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Friedrich Nietzsche

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Friedrich Nietzsche

How One Becomes What One Is

Faithful translation

Translated from the German by Blue Energy People, Inc. (SUN), with AI assistance from Claude Opus 5.5.

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Friedrich Nietzsche

Ecce Homo

How One Becomes What One Is

Foreword

1.

Foreseeing that I must shortly approach mankind with the heaviest demand ever made of it, it seems to me indispensable to say who I am. At bottom one ought to know it already: for I have not "left myself without witness". But the disproportion between the greatness of my task and the smallness of my contemporaries has found expression in the fact that I have been neither heard nor even so much as seen. I live on my own credit; is it perhaps merely a prejudice that I live?... I need only speak with any one of the "cultured" who come to the Upper Engadine in summer to convince myself that I do not live... Under these circumstances there is a duty against which my habit, and still more the pride of my instincts, revolts at bottom, namely to say: Hear me! for I am such and such. Above all, do not mistake me for someone else!

2.

I am, for example, by no means a bugbear, no moral monster; I am even a nature opposed to the kind of man who has hitherto been revered as virtuous. Between ourselves, it seems to me that precisely this is part of my pride. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus; I would rather be a satyr than a saint. But just read this writing. Perhaps I have succeeded; perhaps this writing had no other meaning than to give expression to this opposition in a cheerful and philanthropic manner. The last thing I would promise would be to "improve" mankind. No new idols are erected by me; let the old ones learn what it means to have legs of clay. Overthrowing idols (my word for "ideals") - that is rather more my trade. Reality has been robbed of its

value, its meaning, its truthfulness to the same degree that an ideal world was fabricated... The "true world" and the "apparent world" - in plain German: the fabricated world and reality... The lie of the ideal has hitherto been the curse upon reality; through it mankind itself has become mendacious and false down to its deepest instincts, to the point of worshipping the inverse of those values which alone would guarantee it prosperity, a future, the high right to a future.

3.

He who knows how to breathe the air of my writings knows that it is an air of the heights, a strong air. One must be made for it, otherwise the danger of catching cold in it is no small one. The ice is near, the solitude is tremendous - but how calmly all things lie in the light! how freely one breathes! how much one feels beneath oneself! - Philosophy, as I have hitherto understood and lived it, is the voluntary life in ice and high mountains - the seeking out of everything strange and questionable in existence, of all that has hitherto been placed under a ban by morality. From long experience, gained on such a wandering through the forbidden, I learned to view the causes from which men have hitherto moralised and idealised very differently from what may be desired: the hidden history of the philosophers, the psychology of their great names, came to light for me. - How much truth does a spirit endure, how much truth does it dare? that became for me more and more the real measure of value. Error (- the belief in the ideal -) is not blindness, error is cowardice... Every attainment, every step forward in knowledge follows from courage, from hardness towards oneself, from cleanliness towards oneself... I do not refute ideals, I merely put on gloves in their presence... Nitimur in vetitum: in this sign my philosophy will one day conquer, for what has hitherto been forbidden on principle has always been the truth alone. -

4.

Within my writings my Zarathustra stands by itself. With it I have given mankind the greatest gift that has ever been given to it. This book, with a voice reaching across millennia, is not only the highest book there is, the true book of the air of the heights - the whole fact of man lies at a tremendous distance beneath it -, it is also the deepest, born out of the innermost wealth of truth, an inexhaustible well into which no bucket descends without coming up filled with gold and goodness. Here speaks no "prophet", none of those gruesome hybrids of sickness and will to power that are called founders of religions. Above all one must rightly hear the tone that issues from this mouth, this halcyon tone, so as not to do pitiable wrong to the meaning of its wisdom. "It is the stillest words that bring the storm; thoughts that come on doves' feet steer the world."

The figs are falling from the trees, they are good and sweet: and as they fall their red skin bursts. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, these teachings fall to you, my friends: now drink their juice and their sweet flesh! It is autumn all around, and clear sky, and afternoon -

Here speaks no fanatic, here there is no "preaching", here no faith is demanded: out of an infinite fullness of light and depth of happiness falls drop upon drop, word upon word; a tender slowness is the tempo of these discourses. Such things reach only the most chosen; it is a privilege without equal to be a listener here; no one is free to have ears for Zarathustra... Is Zarathustra, with all this, not a seducer?... But what does he himself say when for the first time he returns again to his solitude? Precisely the opposite of what any "sage", "saint", "world-redeemer" and other décadent would say in such a case... He not only speaks differently, he also is different...

Alone I go now, my disciples! You too go away now, and alone! Thus I will it.

Go away from me and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he deceived you.

The man of knowledge must not only love his enemies, he must also be able to hate his friends.

One repays a teacher badly if one always remains only the pupil. And why will you not pluck at my wreath?

You revere me: but what if one day your reverence topples over? Beware lest a statue strike you dead!

You say you believe in Zarathustra? But what does Zarathustra matter! You are my believers, but what do any believers matter!

You had not yet sought yourselves: then you found me. So do all believers; that is why all faith amounts to so little.

Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you...

Friedrich Nietzsche.

On this perfect day, when everything is ripening and not only the grape grows brown, a glance of sunlight has just fallen upon my life: I looked backward, I looked out, I never saw so many and such good things at once. Not in vain did I bury my forty-fourth year today; I was entitled to bury it - what was life in it is saved, is immortal. The Revaluation of All Values, the Dionysus Dithyrambs and, for recreation, the Twilight of the Idols - all gifts of this year, even of its last quarter! How should I not be grateful to my whole life? And so I tell myself my life.

Why I Am So Wise.

1.

The good fortune of my existence, its uniqueness perhaps, lies in its fatality: to put it in the form of a riddle, as my father I have already died, as my mother I still live and am growing old. This double descent, as it were from the topmost and the lowest rung on the ladder of life, at once décadent and beginning — this, if anything, explains that neutrality, that freedom from partisanship in relation to the overall problem of life, which perhaps distinguishes me. I have a finer nose for the signs of ascent and decline than any human being has ever had; I am the teacher par excellence in this matter — I know both, I am both. — My father died at the age of thirty-six: he was delicate, lovable and morbid, like a being destined only to pass by — a gracious reminder of life rather than life itself. In the same year in which his life went downhill, mine too went downhill: in my thirty-sixth year I reached the lowest point of my vitality — I was still living, yet without seeing three paces ahead of me. At that time — it was 1879 — I resigned my professorship at Basel, lived through the summer like a shadow in St. Moritz and the following winter, the most sunless of my life, as a shadow in Naumburg. This was my minimum: "The Wanderer and His Shadow" came into being during that time. Without a doubt, I understood a thing or two about shadows back then... In the winter after that, my first winter in Genoa, that sweetening and spiritualization which is almost conditioned by an extreme poverty of blood and muscle brought forth "Daybreak". The perfect brightness and cheerfulness, even exuberance of spirit, which that work reflects, is compatible in me not only with the most profound physiological weakness, but even with an excess of pain. In the midst

of torments brought on by an uninterrupted three-day headache together with laborious vomiting of phlegm — I possessed a dialectician's clarity par excellence and thought through, very coldbloodedly, things for which, in healthier circumstances, I am not climber enough, not refined enough, not cold enough. My readers may know to what extent I regard dialectic as a symptom of décadence, for example in the most famous case of all: the case of Socrates. — All morbid disturbances of the intellect, even that half-stupor which follows in the train of fever, have remained utterly foreign things to me up to this day, about whose nature and frequency I first had to inform myself by learned means. My blood runs slowly. No one has ever been able to detect fever in me. A doctor who treated me for some time as a nervous case said at last: "No! It is not your nerves, it is only I who am nervous." Absolutely no local degeneration of any kind demonstrable; no organically conditioned stomach ailment, however much, as a consequence of general exhaustion, the most profound weakness of the gastric system. The eye ailment too, at times dangerously approaching blindness, only a consequence, not a cause: so that with every increase in vital strength my power of sight has increased again as well. — A long, all too long series of years signifies convalescence for me — unfortunately it also signifies at the same time relapse, decay, the periodicity of a kind of décadence. Need I say, after all this, that I am experienced in questions of décadence? I have spelled it out forwards and backwards. Even that filigree art of grasping and comprehending in general, those fingers for nuances, that psychology of "seeing around corners" and whatever else is peculiar to me, was first learned at that time, is the true gift of that period, in which everything in me grew more refined, observation itself as well as all the organs of observation. To look from the optics of the sick towards healthier concepts and values, and again conversely, from the fullness and self-assurance of rich life, to look down into the secret work of the instinct of décadence — that was my longest exer-

cise, my real experience; if I became master in anything, it was in this. I now have it in hand, I have the hand for it, to reverse perspectives: the first reason why for me alone, perhaps, a "revaluation of values" is at all possible.

2.

For, apart from the fact that I am a décadent, I am also its opposite. My proof of this is, among other things, that I always instinctively chose the right remedies against bad conditions: whereas the décadent as such always chooses the remedies that are harmful to him. As summa summarum I was healthy; as a corner, as a speciality, I was décadent. That energy for absolute isolation and for detaching myself from accustomed circumstances, the compulsion I exerted against myself no longer to let myself be cared for, waited on, doctored — this betrays an unconditional certainty of instinct about what was needed above all at that time. I took myself in hand, I made myself healthy again: the condition for this — any physiologist will grant it — is that one be fundamentally healthy. A typically morbid being cannot become healthy, still less make itself healthy; for one who is typically healthy, on the contrary, being ill can even be an energetic stimulus to life, to more life. That, in fact, is how that long period of illness now appears to me: I discovered life anew, as it were, myself included, I tasted all good and even small things as others could not easily taste them — I made my philosophy out of my will to health, to life... For let this be noted: it was in the years of my lowest vitality that I ceased to be a pessimist: the instinct of self-restoration forbade me a philosophy of poverty and discouragement... And by what, at bottom, does one recognize well-turned-outness! By the fact that a well-turned-out human being does our senses good: that he is carved from wood that is at once hard, delicate and fragrant. He has a taste only for what is wholesome for him; his pleasure, his delight

ceases where the measure of the wholesome is overstepped. He divines remedies against injuries, he turns bad accidents to his advantage; what does not kill him makes him stronger. He instinctively gathers his sum from everything he sees, hears, experiences: he is a selective principle, he lets much fall through. He is always in his own company, whether he consorts with books, people or landscapes: he honours by choosing, by admitting, by trusting. He reacts slowly to every kind of stimulus, with that slowness which a long caution and a willed pride have bred into him — he tests the stimulus that approaches, he is far from going out to meet it. He believes neither in "misfortune" nor in "guilt": he comes to terms, with himself, with others, he knows how to forget — he is strong enough that everything must turn out for the best for him. — Well then, I am the counterpart of a décadent: for I have just described myself.

3.

I consider it a great privilege to have had such a father: the peasants to whom he preached — for after he had lived some years at the court of Altenburg, he was a preacher in his last years — said that this must surely be how an angel looks. — And with this I touch upon the question of race. I am a Polish nobleman pur sang, in whom not one drop of bad blood is mixed, least of all German. When I seek the deepest contrast to myself, the incalculable vulgarity of the instincts, I always find my mother and sister — to believe myself related to such canaille would be a blasphemy against my divinity. The treatment I receive at the hands of my mother and sister, up to this very moment, fills me with unspeakable horror: here a perfect infernal machine is at work, with unfailing certainty as to the moment when I can be wounded until I bleed — in my highest moments,... for then all strength is lacking to defend oneself against poisonous vermin... Physiological contiguity makes possible such a disharmonia praestabilita... But I confess that

the deepest objection to the "eternal recurrence", my truly abysmal thought, is always mother and sister. — But even as a Pole I am a tremendous atavism. One would have to go back centuries to find this noblest race that ever existed on earth as pure in instinct as I represent it. Towards everything that today is called noblesse I have a sovereign feeling of distinction — I would not grant the young German Kaiser the honour of being my coachman. There is one single case in which I acknowledge my equal — I confess it with deep gratitude. Frau Cosima Wagner is by far the noblest nature; and, so that I may say not one word too few, I say that Richard Wagner was by far the man most akin to me... The rest is silence... All prevailing notions about degrees of kinship are a physiological absurdity that cannot be surpassed. The Pope still trades in this absurdity today. One is least related to one's parents: it would be the ultimate sign of vulgarity to be related to one's parents. Higher natures have their origin infinitely further back; for them, there has had to be gathering, saving, hoarding for the longest time. The great individuals are the oldest: I do not understand it, but Julius Caesar could be my father — or Alexander, this Dionysus incarnate... At this very moment, as I write this, the post brings me a head of Dionysus...

4.

I have never understood the art of prejudicing others against me — this too I owe to my incomparable father — and not even when it seemed to me of great value. I am not even, however unchristian this may seem, prejudiced against myself. Turn my life this way and that as you will, you will find in it, that One case excepted, no traces of anyone having harboured ill will towards me — but perhaps rather too many traces of good will... My experiences even with those of whom everyone has bad experiences speak without exception in their favour; I tame every bear, I make even buffoons well-behaved. In the

seven years during which I taught Greek in the highest class of the Basel Pädagogium, I never had occasion to impose a punishment; the laziest were diligent with me. I am always equal to chance; I must be unprepared in order to be master of myself. The instrument, be it what it may, be it as out of tune as only the instrument "man" can be put out of tune — I would have to be ill if I did not succeed in drawing from it something worth hearing. And how often I have heard from the "instruments" themselves that they had never heard themselves sound like that... Most beautifully, perhaps, from that Heinrich von Stein who died unforgivably young, who once, after carefully obtaining permission, appeared in Sils-Maria for three days, explaining to everyone that he had not come for the sake of the Engadine. This excellent man, who with all the impetuous simplicity of a Prussian Junker had waded into the Wagnerian swamp (— and into the Dühringian one besides!), was during these three days as if transformed by a storm wind of freedom, like one who is suddenly lifted to his height and given wings. I kept telling him that it was the good air up here that did it, that it was so for everyone, that one was not 6000 feet above Bayreuth for nothing — but he would not believe me... If, nonetheless, many a misdeed, small and great, has been committed against me, it was not "the will", least of all ill will, that was the cause: rather I would have to complain — I hinted at it just now — of the good will that has wrought no small mischief in my life. My experiences give me a right to mistrust in general regarding the so-called "selfless" drives, the whole "love of one's neighbour" that stands ever ready with counsel and deed. To me it counts in itself as weakness, as a particular case of the inability to resist stimuli — pity is called a virtue only among décadents. I reproach those given to pity with this: that they easily lose shame, reverence, the delicate feeling for distances; that pity in no time smells of the mob and looks deceptively like bad manners — that pitying hands can, under certain circumstances, reach downright destructively into a great destiny, into an

isolation amid wounds, into a privilege of grave guilt. I count the overcoming of pity among the noble virtues: as "Zarathustra's temptation" I invented a case in which a great cry of distress comes to him, in which pity seeks to fall upon him like a last sin, to estrange him from himself. To remain master here, here to keep the height of one's task pure of the far lower and more short-sighted impulses that are at work in so-called selfless actions — that is the test, the last test perhaps, that a Zarathustra has to pass — his real proof of strength...

5.

In yet another respect, too, I am merely my father once more and, as it were, his continued life after an all too early death. Like everyone who never lived among his equals and to whom the concept "retribution" is as inaccessible as, say, the concept "equal rights," I forbid myself, in cases where some small or very great folly is committed against me, every countermeasure, every protective measure, — and, as is only fair, also every defence, every "justification." My kind of retribution consists in sending a piece of cleverness after the stupidity as quickly as possible: that way one may perhaps still catch up with it. To speak in a parable: I send a pot of preserves in order to be rid of a sour affair... One need only do me some ill, and I "repay" it, of that one may be sure: before long I find an occasion to express my thanks to the "evildoer" (sometimes even for the evil deed) — or to ask him for something, which can be more obliging than giving something... It also seems to me that the rudest word, the rudest letter, are still more good-natured, still more honest than silence. Those who keep silent are almost always lacking in delicacy and courtesy of the heart; silence is an objection, swallowing things down necessarily makes for a bad character, — it even ruins the stomach. All who keep silent are dyspeptic. — One sees that I would not have rudeness underestimated; it is by far the most humane form of contradiction and, amid modern ef-

feminacy, one of our foremost virtues. — If one is rich enough for it, it is even a piece of good fortune to be in the wrong. A god who came to earth would be permitted to do nothing at all but wrong, — to take upon oneself not the punishment but the guilt would be divine only then.

6.

Freedom from ressentiment, enlightenment about ressentiment — who knows how deeply I am, in the end, indebted to my long illness for this too! The problem is not exactly simple: one must have experienced it from out of strength and from out of weakness. If anything at all must be urged against being sick, against being weak, it is that in this state man's real instinct of healing, that is, his instinct of defence and arms, grows worn and brittle. One knows not how to get free of anything, one knows not how to have done with anything, one knows not how to thrust anything back, — everything wounds. People and things come obtrusively close, experiences strike too deep, memory is a festering wound. Being sick is itself a kind of ressentiment. — Against this the sick man has only One great remedy — I call it Russian fatalism, that fatalism without revolt with which a Russian soldier, finding the campaign too hard, at last lies down in the snow. No longer accepting anything at all, taking anything on, taking anything in, — no longer reacting at all... The great reason of this fatalism, which is not always merely the courage for death, as something life-preserving under the most life-threatening circumstances, is the lowering of the metabolism, its slowing down, a kind of will to hibernation. A few steps further in this logic, and one has the fakir who sleeps for weeks in a grave... Because one would use oneself up too quickly if one reacted at all, one no longer reacts at all: this is the logic. And nothing burns one up more swiftly than the affects of ressentiment. Vexation, morbid vulnerability, impotence for revenge, the

lust, the thirst for revenge, poison-brewing in every sense — for the exhausted this is surely the most harmful way of reacting: a rapid consumption of nervous energy, a morbid increase of harmful secretions, of bile into the stomach, for example, is its consequence. Ressentiment is the forbidden in itself for the sick man — his evil: unfortunately also his most natural inclination. — That profound physiologist Buddha grasped this. His "religion," which one might better call a hygiene, so as not to confuse it with things as pitiable as Christianity, made its efficacy dependent on victory over ressentiment: to free the soul of it — first step towards recovery. "Not by enmity is enmity ended, by friendship is enmity ended": this stands at the beginning of Buddha's teaching — thus speaks not morality, thus speaks physiology. — Ressentiment, born of weakness, harmful to no one more than to the weak man himself, — in the other case, where a rich nature is the presupposition, a superfluous feeling, a feeling over which to remain master is almost the proof of richness. Whoever knows the seriousness with which my philosophy has taken up the fight against the feelings of vengeance and rancour, even into the doctrine of "free will" — the fight against Christianity is only a single instance of it — will understand why I bring my personal conduct, my sureness of instinct in practice, to light precisely here. In times of décadence I forbade them to myself as harmful; as soon as life was once again rich and proud enough for it, I forbade them to myself as beneath me. That "Russian fatalism" of which I spoke showed itself in me in that I clung tenaciously for years to almost unbearable situations, places, lodgings, company, once they had been given, by chance, — it was better than changing them, than feeling them to be changeable, — than rebelling against them... Disturbing me in this fatalism, forcibly waking me, I took mortally amiss at the time: — and in truth it was every time mortally dangerous, too. — To take oneself as a fatum, not to want oneself "otherwise" — in such conditions this is great reason itself.

