sun

Original edition | Faithful translation

Late notebooks · 1885

Nachlass: Writings from the Late Notebooks

Friedrich Nietzsche

Read and listen to this book on SUN.

Open the book page

sunapp.ai/books/nachlass-writings-from-the-late-notebooks-by-friedrich-nietzsche

Full text, credits and source notices follow.

SUN | sunapp.ai

FRIEDRICH
NIETZSCHE

Nachlass: Writings from the Late Notebooks



sun | *Intelligent Audio*



sunapp.ai/download

Nachlass, Late Notebooks 1885

Friedrich Nietzsche

Original English edition

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

Nietzsche Source, eKGWB NF-1885, notebooks 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 1, 2 (German original)

Contents

Notebook 34: April–June 1885 4
Preface: 72
Notebook 35: May–July 1885 100
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. 143
Introduction. 144
Notebook 36: June–July 1885 146
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. 147
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. 150
Notebook 37: June–July 1885 175
Notebook 38: June–July 1885 193
Notebook 39: August–September 1885 215
Notebook 40: August–September 1885 227
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. 252
Preface and Preliminary Question: 257
Preface to "Mixed Opinions and Maxims" 262
Notebook 41: August–September 1885 269
Notebook 42: August–September 1885 290
Notebook 43: Autumn 1885 299
Notebook 44: Autumn 1885 305
Notebook 45: Autumn 1885 309
Notebook 1: Autumn 1885 — Spring 1886 311
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. 324
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future. 339
Notebook 2: Autumn 1885 — Autumn 1886 377

Posthumous Fragments, Late Notebooks 1885

Notebook 34: April–June 1885

1.

Gai saber.

Self-Confessions.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Self-Confessions: At bottom the word is too solemn for me: in my case I believe neither in the confessing nor in the self.

At bottom the word is too solemn for me: but were I to call the book what would please me better, "500,000 Opinions", it would sound too farcical to my readers. Out of consideration, then, for my readers — — —

High Education.

The Highest Education.

Thoughts on the Philosophers of the Future.

Conjectures on the Philosophers of the Future.

2.

Year by year I grow more open-hearted, in the measure that my eye for this nineteenth century, for this century of the great moral Tartuffery, grows deeper and deeper: I find ever fewer reasons, today, to keep — behind the mountain. What opinions could be dangerous today! where nothing any longer falls "into deep wells"! And were

they dangerous and destructive: it is desirable that much should topple, so that much must be built

3.

In my youth I had misfortune: a very ambiguous man crossed my path: when I recognized him for what he is, namely a great actor who has no genuine relation to any thing (not even to music): I was so disgusted and sick that I believed all famous men had been actors, otherwise they would not have become famous, and that in what I called "artist" the principal thing was precisely the *histrionic* power.

4.

How disguised was the manner in which I gave expression to what I felt as "Dionysian"! How scholarly and monotonous, and how far from scholarly enough even to produce the effect of opening a new field of labour to a few generations of philologists! For this *access* to antiquity is the most thoroughly buried; and those who imagined themselves especially wise about the Greeks, Goethe for instance and Winckelmann, caught no scent of anything from that quarter. It seems the Greek world is a hundred times more hidden and stranger than the importunate manner of present-day scholars might wish. If anything is ever to be recognized here, then surely only like by like. And again — only experiences from springs that burst forth — these alone also give that new great eye which recognizes the like again in the bygone world.

5.

NB. The greatest events are the hardest for men to come to feel: for example, the fact that the Christian God "is dead", that in our experiences there is *no* longer expressed a heavenly goodness and edu-

cation, *no* longer a divine justice, no immanent morality at all. This is a terrible piece of news, which will need yet a couple of centuries before Europeans come to *feel* it: and then for a while it will seem as though all weight had gone out of things. —

6.

I did not let myself be deceived by the brilliant appearance of the German Reich. When I wrote my Zarathustra I took as background a condition in Europe in which in Germany too the same gruesome and filthy party-mongering holds sway that we already find today in France.

7.

Has anyone ever yet granted "depth" to a woman's head? Up to now I have had respect for no woman's head. D'Epinay compared with Galiani!

And justice, — has this ever — — —

8.

The Italians *alone* are genuine and original in bloody satire. From Buratti onward, who gave the genius Byron his decisive turn. Even in Carducci there is nothing that Germans or Frenchmen would not have done better.

9.

I do not know myself: the summons to self-knowledge seems to me a divine jest or a *Greek* childishness (niaiserie): they are rich in such things! — But if a man has spoken his opinions on more than 500 things, it is possible that others may "know" him. Very well!

10.

Affectation of "scientificality", e.g. "féminisme", but also: German periodical "review-style"

11.

Our age feeds and lives on the morality of earlier ages.

12.

Pascal offended by the notion that the weather, that bright and cheerful skies had influence on him. Now — the theory of the *milieu* is the most convenient! *everything* exerts influence, the result is man himself.

13.

Things my stomach copes with badly or not at all: potatoes, ham, mustard, onions, pepper, everything fried in fat, puff pastry, cauliflower, cabbage, salad, all vegetables dressed in lard, wine, sausages, butter sauce on meat, chives, fresh breadcrumb, all leavened bread

Everything grilled on the gridiron, all meat saignant, veal, roast beef, gigot, lamb, egg yolk and milk, also whipped cream, rice, semolina, cooked warm apples, green peas, beans, carrots, roots, fish, fresh butter, brown white-bread crust.

14.

The kind of open and hearty familiarity that one needs today, in a democratic age, in order to be liked and respected — in short, that on the strength of which one is treated today as an "upright man": this gives a moralist much to laugh at. All deep men enjoy their kind of relief here; it is such a pleasure to play comedy and — — —

15.

The ancients read *aloud*.

16.

Among intemperate men, e.g. the English rabble, the doctrine of abstinence naturally gains *tremendous* power. Among the temperate it is a thing to laugh at.

17.

Dionysian. What unhappy timidity, to speak as a scholar of a thing of which I could have spoken as one who "had lived it". And what concern is "aesthetics" to him who has to make poetry! One should ply one's craft and chase curiosity to the devil!

18.

The Twentieth Century.

The Abbé Galiani once says — — — since I by no means share the unwarlike views of my late friend Galiani, I am not afraid to predict a few things and thus, possibly, to conjure up thereby the cause of wars.

19.

A tremendous *reflection*, after the most terrible earthquake: with new questions.

20.

NB. The centuries before last rejected the Gothic as a barbarism (the Goth was then synonymous with the barbarian): the century before last rejected Homer. Therein lies a *taste*: a strong will to *its own* Yes and *its own* No. — The capacity to be able to enjoy Homer once more

is perhaps the greatest achievement of European man, — but it has been paid for dearly enough.

21.

Baudelaire, already wholly German, apart from a certain hyper-erotic sickliness that smells of Paris

22.

Taine, who had the boldness of invention to find what is typical between Hegel and Henri Beyle, *his method*, which essentially means: history can only be comprehended through concepts; but the concepts must be created by the historical man: and history, where there are only 4 or 5 factors, is the most comprehensible.

23.

the masquerade of the *bourgeois*, e.g. as Salammbô and as Saint Anthony

24.

Some beings, at bottom shallow and light — peoples as well as individuals — have their most estimable and highest moments when, to their own astonishment, they for once become heavy and melancholy. Likewise, perhaps, for the cattle of a rabble that once began to grunt morally in English Puritanism, or today as the English Salvation Army — the convulsion of penance is their highest achievement of "humanity"; this one should fairly acknowledge. —

But others become higher when they become lighter! There is no doubt: when a kind of man has lived through whole generations as teachers, physicians, curers of souls and exemplars, and without constantly looking out for money or honour or positions: then at last a

higher, finer and more spiritual type arises. In this respect the priest, provided he propagates himself through vigorous women, is a kind of preparation for the eventual emergence of higher men.

25.

Such dogmatic men as Dante and Plato are the *most remote* and perhaps for that very reason the most alluring: those who dwell in a house of knowledge carpentered into shape and firmly believed in. The former in his own, the latter in the Christian-patristic one.

It takes an entirely different strength and agility to hold oneself fast in an unfinished system, with free, unenclosed prospects, than in a *dogmatic* world. Leonardo da Vinci stands higher than Michelangelo, Michelangelo higher than Raphael.

26.

Among the educated of today (who all, pro pudor! read newspapers) one praises profound men. But what might those who are capable of praising profound men themselves know of profundity! — They are dangerous men: of that there is no doubt whatever. After all, one is not otherwise in the habit of praising abysses!

27.

Letters

to a Philosophical Friend.

On the Occasion

of Thus Spoke Zarathustra.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

28.

Superstition: to believe in that which is, in the unconditioned, in pure spirit, in absolute knowledge, in absolute value, in the thing in itself! In these premises there lurks everywhere a contradictio.

29.

Sceptical Objections.

30.

The perception of the senses happens to us unconsciously: everything that becomes conscious to us is already worked-over perceptions

31.

The great liberation he accomplishes for *himself* — not that he demands it of others or even sees it as his duty to communicate it to others and force it upon them

32.

The great *ebb* for millennia in the invention of values

33.

The Legislators of the Future.

1.

The Origin.

2.

The Most Fettered Spirit.

3.

The Great Liberation.

4.

Suffering from Man.

5.

The New Will.

6.

The Hammer.

34.

Acedia in me — the reverse of what it is in monks. I am vexed at the excessive pity in me: I rejoice when my ego is awake and in good spirits.

35.

1. *Abelard* wanted to bring reason into the authority of the Church: in the end *Descartes* found that *all* authority lay in reason alone.

2. The *self-overcoming of reason,* Pascal's inner problem — in favour of Christian "faith."

36.

The problem of "faith" is really: *whether instinct has more value than ratiocination, and why!*

Beneath the many quarrels over "knowledge and faith", utilitarianism and intuitionism, *this* question of *valuation* lies hidden.

Socrates had naively taken the side of reason, against instinct. (At bottom, however, he had nonetheless followed all the moral instincts, only with a *false* motivation: *as if* the motives came from reason. Likewise Plato, etc.)

Involuntarily Plato sought to have reason and instinct *will* the same thing. So too, down to this day, Kant, Schopenhauer, the English.

In "faith" the instinct of *obedience to the highest authority* is placed foremost, thus *one* instinct. The categorical imperative is a *desired* instinct, in which *this* instinct and reason are one.

37.

Kant, a fine head, a pedantic soul

38.

NB. May I be forgiven this presumptuous assertion: precisely because I have a higher and deeper, and also more scientific, conception of woman than her emancipators and emancipatresses, I resist emancipation: I know *better* where her strength lies, and I say to them: "they know not what they do". They are dissolving her instincts! with their present endeavours.

39.

Bentham and utilitarianism are dependent on *Helvétius* — he is the last great *event in morality*. In German philosophy (Kant Schopenhauer) it is still "duty" or "the instinct of pity" — the *old* problems since Socrates (i.e. Stoicism *or* Christianity, aristocracy of the individual *or* herd-goodness)

40.

I need

a)

Someone who watches over my stomach

b)

Someone who can laugh with me and has an exuberant spirit.

c)

Someone who is proud of my company and who also keeps "the other" in the proper façon of respect toward me

d)

Someone who reads aloud to me without making a book stupid

41.

Plaire — the great secret of the French will, and at bottom of *herd morality*. "Having pity", altruism, is the *hypocritical* way of expressing it.

42.

NB. Until now most artists (historians included), even some of the greatest, belonged among the servants (whether of estates or princes or women or "masses"), not to speak of their dependence on the

Church and the moral law. Thus *Rubens* portrayed the noble world of his time, but according to a taste that hovered before *it*, not according to *his* measure of beauty, — on the whole, then, *against* his own taste. In this *van Dyck* was nobler: he lent to all those whom he painted something of what he himself honoured most highly in himself: he did not climb *down* but rather up to himself when he "rendered".

The slavish *submissiveness* of the artist before his public (as even Sebastian Bach confided it, in immortally insulting words, to the letter of dedication of his High Mass) is perhaps harder to discern from within music, but it lies all the deeper and more thoroughly within it. No one would bear to listen to me if I wished to communicate my observations on this.

43.

NB. The slow emergence and rise of the middle and *lower* classes (including the lower sort of spirit and body), which was abundantly preluded even before the French Revolution and would likewise have made its way forward without a revolution, on the whole, then, the preponderance of the herd over all shepherds and bellwethers, brings with it

1) a darkening of the spirit: the juxtaposition of a stoic and a frivolous *appearance* of happiness, such as is peculiar to noble cultures, diminishes: one lets much suffering be *seen* and *heard* which formerly one endured and concealed.

2) *moral* hypocrisy, a way of wanting to *distinguish* oneself through morality, but through the herd virtues pity, solicitude, benefactions, which are not usually recognized and appreciated outside the herd's capacity

3) the *real* great quantity of pity and shared joy, the pleasure in great togetherness, such as all herds have — "public spirit", "fatherland", everything in which the individual did not come into consideration

44.

Diderot, in Goethe's judgement, showed himself truly German (Saint Ogan p. 248) in everything the French found fault with. But the Neapolitans too, according to Galiani, accepted his taste entirely.

45.

Baudelaire, of German taste, if any Parisian can have it, feels in a German way when he cannot bear Victor Hugo and calls him an "ass of genius".

46.

If *I* have anything of a unity in me, it certainly does not lie in the conscious I and in feeling willing thinking, but somewhere else: in the preserving appropriating excreting watchful prudence of my whole organism, of which my conscious I is only a tool. — Feeling willing thinking everywhere show only end-phenomena whose causes are wholly unknown to us: the succession of these end-phenomena, as if one followed *from* the other, is probably *only* an appearance: in truth the causes may perhaps be so bound to one another that the end-causes merely make the *impression* of a logical or psychological connection. *I deny* that a mental or psychic phenomenon is the direct *cause* of another mental or psychic phenomenon: even though it seems so. *The true world of causes is hidden from us:* it is unspeakably more complicated. The intellect and the senses are above all a *simplifying* apparatus. Our *false*, diminished, *logicized* world of causes is, however, the world in

which we can live. We are "knowing" to the extent that we can satisfy our needs.

The study of the body gives an idea of the unspeakable complications.

If our intellect did not have some *fixed* forms, life would be impossible. But this proves nothing for the truth of all logical facts.

47.

The cunning self-belittlement of Socrates, in order thereby to make his opponent unsuspecting and secure, so that he lets himself go and *says straight out* what he thinks: a trick of the man of the rabble! Logic was not at home in Athens.

48.

NB. A somewhat clearer head and a little good will: and one can no longer bear, for reasons of taste, to interpret one's experiences to suit "the glory of God", I mean, to see everywhere the traces of his solicitude, warning, punishment, education. Just as a good philologist (and in general every philologically trained scholar) has an aversion to false interpretations of texts (e.g. those of the Protestant preachers in their pulpits — which is why the learned classes no longer go to church —), just so, and not as a consequence of great "virtue", "honesty" etc., the counterfeiting of the religious interpretation of all experiences goes against one's taste. —

49.

Our delight in simplicity, perspicuity, regularity, clarity, from which in the end a German "philosopher" might derive something like a categorical imperative of logic and of the beautiful — I grant that a strong *instinct* for this exists. It is so strong that it holds sway in all our sensory activities and reduces, regulates, assimilates etc. the

abundance of actual perceptions (the unconscious ones —) for us, and only in this trimmed-to-fit form *presents them to our consciousness*. This "logical", this "artistic" element is our continual activity. *What* has made this power so sovereign? Evidently the fact that without it, amid the confusion of impressions, no living being would live.

50.

(I do not see why the organic must ever have *come into being* at all — —)

51.

In chemistry it becomes apparent that every substance drives its force as far as it can; then something third arises.

The properties of a child cannot be *derived* from the most exact knowledge of father and mother. For these properties are the *effects* of the third upon us: but the effects of the first and the effects of the second, i.e. *their* properties, cannot possibly be added up as "effects of the third"

52.

The chain of causes is hidden from us: and the connection and sequence of effects yields only a one-after-another: however regular this may be, *we do not thereby comprehend it as necessary*. — Yet we can establish, one behind another, different series of such successions: e.g. in piano-playing, the succession of the keys struck, the succession of the strings struck, the succession of the sounding tones.

53.

Critique of the instinct of causality.

The *belief* that an action occurs in response to a motive has gradually and instinctively been generalized, in the times when all happening was imagined after the manner of conscious living beings. "Every happening happens on the ground of a motive: the causa finalis is the causa efficiens" —

This belief is *erroneous*: the purpose, the motive are means of making a happening comprehensible and practicable for us. — The generalization was likewise erroneous and illogical.

No purpose.

No will.

54.

The reversed order of time.

The "external world" acts upon us: the effect is telegraphed to the brain, there arranged, given shape and traced back to its cause: then the cause is *projected*, and *only now does the fact come to our consciousness*. *I.e.* the "world of appearances" *appears* to us as cause only after "it" has acted and the effect has been worked over. I.e. *we constantly reverse* the *order of what happens*. — While "*I*" see, *it* already sees something else. It is as with pain.

55.

Belief in the senses. This is a fundamental fact of our intellect; it receives from them the raw material which it *interprets*. This conduct toward the raw material which the senses offer is, considered *morally*, *not* guided by the intention toward truth, but purely by a will to overpowering, assimilation, nourishment. Our constant functions are absolutely egoistic, Machiavellian, unscrupulous, subtle. Commanding

and obeying driven to the utmost, and so that obedience may be perfect, the individual organ has much freedom.

The error in the belief in purposes.

Will — a superfluous assumption.

The reversed order of time.

Critique of the belief in causality.

Belief in the senses, as a fundamental fact of our being.

The central power — must not be essentially different from what it rules.

The history of origin does not explain the properties. These must already be known. *Historical* explanation is reduction to a sequence *familiar* to us: through analogy.

56.

The mechanistic explanation of the world is an *ideal*: to explain as much as possible with as little as possible, i.e. to bring it into formulas. Still needed: the denial of empty space; space to be thought of as determinate and bounded; just as the world is to be thought of as eternally repeating itself.

57.

How a national character, a "national soul" arises — this sheds light on the origin of the individual soul. First a *series* of *activities* is forced upon a people, as conditions of existence; it grows accustomed to them, they become firmer and go deeper. Peoples who undergo great transformations and come into new conditions show a new grouping of their forces: this and that comes forward and gains preponderance, because it is now *more necessary* for existence, e.g. the practical, sober

sense in the present-day German. All character is at first a *role*. The "personality" of philosophers — at bottom persona.

58.

Number is our great means of making the world manageable for us. We comprehend as far as we can count, i.e. as far as a constancy can be perceived.

59.

By moral ulterior motives the course of

philosophy has hitherto been held back the most.

60.

Even within our world of the senses, if only we sharpen it or think of it as sharpened, there results a world which acts quite differently upon our *feeling*

61.

The prejudice of causality

the prejudice of the will

the prejudice of purpose

the prejudice of personality

Knowledge: a false concept, i.e. a concept which we have no *right* to set up.

Elimination

1)

of the *will*

2)

of *purposes* as "what for" and "whereby"

3)

consequently also of *causality*

(which derives from

both)

62.

"How are synthetic judgments a priori possible?" — "*by a faculty for them*" was the famous Kantian answer, which has given so many people such satisfaction.

63.

The *most useful* concepts have survived: however falsely they may have arisen.

64.

In the first book the *belief in truth* is to be shaken: truthfulness is useful, but only in a small quantity, above all among those who have nothing to answer for. Likewise reverence for philosophers.

65.

The general *coarsening* of the European spirit, a certain clumsy bluntness that likes to hear itself praised as straightforwardness, honesty or scientific rigour: this belongs to the dominion of the thought of the democratic spirit of the age and its damp air: more precisely still — it is the effect of newspaper-reading. One wants comfort or intoxication when one reads: by far the greater part of what is read is newspaper

or newspaper-like. Look at our reviews, our learned journals: everyone who writes there speaks as if before "unselected company," and lets himself go, or rather lets himself sit, in his armchair. — Things go badly for one who sets the greatest value on the thoughts behind thoughts and loves the dashes in his books more than everything spoken outright. — Freedom of the press ruins style and finally the spirit: Galiani already knew that 100 years ago. — "Freedom of thought" ruins the *thinkers*. — Between hell and heaven, and in danger of persecutions, banishments, eternal damnations and the ungracious glances of kings and women, the spirit had become supple and daring: alas, what *is* the "spirit" becoming today!

66.

Always *ironice*: it is a delicious sensation to watch such a truthful thinker. But it is more agreeable still to discover that all this is foreground, and that at bottom he wants something else and wants it in a very daring way. I believe that the magic of Socrates was this: he had one soul and behind it yet another and behind that yet another. In the foremost Xenophon lay down to sleep, on the second Plato and on the third Plato once more, but Plato with his own second soul. Plato himself is a man with many hindquarters and foregrounds.

67.

NB. Our age is, in its most essential instincts, sceptical: almost all the subtler scholars and artists are so, even though they do not like to admit it to themselves. Pessimism, the pessimism of *saying no*, is *easier* only for the comfort of the spirit: our damp age with its democratic air is above all comfortable. Where the spirit is more delicate, it says: “I do not know”; and “I trust neither myself nor anyone any longer” and “I no longer know which way to turn”, and “hope — that is a phrase for liars or for demagogic orators and artists”. Scepticism — is

the expression of a certain *physiological* constitution, such as necessarily arises in a great crossing of many races: the many inherited valuations are at war with one another, hinder one another from growing. The force that goes most missing here is the *will*: hence great fear of responsibility, because no one can vouch for himself. Hiding within communities, "one hand *covers* the other", as the saying goes there. Thus a *herd species* forms itself: and whoever has a strong, commanding and audacious will unconditionally comes to rule as well in such times.

68.

People lament how badly philosophers have fared until now: the truth is that in all ages the conditions for the education of a mighty, cunning, audacious, inexorable spirit were more favourable than today. Today the demagogue-spirit, like the scholar-spirit, has favourable conditions. But just look at our artists: whether nearly all of them are not perishing from a lack of discipline. They are no longer tyrannised, and so they no longer learn to tyrannise themselves either. When was woman ever so slight as today! Everything grows weaker, because everything wants to have it comfortable. — I have gone through the hardest school of bodily pain: and the consciousness of having held myself fast beneath it, and silent — —

69.

The finest minds of the last century, Hume and Galiani, all familiar with service to the state: likewise Stendhal Tocqueville

70.

Hume calls upon reason (to speak in Kant's words) to give him account and answer as to by what right it thinks: that something could

be so constituted that, if it is posited, something else must thereby also necessarily be posited, for that is what the concept of *cause* says. He proved irrefutably that it is wholly impossible for reason to think such a connection a priori and from concepts, etc. — But the folly was to ask for grounds for the right of grounding. He did the very doing which he wished to examine.

71.

The *lie* of the educator, e.g. in Kant's categorical imperative. "Might God be a deceiver after all, despite Descartes?"

72.

NB. Truthful, morally strict and *ugly* belong together: Christianity sensed that well. The beautiful human being can be neither truthful nor kind, save by way of exception.

73.

What separates us from Kant just as from Plato and Leibniz: we believe in becoming alone, in the realm of the spirit too, we are *historical* through and through. This is the great reversal. Lamarck and Hegel — Darwin is only an after-effect. The way of thinking of *Heraclitus* and *Empedocles* has risen again. Even Kant did not overcome the contradictio in adjecto "pure spirit": but we have.

74.

The human horizon. One can conceive of philosophers as those who make the utmost exertion to *test* how high man could *raise* himself, Plato especially: how *far* his strength reaches. But they do it as individuals; perhaps the instinct of the Caesars, the founders of states, etc., was greater, who think of how far man could be driven, in *devel-*

opment and under "favourable circumstances". But they did not grasp sufficiently what "favourable circumstances" are. Great question: where hitherto the plant "man" has grown most magnificently. For this the comparative study of history is necessary.

75.

It is remarkable how the Stoics and almost all philosophers have no eye for the distance. And then again the stupidity of the socialists, who always represent only the needs of the *herd*.

76.

The mechanistic conception, to be placed foremost as the regulative principle of method. Not as the *best-proven* view of the world, but as the one which makes necessary the greatest rigour and discipline and most of all casts aside all sentimentality. At the same time a test of physical and psychic flourishing: ill-constituted, weak-willed races perish of it, through sensuality or through melancholy or, like the Indians, through both.

77.

Great praise of Christianity as the genuine *herd* religion.

78.

Noontide and Eternity.

1.

Free for "true" and "untrue"

2.

free for "good" and "evil"

3.

free for "beautiful" and "ugly"

4.

the higher man as the more powerful, and the attempts so far: "it is the right time".

5.

the *hammer* — a danger on which man may break.

79.

Kant believed, with his table of categories in hand, "this is the hardest thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics." — let no one, I beg, misunderstand where his pride lay.

80.

Coarseness and delicacy together in Petronius, in Horace too: to me the most agreeable thing. It belongs to *Greek* taste. Homer was too coarse for the people around La Rochefoucauld; they could not enjoy the trivial. They held fast within themselves to a certain lofty sentiment, as many Germans do now, and despised *themselves* whenever some en-

joyment of the lower spheres happened to stir in them. Aristophanes is the counterpart: nihil humani — that is antique.

81.

To be placed at the head: the *instincts*, too, have *become*; they prove nothing for the supersensible, not even for the animal, not even for the typically human.

That the spirit has become and is still becoming; that, among countless kinds of inferring and judging, the one now most familiar to us is somehow the most useful to us and has been inherited because the individuals who thought in this way had more favourable chances: that nothing whatever is thereby proved about "true" and "untrue", — — —

82.

— *Anti-Kant*.

"Faculty, instinct, heredity, habit" — whoever thinks he explains something with such words must today be modest and, moreover, poorly schooled. But at the close of the last century it raged. Galiani explained everything out of habits and instincts. Hume explained the sense of causality out of habit; Kant, with great composure, said: "it is a faculty". All the world was happy, especially when he went on to discover a moral faculty as well. Here lay the magic of his philosophy: the young theologians of the Tübingen Stift went off into the bushes — all of them searching for "faculties". And what did they not find! Schelling christened it "intellectual intuition", a faculty for the "supersensible". Schopenhauer believed he had found the same in a faculty already sufficiently esteemed, in the will, and more besides, namely "the thing in itself". In England there arose the instinctivists and intuitionists of morality. It was the old affair of faith and knowledge, a

kind of "formal faith" which laid claim to some content or other. The story concerns the theologians essentially. In secret Leibniz comes to life again, and behind Leibniz — Plato. Concepts as ἀνάμνησις etc. This movement, which begins sceptically, is in fact directed against scepsis; *it takes a pleasure in submission*

83.

NB. The most irksome thing about the writings of unclear, poorly schooled and unphilological spirits is not even their deficient capacity for inference and the unsteady, wobbling gait of their logic. It is the unsteadiness of the very concepts for which they employ words: such people have in their heads only shapeless, floating blots of concepts. — The good author, however, is distinguished not only by the force and concision of his sentence-form: one also divines, one smells, if one is a man of fine nostrils, that such a writer constantly compels and trains himself first to *fix* his concepts rigorously and to make them *firmer*, that is, to join unambiguous concepts to his words: and that, until this is done, he will not write! — Incidentally, there is many a magic also in the uncertain, the twilit, the half-lit: thus Hegel perhaps had his greatest effect abroad through his art of speaking, in the manner of a drunkard, about the most sober and coldest of things. This was truly, in the great realm of intoxications, one of the strangest ever invented, — and quite properly a matter of *German* genius! For wherever Germans and German "virtues" have penetrated, we have everywhere carried along and brought with us the craving and appetite for coarse and fine alcoholica as well. — Perhaps the bewitching power of our German music also belongs here.

84.

NB. What Plato and, at bottom, all the post-Socratics did was a certain legislation of *concepts*: — they established for themselves and

their disciples "this and that *shall* be *thought* and felt among us at this word": — in this way they detached themselves most decisively from their time and surroundings. This is *one of the kinds* of fine disgust with which higher, more exacting natures rise up against the unclear multitude and its muddle of concepts:

85.

What, then, is this tremendous power which for two millennia has so made fools of the philosophers and brought to a fall the reason of the reasonable? That instinct, that faith such as Christianity demands: it is the herd instinct itself, the herd faith of the animal "man", the herd craving for complete submission to an authority — (the same thing which, out of the German herd instinct, *Kant* christened the "categorical imperative".) In truth it is the greatest relief and boon for endangered, wavering, tender, weak herd animals to get an absolutely *commanding* one, a bellwether: it is their first condition of life. The Brahmins understood this relief, so did the Jesuits; in almost all monasteries the fundamental inclination is this: at long last to be rid of the eternal agitation which commanding oneself brings with it. This instinct for faith is also the properly feminine instinct; and when women find One inexorable teacher who wants obedience and prostration from them, or even only an artist who shows woman in the attitude of her "perfection", as an adoring, devoting, devoted creature, as a sacrifice, as for instance Richard Wagner did, then they are "beside themselves" with happiness: that is, confirmed and satisfied before themselves in their ultimate instinct. — In a weaker form one sees it in the French, who, being the most amiable Europeans, are also the most herdlike: they feel well only when they may permit themselves, before their esprit, for once "to obey unconditionally": as before Napoleon. Or else before "the ideas of the French Revolution" — or else before Victor Hugo (who all his long life hung fine words and

pompous mantles on this loveliest of herd instincts, always in the name of *freedom*). — Antiquity, when Christianity came, was inwardly torn back and forth by oppositions of valuations (in consequence of the physiological condition of the senseless concept of equality, civis Romanus, or of that senseless expansion of the state, the imperium Romanum), and Christianity gave the great *relief*.

86.

Words are sound-signs for concepts: concepts, however, are more or less secure groups of recurring sensations that come together. For people to understand one another it is not yet enough that they use the same words: one must also use the same words for the same species of inner experiences — and one must have *these in common*. That is why the people of One nation understand one another better: or, when people have long lived together under similar conditions of climate, of activities, of needs, a certain species of such experiences, the *most* readily intelligible to them all, gains the upper hand: *quick* mutual understanding is the consequence. And intermarriage, and heredity, is in turn the consequence of that. It is the need to make one's needs understood quickly and easily that binds people most firmly to one another. On the other hand, nothing holds a friendship, a love affair, together once one finds out that one *means* different things by the words. *Which* groups of sensations stand in the foreground — that is what conditions the valuations: the valuations, however, are the consequence of our innermost needs. —

This is said in order to explain why it is difficult to understand such writings as mine: my inner experiences, valuations and needs are different. For years I have had dealings with people and carried renunciation and politeness so far as never to speak of the things that lay close to my heart. Indeed, I have lived with people almost only in this way. —

87.

We *imagine* that what commands, what is supreme, lies in our consciousness. Ultimately we have a double brain: the capacity to *will, feel and think* something of our willing, feeling, thinking *ourselves* is what we sum up in the word "consciousness".

88.

NB. Those legislative and tyrannical spirits who are able to *fix* a concept, to *hold it fast*, men with that spiritual will-power which knows how to petrify and almost to eternalize for a long time the most fluid of things, the spirit, are commanding men in the highest sense: they say "I will have this and that seen, I will have it exactly *so*, I will have it *for this* and only for this". This kind of legislative man has necessarily, in all ages, exercised the strongest influence: to them we owe all the typical formations of man: they are the sculptors — and the rest ("the great majority" of men in this case —) are, measured against them, mere *clay*.

89.

The most firmly fixed movements of our spirit, our lawful gymnastics, e.g. in the representations of space and time, or in the need for "grounding": this *philosophical* habitus of the human spirit is our real potency: so that in many spiritual matters we *can no longer do otherwise*: what is called psychological necessity. This necessity has *become*: and to believe that *our* space, *our* time, *our* instinct for causality is something that would have meaning even apart from man is by now sheer childishness.

90.

I am hostile 1) to *desensualization*: it stems from the Jews, from Plato, who was corrupted by Egyptians and Pythagoreans (and these by Buddhists)

To the Provençal spirit, which remained pagan, I mean "*not* Germanic", we owe the *spiritualization of amor*, of sexual love: whereas antiquity got no further than a spiritualization of pederasty.

2) to all teachings that envisage an end, a rest, a "Sabbath of all Sabbaths". Such modes of thought characterize fermenting, suffering, often also dying races, e.g. such verses as those in Richard Wagner's "Nibelungen"

91.

"Habit": that means something different in a slavishly minded man than in a noble one.

92.

We owe to the Christian Church

1) a spiritualization of *cruelty*: the idea of hell, the tortures and inquisitions, the autos-da-fé are after all a great advance over the splendid but half-imbecilic butchery in the Roman arenas. Much spirit, much ulterior thought has entered into cruelty. — It has invented many pleasures.

2) it has made the European spirit *subtle* and *supple* through its "intolerance". One sees at once how, in our democratic age, with the freedom of the press, thought becomes *clumsy*. The Germans invented gunpowder — all due respect! But they made up for it again: they invented the press. The ancient polis was minded just the same way. The Roman Empire, by contrast, allowed great freedom in belief and

unbelief: more than any empire allows today: the consequence was at once the very greatest degeneration, boorishness and coarsening of the spirit. — How well Leibniz and Abelard, Montaigne, Descartes and Pascal show up! To behold the supple audacity of such spirits is a pleasure we owe to the Church. — The intellectual pressure of the Church is essentially the unbending severity by virtue of which concepts and valuations are treated as *settled*, as aeternae. Dante affords a singular pleasure thereby: one need by no means be *narrow* under an absolute regime. If there were bounds, they were stretched around an immense space, thanks to Plato: and one could move within it, as Bach did within the forms of counterpoint, *very freely*. — Bacon and Shakespeare are almost repellent once one has learned to savour *this* "freedom under the law" thoroughly. Likewise the newest music compared with Bach and Handel.

93.

Just as Frederick the Great constantly makes fun of the "féminisme" in the government of his neighbouring states, so Bismarck makes fun of "parliamentarism": it is a new means of doing what one *wills*.

94.

The sight of the present-day European gives me much hope: an audacious ruling race is forming there, upon the breadth of an extremely intelligent herd mass. It is at the door that the movements for binding the latter will no longer stand alone in the foreground.

95.

Against *false idealism*, whereby through exaggerated refinement the best natures become estranged from the world. What a pity that the whole south of Europe has been deprived of the inheritance of that

tamed sensuality through the abstinence of the clergy! And that such Shelleys, Hölderlins, Leopardis perish is only fair; I do not think much of such men. It delights me to think of the revenge that the coarse naturalness of nature takes on this kind of man, e.g. when I hear that Leopardi practised onanism in his youth and was later impotent.

96.

