, in empty lands where only polar bears live? Did I forget how to deal with people and with God, forget how to curse and how to pray? Did I become a ghost that walks over glaciers?

You old friends! Look! Now you turn pale, full of love and full of horror! No, go! Don't be angry! You could not live here. Here, between the farthest kingdoms of ice and rock, you have to be a hunter, and as sure-footed as a mountain goat.

I have become a wicked hunter! Look how tightly my bow is drawn! It took the strongest of all to pull it back that far. But beware now! This arrow is dangerous like no other arrow. Get away from here! For your own good!

You turn away? Oh, my heart, you have put up with enough, and your hope stayed strong. Keep your doors open for new friends! Let the old ones go! Let go of the memories! If you were young once, now you are young in a better way!

Whatever once tied us together, the bond of a shared hope: who can still read the faded signs that love once wrote into it? I compare it to an old piece of parchment that your hand is afraid to touch, because, like the bond between us, it has gone brown and looks burnt.

These aren't friends anymore. They are, what should I call them? Only the ghosts of friends! They still knock at my heart and at my window at night. They look at me and say: "But we were your friends, weren't we?" Oh, what a wilted word, that once smelled like roses!

Oh, the longing of my youth, which didn't understand itself! The friends I longed for, the ones I imagined had changed into people like me and become my kin, have been driven away because they grew old. Only someone who keeps changing stays truly related to me.

Oh, noon of life! A second youth! Oh, summer garden! A restless happiness as I stand and look out and wait! I am waiting for my friends, ready day and night, for my new friends! Come! It's time! It's time!

This song is over. The sweet cry of longing has died away in my mouth. A magician did it, the friend who came at the right moment,

the friend of noon. No, don't ask who he is! It was at noon, when one became two.

Now we celebrate, sure of our shared victory, the greatest celebration of all: our friend Zarathustra has come, the guest of all guests! Now the world laughs, the terrible curtain has torn open, and the wedding day of light and darkness has arrived.

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