7.

War is another matter. By my nature I am warlike. Attacking belongs among my instincts. To be able to be an enemy, to be an enemy — that perhaps presupposes a strong nature; in any case it is a condition of every strong nature. It needs resistances, consequently it seeks resistance: the aggressive pathos belongs as necessarily to strength as the feeling of revenge and rancour belongs to weakness. Woman, for example, is vengeful: that is conditioned by her weakness, just as much as her susceptibility to the distress of others. — The strength of the attacker has a kind of measure in the opposition he needs; every growth betrays itself in the seeking out of a mightier opponent — or problem: for a philosopher who is warlike also challenges problems to single combat. The task is not to master resistances in general, but those against which one must bring to bear one's whole strength, suppleness and mastery of arms — to master equal opponents... Equality before the enemy — first presupposition of an honest duel. Where one despises, one cannot wage war; where one commands, where one sees something beneath oneself, one has no war to wage. My practice of war can be summed up in four propositions. First: I attack only causes that are victorious — I wait, if need be, until they are victorious. Second: I attack only causes against which I would find no allies, where I stand alone — where I compromise only myself... I have never taken a step in public that did not compromise me: that is my criterion of right action. Third: I never attack persons — I make use of the person only as a strong magnifying glass with which one can make visible a general but creeping, but scarcely palpable state of distress. Thus I attacked David Strauss, more precisely the success of a senile book with German "culture" (Bildung) — I caught this "culture" (Bildung) red-handed... Thus I attacked Wagner, more precisely the falseness, the instinct-mongrelism of our "culture", which confuses the refined with the rich, the late with the great. Fourth: I attack only

things where any personal difference is excluded, where every background of bad experiences is lacking. On the contrary, attacking is with me a proof of goodwill, in some circumstances of gratitude. I honour, I distinguish, in that I link my name with that of a cause, of a person: for or against — that is all one to me in this. When I make war on Christianity, I am entitled to do so, because from that quarter I have experienced no fatalities and hindrances — the most earnest Christians have always been well disposed towards me. I myself, an opponent of Christianity de rigueur, am far from holding against the individual what is the fatality of millennia.

8.

May I venture to indicate one last trait of my nature, which causes me no small difficulty in dealing with people? I possess a perfectly uncanny sensitivity of the instinct for cleanliness, so that I perceive physiologically — smell — the proximity or — what am I saying? — the innermost core, the "entrails" of every soul... In this sensitivity I have psychological feelers with which I touch every secret and get hold of it: the abundant hidden dirt at the bottom of many a nature, conditioned perhaps by bad blood but whitewashed over by upbringing, becomes known to me almost at the first contact. If I have observed rightly, such natures, unsuited to my cleanliness, for their part also sense the caution of my nausea: this does not make them smell any sweeter... As I have always accustomed myself — an extreme purity towards myself is the presupposition of my existence, I perish under unclean conditions — I swim and bathe and splash, as it were, constantly in water, in some perfectly transparent and shining element. This makes my dealings with people no small trial of patience; my humanity does not consist in feeling with people what they are, but in enduring that I feel with them... My humanity is a constant self-overcoming. — But I have need of solitude, that is to say, of

recovery, return to myself, the breath of a free, light, playful air... My whole Zarathustra is a dithyramb to solitude, or, if I have been understood, to purity... Fortunately not to pure foolishness. — Whoever has eyes for colours will call it diamond. — Nausea at mankind, at the "rabble", was always my greatest danger... Would you hear the words in which Zarathustra speaks of redemption from nausea?

What then befell me? How did I redeem myself from nausea? Who rejuvenated my eye? How did I fly to the height where no rabble sits any longer at the well?

Did my nausea itself create wings for me and powers that divine springs? Verily, into the highest I had to fly, that I might find again the fount of delight! —

Oh I found it, my brothers! Here in the highest the fount of delight wells up for me! And there is a life at which no rabble drinks along!

Almost too violently you stream for me, spring of delight! And often you empty the cup again in wanting to fill it.

And still I must learn to approach you more modestly: all too violently my heart still streams towards you:

— my heart, on which my summer burns, the short, hot, melancholy, over-blissful summer: how my summer-heart longs for your coolness!

Gone the lingering gloom of my spring! Past the snowflakes of my malice in June! Summer I have become entirely, and summer noon,

— a summer in the highest with cold springs and blissful stillness: oh come, my friends, that the stillness may become more blissful still!

For this is our height and our homeland: too high and steep do we dwell here for all the unclean and their thirst.

Only cast your pure eyes into the fount of my delight, you friends! How should it grow turbid thereby? It shall laugh back at you with its purity.

On the tree Future we build our nest; eagles shall bring food to us solitary ones in their beaks!

Verily, no food of which the unclean might eat with us! Fire they would fancy they were devouring, and burn their mouths.

Verily, no dwelling-places do we keep ready here for the unclean! An ice-cave our happiness would be called by their bodies and by their spirits!

And like strong winds will we live above them, neighbours to the eagles, neighbours to the snow, neighbours to the sun: thus live strong winds.

And like a wind will I one day yet blow among them and with my spirit take the breath from their spirit: thus my future wills it.

Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all lowlands: and this counsel he gives to his enemies and to all that spits and spews: beware of spitting against the wind!...

Why I Am So Clever.

1.

- Why do I know a few things more? Why am I so clever at all? I have never pondered questions that are not questions, - I have not squandered myself. - Genuine religious difficulties, for example, I do not know from experience. It has entirely escaped me in what respect I was supposed to be "sinful." Likewise I lack any reliable criterion for what a pang of conscience is: judging by what one hears of it, a pang of conscience seems to me nothing worthy of respect... I would not wish to leave an action in the lurch after the fact; I would prefer, as a matter of principle, to leave the bad outcome, the consequences, out of the question of value altogether. When the outcome is bad one all too easily loses the right view of what one did: a pang of conscience seems to me a kind of "evil eye." To hold something that miscarries all the more in honour within oneself because it miscarried - that belongs rather to my morality. - "God," "immortality of the soul," "redemption," "the beyond": nothing but concepts to which I have given no attention, and no time either, not even as a child, - perhaps I was never childlike enough for that? - I know atheism by no means as a result, still less as an event: with me it is a matter of course, from instinct. I am too inquisitive, too questionable, too high-spirited to put up with a crude, fist-thick answer. God is a fist-thick answer, an indelicacy towards us thinkers -, at bottom even merely a fist-thick prohibition laid upon us: you shall not think!... In quite another way am I interested in a question on which the "salvation of humanity" depends far more than on any theologians' curiosity: the question of nutrition. For everyday use one may formulate it thus: "how precisely must you nourish yourself in order to attain your maximum of

strength, of virtù in the Renaissance style, of moraline-free virtue?" - My experiences here are as bad as they could possibly be; I am astonished to have heard this question so late, to have learned "reason" from these experiences so late. Only the utter worthlessness of our German "culture" (Bildung) - its "idealism" - explains to me in some measure why precisely here I was backward to the point of holiness. This "culture" (Bildung), which teaches one from the outset to lose sight of realities in order to chase after thoroughly problematic, so-called "ideal" goals, for example "classical culture" (Bildung): - as if it were not condemned from the outset to unite "classical" and "German" in one concept! More than that, it is downright comical, - just imagine a "classically cultivated" Leipziger! - In fact, right up to my ripest years I always ate badly, - in moral terms, "impersonally," "selflessly," "altruistically," for the salvation of cooks and other fellow Christians. By means of Leipzig cooking, for example, at the same time as my first study of Schopenhauer (1865), I very earnestly negated my "will to live." To ruin one's stomach into the bargain for the purpose of inadequate nourishment - this problem the said cooking seemed to me to solve with astonishing success. (It is said that 1866 brought about a turn in this respect -.) But German cooking in general - what does it not have on its conscience! The soup before the meal (still called alla tedesca in Venetian cookbooks of the sixteenth century); the boiled-to-death meats, the vegetables made fatty and floury; the degeneration of pastry into a paperweight! If one adds to this the downright bestial need of the old, and by no means only the old, Germans to wash everything down afterwards, one also understands the origin of the German spirit - from distressed intestines... The German spirit is an indigestion; it cannot finish with anything. - But English diet too, which, compared with the German, even with the French, is a kind of "return to nature," namely to cannibalism, is profoundly repugnant to my own instinct; it seems to me that it gives the spirit heavy feet - Englishwomen's feet... The best cooking is that of Piedmont. - Alco-

holic drinks are bad for me; a single glass of wine or beer a day is quite enough to make life a "vale of tears" for me, - in Munich live my antipodes. Granted that I grasped this somewhat late, I actually experienced it from my earliest childhood. As a boy I believed that wine-drinking, like tobacco-smoking, was at first merely a vanitas of young men and later a bad habit. Perhaps the wine of Naumburg also shares some blame for this harsh judgement. To believe that wine cheers the heart, I would have to be a Christian, that is to say, believe what for me in particular is an absurdity. Strangely enough, with this extreme susceptibility to being put out of tune by small, strongly diluted doses of alcohol, I become almost a sailor when it comes to strong doses. Even as a boy I had my bravery in this. To write down a long Latin treatise in a single night's vigil and copy it out fair as well, with the ambition in my pen to emulate my model Sallust in severity and concision, and to pour some grog of the heaviest calibre over my Latin - this, even when I was a pupil of venerable Schulpforta, by no means contradicted my physiology, nor perhaps that of Sallust either, however much it may have contradicted venerable Schulpforta... Later, towards the middle of life, I decided, to be sure, ever more strictly against every kind of "spirituous" drink: I, an opponent of vegetarianism from experience, just like Richard Wagner, who converted me, cannot urge earnestly enough upon all more spiritual natures unconditional abstention from alcohol. Water will do... I prefer places where one has opportunity everywhere to draw from running fountains (Nice, Turin, Sils); a small glass trots after me like a dog. In vino veritas: it seems that here too I am at odds with all the world over the concept "truth": - with me the spirit hovers over the water... A few more pointers from my morality. A hearty meal is easier to digest than one that is too small. That the stomach as a whole comes into action is the first precondition of good digestion. One must know the size of one's stomach. For the same reason those protracted meals are to be discouraged which I call interrupted sacrificial feasts, those at the

table d'hôte. - No snacks between meals, no coffee: coffee spreads gloom. Tea wholesome only in the morning. Little, but strong; tea very harmful and sickening one the whole day long if it is only one degree too weak. Each person has his own measure here, often within the narrowest and most delicate limits. In a very agaçant climate tea is inadvisable as a start: one should let a cup of thick, de-oiled cocoa make the beginning an hour beforehand. - Sit as little as possible; give credence to no thought that was not born in the open air and in free movement, in which the muscles too do not hold a festival. All prejudices come from the intestines. - Sitzfleisch, the patience of the seat - I have said it once already - the real sin against the Holy Spirit.

2.

Most closely related to the question of nutrition is the question of place and climate. No one is free to live everywhere; and whoever has great tasks to accomplish that challenge his whole strength has, in this respect, an even very narrow choice. The influence of climate on the metabolism, its retardation, its acceleration, goes so far that a mistake in place and climate can not only estrange someone from his task but withhold it from him altogether: he never even catches sight of it. His animal vigor has never grown great enough for him to attain that freedom overflowing into the most spiritual, where someone recognizes: this I alone can do... An intestinal sluggishness, however slight, that has become a bad habit suffices completely to make of a genius something mediocre, something "German"; the German climate alone is enough to discourage strong and even heroically disposed intestines. The tempo of the metabolism stands in exact proportion to the nimbleness or lameness of the feet of the spirit; the "spirit" itself is, after all, only a kind of this metabolism. Let one put together the places where there are and were men of wit and spirit, where wit, refinement, malice belonged to happiness, where genius

almost necessarily made itself at home: they all have an exceptionally dry air. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens - these names prove something: genius is conditioned by dry air, by a clear sky, - that is to say by rapid metabolism, by the possibility of supplying oneself again and again with great, even tremendous quantities of strength. I have before my eyes a case in which a significant and freely disposed spirit, merely through lack of instinctive subtlety in matters of climate, became narrow, cramped, a specialist and a sourpuss. And I myself could in the end have become this case, had not illness forced me to reason, to reflection upon reason in reality. Now, when from long practice I read off the effects of climatic and meteorological origin on myself as on a very fine and reliable instrument, and even on a short journey, say from Turin to Milan, reckon up physiologically within myself the change in the degrees of atmospheric humidity, I think with horror of the uncanny fact that my life, up to the last ten years, the years of mortal danger, was always played out only in wrong places, places downright forbidden to me. Naumburg, Schulpforta, Thuringia in general, Leipzig, Basel - so many places of misfortune for my physiology. If I have no welcome memory at all of my whole childhood and youth, it would be folly to adduce so-called "moral" causes here, - for instance the undeniable lack of adequate company: for this lack exists today as it always existed, without hindering me from being cheerful and brave. Rather it is ignorance in physiologicis - the accursed "idealism" - that is the real fatality in my life, the superfluous and stupid thing in it, something from which nothing good has grown, for which there is no compensation, no counter-reckoning. From the consequences of this "idealism" I explain to myself all the blunders, all the great aberrations of instinct and "modesties" away from the task of my life, for example that I became a philologist - why at the very least not a physician or anything else that opens the eyes? In my Basel period my entire spiritual diet, the division of the day included, was a completely senseless misuse of extraordinary powers,

without any supply of strength in any way covering the expenditure, without even a thought about expenditure and replacement. There was lacking every finer selfhood, every protection of a commanding instinct; it was a putting oneself on a level with anybody at all, a "selflessness", a forgetting of one's distance, - something I never forgive myself. When I was nearly at the end, because I was nearly at the end, I began to reflect upon this fundamental unreason of my life - "idealism". It was illness that first brought me to reason. -

3.

The choice of nourishment; the choice of climate and place; the third thing, in which one must at no price make a mistake, is the choice of one's kind of recreation. Here too, according to the degree to which a spirit is sui generis, the limits of what is permitted to it, that is to say useful, are narrow and narrower still. In my case all reading belongs among my recreations: consequently among the things that free me from myself, that let me go strolling in foreign sciences and souls, - that I no longer take seriously. Reading is precisely my recreation from my seriousness. In times of deep labour no books are to be seen about me: I would take care not to let anyone near me speak or even think. And that is just what reading would mean... Has anyone actually observed that in that profound tension to which pregnancy condemns the spirit and, at bottom, the whole organism, chance, every kind of stimulus from outside, acts too vehemently, "strikes" too deep? One must get out of the way of chance, of the stimulus from outside, as much as possible; a kind of self-immurement is among the first instinctive prudences of spiritual pregnancy. Shall I permit a foreign thought to climb secretly over the wall? - And that is just what reading would mean... Upon the times of work and fruitfulness follows the time of recreation: come hither, you pleasant, you witty, you clever books! - Will they be German books?... I must reckon back

half a year to catch myself with a book in my hand. What was it, now? - An excellent study by Victor Brochard, les Sceptiques Grecs, in which my Laertiana too are put to good use. The sceptics, the only honourable type among the two- to fivefold ambiguous tribe of philosophers!... Otherwise I almost always take refuge in the same books, a small number at bottom, the books proven precisely for me. It is perhaps not in my nature to read much and many kinds of things: a reading room makes me ill. Nor is it in my nature to love much or many kinds of things. Caution, even hostility towards new books belongs rather to my instinct than "tolerance", "largeur du coeur" and other "love of one's neighbour"... At bottom it is a small number of older Frenchmen to whom I return again and again: I believe only in French "culture" (Bildung) and consider everything else in Europe that calls itself "culture" (Bildung) a misunderstanding, not to speak of German "culture" (Bildung)... The few cases of high "culture" (Bildung) that I found in Germany were all of French origin, above all Frau Cosima Wagner, by far the foremost voice in questions of taste that I have heard... That I do not read Pascal but love him, as the most instructive victim of Christianity, slowly murdered, first bodily, then psychologically, the whole logic of this most horrible form of inhuman cruelty; that I have something of Montaigne's wantonness in my spirit, who knows? perhaps also in my body; that my artist's taste defends the names Molière, Corneille and Racine, not without fury, against a wild genius like Shakespeare: all this does not, in the end, preclude that the very latest Frenchmen too would be charming company for me. I cannot at all foresee in which century of history one could fish together such inquisitive and at the same time such delicate psychologists as in present-day Paris: I name tentatively - for their number is by no means small - Messieurs Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaître, or, to single out one of the strong race, a genuine Latin to whom I am especially attached, Guy de Maupassant. Between ourselves, I prefer this generation even to their

great teachers, who are all of them corrupted by German philosophy: Monsieur Taine, for example, by Hegel, to whom he owes his misunderstanding of great men and ages. As far as Germany reaches, it corrupts culture. Only the war "redeemed" the spirit in France... Stendhal, one of the most beautiful accidents of my life - for everything in it that marks an epoch was driven my way by chance, never by a recommendation - is quite invaluable with his anticipating psychologist's eye, with his grasp of facts, which recalls the nearness of the greatest of factual men (ex ungue Napoleonem -); and finally, not least, as an honest atheist, a species scarce in France and almost impossible to find, - with all due respect to Prosper Mérimée... Am I perhaps envious of Stendhal myself? He robbed me of the best atheist's joke, which precisely I could have made: "God's only excuse is that he does not exist"... I myself have said somewhere: what has been the greatest objection to existence so far? God...