NB. A great man, a man whom nature has built and invented in the grand style, what is that? First: in all his doing he has a long logic, which on account of its length is hard to survey and consequently misleading, a capacity to stretch his will across great expanses of his life and to despise and cast away all petty stuff about him, even if among it were the most beautiful, most "divine" things in the world. *Second*: he is *colder, harder, less scrupulous* and without *fear of* "*opinion*"; he lacks the virtues bound up with "respect" and being respected, in general everything that belongs to the "virtue of the herd". If he cannot *lead*, he goes alone; it then happens that he grunts at many a thing he meets on the way. 3) he wants no "sympathetic" heart, but servants, tools; in his dealings with men he is always intent on *making* something of them. He knows himself to be incommunicable: he finds it tasteless when he becomes "familiar"; and he usually is not so when he is taken to be. When he is not speaking to himself, he wears his mask. He would rather lie than speak the truth: it costs more spirit and *will*. There is a solitude in him, as something unreachable by praise and blame, as a jurisdiction of its own that recognizes no higher court above it.

97.

What I like to perceive in the German is his Mephistophelean nature: but, to tell the truth, one must form a higher conception of the German Mephistopheles than Goethe did, who needed, in order to

enlarge his "inward Faust", to *diminish* his Mephistopheles. The true German Mephistopheles is far more dangerous, bolder, more wicked, more cunning and *consequently* more open-hearted: think of the inward nature of Frederick the Great. Or of that far greater Frederick, that Hohenstaufen Frederick II. — The genuine German Mephistopheles climbs over the Alps and believes that everything there belongs to *him*. That is why he feels at ease, as Winckelmann felt at ease, as Mozart did. He regards *Faust* and *Hamlet* as caricatures invented for laughter, likewise *Luther*. Goethe had good *German* moments when he laughed inwardly at all this. But then he himself fell back again into the damp moods.

Napoleon's astonishment when he saw a German poet and — found a *man*! He had expected to find a German poet! —

The German is capacious: onto the one soul a second has been built, there are caves, passages in between, he can seem superficial; openness and uprightness belong among the German's artful skills. — "Good-natured and treacherous" is an impossibility in other people; but just live for a while among Swabians! —

98.

An age of democracy drives the actor to the heights, in Athens just as today. Richard Wagner has so far outdone everyone in this, and awakened a lofty notion of the actor, one that can awaken shudders. Music, poetry, religion, culture, book, family, fatherland, commerce — all of it first and foremost *art*, that is to say, stage attitude!

99.

Swine-German! Pardon! Newspaper-German! There I read Friedrich Albert *Lange*, a worthy beast, whom one may even, for want of worthier beasts, recommend to German youths: but he writes, for example:

"With the praise of the present is bound up the cult of reality. The ideal has no currency; whatever cannot legitimate itself scientifically and historically is condemned to perdition." Why, really, does one learn Latin and Greek in German schools, if one does not even learn disgust at such a filthy hodgepodge! And what enthusiasm the true corrupters of German have aroused — formerly *Hegel*, more recently *Richard Wagner*, most lately of all Eugen Dühring!

100.

Terrible to think that through my thoughts on woman I might drive some woman writer, after she has already sufficiently tormented herself and the world with her books, to the vengeful idea of coming to children!

101.

"When a woman wants to come to children, she usually does not suffer the little children to come unto her, but the men!" said an old midwife.

102.

— Let one pay heed whether what the Germans call their literature does not for the most part go back to parsons' sons. — Now in this descent of German prose there lies from the outset the likelihood that the solemn, dignified, *slow*, grave genres will be best cultivated: that there will be a lack of allegro, let alone presto. The extraordinary sprightliness of a style like that of il principe (quite apart from the seriousness of its subject), its brevity, force, a kind of delight in the throng of weighty thoughts, gives an echo of Florentine eloquence, especially that of the advocates. In Voltaire too there is an advocate's skill of the highest rank, an advocate's *tempo*. The swiftest tempo I

have found in any writer is in Petronius: he runs like a quick wind and is consequently not lascivious: he is too merry for that.

103.

The Germans.

Conjectures and Wishes

by

F.N.

104.

NB. The Germans of whom alone I speak here are something young and still becoming: I separate them from the Germans of the Reformation and of the Thirty Years' War, and I will have no part in the falsification of history that leaps over this chasm as if nothing had happened back then. That something befell them in the 16th century which amounts to the ruin of an earlier race can scarcely be denied: this phenomenon of discouragement, of cowardice, of senility, of the Chinese pigtail, to speak figuratively — on the whole this must have been the consequence of a fearful corruption of the blood, added to the fact that the manly men went abroad again and again and died or went to ruin abroad. On the other hand there took place at that time an involuntary mixing with scarcely related races: the debauchery of war was, by all accounts, disastrous beyond measure. Here and there, no doubt, remnants of a stronger race still existed: the musician Handel, for example, our finest type of a *man* in the realm of art, is a testimony to it: or, to name a woman — Frau Professor Gottsched, who with every right and reason wielded the sceptre over the German professors for a good long while — just look at the portraits of the two of them! Some regions cleansed themselves more quickly and on

the whole returned to health, e.g. Hanover, Westphalia, Holstein — there a sturdy, peasant-like and phlegmatic race still sits even today. — Worst off, no doubt, was the German nobility: it was the most deeply damaged. What of it stayed at home suffered from alcoholism; what went out and came back, from syphilis. To this day it has had little say in matters of the spirit; and even as regards Bismarck, his great-grandmother came from the Leipzig professorial class. —

105.

The *German* — not to speak of the idiotic Teutomaniac youths who even today still drivel about "Germanic virtues" — his *mystical* nature. There was as yet no German culture: there were hermits, who knew how to keep themselves hidden with astonishing skill in the midst of the coarsest barbarism.

106.

The German style of writing.

Mephistopheles.

107.

Brutality and, close beside it, morbid tenderness of sensual feeling in Richard Wagner — is utterly Parisian.

108.

I take the democratic movement as something inevitable: but as something that is not unstoppable, but can be delayed. On the whole, however, the dominion of the herd instinct and of herd valuations, Epicureanism and benevolence increase together: man becomes weak, but good and comfortable.

109.

NB. Parliaments may be extremely useful to a strong and supple statesman; he has there something to lean on — every such thing must be able to *resist*! — onto which he can shift a great deal of responsibility! On the whole, however, I could wish that the idiocy of numbers and the superstition of majorities had not yet established themselves in Germany as among the Latin races; and that at last something might yet be invented in politicis as well! There is little sense and much danger in letting the still so brief and easily eradicable habit of universal suffrage strike deeper roots: whereas its introduction was after all only an emergency measure of the moment.

110.

It seems to me that the inventive faculty and the accumulation of willpower are greatest and least used up among the Slavs, thanks to an absolute regime: and a *Slavic* rule over the earth is not among the least probable things. The English do not know how to overcome the consequences of their own stubborn "self-sovereignty"; in the long run they get more and more homines novi at the helm and finally women into Parliament. But engaging in politics is in the end also a matter of *heredity*: no one starts out as a private individual and becomes a man of immense horizon.

111.

The Germans ought to breed a ruling caste: I confess that the Jews possess abilities whose admixture is indispensable to a race that is to engage in world politics. The sense for money must be learned, inherited, and inherited a thousandfold: even now the Jew can hold his own against the American.

112.

I point to something new: certainly, for such a democratic being there is the danger of the barbarian, but one sees it only in the depths. There is also *another* kind of *barbarian*, who comes from the heights: a kind of conquering and ruling natures who seek a material they can shape. Prometheus was such a barbarian. —

113.

No nation of "professional politicians", of newspaper readers!

114.

— — — The pettiness and wretchedness of the German soul was and is by no means a consequence of the system of petty states: as is well known, men have been proud and sovereign in states far smaller still, and it is not large statehood in itself that makes the soul freer and more manly. Whoever has in his soul a slavish imperative, "thou shalt and must kneel!", commanding an involuntary bending of the neck before titles of honour, orders, gracious glances from on high down below, will in a "Reich" only stoop the lower and lick the dust before the great father of the land only the more fervently than he did before the small one; of that there can be no doubt. — One can still see today in the Italians of the lower classes that aristocratic self-sufficiency and manly discipline and certainty of themselves belong to the longest history of their city and have been best *modelled* for them; a poor gondolier in Venice still cuts a better figure than a Berlin Privy Councillor proper, and in the end is even a better man: one can grasp that with one's fingers. Ask the women about it.

115.

The lackey soul.

The corruption of the blood.

Moral Tartuffery.

"Gemüth".

Unclarity.

The retarders.

Conjecture about the southern.

Ugliness.

The back-soul.

Dependence on France.

The German professor and the officer.

The niaiserie allemande.

German prose style.

The hermits.

The "Eternal-Feminine" in the German man.

Intoxication and music.

The "historical sense".

The actor.

Comfort (philistines) and war.

The philosophers.

Pessimism. (Comparison with France).

More herd animal than ever — but there are favourable conditions for individuals too.

116.

The most estimable thing about Kant is that he got over the Leibnizian seduction and held fast to the best of the last century, sensualism.

117.

NB. Schopenhauer, seduced in his youth by the Romantics and diverted from his best instincts, was at bottom a Voltairean with head and entrails, and truly a child of the last century — but for the rest led beyond French taste by the Greeks and by Goethe — and above all — *no* theologian! The "unchangeability of character", in German perhaps laziness, and on the other hand the belief in the infallibility of genius (in German perhaps vanity), brought him to pronounce his "youthful sin", I mean his metaphysics of the will, prematurely *holy*; and no longer to "develop" himself. A man of his gifts and inner discordia had the stuff for five "better" systems in his head, and each one ever truer and falser than the other.

118.

We do not understand a "causal" connection, but we do see that a fact, in order to be established, must comprehend several facts within itself. Our *analysis* sets up a succession. The numbers that result from it mean nothing for the connection of those phenomena *among themselves*, but can mislead: because man is *fixed* in certain instincts, there results a similarity of numerical relations with reference to *him*.

119.

Do our thoughts stand in an immediate causal relation to others? Or is their logical connection an appearance? I mean, a consequence of the fact that the occasioning processes of each of these thoughts stand in a connection which presents itself to us as "inference" and the like.

Are they nothing but end-links? — Or is there an immediate action of one thought upon another? A "causing", here at least?

120.

The world of phenomena "empty appearance and deceit", the need for causality, which establishes connections between phenomena, likewise "empty appearance and deceit" — herein the moral *repudiation* of the deceptive and the apparent finds its voice. One must get beyond this. There are no things in themselves, nor any absolute knowing; the perspectival, deceptive character belongs to existence.

121.

That *my* valuation or condemnation of a human being does not yet give any other human being a right to the same valuation or condemnation: — unless he is my equal and of equal rank. The opposite way of thinking is that of the newspapers: that the valuations of persons and things are something "in themselves," which everyone may reach for as if for *his own* property. Here precisely is the presupposition that *all are of equal rank*. — To be truthful is a distinction

122.

That something which has come into being is not known when one knows its origin (father and mother): but rather that one *must already know it* in order to discover something "related" in the conditions of its origin — and that this is mostly an *appearance*: — in truth the recognition of the paternal and maternal element in the child is possible only in the case of an *aggregate*, and involuntarily, in order to *explain*, we seek to grasp something new *only* as an aggregate, an arrangement-together, *i.e.* the *analysis* refers not to the actual origin but to a fictitious,

never-occurring "mechanical" arrangement and addition. The one who explains takes the facts as more stupid and simpler than they are.

123.

That man is a multiplicity of forces which stand in an order of rank, so that there are those that command, but that the one commanding must also provide the obeying ones with everything that serves their preservation, and is thus himself *conditioned* by their existence. All these living beings must be of a kindred sort, otherwise they could not so serve and obey one another: those that serve must, in some sense, also be obeying ones, and in subtler cases the role must change between them temporarily, and the one who otherwise commands must for once obey. The concept "individual" is false. These beings do not exist in isolation at all: the central centre of gravity is something changeable; the continual *generation* of cells etc. gives a continual change in the number of these beings. And with *adding* nothing whatever is accomplished. Our arithmetic is something too crude for these relations, and only an arithmetic of single units.

124.

The logic of our conscious thinking is only a crude and simplified form of that thinking which our organism, indeed the individual organs of it, require. A thinking-at-once, for example, is necessary, of which we have scarcely an inkling. Perhaps an artist of language: the reckoning back with the heaviness and lightness of syllables, the reckoning ahead, at the same time the seeking of an analogy between the weight of the thought and the phonetic or rather the physiological conditions of the larynx, happens all at once — but of course not *consciously*.

Our feeling of causality is something quite crude and isolated compared with the real causal feelings of our organism. In particular the "before" and "after" is a great naïveté.

Finally: we had first to acquire everything for *consciousness*, a sense of time, a sense of space, a sense of causality: after it had long existed, much richer, without consciousness. And indeed a certain simplest, plainest, most reduced form: our *conscious* willing, feeling, thinking is in the service of a far more comprehensive willing, feeling and thinking. — Really?

We are still continually growing, our sense of time and space etc. is still developing.

125.

Nothing can be foretold, but with a certain elevation of the type man a *new* force may reveal itself of which we have hitherto known nothing. (Namely a synthesis of opposites?)

126.

Kleist's sigh over ultimate unknowability —

127.

We are beginners in *learning, e.g.* with our kind of logic. Or our passions. Or our mechanics. Or our atomism, which is the most honest attempt to construct the world for the eye, and for the counting, arithmetical understanding (thus *visualizable and calculable*)

128.

Our "means and ends" are very useful abbreviations for making processes manageable and surveyable to us.

129.

1. The Will to Truth.

2. Beyond Good and Evil.

3. Man as Artist.

4. On Grand Politics.

5. The Breeding Thought.

130.

Abstract thinking is for many a toil; for me, on good days, a feast and an intoxication.

131.

Just as a commander wants to learn, and may learn, nothing of many things, so as not to lose the overall view: so too in our conscious spirit there must *above all* be an *excluding, scaring-away* drive, a selecting one, which allows only *certain* facta to be presented to it. Consciousness is the hand with which the organism reaches out farthest around itself: it must be a firm hand. Our logic, our sense of time, sense of space are tremendous capacities for abbreviation, for the purpose of commanding. A concept is an invention to which nothing corresponds *entirely*; but many things a little: such a proposition as "2 things equal to a third are equal to each other" presupposes 1) things 2) equalities: neither exists. But with this invented, rigid world of concepts and numbers man gains a means of seizing tremendous quantities of facts as if with signs and inscribing them in his memory. This apparatus of signs is his superiority, precisely in that it removes itself as far as possible from the single fact. The reduction of experiences to *signs*, and the ever greater quantity of things which can thus be grasped: is his *highest power*. "Spirituality" as the capacity to be

sun | *Intelligent Audio*



sunapp.ai/download

master, in signs, over a tremendous quantity of facts. *This spiritual world, this world of signs, is sheer "appearance and deception"*, just as every "thing of appearance" already is — *and the moral man is surely indignant!* (as for Napoleon only the essential instincts of man came into consideration in his calculations, and he had a right to take no notice of the exceptional ones, e.g. of pity — at the risk of miscalculating here and there)

132.

What then is "perceiving" [wahrnehmen]? Taking-something-*as-true* [als-wahr-nehmen]: saying Yes to something.

133.

NB. There is something morbid in the whole previous type of the philosopher; much in it may be ill-constituted. Instead of leading themselves and men higher, philosophers prefer to step aside and search whether there might not be *another* way: that is perhaps in itself already the sign of a *degenerating* instinct. The well-constituted man rejoices in the fact "man" and in the way of man: but — he goes *further*!

134.

What is *my* value-judgement is not so for another. The taking-on of value-judgements as of articles of clothing is nonetheless the most frequent fact: thus from without there arises first skin, then flesh, finally character: the *role* becomes truth.

135.

I have often watched these German idealists, but they have not watched me! — they know and smell nothing of what I know, they go

their gentle ambling way, they have their hearts full of other desires than mine: they seek other air, other nourishment, other comfort. They look up, — I look out, — we never see the same thing.

— To associate with them is irksome to me. They may well love cleanliness in their body: but their spirit is unwashed, their "therefore" smells rotten to me, they grow indignant where my cheerful curiosity begins, they have not wiped out their ears when I am ready to sing my song.

136.

— This Socrates, who sought cunning reasons for acting as *custom* commanded, was quite after the heart of the "*Delphic priesthood*"! and his conversion of Plato was the masterpiece of his art of seduction. The learned concepts as being of *divine* origin, the popular valuations as the *eternal* and imperishable ones: — but to dress them up *anew* for a subtler race, to add to them the pepper and mugwort of dialectical delight, to use them among a chattering and enamoured youth to kindle rivalry in speech and deed —

137.

— They are so foreign to me: in order to live with them I would always have to teach them precisely the most opposite thing to what I hold true and what seems refreshing to me: and among them I devised the proverb "not only gold glitters, leather does too."

138.

In Germany there has always been a lack of spirit, and mediocre heads attain the highest honours there simply because even they are rare. What is esteemed most is diligence and perseverance and a certain cold-blooded critical eye; and for the sake of such qualities German

philology and German military affairs have become masters over Europe.

139.

NB. To finer and cleverer ears almost every praise of a virtue sounds ridiculous: they do not yet hear any virtue in it, e.g. when someone is called "*modest*" (in case he appraises himself correctly!) or when someone is said to be "*truthful*" (in case he does not want to be deceived!) or "*compassionate*" (in case he has a soft, yielding heart) or chaste (in case he is a frog and yet, on the other hand, does not like living by swamps)

140.

NB. There is a guilelessness among scientific men that borders on idiocy: they have no scent of how dangerous their craft is; in the bottom of their hearts they believe that "love of truth" and "the Good, the Beautiful and the True" are their proper concern. I do not mean "dangerous" with regard to its dissolving effects, but with regard to the tremendous weight of responsibility that one feels upon oneself who begins to notice that all the valuations by which men live *ruin man* in the long run.

141.

NB. The *unmanning* and perhaps *emasculating* effect of much *praying* also belongs among the injuries done to the German character since the Reformation. It is in all circumstances a matter of bad taste to ask much instead of giving much: the mixture of humble servility with an arrogant, rabble-like importunity with which, e.g., Saint Augustine wallows before God in his confessiones reminds us that man is perhaps not alone among the animals in having religious feeling: the dog

has a similar "religious feeling" for man. — Praying intercourse with God breeds the degrading mood and attitude which, through heredity, still asserts its right even in impious times: the Germans, as is well known, prostrated themselves to the point of expiring before princes or before party leaders or before the phrase "as most humble servant." There shall be an end to that.

142.

NB. It has never entered my mind to "derive" all the virtues from egoism. I want first to have it proven that they are "virtues" and not merely temporary instincts of preservation of particular herds and communities.

143.

This effeminate fear of "hideous fanaticism"

144.

NB. — he moved his lips and closed them again and looked like one who still has something to say and hesitates to say it. And it seemed to those who watched him that his face had meanwhile softly reddened. This lasted a little while: but then, all at once, he shook his head, closed his eyes of his own accord — and died. —

Thus it came to pass that Zarathustra went under.

145.

He leads his friends ever higher, also to his cave and finally up the high mountain: there he dies.

blessing: isle of graves cave.

The *stations*: and each time speeches.

Noontide and Eternity

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

First Part:

the heralds' cries.

Second Part:

the proclamation.

Third Part:

those who vow.

Fourth Part:

Rising and going under.

146.

For one who cares under what conditions the plant "man" grows most vigorously upward, — for one so occupied, the appearance of a new political power, unless it takes its stand upon new thoughts, is not yet an event: he scarcely has time to look more closely.

Let no one misunderstand me: with this book I wanted to explain why the founding of the German Reich has remained a matter of indifference to me: I see in it one step further in the democratisation of Europe and also one step further in the moral mendacity of Europe. — nothing more, nothing new. Democracy, however, is the form of a *decay* of the state, a degeneration of the races, a preponderance of the ill-constituted: I have said this once already.

147.

A man to whom almost all books have become superficial, who has left over, for only a few men of the past, the belief that they possessed depth enough — not to write what they knew.

I have thought so many forbidden things and been in good spirits and always at home there where even upright and capable spirits run out of breath: so I always see it with astonishment when I still find something to communicate. Even though I know quite well that my dashes are dearer to me than my communicated thoughts.

How many scholars I could employ; and if perhaps in individual cases I have done so —

The drawback of driving scholars into fields where freedom, subtlety and unscrupulousness are needed lies in this, that they cannot see beyond *themselves* — that they have no eyes where they have no experiences. To portray, e.g., what the moral conscience is, one would have to be deep and wounded and monstrous like the conscience of Pascal, and then in addition possess that outstretched heaven of bright and malicious spirituality which from above surveys, orders and laughs at this swarm of experiences.

When I was younger, I thought I lacked a few hundred scholars whom I could drive like hounds into the thickets — I mean into the history of the human soul — to start up *my* game for me. Meanwhile I learned that for the things which excite my curiosity, even helpers are hard to find.

148.

I believe I feel that Socrates was deep — his irony was above all the necessity of *presenting himself* as superficial, in order to be able to associate with men at all —; that Caesar had depth: likewise perhaps that

Hohenstaufen Frederick the Second: certainly Leonardo da Vinci; in no small degree Pascal, who died only thirty years too soon to laugh scornfully, out of his magnificent, bitterly wicked soul, at Christianity itself, as he had done earlier and when younger at the Jesuits.

149.

NB. I honour Michelangelo more highly than Raphael because, through all the Christian veils and prejudices of his age, he saw the ideals of a nobler culture than the Christian-Raphaelite one: whereas Raphael faithfully and modestly glorified only the valuations given to him and bore within himself no further-seeking, yearning instincts. Michelangelo, however, saw and felt the problem of the legislator of new values: likewise the problem of the victoriously perfected one, who first needed to overcome even "the hero in himself"; the human being raised to the highest, who became exalted even above his own compassion and mercilessly shatters and annihilates what does not belong to him, — radiant and in untroubled divinity. Michelangelo was, as is only fair, so high and so outside his age and Christian Europe only in moments: for the most part he behaved condescendingly towards the Eternal-Feminine in Christianity; indeed it seems that in the end he broke precisely before this and *gave up* the ideal of his highest hours. For it was an ideal to which only the human being of the strongest and highest fullness of life can be equal, but not a man grown old! At bottom, of course, he ought to have annihilated Christianity from the standpoint of his ideal! But for that he was not thinker and philosopher enough. — Leonardo da Vinci alone among those artists perhaps had a truly supra-Christian gaze. He knows "the Orient," the inward one as well as the outward. There is something supra-European and reticent about him, such as distinguishes everyone who has seen too great a circumference of good and evil things.

150.

NB. *Schopenhauer*, an upright thinker, likewise no bad writer on philosophical subjects, though in himself no philosopher: with regard to present-day youth (and also to such old people as are modest in their demands for sharpness of concepts, clearness of sky and — scientific rigour) not yet to be replaced, for he teaches *reverence* where he himself revered, before the critical spirit of Kant, before Goethe, before the Greeks, before the free-spirited French; in his time he was perhaps the best-educated German, with a European horizon: there are even moments when he sees with Oriental eyes. Pessimism, as he understood it, is likewise no small schoolmaster of *reverence* in domains where reverence was not at home: e.g. before Indian antiquity, before *the* old, genuine Christianity, the Catholic, against which Protestant schooling is wont to turn one's taste.

151.

On "genius." How little talent, e.g., in Richard Wagner! Was there ever a musician who in his 28th year was so poor (not so undeveloped, so unopened, but so poor) that he was envious of Meyerbeer — so sorely envious as to vex himself about it his whole life long? and consequently, with the consistency of "beautiful souls," to bear *him* a grudge his whole life long? On the other hand one learns how rightly Kant praises diligence and perseverance as that etc.

152.

Among good musicians Verdi counts as rich, reckoned against Wagner: who had reasons to be thrifty and to "invest" his "inventions" well, to practise usury with "leitmotifs" and to keep his "gold" to himself, so that on the strength of it one enjoys a credit a thousandfold *too great*: did Wagner learn it from the Jews?

153.

NB. A woman wants to be a mother; and if she does not want this, though she could well be one, then she almost belongs in the penitentiary: so great, as a rule, is her inward degeneration then.

154.

NB. Germany has brought forth only One poet besides Goethe: that is Heinrich Heine — and he, into the bargain, is a Jew. But in France just as in Italy, Spain and England and wherever one — — —; he had the finest instinct for the blue flower "German," though also for the grey ass "German." The Parisians maintain, moreover, that together with 2 other non-Parisians he represents the quintessence of the Parisian spirit.

155.

On the philosophers.

On women.

On the musicians.

On the peoples.

On the scholars.

On the writers.

On the pious.

On herds — and

herd instincts.

"the good human being"

On the rulers.

On the ancient Greeks.

Dionysus — Diabolus.

The Good Europeans.

A Contribution to the Description

of the European Soul.

156.

A Preface on Order of Rank.

These are *my* judgements: and by printing them I do not thereby give anyone the right to take them into his mouth as his own: least of all do I hold them to be "public common property," and I will rap the knuckles of anyone who lays hands on them. There is something that sounds unpleasant in an age of "equal rights for all": that is order of rank.

157.

NB. To the explanation of that inward, audacious scepticism in Germany, which is greater there and surer of itself than in any land of Europe, belongs the fact that the Protestant clergy has always been fruitful in children and, like Luther, has had its strength not only in the pulpit: and for the same reason from which Machiavelli derives the scepticism of the Italians — they have always had the vicar of God and his court too near before their eyes — all too many of the German philosophers and scholars, as children of preachers and other church appurtenances, have *watched* the "priest" — and *consequently* no longer believe in God. Protestantism is from the very outset *essentially* unbelief in the "saint"; German philosophy is essentially unbelief in the homines religiosi and the saints of the second rank, in all the country

and town parsons, the university theologians included — and to that extent German philosophy may be a continuation of Protestantism.

158.

NB. The external world is the work of our organs consequently our body, a piece of the external world, is the work of our organs — consequently our organs are the work of our organs. This is a complete reductio ad absurdum: consequently the external world is not the work of our organs.

159.

Arrows.

Thoughts on and against the

European soul

The Right of Prerogatives.

160.

Arrows.

Thoughts

on and against the German soul.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

161.

NB. A capable craftsman or scholar cuts a good figure when he takes his pride in his art and looks upon life contentedly and satisfied with it; and nothing, by contrast, is more pitiful to behold than when a

cobbler or schoolmaster, with a suffering mien, gives one to understand that he was really born for something better. There is nothing whatever better than the good! and that is: to have some capability and to create out of it, virtù, in the Italian sense of the Renaissance.

162.

NB. Today, in an age when the state has a senselessly fat belly, there are in all fields and professions, besides the actual workers, "representatives" as well: e.g. besides the scholars, men of letters; besides the suffering strata of the people, chattering, boastful good-for-nothings who "represent" that suffering, not to speak of the professional politicians, who are doing very well and "represent" "states of distress" before a parliament with powerful lungs. Our modern life is extremely *costly* owing to the multitude of intermediaries; in an ancient city, by contrast, and as an echo still in many a city of Spain and Italy, one appeared in person and would have given nothing for such a modern representative and middleman — unless it were a kick!

163.

The pressure of the Church through millennia has created a magnificent *tension* of the bow, and likewise the pressure of monarchy: the two attempts at slackening it (instead of shooting with the bow) are 1) Jesuitism 2) democracy. Pascal is the glorious symptom of that terrible tension: he laughed the Jesuits *to death*. — I am content with despotic conditions, provided that one is dealing with mixed races, where a tension is always present in any case. To be sure: the danger of such experiments is great. — European democracy is *not*, or is only in the smallest part, an unchaining of *forces*; it is above all an unchaining of letting-oneself-go, of wanting-to-have-it-easy, of inner *lazinesses*. Likewise the press.

164.

European democracy is only in the smallest part an unchaining of forces: above all it is an unchaining of lazinesses, of wearinesses, of *weaknesses*.

165.

The Mirror.

An Occasion for Self-Mirroring

for Europeans.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

166.

What is common in the development of the *European soul* may be noticed, for example, in a comparison of Delacroix and Richard Wagner, the one a peintre-poète, the other a tone-poet, according to the difference between French and German gifts. But otherwise the same. Delacroix, moreover, also *very much* a musician — and the Coriolan Overture. His first interpreter *Baudelaire*, a sort of Richard Wagner without music. *Expression* expression placed foremost by both, everything else sacrificed. Both dependent on literature, highly cultivated men who themselves wrote. Nervous-morbid-tormented, without sun.

167.

In every judgment of the senses the whole organic prehistory is at work: "that is green," for example. *Memory in instinct*, as a kind of abstraction and simplification, comparable to the logical process: what is

most important has been underscored again and again, but even the faintest traits *remain*. In the organic realm there is no forgetting; but there is indeed a kind of *digesting* of what has been lived through.

168.

The good, their relation to stupidity.

Education and breeding.

The liberum "nego." "No, for the time being!"

Reverence, wrath and courage

169.

The *countability* of certain processes, for example many chemical ones, and their calculability, still give no grounds for groping here after "absolute truths." It is always only a number in relation to man, to some tendency or measure that has become fixed in man. Number itself is through and through *our* invention.

170.

A *logical* process of the kind that is "in the book" *never occurs*, any more than a straight line or two "equal things." Our thinking runs in a fundamentally different way: between one thought and the next there holds sway an intermediate world of an entirely different sort, for example the drive to contradiction or to submission, etc.

171.

Synthetic judgments a priori are indeed possible, but they are — *false* judgments.

172.

Nux et *crux*.

A Philosophy for Good Teeth.

173.

Every philosophy, however it may have arisen, serves certain educational purposes, for example encouragement or soothing, etc.

174.

The good a preliminary stage of evil; a mild dose of evil: —

175.

When someone concerns himself with others and *not* with himself, that can be a sign of *stupidity*: so thinks "the people" bonhomie.

176.

Moralities and religions are the chief means by which one can shape out of man whatever one pleases: provided that one has a surplus of creative forces and can carry through one's creative will over long periods of time, in the form of legislations and customs. As I pondered the means of making man stronger and deeper than he has been hitherto, I considered above all with the help of which morality such a thing has been accomplished hitherto. The first thing I grasped was that the morality customary in Europe cannot be used for this purpose — that morality of which, to be sure, the philosophers and moralists of Europe believe that it is morality itself and alone; such a philosophers' unison is in fact the best proof that this morality really reigns. — For this morality is the true *herd* instinct, which longs for comfort, harmlessness, ease of life, and as its last and hindmost wish

even has this: to be able to do without all leaders and bellwethers. Its two best-preached doctrines are called "equality of rights" and "compassion for all that suffers" — and suffering itself is taken by all herd animals as something that must be *abolished*. But whoever reflects on where and how the plant man has hitherto grown up most vigorously and most beautifully will gather this much from history, in opposition to European herd morality and its falsification of history: that for this the dangerousness of his situation must be heightened, his spirit of invention and dissimulation must be challenged by long pressure and constraint, and that consequently hardness, cruelty, secrecy, inhospitableness, inequality of rights, war, upheaval of every kind, in short the opposite of all herd ideals, is needful. That a morality with such reversed intentions could be taught and planted only in connection with the existing moral law and under its words and its cloak of pomp; that therefore many transitional and deceptive forms must be invented; and that, because the life of a single man is far too short for carrying out so protracted a will, men must be bred in whom duration through many generations is guaranteed to such a will: all this is as easily understood as the long, not easily utterable and-so-forth of these thoughts. Preparing a reversal of values in a certain strong kind of men and unchaining among them a host of reined-in and slandered instincts: reflecting on this, I considered what kind of man has hitherto, involuntarily and unconsciously, already worked toward the task so set. I found the pessimists, inasmuch as their discontent with everything compels them, *at least* logically, to discontent with the present as well: for this reason I favored Schopenhauer and the knowledge of the Indian philosophies slowly dawning over Europe. A nightmare, too, is a means of suddenly *awakening* men. — Likewise I took pleasure in certain insatiably dualistic artists who, like Byron, believe unconditionally in the prerogatives of higher men and, under the seduction of art, deafen the herd instincts in select men and call awake the opposite ones. Thirdly, I honored the philologists and his-

torians who continued the discovery of antiquity, because in the ancient world a different morality reigned than today, and man then, under the spell of his morality, was in fact stronger, more evil and deeper: the seduction exercised from antiquity upon stronger souls is probably the subtlest and most imperceptible of all seductions.

This whole way of thinking I called, to myself, the philosophy of Dionysus: a contemplation that recognizes in creating, in transforming man as well as things, the highest enjoyment of existence, and in "morality" only a means of giving the ruling will such strength and suppleness as to impress itself in this way upon mankind. I regard religions and systems of education with a view to how far they accumulate and bequeath strength; and nothing seems to me more essential to study than the *laws of breeding*, so as not to lose again the greatest quantity of strength through inexpedient unions and ways of life.

177.

I am averse 1) to socialism, because it dreams quite after the herd idiocy of the "Good, True, Beautiful" and of equal rights: anarchism too wants the same ideal, only in a more brutal way 2) to parliamentarism and the newspaper business, because these are the means by which the herd animal makes itself master.

178.

My attention fixed on the points in history at which great men spring forth. The significance of long *despotic moralities*: they bend the bow, if they do not break it.

179.

That there should be a *development* of all humanity is nonsense: nor is it in the least to be wished for. To fashion many forms *out of* man, to draw forth the *manifoldness* of man's kinds, to break him once a kind of type has had its height — thus to be creating and annihilating — seems to me the highest delight that human beings can have. Plato was surely not so narrow when he taught that concepts are *fixed* and *eternal*: but he wanted this to be believed.

180.

Not to put more reason into the whole history of man than there is in the rest of the world: *much* is possible, but one must not will it for too long. Chance breaks everything again.

Man as a *spectacle*: that is the *historical sense* — but it contains a dangerous element: man learns to feel himself as the *one who shapes*, who does not merely look on and wish to look on. The German - - -

— it goes without saying that, publicly and secretly, all the organic fundamental intentions of man are spoken of only under a thousand masquerades: read a speech of Bismarck's.

NB. — the *spiritual* man, who has at times seen behind the masks and knows how to see, who has *grasped* at all how much everything is mask — is, fairly enough, in the *best of humours* about it. Spirituality is the titillation of an eternal carnival, whether we ourselves play along in it or are merely played.

— the historical sense and geographical-climatic exoticism side by side.

181.

So I will, as an idle man who has nothing better to do, for once tell my friends what I conceive the philosophy of Dionysus to be: for that gods too philosophize seems to me a worthy and pious notion, in which even the most devout may still take his delight. Perhaps, to my friends' taste, I shall go too far in the candour of my telling: but this god himself, in dialogue with me, went much further, and I, were I permitted to bestow fine hypocritical names of pomp upon him, would have much to boast of my courage, my uprightness, truthfulness, honesty, "love of truth" and the like. But with all this fine frippery and pomp such a god knows not what to do — two words suffice for my justification, words which, to be sure, are not easily translated "into German" in Germany: gai saber.

Keep this to yourself and your kind: I have no reason to cover my "nakedness". Enough, it is a wholly shameless sort of godhead.

It was spring, and all the wood stood full of young sap: as I was walking thus through the forest, pondering some childish trifle, I whittled myself a pipe without rightly knowing what I was doing. But as soon as I put it to my mouth and piped, the god appeared before me whom I have long known.

Well now, you ratcatcher, what are you up to there? You half Jesuit and musician —, almost a German!

I was astonished that the god should seek to flatter me in this way: and resolved to be on my guard against him.

I have done everything to make them stupid, let them sweat in feather beds, gave them dumplings to gorge on, bade them drink till they dropped, made them into stay-at-homes and scholars, instilled in them the wretched feelings of a lackey soul

You seem to me to be plotting something wicked — to bring mankind to ruin?

Perhaps, answered the god; but in such a way that something comes of it for me.

— What, then? I asked curiously. —

Who, then? you ought to ask. Thus spoke Dionysus to me.

182.

Dionysus.

Attempt at a divine way of

philosophizing.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

183.

How is it, then, that women bear their children alive? I always supposed the poor creatures, given the slight constitution of their powers of resistance, must come into the world suffocated. Strait is the gate and narrow is the way, as it is written: or, how are living children possible a priori? — And as I asked this, I awoke completely from my dogmatic slumber, gave the god a poke in the belly, and asked, with the gravity of a Chinaman from Königsberg: "In summa: how are synthetic judgements a priori possible?" "By virtue of a faculty for them," answered the god, and held his belly.

184.

Hegel: the inclination of the Germans to contradict themselves — out of this a *Gothic*,

Wagner: who knew not how to find an end and made even this into a principle: a Gothic too.

185.

Do not falsify the real *historical* significance of *Kant*! He himself was proud of his table of categories and of having *discovered* the faculty for it: his successors were proud of discovering such faculties, and the fame of German philosophy abroad had to do with this: it was above all *the intuitive and instinctive grasp of* "*truth*" that made the Germans famous. Their influence belongs within the great *reaction*. A kind of *saving* of scientific labour, a more direct going at the "things" themselves — a shortcut on the path of knowledge: *this* dream intoxicated! — In the main Schopenhauer produces *the same rapture*: only not in contented, Spinozistically minded men but in the discontented: he seizes "the will" or rather the velleity, the "willing-ish", covetousness, or sense and understanding

186.

"Serenely leaning upon Graces and Muses" *Schiller* "The Artists".

187.

The development of consciousness as an *apparatus of government*: accessible only to *generalizations*. Even what the eye shows enters consciousness as *generalized* and *adjusted*.

188.

Preface: *the order of rank of men.*

1.

Knowledge as will to power.

2.

Beyond Good and Evil

3.

The hidden artists.

4.

Grand politics.

5.

The hammer.

189.

sensuality, which in small pale Jews or Parisians appears so ridiculous, and almost comme une neurose —

190.

in the last century bonté got the good conscience on its side, which had long been with quite other feelings

191.

Noontide and Eternity.

A Philosophy of the Eternal Recurrence.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Preface:

Part One:

Part Two:

Part Three:

Part Four:

Part Five:

on the human order of rank.

Knowledge and Conscience.

Beyond Good and Evil.

The Hidden Artists.

high politics.

the hammer (or Dionysus).

192.

Preface. For whom?

The Inventive.

The Compass of the Soul.

Depth.

The Power of Transformation.

The Commanding Power.

Hardness.

Knowledge: the Conqueror's Delight

The Great Responsibility.

The Art of Masks. Transfiguration.

The Power of Communication.

— the Dionysian —

193.

The sceptics of morality do not consider how much moral valuation they carry within their scepticism: their condition is almost a suicide of morality and perhaps even a transfiguration of it.

194.

Whence are we to *take* our valuations? From "life"? But "higher, lower, simpler, more manifold" — these are estimations which *we* first *put* into life. "*Development*" in every sense is always also a loss, an impairment; even the specialization of every organ. The optics of self-preservation and of growth.

Optics of Growth.

That the destruction of an illusion does not yet yield a truth, but only *one more piece of ignorance*:

Knowledge and Conscience.

A Morality for Moralists.

By

Felix Fallax.

195.

The philosophers 1) have always had the wondrous faculty for contradictio in adjecto.

2) they trusted concepts just as unconditionally as they mistrusted the senses: they did not consider that concepts and words are our inheritance from ages when things went on very darkly and unpretentiously in men's heads.

NB. What dawns on philosophers last of all: they must no longer merely let concepts be given to them as gifts, not merely purify and clarify them, but first of all *make* them, *create* them, set them up and persuade others to them. Hitherto one trusted one's concepts on the whole as if they were a wondrous *dowry* from some world of wonders: but in the end they were the legacies of our most distant forebears, the stupidest as well as the cleverest. This *piety* towards *what is found within us* belongs perhaps — to the *moral element* in *knowing*. — First of all, absolute scepsis towards all inherited concepts is needed (such as *perhaps* One philosopher once possessed — Plato: naturally he *taught the opposite* — —)

196.

Here a philosophy — one of my philosophies — finds its voice, which by no means wishes to be called "love of wisdom", but requests for itself, out of pride perhaps, a more modest name: a repellent name even, which may itself contribute to its remaining what it wants to be: a philosophy for me — with the motto: satis sunt mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus. — For this philosophy calls itself: the *art of mistrust*, and writes over its house door: μέμνησ'ἀπιστεῖν.

197.

You demonstrate from the misery of woman that her situation must be improved: but I would that you did it on the ground of her better situation and strength

198.

The great virtues, responsibility.

"The good" as a background of the democratic socialist movement.

199.

1)

Zarathustra taken prisoner —

Speech of accusation against him, as seducer

great contrast between the tremendous uncertainty and the small human being

Zarathustra praises those who have escaped (great *crisis* in him)

he persuades the fathers to a festival of remembrance

Thronging of all aristocrats from all ends of the earth

At last the children themselves come.

2)

the order of rank of men: he separates those thronging to him into groups, and thereby at the same time designates the degrees of the education of man (through generations)

3)

Before the smallest selection: the legislators of the future, with the *great virtues* (responsibility), the hammer.

4)

the farewell: recurrence as the religion of religions: consoling.

Zarathustra taken prisoner, criticizes the situation of those who have escaped. there is a thronging (at the same time sifting out his audience) at last the host comes.

The order of rank as stages of the education of man (through many generations)

the highest legislators, with the hammer.

Portrayal of the *great virtues*.

the farewell.

200.

The philosopher needs many foreground virtues and above all showy words: such as truthfulness, honesty, love of truth.

201.

The Legislator of the Future.

the human order of rank.

Beyond Good and Evil.

The Philosopher as Artist.

Dionysus.

202.

The Lords of the Earth.

Thoughts on Today and Tomorrow.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

203.

The condition of Europe in the next century will breed the manly virtues anew: because one will live in constant danger. "Universal military service" is even today the strange antidote to the softness of democratic ideas: grown out of the struggle of nations (nation — people who speak One language and read the same newspapers call themselves "nations" today and would dearly like to be of common descent and history as well: which, however, has not succeeded even with the most shameless falsification of the past.)

204.

My friends, what is it, after all, that I have been occupied with for many years? I have endeavoured to think pessimism through into its depths, and to redeem it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and simplicity in which it first confronted me, in the philosophy of Schopenhauer: so that the man of this way of thinking is equal even to the highest expression of pessimism. I have likewise sought an inverse ideal — a way of thinking which is the most exuberant, most alive and most world-affirming of all possible ways of thinking: I found it in thinking the mechanistic view of the world through to its end; truly it takes the very best humour in the world to endure such a world of eternal recurrence as I have taught it through my son Zarathustra — ourselves, that is, included in an eternal da capo. Finally it became clear to me that the most world-denying of all possible modes of thought is that which calls becoming, arising and passing away bad in themselves, and which affirms only the uncondi-

tioned, the One, the certain, that which is: I found that *God* is the most annihilating and most life-hostile of all thoughts, and that only through the monstrous lack of clarity of the dear pious and the metaphysicians of all ages has the knowledge of this "truth" been so long in coming.

May I be forgiven that I myself am not at all willing to renounce either of these two ways of thinking — unless I were to renounce my task, which needs opposite means. For the ruin, or for the retarding and deepening, of men and peoples, a pessimistic way of thinking is, for a time (under certain circumstances for a couple of millennia), of the highest value; and whoever in the grand sense raises the claims of the creator will also raise the claims of the destroyer and, under certain circumstances, have to teach annihilating ways of thinking. In this sense I welcome existing Christianity and Buddhism, the two most comprehensive forms of present-day world-denial; and, in order to give the death-stroke to degenerating and dying races, e.g. the Indians, and the Europeans of today, I myself would take under my protection the invention of a still stricter, genuinely nihilistic religion or philosophy.

After what I said before, I surely leave no one in doubt as to what significance I would assign to the thought "God" in such a religion. — The best nihilists among the philosophers were hitherto the Eleatics. Their God is the best and most thorough exposition of the Buddhist Nirvana; there Being and Nothing are identical.

205.

As for Richard Wagner: I have not got over the disappointment of the summer of 1876; the mass of the imperfect, in the work and in the man, was all at once too great for me; — I ran away. Later I grasped that the most thorough liberation from an artist is this: that one has

beheld his ideal. After such a glance as I cast in my young years — my little surviving essay on Richard Wagner bears witness to it — nothing was left to me but, gnashing my teeth and beside myself, to take leave of this insufferable "reality" — as I saw it all at once. — That he changed when he grew old is no concern of mine: almost all romantics of this kind end beneath the cross — I loved only the Wagner I knew, that is, an upright atheist and immoralist who invented the figure of Siegfried, a very free human being. Since then, from the modest corner of his Bayreuther Blätter, he has given it to be understood plainly enough how highly he knows how to prize the blood of the Redeemer, and — he has been understood. Many Germans, many pure and impure fools of every sort, have only since then believed in Richard Wagner as their "redeemer". All this goes against my taste. —

It goes without saying that I do not readily grant anyone the right to make this valuation of mine his own; and all the irreverent riff-raff that swarms like lice on the body of present-day society shall not be permitted so much as to take into its mouth a name as great as that of Richard Wagner, whether in praise or in contradiction.

206.

Fairground century:

207.

The legislator of the future.

Characterization of Europe as decaying. Fairground.

The great ebb, for millennia, in the invention of values.

My temporary encouragement through music: what I understood by "Dionysian". Richard Wagner.

The liberation from morality.

To think pessimism through to the end, and optimism likewise.

The Germans.

Hartmann

Dühring

Bismarck

Richard Wagner

208.

NB. "The struggle for existence" — that designates an exceptional state. The rule is rather the struggle for *power*, for "more" and "better" and "faster" and "more often".

209.

this world of ours today, our age of the great boom-boom, which, with its fairground taste, allows even among events only the monstrous, the noisier to count, and finally: produces such events

210.

Is there, then, a 19th century? Or not rather merely a diluted, dulled and horribly drawn-out eighteenth? What great thing has been done and created that was not done and created *before* 1800? Although many a fruit that grew and ripened in the 18th century has only fallen from the tree in this one. Take the French Revolution and Napoleon away from politics — with that you take away democracy and the — — —, French sensualism and hedonism, together with German-English scepticism, from philosophy — — —

211.

The mighty after-echo of the tragic events of that French generation of the thirties and forties, to which Richard Wagner too, with right instinct, attaches himself, that magnificent and morbid kind of insatiables, for whom Beethoven played the prelude in tones, Byron in words: the effect of the monstrous upon human beings whose strength of nerve and will was already too weak for it

212.

—

the great silentium — in the fairground age

—

the *blessing* of the legislators (also "ye shall be enemies to *one another*")

—

from the soul of their development: how they want to *run away* from their tremendous task.

—

Analysis of the herd animal. More human beings must be sacrificed than ever for wars

—

the great dread festivals of remembrance.

—

Fellow-feeling with the *great* human beings of all times, not to let ourselves descend!

—

since there is no God any more, solitude can no longer be endured: the higher man *must* set to work.

—

do you want the body, the senses, etc.

—

Praise of cool reason, as refreshment for men of the labyrinth

—

the master of *many* philosophies, capable of the deepest pessimism and the highest transfiguration of the world.

—

the melancholics have need of cheerfulness.

213.

Gai saber.

Attempt at a divine way of

philosophizing.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1.

Knowledge and Conscience.

2.

Morality for Moralists.

3.

Thoughts on Today and Tomorrow.

4.

On the Order of Rank.

214.

Self-Transfiguration.

The Good and the Evil

The 20th Century.

215.

Eugen Dühring, adorned with all the virtues and faults of a closet scholar and a man of the rabble, to which belongs also the bad taste of all his attitudes.

216.

NB. A) There are hours, very bright, merry festive hours of good conscience, when we know no other way to describe the whole magnificent chatter of mankind hitherto about morality than with the words: "higher swindle".

B) The ignorance in all our praising and blaming, esteeming and condemning, loving and hating, causes shame: that is the suffering of every profound human being. One step further: and this shame too causes shame: and *finally* — we laugh at ourselves.

217.

NB. We are in the very midst of discovering that what meets the eye and the first likelihood that comes to hand deserve the least belief: everywhere we are learning the reversal: e.g. that sexual reproduction in the realm of all living things is merely the exceptional case: that the male is at bottom nothing more than a degenerate, decaying female: — or that all organs in animal beings originally performed other services than those on account of which we call them "organs": in general, that everything came into being otherwise than its eventual *use* would lead one to suppose. The description of what *is* teaches nothing yet about its origin: and the history of its origin teaches nothing yet about what is there. Historians of every kind deceive themselves in this almost to a man: because they start from what is present and look backwards. But what is present is something *new* and not in the least *deducible*: no chemist could predict what *would* come of 2 elements upon their union if he did not already *know* it!

218.

NB. It is quite impossible that a human being should not have the qualities of his parents and forebears: whatever appearances may say to the contrary. Supposing one knows something of the parents, then an *inference* about the child is permitted: thus, e.g., some brutish incontinence, some loutish envy — both together make up the plebeian type — will have to pass over to the child, as surely as corrupted

blood, and the child will have trouble concealing such an inheritance. Hence the talent for acting is greater in people of low descent than in the noble: and likewise the Tartuffery of "virtue".

219.

To those superficial and loutish scholars who are shameless enough to feel themselves "free spirits", everything that belongs to the case history of higher human beings counts as cowardice or betrayal of the truth, as feebleness of will: that self-subjection, that being-afraid-of-oneself — — —

220.

To *reconcile* Christian feelings with Greek beauty and, if possible, with modern parliamentarianism as well — that may today call itself "philosophy", say in Rome. — For this much subtlety in the head is required and, on the other hand, much more enthusiasm.

221.

The best that Germany has given, *critical discipline* — Kant, F. A. Wolf, Lessing, Niebuhr etc. Defence against scepticism — rigour and stout-hearted courage, the sureness of the hand that wields the knife, delight in saying No and in dissecting. *Countermovement*: Romanticism, with Richard Wagner as the last Romantic, synthetic, — — —

222.

NB. The diversity of human beings is so great.

The judgements I have heard throughout my whole life about people I knew usually lay so far from what I privately held to be true that at last I made for my household use the maxim: "it is indiscreet *not* to lie about people". It particularly vexes me that something on account of

which a person pleases me would, the moment I sought to call it by name, at once also do harm to his "reputation".

223.

NB. Principle: there is something like decay in everything that betokens modern man: but close beside the sickness stand signs of an untried strength and mightiness of soul. *The same causes that bring about the diminishment of the majority drive the stronger and rarer ones upward all the way to greatness.*

224.

Oh, the devil take this croaking! The Germans are boasting once again of their famous "German virtue", of which history knows absolutely nothing. Worst of all are certain anti-Semites, together with whatever has remained stuck in the swamp of the Bayreuth master.

225.

Motto: I have no time for myself, — onward!

226.

NB. *Sphinx*.

Reduction to the judgement: "this is not true". There follows the imperative: "consequently you *may* not hold it to be true!" Or does it really mean: "consequently you *can* no longer hold it to be true"? — Now, we constantly see, e.g., the rising and setting of the sun and believe what we know to be untrue. Things stand just so everywhere. A "you *may* not" would be an imperative that negated life. Consequently one must deceive and let oneself be deceived.

227.

That Richard Wagner who is revered in Germany today, and revered with all the boastful rubbish of the worst Teutomania: that Richard Wagner I do not know; indeed — to voice my suspicion — he never existed: he is a phantom.

228.

Among the bad taste of present-day Germans I count: the virtuous Teutomania, which has history against it and *ought* to have shame against it

229.

NB. *Fundamental error* of all historians: the facta are all far smaller than could be grasped.

230.

The Tempter.

There are many kinds of eyes. The Sphinx too has eyes: and consequently there are many kinds of "truths", and consequently there is no truth.

231.

The subtlest, most mobile spirituality with a hundred thousand little feelers, shaped and blown away by every breath, with complete fragmentation of the will — is something *very* ridiculous. As with the refined Parisians, who sigh because everything storms in upon them.

232.

When I was young I encountered a dangerous deity, and I would not wish to recount to anyone again what passed over my soul at that time — of good things as well as of bad. Thus I learned early to keep silent, and likewise that one must learn to speak in order to keep silent rightly: that a man with backgrounds has need of foregrounds, be it for others, be it for himself: for one needs foregrounds in order to recover from oneself, and in order to make it possible for others to live with us.

233.

Mark of the *un*scientific human being: he holds an opinion to be true if it flatters him and he cuts a fine figure in its light.

234.

NB. The counter-proof has still not been furnished as to whether being good is not a sign of spiritual regression, and whether virtue, as feeling and exalted feeling, does not belong among the symptoms of incipient imbecility, or at least among its fits. Surveying history, we find spiritual regression wherever man the herd animal gains the upper hand and the conditions of life are made harder for man the beast of prey, roaming singly or in packs: we always find the "good" human beings at the same point of development. Among all peoples "stupid to the point of holiness".

235.

NB. Every morality is a habit of self-glorification: by virtue of which a kind of human being comes to rejoice in its kind and its life: it wards off the influence of human beings of another kind by feeling them to be "beneath itself".

236.

NB. That a woman must constantly have much that is too small and peculiar in her head and necessarily feels herself comical beside the tasks of men — the ugly women excepted, who are spared many cares in kitchen, bed and nursery and who nowadays "lay" books as a hen lays eggs —, and that for all enterprising and profound men it is a benefaction to encounter beings who are superficially cheerful and adept at agreeable desires, so that the gloomy aspect of life may be softened for them. One must feel it in all depth, what a benefaction woman is.

237.

Anti-Semites and other thoroughly mendacious riff-raff that has need of the big words, before itself even more than before all the world

238.

And rather sit alone upon one's mountain like a black, half-ruined stronghold, pensive and still enough; so that the very birds are afraid of this stillness:

239.

That it is moral *to do what our interest demands*, this the English seek to prove to themselves, from Bentham onward, who took it over from Helvetius. And this alone is supposed to be morality, and on this basis morality is supposed to have arisen. Which, historically, is utterly absurd: and even now taste goes against it. Conversely: formerly all philosophers sought to prove that neminem laede, immo omnes quantum potes juva was the foundation of ethics, which has been sought for millennia like the philosopher's stone. — That the actual conduct of human beings is *moral*, this the English seek to persuade

themselves. That the *herd instinct* is morality itself and alone, formerly — —

Important NB. — from Helvetius onward!

240.

The Problem "Man".

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1.

The wrong path of the philosophers.

2.

The wrong path of the moral preachers.

3.

The order of rank of men.

according to what? according to how much strength they have to endure the terrible natural fact man and nevertheless —

4.

The problem — whither? A new terrorism is needed.

241.

NB. How many false *interpretations* of things there have already been! Consider what all men who *pray* must think of the nexus of causes and effects: for no one will persuade us to strike out of prayer the element of "request" and the belief that it *makes sense* to ask, that one's request might be "heard". Or that other interpretation, in which the fates of a man are "sent" to him for his improvement, admonition, punishment, warning; or that third interpretation, that right and justice lie in the very course of things, and behind all causal occurrence there is yet a kind of criminological hidden meaning. — Thus the entire *moral* interpretation *of our actions* too might be only an enormous misunderstanding: as the moral interpretation of all natural occurrence quite evidently has been.

242.

An upright, level-headed, gentle-hearted, capable person, a man with his "heart in the right place" — it does us good to be near him. But why should this *harmless* person, who does us good, be worth more to us than the dangerous, unknowable, incalculable one who compels us to be on our guard? Our feeling of well-being proves nothing. Question: has there ever been, among *great* men, one of the harmless kind described?

243.

NB. The man of the highest spirituality and strength feels himself equal to every chance, but also wholly in the midst of the snowflakes of chance; he denies rationality in every sequence and with mockery drags the accidental in it into the light.

— Formerly one believed only in purposes: it is the exchange of one error for another that today one believes only in causae efficientes. There are neither causae finales nor efficientes: in both cases we have drawn a false conclusion from a false self-observation: 1) we believe that we act by willing 2) we believe at least that we *act*. To be sure: without this belief there would be nothing living: but must it therefore be — *true*?"

244.

NB. *"Knowing"* is the way to bring us to the feeling that we *already know* something: hence the *combating of a feeling of something new and the transformation of the apparently new into something old*.

245.

"criminals of the highest rank are as near to the Capitol as to the Tarpeian Rock", Mirabeau said, I believe.

246.

Life as a waking *dream*; the finer and more comprehensive a man is, the more he senses the contingency, as dreadful as it is sublime, in his life, willing, success, happiness, intention; he shudders, like the dreamer who for a moment feels "I am dreaming". The belief in the causal necessity of things rests on the belief that *we* act; once one perceives that the latter cannot be proven, one loses something of one's belief in the former. Add to this that "appearances" cannot possibly be causes. To trace an unfamiliar thing back to things already familiar, to lose the feeling of strangeness — that *counts*, for our feeling, as *explaining*. We do not want to "know" at all, but rather not to be disturbed in the belief that we *already know*.

247.

Something may be irrefutable: that does not yet make it true.

The whole of the organic world is the stringing-together of beings with invented little worlds around them: in that they project their strength, their desires, their habits outward into the experiences outside themselves, as their *external world*. The capacity for creating (shaping, inventing, fabricating) is their fundamental capacity: of themselves, naturally, they likewise have only such a false, fabricated, simplified notion.

"A being with the habit of a kind of rule in dreaming" — that is a living being. Enormous quantities of such habits have finally grown so

hard that *species* live on the strength of them. Presumably they stand in a favourable relation to the conditions of existence of such beings.

Our world as *appearance*, *error* — but how are appearance and error possible? (Truth designates not an opposite of error, but the position of certain errors in relation to other errors, say that they are older, more deeply incorporated, that we do not know how to live without them, and the like.)

The creative element in every organic being, what is it?

— that everything, that which is for each his "external world", represents a sum of valuations, that green, blue, red, hard, soft are inherited *valuations and their emblems*.

— that the valuations must stand in some relation to the conditions of existence, but by no means in such a way that they would be *true*, or *precise*. What is essential is precisely their inexactness, indeterminacy, whereby a kind of *simplification of the external world* arises — and it is precisely this sort of intelligence that is favourable to preservation.

— that it is the will to power which guides the inorganic world too, or rather, that there is no inorganic world. "Action at a distance" cannot be eliminated: *something draws something else toward it, something feels itself drawn*. This is the fundamental fact: by contrast the mechanistic notion of pressure and impact is only a hypothesis based on *visual evidence* and *the sense of touch*, though it may count for us as a regulative hypothesis for the world of visual evidence!

— that, in order for this will to power to express itself, it must perceive those things which it draws, that it *feels* when something approaches it that is assimilable to it.

— the so-called "laws of nature" are the formulas for "power relations" of — — —

The mechanistic way of thinking is a foreground philosophy. It trains one to establish formulas, it brings with it a great relief,

— the various philosophical systems are to be regarded as *methods of education* of the spirit: they have always best *cultivated* one particular strength of the spirit; with their one-sided demand to see things just so and not otherwise.

248.

Dionysus.

Dionysus as Educator.

Dionysus as Deceiver.

Dionysus as Destroyer.

Dionysus as Creator.

249.

The model of a complete *fiction* is logic. Here a thinking is *invented* in which one thought is posited as the cause of another thought; all affects, all feeling and willing are thought away. Nothing of the kind occurs in reality: reality is unspeakably differently complicated. By applying that fiction as a *schema*, thus *filtering* the actual occurrence in thinking, as it were, through an apparatus of simplification: we bring about a *sign-script* and *communicability* and *memorability* of the logical processes. Thus: to regard spiritual occurrence *as if it corresponded to the schema of that regulative fiction:* this is the *fundamental will*. Wherever there is "memory", this fundamental will has held sway. — In reality there is no logical thinking, and no proposition of arithmetic and geometry can have been taken from it, because such a thing does not occur in it at all.

I stand differently towards ignorance and uncertainty. It is not that something remains unknown that grieves me; I *rejoice* that there *can* be a kind of knowledge at all, and I admire the complexity of what makes it possible. The means is: the introduction of complete fictions as schemata, according to which we think spiritual occurrence simpler than it is. Experience is possible only with the help of memory: memory is possible only by virtue of an abbreviation of a spiritual process into a *sign*.

The sign-script.

Explanation: that is the expression of a new thing by means of the signs of things already known.

250.

That we are *acting* beings, forces, is our fundamental belief. *Free:* means "not pushed and shoved, without a *feeling of compulsion**"*.

NB. Where we meet a resistance and must yield to it, we feel ourselves *unfree*: where we do not yield to it but compel it to yield to us, *free*. That is, it is the *feeling of our surplus of force* that we designate as "freedom of the will": the consciousness that our force *compels*, in relation to a force which is compelled.

251.

In willing there is an affect.

252.

Knowledge: the making-possible of *experience*, by virtue of the fact that actual happening, both on the side of the forces acting upon us and on the side of our own shaping forces, is enormously simplified: *so that there seem to be similar and identical things. Knowledge is the falsification of*

the manifold and innumerable into the identical, the similar, the countable. Thus *life* is possible only by means of such a *falsifying apparatus*. Thinking is a falsifying transformation, feeling is a falsifying transformation, willing is a falsifying transformation —: in *all* of this lies the force of assimilation: which presupposes a will to make something like *ourselves*.

253.

Truth is the kind of error without which a certain kind of living being could not live. The value for *life* decides in the end. Very common and virtuous people — — —

254.

I loved him and no one else. He was a man after my own heart, so immoral, atheistic, antinomian, who went his way alone and would never believe that — — —

255.

NB. A new way of thinking — which is always a new way of measuring and presupposes the existence of a new measure, a new scale of feeling, which is always a genuine faith — seeks to prevail, and with the fire of its first love says to everything that resists it: "that is false." In this struggle it grows more refined, learns to defend itself, and needs, in order to conquer, to trick its opponent out of his weapons and to learn his art from him. "That is false" originally means "I do not believe in it"; looked at still more finely, "I feel nothing about it, it means nothing to me."

256.

I have made a number of not unhazardous attempts to lure to me people to whom I might speak of such strange things: all my writings so far have been nets cast out: I wished to catch for myself thereby people with deep, rich and exuberant souls.

To whom should one turn? My longest attempt I made with that manifold and mysterious man over whose soul, perhaps, more good and evil things have passed than over that of any other man of this century: with Richard Wagner. Later I thought to "seduce" German virtue — for I know well how perilously things go on inside a German in his twenties. Later still I fashioned for myself a language for daring heads and hearts of men who might be waiting somewhere in some corner of the earth for my wondrous things. Finally — but no one will believe to what a "finally" I came. Enough: I invented "Thus Spoke Zarathustra."

Shall I confess it? I have found no one so far, but again and again some strange form of that "raving stupidity" which would gladly still have itself worshipped as *virtue*: I like best to call it "moral Tartuffery", I honour it as the vice of our century, and am ready to bestow upon it a hundred curses besides.

257.

Deep and distant people have their foregrounds: and at times they find it necessary to behave as though they were nothing but foreground.

258.

Solitary amid good friends and faithful neighbours, smiling and astonished at their "raving stupidity", at their importunate benevolence.

259.

Deep and exuberant spirits!

Notebook 35: May–July 1885

1.

A moralist is the counterpart of a moral preacher: namely, a thinker who takes morality as questionable, as worthy of a question mark, in short as a problem. I regret having to add that the moralist, for that very reason, himself belongs among the questionable beings.

2.

The historical sense: the capacity to divine quickly the order of rank of the valuations by which a people, a society, a human being lives —, the relation of these valuations to the conditions of life, the relationship of the authority of values to the authority of the forces at work (the supposed authority, mostly, even more than the actual): to be able to *re-create* all this within oneself is what makes the historical sense.

3.

Some of the aesthetic valuations are more fundamental than the moral ones, e.g. the delight in what is ordered, surveyable, bounded, in repetition —, these are the feelings of well-being of all organic beings in relation to the dangerousness of their situation, or to the difficulty of their nourishment. The familiar does one good, the sight of something one hopes to *take possession* of easily does one good, etc. The logical, arithmetical and geometrical feelings of well-being form the foundation stock of the aesthetic valuations: certain conditions of life are felt to be so important, and reality's contradiction of them is so frequent and so great, that pleasure arises at the perception of such forms.

4.

The refinement of cruelty is among the sources of *art*.

5.

Morality is the doctrine of the order of rank of human beings, and consequently also of the significance of their actions and works *for* this order of rank: thus the doctrine of human valuations concerning everything human. Most moral philosophers present only the order of rank that *presently* prevails; lack of historical sense on the one hand, and on the other they are themselves ruled by the morality that teaches the present as the eternally valid. The unconditional importance, the blind selfishness with which every morality treats itself, wills that there could not be *many* moralities; it wants no comparison, no criticism either: but unconditional faith in itself. It is therefore in essence anti-scientific — and the perfect moralist would for that reason alone have to be *immoral*, beyond good and evil. — But is science then still *possible*? What is the search for truth, truthfulness, honesty, if not something moral? And without these valuations and the actions corresponding to them: how would science be *possible*? Take away conscientiousness in knowing — where is science then? Is scepticism about morality not a contradiction, inasmuch as the highest refinement of moral demands is precisely active here: as soon as the sceptic no longer feels these fine valuations of the true to be authoritative, he has no further reason to doubt and to inquire: *unless the will to knowledge had yet another root altogether than truthfulness.* —

6.

"*Soul*": to designate a system of valuations and *value-affects*.

7.

When philosophers come together among themselves, they begin by throwing off a good deal of fine lumber; above all, they no longer call themselves "philosophers" and hang "the love of wisdom" on the nail like a stiff official costume and masquerade. "*We are* friends of mistrust," so they say to one another, "*we do not wish to let ourselves be deceived. That we wish to deceive no one*, — this, to be sure, people ought to *believe* of us; to that end we must solemnly *persuade* all the world. For, between ourselves: — — —

8.

The Strong and the Weak.

Thoughts and Dashes

of a Good European.

9.

These good Europeans that we are; what distinguishes us from the men of the fatherlands?

First: we are atheists and immoralists, but for the present we support the religions and moralities of the herd instinct: for with them a kind of human being is being prepared that must one day fall into our hands, that must *crave* our hand.

Beyond good and evil, but we demand that herd morality be held unconditionally sacred.

We reserve to ourselves many kinds of philosophy which it is needful to teach: under certain circumstances the pessimistic kind, as a hammer; a European Buddhism might perhaps prove indispensable.

We probably support the development and maturation of the democratic order of things: it cultivates weakness of will: we see in "socialism" — a goad which, against comfort — — —

Position toward the peoples. Our preferences; we pay attention to the results of crossbreeding.

Aloof, well-to-do, strong: irony toward the "press" and its culture. Care that men of science do not become literati. We regard with contempt every culture that is compatible with reading newspapers, or even writing them.

We take our chance positions (like Goethe, Stendhal), our experiences, as shelter-huts, such as a wanderer needs and accepts — we beware of growing at home in them.

We have a disciplina voluntatis that sets us ahead of our fellow men. All strength applied to the *development of the strength of will*, an art which permits us to wear masks, an art of understanding *beyond* the affects (also thinking "supra-European", for a time)

Preparation for becoming the lords of the earth; the legislators of the future. At the very least through our children. Fundamental consideration given to marriages.

10.

The same conditions that drive forward the development of the herd animal also drive the development of the leader animal.

11.

In the "emancipation of woman", the women who do not attain to husbands and children wish to influence substantially the *overall position* of woman in relation to man, i.e. the *ill-constituted* elements (which in *number* predominate *everywhere*) wish to alter the position of

the species, i.e. for the benefit of number the quality of the species is to be lowered. (Just reflect on the One consequence: that now the *ugly* women too *demand* the satisfaction of their drives from men — the unconscious driving ground of this movement.) Or, in the case of George Sand, who never had men enough and soon had her fill of those she had.

12.

The nonsense of the greatest number as the greater reason shows itself most fatefully when one considers to what extent everything good, well-constituted, fortunate, spiritual-and-spiritually-exalted on earth, in short everything through which the average ill-constitutedness and ill-will — — —

13.

Europe is, after all, a woman: and the fable teaches that such a woman, under certain circumstances, lets herself be carried off by certain animals. Formerly, in the time of the Greeks, by a bull. Today — heaven preserve me from naming the animal.

14.

What are these good Europeans of whom you speak, and about whom you keep silent even more than you speak? What distinguishes them from us, the good patriots of the fatherland?

15.

On the plan. *Introduction*.

1.

the organic functions translated back into the fundamental will, the will to power, — and split off from it.

2.

thinking, feeling, willing in all that lives

what then is pleasure but this: a stimulation of the feeling of power by an obstacle (still more strongly by rhythmic obstructions and resistances) — so that it swells thereby: thus pain is comprised in all pleasure. — If the pleasure is to become very great, the pains must become very long, and the tension of the bow tremendous.

3.

the will to power specializing itself as will to nourishment, to property, to *tools*, to servants —

Obeying and commanding: the body.

— the stronger will directs the weaker. There is no other causality at all than that from will to will. Up to now there has been no mechanistic — — —

4.

the spiritual functions: will to form-giving, to assimilation, etc.