4.

The highest concept of the lyric poet was given me by Heinrich Heine. I search in vain through all the realms of the millennia for an equally sweet and passionate music. He possessed that divine malice without which I am unable to conceive of perfection, - I estimate the value of men, of races, by how necessarily they understand the god as not separated from the satyr. - And how he handles German! It will one day be said that Heine and I have been by far the foremost artists of the German language - at an incalculable distance from everything that mere Germans have done with it. - With Byron's Manfred I must be deeply related: I found all these abysses in myself, - at thirteen I was ripe for this work. I have no word, merely a look, for those who dare to utter the word Faust in the presence of Manfred. The Germans are incapable of any concept of greatness: proof, Schumann. Expressly, out of fury against this sugary Saxon, I composed a counter-overture

to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow said he had never seen anything like it on music paper: it was rape of Euterpe. - When I seek my highest formula for Shakespeare, I always find only this: that he conceived the type of Caesar. Such a thing one does not guess, - one is it or one is not. The great poet draws only from his own reality - to such a degree that afterwards he can no longer endure his work... When I have cast a glance into my Zarathustra, I walk up and down the room for half an hour, unable to master an unbearable fit of sobbing. - I know no more heart-rending reading than Shakespeare: what must a man have suffered to have such need of being a buffoon! - Is Hamlet understood? Not doubt, certainty is what drives one mad... But for that one must be deep, an abyss, a philosopher, to feel thus... We are all afraid of the truth... And, let me confess it: I am instinctively sure and certain that Lord Bacon is the originator, the self-tormentor of this uncanniest kind of literature: what do I care for the pitiable chatter of American muddle-heads and shallow-pates? But the power for the mightiest reality of vision is not only compatible with the mightiest power for the deed, for the monstrous deed, for crime - it even presupposes it... We do not know nearly enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every great sense of the word, to know everything he did, everything he willed, everything he experienced within himself... And devil take it, my dear critics! Suppose I had christened my Zarathustra with a stranger's name, for example that of Richard Wagner, the acumen of two millennia would not have sufficed to guess that the author of "Human, All Too Human" is the visionary of Zarathustra...

5.

Here, where I speak of the recreations of my life, I need a word to express my gratitude for that which, by far, recreated me most deeply and most heartily. This was, beyond all doubt, my more intimate in-

tercourse with Richard Wagner. I set little store by the rest of my human relationships; but not at any price would I give away from my life the days at Tribschen, days of trust, of cheerfulness, of sublime chances — of deep moments... I do not know what others have experienced with Wagner: over our sky no cloud ever passed. — And with this I come back once more to France — I have no reasons, I have merely a contemptuous curl of the lip left over for Wagnerians et hoc genus omne, who believe they honour Wagner by finding him like themselves... Being what I am, in my deepest instincts a stranger to everything that is German, so that the mere nearness of a German slows my digestion, my first contact with Wagner was also the first time in my life I breathed freely: I felt him, I revered him as a foreign land, as an antithesis, as an incarnate protest against all "German virtues" — We who were children in the swamp air of the fifties are of necessity pessimists regarding the concept "German"; we can be nothing other than revolutionaries — we will admit no state of things in which the bigot is on top. It is a matter of complete indifference to me whether today he plays in other colours, whether he dresses himself in scarlet and puts on hussar uniforms... Well then! Wagner was a revolutionary — he ran away from the Germans... As an artist one has no home in Europe except in Paris; the délicatesse in all five artistic senses which Wagner's art presupposes, the fingers for nuances, the psychological morbidity, are found only in Paris. Nowhere else does one have this passion in questions of form, this seriousness in the mise en scène — it is Parisian seriousness par excellence. In Germany one has no notion whatever of the tremendous ambition that lives in the soul of a Parisian artist. The German is good-natured — Wagner was by no means good-natured... But I have already said enough (in "Beyond Good and Evil", p. 256 f.) about where Wagner belongs, in whom he has his nearest kin: it is French late Romanticism, that high-flying and high-uplifting kind of artist like Delacroix, like Berlioz, with a fond of sickness, of incurability in their nature,

fanatics of expression one and all, virtuosos through and through... Who was the first intelligent adherent of Wagner at all? Charles Baudelaire, the same who first understood Delacroix, that typical décadent in whom a whole generation of artists recognized itself — he was perhaps also the last... What have I never forgiven Wagner? That he condescended to the Germans — that he became a Reich-German... As far as Germany reaches, it ruins culture. —

6.

All things considered, I could not have endured my youth without Wagnerian music. For I was condemned to Germans. If one wants to get free of an unbearable pressure, one needs hashish. Well then, I needed Wagner. Wagner is the counter-poison to everything German par excellence — poison, I do not dispute it... From the moment there was a piano score of Tristan — my compliments, Herr von Bülow! — I was a Wagnerian. Wagner's earlier works I saw beneath me — still too common, too "German"... But to this day I am still searching for a work of equally dangerous fascination, of an equally dreadful and sweet infinity, as Tristan is — I search in all the arts in vain. All the strangenesses of Leonardo da Vinci lose their spell at the first note of Tristan. This work is absolutely Wagner's non plus ultra; he recovered from it with the Meistersinger and the Ring. To become healthier — that is a step backwards in a nature like Wagner's... I count it a stroke of good fortune of the first rank to have lived at the right time, and precisely among Germans, so as to be ripe for this work: so far does the curiosity of the psychologist go in me. The world is poor for him who has never been sick enough for this "voluptuousness of hell": it is permitted, it is almost commanded, to apply a mystic's formula here. — I think I know better than anyone the tremendous things Wagner is capable of, the fifty worlds of strange raptures for which no one but he had wings; and being what I am, strong enough to turn even the

most questionable and most dangerous things to my advantage and thereby to become stronger, I call Wagner the great benefactor of my life. That in which we are kindred, that we have suffered more deeply, also from each other, than men of this century would be able to suffer, will bring our names together again eternally; and as surely as Wagner is among Germans merely a misunderstanding, just as surely am I one and shall always be. — Two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline first, my gentlemen Teutons!... But that cannot be made up for.

7.

I will say one more word for the most select ears: what I really want from music. That it be cheerful and deep, like an afternoon in October. That it be singular, wanton, tender, a little sweet woman of baseness and grace... I shall never admit that a German could know what music is. Those who are called German musicians, the greatest first of all, are foreigners, Slavs, Croats, Italians, Netherlanders — or Jews; otherwise Germans of the strong race, extinct Germans, like Heinrich Schütz, Bach and Handel. I myself am still Pole enough to give up the rest of music for Chopin: I except, for three reasons, Wagner's Siegfried Idyll, perhaps also Liszt, who surpasses all musicians in noble orchestral accents; and finally everything that has grown beyond the Alps — this side... I would not know how to do without Rossini, still less without my South in music, the music of my Venetian maëstro Pietro Gasti. And when I say beyond the Alps, I really say only Venice. When I seek another word for music, I only ever find the word Venice. I know of no difference between tears and music, I cannot think of happiness, of the South, without a shudder of fearfulness.

On the bridge I stood lately in the brown night. From afar came song: in golden drops it welled away over the trembling surface. Gondolas, lights, music — drunken it swam out into the twilight...

My soul, a stringed instrument, invisibly touched, sang to itself secretly a gondola song in answer, trembling with many-coloured bliss. — Did anyone listen to it?...

8.

In all this — in the choice of nourishment, of place and climate, of recreation — there commands an instinct of self-preservation, which expresses itself most unambiguously as an instinct of self-defence. Not to see many things, not to hear them, not to let them come near — first prudence, first proof that one is no accident but a necessity. The current word for this self-defence instinct is taste. Its imperative commands not only to say No where the Yes would be a "selflessness", but also to say No as little as possible. To part, to separate oneself from that which would make the No necessary again and again. The reason in this is that defensive expenditures, however small, once they become the rule, become habit, entail an extraordinary and wholly superfluous impoverishment. Our great expenditures are the most frequent small ones. Warding off, not-letting-come-near, is an expenditure — let no one deceive himself on this point —, a strength squandered on negative ends. One can, merely in the constant necessity of warding off, become weak enough no longer to be able to defend oneself. — Suppose I stepped out of my house and found, instead of quiet and aristocratic Turin, the German small town: my instinct would have to bar itself shut in order to push back everything that presses in upon it from this flattened and cowardly world. Or I found the German big city, this built vice, where nothing grows, where every single thing, good and bad, has been dragged in from elsewhere. Would I not have to become a hedgehog over it? — But to

have spines is a waste, even a double luxury, when one is free to have no spines but open hands...

Another prudence and self-defence consists in reacting as seldom as possible and in withdrawing from situations and conditions where one would be condemned, as it were, to hang out one's "freedom", one's initiative, and become a mere reagent. I take as a parable dealings with books. The scholar who at bottom does nothing but "leaf through" books — the philologist, at a moderate estimate, some 200 a day — ultimately loses entirely the capacity to think for himself. If he does not leaf, he does not think. He responds to a stimulus (— a thought he has read) when he thinks, — in the end he merely reacts. The scholar spends his whole strength in saying Yes and No, in criticizing what has already been thought, — he himself no longer thinks... The instinct of self-defence has grown brittle in him; otherwise he would defend himself against books. The scholar — a décadent. — This I have seen with my own eyes: gifted natures, richly and freely disposed, already "read to ruin" in their thirties, mere matches that must be struck to give off sparks — "thoughts". — Early in the morning at the break of day, in all freshness, in the dawn of one's strength, to read a book — that I call vicious! — —

9.

At this point it can no longer be avoided to give the actual answer to the question of how one becomes what one is. And with that I touch upon the masterpiece in the art of self-preservation — of selfishness... For supposing that the task, the vocation, the destiny of the task lies significantly beyond an average measure, there would be no danger greater than to catch sight of oneself together with this task. That one becomes what one is presupposes that one has not the remotest notion what one is. From this standpoint even the blunders of life have their own meaning and value, the temporary byways and wrong turn-

ings, the delays, the "modesties", the seriousness squandered on tasks that lie beyond the task. In this a great prudence, even the supreme prudence, can come to expression: where nosce te ipsum would be the recipe for ruin, forgetting oneself, misunderstanding oneself, belittling, narrowing, mediocritizing oneself becomes reason itself. Expressed morally: love of one's neighbour, living for others and for other things, can be the protective measure for preserving the hardest selfhood. This is the exceptional case in which I, against my rule and conviction, take the side of the "selfless" drives: here they work in the service of selfishness, of self-discipline. — One must keep the whole surface of consciousness — consciousness is a surface — clean of any of the great imperatives. Beware even of every great word, every great attitude! So many dangers that the instinct "understands itself" too early — — Meanwhile the organizing "idea", the one called to rule, grows and grows in the depths, — it begins to command, it slowly leads back from byways and wrong turnings, it prepares individual qualities and proficiencies that will one day prove indispensable as means to the whole, — one after another it develops all the serving faculties before it lets anything be heard of the dominant task, of "goal", "purpose", "meaning". — Regarded from this side, my life is simply wonderful. For the task of a revaluation of values, more faculties were perhaps needed than have ever dwelt together in a single individual, above all also opposites of faculties, without these being allowed to disturb, to destroy one another. Order of rank among the faculties; distance; the art of separating without making enemies; mixing nothing, "reconciling" nothing; a tremendous multiplicity which is nonetheless the opposite of chaos — this was the precondition, the long secret work and artistry of my instinct. Its higher guardianship showed itself so strong that in no case did I even suspect what was growing in me, — that all my capacities sprang forth suddenly one day, ripe, in their ultimate perfection. I have no memory of ever having exerted myself, — no trace of struggle can be detected in my

life; I am the opposite of a heroic nature. To "will" something, to "strive" after something, to have a "purpose", a "wish" in view — all this I do not know from experience. Even at this moment I look out upon my future — a wide future! — as upon a smooth sea: no longing ripples upon it. I do not in the least want anything to become other than it is; I myself do not want to become other. But so I have always lived. I have had no wish. Someone who, past his forty-fourth year, can say that he has never striven for honours, for women, for money! Not that they were lacking to me... Thus, for example, one day I was a university professor, — I had never remotely thought of such a thing, for I was barely 24 years old. Thus two years earlier I was one day a philologist: in the sense that my first philological work, my beginning in every sense, was requested by my teacher Ritschl for printing in his "Rheinisches Museum" (Ritschl — I say it with reverence — the only scholar of genius I have set eyes on to this day. He possessed that agreeable depravity which distinguishes us Thuringians and with which even a German becomes likeable: — even to arrive at truth we still prefer the secret paths. With these words I should by no means wish to have underestimated my closer compatriot, the clever Leopold von Ranke...)

10.

At this point a great reflection is called for. I shall be asked why on earth I have recounted all these little things, which by conventional judgement are matters of indifference; I do myself harm by it, all the more so if I am destined to stand for great tasks. Answer: these little things — nutrition, place, climate, recreation, the whole casuistry of selfishness — are beyond all conception more important than everything that has hitherto been taken as important. It is precisely here that one must begin to relearn. What mankind has hitherto weighed in earnest are not even realities, mere imaginings, or, to

speak more strictly, lies born of the bad instincts of sick natures, natures harmful in the deepest sense — all the concepts "God", "soul", "virtue", "sin", "beyond", "truth", "eternal life"... But in them the greatness of human nature, its "divinity", was sought... All questions of politics, of the social order, of education have been falsified to their very foundations by taking the most harmful men for great men — by teaching contempt for the "little" things, that is to say, for the fundamental concerns of life itself... Our present culture is ambiguous in the highest degree... The German Emperor making pacts with the Pope, as if the Pope were not the representative of mortal enmity towards life!... What is built today will no longer stand in three years. — If I measure myself by what I am able to do, not to speak of what comes after me, an overthrow, a construction without equal, then I have more claim than any mortal to the word greatness. And if I now compare myself with the men who have hitherto been honoured as the first men, the difference is palpable. I do not even reckon these supposed "first" among human beings at all — to me they are the refuse of mankind, monstrous offspring of sickness and vengeful instincts: they are nothing but baneful, at bottom incurable monsters who take revenge on life... I want to be the opposite of them: my privilege is to possess the utmost subtlety for all signs of healthy instincts. Every morbid trait is lacking in me; even in times of grave illness I did not become morbid; in vain does one seek a trait of fanaticism in my nature. No one will be able to point to a single moment of my life in which I struck any presumptuous or pathetic pose. The pathos of the attitude does not belong to greatness; whoever needs attitudes at all is false... Beware of all picturesque men! — Life has become easy for me, easiest when it demanded the hardest of me. Whoever saw me in the seventy days of this autumn, when without interruption I produced nothing but things of the first rank which no one will imitate after me — or did before me — with a responsibility for all the millennia after me, will have perceived no trace of strain in

me, all the more an overflowing freshness and cheerfulness. I never ate with more pleasant feelings, I never slept better. — I know of no other way of dealing with great tasks than play: this, as a sign of greatness, is an essential precondition. The slightest constraint, the gloomy countenance, any hard tone in the throat are all objections to a man, and how much more to his work!... One must have no nerves... Suffering from solitude, too, is an objection — I have only ever suffered from "multitude"... At an absurdly early age, at seven years old, I already knew that no human word would ever reach me: has anyone ever seen me saddened by that? — Even today I have the same affability towards everyone, I am even full of distinction towards the lowliest: in all this there is not one grain of arrogance, of secret contempt. Whomever I despise guesses that he is despised by me: by my mere existence I outrage everything that has bad blood in its body... My formula for greatness in a human being is amor fati: that one wants nothing to be otherwise, not forwards, not backwards, not in all eternity. Not merely to bear what is necessary, still less to conceal it — all idealism is mendaciousness in the face of what is necessary — but to love it...

Why I Write Such Good Books.

1.

I am one thing, my writings are another. - Here, before I speak of them themselves, let the question of these writings' being understood or not understood be touched upon. I do so as carelessly as is in any way fitting: for this question is by no means yet timely. I myself am not yet timely; some are born posthumously -- At some point institutions will be needed in which people live and teach as I understand living and teaching; perhaps even chairs of their own will then be established for the interpretation of Zarathustra. But it would be a complete contradiction of myself if I were already expecting ears and hands for my truths today: that today one does not hear, that today one does not know how to take from me, is not only comprehensible, it even seems to me the right thing. I do not wish to be mistaken for another, - and that requires that I not mistake myself. - To say it once more, little "ill will" can be detected in my life; nor could I tell of hardly a single case of literary "ill will". On the other hand, far too much of pure folly... It seems to me one of the rarest distinctions that anyone can bestow upon himself when he takes a book of mine in hand, - I even assume that he takes off his shoes to do so, - not to speak of boots... When Doctor Heinrich von Stein once honestly complained that he did not understand a word of my Zarathustra, I told him that was quite in order: to have understood six sentences of it, that is to say: to have lived them, raises one to a higher level among mortals than "modern" men could reach. How could I, with this feeling of distance, so much as wish to be read by the "moderns" I know -! - My triumph is precisely the reverse of Schopenhauer's, - I say "non legor, non legar". - Not that I would wish to underrate the pleasure

that innocence in No-saying to my writings has several times given me. Only this summer, at a time when I might perhaps, with my weighty, all too weighty literature, have been able to throw all the rest of literature off balance, a professor of the University of Berlin benevolently gave me to understand that I really ought to avail myself of another form: nobody reads stuff like that. - In the end it was not Germany but Switzerland that furnished the two extreme cases. An essay by Dr. V. Widmann in the "Bund" on "Beyond Good and Evil", under the title "Nietzsche's Dangerous Book", and a general report on my books as a whole by Herr Karl Spitteler, likewise in the Bund, are a maximum in my life - I take care not to say of what... The latter, for example, treated my Zarathustra as a "higher exercise in style", with the wish that I might later also see to some content; Dr. Widmann expressed to me his respect for the courage with which I strive for the abolition of all decent feelings. - Through a little malice of chance, every sentence here was, with a consistency I have admired, a truth stood on its head: at bottom one had nothing to do but "revalue all values" in order, in a quite remarkable way, to hit the nail on the head concerning me - instead of hitting my head with a nail... All the more do I attempt an explanation. - In the end nobody can hear more out of things, books included, than he already knows. For what one has no access to through lived experience, one has no ear. Let us now imagine an extreme case, that a book speaks of nothing but experiences that lie wholly beyond the possibility of any frequent or even rarer experience, - that it is the first language for a new series of experiences. In this case simply nothing is heard, with the acoustic illusion that where nothing is heard, nothing is there either -. This is, in the end, my average experience and, if you will, the originality of my experience. Whoever believed he had understood something of me had fashioned something out of me after his own image, - not seldom an opposite of me, for instance an "idealist"; whoever had understood nothing of me denied that I came into consideration at all. - The word

"overman", as the designation of a type of the highest well-turned-outness, in contrast to "modern" men, to "good" men, to Christians and other nihilists - a word that in the mouth of a Zarathustra, the annihilator of morality, becomes a very thought-provoking word - has almost everywhere been understood with perfect innocence in the sense of those very values whose opposite was brought to appearance in the figure of Zarathustra, that is to say, as an "idealistic" type of a higher kind of man, half "saint", half "genius"... Other learned horned cattle have on its account suspected me of Darwinism; even the "hero-cult" so maliciously rejected by me, that of the great counterfeiter against his own knowledge and will, Carlyle, has been recognized in it. Anyone into whose ear I whispered that he should rather look about for a Cesare Borgia than for a Parsifal did not trust his ears. - That I am without any curiosity whatever regarding reviews of my books, especially by newspapers, will have to be forgiven me. My friends, my publishers know this and do not speak to me of such things. In one particular case I once got to see everything that had been sinned against a single book - it was "Beyond Good and Evil"; I could give a pretty report of it. Would anyone believe that the Nationalzeitung - a Prussian newspaper, I note for my foreign readers; I myself, if I may, read only the Journal des Débats - in all seriousness managed to understand the book as a "sign of the times", as the genuine, proper Junker philosophy, for which the Kreuzzeitung merely lacked the courage?

2.

This was said for Germans: for everywhere else I have readers - nothing but select intelligences, proven characters, raised in high positions and duties; I even have real geniuses among my readers. In Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Paris and New York - everywhere I have been discovered: I have not been in Europe's flat-

land, Germany... And, let me confess it, I take still more delight in my non-readers, those who have never heard either my name or the word philosophy; but wherever I go, here in Turin for example, every face brightens and grows kindly at the sight of me. What has flattered me most so far is that old market-women will not rest until they have picked out for me the sweetest of their grapes. That is how far one must be a philosopher. - Not for nothing are the Poles called the French among the Slavs. A charming Russian woman will not mistake for a moment where I belong. I do not succeed in becoming solemn; at most I get as far as embarrassment... To think German, to feel German - I can do everything, but that is beyond my powers... My old teacher Ritschl even maintained that I conceived even my philological treatises like a Parisian romancier - absurdly thrilling. In Paris itself people are astonished at "toutes mes audaces et finesses" - the expression is Monsieur Taine's -; I fear that even into the highest forms of the dithyramb one finds mixed in with me some of that salt which never becomes stupid - "German" -, esprit... I cannot do otherwise. God help me! Amen. - We all know, some even know it from experience, what a long-ear is. Well then, I venture to assert that I have the smallest ears. This interests the little women not a little -, it seems to me they feel better understood by me?... I am the anti-ass par excellence and thereby a world-historical monster, - I am, in Greek, and not only in Greek, the Antichrist...

3.

I know to some extent my privileges as a writer; in individual cases it has also been attested to me how much becoming accustomed to my writings "spoils" one's taste. One simply can no longer endure other books, least of all philosophical ones. It is a distinction without equal to enter this noble and delicate world, - for that one must by no means be a German; it is, in the end, a distinction one must have

earned. But whoever is related to me through height of willing experiences true ecstasies of learning in it: for I come from heights that no bird has ever flown to, I know abysses into which no foot has yet strayed. I have been told that it is not possible to put a book of mine down, - that I disturb even the night's rest... There is absolutely no prouder and at the same time more refined kind of book: here and there they attain the highest that can be attained on earth, cynicism; one must conquer them with the most delicate fingers as well as with the bravest fists. Every frailty of the soul excludes one from them, once and for all, even every dyspepsia: one must have no nerves, one must have a cheerful abdomen. Not only the poverty, the hole-and-corner air of a soul excludes one from them, but far more the cowardly, the unclean, the secretly vengeful in the entrails: a word from me drives all bad instincts into the face. Among my acquaintances I have several experimental animals on whom I study the various, the very instructively various reactions to my writings. Whoever wants to have nothing to do with their content, my so-called friends for example, becomes "impersonal" about them: they wish me luck at having got "that far" again, - there is also, they say, progress in a greater cheerfulness of tone... The thoroughly vicious "spirits", the "beautiful souls", those who are mendacious through and through, have absolutely no idea what to do with these books, - consequently they look down on them, the beautiful consistency of all "beautiful souls". The horned cattle among my acquaintances, mere Germans, if you will pardon me, give one to understand that they are not always of my opinion, but now and then, for example... I have heard this said even about Zarathustra... Likewise every "femininism" in a human being, even in a man, shuts the gate on me: such a one will never enter this labyrinth of audacious insights. One must never have spared oneself, one must have hardness in one's habits, in order to be in good spirits and cheerful amid nothing but hard truths. When I picture to myself the image of a perfect reader, there always emerges a monster of cour-

age and curiosity, moreover something supple, cunning, cautious, a born adventurer and discoverer. Finally: I could not say better to whom alone I am at bottom speaking than Zarathustra has said it: to whom alone will he tell his riddle?

To you, the bold seekers, searchers, and whoever has ever embarked with cunning sails upon terrible seas, -

to you, the riddle-drunken, the twilight-glad, whose soul is lured with flutes to every treacherous gulf:

- for you do not want to grope after a thread with cowardly hand; and where you can guess, there you hate to deduce...

4.

At the same time I shall say a general word about my art of style. To communicate a state, an inner tension of pathos, through signs, including the tempo of these signs - that is the meaning of every style; and considering that the multiplicity of inner states in me is extraordinary, there are in me many possibilities of style - the most manifold art of style that any human being has ever had at his disposal. Good is every style that really communicates an inner state, that makes no mistake about the signs, about the tempo of the signs, about the gestures - all the laws of the period are the art of gesture. My instinct is infallible here. - Good style in itself - a pure folly, mere "idealism", rather like the "beautiful in itself", like the "good in itself", like the "thing in itself"... Always presupposing that there are ears - that there are those who are capable and worthy of a like pathos, that there is no lack of those to whom one may communicate oneself. - My Zarathustra, for example, is still searching for such for the time being - alas! he will have to search a long while yet! - One must be worthy of hearing him... And until then there will be no one who comprehends the art that has been squandered here: no one has ever had

more new, unheard-of means of art, means really created for the purpose for the first time, to squander. That such a thing was possible precisely in the German language remained to be proved: I myself would beforehand have rejected it most harshly. Before me one did not know what can be done with the German language, - what can be done with language at all. - The art of the great rhythm, the great style of periodicity for expressing a tremendous rise and fall of sublime, of superhuman passion, was first discovered by me; with a dithyramb such as the last of the third Zarathustra, entitled "The Seven Seals", I flew a thousand miles beyond what was hitherto called poetry.

5.

- That out of my writings there speaks a psychologist who has not his equal, that is perhaps the first insight at which a good reader arrives - a reader such as I deserve, one who reads me as good old philologists read their Horace. The propositions on which, at bottom, all the world agrees, not even to speak of the everyday philosophers, the moralists and other hollow pots, cabbage-heads - appear in my work as naïvetés of blundering: for instance that belief that "unegoistic" and "egoistic" are opposites, whereas the ego itself is merely a "higher swindle", an "ideal"... There are neither egoistic nor unegoistic actions: both concepts are psychological nonsense. Or the proposition "man strives for happiness"... Or the proposition "happiness is the reward of virtue"... Or the proposition "pleasure and displeasure are opposites"... The Circe of mankind, morality, has falsified all psychologica root and branch - moralized them - down to that ghastly nonsense that love is supposed to be something "unegoistic"... One must sit firmly upon oneself, one must stand bravely on one's own two legs, otherwise one cannot love at all. This, in the end, the little women know only too well: they don't give a damn for selfless, for merely objective men...

May I venture, by the way, the surmise that I know the little women? That belongs to my Dionysian dowry. Who knows? perhaps I am the first psychologist of the Eternal-Feminine. They all love me - an old story: not counting the misbegotten little women, the "emancipated", who lack the stuff for children. - Fortunately I am not inclined to let myself be torn to pieces: the perfect woman tears to pieces when she loves... I know these lovable maenads... Ah, what a dangerous, creeping, subterranean little beast of prey! And so agreeable withal!... A little woman running after her revenge would run down destiny itself. - Woman is unspeakably more wicked than man, cleverer too; goodness in a woman is already a form of degeneration... In all so-called "beautiful souls" there is a physiological disorder at bottom, - I do not say everything, otherwise I should become medicynical. The struggle for equal rights is even a symptom of sickness: every physician knows that. - Woman, the more woman she is, defends herself tooth and nail against rights in general: the state of nature, the eternal war between the sexes, gives her by far the first rank, after all. - Has anyone had ears for my definition of love? it is the only one worthy of a philosopher. Love - in its means, war; at its ground, the mortal hatred of the sexes. - Has anyone heard my answer to the question of how one cures a woman - "redeems" her? One gives her a child. Woman needs children, man is always only a means: thus spoke Zarathustra. - "Emancipation of woman" - that is the instinct-hatred of the ill-turned-out, that is to say the child-bearing-incapable woman against the well-turned-out one, - the struggle against "man" is always only means, pretext, tactic. By raising themselves up, as "woman in herself", as "higher woman", as "idealist" of a woman, they want to bring down the general level of rank of woman; no surer means to that than grammar-school "culture" (Bildung), trousers, and the political rights of voting cattle. At bottom the emancipated are the anarchists in the world of the "Eternal-Feminine", those who came off badly, whose lowest instinct is revenge... An entire species of the most malignant

"idealism" - which, incidentally, also occurs among men, for instance in Henrik Ibsen, that typical old maid - has as its aim to poison the good conscience, the nature in sexual love... And so that I leave no doubt about my attitude in this respect, as decent as it is strict, I will impart one more proposition from my moral code against vice: with the word vice I combat every kind of anti-nature or, if one loves fine words, idealism. The proposition reads: "the preaching of chastity is a public incitement to anti-nature. Every contempt for sexual life, every defilement of it through the concept 'impure', is the very crime against life, - is the real sin against the holy spirit of life." -

6.

To give an idea of me as a psychologist, I take a curious piece of psychology that occurs in "Beyond Good and Evil", - I forbid, by the way, any conjecture as to whom I am describing in this passage. "The genius of the heart, such as that great hidden one possesses, the tempter-god and born pied piper of consciences, whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who says not a word, casts not a glance, in which there does not lie some consideration and fold of enticement, to whose mastery it belongs that he knows how to seem - and not what he is, but what is, for those who follow him, one compulsion more to press ever closer to him, to follow him ever more inwardly and thoroughly... The genius of the heart, which makes everything loud and self-satisfied fall silent and teaches it to listen, which smooths rough souls and gives them a new longing to taste, - to lie still, like a mirror, so that the deep sky may mirror itself in them... The genius of the heart, which teaches the oafish and overhasty hand to hesitate and to grasp more delicately; which divines the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality beneath murky thick ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold that lay long buried in the dungeon of much mud and

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sand... The genius of the heart, from whose touch everyone goes away richer, not graced and surprised, not as though gladdened and oppressed by another's goods, but richer in himself, newer to himself than before, broken open, breathed upon and sounded out by a thawing wind, more uncertain perhaps, tenderer, frailer, more broken, but full of hopes that as yet have no name, full of new will and streaming, full of new unwillingness and streaming back..."

The Birth of Tragedy.

1.

To be fair to "The Birth of Tragedy" (1872), one will have to forget a few things. It had its effect, and even fascinated, through what was mistaken in it — through its application to Wagnerism, as though that were a symptom of ascent. Precisely on this account the book was an event in Wagner's life: only from then on were great hopes attached to the name of Wagner. Even today people remind me of it, on occasion in the very midst of Parsifal: how it is really on my conscience that so high an opinion of the cultural value of this movement came to prevail. — I have found the book cited several times as "The Rebirth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music": people had ears only for a new formula of Wagner's art, aim, task — and in the process what the book held of real value at bottom went unheard. "Hellenism and Pessimism": that would have been a less ambiguous title: namely, as the first instruction on how the Greeks got the better of pessimism — with what they overcame it... Tragedy is precisely the proof that the Greeks were no pessimists: Schopenhauer blundered here, as he blundered in everything. — Taken in hand with some neutrality, "The Birth of Tragedy" looks very untimely: one would never dream that it was begun amid the thunder of the battle of Wörth. I thought these problems through before the walls of Metz, on cold September nights, in the midst of my duties nursing the sick; one might sooner believe that the book was fifty years older. It is politically indifferent — "un-German", people will say today — it smells offensively Hegelian, only in a few formulas is it tainted with the undertaker's perfume of Schopenhauer. An "idea" — the opposition of Dionysian and Apollonian — translated into the metaphysical; history itself as the unfolding

of this "idea"; in tragedy the opposition sublated into unity; under this optics, things that had never before looked one another in the face suddenly set over against each other, illuminated and comprehended by each other... Opera, for example, and the revolution. — The two decisive innovations of the book are, first, the understanding of the Dionysian phenomenon among the Greeks: it gives the first psychology of it, it sees in it the One root of all Greek art. The other is the understanding of Socratism: Socrates recognized for the first time as the instrument of Greek dissolution, as a typical décadent. "Rationality" against instinct. "Rationality" at any price as a dangerous, life-undermining force! — A deep, hostile silence about Christianity throughout the whole book. It is neither Apollonian nor Dionysian; it negates all aesthetic values — the only values that "The Birth of Tragedy" recognizes: it is nihilistic in the deepest sense, whereas in the Dionysian symbol the uttermost limit of affirmation is reached. At one point the Christian priests are alluded to as a "malicious kind of dwarfs", as "subterraneans"...

2.

This beginning is remarkable beyond all measure. I had discovered for my innermost experience the only parable and counterpart that history possesses — and in that very act I had been the first to comprehend the wondrous phenomenon of the Dionysian. Likewise, in recognizing Socrates as a décadent, I had given a wholly unambiguous proof of how little the sureness of my psychological grasp would be endangered by any moral idiosyncrasy: — morality itself as a symptom of décadence is an innovation, a singularity of the first rank in the history of knowledge. How high I had leapt, with both of these, above the pitiful flat-headed chatter of optimism contra pessimism! — I was the first to see the real opposition: — the degenerating instinct that turns against life with subterranean vengefulness (— Christianity, the

philosophy of Schopenhauer, in a certain sense already the philosophy of Plato, all idealism as typical forms) and a formula of the highest affirmation, born of fullness, of overfullness, a Yes-saying without reservation, to suffering itself, to guilt itself, to everything questionable and strange in existence itself... This ultimate, most joyous, most exuberantly high-spirited Yes to life is not only the highest insight, it is also the deepest, the one most rigorously confirmed and upheld by truth and science. Nothing that is may be subtracted, nothing is dispensable — the aspects of existence rejected by Christians and other nihilists are even of an infinitely higher order in the order of rank of values than that which the instinct of décadence could approve, was permitted to approve. To comprehend this requires courage and, as its condition, a surplus of strength: for precisely as far as courage may venture forward, precisely according to the measure of strength, does one draw near to truth. Knowledge, Yes-saying to reality, is just as much a necessity for the strong man as cowardice and flight from reality — the "ideal" — are for the weak man, under the inspiration of weakness... They are not free to know: the décadents have need of the lie, it is one of the conditions of their preservation. — Whoever not only comprehends the word "Dionysian" but comprehends himself in the word "Dionysian" has no need of any refutation of Plato or of Christianity or of Schopenhauer — he smells the putrefaction...

3.

To what extent I had, in this very act, found the concept "tragic", the final knowledge of what the psychology of tragedy is, I expressed most recently in Twilight of the Idols, page 139. "Saying Yes to life even in its strangest and hardest problems; the will to life rejoicing in its own inexhaustibility through the sacrifice of its highest types — that is what I called Dionysian, that is what I understood as the bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. Not in order to be rid of

terror and pity, not in order to purge oneself of a dangerous affect through its vehement discharge — so Aristotle misunderstood it: but in order, beyond terror and pity, to be oneself the eternal joy of becoming, that joy which also includes within itself the joy in destroying..." In this sense I have the right to understand myself as the first tragic philosopher — that is, the utmost opposite and antipode of a pessimistic philosopher. Before me this transposition of the Dionysian into a philosophical pathos does not exist: tragic wisdom is lacking — I have searched in vain for signs of it even among the great Greeks of philosophy, those of the two centuries before Socrates. A doubt remained with me in the case of Heraclitus, in whose proximity I feel altogether warmer and more at ease than anywhere else. The affirmation of passing away and destroying, the decisive element in a Dionysian philosophy, the Yes-saying to opposition and war, becoming, together with the radical rejection even of the very concept "being" — in this I must in any case acknowledge what is most akin to me of all that has been thought hitherto. The doctrine of the "eternal recurrence", that is, of the unconditional and infinitely repeated circular course of all things — this doctrine of Zarathustra's might after all have been taught already by Heraclitus. At the very least the Stoa, which inherited nearly all its fundamental notions from Heraclitus, shows traces of it.

4.