Appendix. The great misunderstandings of the philosophers.

16.

One might perhaps one day be tempted to raise the question whether all great human beings may not be reckoned among the evil.

17.

Man, in whatever situation he may find himself, needs some kind of valuations by virtue of which he justifies his actions, intentions and states before himself and above all before those around him, i.e. *self-glorifies*. Every natural morality is the expression of the contentment of a kind of human being with itself: and when one has need of praise, one also always has need of a *corresponding* table of values, on which those actions are esteemed most highly of which we are most capable, in which our real *strength* expresses itself. Where our strength lies, there too we wish to be seen and honoured.

18.

(50)

Whether one has not a right to reckon all *great* human beings among the *evil*? In the individual case it cannot always be demonstrated. Often a masterly game of hide-and-seek was possible for them, so that they took on the gestures and outward appearances of great virtues. Often they revered the virtues earnestly and with a passionate hardness against themselves, but out of cruelty — such a thing deceives, seen from afar. Some misunderstood themselves when they — — — not seldom a great task calls forth great qualities, e.g. justice. The essential thing is: the greatest perhaps also have great virtues, but precisely then their opposites as well. I believe that it is precisely from the presence of opposites, and from the feeling of them, that the great human being, *the bow with the great tension*, arises

19.

One must free oneself from the question: what is good? what is compassionate? — and instead ask: „what is *the* good man, the compassionate man?“

20.

A morality has hitherto been first and foremost the expression of a conservative will to the breeding of a uniform kind, with the imperative: „All varying is to be forestalled; delight in the kind alone shall remain". Here a number of qualities are *held fast* for a long time and *bred up large*, and others sacrificed; all such moralities are *hard* (in upbringing, in the choice of wife, in general against the rights of youth, etc.) Human beings with few, but very strong and ever identical traits are the result. These traits stand in relation to the foundations upon which such commonwealths can prevail and assert themselves against their enemies.

All at once the bond and the constraint of such a discipline snaps (— for a time there are no more enemies —): the individual no longer has any such barrier, it shoots up wildly, a tremendous perishing stands beside a glorious, manifold, jungle-like growing upward. There arises for the new human beings, into whom the *most diverse* things are now inherited, a compulsion to make for themselves an *individual legislation*, suited to their peculiar conditions and *dangers*. The moral philosophers appear, who usually represent some more frequent type and with their disciplina bring benefit to a particular kind of human being.

21.

I have never wasted spirit and effort on questions such as: what is good? what is bad? — each of these philosophers took himself as the typical human being and wanted to assert *himself* against all those of a different nature: they enter into battle with this their faith in their ideal. Their morality, too, is that of *self-contentment*, but of the individual.

22.

One knows from the experience of breeders that species which are granted a superabundance of nourishment and every kind of care and protection incline most strongly toward variation of the type and are rich in marvels and monstrosities (in monstrous vices too). Now let one consider an aristocracy as an institution for the purpose of breeding: for a long time that superabundance of favourable conditions is lacking, it has trouble even asserting itself at all, it has constant danger about it, fear to hold it fast. Moreover it feels it necessary that a particular kind of qualities (virtues) must be preserved before all others and above all: it *suppresses* all the rest in favour of these virtues, it feels these virtues as conditions of existence. At last a fortunate situation arises, the great constraint is no longer necessary: and at once, in the hothouse of its culture, a *tremendous multitude of varieties* and monsters (geniuses included) appears: at times the commonwealth perishes from their struggle.

The *varieties* of a species (as deviation, partly degeneration) appear where favourable conditions of life are present: the species itself, however, appears, becomes *firm* and *strong*, under the long struggle with ever identical unfavourable conditions.

The concern for the *preservation* of the species, for its faithful repetition, for its essential uniformity, is inspired by love for this species, admiration of it through comparison with its surroundings, hence *contentment* with it: the foundation of all aristocracies, one is happy in one's kind and wishes to continue *oneself* through like offspring: but one must be kept in this position by constantly recurring endangerment, and by comparison with nearby beings standing lower. The thought of a „progress“ and likewise the thought of „equal rights for all“ must be absent: preservation of the type, *delight* in all *typical* traits and otherwise aversion (to everything foreign as well), to *resemble*

one's ancestors as closely as possible as the directing morality: sorrow at the thought of change and variety.

But now there are suffering, oppressed, half ill-constituted, sick kinds, dissatisfied with themselves: if they too thirst for teachers, comforters and, as it were, physicians, if they too create a morality for themselves: what will they most gladly reach for and demand? Above all not the preservation of their suffering kind, or of their condition. Rather: "away *from it*! And anywhere else rather than here!" On the whole, then, their morality will look like a kind of self-negation: their favourite practice will be "selflessness", disgust with oneself, the turning away from everything egoistic — and their greatest hatred turns against the happy, the proud, the victorious! Alongside this the raptures of feeling that lie in devotion, in self-sacrifice, in forgetting-oneself, in love: from the doggish tail-wagging of the slave all the way up to the mystical "union with God". In fact a kind of the suffering and the half-constituted is in this way *kept alive*, and in a certain measure made *capable of life*: and since it learns above all to adapt to one another, there arises a *lower* but a viable type. For example, the present-day European, as also the Chinese. The *diminution* of man: but when all join their forces together, they become *master* over the noble race: and since the latter are themselves often seduced by their noble instincts into throwing away their hard existence (also by their instincts that crave happiness), or are themselves degenerate, so that they no longer believe in themselves, then such great follies occur as, e.g., the preludes to the French Revolution. Then there sets in a kind of preponderance of the many, consequently of the lowest kind of man over the select and the rare, a democratic fundamental taste in all valuation, in which at last the belief in great things and great men turns into mistrust, finally into unbelief, and becomes the cause of greatness dying out.

23.

The thirst for great and deep souls — and always to meet only the herd animal!

24.

1) is the "philosopher" still *possible* today? Is the extent of what is known too great? Is it not highly improbable that he will ever attain an *overview*, and the more so the more conscientious he is? Or that he will attain it *too late*, when his best time is past? Or damaged, coarsened, degenerate, so that his *judgement of value* no longer means anything? — In the other case he becomes a "*dilettante*" with a thousand little feelers and loses the great pathos, the reverence for himself — and also the good, fine conscience. Enough, he no longer leads, he no longer commands. Were he to wish it, he would have to become a great actor, a kind of philosophical *Cagliostro*.

2) what does it still mean to us today to *live* philosophically, to be wise? Is it not almost a means of *extricating* oneself well from a bad game? A kind of flight? And whoever lives thus apart and simply, is it likely that he has thereby shown his knowledge the best path? Would he not have to have tried life personally in a hundred ways in order to have a say about its value? Enough, we believe that one must have lived altogether "unphilosophically", according to the concepts hitherto, above all not as a timid man of virtue — in order to judge the great problems out of *lived experiences*. The man of the most comprehensive experiences, who compresses them into general conclusions: would he not have to be the mightiest man? — For too long the wise man has been confused with the scientific man, and for longer still with the religiously exalted man.

25.

Problem: are many kinds of *great men* perhaps *no longer possible*? E.g. the *saint*. Perhaps also the *philosopher*. Finally the *genius*? Have the tremendous relations of distance between man and man perhaps diminished? At least the *feeling* of this distance has diminished, and as its effect this brings with it a less rigorous bearing and discipline, by virtue of which man no longer attains such heights as formerly. — We need a new concept of the *greatness* of man; one of which we are capable, and from which most of us are deeply severed. Voilà: this democratic world turns everyone into a specialty, *therefore* greatness today is *being universal*. It weakens the will, *therefore* strength of will is greatness today. *It* develops the herd animal, therefore standing alone and living on one's own account must today be reckoned as part of greatness. The most comprehensive man, going alone, without herd instincts, and with an unconquerable will which permits him to undergo many transformations and to plunge insatiably into new depths of life. — We must seek the *greatness of man* where we are least at home. For ages of energy the gentle, renunciatory, contemplative man is the great *exception*; it required great inner discipline and hardness to become a Socrates out of a half-wild animal. The indifferentism of Epicurus has almost the effect of a transfiguration. We are coming to opposite *ideals*: and first of all we have to shatter the old ideals for ourselves.

26.

Dionysus.

Book of Prophecy.

27.

Our psychologists, whose gaze involuntarily remains fixed only on the symptom of décadence, keep directing our mistrust against the spirit.

28.

New barbarians. One always sees only the weakening, coddling, sickening effects of the spirit: but

now there are coming:

The Cynics.

The Tempters.

The Conquerors.

Union of spiritual superiority with well-being and a surplus of strength.

29.

The Epochists, the Ephectics.

He likes to stop short before open problems and is ironically disposed towards quick hypotheses; he rejects the kind of satisfaction that comes with rounding-off, filling-up, stuffing a hole with any old tow. He behaves thus not out of his weakness but out of his strength: *he does not perish at once* when he lacks the *support* of such "railings" as serve, e.g., the pessimists today as their prop. — Fundamental fact: that in the moral domains *any science* is still lacking, and even more *any material for a science*. Practical ulterior motives tie off the investigator's veins. It is the time for seeking the very broadest regulative hypotheses, in order to gather material by means of them.

Thus a genuine, rigorous ephexis of science is here far from possible as yet; we are in the *preliminary stage*. The sharpening of methodical demands will come later. The sciences by no means develop simultaneously: rather, just as organs have their quicker or slower growth and ripening, so it is here. It is obvious that the science which will lag furthest behind is the one that has been resisted longest, in the belief that *here* no inquiry whatever may be made. Here, it was said, the truth is present, here belief in it is a duty — even now the "moral consciousness" sometimes rears up, even in the guise of a kind of "philosophy", against the right to an analysis of morality. And our latest investigators of morality are thoroughly convinced of precisely this: that here science has only to fathom the facts of the case, not to *criticise* them.

30.

1. to *see* and to *show* the problem of morality — that seems to me the new task and the main thing. I deny that this has been done in moral philosophy hitherto.

31.

One must not affect scientific rigour where it is not yet time to be scientific; but the genuine researcher, too, must put away from himself the vanity of affecting a kind of method whose time has, at bottom, not yet come. Likewise, he must not "falsify" things and thoughts that he arrived at by other means through a false arrangement of deduction and dialectic. Thus Kant, in his "Morals", falsifies his inward psychological bent; a recent example is Herbert Spencer's ethics. — One should not conceal and spoil the *fact* of how our thoughts came to us. The deepest and most inexhaustible books will probably always have something of the aphoristic and sudden

character of Pascal's Pensées. The *driving* forces and valuations lie long beneath the surface; what emerges is effect.

32.

I resist all Tartuffery of scientific rigour:

1) with regard to *exposition*, when it does not correspond to the *genesis* of the thoughts,

2) in the claims to *methods* which are perhaps not yet even possible at a particular stage of science,

3) in the claims to *objectivity*, to cold impersonality, where, as with all valuations, we are telling with every word of ourselves and of our inner experiences. There are ridiculous kinds of vanity, e.g. Sainte-Beuve's, who all his life was vexed at having here and there really had warmth and passion in his "for" and "against", and would gladly have lied it out of his life.

33.

(51)

Nowadays people like to give themselves the *veneer* of a very motley and many-shaped artificial affectation of scientific rigour — understandable in so spurious a century, where "equal rights" also bring "the feeling of equal claims" in their train, e.g. also the claim to be able to be scientific, provided only that one *wills* it. Almost all men of letters believe it of themselves; more than that, it now belongs to the ambition of novelists.

34.

Nothing more pitiful than the moralistic literature in present-day Europe. The utilitarian Englishmen in front, clumsy as horned cattle,

treading in the footprints of Bentham, as he himself already trod in the footprints of Helvétius; not a new thought, not even a real history of what was thought earlier, but always the old moral Tartuffery, the English vice of cant in the new form of scientific rigour, together with a secret warding-off of the pangs of conscience such as are wont to assail a race of former Puritans. — They would like at any price to *persuade* themselves that one *must* pursue one's own advantage, insofar as precisely thereby the general advantage, the happiness of the greatest number, is best served: thus that the striving after English "happiness", I mean after comfort and fashion, is on the right path of virtue; indeed, that so far as there has been virtue in the world, it has consisted in just such striving after one's own, and consequently also the general, happiness: Not one of all these ponderous herd animals with their troubled consciences — for that is what they all are — wants to know anything of the fact that there is an order of rank among men, that consequently One morality for All is an injury to the highest men, that what is fair for the one cannot by any means be so for the other; that rather the "happiness of the greatest number" is an ideal to vomit at for anyone who has the distinction of not belonging to the greatest number. — From France, moreover, Comte's superficial opposition of altruism and egoism — but there is no such thing as altruism! — has lately made its way into England; and now we see, e.g. in Herbert Spencer, the attempt to come to terms with this too, with such an ill will to take any concept strictly any longer that by now *passing urine* in England may well already be counted among the altruistic activities. In Germany — where people do not yet even know how to get the better of Schopenhauer's moralistic naïveté, E. von Hartmann has lately trodden Comte's idea out into breadth — to a breadth of 871 pages —; and, without a single German having laughed at it, solemnly and formally thrown egoism out of the front door, in order to force it back in at the back, in the name of "altruism". Indeed, one cannot bring home to oneself the uncanny fact of an al-

most sudden stupefaction of the peoples of Europe — visible as much in present-day Germany and England as in France and Italy — better than by leafing through their moralistic books. At most I could single out 3 small writings (although in these too nothing fundamental is said):

First, the book of a German Jew, Paul Rée, which bears the title — It deserves distinction on account of its *form* and has about it something of that genuinely philosophical habitus to which Stendhal once gave sharp expression: — — — Rée takes up again with a delicate hand the stricter habits of taste of the old French moralists — his book comes like a refreshing scent from that "good old time", far from all the edifying ulterior motives that books on morals written in German are wont to smell of —: unfortunately he also has the same shortcomings as those Frenchmen, the narrow horizon, the poverty of knowledge; his hypotheses are cheap and spoken into the wind; he lacks entirely "the historical eye and tact", that is to say, the real and sole virtue which German science of the 19th century has over all older sciences. In the end it is a book that "whets the appetite".

Second, I name the fine, melancholy-courageous book of a Frenchman — — —, which, to be sure, like almost everything that now comes out of Paris, gives one to understand all too plainly *where* pessimism is really at home today: (namely *not* in Germany) And what use is all positivism and the resolute bending of the knee before the "petits faits"! In Paris one suffers as from cold autumn winds, as from a frost of great disappointments, as though winter were coming, the last, final winter — and the best and bravest, like that worthy Guyau, tremble and shudder at it, however good a face they put on their "positivisme": who believes them in what they would like to persuade us of with irony, that this trembling and shuddering still belongs to the *charms* and arts of seduction of life? To be sure: "shuddering is mankind's *finest* part" — Goethe said that, and Goethe — *was entitled* to say

it! But a Parisian? — Finally, I single out the polemical writing of a German half-Englishman, which contains enough spirit, acid and science thoroughly to "decompose" that union of bêtise and Darwinism which Herbert Spencer brought into the world under the title "Data of Ethics": Rolph, Biologische Probleme 1881. To be sure, apart from the polemical there is nothing to praise in the book; and at bottom what offends here, just as with the book it combats, is the wanting-to-have-a-say of insignificant men in domains where only a select kind of knowers and of the "experienced" may speak without immodesty.

35.

What separates me most fundamentally from the metaphysicians is this: I do not concede to them that it is the "I" that thinks; rather, I take the *I itself to be a construction of thinking*, of the same rank as "matter", "thing", "substance", "individual", "purpose", "number": thus only as a *regulative fiction*, with whose help a kind of constancy, and consequently "knowability", is put into a world of becoming, is *poeticized into* it. Faith in grammar, in the linguistic subject, object, in the verbs of doing, has until now held the metaphysicians in subjection: this faith I have taught men to forswear. Thinking first posits the I: but until now one believed, like the common people, that in "*I* think" there lay something or other of the immediately certain, and that this "I" was the given cause of thinking, by analogy with which we "understood" all other causal relations. However habitual and indispensable that fiction may now be, this proves nothing against its fictitiousness: something can be a condition of life and *nevertheless false*.

36.

Having become free of the tyranny of "eternal" concepts, I am on the other hand far from hurling myself on that account into the abyss of a sceptical arbitrariness: I ask, rather, that concepts be regarded as

experiments, with whose help particular kinds of human being are bred and tested for their capacity to be preserved and to endure — — —

37.

The falseness of a concept is to me not yet an *objection* to it. Here, perhaps, our new language sounds strangest: the question is to what extent it furthers life, preserves life, preserves the species. I am even fundamentally of the belief *that the falsest assumptions* are precisely *the most indispensable to us*, that without granting validity to the logical fiction, without measuring reality against the *invented* world of the unconditioned, the self-identical, man cannot live, and that a denial of this fiction, a practical renunciation of it, would mean as much as a denial of life. *To concede untruth as a condition of life:* that means, to be sure, casting off one's accustomed feelings of value in a terrible way — and here, if anywhere, it is a matter of not "bleeding to death" on the "recognized truth". In this supreme danger one must at once summon up the creative fundamental instincts of man, which are stronger than all feelings of value: those which are themselves the mothers of the feelings of value and which, in eternal giving birth, enjoy their sublime consolation over the eternal perishing of their children. And finally: *what power was it, then*, that compelled us to forswear that "faith in truth", if it was not life itself and all its creative fundamental instincts? — so that we have no need, then, to conjure up these "mothers": — they are already *above*, their eyes are gazing upon us, we are only carrying out what their enchantment has persuaded us to do.

38.

— And as regards philosophy proper in present-day France: let no one believe that these worthy positivists, that is to say empiricists of the school of Comte, or the descendants of Stendhal, Montesquieu, Con-

dillac — heirs of the best that the eighteenth century possessed — such as Taine, constitute an antithesis to the sceptical mood of the century.

39.

Noontide and Eternity.

1.

On the Order of Rank.

2.

The Legislators. (Breeding of New Ruling Castes)

3.

On the Ring of Rings. Or: “The Mirror”.

4.

The Great Blessings.

40.

Noontide and Eternity.

Visions and Prophecies.

41.

Noontide and Eternity.

Prophecies

of One Who Is to Come.

First Part:

on the order of rank.

Second Part:

on the lords of the earth.

Third Part:

on the ring of rings.

Fourth Part:

on the new dying.

42.

— until we too may call out to ourselves with good pride the word that Pericles called out to his Athenians in that funeral oration: to every land and sea our boldness has broken itself a path, everywhere founding for itself imperishable monuments in good and in ill.

43.

Finally we still resist the knowledge of men of such as Sainte-Beuve and Renan, this kind of eavesdropping on and sniffing about in souls, as it is practised by these unmanly, spineless voluptuaries of the spirit: it seems to us to offend against shame when they grope about with curious fingers at the secrets of men or ages that were higher, sterner, deeper and in every respect more noble than they themselves: so that they would not so easily have opened their doors to any roaming half-women. But this nineteenth century, which has forfeited all the finer instincts of the order of rank, no longer knows how to rap the knuckles of unwanted intruders and gate-breakers; indeed it is proud of its "historical sense", by virtue of which the sweating plebeian is permitted, provided that he comes with learned instruments of torture and questionnaires, to force his way even into the society of the highest inaccessibility, among the saints of conscience just as among the eternally veiled rulers of the spirit. Beneath the historical sense and knowledge there lies hidden more scepticism than one at first sees: an insulting scepticism turned against the difference of rank between man and man, and the same impudent claim to "equality" is

extended even to the dead which the paid servants of public opinion now presume to make against everyone living.

But we are no sceptics —, we still believe in an order of rank of men and of problems and await the hour when this doctrine of rank and of order will once again be inscribed upon the broad face of today's rabble-like society. Perhaps this hour is also our hour.

Are we perhaps, if we are no sceptics, critics or "criticists"? And if we have particularly underlined, through our name, the attempt and the delight in attempting, is that perhaps because we love to make use of the experiment in a wide and dangerous sense, yet for the purpose of a more deeply understood critique? Are we perhaps, in secret, for the good of our knowledge, compelled as experimenters to go further than the soft-hearted and pampered taste of the century can approve? Indeed, we would not wish to lack any of those qualities that set the critic apart from the sceptic: the sureness of the measures of value, the conscious handling of a unity of method, the shrewd courage, the ability to stand alone and to answer for oneself; indeed we admit to a delight in saying No and in dissecting, a certain cruelty of the hand that guides the knife surely, even when the heart bleeds at it. We are harder —, and perhaps not only toward ourselves, — than "humane" people might wish; we do not involve ourselves with "truth" because it "pleases" us or "elevates" or "inspires" us — our faith is rather slight that truth could ever bring such agreeable feelings with it. It sounds painful to many ears when we say: precisely there our mistrust leaps forth where our feeling rises up in beautiful surges; we smile when someone believes he *proves* something by saying: "but this thought elevates me: how should it not be true?" Or: "this work enchants me: how should it not be beautiful?" Or: "this artist enlarges me: how should he not be great?" We have rather, with the critics —

44.

Superstition about the philosopher, confusion with the scientific man. As if values were stuck in things and one had only to ascertain them. To what extent they research under *given* values (their hatred of appearance, of the body, etc.) Schopenhauer with regard to morality. (Scorn for the utilitarian) In the end the confusion goes so far that Darwinism is regarded as philosophy: and now dominion lies with the *scientific* men.

The French too, like Taine, search or think they search without already having the measures of value. Prostration before the "facts", a kind of cult. In fact they *annihilate* the existing valuations.

Explanation of this misunderstanding. The one who commands arises seldom, he misinterprets himself. One absolutely *wants* to decline authority for oneself and place it in the *circumstances*. — In Germany the esteem for the critic belongs to the history of awakening *manliness*. Lessing, etc. (Napoleon on Goethe) In fact this movement was reversed again by German Romanticism: and the *repute* of German philosophy refers to it, as if with it the danger of scepticism had been removed and *faith* could be *proved*. In Hegel both tendencies culminate: at bottom he generalized the fact of German criticism and the fact of German Romanticism — a kind of dialectical fatalism, but in honour of the spirit, in fact with the subjection of the philosopher *to* reality. — *The critic prepares:* no more!

With Schopenhauer the task of the philosopher dawns, that it is a matter of a determination of *value*: still under the dominion of eudaemonism (mockery of Hartmann) the ideal of pessimism.

45.

The philosopher as legislator, as tempter of new possibilities, his means. He *uses* religion. The New Testament — what Christianity *can do*.

His opposite: the morality of the herd animals. Likewise the free-thinkers, etc. How the herd animals today imagine the "higher man": to be shown in V. Hugo.

My forerunners: Schopenhauer. to what extent I deepened pessimism and only through the invention of its highest opposite brought it fully home to my feeling. Then: the ideal artists, that offspring of the Napoleonic movement. Then: the higher *Europeans*, precursors of *great politics*. Then: the Greeks and their origin. I gave hints in "The Birth of Tragedy" about the relation of "need" and "art". The *Germans* and the *spirit*.

The personal education of the philosopher: solitude.

The Dionysian.

46.

Paete, non dolet! Paetus, this pessimism does not hurt! Paetus, Eduard does not bite! Paetus, look at me: am I not a friendly blue, indeed even Prussian blue; Paetus, in truth, I leave nothing whatever to be desired

Paete, non dolet! Paetus, this pessimism does not hurt! Paetus, your Arria does not bite! Paetus: Eduard is full of knowledge, comfortable, humane, friendly, even friendly to the Reich, even Prussian blue, in short Eduard is a maid-of-all-work and his pessimism leaves nothing whatever to be desired

I was in error at that time: I thought Eduard von Hartmann was a subtle, superior mind and a wag who was making fun of the pessimistic embarrassment of the age; I found the invention of his "Unconscious" so malicious, so witty, it seemed to me a proper mousetrap for the gloomy and the stupid of philosophical dilettantism, as it spreads more and more over Germany. But now people persist in assuring me that he means it *seriously*: and they almost force me to believe it: but should he for that reason cease to be amusing to me? Should I have to stop laughing when this Arria again and again urges her Paetus not to be *afraid* of the *dagger*, I mean of Hartmann's pessimism? Paete, she cries tenderly, non dolet!

47.

§ No critics. The embarrassment. Finally "the scientific man". *Englishmen*.

§ Neither pessimists nor optimists. Schopenhauer's great position — that the destruction of an illusion does not yet yield a truth, but only *one more piece of ignorance*, an enlargement of our "empty space", an increase of our inner "desolation" —

§ Fundamental idea: the new values must first be created — this we shall not be *spared*! The philosopher must be like a legislator. New species. (As the highest species (e.g. the Greeks) have hitherto been bred: to *consciously will*** this kind of "chance")

§ His means: religions, moralities

§ Significance of Christianity.

§ Significance of the democratic way of thinking.

§ Freethinkers, belonging to this movement? Victor Hugo.

§ Unconscious counter-movements: Napoleon, the 1830s, Richard Wagner.

§ The new philosopher can arise only in connection with a ruling caste, as its highest spiritualization. Great politics, the government of the earth close at hand; complete *lack* of *principles* for it — (irony at the *empty* German spirit)

§ The European and his culture.

§ Period of the great *experiments*. Men with a canon of values of their own. Institutions for the breeding of higher men,

§ The "meanwhile" of the philosophers. Their solitude.

§ Preparing the "Beyond Good and Evil". State of "morality".

15 § Dionysus.

15:100 | 6

3 large pages each section

48.

Preface.

It matters little to me today whether I was right or wrong with regard to Richard Wagner and Schopenhauer: if I erred, well, my error brings dishonour neither upon those named nor upon myself. Certain it is that, in those young days, it was an immense boon to me to be able to paint my idealizing colours, in which I beheld the images of the philosopher and of the artist, not entirely into the unreal, but as it were upon figures already sketched out; and if I have been reproached with having seen those named with a *magnifying* eye, then I *rejoice* in this reproach — and in my eyes besides. At the very least the reader of the

second Untimely Meditation ought not to be left in any uncertainty as to how little I have ever cared for truth and — — —

What I wrote back then — and wrote less than *painted*, and hotly at that, and, as it seems to me today, in a not unhazardous and audacious alfresco: this would not become any *truer* by my now depicting it once again, more delicately, more colourfully and more rigorously, now that hand and eye have perhaps learned something more. Every age of life understands "truth" in its own way; and whoever steps before those paintings with young and surging senses and great demands will find in them as much truth as he is capable of seeing.

My first four Untimely Meditations, to which I now, after ten years, add a fifth, sixth and seventh, were attempts to lure to me the kind of men who belong to me: fishing rods, then, cast out for "my own kind". Back then I was young enough to go on such a fishing expedition with impatient hope. Today — after a hundred years, if I may measure time by my own measure! — I am *still not old enough* to have lost all hope, all patience. How strange it still sounds in my ears even today when an old man presses his experience into these words: — — —

Thus speaks Goethe: should he be right? How little reason would there then be in becoming as old and as reasonable as Goethe! And it would be fair to learn from the Greeks their judgement upon old age: — they hated growing old more than death, and loved to die when they felt that they were beginning to become reasonable in that manner. Meanwhile youth too has its own kind of reason: a reason that believes in life, love and hope

49.

As for Richard Wagner: there was a moment in my life when I thrust him from me with vehemence. Away from me! — that is what I cried.

This kind of artist is unreliable precisely where I understand no joke. He tried to "come to terms" with established Christianity by stretching out his left hand towards the Protestant communion — he spoke to me of the raptures he knew how to win from this meal — but at the same time his right hand towards the Catholic Church; he offered it his "Parsifal" and made himself known to all who have ears as a "Romanist" in partibus infidelium.

50.

The laws of thought as results of organic development — a fictionalizing, positing force must be assumed — likewise the inheritance and persistence of fictions.

51.

In a world of becoming, in which everything is conditioned, the assumption of the unconditioned, of substance, of being, of a thing, etc., can only be an error. But how is error possible?

52.

To show the succession ever more clearly is what is called *explanation*: no more!

53.

To grant *perceiving* to the inorganic world as well, and indeed absolutely precise perceiving: there "*truth*" reigns! With the organic world *indeterminacy* and *appearance* begin.

54.

That a state of equilibrium is never reached proves that it is not possible. But in an indeterminate space it would have to have been

reached. Likewise in a spherical space. The *shape of space* must be the cause of the eternal movement, and ultimately of all "imperfection".

That "force" and "rest", "remaining-equal-to-itself", contradict each other. The measure of force as magnitude as fixed, but its essence fluid, tensing, compelling, — — —

55.

"Timeless" to be rejected. In any given moment of force the absolute conditionedness of a new distribution of all its forces is given: it cannot stand still. "Change" belongs to its essence, and hence temporality too: whereby, however, only the necessity of change is posited once more conceptually.

56.

Time is *not* given a priori. Spir 2, p. 7.

illogical character of our knowledge of bodies. cf. 2 p. 93.

57.

That there are identical things, identical cases, is the *fundamental fiction* already in *judgement*, then in inference.

58.

In the chemical world the sharpest *perception* of differences of force reigns. But a protoplasm, *as a multiplicity of chemical forces*, has an *uncertain and indeterminate* overall perception of a foreign thing.

59.

The transition from the world of the inorganic into that of the organic is the transition from fixed perceptions of values of force and relations

of power into *uncertain, indeterminate* ones. because a multiplicity of beings struggling with one another (= protoplasm) feels itself confronted by the external world.

60.

The restless will to power or to perpetual creation or to transformation or to self-overpowering

61.

"so-called time a mere abstraction, neither objectively existent nor a necessary and original mode of representation of the subject" Spir 2. p. 15.

62.

The Germans have no culture: they are, now as before, *dependent* on Paris — the cause is that they have as yet no character.

Our great men signify no race, but individuals.

But what of that which I formerly made an exception of and on which I founded hopes, *German music*?

63.

NB. The misunderstanding about Richard Wagner is enormous in Germany today: and since I contributed to increasing it, I wish to pay off my debt and try to diminish it

64.

NB. For two centuries there was only one opposition, that of French and Italian music.

In the struggle of Gluck with Piccinni it grew sharper and came to its peak: Gluck was here felt entirely as the representative of *French taste* — as representative of the noble, the pompous and the rationalistic.

The Germans as musicians have listened now towards France, now towards Italy: a German taste of their own in music does not exist even today

It seems to me that Wagner once again brought *French taste* to predominance over the Italianizing taste, i.e. over Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Bellini, Mendelssohn; but it is the taste of the France of 1830: literature become master over music as over painting. "Programme music", the "sujet" first!

65.

Beethoven belongs with Rousseau and with that humanitarian current which partly ran ahead of the Revolution and partly ran after it, transfiguring it; still more, however, with the chief event of the last millennium, the appearance of Napoleon.

Mozart presupposing the society of the Rococo age

66.

Difference between actors, such as Schiller and Wagner, and — — —

Goethe isolated, between Pietism and Hellenism, doubtful whether he ought not to write in French.

Lessing — Bayle

Frederick the Great eager for France

the Frederick II after Moorish-Oriental enlightenment

Leibniz between Christianity, Platonism and mechanics.

Bismarck learning from Napoleon III and Cavour

67.

If mechanics is only a logic, then there follows for it too what holds for all logic: it is a kind of backbone for vertebrates, nothing true-in-itself.

68.

On the Ring of Rings.

NB. To the force that changes and yet always remains the same there belongs an *inner side*, a kind of Proteus-Dionysus character, dissembling itself and taking delight in its own transformation. To grasp the "person" as a *deception*: in fact *heredity* is the chief objection, inasmuch as a countless number of shaping forces from far earlier times make up its continuing substance: in truth they fight within it and are governed and tamed — a will to power passes right through persons; it needs the *narrowing* of perspective, "*egoism*", as a *temporary condition of existence*; from every stage it looks out toward a higher one.

The narrowing of the active principle into the "person", into the individual.

69.

NB. How much of the *truth* a man can endure without *degenerating* is *his measure*. Likewise how much *happiness* — — likewise how much *freedom* and *power*!

On the Order of Rank

70.

The *severest school* necessary, misfortune, sickness: otherwise there would be no spirit on earth, nor any rapture and exultation either. — Only souls tuned high and taut know what *art* is, what cheerfulness is.

71.

Zarathustra can bring happiness only once he has first established the *order of rank*.

72.

NB. There must be many Übermenschen: all goodness develops only among one's equals. *One* God would always be a *devil*! A *ruling race*. On "the lords of the earth."

73.

I.

Zarathustra can *bring happiness* only after the order of rank

has been established. First it is *taught*.

II.

The order of rank carried through in a system of earth-government: the lords of the earth at last, a new ruling caste. Springing from them here and there, a wholly Epicurean god, the Übermensch, the transfigurer of existence.

III.

The superhuman conception of the world. Dionysus.

IV.

Returning lovingly from this greatest *estrangement* to what is nearest and smallest, Zarathustra *blessing* all that he has lived through, and dying as one who blesses.

74.

Zarathustra 5.

1.

Great clamour of trumpet-heralds. The *happiness* of loud tones! Zarathustra I. I am that *predestined man* who determines values for millennia. A hidden one, one who has pressed in everywhere, a man without friends, who has thrust from himself every homeland, every resting. What makes the *grand style*: to become *master* over one's *fortune* as over one's *misfortune*: a — — —

2.

My *gift* can be received only once the receivers are there: *for that*, order of rank. The greatest events are the latest to be grasped. — To that extent I must be a legislator.

3.

The time of his appearance: the most dangerous *middle*, where things can go toward the "last man", but also —

— characterized by *the greatest event*: God is dead. Only men as yet notice nothing of the fact that they are living merely off inherited values. The general negligence and squandering.

4.

— *Fundamental insight:* "good" and "evil" are now regarded as from the eye of the "*herd animal*". Equality of men as the *goal*. Against this, *I*. (The One God as preparation for herd morality!)

the *teacher* of the order of rank.

5.

Leaders, herds and the isolated. The tempters.

6.

Complete men and fragments.

7.

The well-constituted and the ill-constituted.

8.

Creators and the created-in-form. Difference of strength.

9.

The artists as the little perfecters.

10.

the men of science as describers and most comprehensive organs.

11.

the masterly men, as experiments in breeding.

12.

the founders of religions; as experiments in new universal positings of value.

13.

the feeling of imperfection: the penitent

14.

The urge toward something perfect: the pious, the beautiful souls, the great longings

15.

The power to *do* something perfect in some sphere or other

(Master craftsmen artists officials scholars etc.

16.

the earth now lying there as a marble workshop: a *ruling race is needed*, with unconditional power.

75.

1. Zarathustra awakening in the old fortress. Hears the drums of the heralds.

2. The test. "Do you belong to me?"

3. The procession of the rose festival.

4. The teaching of the order of rank.

5. At night by the bridge.

76.