A tremendous hope speaks out of this writing. In the end I lack any reason to take back the hope of a Dionysian future for music. Let us cast a glance a century ahead, let us suppose that my assault on two millennia of anti-nature and the violation of mankind succeeds. That new party of life which takes into its hands the greatest of all tasks, the higher breeding of humanity, including the merciless annihilation of everything degenerate and parasitic, will make possible again on

earth that superabundance of life out of which the Dionysian state, too, must grow again. I promise a tragic age: the highest art in Yes-saying to life, tragedy, will be reborn when humanity has behind it the consciousness of the hardest but most necessary wars, without suffering from it... A psychologist might add that what I heard in Wagnerian music in my young years has nothing whatever to do with Wagner; that when I described Dionysian music I described what I had heard, - that I had instinctively to translate and transfigure everything into the new spirit that I carried within me. The proof of this, as strong as any proof can be, is my essay "Wagner in Bayreuth": in all the psychologically decisive passages it is only of me that it speaks, one may unhesitatingly put my name or the word "Zarathustra" wherever the text gives the word Wagner. The whole picture of the dithyrambic artist is the picture of the pre-existent poet of Zarathustra, sketched with abysmal depth and without for a moment so much as touching the Wagnerian reality. Wagner himself had an inkling of it; he did not recognize himself in the essay. - Likewise "the idea of Bayreuth" had transformed itself into something that will be no riddle-concept to those who know my Zarathustra: into that great noon when the most chosen consecrate themselves to the greatest of all tasks - who knows? the vision of a festival that I shall yet live to see... The pathos of the first pages is world-historical; the gaze spoken of on the seventh page is the true Zarathustra-gaze; Wagner, Bayreuth, the whole petty German wretchedness is a cloud in which an infinite fata morgana of the future is mirrored. Even psychologically all the decisive traits of my own nature are inscribed into Wagner's: the juxtaposition of the most luminous and most fateful powers, the will to power such as no man has ever possessed, the reckless bravery in matters of the spirit, the unlimited power to learn without the will to action being crushed by it. Everything in this writing is prophetic: the nearness of the return of the Greek spirit, the necessity of counter-Alexanders who will tie again the Gordian knot of Greek culture after

it had been cut... Listen to the world-historical accent with which the concept "tragic disposition" is introduced on page 30: there are nothing but world-historical accents in this writing. This is the strangest "objectivity" there can be: the absolute certainty about what I am projected itself onto some chance reality, - the truth about me spoke out of a shuddering depth. On page 71 the style of Zarathustra is described and anticipated with incisive certainty; and never will one find a more magnificent expression for the event Zarathustra, the act of a tremendous purification and consecration of humanity, than is found on pages 43-46. -

The Untimely Meditations.

1.

The four Untimely Meditations are thoroughly warlike. They prove that I was no "Hans the Dreamer", that it gives me pleasure to draw the sword, - perhaps also that my wrist is dangerously supple. The first attack (1873) was aimed at German "culture" (Bildung), upon which even then I looked down with merciless contempt. Without meaning, without substance, without goal: a mere "public opinion". There is no more malignant misunderstanding than to believe that the great military success of the Germans proves anything in favour of this "culture" (Bildung) - let alone its victory over France... The second Untimely Meditation (1874) brings to light what is dangerous, what gnaws at and poisons life, in our manner of conducting science -: life sick from this dehumanized clockwork and mechanism, from the "impersonality" of the worker, from the false economy of the "division of labour". The end, culture, is lost: - the means, the modern conduct of science, barbarizes... In this treatise the "historical sense" of which this century is proud was recognized for the first time as a sickness, as a typical sign of decay. - In the third and fourth Untimely Meditations, as pointers towards a higher conception of culture, towards the restoration of the concept "culture", two images of the hardest selfishness, self-discipline are set up against it, untimely types par excellence, full of sovereign contempt for everything around them that went by the name of "Reich", "culture" (Bildung), "Christianity", "Bismarck", "success", - Schopenhauer and Wagner or, in one word, Nietzsche...

2.

Of these four assaults the first had an extraordinary success. The uproar it provoked was splendid in every sense. I had touched a victorious nation on its sore spot, - had said that its victory was not a cultural event but perhaps, perhaps something altogether different... The answer came from every side, and by no means only from the old friends of David Strauss, whom I had held up to ridicule as the type of a German cultural philistine and satisfait, in short as the author of his alehouse gospel of "the old and the new faith" (- the word cultural philistine has remained in the language from my essay). These old friends, whom as Württembergers and Swabians I had stung to the quick when I found their prodigy, their Strauss, comical, answered as honestly and as coarsely as I could ever have wished; - the Prussian rejoinders were cleverer, - they had more "Berlin blue" in them. The most indecent performance came from a Leipzig paper, the notorious "Grenzboten"; I had trouble restraining the indignant people of Basel from taking steps. Only a few old gentlemen declared themselves unconditionally for me, for mixed and in part undiscoverable reasons. Among them Ewald in Göttingen, who gave it to be understood that my assault had ended fatally for Strauss. Likewise the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer, in whom from then on I had one of my most attentive readers. In his last years he liked to refer to me, for example to give Herr von Treitschke, the Prussian historiographer, a hint as to where he might go for information about the concept "culture", which he had lost. The most thoughtful, and also the longest, thing said about the essay and its author came from an old pupil of the philosopher von Baader, a Professor Hoffmann in Würzburg. From the essay he foresaw a great destiny for me, - that of bringing about a kind of crisis and supreme decision in the problem of atheism, of which he divined in me the most instinctive and most ruthless type. Atheism was what led me to Schopenhauer. - By far the best heard, and the most bitterly

felt, was an extraordinarily strong and brave advocacy on the part of Karl Hillebrand, otherwise so mild, that last humane German who knew how to wield a pen. His article was read in the "Augsburger Zeitung"; today one can read it, in a somewhat more cautious form, in his collected writings. Here the essay was presented as an event, a turning point, a first self-reflection, the very best of signs, as a real return of German seriousness and German passion in matters of the spirit. Hillebrand was full of high praise for the form of the essay, for its mature taste, for its perfect tact in distinguishing between person and thing: he singled it out as the best polemical work ever written in German, - in the art of polemic, so dangerous, so inadvisable precisely for Germans. Unconditionally Yes-saying, even sharpening what I had dared to say about the ragged decay of language in Germany (- today they play the purists and can no longer build a sentence -), sharing my contempt for the "foremost writers" of this nation, he ended by expressing his admiration for my courage - that "highest courage, which brings the very darlings of a people to the dock"... The after-effect of this essay is quite simply inestimable in my life. No one has since picked a quarrel with me. People keep silent; in Germany I am treated with a gloomy caution: for years I have made use of an unconditional freedom of speech for which no one today, least of all in the "Reich", has a free enough hand. My paradise is "under the shadow of my sword"... At bottom I had put into practice a maxim of Stendhal's: he advises making one's entrance into society with a duel. And how I had chosen my opponent! the foremost German free spirit!... In truth, an entirely new kind of free-spiritedness thereby found its first expression: to this day nothing is more foreign and unrelated to me than the whole European and American species of "libres penseurs". With them, as incorrigible shallow-pates and buffoons of "modern ideas", I find myself even more deeply at odds than with any of their opponents. They too, in their way, want to "improve" mankind, after their own image; they would wage an irreconcilable war against what I am,

what I want, supposing they understood it, - all of them still believe in the "ideal"... I am the first immoralist.

3.

That the Untimely Meditations marked with the names of Schopenhauer and Wagner might serve particularly well for an understanding of the two cases, or even merely for posing the psychological question about them, I should not like to claim, certain particulars, as is only fair, excepted. Thus, for example, with a profound sureness of instinct, the elemental in Wagner's nature is already here designated as an actor's gift, which merely draws its consequences in his means and intentions. At bottom I wanted, with these writings, to do something altogether different from psychology: - a problem of education without equal, a new concept of self-discipline, of self-defence to the point of hardness, a path to greatness and to world-historical tasks was demanding its first expression. Broadly speaking, I seized two famous and still wholly unascertained types by the forelock, as one seizes an opportunity by the forelock, in order to say something, in order to have a few more formulas, signs, means of language in hand. This is, after all, also intimated, with a perfectly uncanny sagacity, on p. 93 of the third Untimely Meditation. In just this way Plato made use of Socrates, as a semiotics for Plato. - Now that I look back from some distance upon those conditions to which these writings bear witness, I should not like to deny that at bottom they speak only of me. The essay "Wagner in Bayreuth" is a vision of my future; in "Schopenhauer as Educator," on the other hand, my innermost history, my becoming, is inscribed. Above all, my vow!... What I am today, where I am today - at a height where I no longer speak with words but with lightning bolts -, oh how far from it I still was then! - But I saw the land, - I did not deceive myself for a single moment about the way, the sea, the danger - and the success! The great calm in the

promising, this happy gazing out into a future that is not to remain merely a promise! - Here every word is lived, deeply, inwardly; there is no lack of what is most painful, there are words in it that are downright bloodthirsty. But a wind of great freedom blows over everything; the wound itself does not act as an objection. - How I understand the philosopher, as a terrible explosive before which everything is in danger, how I separate my concept "philosopher" by miles from a concept that still includes even a Kant, not to speak of the academic "ruminants" and other professors of philosophy: on this the essay offers invaluable instruction, even granted that at bottom it is not "Schopenhauer as Educator" but his opposite, "Nietzsche as Educator," that here gets to speak. - Considering that at the time my trade was that of a scholar, and, perhaps also, that I understood my trade, a harsh piece of the psychology of the scholar which suddenly comes to light in this essay is not without significance: it expresses the feeling of distance, the profound certainty about what in me can be task, and what merely means, interlude and secondary work. It is my prudence to have been many things and in many places, in order to be able to become one, - in order to be able to arrive at one thing. For a time I also had to be a scholar. -

Human, All Too Human.

With Two Sequels.

1.

"Human, All Too Human" is the monument of a crisis. It calls itself a book for free spirits: almost every sentence in it expresses a victory — with it I freed myself from what did not belong to my nature. Idealism does not belong to me: the title says "where you see ideal things, I see — human things, alas, only all too human!"... I know man better... — In no other sense will the word "free spirit" be understood here: a spirit that has become free, that has taken possession of itself once more. The tone, the sound of the voice, has changed completely: one will find the book clever, cool, at times hard and mocking. A certain spirituality of noble taste seems to keep itself constantly on top, above a more passionate current down in the depths. In this connection it makes sense that it is really the centenary of Voltaire's death with which the publication of the book, already in the year 1878, as it were excuses itself. For Voltaire, in contrast to everything that wrote after him, is above all a grandseigneur of the spirit: exactly what I am as well. — The name Voltaire on a writing of mine — that was truly a step forward — towards myself... If one looks more closely, one discovers a merciless spirit that knows all the hiding places where the ideal is at home — where it has its dungeons and, as it were, its last security. With a torch in hand that gives off no "flickering" light whatever, these underworlds of the ideal are lit up with a cutting brightness. It is war, but war without powder and smoke, without warlike attitudes, without pathos and twisted limbs — all of this would itself still be "idealism". One error after another is calmly laid

on ice; the ideal is not refuted — it freezes... Here, for example, "the genius" freezes; one corner further on, "the saint" freezes; under a thick icicle "the hero" freezes; at the end "faith" freezes, so-called "conviction"; "pity" too cools down considerably — almost everywhere "the thing in itself" freezes...

2.

The beginnings of this book belong right in the midst of the weeks of the first Bayreuth Festival; a profound strangeness towards everything that surrounded me there is one of its preconditions. Whoever has any notion of what visions had already crossed my path even then can guess how I felt when I woke up one day in Bayreuth. Just as if I were dreaming... Where was I, then? I recognized nothing, I scarcely recognized Wagner. In vain I leafed through my memories. Tribschen — a distant isle of the blessed: not a shadow of resemblance. The incomparable days of the laying of the foundation stone, the small company that belonged there and celebrated it, for whom one did not first need to wish fingers for delicate things: not a shadow of resemblance. What had happened? — Wagner had been translated into German! The Wagnerian had become master over Wagner! — German art! the German master! German beer!... We others, who know only too well to what refined artists, to what cosmopolitanism of taste Wagner's art alone speaks, were beside ourselves at finding Wagner hung about with German "virtues". — I think I know the Wagnerian; I have "lived through" three generations, from the late Brendel, who confused Wagner with Hegel, to the "idealists" of the Bayreuther Blätter, who confuse Wagner with themselves — I have heard every kind of confession of "beautiful souls" about Wagner. A kingdom for one intelligent word! — In truth, a hair-raising company! Nohl, Pohl, Kohl, with grace in infinitum! Not one misbegotten creature is missing among them, not even the anti-Semite. — Poor Wagner! Where had he ended

up! — If only he had at least gone into the swine! But among Germans!... In the end one ought, for the instruction of posterity, to stuff a genuine Bayreuthian, or better still to preserve him in spirits — for spirit is what is lacking — with the inscription: this is what the "spirit" looked like on which the "Reich" was founded... Enough: in the midst of it all I went away for a couple of weeks, very suddenly, even though a charming Parisian lady tried to console me; I excused myself to Wagner merely with a fatalistic telegram. In a place hidden deep in the forests of the Bohemian Woods, Klingenbrunn, I carried my melancholy and my contempt for Germans about with me like an illness, and from time to time, under the collective title "The Ploughshare", I wrote a sentence into my notebook — nothing but hard psychologica, which may perhaps still be found again in "Human, All Too Human".

3.

What was decided in me at that time was not by any means a break with Wagner — I felt a total aberration of my instinct, of which the single blunder, whether it was called Wagner or the Basel professorship, was merely a sign. An impatience with myself came over me; I saw that it was high time to turn back and reflect upon myself. All at once it became terribly clear to me how much time had already been squandered — how useless, how arbitrary my whole existence as a philologist appeared in relation to my task. I was ashamed of this false modesty... Ten years behind me in which the nourishment of my spirit had quite literally come to a standstill, in which I had learned nothing usable, in which I had forgotten an absurd amount over a jumble of dusty scholarship. Crawling with meticulousness and bad eyes through the ancient metrists — that is what I had come to! — I saw myself, with pity, quite gaunt, quite starved: realities were simply absent from my knowledge, and the "idealities" were worth the devil knows what! — A downright burning thirst seized me: from then on I

have in fact pursued nothing but physiology, medicine and the natural sciences — I returned even to genuinely historical studies only when my task imperiously compelled me to. It was then too that I first guessed the connection between an activity chosen against one's instinct, a so-called "calling" to which one is called least of all, and that need for a deadening of the feeling of emptiness and hunger by means of a narcotic art — by Wagnerian art, for example. On looking around more carefully I discovered that the same state of distress exists for a great number of young men: one anti-nature positively compels a second. In Germany, in the "Reich", to speak unambiguously, all too many are condemned to decide prematurely and then to waste away under a burden that can no longer be thrown off... These crave Wagner as an opiate — they forget themselves, they are rid of themselves for a moment... What am I saying! for five or six hours!

4.

At that time my instinct decided inexorably against any further giving in, going along, confusing myself with others. Every kind of life, the most unfavourable conditions, illness, poverty — everything seemed to me preferable to that unworthy "selflessness" into which I had first fallen out of ignorance, out of youth, and in which I had later remained stuck out of inertia, out of so-called "sense of duty." — Here, in a way I cannot admire enough, and just at the right time, that bad inheritance from my father's side came to my aid — at bottom a predestination to an early death. Illness detached me slowly: it spared me every break, every violent and offensive step. I lost no goodwill at that time and gained a good deal more besides. Illness likewise gave me a right to a complete reversal of all my habits; it permitted, it commanded me to forget; it bestowed on me the necessity of lying still, of idleness, of waiting and being patient... But that is just what thinking means!... My eyes alone put an end to all bookwormishness, in plain

German: philology: I was redeemed from the "book," for years I read nothing at all — the greatest kindness I have ever done myself! — That nethermost self, buried as it were, grown silent as it were under a constant having-to-listen to other selves (— and that is just what reading means!), awoke slowly, shyly, doubtfully — but at last it spoke again. Never have I had so much happiness in myself as in the sickest and most painful periods of my life: one need only look at "Daybreak" or perhaps "The Wanderer and His Shadow" to grasp what this "return to myself" was: a supreme kind of recovery itself!... The other kind merely followed from it.

5.

Human, All Too Human, this monument of a rigorous self-discipline with which I put an abrupt end in myself to all the "higher swindle," "idealism," "beautiful feeling" and other femininities that had been smuggled in, was written down in all its essentials in Sorrento; it received its conclusion, its final form, in a Basel winter, under conditions incomparably less favourable than those in Sorrento. At bottom it is Herr Peter Gast, at that time studying at the University of Basel and very devoted to me, who has the book on his conscience. I dictated, my head bandaged and aching, he copied it out, he corrected too — he was at bottom the real writer, whereas I was merely the author. When the book at last reached my hands completed — to the profound astonishment of a gravely sick man — I sent, among others, two copies to Bayreuth as well. By a miracle of meaning in chance there arrived at my house at the same time a beautiful copy of the text of Parsifal, with Wagner's dedication to me: "to his dear friend Friedrich Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, Ecclesiastical Councillor." — This crossing of the two books — it seemed to me as though I heard an ominous note in it. Did it not sound as though swords were crossing?... At any rate we both felt it so: for we both kept silent. —

Around this time the first Bayreuther Blätter appeared: I grasped for what it had been high time. — Unbelievable! Wagner had become pious...

6.

How I thought of myself at that time (1876), with what tremendous certainty I held my task and its world-historical significance in my hand, to this the whole book bears witness, above all, however, one very explicit passage: only that, with the cunning that is instinctive in me, I here again avoided the little word "I" and this time bathed in world-historical glory not Schopenhauer or Wagner but one of my friends, the excellent Dr. Paul Rée — fortunately far too subtle a creature for... Others were less subtle: I have always recognized the hopeless cases among my readers, for example the typical German professor, by the fact that on the strength of this passage they believed they had to understand the whole book as higher Réealism... In truth it contained a contradiction of five or six of my friend's propositions: on this one may read the preface to the Genealogy of Morals. — The passage runs: what, after all, is the principal proposition at which one of the boldest and coldest thinkers, the author of the book "On the Origin of the Moral Sensations" (lisez: Nietzsche, the first immoralist), has arrived by means of his incisive and penetrating analyses of human action? "The moral man stands no nearer to the intelligible world than the physical man — for there is no intelligible world..." This proposition, grown hard and keen under the hammer-blow of historical knowledge (lisez: revaluation of all values), may perhaps one day, in some future or other — 1890! — serve as the axe laid to the root of the "metaphysical need" of mankind — whether more to the blessing or to the curse of mankind, who could say? But in any case as a proposition of the most considerable consequences, fruitful

and fearful at once, and looking into the world with that double gaze which all great insights possess...