(49)

What is *noble*? *Preface* to *"Assorted

Opinions and Maxims"*

— care in the most external things, even the frivolous semblance, in word, dress, bearing, insofar as this care sets bounds, keeps at a distance, guards against being confused with others.

— the slow gesture, the slow glance too. There are not too many valuable things: and these come of their own accord and want to go to the valuable. We are slow to admire.

— the enduring of poverty and want, and of sickness too.

— the avoidance of small honours, and mistrust of anyone who praises readily: for he who praises believes that he understands what he praises: but to understand — Balzac, that typical man of ambition, betrayed it — comprendre c'est égaler.

— Our doubt as to whether the heart can be communicated goes deep; solitude, not as chosen, but as given,

— the conviction that one has duties only toward one's equals, and behaves toward the others as one sees fit: that only inter pares is justice to be hoped for (alas, not by a long way to be counted on).

— irony toward the "gifted"; belief in nobility of birth in moral matters as well. "Aristocrats of the spirit" — is a favourite phrase of the Jews.

— always to feel oneself as the one who has honours to *bestow*: whereas it is not very often that someone is found who would be permitted to honour him.

— always disguised: the higher his kind, the more a man needs incognito. God, if there were one, would be permitted, if only for reasons of propriety, to show himself in the world only as a man.

— the capacity for otium, the unconditional conviction that a trade, in every sense, does not indeed disgrace, but certainly ennobles no longer — it un-nobles. Not "industriousness" in the bourgeois sense, however highly we know how to honour it, nor like those insatiably cackling artists who do as the hens do — cackle and lay eggs and cackle again.

— we *protect* the artists and poets and whoever is a master in anything: but as beings who *are* of a higher kind than these, who

merely *can do* something, than the merely "productive men", do not confuse us with them.

— delight in *forms*; the taking under protection of everything formal, the conviction that politeness is one of the great virtues; mistrust of every kind of letting oneself go, including all freedom of the press and of thought, because under them the spirit grows comfortable and oafish and stretches its limbs.

— pleasure in *women*, as in a perhaps smaller, but finer and lighter kind of being. What happiness, to meet beings who always have dancing and foolishness and finery in their heads! They have been the delight of all very tense and deep masculine souls whose life is burdened with great responsibilities.

— pleasure in princes and priests, because they uphold the belief in a difference of human values, in short in the order of rank, even in the appraisal of the past, at the least *symbolically* and on the whole and by and large even in fact.

— being able to keep silent: but not a word about this in front of listeners.

— the enduring of long enmities: the lack of easy forgiveness.

— disgust at the demagogic, at "enlightenment", at "Gemüthlichkeit", at rabble-like familiarity.

— the collecting of precious things, the needs of a high and fastidious soul; wanting to have nothing in common. *His* books, *his* landscapes.

— we rebel against bad and good experiences and do not generalize so quickly. The single case: how ironic we are toward the single case when it has the bad taste to behave as though it were the rule.

— we love the naive and the naive ones, but as spectators and higher beings; we find Faust just as naive as his Gretchen.

— we think little of the good, as herd animals: and we know how among the worst, most malicious, hardest men there often lies hidden a priceless drop of the gold of goodness, which all mere good-naturedness and milk-souledness — — —

— we do not hold a man of our kind refuted either by his vices or by his follies. We know that we are hard to recognize, and that we have every reason to give ourselves foregrounds.

77.

Letters of Count — — —

Edited

by

J. v. A.

After the death of my mother.

Invent anecdotes.

78.

Preface.

May one publish letters? — An honourable friend was in the habit of never pronouncing the word "public" without malice. The nineteenth century, he once said, loves the truth, as everyone knows: well, it is precisely *this* taste that goes against my taste! I fear that, if this goes on, people will write nothing but *public* letters. Yes, he said another time, it might come about that someday a decent man would sum up his whole morality in One sentence: thou shalt — lie! My dear sir, you must lie unconditionally and at all times! Or else you too are what all the world already is — "public"! — This was his secret opinion of the taste of our century. When I was pondering what title to give his col-

lection of letters and opinions, it went through my head to designate it thus: "*The Mirror*. An Occasion for Self-Mirroring. For Europeans." May one at least gather from this tasteless notion what value *I* privately attach to these letters — and why I grant myself the *right*, precisely out of hatred for everything that today is called "public", to publish these letters.

79.

Century of the minstrels (the men of the dishonourable burial)

(Galiani) Murderer boredom.

80.

The Germans

of yesterday and of the day after tomorrow

A Contribution to the Critique of the German Soul

81.

The demagogues in art. — Hugo Michelet Sand R. Wagner.

82.

A pessimistic mode of thought and teaching, an ecstatic nihilism, may under certain circumstances be indispensable precisely to the philosopher: as a mighty pressure and hammer with which he breaks degenerating and dying races and clears them out of the way, in order to open a path for a new order of life, or to instil into what is degenerate and wants to die the longing for the end.

For the retarding and deepening of peoples and races, a pessimistic way of thinking, a religion of negation and flight from the world, an ecstatic desensualization and uglification of life may — — —

83.

But while I thus trouble myself and prepare a long answer to such a question — ah, perhaps I myself am nothing but a long answer to this question? — I already hear that broken and malicious voice

84.

Gai saber.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

To the Mistral.

Introduction.

First Book: the prejudices of the philosophers.

Second Book: Beyond Good and Evil.

Third Book: to the artists.

Fourth Book: the mirror. An occasion for self-mirroring for Europeans.

Fifth Book: the noble soul.

Among Friends. An Aftersong.

the ideal cloister, for the preservation of the tender plants

the future of

music — European music

music of the grand style

the snares of language

Wagnerism and Hegelism as intoxicants

"classical" — an inapplicable word in music

the hermits, like Goethe, Beethoven, and the demagogic or courtly or ecclesiastical artists.

Education of *musicians*.

against the "national" endeavours in art

Concept of culture; — style etc.

Rejection of pessimism, as well as of all

eudaemonistic points of view.

III To the Artists. New concept of the creator; the *Dionysian*. New festivals. The transfiguration.

"Completed infinity"

Pain and pleasure

Purpose

Value judgements in the sensations of taste, colours, tones

Fixing concepts

the *reinterpretability* of the world — but holding fast to the fundamental features

What is morbid in philosophers

Cause and effect

the economy of the affects

the "persona"

Luther's language, the Bible as the foundation of a new poetic form.

Notebook 36: June–July 1885

1.

Gai saber.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Appendix

The Modern Soul.

An Attempt at Enlightenment concerning Today and Tomorrow.

2.

Never has more been demanded of living creatures than at the emergence of the dry land: then they, accustomed and fitted for life in the sea, had to turn round and turn inside out their body and their habits and in everything do something other than what they had been practised in until then — there has hitherto been no more remarkable transformation on earth. — Now just as at that time, through collapses, through a slow crumbling of the earth, the sea sank into the fissures, caverns and pits and acquired *depth*: so what is happening now among men might, to speak in a parable, perhaps furnish the very counterpart to it: namely a becoming-whole and becoming-round of man, a disappearance of the fissures, caverns and pits and consequently also — a disappearance of the dry land. For a man whom my way of thinking has made round and whole, "all is in the sea", the sea is everywhere: but the sea itself has lost in depth. — Yet I was on the way to quite another parable and have merely lost my way! I wanted to say: like everyone, I was born a land animal — and now I *must* nonetheless be a sea animal!

3.

Germany, which is rich in skilful and well-instructed scholars, has for a long time lacked great souls, mighty spirits, to such a degree that it seems to have forgotten what a *great* soul, what a *mighty* spirit is: and nowadays mediocre men, and ill-constituted ones at that, set themselves up in the marketplace, almost with a good conscience and devoid of all embarrassment, and extol themselves as great men, as reformers; as Eugen Dühring does, for example, a skilful and well-instructed scholar, who nevertheless betrays with almost every word that he harbours a petty soul and is crushed by narrow, envious feelings; also that it is not a mighty, overflowing, beneficently lavish spirit that drives him — but ambition! To hunger after honours in this age, however, is still far more unworthy of a philosopher than in any earlier age: now, when the rabble rules, when the rabble bestows the honours!

4.

When the philosopher goes among the homines bonae voluntatis, among the good-natured, the compassionate, the gentle, the commonplace, it happens to him as if he had wandered into a damp air and under an overcast sky: for a short time it does him good, he feels as it were relieved; but if he pays close attention, he notices how he himself becomes comfortable and careless in these false surroundings; vain as well — but above all melancholy. In order to learn quickly how weak and paltry this good-natured sort of men is made, with all their pleasing semblance, let him provoke and wound their vanity, let him bring them so far that they rail: then the "shallowness" of these waters will betray itself most swiftly, and probably also what lies hidden beneath all this pretty, light blue surface in the way of sand and filth or of presumption.

5.

The women in Europe, quite apart from their proper business ("to lay children"), are useful for many good things. With Viennese women it is pleasant to dance. With a Frenchwoman one can causer, with an Italian poser, with a German — oser. Among Jewish women there are the most charming chatterboxes: the model of these, all wrapped up in Goethean lace and self-complacencies, was Rahel. A Russian woman has usually experienced something, occasionally thought something. Englishwomen know how to blush in the most womanly and most heavenly manner, almost without cause, like the angels: in short, one would never come to an end if one wanted, after the example of the English Utilitarians, stiffly and steadfastly to *prove* the usefulness of woman — something in which all the world *believes* — all over again.

6.

Gai saber.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

To the Mistral. A Dance Song.

Part I.

1. "Without a passionate pleasure

Conclusion. "And do you also know what 'the world' is to me?

Part II.

Conclusion. "When I was very young, Dionysus.

Part III.

On the Future of the Arts.

Part IV.

The Mirror.

Part V.

Among Free Spirits.

7.

My "Pity". — This is a feeling for which no name suffices me: I feel it where I see a squandering of precious abilities, for example at the sight of Luther: what strength, and what insipid backwoods problems (at a time when in France the brave and cheerful scepsis of a Montaigne was already possible!) Or where I see someone, through the working of some idiocy of chance, fall short of what might have become of him. Or even at a thought of the lot of mankind, as when I, with dread and contempt, for once watch the European politics of today, which, under all circumstances, is also working at the web of

all human future. Yes, what might become of "man", if — —! This is a kind of "pity"; even though there is no sufferer *with* whom I would there be suffering.

8.

Moralia

Just as from time immemorial man lives in deep unacquaintance with his *body* and makes do with a few formulas for communicating how he is faring, so it stands with judgements on the value of men and actions: one clings, in one's own case, to a few external and incidental signs, and has no feeling of *how* deeply unknown and strange we are to ourselves. And as regards judgement of others: how *quickly* and "surely" even the most cautious and fairest of men still judges there!

9.

Moralia.

It takes but a sparing amount of reflection to discover that there is nothing "good in itself" — that something good must be thought of only as "good for what", and that what is good in One respect will necessarily at the same time be "evil and harmful" in many another respect: in short, that every single thing to which we attach the predicate "good" is by that very fact designated as "evil" too.

10.

How long it is now that I have been striving within myself to prove the perfect *innocence* of becoming! And what strange paths I have already walked in doing so! Once this seemed to me the right solution, that I decreed: "existence, being something of the nature of a work of art, does not stand at all under the jurisdictio of morality; rather, morality itself belongs to the realm of appearance." Another

time I said: all concepts of guilt are objectively quite worthless, but subjectively all life is necessarily unjust and alogical. A third time I wrested from myself the denial of all purposes and felt the unknowability of causal connections. And to what end all this? Was it not in order to create for myself the feeling of complete unaccountability — to place myself outside all praise and blame, independent of all formerly and today, so as to pursue my goal in my own way? —

11.

At bottom morality is *hostile* towards science: Socrates already was so — and indeed because science takes as important things which have nothing to do with "good" and "evil", and consequently *takes weight away* from the feeling for "good" and "evil". For morality wants the whole man and his entire strength to be at its service: it considers it the squandering of one who is *not rich enough* to squander when man seriously concerns himself with plants and stars. That is why in Greece, once Socrates had dragged the disease of moralizing into science, things went swiftly downhill with scientific spirit; a height such as that in the disposition of a Democritus, Hippocrates and Thucydides has not been reached a second time.

12.

Man in Society

It is a mark of a lack of noble disposition when someone in the street returns a greeting before he has recognized the person who greeted him: — greeting and the manner of greeting are, after all, meant to be distinctions — the sole exception being the case where a prince (or one qui range aux souverains) goes his way and is greeted. It is his prerogative to have to know no one, but to have to be known by all. A parable.

13.

Man *alone* with himself:

How differently one feels the business and the work of one's life if in it one is the first of one's family, or if father and grandfather have already been active in the same way! In the former case, where one is the first, one has much more inner distress with it, and also a much more sudden pride; good conscience is not yet wedded to such an activity, and *something* about it is easily felt as arbitrary, as accidental.

14.

What value Wagner may have for the non-musician, and may retain henceforth as well, is a question we shall be spared for now. Richard Wagner, beyond all doubt, has given the Germans of this age the most comprehensive inkling of what an artist *could* be: — reverence for "the artist" has suddenly grown to great proportions: everywhere he has awakened new valuations, new desires, new hopes; and perhaps not least precisely through the merely heralding, incomplete, imperfect nature of his artistic creations. Who has not *learned* from him! And if not so directly as the artists of performance and the men of attitudes of every kind, then at least indirectly, "on the occasion of Richard Wagner", as one might say. Even philosophical knowledge has received no small impetus from his appearance, of that there is no doubt. There are today a host of aesthetic problems of which, *before* Richard Wagner, even the subtlest had not yet caught a scent, — above all the problem of the actor and his relation to the various arts, not to speak of psychological problems such as Wagner's character and Wagnerian art present in abundance. To be sure: insofar as he himself ventured into the realm of knowledge, he deserves no praise, but rather an unconditional rejection; in the gardens of science he always cut the figure only of the most immodest and clumsiest in-

truder. Wagner's "philosophizing" belongs among the most impermissible kinds of dilettantism; that people have not even known how to laugh at it is German and belongs to the old German "cult of unclarity". But if one absolutely insists on helping him to honours and statues as a "thinker" too — the good will and the submissiveness of his followers will not be able to spare themselves this — very well! then I recommend that he be represented as the *Genius of German Unclarity* itself, with a smoking torch in his hand, inspired and just stumbling over a stone. When Wagner "thinks", he stumbles. — But what will concern us is Wagner the musician.

15.

If the world had a goal, it would have to have been reached. If there were for it some unintended final state, this too would have to have been reached. Were it capable at all of persisting and growing rigid, of a "being," had it for but a single moment in all its becoming this capacity for "being," then all becoming would again long since have come to an end, and so too all thinking, all "spirit." The fact of "spirit" *as a becoming* proves that the world has no goal, no final state, and is incapable of being. — But the old habit of thinking of goals in all that happens, and of a guiding, creating God in the case of the world, is so powerful that the thinker has trouble keeping himself from thinking the very aimlessness of the world as an intention once more. Into this notion — that the world, then, deliberately *evades* a goal and even knows how artfully to prevent itself from falling into a cycle — all those must fall who would like to decree for the world the capacity for *eternal novelty*, that is, to decree for a finite, determinate force of unchangeably equal magnitude, such as "the world" is, the miraculous capacity for the *infinite* refashioning of its forms and states. The world, even if no longer a God, is nonetheless to be capable of the divine creative power, of the infinite power of transformation; it is to *forbid*

itself at will from relapsing into any of its old forms, it is to have not only the intention but also the *means* of *guarding* itself against every repetition; it is thus at every moment to *control* each of its movements with a view to avoiding goals, final states, repetitions — and whatever else may be the consequences of so unpardonably mad a way of thinking and wishing. This is still the old religious way of thinking and wishing, a kind of longing to believe that *in some respect* the world is after all like the old beloved, infinite, boundlessly creative God, — that in some respect after all "the old God still lives," — that longing of Spinoza's which expresses itself in the words "deus sive natura" (he even felt "natura sive deus" —). Which, then, is the proposition and belief in which the decisive turn, the *preponderance* now attained by the scientific spirit over the religious, god-inventing spirit, is most definitely formulated? Does it not run: the world, as force, may not be thought of as unlimited, for it *cannot* be so thought — we forbid ourselves the concept of an *infinite* force *as incompatible with the concept* "*force*." Therefore — the world also lacks the capacity for eternal novelty.

16.

If I have my will: then it is time to declare war on European morality, and likewise on everything that has grown up upon it. This temporary order of peoples and states in Europe must be shattered. The Christian-democratic way of thinking favours the herd animal, the diminution of man; it weakens the great mainsprings (evil —), it hates compulsion, harsh discipline, the great responsibilities, the great ventures. The most mediocre carry off the prize and impose their standards of value.

17.

But to whom am I saying this? Where, then, are these "free spirits"? Is there any such thing "among us"? —

I look about me: who thinks, who feels in this as I do? Who wills what my most hidden will wills? But I have found no one so far. Perhaps I have only searched badly? Perhaps those who suffer from my kind of new distress and new happiness must hide themselves just as I do? And put on masks, as I did? — And are consequently ill suited to seeking out their own kind?

We new philosophers, we who attempt, think differently — and we do not mean to let it rest with thinking. We think *more freely* — perhaps the day will come when men will see with their own eyes that we also act more freely. For the time being we are hard to recognize; we are bound to be mistaken for others. Are we "freethinkers"?

In all the countries of Europe, and likewise in North America, there are now "freethinkers": do they belong to us? No, gentlemen, you want roughly the *opposite* of what lies in the intentions of those philosophers whom I call tempters; these feel little temptation to exchange mendacious courtesies with you. Indeed, if you "freethinkers" had only a scent of *from what* one can make oneself free, and *whither* one is then driven! I think you would be among the most furious opponents of what I call my "freedom of the spirit" and my "Beyond Good and Evil."

That I no longer have need to believe in "souls," that I deny "personality" and its alleged unity and find in every human being the stuff for very different "personae" (and masks), that "absolute spirit" and "pure knowing" signify to me fabulous creatures behind which a contradictio in adjecto poorly conceals itself — in this I am perhaps on the same path as many of those "freethinkers," quite apart from the denial

of *God*, by which even today certain worthy Englishmen imagine they are giving a tremendous proof of liberal-mindedness. What separates me from them are the valuations: for they all belong to the democratic movement and want equal rights for all; they see in the forms of the old society hitherto the causes of human shortcomings and degenerations; they grow enthusiastic over the breaking of these forms: and for the time being the most humane thing they can do seems to them to be to help all men to their degree of spiritual "freedom." In short and in sum, they belong among the "*levellers*" — that kind of men who in every respect go grossly against my taste and still more against my reason: I want, in matters of the spirit too, war and oppositions; and more war than ever, more oppositions than ever; I would sooner approve of the harshest despotism (as a school for the suppleness of the spirit) than of the damp, tepid air of a "press-free" age, in which all spirit grows comfortable and stupid and stretches its limbs. In this I am still today what I was — "untimely."

But we new philosophers: we not only begin with the presentation of the actual order of rank and difference in value among men, but we also want precisely the opposite of an assimilation, an equalization: we teach estrangement in every sense, we tear open chasms such as there have never yet been, we want man to become more evil than he ever was. For the time being we ourselves still live strange and hidden to one another. For many reasons it will be necessary for us to be hermits and even to put on masks, — we will consequently be ill suited to seeking out our own kind. We will live alone and probably know the tortures of all seven solitudes. But should we cross one another's path, by some chance, it is a safe wager that we will mistake one another or deceive each other in turn.

18.

I take care not to speak of chemical "*laws*": that has a moral aftertaste. It is rather a matter of an absolute establishment of relations of power: the stronger becomes master over the weaker, in so far as the latter simply cannot assert its degree of independence, — here there is no mercy, no forbearance, still less any respect for "laws"!

19.

It is improbable that our "knowing" should reach further than is barely sufficient for the preservation of life. Morphology shows us how the senses and the nerves, as well as the brain, develop in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining nourishment.

20.

In the realm of the inorganic too, only its neighbourhood comes into consideration for an atom of force: the forces at a distance balance one another out. Here lies the kernel of the perspectival, and of why a living being is "egoistic" through and through.

21.

The weaker presses toward the stronger, out of need for nourishment; it wants to slip in under it, if possible to become *one* with it. The stronger, conversely, wards it off; it does not want to perish in this way; rather, in growing, it splits into two and more. The greater the urge toward unity, the more one may infer weakness; the greater the urge toward variety, difference, inner disintegration, the more strength is present.

The drive to draw near — and the drive to push something away — are the bond in the inorganic as in the organic world. The whole separation is a prejudice.

The will to power in every combination of forces, *defending itself against the stronger, hurling itself upon the weaker*, is *more correct*. *NB*. The *processes as "beings"*.

22.

The connection between the inorganic and the organic must lie in the repelling force which every atom of force exerts. Life would have to be defined as an enduring form of *process* of *establishments of force*, in which the various combatants for their part grow unequally. To what extent there is a resistance even in obeying; one's own power is by no means given up. Likewise there is in commanding an admission that the absolute power of the opponent has not been vanquished, not incorporated, not dissolved. "Obeying" and "commanding" are forms of the combat-game.

23.

The continual transitions do not permit us to speak of the "individual" etc.; the "number" of beings is itself in flux. We would not speak of time and would know nothing of motion if we did not, in a crude way, believe we saw "what is at rest" beside "what is moved". Just as little of cause and effect, and without the erroneous conception of "empty space" we would never have arrived at the conception of space at all. The principle of identity has as its background the "evidence of the eyes" that there are identical things. A world in becoming could not, in the strict sense, be "comprehended", be "known": only insofar as the "comprehending" and "knowing" intellect finds an already created crude world before it, cobbled together out of sheer semblances, but

grown firm, insofar as this kind of appearance has preserved life — only insofar is there something like "knowledge": that is, a measuring of earlier and more recent errors against one another.

24.

The sun: its movements are resultants 1) of the drive to hurl itself upon the planets 2) this produces an approach toward all of them 3) of defending itself against a stronger sun

25.

I believe in absolute space, as the substratum of force: the latter limits and gives shape. Time eternal. But in themselves there is neither space nor time: "changes" are only phenomena (or sensory processes for us); if we posit between these a recurrence however regular, nothing is thereby *grounded* except precisely this fact, that it has always happened so. The feeling that the post hoc is a propter hoc is easily derived as a misunderstanding; it is comprehensible. But phenomena cannot be "causes"!

26.

"Subject" "object" "predicate" — these separations are *made* and are now slipped like schemata over all apparent facts. The false fundamental observation is that I believe it is *I* who does something, who suffers something, who "*has*" something, who "*has*" a quality. This "doing" "suffering" "having" — — —

27.

Philosophy, in the only sense in which I still allow it validity, as the most general form of history, as an attempt somehow to describe the

Heraclitean becoming and to abbreviate it into signs (to *translate* it, as it were, into a kind of apparent being and to mummify it)

28.

That "heredity", as something wholly unexplained, cannot be used for explanation, but only for the designation, the fixing, of a problem. The very same holds for the "capacity for adaptation". In fact, morphological description, supposing it were complete, *explains* nothing, but *describes* a tremendous state of affairs. How an organ can be used for some purpose or other — *that* is not explained. Nothing would be explained in these matters by assuming causae finales, any more than by causae efficientes. The concept "causa" is only a means of expression, nothing more, a means of designation.

29.

There are analogies, e.g. to our memory another memory, which makes itself noticeable in heredity and development in forms. To our inventing and experimenting an inventing in the use of tools for new purposes, etc. What we call our consciousness is innocent of all the essential processes of our preservation and our growth; and no head would be so subtle that it could construct more than a machine — something every organic process far surpasses.

30.

One is unfair to Descartes when one calls his appeal to God's trustworthiness frivolous. In fact, only on the assumption of a God morally like ourselves is "truth" and the search for truth from the outset something that promises success and has meaning. Setting this God aside, the question is permitted whether being deceived is not among the conditions of life.

31.

The victorious concept "force", with which our physicists have removed God from the world, still needs a supplement: an inner world must be ascribed to it, which I designate as "will to power", that is, as an insatiable craving for the manifestation of power; or the employment, the exercise of power, as a creative drive, etc. The physicists cannot rid their principles of "action at a distance": nor of a repelling (or attracting) force. There is no help for it: one must grasp all movements, all "phenomena", all "laws" only as symptoms of an inner occurrence and make use of the analogy of man to the very end. In the animal it is possible to derive all its drives from the will to power: likewise all the functions of organic life from this One source.

32.

Leibniz is dangerous, as a true German who has need of foregrounds and foreground-philosophies, daring and mysterious within himself to the utmost, but without nobility

Spinoza is deeper, more comprehensive, more cave-concealed than Cartesius: Pascal in turn deeper than Spinoza. Reckoned against such hermits of the spirit and of conscience, Hume and Locke are men of the surface; — — —

33.

Toward a Critique of the German Soul.

34.

Of the interpretations of the world that have been attempted hitherto, the mechanistic one seems nowadays to stand victorious in the foreground: evidently it has the good conscience on its side; and no sci-

ence believes in its own heart in any progress and success unless it has been won with the help of mechanistic procedures. Everyone knows these procedures: one leaves "reason" and "purposes" out of the game as far as possible, one shows that, given sufficient duration, anything can come from anything, one does not hide a gloating smirk when once again the "apparent intentionality in the destiny" of a plant or an egg-yolk has been traced back to pressure and impact: in short, one pays homage with all one's heart, if a jesting expression is permitted in so serious a matter, to the principle of the greatest possible stupidity. Meanwhile, precisely among the select spirits who stand within this movement, a foreboding, an anxiety betrays itself, as if the theory had a hole which sooner or later might become its last hole: I mean the one through which one whistles when one is in direst straits. One cannot "explain" pressure and impact themselves, one cannot get rid of the actio in distans: — one has lost faith in the very ability to explain and admits with a sour face that describing and not explaining, that the dynamic interpretation of the world, with its denial of "empty space", of the little lump-atoms, will shortly hold sway over the physicists: whereby, to be sure, one must add to dynamis an inner quality — — —

35.

Following the Guiding Thread of the Body.—

Supposing that "the soul" was an attractive and mysterious thought, from which philosophers have rightly parted only reluctantly — perhaps what they are now learning to take in exchange for it is more attractive still, more mysterious still. The human body, in which the whole most distant and most recent past of all organic becoming comes alive and bodily once more, through which, over which and beyond which a tremendous, inaudible stream seems to flow: the body is a more astonishing thought than the old "soul".

36.

In all ages the body has been better believed in than our most certain being, in short than the ego, better than the spirit (or the "soul" or "the subject", as the language of the schools now says instead of soul). No one ever hit upon the notion of understanding his stomach as a foreign stomach, a divine one perhaps: but to take his thoughts as "inspired", his valuations as "breathed into him by a god", his instincts as the activity of demons: for this inclination and taste of man there is testimony from every age of mankind. Even now, especially among artists, one finds in abundance a kind of wonderment and a reverent suspension of judgement when the question confronts them of how their best throw succeeded and from what world the creative thought came to them: when they ask in this way, there is something like innocence and childlike shame about them; they scarcely dare to say "that came from me, that was my hand that threw the dice". — Conversely, even those philosophers and religious men who had the most compelling reason, in their logic and their piety, to take their bodily nature as a deception, and indeed as a deception overcome and done away with, have been unable to avoid acknowledging the stupid factuality that the body has not gone away: of which the strangest testimonies are to be found partly in Paul, partly in the Vedanta philosophy.

But what, in the end, does *strength of belief* signify! It could still, for all that, be a very stupid belief! — Here one must reflect: —

And finally, if belief in the body is only the consequence of an inference: supposing it were a false inference, as the idealists maintain: is it not a question mark against the credibility of the spirit itself that it should in this way be the cause of false inferences? Supposing that multiplicity, and space and time and motion (and whatever else the presuppositions of a belief in bodiliness may be) were errors, what

mistrust of the spirit will be aroused by that which has led us to such presuppositions! Enough: belief in the body is, for the time being, still a stronger belief than belief in the spirit; and whoever wishes to undermine it thereby undermines most thoroughly the belief in the authority of the spirit as well.

37.

1.

Human, All Too Human: with this title is indicated the will to a great *liberation*, the attempt of a single individual to free himself from every prejudice that speaks in *favour* of man, and to walk all the paths that lead high enough to look *down* upon man, for a moment at least. Not to despise what is despicable in man, but to ask down to the very last grounds whether, even in the highest and best and in everything of which man hitherto was proud, whether this pride itself and the harmless superficial confidence of his valuations do not still leave something to be despised; this not unhazardous task was One means among all the means to which a *greater*, a more comprehensive task has compelled me. Will anyone walk these paths with me? I *advise* no one to do so. — But you want to? Then let us go.

38.

Goethe is an exception: he lived among Germans in a subtle way entrenched and disguised; Schiller belongs to those Germans who loved the great glittering words and pompous gestures of virtue (— even his taste for the Kantian morality and its unconditional tone of command belongs here —) It pains the Germans to admit to themselves how much they have been the Germans of Kotzebue (and to a good extent still are not —); and that life-endangering enthusiast Sand perhaps only took his revenge in the wrong place, as so often happens.

Jansen.

39.

If anything does honour to the present-day Germans, it is this, that they can no longer endure the great, glittering, glistening Schillerian words which their grandfathers — — —

40.

The German small-town folk as Kotzebue painted them — and the painting was good — are made after the image of the Weimarians in the time of Schiller and Goethe.

41.

The smallness and wretchedness of the German soul, its partly complacent, partly envious sitting-in-the-corner, its ingrained "small-townishness", to recall Kotzebue, its "frog's-eye perspective" for all lofty things, to speak with the painters, — how painfully — — —

42.

The Prussian Jews, if spirit, diligence and adroitness alone were taken into account, would already be in possession of the high offices of state, especially in the administrative branch: in short, they would also have "power" *in their hands* (as they already have it — to judge by manifold testimonies — "in their pockets"). What excludes them from it is their incapacity to represent power: the Jews were not a *ruling* caste even in their own fatherland: their eye does not convince, their tongue easily runs too fast and trips over itself in doing so, their anger does not understand the deep honest lion's roar, their stomach cannot hold out against great banquets, nor their understanding against strong wines —, their arms and legs do not permit them any proud affects (in their hands there often twitches I know not what — memory —); and even the way a Jew gets onto a horse (or a Jewish musician

gets onto his theme — "the Jewish leap" —) is not unhazardous and gives one to understand that the Jews have never been a *chivalrous* race. When the Jews are often felt to be unsuited to the dignity of judges, it is not their morality that is condemned thereby, but only their incapacity to represent this morality. Now it follows immediately from this that the Jew of Prussia must be a run-down and stunted kind of Jew; for in himself the Oriental understands representation incomparably better than, say, a North German: — Delacroix. This degeneration of the Jew is connected with a wrong climate and with the neighbourhood of unbeautiful and oppressed Slavs, Hungarians and Germans: among Portuguese and Moors the higher race of the Jew preserves itself, indeed on the whole the solemnity of tone and a kind of *sanctification* of passion has perhaps not yet been represented on earth more beautifully than by certain Jews of the Old Testament: even the Greeks could have gone to school with them!

43.

The dangers of the Jewish soul are: 1) it likes to nest itself parasitically somewhere 2) it knows how to "adapt", as the naturalists say; they have thereby "become born actors, like the polyp", which, as Theognis sings, borrows its colour from the rock to which it clings. Their talent, and still more their inclination and propensity towards both, seems to be enormous; the habit of spending much spirit and perseverance on quite small gains has left a fateful furrow in their character: so that even the most respectable wholesalers of the Jewish money market cannot bring themselves, when circumstances permit, not to stretch out their fingers cold-bloodedly towards small, mesquin overreachings, of a kind that would make a Prussian man of finance blush with shame.

44.

The future of German culture rests on the sons of *Prussian officers*

45.

A.

The Jews the oldest and purest race. *Beauty* of the

women.

B.

The Jews the *actors*: in a democratic age: reduction of the man of letters to the actor

C.

Problem of a fusion of the European aristocracy, or rather of the Prussian Junker, with Jewesses.

46.

German atheism.

Schoolmaster culture.

German pessimism.

47.

The dangers of the Jewish soul: parasitism and play-acting

The Jew does not "represent"

Schoolmaster culture.

German pessimism.

The hermits:

Teutomania.

German music.

The men of letters.

Women.

Mistrust of modern ideas.

German anarchism.

48.

Enmity towards everything literary and popular-enlightening, especially towards everything that corrupts women, that miseducates women — for *spiritual enlightenment* is an infallible means of making men insecure, weaker of will, more in need of attachment and support, in short of developing the *herd animal* in man: which is why hitherto all great artists of government (Confucius in China, the imperium romanum, Napoleon, the papacy, at the time when it had power and not merely the will to power, where the ruling instinct hitherto *culminated*, also made use of spiritual enlightenment; at least they *let it prevail* (like the popes of the Renaissance). The self-deception of the multitude on this point, e.g. in all democracies, is extremely valuable: the diminution and governability of man is striven for as "progress"!

49.

On German Pessimism. —

The darkening, the pessimistic colouring, comes necessarily in the train of enlightenment. Around 1770 the decline of cheerfulness was already being noticed; women thought, with that feminine instinct

which always takes sides in favour of virtue, that immorality was to blame. Galiani hit the mark: he quotes Voltaire's verse. — If I now presume to be a couple of centuries ahead of Voltaire, and even of Galiani — who was something much deeper — in enlightenment: how far then must I have got in darkening! This is also true: and I early took note, with a kind of regret, of the German and Christian narrowness and inconsequence of the Schopenhauerian or even the Leopardian pessimism, and sought out the most fundamental forms (— Asia —). Among those who think pessimism further I do *not* count Eduard von Hartmann, rather among the "agreeable literatures" - - - etc. But in order to endure *this* extreme pessimism (as it sounds here and there out of my "Birth of Tragedy"), to live alone "without God and morality", I had to invent a counterpart for myself. Perhaps I know best why man alone laughs: he alone suffers so deeply that he *had* to invent laughter. The unhappiest and most melancholy animal is, as is fitting, the most cheerful.

50.

On the German Lyric Poets, —

51.

South and Orient.

52.

Brahms, no "event", no exception, no break in the chain before Wagner, rather one ring *more*, a — — —

If one disregards what he has occasionally sacrificed, as it were, to a hospitable genius of foreign kinds and men — counting in also the sacrifices of piety toward great teachers, old and new — then he is the

musician who alone thus far has a claim to the designation "the *North German musician*"

53.