Daybreak.

Thoughts on Morality as Prejudice.

1.

With this book my campaign against morality begins. Not that it had the slightest smell of gunpowder about it: - one will perceive quite other and far lovelier scents in it, provided one has some delicacy in one's nostrils. Neither heavy nor even light artillery: if the effect of the book is negative, its means are all the less so, these means from which the effect follows like a conclusion, not like a cannon-shot. That one takes leave of the book with a shy wariness towards everything that has hitherto come to be honoured and even worshipped under the name of morality does not contradict the fact that in the whole book not one negative word occurs, no attack, no malice, - that it rather lies in the sun, round, happy, like some sea creature basking between rocks. In the end it was I myself, this sea creature: almost every sentence of the book was thought up, slipped out, in that jumble of rocks near Genoa where I was alone and still shared secrets with the sea. Even now, whenever I happen to touch this book, almost every sentence becomes for me a corner by which I draw something incomparable up out of the depths once more: its whole skin quivers with tender shivers of remembrance. The art it has in advance is no small one in making somewhat fast things that flit past lightly and without a sound, moments that I call divine lizards - not, say, with the cruelty of that young Greek god who simply skewered the poor little lizard, but nonetheless with something pointed, with the pen... "There are so many dawns that have not yet shone" - this Indian inscription stands upon the door to this book. Where does its

author seek that new morning, that hitherto still undiscovered tender red with which another day - ah, a whole series, a whole world of new days! - begins? In a revaluation of all values, in a breaking free from all moral values, in a Yes-saying and having-trust in all that has hitherto been forbidden, despised, accursed. This Yes-saying book pours out its light, its love, its tenderness upon nothing but wicked things, it gives back to them "the soul", the good conscience, the lofty right and privilege to existence. Morality is not attacked, it simply no longer comes into consideration... This book closes with an "Or?", - it is the only book that closes with an "Or?"...

2.

My task, to prepare a moment of the highest self-reflection for mankind, a great noon, when it looks back and looks out, when it steps forth from the dominion of chance and of the priests and for the first time poses the question of why?, of to what end? as a whole -, this task follows of necessity from the insight that mankind is not of itself on the right path, that it is by no means divinely governed, that rather it is precisely beneath its holiest concepts of value that the instinct of negation, of corruption, the décadence-instinct has seductively held sway. The question of the origin of moral values is therefore for me a question of the first rank, because it determines the future of mankind. The demand that one should believe that everything is fundamentally in the best of hands, that a book, the Bible, gives final reassurance concerning divine guidance and wisdom in the destiny of mankind, is, translated back into reality, the will not to let the truth come to light about the pitiable opposite of this, namely that mankind has hitherto been in the worst of hands, that it has been ruled by the ill-constituted, the cunning and vengeful, the so-called "saints", these slanderers of the world and violators of man. The decisive sign by which it becomes evident that the priest (- including the hidden

priests, the philosophers) has become master not merely within a particular religious community but altogether, that the décadence-morality, the will to the end, counts as morality in itself, is the unconditional value accorded everywhere to the unegoistic and the hostility accorded everywhere to the egoistic. Whoever disagrees with me on this point I consider infected... But all the world disagrees with me... For a physiologist such an opposition of values leaves no doubt whatever. If within the organism the slightest organ fails, in however small a measure, to assert with complete certainty its self-preservation, its replenishment of strength, its "egoism", then the whole degenerates. The physiologist demands excision of the degenerating part, he denies all solidarity with what degenerates, he is farthest from pity for it. But the priest wants precisely the degeneration of the whole, of mankind: that is why he preserves what degenerates - at this price he rules it... What meaning have those lying concepts, the auxiliary concepts of morality, "soul", "spirit", "free will", "God", if not that of ruining mankind physiologically?... When one diverts seriousness away from the self-preservation, the enhancement of strength of the body, that is to say of life, when one constructs an ideal out of anaemia, "the salvation of the soul" out of contempt for the body, what is that but a recipe for décadence? - The loss of centre of gravity, resistance to the natural instincts, "selflessness" in a word - that is what has hitherto been called morality... With "Daybreak" I first took up the fight against the morality of unselfing. -

The Gay Science.

("la gaya scienza")

The "Dawn" is a Yes-saying book, deep, but bright and kind. The same holds once again, and in the highest degree, for the gaya scienza: in almost every sentence of it profundity and high spirits tenderly hold each other by the hand. A verse expressing gratitude for the most wonderful month of January I have ever lived through — the whole book is its gift — betrays sufficiently from what depth the "science" has here become gay:

You who with your spear of flame Split the ice within my soul, So that roaring now it hastens To the sea of its highest hope: Ever brighter, ever healthier, Free in most loving Must — Thus it praises your wonders, Fairest Januarius!

What is here called "highest hope" — who can be in doubt about that, who sees the diamond beauty of the first words of Zarathustra gleaming forth as the close of the fourth book? — Or who reads the granite sentences at the end of the third book, in which a destiny for all time grasps itself in formulas for the first time? — The Songs of Prince Vogelfrei, for the best part composed in Sicily, quite expressly recall the Provençal concept of "gaya scienza", that unity of singer, knight and free spirit by which that wonderful early culture of the Provençals sets itself apart from all equivocal cultures; the very last poem above all, "To the Mistral", an exuberant dance song in which, by your leave! one dances right over morality, is a perfect Provençalism. —

Thus Spoke Zarathustra.

A Book for All and None.

1.

I shall now tell the story of Zarathustra. The fundamental conception of the work, the thought of eternal recurrence, this highest formula of affirmation that can ever be attained -, belongs to August of the year 1881: it was jotted down on a sheet of paper, with the inscription: "6000 feet beyond man and time". On that day I was walking through the woods beside the lake of Silvaplana; by a mighty block of stone towering up like a pyramid not far from Surlei I halted. Then this thought came to me. - If I reckon back a few months from that day, I find, as an omen, a sudden and profoundly decisive change in my taste, above all in music. Perhaps the whole of Zarathustra may be counted as music; - certainly a rebirth in the art of hearing was a precondition for it. In a small mountain spa not far from Vicenza, Recoaro, where I spent the spring of the year 1881, I discovered, together with my maëstro and friend Peter Gast, likewise one "reborn", that the phoenix Music flew past us with lighter and more luminous plumage than it had ever shown. If, on the other hand, I reckon forward from that day to the sudden delivery, occurring under the most improbable circumstances, in February 1883 - the final part, the very one from which I quoted a few sentences in the Preface, was finished precisely in the sacred hour in which Richard Wagner died in Venice - the result is eighteen months for the pregnancy. This very figure of eighteen months might suggest the thought, among Buddhists at least, that I am at bottom a female elephant. - To the interval belongs the "gaya scienza", which bears a hundred signs of

the nearness of something incomparable; in the end it even gives the beginning of Zarathustra itself, it gives in the penultimate piece of the fourth book the fundamental thought of Zarathustra. - Likewise to this interval belongs that Hymn to Life (for mixed choir and orchestra), whose score was published two years ago by E. W. Fritzsch in Leipzig: a perhaps not insignificant symptom of my condition in that year, when the Yes-saying pathos par excellence, which I call the tragic pathos, dwelt within me to the highest degree. Some day it will be sung in my memory. - The text, let it be expressly noted, since a misunderstanding about it is in circulation, is not by me: it is the astonishing inspiration of a young Russian woman with whom I was on friendly terms at the time, Fräulein Lou von Salomé. Whoever is able to draw any meaning at all from the last words of the poem will guess why I preferred and admired it: they have greatness. Pain is not counted as an objection to life: "If you have no more happiness left to give me, well then! you still have your torment..." Perhaps my music too has greatness at this point. (Last note of the oboe C sharp, not C. Misprint.) - The following winter I lived in that charmingly quiet bay of Rapallo not far from Genoa, which cuts in between Chiavari and the promontory of Porto fino. My health was not of the best; the winter cold and beyond measure rainy; a small albergo, situated directly on the sea, so that the high seas made sleep impossible at night, offered in nearly every respect the opposite of what was desirable. In spite of this, and almost as proof of my proposition that everything decisive arises "in spite of", it was this winter and these unfavourable circumstances under which my Zarathustra came into being. - In the mornings I would climb southward up the glorious road toward Zoagli, past pines and gazing far out over the sea; in the afternoons, as often as my health permitted, I walked around the whole bay from Santa Margherita all the way to beyond Porto fino. This place and this landscape have come even closer to my heart through the great love which the unforgettable German Emperor Frederick the Third felt for

them; by chance I was on this coast again in the autumn of 1886 when he visited this little forgotten world of happiness for the last time. - On these two walks the whole of the first Zarathustra came to me, above all Zarathustra himself, as a type: more correctly, he overtook me...

2.

To understand this type, one must first be clear about its physiological precondition: it is what I call the great health. I know of no better, no more personal way to explain this concept than I have already done in one of the closing sections of the fifth book of the "gaya scienza". "We new ones, nameless ones, hard to understand - it says there - we premature births of an as yet unproven future, we require for a new end also a new means, namely a new health, a stronger, shrewder, tougher, bolder, merrier one than all healths hitherto. He whose soul thirsts to have experienced the whole range of values and desirabilities hitherto, and to have sailed around all the coasts of this ideal 'Mediterranean', he who wants to know from the adventures of his very own experience how it feels to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal, likewise an artist, a saint, a lawgiver, a sage, a scholar, a pious man, a divinely aloof one of the old style: he needs for this first of all one thing, the great health - such a health as one not only has, but also continually acquires and must acquire, because one gives it up again and again, must give it up... And now, after we have long been on our way in this manner, we Argonauts of the ideal, more courageous perhaps than is prudent, and often enough shipwrecked and come to harm, but, as I said, healthier than one would like to allow us, dangerously healthy, ever healthy again, - it seems to us as if, as a reward, we have before us a still undiscovered land whose boundaries no one has yet seen, a beyond of all the lands and corners of the ideal hitherto, a world so overrich in the beautiful, the strange, the questionable, the

terrible and the divine that our curiosity as well as our thirst for possession are beside themselves - alas, that nothing can now sate us any more!... How could we, after such vistas and with such a ravenous hunger in knowledge and conscience, still be content with present-day man? Bad enough, but it is unavoidable that we now look upon his worthiest aims and hopes with an ill-sustained seriousness, and perhaps no longer even look... Another ideal runs ahead of us, a strange, tempting, perilous ideal, to which we would persuade no one, because we do not so readily concede to anyone the right to it: the ideal of a spirit that plays naively, that is to say unintentionally and out of overflowing abundance and power, with everything that was hitherto called holy, good, untouchable, divine; for whom the highest thing, by which the people fairly takes its measure of value, would already signify something like danger, decay, debasement or, at the least, like recreation, blindness, temporary self-forgetting; the ideal of a humanly-superhuman well-being and goodwill which will often enough appear inhuman, for instance when it sets itself beside all earthly seriousness hitherto, beside all solemnity hitherto in gesture, word, tone, look, morality and task as their most incarnate involuntary parody - and with which, in spite of all this, perhaps the great seriousness only begins, the real question mark is only set, the destiny of the soul turns, the hand moves, the tragedy begins."

3.

— Has anyone, at the end of the nineteenth century, a clear notion of what poets of strong ages called inspiration? If not, I will describe it. With the slightest residue of superstition in oneself, one would indeed hardly know how to ward off the idea of being merely incarnation, merely mouthpiece, merely medium of overpowering forces. The concept of revelation, in the sense that suddenly, with unspeakable certainty and delicacy, something becomes visible, audible, something

that shakes one to the very depths and overthrows one, simply describes the facts. One hears, one does not seek; one takes, one does not ask who gives; like lightning a thought flashes up, with necessity, without hesitation as to its form — I have never had a choice. A rapture whose tremendous tension at times releases itself in a flood of tears, in which one's step involuntarily now storms ahead, now slows; a perfect being-outside-oneself with the most distinct awareness of countless subtle shudders and tremors trickling down to one's toes; a depth of happiness in which the most painful and gloomiest things act not as an opposite but as conditioned, as provoked, rather as a necessary colour within such an overflow of light; an instinct for rhythmic relations that spans wide spaces of forms — the length, the need for a wide-spanned rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of inspiration, a kind of counterbalance to its pressure and tension... Everything happens in the highest degree involuntarily, yet as in a storm of a feeling of freedom, of unconditionedness, of power, of divinity... The involuntariness of the image, of the simile, is the most remarkable thing; one no longer has any notion of what is image, what is simile; everything presents itself as the nearest, the most fitting, the simplest expression. It really seems, to recall a saying of Zarathustra's, as if things themselves drew near and offered themselves as similes (— "here all things come caressing to your discourse and flatter you: for they want to ride upon your back. Upon every simile you ride here to every truth. Here the words and word-shrines of all being spring open to you; all being here wants to become word, all becoming wants to learn from you how to speak —"). This is my experience of inspiration; I do not doubt that one must go back thousands of years to find anyone who may say to me "it is mine too".

4.

For a couple of weeks afterwards I lay ill in Genoa. Then followed a melancholy spring in Rome, where I put up with life — it was not easy. At bottom this place, the most indecent on earth for the poet of Zarathustra, which I had not chosen of my own free will, vexed me beyond measure; I tried to get away — I wanted to go to Aquila, the counter-concept to Rome, founded out of enmity towards Rome, as I shall one day found a place, in memory of an atheist and enemy of the Church comme il faut, one of my nearest kin, the great Hohenstaufen emperor Frederick the Second. But there was a fatality in all of this: I had to go back again. In the end I contented myself with the piazza Barberini, after my efforts to find an anti-Christian district had worn me out. I fear that once, in order to avoid bad smells as far as possible, I even inquired at the palazzo del Quirinale itself whether they did not have a quiet room for a philosopher. — On a loggia high above the said piazza, from which one looks out over Rome and hears the fontana splashing far below, that loneliest song was composed that has ever been composed, the Night Song; around this time a melody of unspeakable melancholy was always hovering about me, whose refrain I found again in the words "dead from immortality..." In the summer, returned home to the sacred spot where the first lightning of the Zarathustra thought had flashed upon me, I found the second Zarathustra. Ten days sufficed; in no case, neither for the first nor for the third and last, did I need more. The following winter, under the halcyon sky of Nice, which then shone into my life for the first time, I found the third Zarathustra — and was finished. Scarcely a year, reckoned for the whole. Many hidden spots and heights in the landscape around Nice are hallowed for me by unforgettable moments; that decisive section which bears the title "On Old and New Tablets" was composed during the most arduous ascent from the station to the marvellous Moorish eyrie of rock, Eza — my muscular agility was al-

ways greatest when my creative power flowed most abundantly. The body is inspired: let us leave the "soul" out of it... One might often have seen me dancing; in those days I could be out walking in the mountains for seven, eight hours without any notion of fatigue. I slept well, I laughed a great deal —, I was perfectly vigorous and patient.

5.

Apart from these ten-day works, the years during and above all after Zarathustra were a distress without equal. One pays dearly for being immortal: one dies for it several times while still alive. — There is something I call the rancune of greatness: everything great, a work, a deed, turns, once accomplished, immediately against the one who did it. Precisely because he did it, he is now weak — he can no longer bear his deed, he can no longer look it in the face. To have something behind one that one should never have been permitted to will, something in which the knot in the destiny of mankind is tied — and now to have it upon oneself!... It almost crushes one.. — The rancune of greatness! — Another thing is the dreadful silence one hears around oneself. Solitude has seven skins; nothing gets through any more. One goes among people, one greets friends: new desolation, no glance greets one any longer. At best a kind of revolt. Such a revolt I experienced, in very different degrees, but from almost everyone who was close to me; it seems that nothing offends more deeply than suddenly letting a distance be felt — noble natures, who do not know how to live without revering, are rare. — A third thing is the absurd sensitivity of the skin to small pricks, a kind of helplessness before everything small. This seems to me conditioned by the tremendous squandering of all defensive energies which every creative deed, every deed out of one's ownmost, innermost, nethermost depths, presupposes. The small defensive capacities are thereby, as it were, unhinged; no more

strength flows to them. — I venture to hint further that one digests worse, is reluctant to move, is all too open to feelings of chill, and also to mistrust — to mistrust, which in many cases is merely an aetiological blunder. In such a state I once sensed the nearness of a herd of cows, through the return of gentler, more humane thoughts, even before I saw it: that has warmth in it...

6.

This work stands entirely by itself. Let us leave the poets aside: perhaps nothing at all has ever been done out of a like superabundance of strength. My concept "Dionysian" here became the highest deed; measured against it, the whole rest of human doing appears poor and conditioned. That a Goethe, a Shakespeare would not know how to breathe for a single moment in this tremendous passion and height, that Dante, held up against Zarathustra, is merely a believer and not one who first creates the truth, a world-governing spirit, a destiny, that the poets of the Veda are priests and not even worthy to unloose the soles of the shoes of a Zarathustra, all this is the least of it and gives no idea of the distance, of the azure solitude in which this work lives. Zarathustra has an eternal right to say: "I draw circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer climb with me up ever higher mountains, - I build a mountain range out of ever holier mountains." Reckon the spirit and the goodness of all great souls together as one: all of them together would not be capable of bringing forth a single discourse of Zarathustra. Tremendous is the ladder on which he climbs up and down; he has seen further, willed further, been able further than any human being. He contradicts with every word, this most Yes-saying of all spirits; in him all opposites are bound into a new unity. The highest and the lowest forces of human nature, the sweetest, the most light-hearted and the most terrible, stream forth from a single fount with immortal certainty. Until then one does not

know what height, what depth is; one knows still less what truth is. There is not a moment in this revelation of truth that had already been anticipated, guessed by one of the greatest. There is no wisdom, no exploration of the soul, no art of speaking before Zarathustra; the nearest, the most everyday thing here speaks of unheard-of things. The sentence trembling with passion; eloquence become music; lightning bolts hurled ahead toward futures hitherto unguessed. The mightiest power of simile that has existed until now is poor and mere play beside this return of language to the nature of imagery. - And how Zarathustra descends and says to each the kindest things! How he touches even his adversaries, the priests, with tender hands and suffers with them from them! - Here at every moment man is overcome, the concept "overman" here became the highest reality, - at an infinite distance all that was hitherto called great in man lies beneath him. The halcyon, the light feet, the omnipresence of malice and exuberance, and whatever else is typical of the type Zarathustra, has never been dreamed of as essential to greatness. Precisely in this compass of space, in this accessibility to what is opposed, Zarathustra feels himself to be the highest species of all that is; and when one hears how he defines it, one will give up looking for his likeness.

- the soul that has the longest ladder and can reach down deepest,

the most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and roam furthest within itself,

the most necessary, which plunges with delight into chance,

the soul that is, which wants to go into becoming, the soul that has, which wants to go into willing and longing -

the one that flees itself, which catches up with itself in the widest circles,

the wisest soul, to which folly speaks most sweetly,

the most self-loving, in which all things have their streaming and counter-streaming and ebb and flood - -

But that is the concept of Dionysus himself. Another consideration leads to the very same point. The psychological problem in the type of Zarathustra is how he who says No, does No, to an unheard-of degree, to everything to which one hitherto said Yes, can nonetheless be the opposite of a No-saying spirit; how the spirit that bears the heaviest of destinies, a fatality of a task, can nonetheless be the lightest and most otherworldly - Zarathustra is a dancer -; how he who has the hardest, the most terrible insight into reality, who has thought the "most abysmal thought," nonetheless finds in it no objection to existence, not even to its eternal recurrence, - rather one reason more to be himself the eternal Yes to all things, "the tremendous, unbounded Yes- and Amen-saying"... "Into all abysses I still carry my blessing Yes-saying"... But that is the concept of Dionysus once again.

7.

- What language will such a spirit speak when he speaks alone with himself? The language of the dithyramb. I am the inventor of the dithyramb. Listen to how Zarathustra speaks with himself before sunrise (III, 18): such emerald happiness, such divine tenderness no tongue had before me. Even the deepest melancholy of such a Dionysus still becomes dithyramb; I take, as a sign, the Night Song, the immortal lament at being condemned, through the superabundance of light and power, through one's sun-nature, not to love.

Night it is: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

Night it is: only now do all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover.

Something unstilled, unstillable is in me, that wants to be voiced. A craving for love is in me, that itself speaks the language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But this is my solitude, that I am girded about with light.

Ah, that I were dark and nightly! How I would suck at the breasts of light!

And you yourselves I would still bless, you little twinkling stars and glow-worms up above! - and be blissful in your gifts of light.

But I live in my own light, I drink back into myself the flames that break from me.

I do not know the happiness of the one who takes; and often I dreamed that stealing must be more blessed still than taking.

This is my poverty, that my hand never rests from giving; this is my envy, that I see waiting eyes and the lit-up nights of longing.

O wretchedness of all givers! O eclipse of my sun! O craving for desire! O ravenous hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I yet touch their soul? A cleft lies between taking and giving; and the smallest cleft is the last to be bridged.

A hunger grows out of my beauty: I would like to hurt those for whom I shine, I would like to rob those I have gifted, - thus do I hunger for malice.

Withdrawing the hand when already a hand reaches out to it; like the waterfall that hesitates even in its plunge: thus do I hunger for malice.

Such revenge does my fullness devise, such spite wells up from my solitude.

My happiness in giving died in giving, my virtue grew weary of itself in its superabundance!

He who always gives is in danger of losing his shame; he who always dispenses, his hand and heart grow calloused from sheer dispensing.

My eye no longer brims over at the shame of those who beg; my hand has grown too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Where has the tear gone from my eye and the down from my heart? O solitude of all givers! O silence of all who shine!

Many suns circle in desolate space: to all that is dark they speak with their light - to me they are silent.

O this is the enmity of light against what shines: merciless it travels its courses.

Unjust toward what shines in its deepest heart, cold toward suns - thus travels every sun.

Like a storm the suns travel their courses, they follow their inexorable will, that is their coldness.

Oh, it is you alone, you dark ones, you creatures of night, who create warmth out of what shines! Oh, you alone drink milk and refreshment from the udders of light!

Alas, ice is around me, my hand is burned by what is icy! Alas, thirst is in me, a thirst that languishes for your thirst.

It is night: alas, that I must be light! And thirst for what is of the night! And solitude!

It is night: now my longing breaks forth from me like a wellspring, — I long for speech.

It is night: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

It is night: now all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover. —

8.

Nothing like this has ever been written, ever been felt, ever been suffered: thus suffers a god, a Dionysus. The answer to such a dithyramb of the sun's solitude in the light would be Ariadne... Who besides me knows what Ariadne is!... Of all such riddles no one until now had the solution; I doubt that anyone ever so much as saw riddles here. — Zarathustra once defines his task, with severity — it is mine too — so that there can be no mistaking its meaning: he is Yes-saying to the point of justifying, to the point of redeeming even all that is past.

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

And this is all my composing and striving, that I compose into one and gather together what is fragment and riddle and dreadful chance.

And how could I bear to be a man, if man were not also poet and guesser of riddles and redeemer of chance?

To redeem those who are past and to recreate every "It was" into a "Thus I willed it!" — that alone would I call redemption.

In another passage he defines as strictly as possible what alone "man" can be for him — no object of love, let alone of pity — Zarathustra has become master even over the great nausea at man: man is to him a formlessness, a material, an ugly stone that has need of the sculptor.

No-longer-willing and no-longer-valuing and no-longer-creating: oh, that this great weariness might ever remain far from me!

Even in knowing I feel only my will's delight in begetting and becoming; and if there is innocence in my knowledge, this is because the will to beget is in it.

Away from God and gods this will lured me: for what would there be to create if gods — existed?

But ever anew it drives me to man, my ardent will to create; thus is the hammer driven toward the stone.

Alas, you men, within the stone there sleeps for me an image, the image of images! Alas, that it must sleep in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now my hammer rages cruelly against its prison. Fragments fly in dust from the stone: what is that to me!

I will perfect it, for a shadow came to me — the stillest and lightest of all things once came to me!

The beauty of the overman came to me as a shadow: what are the gods to me now!...

I emphasize one final point of view: the italicized line gives occasion for it. For a Dionysian task the hardness of the hammer, the delight even in destroying, belong decisively among the preconditions. The imperative "become hard!", the deepest certainty that all creators are hard, is the true mark of a Dionysian nature. —

Beyond Good and Evil.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

1.

The task for the years that now followed was marked out as strictly as possible. Once the Yes-saying part of my task had been accomplished, it was the turn of its No-saying, No-doing half: the revaluation of all values hitherto itself, the great war, — the conjuring up of a day of decision. Included in this is the slow looking-about for kindred spirits, for such as would, out of strength, offer me their hand for the work of destruction. — From then on all my writings are fish-hooks: perhaps I understand angling as well as anyone?... If nothing was caught, the fault does not lie with me. There were no fish...

2.

This book (1886) is in all essentials a critique of modernity, not excluding the modern sciences, the modern arts, even modern politics, together with pointers towards an antithetical type that is as little modern as possible, a noble, a Yes-saying type. In the latter sense the book is a school for the gentilhomme, the concept taken more spiritually and more radically than it has ever been taken. One must have courage in one's body merely to endure it, one must not have learned what fear is... All the things of which the age is proud are felt as a contradiction of this type, almost as bad manners: the famous "objectivity", for example, the "sympathy with all that suffers", the "historical sense" with its servility before foreign taste, with its lying-on-its-belly before petits faits, "scientificality". — If one considers that the book follows upon Zarathustra, one may perhaps also guess the

dietetic régime to which it owes its origin. The eye, spoiled by a tremendous compulsion to see far — Zarathustra is even more far-sighted than the Czar —, is here forced to grasp sharply what is nearest, the age, what is around us. In every respect, above all in the form as well, one will find the same deliberate turning away from the instincts out of which a Zarathustra became possible. Refinement in form, in intention, in the art of silence, is in the foreground; psychology is handled with avowed hardness and cruelty, — the book lacks any good-natured word... All this is recuperation: who, in the end, will guess what kind of recuperation such a squandering of goodness as Zarathustra is makes necessary?... Speaking theologically — listen closely, for I seldom speak as a theologian — it was God himself who, at the end of his day's work, lay down as a serpent beneath the tree of knowledge: thus did he recuperate from being God... He had made everything too beautiful... The devil is merely God's idleness on every seventh day...

Genealogy of Morality.

A Polemic.

The three treatises of which this Genealogy consists are perhaps, with regard to expression, intention and the art of surprise, the uncanniest things that have ever been written. Dionysus, as everyone knows, is also the god of darkness. - Each time a beginning that is meant to mislead, cool, scientific, ironic even, deliberately foreground, deliberately holding back. Gradually more unrest; scattered sheet lightning; very unpleasant truths growing audible from afar with a muffled rumbling, - until at last a tempo feroce is reached in which everything drives forward with tremendous tension. At the close, each time, amid utterly gruesome detonations, a new truth becomes visible between thick clouds. - The truth of the first treatise is the psychology of Christianity: the birth of Christianity out of the spirit of ressentiment, not, as is commonly believed, out of the "spirit", - a countermovement by its very nature, the great revolt against the dominion of noble values. The second treatise gives the psychology of conscience: it is not, as is commonly believed, "the voice of God in man", - it is the instinct of cruelty turning backwards once it can no longer discharge itself outwardly. Cruelty brought to light here for the first time as one of the oldest and most indispensable substrata of culture. The third treatise gives the answer to the question of whence the tremendous power of the ascetic ideal, the priestly ideal, derives, although it is the harmful ideal par excellence, a will to the end, a décadence ideal. Answer: not because God is at work behind the priests, as is commonly believed, but faute de mieux, - because it was the only ideal hitherto, because it had no competitor. "For man would rather will even nothingness than not will"... Above all, a counter-ideal was

lacking - until Zarathustra. - I have been understood. Three decisive preliminary studies by a psychologist for a revaluation of all values. - This book contains the first psychology of the priest.

Twilight of the Idols.

How One Philosophizes with a Hammer.

1.

This writing of not even 150 pages, cheerful and fateful in tone, a demon who laughs -, the work of so few days that I hesitate to name their number, is the exception among books altogether: there is nothing richer in substance, more independent, more overturning, - more wicked. If one wishes to gain a brief notion of how everything stood on its head before me, let one make a beginning with this writing. That which is called idol on the title page is quite simply that which until now was called truth. Twilight of the Idols - in plain German: the old truth is coming to an end...

2.

There is no reality, no "ideality", that is not touched upon in this writing (- touched upon: what a cautious euphemism!...) Not merely the eternal idols, but also the very youngest, consequently the most decrepit. The "modern ideas", for example. A great wind blows among the trees, and everywhere fruits fall down - truths. There is the extravagance of an all too rich autumn in it: one stumbles over truths, one even treads a few to death, - there are too many of them...

But what one gets into one's hands, that is no longer anything questionable, those are decisions. I am the first to hold the measure for "truths" in my hand, I am the first who can decide. As if a second consciousness had grown in me, as if in me "the will" had lit a light for itself over the slippery slope down which it had until now been running... The slippery slope - it was called the way to "truth"... It is all

over with every "obscure urge", the good man precisely was least of all conscious of the right way... And in all seriousness, no one before me knew the right way, the way upward: only from me onward are there hopes again, tasks, ways of culture to be prescribed - I am their bearer of glad tidings... Precisely thereby am I also a destiny. - -

3.

Immediately after the completion of the work just named, and without losing even a single day, I attacked the tremendous task of the revaluation, in a sovereign feeling of pride to which nothing compares, certain at every moment of my immortality, and engraving sign after sign upon tablets of bronze with the sureness of a destiny. The preface came into being on 3 September 1888: when, after setting it down, I stepped out into the open that morning, I found before me the most beautiful day the Upper Engadine has ever shown me - transparent, glowing in its colours, enclosing within itself all opposites, all middles between ice and the south. - Only on 20 September did I leave Sils-Maria, held back by floods, in the end by far the only guest of this wondrous place, upon which my gratitude wishes to bestow the gift of an immortal name. After a journey full of incidents, even with danger to my life in flooded Como, which I reached only deep in the night, I arrived in Turin on the afternoon of the 21st, my proven place, my residence from now on. I took again the same lodging I had occupied in the spring, via Carlo Alberto 6, III, opposite the mighty palazzo Carignano, in which Vittore Emanuele was born, with a view over the piazza Carlo Alberto and beyond it onto the hill country. Without hesitating and without letting myself be distracted for a moment, I went back to work: only the last quarter of the work remained to be done. On 30 September great victory; completion of the revaluation; the idleness of a god along the Po. On the same day I also wrote the preface to "Twilight of the Idols", the correcting of

whose proof sheets had been my recreation in September. - I have never experienced such an autumn, nor ever held anything of the kind possible on earth, - a Claude Lorrain thought into infinity, every day of the same unbridled perfection.

The Case of Wagner.

A Musician's Problem.

1.

To do justice to this book, one must suffer from the destiny of music as from an open wound. — What do I suffer from when I suffer from the destiny of music? From this: that music has been robbed of its world-transfiguring, Yes-saying character, — that it is décadence-music and no longer the flute of Dionysus... Supposing, however, that one feels the cause of music in this way as one's own cause, as one's own history of suffering, then one will find this book full of considerations and mild beyond all measure. To be cheerful in such cases and good-naturedly to mock oneself along with the rest — ridendo dicere severum, where the verum dicere would justify any harshness — is humanity itself. Who really doubts that I, the old artilleryman that I am, have it in my power to bring up my heavy guns against Wagner? — I held back everything decisive in this matter, — I loved Wagner. — In the end, an attack on a subtler "unknown", one whom no one else would easily guess, lies in the sense and the path of my task — oh, I have quite other "unknowns" to unmask than a Cagliostro of music — still more, to be sure, an attack on the German nation, which in matters of the spirit is growing ever more sluggish and poorer in instinct, ever more honest, which goes on with an enviable appetite nourishing itself on opposites and gulps down "faith" as readily as scientific rigour, "Christian love" as readily as antisemitism, the will to power (to the "Reich") as readily as the évangile des humbles, without any digestive troubles... This lack of taking sides between opposites! this stomachic neutrality and "selflessness"! This just sense of the German

palate, which grants equal rights to everything, — which finds everything tasty... Without any doubt, the Germans are idealists... When I last visited Germany, I found German taste at pains to grant equal rights to Wagner and to the Trumpeter of Säckingen; I myself was an eyewitness to how in Leipzig, in honour of one of the most genuine and most German of musicians, German in the old sense of the word, no mere Reich-German, Master Heinrich Schütz, a Liszt Society was founded, for the purpose of cultivating and spreading cunning church music... Without any doubt, the Germans are idealists...

2.

But here nothing shall stop me from becoming coarse and telling the Germans a few hard truths: who else will do it? — I speak of their lewdness in historicis. Not only have the German historians utterly lost the grand view of the course, of the values of culture, not only are they one and all buffoons of politics (or of the Church —): this grand view has even been outlawed by them. One must first be "German", be "race", then one can decide upon all values and non-values in historicis — one fixes them... "German" is an argument, "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles" a principle, the Teutons are the "moral world order" in history; in relation to the imperium romanum the bearers of freedom, in relation to the eighteenth century the restorers of morality, of the "categorical imperative",... There is a Reich-German historiography, there is, I fear, even an antisemitic one, — there is a court historiography, and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed... Recently an idiot's judgement in historicis, a sentence by the happily departed aesthetic Swabian Vischer, made the rounds of the German newspapers as a "truth" to which every German must say Yes: "The Renaissance and the Reformation, only both together make a whole — the aesthetic rebirth and the moral rebirth." — At such sentences my patience comes to an end, and I feel the urge, I even feel it as a duty, to

tell the Germans for once everything they already have on their conscience. All the great crimes against culture of four centuries they have on their conscience!... And always for the same reason, out of their innermost cowardice before reality, which is also cowardice before truth, out of their untruthfulness, which has become instinct with them, out of "idealism"... The Germans robbed Europe of the harvest, of the meaning of the last great age, the age of the Renaissance, at a moment when a higher order of values, when the noble values, the values that say Yes to life, the values that guarantee the future, had achieved victory at the seat of the opposite values, the values of decline — and right into the instincts of those who sat there! Luther, this fatality of a monk, restored the Church and, what is a thousand times worse, Christianity, at the very moment when it was succumbing... Christianity, this denial of the will to life become religion!... Luther, an impossible monk, who, on the grounds of his "impossibility", attacked the Church and — consequently! — restored it... The Catholics would have reason to celebrate Luther festivals, to compose Luther plays... Luther — and the "moral rebirth"! To the devil with all psychology! Without doubt, the Germans are idealists. Twice, just when an upright, an unambiguous, a perfectly scientific way of thinking had been attained with tremendous courage and self-overcoming, the Germans knew how to find secret paths back to the old "ideal", reconciliations between truth and "ideal", at bottom formulas for a right to reject science, for a right to lie. Leibniz and Kant — these two greatest brakes upon the intellectual integrity of Europe! — Finally, when on the bridge between two centuries of décadence a force majeure of genius and will became visible, strong enough to create out of Europe a unity, a political and economic unity, for the purpose of ruling the earth, the Germans with their "Wars of Liberation" robbed Europe of the meaning, of the miracle of meaning in the existence of Napoleon, — and thereby they have on their conscience everything that came after, that is here today, this most anti-

cultural sickness and unreason there is, nationalism, this névrose nationale from which Europe is sick, this perpetuation of Europe's petty-statism, of petty politics: they have robbed Europe itself of its meaning, of its reason — they have led it into a dead end. — Does anyone besides me know a way out of this dead end?... A task great enough to bind the peoples together again?...

3.