The Germans *are* nothing as yet, but they are *becoming* something; therefore they have no culture as yet — therefore they *cannot* yet have any culture! This is my proposition: let him take offence at it who must: namely, whoever carries Teutomania in his skull (or on his shield)! — They are nothing as yet: that is to say, they are all sorts of things. They are *becoming* something: that is to say, they will one day stop being all sorts of things. This last is at bottom only a wish, scarcely even a hope any longer; fortunately a wish one can live on, a matter of will, of work, of discipline, of breeding, just as much as a matter of indignation, of longing, of privation, of discomfort, indeed of exasperation: in short, we Germans *want* something of ourselves that no one before us yet wanted — we want something *more*!

That to this "German who is becoming and is not yet" — something better is due than today's German "cultivation", that all who are "becoming" must be enraged wherever they perceive a contentment in this domain, a brazen "settling down to rest" or "burning incense to oneself": that is my second proposition, about which I have likewise not yet changed my mind.

54.

How a theologian today can have a good conscience about his Christianity is incomprehensible and inaccessible to me; but there is good conscience enough in him — it seems there is not much to this "good conscience"!

55.

"*German*."

Questions and Dashes.

Thoughts on Discipline and Breeding.

56.

Wounded pride, vexation at having loved where one might have despised, a melancholy coming on top of it over the emptiness and gap that had arisen, finally the bite of intellectual vanity, which said "you let yourself be deceived" —: this was the immediate experience. But a philosophical man drives everything he has experienced into the general, every single thing grows into chains

57.

Asiatic men are a hundred times grander than European ones

58.

The primeval-forest vegetation "man" always appears where the struggle for power has been waged the longest. The *great* men.

59.

Even the development of the *highest* intelligences has been bred under *unfreedom* and counterpressure. Nothing has thus far been owed to the "liberal spirit". One underestimates what refinement the torment of conscience of a world-interpretation at once Christian and scientific-logical has brought with it for the *spirit*.

60.

"*Toward a Critique of the Modern Soul.*"

Notebook 37: June–July 1885

1.

Against what I venture to set forth in this book, many a hearty objection can certainly be raised, from close at hand, and still more from afar. A part of these objections I have myself anticipated, thanks to manifold practice in interrogation and in single combat with myself, but unfortunately I have always answered them in advance as well: so that until now the *whole* burden of my "truths" has remained lying upon me. It will be understood that what is at issue here are *burdensome* truths; and if there is a faith that brings blessedness, well then, here is a faith that does *not*! But why should things be arranged so as to give us pleasure? — Although just this once, to speak frankly, I should gladly enjoy the pleasure of being *refuted*. — And if, on the other hand, knowledge ——— why then knowledge? —

In the end perhaps this too is only a question of time: one comes to terms at last even with the devil. And if things should not be arranged so as to give us pleasure, who could prevent us from — arranging them so?

2.

It is bad taste to want to agree with many. At bottom my friend Satis is enough for me: you do know who that is? Satis sunt mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus. And in the end it remains so: great things remain left over and saved up for the great, abysses for the deep, delicacies and shudders for the subtle, and, on the whole and in short, everything rare for the rare. My judgement is *my* judgement: to it no one else easily has a right. — And you, my dear neighbour, who are just now peering over my shoulder into the book, you even insist

on agreeing with me in this? You look into this book and say Yes to it? Away with you! I absolutely do not want, on your account, to grow mistrustful of what I have just written. For I too love the truth, like all philosophers: all philosophers hitherto have loved their truths — —

3.

I forgot to say that such philosophers are cheerful and that they like to sit in the abyss of a perfectly clear sky: — they need other means of enduring life than other men, for they suffer differently: (namely, as much from the depth of their contempt for men as from their love). — The most suffering animal on earth invented for itself — *laughter*.

4.

Morality and Physiology. — We consider it a rashness that human consciousness in particular should for so long have been regarded as the highest stage of organic development and as the most astonishing of all earthly things, indeed as their blossom, as it were, and "goal". What is more astonishing is rather the *body*: one cannot cease to marvel at how the human *body* has become possible: how such a tremendous union of living beings, each dependent and subservient and yet in a certain sense in turn commanding and acting from its own will, can live, grow and endure for a time as a whole —: and this evidently does *not* happen through consciousness! For this "wonder of wonders" consciousness is merely a "tool" and no more — in the same sense in which the stomach is a tool for it. The magnificent binding together of the most manifold life, the ordering and arranging of higher and lower activities, the thousandfold obedience which is not blind, still less mechanical, but a choosing, shrewd, considerate, even resisting obedience — this whole phenomenon "body", measured by an intellectual measure, is as superior to our consciousness, our "spirit", our conscious thinking, feeling, willing, as algebra is to the multiplication

table. The "nervous and cerebral apparatus" is *not* constructed so finely and "divinely" for the sake of producing thinking, feeling, willing at all: rather it seems to me that precisely for this, for thinking, feeling, willing, no "apparatus" whatever is needed in itself, but that this, just this — is "the thing itself". Rather, such a tremendous synthesis of living beings and intellects, which is called "man", can only live once that fine system of connection and mediation, and thereby a lightning-swift communication among all these higher and lower beings, has been created — and that by means of nothing but living mediators: but this is a moral, and not a mechanistic problem! To spin fables about "unity", about the "soul", about the "person", we have today forbidden ourselves: with such hypotheses one *makes the problem harder* for oneself, that much is clear. And even those smallest living beings which constitute our body (more correctly: for whose co-operation that which we call "body" is the best simile —) count for us not as soul-atoms, but rather as something growing, struggling, multiplying and dying off again: so that their number changes inconstantly, and our life, like all life, is at the same time a continual dying. There are thus in man as many "consciousnesses" as there are beings, at every moment of his existence, that constitute his body. What distinguishes the "consciousness" usually thought of as single, the intellect, is precisely that it remains protected and shut off from the innumerable multiplicity in the experiences of these many consciousnesses and, as a consciousness of higher rank, as a ruling plurality and aristocracy, is presented only with a *selection* of experiences, and moreover with nothing but simplified experiences, made surveyable and graspable, hence *falsified* experiences, — so that it in its turn may continue in this simplifying and making surveyable, hence falsifying, and prepare what is commonly called "a will", — every such act of will presupposes, as it were, the appointment of a dictator. But that which presents this selection to our intellect, which has already beforehand simplified, assimilated, interpreted the experiences, is in any case not

this same intellect: just as little as it is that which *carries out* the will, which takes up a pale, thin and extremely imprecise representation of value and force and translates it into living force and precise measures of value. And precisely the same kind of operation which plays itself out here must play itself out continually at all deeper levels, in the conduct of all these higher and lower beings toward one another: this same selecting and presenting of experiences, this abstracting and thinking-together, this willing, this translating back of the always very indeterminate willing into determinate activity. Following the guiding thread of the body, as I have said, we learn that our life is possible through an interplay of many intelligences of very unequal worth, and thus only through a constant thousandfold obeying and commanding — morally speaking: through the unceasing exercise of many *virtues*. And how could one stop speaking morally! — — Chattering thus I gave myself up unbridled to my urge to teach, for I was blissfully happy to have someone who could bear to listen to me. But precisely at this point Ariadne could bear it no longer — the story took place, you see, during my first stay on Naxos —: "but my dear sir," she said, "you are talking swinish German!" — "German," I answered cheerfully, "simply German! Leave out the swine, my goddess! You underestimate the difficulty of saying subtle things in German!" — "Subtle things!" cried Ariadne in horror: "but that was only positivism! Snout-philosophy! A conceptual hotchpotch and muck out of a hundred philosophies! Where is this going to lead!" — and as she spoke she toyed impatiently with the famous thread that once guided her Theseus through the labyrinth. — Thus it came to light that Ariadne was two thousand years behind in her philosophical education.

5.

In books of aphorisms like mine, between and behind the short aphorisms stand nothing but forbidden long things and chains of

thought; and many a thing among them that may be questionable enough for Oedipus and his Sphinx. Treatises I do not write: they are for asses and readers of journals. Nor speeches either. My "Untimely Meditations" I addressed as a young man to young men, to whom I spoke of my experiences and my vows, in order to lure them into my labyrinths — to German youths: but people persuade me to believe that German youths have died out. Very well: then I have no reason left to be "eloquent" in that earlier manner; today — perhaps I could no longer be so. Whoever has sat together with his soul by day and by night, year in and year out, in the most intimate quarrel and colloquy, whoever has become in his cave — it may be a labyrinth and also a gold mine — a cave bear or a treasure-seeker, whoever, like me, has let and still lets all manner of thoughts, second thoughts and things that give one pause run through his head and over his heart, which he would not always communicate even if he had spirits of his own kind and unbridled, brave comrades about him: his very concepts at last take on a twilight colour of their own, a smell as much of the depths as of mould; something incommunicable and reluctant that breathes coldly upon every curious person: — and a hermit's philosophy, even were it written with a lion's claw, would nonetheless always look like a philosophy of "goose-foot" quotation marks.

6.

One also hears in the writings of a hermit something of the echo of the wilderness, something of the whispering tone and the shy glancing-about of solitude: his strongest words and cries themselves still ring out, as it were, like a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of keeping silent.

7.

Supposing one thinks of a philosopher as a great educator, powerful enough to draw long chains of generations up to himself from his solitary height: then one must also grant him the uncanny prerogatives of the great educator. An educator never says what he himself thinks, but always only what he thinks about a matter in relation to the benefit of the one he is educating. In this dissimulation he must not be found out; it belongs to his mastery that people believe in his honesty. He must be capable of every means of discipline and chastisement: some natures he drives forward only with the whiplashes of scorn, others, the sluggish, the irresolute, the cowardly, the vain, perhaps with exaggerated praise. Such an educator is beyond good and evil; but no one may know it.

8.

There draws near, inescapable, hesitant, terrible as fate, the great task and question: how shall the earth as a whole be governed? And to *what end* shall "man" as a whole — and no longer a people, a race — be reared and bred?

Legislating moralities are the chief means by which one can fashion out of man whatever a creative and profound will pleases: provided that such an artist's will of the highest rank holds power in its hands and can carry through its creating will over long periods of time, in the shape of legislations, religions and customs. Such men of great creating, the truly great men as I understand them, one will seek in vain today and probably for a long while yet: they are *lacking* —: until at last, after much disappointment, one must begin to grasp why they are lacking, and that nothing stands more hostilely in the way of their emergence and development, for now and for a long time, than what is now in Europe called outright "*the* morality": as though there were

and could be no other — that herd-animal morality designated above, which strives with all its powers for the universal green pasture-happiness on earth, namely security, harmlessness, comfort, ease of life, and in the end, "if all goes well", hopes also to rid itself of every kind of shepherd and bellwether. Its two most abundantly preached doctrines are called: "equality of rights" and "compassion for all that suffers" — and suffering itself is taken by them as something that absolutely must be *abolished*. That such "ideas" can still be modern gives a sorry notion of — — — But whoever has thought thoroughly about where and how the plant man has hitherto grown up most vigorously must suppose that this has happened under the *reverse* conditions: that for this the dangerousness of his situation must grow to the monstrous, his power of invention and dissimulation must fight its way upward under long pressure and constraint, his will to life must be heightened into an unconditional will to power and to overpower, and that danger, hardness, violence, danger in the street and in the heart, inequality of rights, concealment, Stoicism, the tempter's art, and devilry of every kind, in short the opposite of all herd desiderata, are necessary for the *elevation* of the *type* man. A morality with such reversed intentions, one that wants to breed man toward the heights instead of toward the comfortable and the middling, a morality with the intention of breeding a ruling caste — the future *lords of the earth* — must, in order to be taught at all, introduce itself in connection with the existing moral law and under its words and semblance; but that for this many transitional and deceptive means must be invented, and that, because the lifespan of a single man means almost nothing with regard to the carrying out of such protracted tasks and intentions, above all *a new kind* must first be bred, in which duration through many generations is guaranteed to the selfsame will, the selfsame instinct: a new master-kind and master-caste — this is as easily understood as the long and not easily utterable and-so-forth of this thought. To prepare an *inversion of values*

for a certain strong kind of men of the highest spirituality and strength of will, and to this end slowly and cautiously to unfetter in them a host of instincts hitherto held in check and slandered: whoever reflects on this belongs to us, the free spirits — though surely to a newer kind of "free spirits" than those hitherto: for these wished for roughly the opposite. Here belong, as it seems to me, above all the pessimists of Europe, the poets and thinkers of an outraged idealism, insofar as their dissatisfaction with existence as a whole compels them, at least *logically*, to dissatisfaction with present-day man as well; likewise certain insatiably ambitious artists who fight unhesitatingly and unconditionally for the special rights of higher men and against "the herd animal", and who with the seductive means of art lull to sleep all herd instincts and herd caution in more select spirits; and thirdly, finally, all those critics and historians by whom the happily begun discovery of the ancient world — it is the work of the *new* Columbus, the German spirit — is courageously *continued* — for we still stand at the very beginnings of this conquest. For in the ancient world there in fact reigned another, a more masterly morality than today; and ancient man, under the educating spell of his morality, was a stronger and deeper man than the man of today: — he alone has hitherto been "the well-constituted man". But the seduction exercised by antiquity upon the well-constituted, that is, upon strong and enterprising souls, is even today still the subtlest and most effective of all anti-democratic and anti-Christian seductions: as it already was in the time of the Renaissance.

9.

I look past all these national wars, new "Reichs" and whatever else stands in the foreground: what concerns me — for I see it preparing itself, slowly and hesitantly — is the One Europe. For all the more comprehensive and deeper human beings of this century, the real col-

lective labour of their soul was to prepare that new synthesis and, by way of experiment, to anticipate "the European" of the future: only in their weaker hours, or when they grew old, did they fall back into the national narrowness of the "fatherlands" —, then they were "patriots." I am thinking of men such as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer; perhaps Richard Wagner belongs here too, about whom, as a well-constituted type of German unclarity, nothing whatever can be said without such a "perhaps." But what stirs and takes shape in such spirits as a need for a new unity, or already as a new unity with new needs, finds an explanatory companion in a great economic fact: the petty states of Europe, by which I mean all our present states and "Reichs," must, given the unconditional urge of great commerce and trade towards an ultimate limit, towards world commerce and world trade, become economically untenable in a short time. (Money alone already compels Europe to clench itself together, sooner or later, into One Power.) But in order to enter with good prospects into the struggle for the government of the earth — it is obvious against whom this struggle will be directed — Europe will probably need to come to a serious "understanding" with England: it needs England's colonies for that struggle just as present-day Germany, for practice in its new role of mediator and broker, needs the colonies of Holland. For no one any longer believes that England itself is strong enough to go on playing its old role for even fifty more years; it is perishing from the impossibility of excluding the homines novi from government, and one must not have such a changing of parties in order to — such protracted things — — — today one must first of all be a soldier in order not to lose one's credit as a merchant. Enough: in this, as in other things, the next century will be found in the footsteps of Napoleon, the first and most anticipatory human being of modern times.

For the tasks of the coming centuries, the kinds of "publicity" and parliamentarism are the most unsuitable organizations.

10.

I distinguish, among higher human beings as well as among peoples, those who want the world round, whole and firm, — great perhaps, *very* great, but not in the least "infinite" — and those who love the clouds: because clouds veil, because clouds let one "divine." To the latter belong, among peoples, the Germans; and therefore it is not advisable for a thinker of the opposite sense to build his hut among them. The air there is too cloudy for him. German "simplicity," the German faith in the "pure fool": he always translates this for himself into French and calls it la niaiserie allemande. The German "Gemüth": he understands by it, literally, what Goethe understood by it: "indulgence towards the weaknesses of others and of oneself." German tastelessness: he finds it hair-raising, — I once already pointed my finger at it on the occasion of a decrepit book by Strauss. Seen from abroad, one may doubt whether Germany can now produce ten men who are capable of judgement in questions of literary form and who have depth. For depth is needed to comprehend the delicate needs for form at all; only from the depths, from the abyss, does one enjoy all the happiness that lies in what is bright, secure, colourful, superficial of every kind. But the Germans believe themselves deep when they feel heavy and gloomy: — they sweat when they think, and sweating counts for them as proof of their "earnestness." Their spirits are clumsy, the spirit of beer is mighty even in their thoughts — and they even call it their "idealism"! To be sure, the Germans, as they themselves at least suppose, have carried precisely this idealism far, "as far as the stars," and they might, if German modesty otherwise permitted, on that account sit down unabashed beside the Greeks, as the famous people of "poets and thinkers." Or, to let this self-confid-

ence for once speak immodestly, and indeed with the verse of a great idealist:

"Why praise the Greeks so highly!

"*They must go crawl and hide,*

"When once the Teutonic Muse is stirring.

"Horace lives on in Flemming,

"In Opitz Naso hovers,

"In Greiff dwells Seneca's sorrow."

Leibniz.

11.

Socialism — as the *tyranny*, thought through to its end, of the least and the stupidest, of the superficial, the envious and the three-quarter play-actors — is in fact the conclusion of modern ideas and of their latent anarchism: but in the lukewarm air of democratic well-being the capacity to come to conclusions, or indeed *to the conclusion*, grows slack. One follows along, — but one no longer follows through. That is why socialism on the whole is a hopeless, sourish affair: and nothing is more amusing to behold than the contradiction between the venomous and despairing faces that socialists make today, — and to what pitiful, squashed feelings their very style bears witness! — and the harmless lambs' happiness of their hopes and desiderata. Nevertheless, in many places in Europe there may yet be occasional coups and assaults on their part: the next century will here and there have a thorough "rumbling" in its bowels, and the Paris Commune, which has its defenders and advocates in Germany too (for instance in the philosophical grimace-maker and swamp newt Eugen Dühring in Berlin), was perhaps only a slighter indigestion, measured against what is

coming. Nonetheless there will always be too many property-owners for socialism to signify more than an attack of illness: and these property-owners are like One Man of One Faith: "one must possess something in order to *be* something." This, however, is the oldest and healthiest of all instincts: I would add, "one must want to have more than one has in order to *become* more." For thus sounds the doctrine that is preached to everything that lives by life itself: the morality of development. To have and to want to have more, growth in a word — that is life itself. In the doctrine of socialism there hides, badly, a "will to the negation of life"; it must be ill-constituted human beings or races who devise such a doctrine. Indeed, I could wish that it were proved by a few great experiments that in a socialist society life negates itself, cuts off its own roots. The earth is large enough, and man still unexhausted enough, that such a practical lesson and demonstratio ad absurdum, even if it were gained and paid for with a tremendous expenditure of human lives, could not but seem to me desirable. All the same, even as a restless mole beneath the soil of a society rolling into stupidity, socialism will be able to be something useful and salutary: it delays "peace on earth" and the total good-naturing of the democratic herd animal, it compels Europeans to retain spirit, namely cunning and caution, not to renounce entirely the manly and warlike virtues, and to retain a remnant of spirit, — of clarity, dryness and coldness of spirit, — it protects Europe for the time being from the marasmus femininus that threatens it.

12.

In the main I grant the artists more right than all philosophers hitherto: they did not lose the great track along which life goes, they loved the things "of this world" — they loved their senses. To strive for desensualization: that seems to me a misunderstanding or a sickness or a cure, where it is not mere hypocrisy or self-deception. I wish

for myself and for all those who live without the anxieties of a Puritan conscience — who *may* live so —, an ever greater spiritualization and multiplication of the senses; indeed, we want to be grateful to the senses for their subtlety, fullness and strength and to offer them in return the best of spirit that we have. What do the priestly and metaphysical heresy-hunts against the senses matter to us! We no longer need this branding of heresy: it is a mark of well-constitutedness when someone, like Goethe, clings with ever greater delight and heartiness to "the things of the world": — for in this way he holds fast to the great conception of man, that man becomes *the transfigurer of existence* when he learns to transfigure himself. — But what are you saying? I am challenged. Are there not among artists, precisely today, the worst pessimists? What do you think, for example, of Richard Wagner? Is he not a pessimist? — I scratch behind my ears: you are right, for a moment I forgot something.

13.

Historians today want too much and all of them sin against good taste: they force their way into the souls of men to whose rank and to whose company they do not belong. What, for instance, has such an excited, sweating plebeian as Michelet to do with Napoleon! It makes no difference whether he hates him or loves him; but because he sweats, he does not belong near him. And what has that mediocre Thiers, elegant in the bad sense, to do with that same Napoleon! He makes one laugh, the little man, when he weighs the great man against Caesar, Hannibal and Frederick with the air of a wise judge. I esteem it more highly when someone, even as a historian, lets it be known where the ground is too hot or too holy for his foot; but a historian who at the right moment "takes off his shoes", or *puts on* his shoes and goes away, is nowadays, in the age of innocent impudence, a rare bird. The German scholars, among whom the "historical sense"

was invented — now the French are practising it — betray one and all that they do not stem from any ruling caste: as knowers they are importunate and lack the subtler sense of shame.

14.

I have named my unconscious workers and forerunners. But where might I, with any hope, search for my kind of philosophers themselves, or at least for *my need of new philosophers*? There alone where a *noble* way of thinking prevails, one that believes in slavery and in many degrees of bondage as the precondition of every higher culture; where a *creative* way of thinking prevails, which does not set the world the happiness of rest, the "Sabbath of all Sabbaths", as its goal, and which even in peace honours the means to new wars; a way of thinking that prescribes laws to the future, which for the future's sake treats itself and everything present harshly and tyrannically; an unscrupulous, "immoral" way of thinking, which wants to breed both the good and the bad qualities of man alike into greatness, because it trusts itself with the strength to put both in their right place — in the place where each has need of the other. But whoever searches for philosophers in this way today, what prospect has he of finding what he seeks? Is it not probable that, searching with the best lantern of Diogenes, he runs about in vain by day and by night? The age has the *reverse* instincts: it wants first and foremost comfort; it wants secondly publicity and that great actor's din, that great boom-boom which suits its fairground taste; it wants thirdly that everyone lie flat on his belly in deepest submissiveness before the greatest of all lies — this lie is called "the equality of men" — and it honours exclusively the *levelling*, *equalizing* virtues. But thereby it is fundamentally opposed to the emergence of the philosopher as I understand him, even though in all innocence it believes itself favourable to him. Indeed, all the world today laments how badly philosophers fared *formerly*, wedged between

the stake, bad conscience and the presumptuous wisdom of the Church Fathers: the truth, however, is that precisely there *more favourable* conditions were still given for the education of a mighty, comprehensive, cunning and audaciously venturing spirituality than in the conditions of present-day life. Today another kind of spirit, namely the demagogue's spirit, the actor's spirit, perhaps also the beaver- and ant-spirit of the scholar, finds favourable conditions for its emergence. But matters stand all the worse even with the higher artists: are they not almost all perishing of inner lack of discipline? They are no longer tyrannized from without by the absolute tables of values of a Church or a court: and so they no longer learn to rear their "inner tyrant" either, their *will*. And what holds of the artists holds in a higher and more fateful sense of the philosophers. Where, then, *are* free spirits today? Show me a free spirit today! — Well! Let us not speak too loudly! Solitude today is full of secrets and more solitude than ever. — — Indeed, I have learned in the meantime that the free spirit must be a hermit.

15.

Another demagogic talent of our time is Richard Wagner: but he belongs to Germany. — Really? Let a reversed estimate for once have its say. The Parisians may resist and bristle against Richard Wagner as much as they please: in the end he belongs rather to Paris than to Germany, and in any case more there than in any other capital of Europe. Granted that the kind of Frenchmen most akin to him may by now have grown scarce there themselves: — I mean that offspring of the romantisme of the thirties among whom, in the most decisive period of his life, he *wanted to live*. There he felt himself akin and more at home than in Germany, with his monstrous craving for exotic scents and colours and untried new debaucheries of the sublime, with his sun-starved, tormented delight in the discovery of the ugly and

the gruesome. What else did these romantics seek, what else did they find and invent, than Richard Wagner? Were they not, all of them, like him, ingeniously sick, violent and unsure of themselves, ruled by literature right into their eyes and ears, most of them even writers themselves, poets, artists of expression at any price — I except Delacroix —, mediators and minglers of the arts and of the senses themselves, upstart plebeians who, like Balzac, showed themselves insatiable in their longing for splendour and fame and incapable of a noble tempo in life and creation — of a lento? Let us confess it to ourselves: *how much* that is Wagnerian there is in this French romanticism! That hysterical-erotic trait, too, which Wagner especially loved in woman and set to music, is most at home precisely in Paris: just ask the alienists —; and nowhere will the hypnotising manipulations and layings-on of hands, with which our musical magus and Cagliostro compels and coaxes his little women into voluptuous sleepwalking with open eyes and closed understanding, ever be so well "understood" as among Parisiennes. The proximity of morbid cravings, the rut of senses gone raving, about which the gaze is dangerously deceived through the vapours and veils of the supersensual: where does that belong more than in the romanticism of the French soul! Here a magic is at work which will inevitably one day yet convert the Parisians to Wagner. — But Wagner is by all means supposed to be the truly *German* artist: so it is decreed in Germany today, so he is revered, in an age which is once again bringing boastful Teutomania to its height. This "truly German" Wagner *does not exist at all*: I suspect *he* is the brainchild of very obscure German youths and maidens who wish to glorify themselves with this decree. That something about Wagner may be German is probable: but what? Perhaps only the degree, not the quality of his willing and his ability? Perhaps only that he made everything stronger, richer, bolder, harder than any Frenchman of the nineteenth century could have made it? That he was sterner with himself and lived the longest part of his life in German fash-

ion, on his own account, as an inexorable atheist, antinomian and immoralist? That he invented the figure of a *very* free human being, Siegfried, who may indeed be too free, too hard, too cheerful, too unchristian for Latin taste? — To be sure, in the end he also knew how to atone for this sin against French romanticism: the last Wagner, in his old days, with his caricature of Siegfried, I mean with his Parsifal, came to meet not only Romance but downright Roman Catholic taste: until at last he even took his leave with a genuflection before the cross and with a not ineloquent thirst for "the blood of the Redeemer". His leave of himself, too! For it belongs to the tiresome rule among romantics grown old that at the close of their lives they "deny" and misjudge themselves, — and *strike out* their lives! — Let one more question be asked in conclusion: if that generation of the thirties are, in blood and nerves, the heirs and still more the *victims* of those tragic convulsions of the Napoleonic age, — Beethoven preluded this generation in tones and Byron in words — will it not be permitted to think of a similar descent for the soul of Richard Wagner? He was born in 1813.

16.

I observe that among those who now travel about the world, nobody likes to see himself taken for a Frenchman if he is not one. To be esteemed an Englishman seems to give pleasure to some northerners, e.g. the Swedes: the Englishman is proud. The German now enjoys abroad a surplus of astonishment and respect, reckoned against former times, but he gives no pleasure; the Prussian in particular is still painful to the southerners of Europe, not because of his pride — for he is not proud — but because of his immodesty and bad, hard, often obtrusive manners. The South German is clumsy, boorish, goodnatured and yet not trust-inspiring: one scents in him the famous "two souls within one breast".

17.

One cannot think highly enough of women: but that is no reason to think falsely of them. In this one should be thoroughly on one's guard. That they themselves should be capable of enlightening men about "the eternal-feminine" is improbable; they perhaps stand too close to it, — and besides, all *enlightening* itself has — hitherto at least — been men's business and men's gift. Finally, with regard to everything women write about woman, one may reserve a good measure of mistrust: namely whether a woman, even when she writes, must not in the end, quite involuntarily, do what — hitherto at least — was eternally feminine: namely *"adorn herself"*! Has depth ever yet been granted to a woman's head? And to a woman's heart — justice? But without depth and justice — what use is it when women judge "about woman"! With love and praise, even when one loves and praises oneself, the danger of being unjust and shallow is surely not diminished. Some women may have good reason to think that men do not come to meet them with praise and love: reckoned on the whole, it seems to me *that hitherto "woman" has been held most cheaply by women* — and by no means by man!

18.

A man who strives for greatness regards everyone he meets on his path either as a means or as a delay or as a temporary resting-bed. His peculiar, high-bred *kindness* towards his fellow men becomes possible only once he is at his height and rules. Impatience and the feeling of being condemned until then always to comedy spoil every kind of company for him: this sort of man knows solitude and what is most poisonous in it.

Notebook 38: June–July 1885

1.

A thought, in the shape in which it comes, is an ambiguous sign that requires interpretation — more precisely, an arbitrary narrowing and delimitation — until at last it becomes unambiguous. It surfaces in me — from where? by what means? that I do not know. It comes independently of my will, usually surrounded and obscured by a throng of feelings, desires, aversions, and other thoughts too, often enough scarcely distinguishable from a "willing" or a "feeling." One draws it out of this throng, cleans it, sets it on its feet, one watches how it stands there, how it walks, all of it in an astonishing presto and yet entirely without any feeling of haste: *who* does all this — I do not know, and I am certainly more spectator in the matter than author of this process. Then one sits in judgment over it, one asks: "what does it mean? what may it mean? is it right or wrong?" — one calls other thoughts to one's aid, one compares it. Thinking thus proves to be almost a kind of exercise and act of justice, in which there is a judge, an opposing party, even an examination of witnesses, to which I am permitted to listen a little — only a little, to be sure: most of it, so it seems, escapes me. — That every thought comes at first ambiguous and floating, and in itself only as an occasion for the attempt at interpretation or for arbitrary fixing, that in all thinking a multiplicity of persons seems to be involved —: this is not at all easy to observe; we are at bottom schooled the other way round, namely, when thinking, not to think about thinking. The origin of the thought remains hidden; the probability is great that it is only the symptom of a far more comprehensive state; in the fact that precisely *this* one comes and no other, that it comes with precisely this greater or lesser brightness,

sometimes sure and commanding, sometimes weak and in need of support, on the whole always stirring, questioning — for to consciousness every thought acts as a stimulant —: in all this something of our total state expresses itself in signs. — It is the same with every feeling: it does not mean anything in itself; when it comes, it is first interpreted by us, and often *how strangely* interpreted! Only think of the distress of the entrails, almost "unconscious" to us, of the tensions of blood pressure in the abdomen, of the morbid states of the nervus sympathicus —: and how much there is of which we have scarcely a glimmer of consciousness through the sensorium commune! — Only one instructed in anatomy guesses, in the case of such uncertain feelings of displeasure, at the right kind and *region* of causes; all others, however, and thus on the whole almost all human beings, for as long as there have been human beings, seek for this sort of pain not a physical but a psychical and moral explanation, and impute to the actual disorders of the body a *false grounding*, fetching out from the circle of their unpleasant experiences and fears a reason for feeling so wretched. Under torture almost everyone confesses himself guilty; in pain whose physical cause one does not know, the tortured one questions himself so long and so inquisitorially until he *finds* himself or others *guilty*: — as the Puritan did, for example, who habitually interpreted to himself in moral terms the spleen that clings to an irrational way of life, namely as the bite of his own conscience. —

2.

Logical thinking, of which logic speaks, a thinking in which the thought itself is posited as the *cause* of new thoughts —, is the very model of a complete fiction: *thinking of this kind never actually occurs* in reality, but it is laid down as a schema of forms and a filtering apparatus, with the help of which we thin out and simplify the actual, extremely manifold happening in thinking: so that in this way our think-

ing becomes graspable in signs, noticeable, communicable. Thus: to regard mental happening as though it really corresponded to that regulative schema of a feigned thinking — that is the trick of falsification by virtue of which there exists something like "knowledge" and "experience." Experience is possible only with the help of memory; memory is possible only by means of an abbreviation of a mental process into a sign. "Knowledge": that is the expression of a new thing through the signs of things already "known," already experienced. — Today, to be sure, people even babble about an *empirical* origin of logic: but what does not occur in reality, like logical thinking, cannot have been taken from reality either, any more than any law of numbers, whereas there has never yet been a case in which reality coincided with an arithmetical formula. Arithmetical formulas are likewise only regulative fictions, with which we simplify and arrange actual happening to our measure — to our stupidity — for the purpose of practical exploitation.

3.

— — — through thinking the I is posited; but hitherto one believed, as the people do, that in the "I think" there lay something immediately certain, and that this "I" was the given *cause* of thinking, by analogy with which we understood all other causal relations. However habitual and indispensable that fiction may now be — *that* alone still proves nothing against its fictitiousness: a belief can be a condition of life and *nonetheless be false*.

4.

"Truth": within my way of thinking this does not necessarily designate an opposite of error, but in the most fundamental cases only a position of various errors in relation to one another: say, that one is older, deeper than another, perhaps even ineradicable, inasmuch as an or-

ganic being of our kind could not live without it; while other errors do not tyrannize over us in this way as conditions of life, but rather, measured against such "tyrants," can be set aside and "refuted." An assumption that is irrefutable — why should it for that reason already be *true*? This proposition perhaps outrages the logicians, who posit *their* limits as the limits of things: but I declared war on this logicians' optimism long ago.

5.