- And finally, why should I not give words to my suspicion? In my case, too, the Germans will once again try everything to make a tremendous destiny bring forth a mouse. Up to now they have compromised themselves with me; I doubt that they will do better in the future. - Ah, how I long to be a bad prophet here!... My natural readers and listeners are even now Russians, Scandinavians and Frenchmen, - will they be so more and more? - The Germans are inscribed in the history of knowledge with nothing but ambiguous names; they have only ever produced "unconscious" counterfeiters (- Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Schleiermacher deserve this word just as much as Kant and Leibniz; they are all mere Schleiermachers, mere makers of veils -): they shall never have the honour of seeing the first upright spirit in the history of the spirit, the spirit in which truth comes to sit in judgement over the counterfeiting of four millennia, reckoned as one with the German spirit. The "German spirit" is my bad air: I breathe with difficulty in the proximity of this uncleanliness in psychologicis that has become instinct, which every word, every expression of a German betrays. They have never gone through a seventeenth century of hard self-examination as the French have; a La Rochefoucauld, a Descartes are a hundred times superior in uprightness to the foremost Germans, - to this day they have had no psychologist. But psychology is almost the measure of the cleanliness or uncleanliness of a race... And if one is not even clean, how should one

have depth? With the German, almost as with woman, one never gets to the bottom; he has none: that is all. But that does not yet make one even shallow. - What is called "deep" in Germany is precisely this instinctive uncleanliness towards oneself of which I have just been speaking: one does not want to be clear about oneself. Might I not propose the word "German" as international coinage for this psychological depravity? - At this very moment, for example, the German Kaiser calls it his "Christian duty" to free the slaves in Africa: among us other Europeans that would then simply be called "German"... Have the Germans produced even a single book that had depth? They lack even the concept of what is deep in a book. I have come to know scholars who held Kant to be deep; at the Prussian court, I fear, they hold Herr von Treitschke to be deep. And when I occasionally praise Stendhal as a deep psychologist, it has happened to me with German university professors that they asked me to spell the name...

4.

- And why should I not go to the very end? I love to make a clean sweep. It is even part of my ambition to be regarded as the despiser of the Germans par excellence. I already expressed my mistrust of the German character at the age of twenty-six (third Untimely Meditation, p. 71) - for me the Germans are impossible. When I imagine a kind of human being that runs counter to all my instincts, a German always comes of it. The first thing on which I "try the reins" of a man is whether he has a feeling for distance in his body, whether he sees rank, degree, order between man and man everywhere, whether he makes distinctions: with that one is a gentilhomme; in every other case one belongs hopelessly under the broad-hearted, ah! so good-natured concept of canaille. But the Germans are canaille - ah! they are so good-natured... One lowers oneself by associating with Germans: the German makes equal... If I except my association with a few

artists, above all with Richard Wagner, I have not spent one good hour with Germans... Supposing that the profoundest spirit of all millennia appeared among Germans, some saviouress of the Capitol would imagine that her very unbeautiful soul deserved at least as much consideration... I cannot endure this race, with which one is always in bad company, which has no fingers for nuances - woe is me! I am a nuance -, which has no esprit in its feet and cannot even walk... The Germans, in the end, have no feet at all, they merely have legs... The Germans lack any notion of how vulgar they are, but that is the superlative of vulgarity, - they are not even ashamed of being merely Germans... They have their say about everything, they consider themselves decisive, I fear they have even decided about me... - My whole life is the proof de rigueur of these propositions. In vain do I search it for a sign of tact, of délicatesse towards me. From Jews, yes; never yet from Germans. It is my way to be gentle and benevolent towards everyone - I have a right to make no distinctions -: this does not prevent me from keeping my eyes open. I make no exception for anyone, least of all for my friends, - I hope, after all, that this has done no harm to my humanity towards them! There are five, six things of which I have always made a point of honour. - Nevertheless it remains true that for years I have felt almost every letter that reaches me to be a piece of cynicism: there is more cynicism in benevolence towards me than in any hatred... I tell every one of my friends to his face that he has never considered it worth the trouble to study any of my writings; I divine from the smallest signs that they do not even know what is in them. As for my Zarathustra, which of my friends would have seen more in it than an impermissible, fortunately utterly indifferent presumption?... Ten years: and nobody in Germany has made it a matter of conscience to defend my name against the absurd silence under which it lay buried: it was a foreigner, a Dane, who first had enough refinement of instinct and courage for it, who was indignant at my supposed friends... At which German university would lectures

on my philosophy be possible today, such as were given last spring in Copenhagen by Dr. Georg Brandes, who thereby proved himself once more a psychologist? - I myself have never suffered from all this; what is necessary does not wound me; amor fati is my innermost nature. But this does not exclude my loving irony, even world-historical irony. And so, roughly two years before the shattering thunderbolt of the revaluation, which will send the earth into convulsions, I sent "The Case of Wagner" out into the world: the Germans were to lay hands on me once more, immortally, and immortalize themselves! there is just time enough for it still! - Has it been achieved? - Delightfully, my Germanic gentlemen! I pay you my compliments... Just now, so that the friends should not be lacking either, an old lady friend writes to me that she now laughs at me... And this at a moment when an unspeakable responsibility rests upon me, - when no word can be too tender, no glance reverent enough towards me. For I carry the destiny of mankind on my shoulder. -

Why I Am a Destiny.

1.

I know my lot. One day my name will be bound up with the memory of something tremendous, — of a crisis such as there never was on earth, of the deepest collision of conscience, of a decision conjured up against everything that until then had been believed, demanded, hallowed. I am no man, I am dynamite. — And for all that there is nothing in me of a founder of religions — religions are affairs of the mob, I find it necessary to wash my hands after contact with religious people... I want no "believers", I think I am too malicious to believe in myself, I never speak to masses... I have a terrible fear that one day I will be pronounced holy: you will guess why I am publishing this book beforehand, it is meant to prevent people from making mischief with me... I do not want to be a saint, rather a buffoon... Perhaps I am a buffoon... And in spite of this, or rather not in spite of this, for there has hitherto been nothing more mendacious than saints — the truth speaks out of me. — But my truth is terrible: for until now the lie has been called truth. — Revaluation of all values: that is my formula for an act of supreme self-examination on the part of mankind, which in me has become flesh and genius. My lot wills that I must be the first decent human being, that I know myself to stand in opposition to the mendacity of millennia... I was the first to discover the truth, by being the first to sense the lie as a lie — to smell it... My genius is in my nostrils... I contradict as never has been contradicted and am nonetheless the opposite of a No-saying spirit. I am a bearer of glad tidings such as there never was, I know tasks of such a height that the very concept for them has been lacking until now; only from me onward are there hopes again. With all that I am necessarily also the man of

fatality. For when truth enters into battle with the lie of millennia, we shall have upheavals, a convulsion of earthquakes, a shifting of mountain and valley such as has never been dreamed of. The concept of politics will then have been wholly absorbed into a war of spirits, all the power-structures of the old society will have been blown sky-high — they all rest upon the lie: there will be wars such as there have never yet been on earth. Only from me onward is there great politics on earth.

2.

Does one want a formula for such a destiny become man? — It stands in my Zarathustra.

— and whoever would be a creator in good and evil must first be an annihilator and break values.

Thus the highest evil belongs to the highest goodness: but this is the creative kind.

I am by far the most terrible human being there has ever been; this does not rule out that I shall be the most beneficent. I know the joy of annihilating to a degree commensurate with my strength for annihilating, — in both I obey my Dionysian nature, which does not know how to separate No-doing from Yes-saying. I am the first immoralist: thereby I am the annihilator par excellence. —

3.

I have not been asked, as I ought to have been asked, what precisely the name Zarathustra means in my mouth, in the mouth of the first immoralist: for what constitutes the tremendous uniqueness of that Persian in history is the very opposite of this. Zarathustra was the first to see in the struggle of good and evil the actual wheel in the workings of things, — the translation of morality into the metaphysic-

al, as force, cause, end in itself, is his work. But this question would in essence already be the answer. Zarathustra created this most fateful of errors, morality: consequently he must also be the first to recognize it. Not only because he has had longer and greater experience here than any other thinker — the whole of history is indeed the experimental refutation of the proposition of the so-called "moral world order" —: what is more important is that Zarathustra is more truthful than any other thinker. His teaching, and it alone, holds truthfulness as the highest virtue — that is to say, the opposite of the cowardice of the "idealist" who takes flight before reality; Zarathustra has more courage in his body than all thinkers put together. To speak the truth and to shoot well with arrows, that is the Persian virtue. — Am I understood?... The self-overcoming of morality out of truthfulness, the self-overcoming of the moralist into his opposite — into me — that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth.

4.

At bottom there are two negations that my word immoralist encloses. I negate, for one, a type of human being that has hitherto counted as the highest, the good, the benevolent, the beneficent; I negate, on the other hand, a kind of morality that has come to prevail and to rule as morality in itself, the décadence-morality, to speak more tangibly, Christian morality. It would be permissible to regard the second contradiction as the more decisive, since the overestimation of goodness and benevolence, reckoned on the large scale, already counts for me as a consequence of décadence, as a symptom of weakness, as incompatible with an ascending and Yes-saying life: in Yes-saying, negating and annihilating are a condition. — I will dwell first on the psychology of the good man. In order to assess what a type of human being is worth, one must reckon up the price its preservation costs, — one must know its conditions of existence. The condition of existence of

the good is the lie —: expressed otherwise, the not-wanting-to-see at any price how reality is at bottom constituted, namely not of such a kind as to call forth benevolent instincts at every moment, still less of such a kind as to put up at every moment with the intervention of short-sighted, good-natured hands. To regard states of distress of every kind as such as an objection, as something that must be abolished, is the niaiserie par excellence, reckoned on the large scale, a veritable disaster in its consequences, a destiny of stupidity —, almost as stupid as the will to abolish bad weather would be — out of pity, say, for the poor people... In the great economy of the whole, the terrible aspects of reality (in the affects, in the desires, in the will to power) are to an incalculable degree more necessary than that form of petty happiness, so-called "goodness"; one must even be indulgent to grant the latter any place at all, since it is conditioned by instinctual mendacity. I shall have a great occasion to demonstrate the exceedingly uncanny consequences of optimism, this spawn of the homines optimi, for the whole of history. Zarathustra, the first to grasp that the optimist is just as décadent as the pessimist, and perhaps more harmful, says: good men never speak the truth. False coasts and false securities the good taught you; in the lies of the good you were born and sheltered. Everything has been lied and bent to the very ground by the good. The world, fortunately, is not built upon instincts such that only good-natured herd-creatures might find their narrow happiness in it; to demand that everything should become "good man", herd animal, blue-eyed, benevolent, "beautiful soul" — or, as Mr Herbert Spencer wishes, altruistic, would mean taking from existence its great character, would mean castrating mankind and bringing it down to a paltry Chinoiserie. — And this has been attempted! .. Precisely this was called morality... In this sense Zarathustra calls the good now "the last men", now the "beginning of the end"; above all he feels them to be the most harmful kind of human being, because they assert

their existence at the expense of truth as much as at the expense of the future.

The good — they cannot create, they are always the beginning of the end —

- they crucify him who writes new values on new tablets, they sacrifice the future to themselves, they crucify all the future of man!

The good - they were always the beginning of the end...

And whatever harm the world-slanderers may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm.

5.

Zarathustra, the first psychologist of the good, is - consequently a friend of the wicked. When a décadence-kind of man has risen to the rank of the highest kind, this could only happen at the expense of its opposite kind, the strong kind of man, certain of life. When the herd animal shines in the radiance of the purest virtue, the exceptional man must have been devalued into the wicked. When mendaciousness at any price lays claim to the word "truth" for its own perspective, the truly truthful man must be found again under the worst names. Zarathustra leaves no doubt here: he says it was precisely the knowledge of the good, of the "best", that filled him with horror of man altogether; out of this aversion there grew wings for him "to soar away into distant futures", - he does not conceal that his type of man, a relatively superhuman type, is superhuman precisely in relation to the good, that the good and just would call his overman a devil...

You highest men whom my eye has met, this is my doubt of you and my secret laughter: I guess that you would call my overman - devil!

So alien are you in your souls to what is great that the overman would be terrible to you in his goodness...

It is at this point and nowhere else that one must begin in order to grasp what Zarathustra wants: this kind of man whom he conceives conceives reality as it is: it is strong enough for that -, it is not estranged from it, removed from it, it is reality itself, it has all that is terrible and questionable in reality within itself as well; only thus can man have greatness...

6.

- But I have also chosen the word immoralist as my badge, as my badge of honour, in yet another sense; I am proud to have this word, which sets me apart from all mankind. No one yet has felt Christian morality as beneath him: that required a height, a far-sightedness, a hitherto quite unheard-of psychological depth and abysmalness. Christian morality has hitherto been the Circe of all thinkers, - they stood in its service. - Who before me has descended into the caves from which the poisonous breath of this kind of ideal - world-slander! - wells up? Who has even dared to suspect that they are caves? Who among philosophers before me was a psychologist at all, and not rather his opposite, a "higher swindler", an "idealist"? Before me there was no psychology at all. - To be the first here may be a curse; at any rate it is a destiny: for one also despises as the first... Nausea at man is my danger...

7.

Have I been understood? - What sets me apart, what places me aside from all the rest of mankind, is that I have discovered Christian morality. That is why I needed a word that carries the sense of a challenge to everyone. Not to have opened one's eyes here sooner counts for me as the greatest uncleanliness that mankind has on its conscience, as self-deception become instinct, as a fundamental will not to see any event, any causality, any reality, as counterfeiting in psychologicis to

the point of crime. Blindness before Christianity is the crime par excellence - the crime against life... The millennia, the peoples, the first and the last, the philosophers and the old women - five or six moments of history excepted, myself as the seventh - on this point they are all worthy of one another. The Christian has hitherto been the "moral being", a curiosity without equal - and, as "moral being", more absurd, more mendacious, vainer, more frivolous, more harmful to himself than even the greatest despiser of mankind could ever dream. Christian morality - the most malignant form of the will to lie, the real Circe of mankind: that which has corrupted it. It is not error as error that horrifies me at this sight, not the millennia-long lack of "good will", of discipline, of decency, of courage in matters of the spirit, which betrays itself in its victory: - it is the lack of nature, it is the utterly gruesome fact that anti-nature itself received the highest honours as morality and remained suspended over mankind as law, as categorical imperative!... To blunder to this degree, not as an individual, not as a people, but as mankind!... That men were taught to despise the very first instincts of life; that a "soul", a "spirit" was lied into being in order to bring shame upon the body; that men are taught to feel something unclean in the precondition of life, in sexuality; that the evil principle is sought in the deepest necessity for flourishing, in strict selfishness (- the very word is slanderous! -); that, conversely, in the typical badge of decline and of contradiction among the instincts, in the "selfless", in the loss of a centre of gravity, in "depersonalisation" and "love of one's neighbour" (- neighbour-mania!) men see the higher value, what am I saying! value in itself!... What! could mankind itself be in décadence? has it always been so? - What is certain is that it has been taught only décadence-values as the supreme values. The morality of unselfing is the morality of decline par excellence, the fact "I am perishing" translated into the imperative: "you shall all perish" - and not only into the imperative!... This sole morality that has hitherto been taught, the morality of unselfing, betrays a will to

the end; at its very deepest ground it denies life. - Here the possibility would remain open that it is not mankind that is degenerate, but only that parasitic kind of man, the priest's, which by means of morality has lied itself up into the position of determiner of mankind's values, - which divined in Christian morality its means to power... And indeed, this is my insight: the teachers, the leaders of mankind, theologians one and all, were also décadents one and all: hence the revaluation of all values into what is hostile to life, hence morality... Definition of morality: morality - the idiosyncrasy of décadents, with the ulterior motive of taking revenge on life - and successfully. I set great store by this definition. -

8.

- Have I been understood? - I have just said not a word that I had not already said five years ago through the mouth of Zarathustra. - The unmasking of Christian morality is an event without equal, a real catastrophe. He who enlightens us about it is a force majeure, a destiny, - he breaks the history of mankind in two. One lives before him, one lives after him... The lightning of truth struck precisely that which had hitherto stood highest: he who grasps what was annihilated there may look to see whether he has anything left in his hands at all. Everything that hitherto was called "truth" has been recognized as the most harmful, most insidious, most subterranean form of the lie; the holy pretext of "improving" mankind as the ruse for sucking life itself dry, for making it anaemic. Morality as vampirism... He who unmasks morality has unmasked along with it the worthlessness of all values that are or have been believed in; he no longer sees anything venerable in the most revered types of man, even in those pronounced holy, he sees in them the most fateful kind of monstrosities, fateful because they fascinated... The concept "God" invented as the counter-concept to life, - in it everything harmful, poisonous, slanderous, the

whole mortal enmity against life brought together into one horrible unity! The concept "beyond", "true world" invented in order to devalue the only world there is, - in order to leave no goal, no reason, no task for our earthly reality! The concept "soul", "spirit", and finally even "immortal soul", invented in order to despise the body, to make it sick - "holy" - in order to meet all the things that deserve seriousness in life, the questions of nourishment, dwelling, spiritual diet, treatment of the sick, cleanliness, weather, with a ghastly levity! Instead of health, the "salvation of the soul" - that is to say, a folie circulaire between convulsions of penance and the hysteria of redemption! The concept "sin" invented together with the instrument of torture that goes with it, the concept "free will", in order to confuse the instincts, in order to make mistrust of the instincts second nature! In the concept of the "selfless", the "self-denying", the true badge of décadence, the being-lured by what is harmful, the no-longer-being-able-to-find-one's-own-advantage, self-destruction made into the very sign of value, into "duty", into "holiness", into the "divine" in man! Finally - it is the most terrible thing of all - in the concept of the good man, the side taken of everything weak, sick, ill-constituted, suffering from itself, of everything that ought to perish -, the law of selection thwarted, an ideal made out of opposition to the proud and well-turned-out man, to the Yes-saying man, to the man who is certain of the future and who vouches for the future - he is henceforth called the evil one... And all this was believed as morality! - Ecrasez l'infâme!--

9.

- Have I been understood? - Dionysus versus the Crucified...

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