Even now France is still the seat of the most spiritual and refined culture in Europe, but one must know how to find this "France of taste". Whoever belongs to it keeps himself well hidden: in the foreground there wallows a stupefied and coarsened France, which recently, at the funeral of V. Hugo, celebrated a veritable orgy of tastelessness — it may be a small number, and moreover people who do not stand on the sturdiest of legs, some of them fatalists, some of them pampered (such as have reasons to hide themselves) — all of them together acknowledge as their forebears and masters something like the following higher spirits. First *Stendhal*, the last great event of the French spirit, who marched with a Napoleonic tempo through his undiscovered Europe and at last found himself alone — dreadfully alone: for it took two generations to come near him. Now, as has been said, he commands, a commander for the most select; and whoever is gifted with subtle and daring senses, curious to the point of cynicism, a logician almost out of disgust, a riddle-guesser and friend of the Sphinx like every born European, will have to go after him. May he follow him also to that point where, full of shame before the secrecies that great passion has, he *stands still*! This nobility of *being able* to keep silent, of *being able* to stand still, is what he has over Michelet, for instance, and especially over the German scholars. — His pupil is *Mérimée*, a noble, withdrawn artist and despiser of those spongy feel-

ings which a democratic age extols as its "noblest feelings", severe towards himself and full of the hardest demands upon his artistic logic, ever ready to sacrifice small beauties and charms to a strong will to necessity: — a genuine, if not a rich, soul in ungenuine and filthy surroundings, and pessimist enough to be able to play along in the comedy without vomiting. — Another pupil of Stendhal is *Taine*, now the foremost living historian of Europe, a resolute man, brave even in his despair, in whom neither courage nor willpower has gone to pieces under the fatalistic pressure of knowledge, a thinker whom neither Condillac in respect of depth nor Hegel in respect of clarity has impaired, one rather who knew how to *learn* and will for a long time know how to *teach*: — the French of the next generation have in him their spiritual taskmaster. It is he above all who is pushing back the influence of Renan and Sainte-Beuve, both of whom are uncertain and sceptical down to the very bottom of their hearts: Renan, a kind of Catholic Schleiermacher, sugary, bonbon, empathizing his way into landscapes and religions: Sainte-Beuve, a burnt-out poet who has taken up the sniffing-out of souls and would dearly like to conceal that he has no footing whatsoever either in will or in philosophy, indeed even, which after both is no wonder, lacks a real *firm* taste in artibus et litteris. In the end one notices in him the intention of making out of this very lack a kind of principle and method of critical neutrality: but his vexation betrays itself too often, first at the fact that he really was, on a few occasions, not neutral towards certain books and people, namely enthusiastic — he would like to strike these dreadful "petits faits" out of his life, to lie them away — but then at the far more unpleasant grand fait that *all* the great French connoisseurs of men also had a will and character of their own in their bodies, from Montaigne, Charron, La Rochefoucauld down to Chamfort and Stendhal: — towards all of whom Sainte-Beuve is not without envy and in any case without fondness and fore-understanding. — Far more beneficial, more one-sided, more capable in every

sense is the influence of Flaubert: with his preponderance of character, which could bear even solitude and failure — something extraordinary among Frenchmen —, he presently reigns in the realm of the aesthetics of the novel and of style — he has brought resonant and colourful French to its height. To be sure, he too, like Renan and Sainte-Beuve, lacks philosophical discipline, and likewise any real knowledge of scientific procedures: but a deep need for analysis and even for erudition has broken through in him together with an instinctive pessimism, strange perhaps, but strong enough to provide the present novelists of France with a model. Indeed the new ambition of the youngest school, to display itself in scientific and pessimistic attitudes, goes back to Flaubert. — Whatever of poets now flourishes in France stands under the influence of Heinrich Heine and Baudelaire, perhaps with the exception of Leconte de Lisle: for in the same way that Schopenhauer is already more loved and read in France than in Germany, so too the cult of Heinrich Heine has moved over to Paris. As for the pessimistic Baudelaire, he belongs to those scarcely credible amphibians who are just as much German as Parisian; his poetry has something of what in Germany is called Gemüth or "infinite melody" and at times also "Katzenjammer". For the rest, Baudelaire was a man of a perhaps corrupted, but very definite and sharp taste, sure of itself: with it he tyrannizes the uncertain of today. If in his time he was the first prophet and advocate of Delacroix: perhaps today he would be the first "Wagnerian" of Paris. There is much Wagner in Baudelaire.

6.

Victor Hugo, an “ass of genius” — the expression is Baudelaire’s — one who always had the *courage* of his bad taste: with it he knew how to command, he, the son of a Napoleonic general. In his ears he had the needs of a kind of military rhetoric; he imitated cannon-shots and

the crackle of rockets in words; in him French esprit appears as if darkened by smoke and noise, often to the point of sheer naked stupidity. Never has a mortal written such dull, bursting antitheses. On the other hand, he also gave the painterly cravings of his eyes dominion over his spirit: he teems with picturesque notions and often does nothing but copy out exactly what he *sees*, what the painter's hallucination sets before his eyes. He, the plebeian, who complies with his strong sensual cravings, I mean his ears and eyes, with his spirit as well — for that is the basic fact of French romantisme, as a plebeian reaction of taste —: he is thereby on the opposite path and wants precisely the reverse of what the poets of a noble culture, such as Corneille, wanted of themselves. For these took their pleasure and their ambition in overpowering their senses, which were perhaps of an even stronger kind, with the *concept*, and in helping a fine, bright spirituality to victory over the brutal demands of colours, sounds and shapes: in which, it seems to me, they were on the track of the great Greeks, however little they may have known of it. Precisely that which, in our crudely sensual and naturalistic taste of today, causes discomfort with the Greeks and the older French — was the *intention* of their artistic willing, and also their triumph: for they fought and conquered precisely the "rabble of the senses", to which our poets, painters and musicians make it their ambition to help to an art. With this artistic willing of Victor Hugo's his political and moral willing accords: he is shallow and demagogic, flat on his belly before all great words and gestures, a flatterer of the people, who speaks with the voice of an evangelist to all the lowly, the oppressed, the ill-constituted, the crippled, and knows not a breath of what discipline and honesty of the spirit are, what intellectual conscience is — on the whole an unconscious actor, like almost all the artists of the democratic movement. His genius works upon the masses after the manner of an alcoholic drink, which at once intoxicates and stupefies. — The same species of sympathies and antipathies, and much that is similar

in endowment, is possessed by another advocate of the people, the historian Michelet, only instead of painter's eyes he has an admirable capacity for reproducing states of feeling within himself, after the manner of musicians: — in murky Germany one would on that account today address him as a man of *pity*. This "pity" is in any case something importunate; in his dealings with, and even in his veneration of, men of the past there lies much immodesty; indeed it sometimes seems to me as though he sets about his labour of feeling with such zeal that he needs to take off his coat for it. His eyes do not see into the depths: all easily "inspired" spirits have hitherto been superficial. He is too excited for me: justice is as inaccessible to him as that grace which wells up only from the highest superiority. At a certain pitch of excitement the fit of the tribune of the people comes over him every time; he also knows from his own experience the beast-of-prey fits of rage of the rabble. That Napoleon is as foreign to him as Montaigne sufficiently marks the ignobility of his morality. Strange that he too, the industrious, morally strict scholar, has an abundant share in the inquisitive sexual prurience of his race: and the older he grew, the more this kind of curiosity grew. — Democratic, finally, and consequently likewise histrionic, is the talent of George Sand: she is eloquent in that bad manner whereby her style, a gaudy, undisciplined, exaggerating woman's style, runs away with her feeling every half page — not the reverse, however much she wishes one to believe the reverse. In truth, people have believed far too much in her feeling: whereas she was rich in that cold skill of the actor who knows how to spare his nerves and makes all the world believe the opposite. One may grant her that she has a great gift for storytelling; but she spoiled everything, and for ever, through her heated womanly coquetry of displaying herself in nothing but men's roles, which precisely did not suit her stature — her spirit was short-legged —: so that her books were taken seriously only for a short while and have already today fallen among unintentionally comic literature. And if it was perhaps

not only coquetry but also prudence that drove her always to drape herself with men's problems and male accessories, trousers and cigars included: in the end the very feminine problem and misfortune of her life nevertheless leaps to the eye, namely that she needed too many men and that even in these demands her senses and her spirit were at odds. What could she do about it that the men in whom her spirit took pleasure were each time too sickly to satisfy her senses? Hence the eternal problem of two lovers at once, and an eternal compulsion of feminine shame to deceive about this state of affairs and to present herself as though quite different, far more general, far more impersonal problems stood in the foreground for her. For example, the problem of marriage: but what did marriage matter to her!

7.

Everywhere now people are at pains to draw the eye away from the real, great influence that Kant has exercised in Europe — and in particular to slip cleverly past the value he granted himself. Kant was above all and first of all proud of his table of categories, and said, with this table in his hands: "this is the most difficult thing that *could* ever be undertaken for the purposes of metaphysics" (do let us understand this "could be"!) — he was proud of having discovered in man a new faculty, the faculty of synthetic judgments a priori. It is no concern of ours here how far he deceived himself in this: but German philosophy, as it has been admired and has had its effect throughout Europe for a hundred years, hangs upon this pride and upon the rivalry of the younger ones to discover, if possible, something still prouder — and in any case new faculties! What has so far constituted the real *fame* of German philosophy is that through it one learned to believe in a kind of "intuitive and instinctive grasp of truth"; and Schopenhauer too, however much he raged at Fichte, Hegel and Schelling, was at bottom on the same path when, in an old familiar faculty, the will, he dis-

covered a new faculty — namely, of itself being "the thing in itself." That truly meant grabbing hold vigorously and not sparing one's fingers, right into the very "essence"! Bad enough that this essence proved disagreeable in the process and that, in consequence of burnt fingers, pessimism and the denial of the will to live appeared altogether necessary! But this fate of Schopenhauer's is an incident that remained without influence on the overall significance of German philosophy, on its higher "effect": for in the main it signified throughout Europe the *exultant* reaction against the rationalism of Descartes and against the scepticism of the English, in favour of the "intuitive," the "instinctive" and everything "good, true and beautiful." People thought the road to knowledge had now been *shortened*, that one could go straight at the "things" themselves, they hoped "to save labour": and all the happiness that noble idlers, the virtuous, the dreamy, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians, political obscurantists and metaphysical concept-spiders are capable of feeling was credited to the honour of the Germans. The good *reputation* of the Germans was all at once restored in Europe: through their philosophers! — I hope it is still remembered that the Germans had a bad reputation in Europe? That people associated them with servile and wretched qualities, with incapacity for "character," with the famous lackey soul? All at once, however, people learned to say: "the Germans are deep, the Germans are virtuous — just read their philosophers"! In the last analysis it was the restrained and long pent-up *piety* of the Germans that finally exploded in their philosophy, unclear and uncertain, to be sure, like everything German, now in pantheistic vapours, as with Hegel and Schelling, as gnosis, now mystical and world-denying, as with Schopenhauer: but in the main a Christian piety, and not a pagan one — for which Goethe, and before him Spinoza, showed so much good will.

8.

The Will. — In every act of willing a plurality of *feelings* is united: the feeling of the state *away from* which, the feeling of the state *towards* which, the feeling of this "away and towards" itself, the feeling of duration in it, and finally an accompanying muscular feeling which, even without our setting arms and legs in motion, begins its play through a kind of habit as soon as we "will." Just as feeling, and indeed many kinds of feeling, must be acknowledged as an ingredient of the will, so secondly must *thinking* too: in every act of will a thought commands — and one should by no means believe that this thought can be separated from the willing itself, as though willing would then still remain. Thirdly, the will is not only a complex of feeling and thinking, but above all an *affect*: and indeed that affect of command. What is called freedom of the will is essentially the feeling of superiority with regard to the one who must obey: "I am free, he must obey" — this consciousness lurks in every will, and likewise that tension of attention, that clear gaze which fixes on one thing exclusively, that exclusive valuation "now this is needful and nothing else," that inner certainty that obedience will follow, as all this belongs to the state of the one who commands. A man who *wills* — commands a something within himself that obeys, or that he believes will obey. But now let us note what is most essential in the "will," in this so complicated thing for which the people has one word. Inasmuch as in the given case we are at once those who command and those who obey, and as the obeying ones know the feelings of resisting, pressing, pushing, *moving*, which usually begin immediately after the act of will; inasmuch, however, as we have the habit of setting ourselves above this duality, of *deceiving ourselves past it*, by means of the synthetic concept "I," a whole chain of erroneous conclusions, and consequently of false valuations of the will itself, has attached itself to willing: — so that the one who wills believes in good faith that his will itself is the

real and sufficient mobile of the entire action. And because in the overwhelming majority of cases there has been willing only where the effect of the command, obedience, and hence the action, could also be expected, the appearance has translated itself into the feeling that there is a necessity of effect here: in short, the one who wills believes, with a fair degree of certainty, that will and action are somehow one — he ascribes the success of the will's execution to the will itself as well, and in doing so enjoys an increase of that feeling of power which all commanding brings with it. "Freedom of the will": that is the word for that very mixed state of the one who wills, who commands and at the same time, as the executor, enjoys the triumph of superiority over resistances, but who judges that it is the will itself that overcomes the resistances: — he adds the feelings of pleasure of the executing, successful instrument — the serviceable will and under-will — to his feeling of pleasure as the one who commands. — This tangled nest of feelings, states and false assumptions, which the people designates with one word and as one thing, because it is there suddenly and "at once" and belongs among the most frequent, hence "best known," experiences: *the will*, as I have described it here — would one believe that it has never yet been described? That the crude prejudice of the people has hitherto held good unexamined in every philosophy? That there was no difference of opinion among philosophers about what "willing" is, because all believed that precisely here one had an immediate certainty, a fundamental fact, that here opinion was altogether out of place? And that all logicians still teach the trinity "thinking, feeling, willing," as though "willing" contained no feeling and thinking? — After all this, Schopenhauer's great blunder, when he took the will as the best-known thing in the world, indeed as the really and solely known thing, appears less mad and arbitrary: he merely adopted a monstrous prejudice of all previous philosophers, a popular prejudice, and, as philosophers generally do, *exaggerated* it. —

9.

The danger for extraordinary spirits is no small one, that at some point they learn to strive after the dreadful pleasures of destroying, of ruining, of slowly ruining: namely, when the creative deed is utterly denied them, perhaps through a lack of tools or some other mischief of chance. In the household of such souls there is then no longer any either-or; and perhaps they must spoil precisely what they had until then loved most, with the delight of a devil, in a subtle, long-drawn-out way.

10.

Man is a creature that forms shapes and rhythms; he is practised in nothing better, and it seems that he takes delight in nothing *more* than in the *inventing* of forms. Just observe what our eye at once busies itself with as soon as it has nothing more to see: it *creates* something for itself to see. Presumably our hearing does nothing else in the same case: it *practises*. Without the transformation of the world into forms and rhythms there would be for us nothing "identical", hence also nothing recurring, hence also no possibility of experience and appropriation, of *nourishment*. In all perceiving, that is to say in the most primordial appropriating, the essential occurrence is an acting, more strictly still: an imposing of forms: — only the superficial speak of "impressions". Man comes to know his power in this as a resisting and, still more, as a determining power — rejecting, selecting, shaping to fit, ranging into his schemata. There is something active in the fact that we accept a stimulus at all and that we accept it as *such* a stimulus. It is proper to this activity not only to posit forms, rhythms and successions of forms, but also to assess the created structure with regard to incorporation or rejection. Thus arises our world, our whole world: and to this whole world, belonging to us alone, first created by us, there corresponds no supposed "real reality", no "in-itself of

things": rather it is itself our only reality, and "knowledge", considered in this way, proves to be merely a *means of nourishment*. But we are beings hard to nourish and have enemies everywhere and, as it were, indigestible things —: on this account human knowledge has become *refined*, and in the end so proud even of its refinement that it does not care to hear that it is no goal but a means, or indeed a tool of the stomach, — if not itself a kind of stomach! — —

11.

The higher philosophical man, who has solitude about him not because he wishes to be alone but because he *is* something that finds none of its kind: what dangers and new sufferings are reserved for him precisely today, when men have unlearned faith in the order of rank and consequently know neither how to honour nor how to understand this solitude! Formerly the sage almost sanctified himself, for the conscience of the multitude, through such a going-aside, — today the hermit sees himself surrounded as if by a cloud of murky doubts and suspicions. And not merely on the part of the envious and the wretched: he must still feel misjudgement, neglect and superficiality out of every kindness he meets with, he knows that malice of narrow-minded pity which feels itself good and holy when it seeks to "rescue" him from himself, perhaps through more comfortable circumstances, through more orderly, more reliable company, — indeed he will have to marvel at the unconscious drive to destruction with which all the mediocre of spirit act against him, and that in the best faith in their right to do so! It is necessary for men of this incomprehensible isolation to wrap themselves stoutly and heartily in the cloak of outward, spatial solitude as well: that belongs to their prudence. Even cunning and disguise will be needful today, so that such a man may preserve himself, keep himself *on top*, amid the dangerous rapids of the age that drag one down. Every attempt to endure it *in* the

present, *with* the present, every approach to these people and aims of today he must atone for as for his real sin: and he may stand in amazement at the hidden wisdom of his nature, which at every such attempt called him back at once to himself through illness and bad accidents.

12.

And do you know, too, what "the world" is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? This world: a monster of power, without beginning, without end, a fixed, brazen magnitude of power, which grows neither larger nor smaller, which does not use itself up but only transforms itself, as a whole unchangeably great, a household without expenditures and losses, but likewise without increase, without income, enclosed by "nothingness" as by its boundary, nothing blurring, squandered, nothing infinitely extended, but set as a definite power into a definite space, and not into a space that would be "empty" anywhere, rather as power everywhere, as a play of powers and waves of power at once one and "many", here accumulating and at the same time there diminishing, a sea of powers storming and flooding within themselves, eternally changing, eternally running back, with tremendous years of recurrence, with an ebb and flood of its forms, driving out from the simplest into the most manifold, out of the stillest, most rigid, coldest into the most glowing, wildest, most self-contradictory, and then again returning home from abundance to the simple, out of the play of contradictions back to the delight of concord, affirming itself still in this sameness of its courses and years, blessing itself as that which must eternally return, as a becoming that knows no satiety, no surfeit, no weariness —: this my *Dionysian* world of eternal self-creating, of eternal self-destroying, this mystery-world of twofold voluptuous delights, this my Beyond Good and Evil, without goal, unless there lies a goal in the happiness of the circle, without will,

unless a ring has good will towards itself, — do you want a *name* for this world? A *solution* for all its riddles? a *light* for you too, you most hidden, strongest, most undaunted, most midnightly ones? — *This world is the will to power — and nothing besides!* And you yourselves too are this will to power — and nothing besides!

13.

When I was younger, I troubled myself over what a philosopher actually is: for I believed I perceived contradictory traits in the famous philosophers. At last it dawned on me that there are two distinct kinds of philosopher: first, those who have to hold fast some great body of valuations, that is to say, of former positings and creations of value (logical or moral); and then, however, those who are themselves legislators of valuations. The former seek to take possession of the present or past world by summarizing and abbreviating it through signs. It falls to these researchers to make everything that has hitherto happened and been esteemed perspicuous, thinkable-through, graspable, manageable, to overpower the past, to abbreviate everything long, indeed time itself — a great and wondrous task. The genuine philosophers, *however, are commanders and legislators*; they say: thus it *shall* be! they first determine the Whither and the Wherefore of man, and in doing so dispose of the preliminary labour of the philosophical workers, those overpowerers of the past. This second kind of philosopher rarely turns out well; and indeed their situation and their danger are tremendous. How often have they deliberately blindfolded themselves, merely so as no longer to have to see the narrow strip that separates them from the abyss and the plunge: Plato, for example, when he persuaded himself that the Good, as he willed it, was not Plato's Good but the Good in itself, the eternal treasure which merely some man named Plato had happened to find upon his way! In far cruder forms this same will to blindness holds sway among the

founders of religions: their "thou shalt" must by no means sound in their own ears like "I will" — only as the command of a god do they dare to fulfil their task, only as "inspiration" is their legislation of values a *bearable* burden under which their conscience does *not* break. — Now, as soon as those two means of consolation, Plato's and Mohammed's, have fallen away, and no thinker can any longer ease his conscience with the hypothesis of a "God" or of "eternal values", the claim of the legislator of new values rises to a new and hitherto unattained dreadfulness. Henceforth those chosen ones before whom the presentiment of such a duty begins to dawn will make the attempt to see whether they might not still slip away from it "in good time", as from their greatest danger, by some side-leap: for example, by talking themselves into believing that the task has already been solved, or that it is insoluble, or that they have no shoulders for such burdens, or that they are already overloaded with other, nearer tasks, or even that this new, distant duty is a seduction and temptation, a leading-away from all duties, a sickness, a kind of madness. Many a one may indeed succeed in evading it: through the whole of history runs the trail of such evaders and of their bad conscience. For the most part, however, there came to such men of destiny that redeeming hour, that autumn hour of ripeness, when they had to do what they did not even "will": — and the deed before which they had previously been most afraid fell to them lightly and unwilled from the tree, as a deed without caprice, almost as a gift. —

14.

What divides us most fundamentally from all Platonic and Leibnizian ways of thinking is this: we believe in no eternal concepts, eternal values, eternal forms, eternal souls; and philosophy, insofar as it is science and not legislation, signifies to us only the widest extension of the concept "history". Proceeding from etymology and the history of

language, we take all concepts as having *become*, many as still becoming; and indeed in such a way that the most general concepts, being the *falsest*, must also be the oldest. "Being", "substance" and "the unconditioned", "sameness", "thing" —: thinking invented for itself first and earliest these schemata, which in fact most fundamentally contradicted the world of becoming, but which from the outset, given the dullness and monotony of the initial, still sub-animal consciousness, *seemed* to correspond to it: every "experience" seemed ever anew to underscore them, and them alone. Sameness and similarity were, with the sharpening of the senses and of attention, with the development and struggle of the most manifold life, granted ever more rarely: whereas for the lowest beings everything appeared "eternally the same as itself", "One", "persistent", "unconditioned", "without properties". Gradually, in this manner, the "external world" multiplied itself; but for tremendous spans of time a thing counted on earth as the same as, and coinciding with, a single trait, for example a particular colour. The multiplicity of traits in a single thing was conceded with the greatest slowness: even in the history of human language we see a resistance to the multiplicity of predicates. The longest confusion, however, is that the predicate-sign is posited as identical with the thing itself; and the philosophers, who have best reproduced within themselves precisely the oldest instincts of mankind, and also its oldest fears and superstitions (such as the superstition of the soul) — one may speak in their case of an atavism par excellence — set their seal upon this confusion when they taught that precisely the signs, namely the "Ideas", are what truly exists, what is unchangeable and universally valid. Whereas in fact thinking, upon the perception of a thing, runs through a series of signs which memory offers it, and searches for similarities; whereas man, by means of a similar sign, posits the thing as "known", grasps it, *seizes* it: he long believed that in doing so he *comprehended* it. Seizing and grasping, appropriating, already signified to him a knowing, a knowing-to-the-end; even the words of human

language long seemed — and to the people still seem today — to be not signs but truths concerning the things designated by them. The finer the senses, the stricter the attention, the more manifold the tasks of life became, the more grudgingly was the knowledge of a thing, of a fact, conceded as final knowledge, as "truth"; and in the end, at the point to which methodical mistrust has driven us today, we no longer grant ourselves the right at all to speak of truths in an unconditioned sense — we have forsworn the belief in the knowability of things just as much as the belief in knowledge. The "thing" is only a fiction, the "thing in itself" even a self-contradictory, impermissible fiction: but knowing too, the absolute and consequently the relative as well, is likewise only a fiction! With this, then, there also falls away the necessity of positing a Something that "knows", a subject for knowing, some pure "intelligence", an "absolute spirit": — this mythology, not yet wholly abandoned even by Kant, which Plato prepared for Europe in so fateful a manner, and which, with the Christian fundamental dogma "God is a spirit", threatened with death all science of the body and thereby also the further development of the body — this mythology has now had its day.

15.

I have experienced strange things with regard to the effect of my books. Recently there arrived the letter of an old noble Dutchman who regards Human, All Too Human as his most faithful companion through life; The Birth of Tragedy produced perhaps the greatest sound of happiness in the life of Richard Wagner; he was beside himself, and there are wondrously beautiful things in Götterdämmerung which he brought forth in this state of an unexpected, uttermost hope. (At that time — — —

I should like to know whether this book has been understood by anyone: its backgrounds belong to my most personal property. Zarathus-

tra has the valuations of a couple of millennia against him; I absolutely do not believe that anyone today is able to hear its overall tone resound: moreover, understanding it presupposes such philological and more than philological labour as no one today will devote to it, for lack of time.

I myself am very content with the fact that my taste in musicis and philosophicis, which in 1865 (when I was perhaps the only German who Schopenhauer and Wagner alike and — — — now belongs to German taste.

The selection people make with regard to my books gives me food for thought.

16.

the unscrupulous use of stopgaps and the expenditure and wealth of spirit in order here to give a weakness the attributes of strength: which almost gives the Wagnerian style its character —

17.

Schopenhauer's perversity of disposition and my Birth of Tragedy!

18.

"he could have acted otherwise" — this point of view falsely applied by Rée to the origin of the feeling of justice.

19.

The first trace of philosophical reflection that I can lay hold of, in surveying my life, I encounter in a little piece of writing from my 13th year: it contains a notion about the origin of evil. My presupposition was that for a God to think something and to create something are

one and the same. Now I reasoned thus: God thought himself at the time when he created the second person of the Godhead: but in order to be able to think himself he first had to think his opposite. The devil, then, in my conception, had just the same age as the Son of God, even a clearer origin — and the same *descent*. Over the question whether it was possible for a God to think his opposite, I helped myself past by saying: but to him all things are possible. And secondly: *that* he did it is a fact, if the existence of a Son of God is a fact, consequently it was also possible for him, — — —

20.

Without a passionate delight in the adventures of knowledge one will hardly endure long in its perilous realm; and to everyone who is too cowardly or too chaste for such "excesses" let it in fairness be granted that he may fashion for himself out of this, too, a virtue and a praise. For the stronger spirits, however, that demand holds good that one must indeed be a man of passion, but also the *master* of one's passions, even with regard to their passion for knowledge. Just as Napoleon, to Talleyrand's astonishment, let his anger bark and roar at the chosen time and then, just as suddenly, reduced it to silence again, so too should the strong spirit deal with his wild dogs: however vehement the will to truth may be in him — it is his wildest dog —, he must, at the chosen time, *be able* to be the will to untruth incarnate, the will to uncertainty, the will to ignorance, above all to *folly*.

21.

The decline of grace. — Among the symptoms of the general uglification, such as befits an age that makes the rabble more and more the master, not the least is the growing self-neglect of woman and a kind of "return to nature", i.e. to the rabble: even in places where formerly one held to noble and strict customs as to one's prerogative: e.g. at the

courts. One stands amazed at the lack of refinement even in dealings with the most charming women: and we help ourselves — — —

22.

A garden in which even the trelliswork is gilded has to protect itself not only against thieves and vagabonds: its worst dangers come to it from its importunate admirers, who break off something everywhere and would all too gladly carry away this and that as a keepsake. — And do you not notice, then, you idlers in my gardens, that you cannot even *justify* yourselves beside my herbs and weeds, that they tell you to your faces: away, you intruders, you — — —

Notebook 39: August–September 1885

1.

The Will to Power.

Attempt

at a new interpretation

of all that happens.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

2.

"wheyish spirit"

Like a child at strangers' holidays: shyly it stands there — never yet did it hear this bell, never yet did it see these adornments and festive garments.

Am I then a mirror that at once grows dim and blind because a stranger's breath breathes upon me, hisses upon me?

Why would you scrape the down from such things? —

Truths that no smile has gilded.

3.

Zarathustra 5

(youth as the keynote)

warlike in the highest degree

On an old

fortress

the drums of the heralds.

(Finale)

at night as at the Rialto.

the festival of roses.

Zarathustra the godless hermit, the first solitary who did not pray.

Are you now strong enough for my truths?

Who belongs to me? what is noble?

"Are you such as these?" (as refrain) the order of rank:

and you must have everything within you in order to be able to rule, but also *beneath* you!

Refrain: "and if you may not say: "we honour them, yet we are of a higher kind" — then you are not of *my* kind.

The Festival of Roses.

At night by the bridge.

Zarathustra happy that the struggle of the estates is *over*, and that now at last it is time for an order of rank among individuals.

Hatred of the democratic levelling-system is only *in the foreground*: in truth he is very glad that *this has come so far*. Now he can accomplish his task. —

His teachings were hitherto addressed only to the future ruling caste. These lords of the earth are now to *replace God*, and to create for themselves the deep, unconditional trust of the ruled. First of all: *their new holiness*, their *renunciation* of *happiness and comfort*. They grant the *lowliest*

the expectancy of happiness, not *themselves*. They redeem the ill-constituted through the doctrine of the "swift death", they offer religions and systems according to the order of rank.

4.

The self-mirroring of the spirit, the creaking of the logical clockwork, the unravelling of the instincts

Supposing you had dissolved everything into formulas: what then? Are we to *live* with a bad conscience?

I admire the great *falsifications* and *interpretations*: they lift us above the happiness of the animal.

The overestimation of truthfulness, in the circles of the herd animal, makes good sense. Not to let oneself be deceived — and consequently — not to deceive

That the truthful man is in himself worth more than the liar can be proven from nothing: and supposing that life rests upon a consistent being-deceived, then a consistent liar might under certain circumstances attain the highest honours. That one does harm by not "telling the truth" is a naivety. If the value of life lies in well-believed errors, then what does harm lies in "truth-telling".

5.

The life beyond done away with? — one has taken the point out of life.

6.

As the matador fig pursues its ends, ruining that which it wants only as a support: so does reason with the philosophers. What does each philosophy signify for the life of man? Be it as an enhancement of the

feeling of power: or as a means of masking an unbearable existence? Behind consciousness the *drives* are at work.

7.

Nourishment property procreation lust (as narcotic work (overcoming of oscillations)

The sublime human being has the highest value, even if he is quite delicate and fragile, because an abundance of very weighty and rare things has been bred through many generations and kept together.

Primeval-forest animals, the *Romans*.

8.

The deification of the devil — how did this heavenly illusion come about!

The belief in goodness, justice and truth at the ground of things has something hair-raising about it.

The masks of the devil.

9.

The interpretation of nature: we put ourselves into it.

— the terrible character.

10.

Zarathustra 1. the beginnings of differentiation.

All "happiness" permitted only as cure or rest. Against the "happy" and the "good" and the herd animals.

Zarathustra 2. the *"self-overcoming" of man*.

Greatest of all struggles and longest breeding.

As a means, conjuring up the "tempters".

Zarathustra 3

of the ring

the *primeval forest*, everything in terrible

greatness

11.

In order not to assert contradictory things about the essence of the world, one must hold fast to this: that every moment signifies a necessary total displacement of all changes; but as something thinking, creating, it must of course compare, and consequently must also be able to be *timeless* in relation to its own inner states.

12.

Chap.

Nourishment.

Generation.

Adaptation.

Heredity.

Division of labour.

Traced back to will to power.

Chap.

The *subsidiary position* of consciousness beside that which actually *drives* and *governs*.

Chap.

The inversion of the order of time: also in embryonic growth (organic development reversed from the way it is stored in memory: at the same time the oldest, as the strongest, first). How the oldest errors serve, as it were, as the backbone to which everything else holds fast.

Chap.

The development of the logical

13.

The properties of the organic being.

The development of organic beings.

The bond between the organic and the inorganic.

"Knowledge" in relation to the conditions of life. The "perspectival".

"Laws of nature" as the fixing of relations of power.

"Cause and effect" an expression for the necessity and inexorability of this fixing of power.

Freedom of the will and power.

Pain and pleasure in relation to the will to power.

"Person", "subject" as deception. A governed commonwealth. Along the guiding thread of the body.

Ruling and obeying as expression of the will to power, in the organic.

Origin of the logical. "Grounding".

Against self-mirroring. Mathematics.

The physical world, like the psychic, both false, but enduring errors.

The artist and the will to power. The impression of neutrality is enchanting for herd animals. Palazzo Pitti and Phidias. Art according to the morality, for herd or leader: — — —

the *refutation* of God: in truth only the *moral* God is refuted.

Rights and duties.

Punishments.

Point of departure. Irony against Descartes: supposing there were at the ground of things something deceptive, from which we sprang, what good would it do to de omnibus dubitare! It might be the finest means of deceiving oneself. Moreover: is it possible?

"Will to truth" as "I do not want to be deceived" *or* "I do not want to deceive" *or* "I want to convince myself and become firm", as a form of the will to power.

"Will to justice"

"Will to beauty"

"Will to help"

all will to power.

to goodness.

14.

For the Preface.

Human *comprehension* — which in the end is always an interpreting according to ourselves and our needs — stands in relation to the *rank* that man occupies in the order of all beings. Let it serve as an example how much the finger knows of what the pianist performs with it. It will feel nothing but mechanical processes and combine these logically. Among men too, the lower ones exercise their powers

without any inkling of what purpose they serve in the great whole. The whole of physical causality is *interpretable* in a hundred ways, depending on whether a man or other beings interpret it. — For coarser kinds of men, the *human* kind of goodness or justice or wisdom was *demonstrable* from nature. When finer, more spiritual men now reject this demonstrability, they do so because their concept of goodness, justice and wisdom has grown. Atheism is the consequence of an *elevation of man*: at bottom he has become more modest, deeper, and more humble before the fullness of the whole; he has understood his order of rank *better*. The *further* our knowledge grows, the more man feels himself in his *corner*. The most shameless and firmest articles of faith that we carry within us stem from the time of the greatest ignorance, e.g. that our *will is a cause*, etc. How naively we carry our moral valuations into things, e.g. when we speak of *laws of nature*! It might be useful for once to make the attempt at a *completely different* mode of interpretation: so that through a bitter contradiction it may be grasped how unconsciously *our moral canon* (preference for truth, law, rationality, etc.) *rules* in our *whole* so-called *science*.

Put popularly: God is refuted, but the devil is not: and all the divine functions belong within his nature as well: the reverse would not work!

He deceives, he creates deceiving intellects

He destroys by preference

He corrupts by driving the best toward the highest ennoblement

In the forest: he has his innocence worshipped

Finally: why do we hate such a being?

15.

For the *Introduction*.

It is not pessimism (a form of hedonism) that is the great danger, the reckoning of pleasure and displeasure, and whether human life perhaps brings with it a surplus of feelings of displeasure. Rather it is the *senselessness* of all that happens! The moral interpretation has become untenable together with the religious interpretation: this, to be sure, they do not know, the superficial ones! Instinctively, the more impious they are, the more they cling with their teeth to moral valuations. Schopenhauer, as an atheist, pronounced a curse upon him who strips the world of moral significance. In England one strives to make brothers of morality and physics, Herr von Hartmann of morality and the irrationality of existence. But the real great fear is: *the world no longer has any meaning*

To what extent, along with "God", the morality hitherto has also fallen away: they held each other up.

Now I bring a new interpretation, an "immoral" one, in relation to which our morality hitherto appears as a special case. Popularly speaking: God is refuted, the devil is not. —

16.

With the foolish and immodest question of whether pleasure or displeasure predominates in the world, one stands in the midst of philosophical dilettantism: such things ought to be left to yearning poets and little women. On some nearby star there might already be so much happiness and merriment that "all the misery of mankind" would be outweighed ten times over by it: what do we know of that! And on the other hand we surely wish to be nothing other than the heirs of Christian profundity and subtlety, in that we do not condemn suffering in itself: whoever no longer knows how to use it morally, for the "salvation of the soul", should at least let it count aesthetically — whether as artist or as contemplator of things. The world, with suffer-

ing thought away, is unaesthetic in every sense: and perhaps pleasure is only a form and rhythmic kind of it!

I meant to say: perhaps suffering is something of the essence of all existence.

17.

One may hope that man will raise himself so high that the highest things hitherto, e.g. the belief in God hitherto, will appear to him childlike-childish and touching, indeed that he will *once again* do as he has done with all myths, namely transform them into children's stories and fairy tales.

18.

NB. The credibility of the body is the very basis according to which the *value of all thinking* can be assessed. Suppose we had *thought up* nothing but things that do not exist! (as e.g. Teichmüller assumes!) etc. The body proves itself *less and less* to be appearance! Who until now has had *reasons* to think of the body as *appearance*? The consummate worshipper of Brahman.

19.

Woman

And wherever a woman once comes to be conscious of some talent or other: how much ridiculous self-admiration, how much "goose" is unleashed along with it every time!

20.

Jew

— I single out with distinction Siegfried Lipiner, a Polish Jew, who knows how to imitate the manifold forms of European lyric poetry most daintily, — "almost genuine", as a goldsmith would say —

21.

Hellwald, Natural History of Man.

Hermann *Müller*

Burmeister

on plants.

22.

Zarathustra 4.

says to his own: take heed, whoever speaks *against* suffering, appearance,

folly

— *he belongs to the people*, even as a philosopher. How best to speak to the masses? *I do not know*, it is not part of my task. It seems to me that one must make life very *hard* for them through the demands of strict virtues: otherwise they become lazy and pleasure-seeking, in their thinking as well.

For the *lower* men the reverse valuations hold: what matters is to plant the virtues in them. The absolute commands, terrible taskmasters, tearing them away from the easy life

the significance of the religions

Zarathustra as seducer of the youth, the revenge of the fathers, he bids them wait.

Zarathustra walking on the ramparts of the fortress: — he hears absolute pessimism being preached. The city is surrounded. He keeps silent.

Notebook 40: August–September 1885

1.

The weary, the suffering, the frightened mean peace, mean immobility, rest, something akin to deep sleep, when they think of the highest happiness. Much of this has found its way into philosophy. Likewise the fear of the uncertain, the ambiguous, the changeable has brought its opposite into honour: the simple, the self-same, the calculable, the certain. Another kind of being would bring the reverse states into honour. But when I, ten years ago — — —

2.

The Will to Power.

Attempt at a new interpretation of all that happens.

(Preface on the threatening „meaninglessness". Problem of pessimism.)

Logic.

Physics.

Morality.

Art.

Politics.

3.

For whom this interpretation is important. New „philosophers". There may be here and there one such who loves his independence in

a similar way, — but we do not press towards one another, we do not „long“ for one another.

4.

We are the *heirs* of the imperfect, bad way, the *longest-standing* way of observing and inferring. Our most fundamental and most deeply incorporated concepts are probably the falsest: in so far, that is, as it was possible to live with them! But one can ask conversely: would life be possible at all with a finer observation and a stricter, more cautious procedure of inference? Even today the practical part of our life is, in the crudest sense, *tentative*, a matter of trial and luck: just consider what most people know about nutrition! That the purposiveness of means has increased over the whole history of organisms (as Spencer thinks) is an English-superficial judgement; in relation to the complexity of our ends, the stupidity of the means has probably *remained the same*.

5.

The *increase* of *dissimulation* in the order of rank of beings (in the inorganic, power against power quite crudely, in the organic world *cunning* etc.) the highest men such as Caesar, Napoleon (Stendhal's remark about him), likewise the higher races (Italians etc.) Should one not consider it possible that the most thousandfold craftiness belongs to the essence of higher creatures? Naturally the sense for truth (to see *what is*) would also have to increase, as a means of being able to seem. The actor. Dionysus.

6.

How poor the philosophers have been until now, wherever language, or at least grammar — on the whole, whatever of the „people“ is in

them — does not prompt them! In words there lie truths, at least intimations of truth: this they all believe firmly and stubbornly: hence the tenacity with which they cling to „subject“, „body“, „soul“, „spirit“. What mischief lies in that one mummified error alone, which the word „abstraction“ harbours! As if what one designates by it arose through leaving out, and not rather through underlining, emphasising, intensifying! Just as every image, every form arises and becomes possible in us through coarsening!

7.

Just as the origin of arithmetic must have been preceded by a long practice and preliminary schooling in seeing-as-alike, in wanting-to-take-as-alike, in positing identical cases and in „counting“, so too was logical inference. Judgement is originally even more than the belief „this and that *is* true“; it is rather „precisely thus and thus do I *will* it to be true!“ The drive of assimilation, that basic organic function on which all growth rests, adapts inwardly as well whatever it appropriates from its vicinity: the will to power functions in this comprehending of the new under the forms of the old, the already-experienced, the still-living in memory: and we then call it — „understanding“!

8.

The concept „individual“, „person“, contains a great relief for naturalistic thinking, which feels at ease above all with the multiplication table. In fact prejudices lurk there: we unfortunately have no words to designate what is really present, namely the degrees of intensity on the way to the individual, to the „person“. Two becomes out of one, one out of two: one sees this with one's own eyes in the generation and multiplication of the lowest organisms; mathematics is constantly contradicted in real happening, *lived* against, if the expression is per-

mitted. I once used the expression „many mortal souls“: just as everyone has the stuff of many personae in him.

9.

There are schematic heads, those who hold a complex of thoughts to be *truer* when it can be drawn into previously sketched schemata or tables of categories. The self-deceptions in this field are countless: almost all great „systems“ belong here. The *fundamental prejudice*, however, is this: that order, perspicuity, the systematic must adhere to the *true being* of things, while conversely disorder, the chaotic, the incalculable appear only in a false or incompletely known world — in short, are an error —: — which is a moral prejudice, drawn from the fact that the truthful, trustworthy man tends to be a man of order, of maxims, and on the whole something calculable and pedantic. Now, however, it is quite unprovable that the in-itself of things behaves according to this recipe of a model civil servant.

10.

— Descartes is not radical enough for me. Given his demand to have certainty, and his „I do not want to be deceived“, it was needful to ask „why *not?*“ In short, moral prejudices (or reasons of utility) in favour of certainty against appearance and uncertainty. It is for this that I examine the philosophers, from the Vedanta philosophy until now: why this hatred of the untrue, the evil, the painful etc.? — For the preface. First dispose of the moral valuations!

— A „categorical imperative“ requires an imperator!

11.

— The children of innocence, who believe in „subject“, predicate and object, the grammar-believers, who have not yet heard of our apple of knowledge!

12.

Teichmüller p. 25: „if it is an inference when we declare the so-called things to be existent, then we must already *know* beforehand what nature (terminus medius) the existent (terminus major) has, in order to be able to attribute this concept to things or deny it of them.“ Against this I say: „*believe* we know“.

„Logical laws“ defined in Spir I p. 76 as „general principles of affirmations about objects, i.e. an inner necessity to believe something of objects“.

My basic conceptions: „the unconditioned“ is a regulative fiction to which no existence may be ascribed; existence does not belong to the necessary properties of the unconditioned. Likewise „being“, „substance“ — all things which *ought* not to have been drawn from experience, but which have in fact been *won from it through an erroneous interpretation of experience*.

Concluding chapter

The interpretations hitherto all had a certain meaning for life — preserving, making bearable, or estranging, refining, also perhaps separating off the sick and bringing it to die away

my new interpretation gives the future philosophers, as lords of the earth, the necessary freedom from prejudice.

1. Not so much „refuted“ as incompatible with what we now principally hold and believe to be „true“: in this sense the religious and moral interpretation is impossible for us.

13.

Logic is tied to the condition: *supposing there are identical cases*. In fact, in order that there be logical thinking and inferring, *this* condition *must* first be feigned as fulfilled. That is to say: the will to *logical truth* can only accomplish itself after a fundamental *falsification* of all that happens has been undertaken. From which it follows that a drive holds sway here which is capable of both means, first of falsification and then of carrying through one single point of view: logic does *not* stem from the will to truth.

14.

One could say that the complicatedness of the paths (e.g., of a plant in order to achieve fertilization) is an argument *against* purposiveness: for here a refined spirit would be conceived which chooses too great detours, clever with regard to the path, stupid in the choice of precisely this *path* — thus a self-contradictory kind of spirit. But against this view I would point to our human experience: we must exploit what is accidental and disruptive and take it up into every one of our designs, so that everything we carry out bears exactly the same character, that of a spirit which carries out its plan despite many obstacles, hence with many crooked lines. Let us imagine the case translated into the immense: then the apparent stupidity of the course of the world, the character of waste, of useless sacrifices, would perhaps be only a view from the *corner*, a perspectival view for small beings such as we are. Considering that we do not know the *ends*, it is childish to criticize the means with regard to their reasonableness. What is certain is that they are not exactly "humane".

15.

The judgment — that is the belief: "this and this is so". Thus within the judgment lies the confession of having encountered an identical case: it therefore presupposes comparison, with the help of memory. The judgment does *not* bring it about that an identical case seems to be there. Rather it believes it perceives such a one; it works under the presupposition that there are identical cases at all. What, then, is the name of that function which must be much *older*, working earlier, which equalizes and assimilates cases that are in themselves unequal? What is the name of that second one, which, on the basis of this first, etc. "What arouses equal sensations is equal": but what is the name of that which makes sensations equal, "takes" them as equal? — There could be no judgments at all if a kind of equalization had not first been practised within the sensations: memory is possible only with a constant underscoring of what is already habitual, already experienced — — *Before* judgment takes place, *the process of assimilation must already have been done*: thus here too there is an intellectual activity which does not enter consciousness, as with the pain following a wound. Probably to all organic functions there corresponds an inner happening, thus an assimilating, excreting, growing, etc.

Essential: to start from the body and to use it as a guiding thread. It is the far richer phenomenon, which permits clearer observation. Belief in the body is better established than belief in the spirit.

"However strongly a thing may be believed: therein lies no criterion of truth." But what is truth? Perhaps a kind of belief which has become a condition of life? Then, to be sure, strength would be a criterion. E.g., with regard to causality.

16.

What, at bottom, is the whole of modern philosophy doing? It is making, covertly or openly, an assassination attempt on the old concept of the soul — that is, on the foundation of Christianity, on the "I": it is antichristian in the subtlest sense. Formerly one believed unconditionally in grammar: one said: "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate. One tried, with an admirable tenacity, whether one could not get out of this net — whether the reverse might not first of all be true: "think" the condition — and "I" conditioned, as a synthesis which thinking performs. Kant at bottom wanted to prove that starting from the subject the subject cannot be proved, nor can the object. The possibility of an *apparent existence* of the "subject" is dawning: a thought which, as in the Vedanta philosophy, has already once been on earth. If one wants a new, albeit very provisional expression for it, let one read The Birth of Tragedy

17.

Coarsening as the basic means of letting recurrence, identical cases appear; before there was "thinking", therefore, there must already have been *poetizing*; the forming sense is more original than the "thinking" one

18.

On morality. *We conduct ourselves in accordance with the order of rank to which we belong:* even if we do not know it, and still less can demonstrate it to others. An imperative "conduct yourself in accordance with the order of rank to which you belong" is nonsensical: because we *would have to* know 1) ourselves 2) that order, neither of which is the case — — and 3) because it is superfluous to command something which happens anyway. Order of rank: not only in relation to our

neighbours, but, under certain circumstances, to posterity, likewise to the inhabitants of other stars; for we do not know whether there is someone there who compares us with them. — Everything imperative in morality addresses itself to the *multiplicity of masks* that we carry within us, and wants us to turn this one outward and not that one, thus *to change our appearance*. "Improvement" is: letting something become visible of what pleases good people — no more!

19.

And as for progeny: one must decide shrewdly and in good time — aut libri aut liberi.

20.

Apart from the governesses, who even today still believe in grammar as veritas aeterna and consequently in subject, predicate and object, no one today is any longer so innocent as still, in the manner of Descartes, to posit the subject "I" as the condition of "think"; rather, through the sceptical movement of modern philosophy, the reversal — namely, to assume thinking as the cause and condition of "subject" as of "object", of "substance" as of "matter" — has become more credible to us: which is perhaps only the reverse kind of error. This much is certain: — we have let the "soul" go, and consequently also the "world-soul", the "things in themselves" as well as a beginning of the world, a "first cause". Thinking is for us not a means to "know", but to designate what happens, to order it, to make it handy for our use: so we think today about thinking: tomorrow perhaps otherwise. We no longer quite comprehend how "comprehending" should have been necessary, still less how it should have arisen: and though we continually find ourselves in the predicament of having to make do with the language and the habits of the popular understanding, the appearance of constant self-contradiction does not yet speak against the justifica-

tion of our doubt. With regard to "immediate certainty", too, we are no longer so easily satisfied: we do not yet find "reality" and "appearance" in opposition; we would rather speak of *degrees* of being — and perhaps even more gladly of degrees of appearance — and would still leaven that "immediate certainty", e.g., that we think and that consequently thinking has reality, with the doubt as to what degree this being has; whether perhaps, as "thoughts of God", we are indeed real, but fleeting and apparent like rainbows. Supposing there were in the essence of things something deceptive, foolish, something fraudulent, then the very best will de omnibus dubitare, in the manner of Cartesius, would not guard us against the snares of this essence; and precisely that Cartesian means could be a chief artifice for fooling us thoroughly and taking us for fools. Indeed, insofar as we, in the opinion of Cartesius, really had reality, we would, as reality, have to share somehow in that fraudulent, deceptive ground of things and its fundamental will: — enough, "I do not want to be deceived" could be the means of a deeper, subtler, more thorough will which wanted precisely the reverse: namely to deceive itself.

In summa: it is to be doubted that "the subject" can prove itself — for that it would have to have a fixed point outside, and *that* is lacking!

21.

Starting point from the *body* and physiology: why? — We gain the right notion of the kind of our subject-unity, namely as regents at the head of a commonwealth, not as "souls" or "life forces", and likewise of the dependence of these regents on the ruled and on the conditions of order of rank and division of labour as what makes possible at once the individuals and the whole. Likewise, how the living unities continually arise and die, and how eternity does not belong to the "subject"; likewise, that the struggle expresses itself also in obeying and commanding, and that a fluid determining of the boundaries of power

belongs to life. The certain *ignorance* in which the regent is kept about the individual functions and even disturbances of the commonwealth belongs among the conditions under which ruling can take place. In short, we gain an esteem also for not-knowing, for seeing-things-broadly-and-roughly, for simplifying and falsifying, for the perspectival. The most important thing, however, is this: that we understand the ruler and his subjects as *of the same kind*, all feeling, willing, thinking — and that wherever we see or divine movement in the body, we learn to infer a corresponding subjective, invisible life as well. Movement is a symbolism for the eye; it indicates that something has been felt, willed, thought. — The direct questioning of the subject about the subject, and all self-mirroring of the spirit, has its dangers in this: that it could be useful and important for its activity to interpret itself falsely. That is why we question the body and reject the testimony of the sharpened senses: if you like, we watch to see whether the subordinates themselves cannot enter into communication with us.

22.

NB. "There is thinking: therefore there is something that thinks" — this is what the argumentation of Cartesius comes down to — but it is not the reality of a thought that Cartesius wanted. He wanted to get beyond "imagination" to a *substance* which thinks and imagines.

23.

Let us be more cautious than Cartesius, who remained caught in the snare of words. Cogito is, to be sure, only one word: but it signifies something manifold: many a thing is manifold, and we grab at it coarsely, in the good faith that it is one. In that famous cogito there lies 1) it thinks 2) and I believe that it is I who think there, 3) but even supposing that this second point remained in suspense, as a

matter of belief, that first "it thinks" still contains a belief as well: namely, that "thinking" is an activity for which a subject, at the very least an "it", must be thought: — and beyond that the ergo sum signifies nothing! But this is the belief in grammar; here "things" and their "activities" are already posited, and we are far from immediate certainty. So let us leave out that problematic "it" too, and say cogitatur as a state of affairs without any admixed articles of faith: then we deceive ourselves once again, for even the passive form contains tenets of faith and not merely "states of affairs": in summa, precisely the state of affairs cannot be set down naked; "believing" and "opining" lie hidden in the cogito, in the cogitat and the cogitatur: who guarantees us that with ergo we are not drawing out something of this believing and opining, and that what remains is: something is believed, therefore something is believed — a false form of inference! Ultimately one would always have to know already what "being" is in order to draw a sum out of the cogito; one would likewise have to know already what *knowing* is: one proceeds from belief in logic — in the ergo above all! — and not merely from the setting down of a factum! — Is "certainty" possible in knowledge? is immediate certainty not perhaps a contradictio in adjecto? What is cognition in relation to being? For anyone, however, who brings ready-made tenets of faith to all these questions, the Cartesian caution has no sense at all any more: it comes much too late. Before the question of "being", the question of the value of logic would have to be decided.

24.

One ought not to embellish and set straight the naïveté of Cartesius, as Spir, for example, does.

"Consciousness is immediately certain of itself: the existence of thinking can be neither denied nor doubted, for this denial or this doubt are themselves states of thinking or of consciousness; their

own presence therefore proves what they dispute, and consequently deprives them of all significance." Spir I, 26. "There is thinking", ergo there is something, namely "thinking". Was *that* the meaning of Cartesius? Teichmüller p. 5 and 40 has *passages*. "Something that is immediately certain of itself" is nonsense. Supposing, for example, that God thought through us, and our thoughts, insofar as we felt ourselves to be their cause, were an appearance, then the existence of the thoughts would not be denied or doubted, but the ergo sum would be. Otherwise he would have had to say: *ergo est*. — There are no immediate certainties: cogito, ergo sum presupposes that one knows what "thinking" is and secondly what "being" is: it would therefore, if the est (sum) were true, be a certainty on the basis of two correct judgements, counting in addition the certainty that one has any right at all to the inference, to the ergo — hence in any case no "immediate" certainty. That is to say: in cogito there lies not merely some process which is simply acknowledged — that is nonsense! — but a judgement that it is such-and-such a process, and someone who, for example, did not know how to distinguish between thinking, feeling and willing could not establish the process at all. And in sum or est there still lies such a conceptual *imprecision* that not even fit or "it becomes" is thereby excluded. "Something is happening there" could be put in place of "there is something there, something exists there, something is there".

25.

The belief in the immediate certainty of thinking is one belief more, and no certainty! We moderns are all opponents of Descartes and resist his dogmatic levity in doubt. "One must doubt better than Descartes!" We find the reverse, the countermovement against the absolute authority of the goddess "Reason", wherever there are deeper human beings. Fanatical logicians brought it about that the world is a

deception; and that only in thinking is the way to "being", to the "unconditioned", given. I, on the other hand, take pleasure in the world *if* it should be a deception; and among more complete human beings people have always made fun of the understanding of the most understanding.

26.

Seemingly opposed, the 2 traits that characterize modern Europeans: the *individualistic* and the *demand for equal rights*: this I understand at last. Namely, the individual is an extremely vulnerable vanity: — this vanity, conscious of how quickly it suffers, demands that every other be counted as its equal, that it be only inter pares. This characterizes a social race in which, in fact, talents and powers do not diverge considerably. The pride that wants solitude and few appraisers is wholly beyond comprehension; the truly "great" successes come only through masses, indeed one scarcely grasps any longer that a mass success is always really a *small* success: because pulchrum est paucorum hominum. — All moralities know nothing of an "order of rank" among men; the teachers of law nothing of the communal conscience. The individual principle rejects the *very great* men and demands, among approximate equals, the keenest eye and the swiftest recognition of a talent; and because everyone has something of talent in such late and civilized cultures, and so can expect to receive back his share of honour, there is therefore today a trumpeting of small merits such as there never was before: — it gives the age a veneer of *boundless fairness*. Its unfairness consists in a rage without bounds *not* against tyrants and flatterers of the people, in the arts as well, but against the *noble* men who despise the praise of the many. The demand for equal rights (e.g., to be allowed to sit in judgment over everything and everyone) is *anti-aristocratic*. Equally foreign to it is the vanished individual, the submerging into a great type, the not-wanting-to-be-a-person: in

which the distinction and the zeal of many high men formerly consisted (the greatest poets among them); or "being the city," as in Greece; Jesuitism, the Prussian officer corps and civil service; or being a pupil and continuer of great masters: for which unsocial conditions and the absence of *petty vanity* are necessary

27.

Just as mathematics and mechanics were for long ages regarded as sciences of absolute validity, and only now does the suspicion dare to unveil itself that they are nothing more and nothing less than logic applied on the strength of the specific, unprovable assumption that there are "identical cases" — logic itself, however, being a consistent sign-script on the basis of the presupposition carried through (that there are identical cases) —: so formerly the *word* too was already held to be knowledge of a thing, and even now the grammatical functions are the most firmly believed things, against which one cannot be sufficiently on one's guard. It is possible that the same kind of man who later devised Vedanta philosophies devised, perhaps millennia earlier, on the basis of imperfect languages, a philosophical language, *not*, as they believed, as a sign-script, but as "knowledge of the world" itself: but whatever "this is" has hitherto been set up, a later and subtler age has always uncovered in it again that it is no more than "this means." Even now the real critique of concepts or (as I once called it) a genuine "history of the genesis of thought" is not so much as *suspected* by most philosophers. One ought to uncover and re-evaluate the *valuations* that lie around logic: e.g., "the certain is worth more than the uncertain," "thinking is our highest function"; likewise the optimism in the logical, the consciousness of victory in every conclusion, the imperative quality in judgment, the innocence in the belief in comprehensibility within the concept.

28.

There must have been thinking long before there were eyes: "lines and shapes" are thus not originally given; rather, thinking has gone on longest on the basis of tactile sensations: but this, *not* supported by the eye, teaches degrees of the sensation of pressure, not yet shapes. Before the practice, then, of understanding the world as moving shapes lies the time when it was "grasped" as a changeable sensation of pressure of varying degrees. That one can think in images, that one can think in sounds, is beyond doubt: but also in sensations of pressure. Comparison with respect to strength and direction and succession, memory, etc.

29.

Concerning memory one must learn anew: here lies the chief seduction to assume a "soul" which timelessly reproduces, recognizes, etc. But what has been experienced lives on "in memory"; that it "comes" is no doing of mine, the will is inactive in it, as in the coming of every thought. Something happens of which I become conscious: now something similar comes — who calls it? who wakes it?

30.

The great danger lies in the assumption that there is immediate knowing (thus "knowing" in the strict sense at all!) Teichmüller p. 35.

31.

It would have to be something, not subject, not object, not force, not matter, not spirit, not soul: — but I shall be told that something of the sort must look deceptively like a figment of the brain? I believe so myself: and too bad if it did not! To be sure: it must also look deceptively like everything else that exists and could exist, and not only like

a figment of the brain! It must have the great family trait by which everything recognizes itself as *akin* to it — —

32.

Suppose you ask: "Did the tree already look green 50,000 years ago?" then I would answer: "perhaps not yet: perhaps there were then only the two chief contrasts of valeurs, darker and lighter masses: — and gradually the colours unfolded out of them.

33.

Before logic, which everywhere works with equations, the making-equal, the assimilating must have held sway: and it still holds sway, and logical thinking is itself a continual means for assimilation, for the *wanting*-to-see of identical cases.

34.

Our "memory," whatever it may be, may serve us as a simile to designate something important: in the development of every organic being there appears a marvel of memory for its entire prehistory, insofar as organic beings have a prehistory, — and indeed a reproducing memory, which reproduces the earliest and longest-incorporated forms sooner than the most recently experienced: thus reaches back, and does not proceed step by step, as one would suppose, with a regressus from the latest to the most remotely experienced, but precisely *the reverse*, first sets aside everything younger and more freshly impressed. Here there is an astonishing arbitrariness: — Nor can the "soul," which is usually called to the rescue in all philosophical embarrassments, help here: at least not the individual soul, but rather a soul-continuum which held sway throughout the whole process of a certain organic series. Again: since not everything is reproduced, but

only basic forms, a subsuming thinking, simplifying, reducing would have to take place constantly in that memory: in short, something analogous to what, from the standpoint of our consciousness, we designate as "logic." — And how far may this reproduction of what was formerly experienced go? Certainly as far as the reproduction of courses of feeling and thought. But what do we make of the "innate ideas" which Locke called into doubt? Surely much *more* is true than merely this, that ideas are innate, provided one does not underline the act of birth in the word "innate."

35.

The general mendacity of men about themselves, the moral interpreting of what they do and will, would be contemptible were it not also something very amusing: and it would truly need spectators — so interesting is the spectacle! *Not* gods such as Epicurus imagined them! But Homeric gods: so far from men and so near, and watching them as Galiani perhaps stood toward his cats and monkeys: — thus somewhat akin to men, but of a higher kind!

36.

The mathematical physicists cannot use the little lump-atoms for their science: consequently they construct for themselves a world of force-points with which one can calculate. Quite so, roughly speaking, have men and all organic creatures done: namely, they have arranged the world, thought it into shape, poeticized it into shape, until they could make use of it, until one could "reckon" with it.

37.

Should it not suffice to think of ourselves as "force," a unity in which willing, feeling and thinking are still mingled and undivided? And of

organic beings as beginnings of separation, so that the organic functions are all still together in that unity, thus self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, metabolism? In the end nothing is "really" given except thinking and sensing and drives: is it not permissible to make the attempt whether this given does not *suffice* to construct the world? I do not mean as appearance: but as just as real as our willing, feeling, thinking is — only as a more primitive form of the same. The question in the end is: whether we really acknowledge the will as *effective*? If we do so, then naturally it can only act upon something that is *of its own kind*: and not upon "matter." *Either* one must regard all effect as illusion (for we have formed the notion of cause and effect solely after the model of our will as cause!) and then nothing at all is comprehensible: *or* one must attempt to think of all effects as being of the same kind as acts of will, thus make the hypothesis whether all mechanical occurrence, insofar as there is a force in it, is not precisely will-force. —

The "mortal souls," or rather the impossibility of transferring the *numerical* relation to these things. *Against* the individual. "Counting" is only a simplification, like all concepts. Namely: wherever something is to be thought purely arithmetically, *quality* is reckoned away. Likewise in everything logical, where the *identity of cases* is the presupposition, where therefore the actual specific *character* of every process has for once been thought away (the *new*, that which cannot be comprehended — or rather comprised — from the conditions of its origin.)

38.

What matters is to designate correctly the unity in which thinking, willing and feeling and all the affects are gathered together: evidently the intellect is only a *tool*, but in whose hands? Surely in those of the affects: and these are a multiplicity, behind which it is not necessary to posit a unity: it suffices to conceive of them as a regency. — That

the organs have everywhere developed by differentiation, as morphological development shows, may surely be used as a simile for the spiritual too: so that something "new" is always to be grasped only through the separating-out of a single force from a synthetic force.

Thinking itself is such an act, one which *takes apart* what is really one. Everywhere there is the *semblance* that there are countable multiplicities, already in thinking too. There is nothing "added" in reality, nothing "divided"; a thing half and half is not equal to the whole.

39.

The physicists are now of one mind with all metaphysicians that we live in a world of deception: fortunate that one no longer needs to settle accounts about it with a God concerning whose "truthfulness" one might arrive at strange thoughts. The perspectival character of the world goes as deep as our "understanding" of the world reaches today; and I would venture to posit it even there where man may in fairness altogether refrain from understanding — I mean there where the metaphysicians posit the realm of the apparently self-certain, the self-intelligible, and in thinking. That number is a perspectival form, as much as time and space, that we harbour as little "one soul" as "two souls" in one breast, that "individuals," like material "atoms," can no longer be sustained, except for the handy domestic use of thinking, and have evaporated into a nothing (or into a "formula"), that nothing living and dead can be added together, that both concepts are false, that there are not three faculties of the soul, that "subject" and "object," "active and passive," "cause and effect," "means and end" are always only perspectival forms, in sum that the soul, substance, number, time, space, ground, purpose — stand *and fall* together. But supposing now that we are not so foolish as to esteem truth, in this case the x, more highly than appearance, supposing that we are resolved to *live* — then we will not be dissatisfied with this semblance

of things and will hold fast only to this, that no one should come to a halt at any ulterior motives in the presentation of this *perspectivity*: — which in fact has befallen almost all philosophers hitherto, for they all had ulterior motives and loved *their* "truths" — To be sure: here we must raise the problem of truthfulness: supposing we live in consequence of error, what then can the "will to truth" be? Must it not be a "will to death"? — Might the striving of philosophers and scientific men perhaps be a symptom of degenerating, dying life, a kind of weariness of life on the part of life itself? Quaeritur: and here one might truly become thoughtful.

40.

Scepticism toward the sceptics. — What happiness the delicate down bestows on things! How the whole of life shines with beautiful semblances! It was the great falsifications and interpretations that hitherto raised us above the happiness of the animal — into the human! And conversely: what has the creaking of the logical machinery, the self-mirroring of the spirit, the unravelling of the instincts brought with it hitherto? Supposing you had dissolved everything into formulas and your faith into degrees of probability: since you could not live according to that, what? should you live with a bad conscience? And once man feels faith in goodness, justice and truth at the ground of things to be a *hair-raising falsification*: how is he to feel about *himself*, insofar as he is after all part and piece of this world? As something hair-raising, false: — — —

41.

There are

no immediate sensations Spir 2 p. 56.

no immediate feelings of pain

no immediate thoughts

If there were immediate knowledge, one would not be permitted, like J. St. Mill, to speak of the "relativity of knowledge."

42.

The assumption of *one subject* is perhaps not necessary; perhaps it is just as permissible to assume a multiplicity of subjects, whose interplay and struggle lies at the basis of our thinking and of our consciousness in general? A kind of *aristocracy* of "cells," in which dominion rests? Surely of pares, who are accustomed to ruling together and know how to command?

My hypotheses:

the

subject as *multiplicity*

the

pain as intellectual and dependent on the judgment "harmful": projected

the

effect always "unconscious": the inferred and imagined "cause" is projected, *follows* in time.

the

pleasure is a kind of pain.

the

only *force* there is, is of the same kind as that of the will, a commanding of other subjects, which thereupon change.

the

constant transience and fleetingness of the subject, "mortal soul"

the

number as perspectival form.

43.

Within a herd, within every community, thus inter pares, the *overestimation* of truthfulness makes good sense. Not to let oneself be deceived — and *consequently*, as personal morality, not to deceive oneself! A mutual obligation among equals! Toward the *outside*, danger and caution demand that one be *on guard against deception*: as a psychological precondition of this, also *within*. Mistrust as the source of truthfulness.

44.

Supposing the world were false, life to be comprehended only on the ground of delusion, under the shelter of delusion, by the guiding thread of delusion: what then would "to live according to nature" mean? Might the precept not be precisely this: "*be* a deceiver"? Indeed, how would one even contrive to avoid deceiving? We are mistaken about ourselves and are incomprehensible to ourselves: how much more so are we to our "neighbours"! But they do not believe themselves deceived by us — and *upon that* rests all intercourse with mutual rights and duties. — That deceiving does not lie in my *intention*, granted! But looked at more finely: I also do nothing to enlighten my neighbours about the fact *that* they are deceived about me. I do not prevent their error, I do not combat it, I let it happen — : to that extent I am, after all, the deceiver *by will*. But I proceed in exactly the same way toward myself: self-knowledge does *not* belong among the feelings of obligation; even when I seek to know myself, it happens for reasons of utility or of a subtler curiosity, — but *not* out of the will

to truthfulness. — That the truthful man is worth more than the liar, in the household of humanity, would still have to be proven. The very great and mighty *have been* deceivers hitherto: their task demanded it of them. Provided it should turn out that life and advancement are possible only upon a consistent and long being-deceived: then the consistent deceivers might attain the highest honours, as conditioners of life and promoters of life. That one *does harm* by not telling the truth is the belief of the naive, a kind of frog's-eye perspective of morality. If life and the *value* of life rest upon well-believed errors, then precisely the truth-speaker, the truth-willer, might be the one who does harm (as the unraveller of illusions).

45.

The Philosopher of the Future.

Thoughts on Discipline and Breeding.

46.

NB. Our distant, future destiny holds sway over us even when we as yet have no eye open for it; for long stretches of time we experience only riddles. The choice of people and things, the selection of events, the thrusting away of what is most agreeable, often of what is most revered — it frightens us, as if a chance, a caprice, broke out of us here and there like a volcano: but it is the higher reason of our future task. Seen looking forward, all that happens to us may appear only as the unanimity of chance and nonsense: looking backward, I for my part can no longer discover anything of either in my life.

47.

Descent. What is noble? The origin of the nobility. The imitative talents such as Voltaire.

The Great Liberation.

The Seven Solitudes.

The Will to Power.

48.

On the Order of Rank.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

First Book

:

Breeding and Discipline.

Second Book

:

the great liberation.

Third Book

:

the seven solitudes.

Overcoming of Morality.

Fourth Book

:

the will to power.

49.

Let us be mistrustful of all apparent "simultaneity"! Fragments of time slip in there which may be called small only by a coarse measure, e.g. our human measure of time; in abnormal states, however, e.g. as hashish smokers or in the moment of mortal danger, we humans too gain some notion that in one second of our pocket watch a thousand thoughts can be thought, a thousand experiences experienced. When I open my eye, the visible world stands there, seemingly at once: meanwhile, however, something tremendous has happened, a manifold of

happenings: — firstly secondly thirdly: but here let the physiologists speak!

50.

Under the not unperilous title "the will to power" a new philosophy, or, to speak more plainly, *the attempt at a new interpretation of all happening,* is herewith to find words: fairly enough only provisionally and temptingly, only preparatorily and pre-questioningly, only as a "prelude" to a seriousness for which initiated and select ears are needed, as indeed goes without saying for everything a philosopher says *publicly*, — or at least *ought* to go without saying. But today, thanks to the superficial and presumptuous spirit of an age that believes in the "equality of all rights", it has come to this, that one by no means any longer — — — For every philosopher should have the virtue of the educator to this extent, that before he undertakes to convince he must first understand how to persuade. Indeed the seducer must, before all proving, undermine and shake, and before all commanding and leading the way, first try how far he understands also how to seduce.

51.

Concepts are something living, consequently also something now growing, now dwindling: many concepts have died a wretched death. In a simile they might well be described as cells, with a cell nucleus and a body around it that is not fixed and — — —

52.

There are fateful words which seem to express a knowledge and in truth prevent a knowledge; among them belongs the word "appearances". What confusion the "appearances" wreak may be betrayed by

these propositions, which I borrow from various more recent philosophers.

against the word "*appearances*".

53.

NB. *Appearance*, as I understand it, is the actual and only reality of things, — that to which all existing predicates first belong and which is comparatively still best designated by all predicates, thus also by the opposing ones. But with the word nothing more is to be expressed than its *inaccessibility* to logical procedures and distinctions: thus "appearance" in relation to "logical truth" — which, however, is itself possible only in an imaginary world. I therefore do not set "appearance" in opposition to "reality", but on the contrary take appearance as the reality which resists transformation into an imaginative "truth-world". A definite name for this reality would be "the will to power", designated namely from within and not from its ungraspable, fluid Protean nature.

54.

The *intentionality* of actions is nothing decisive in morality (belongs to the short-sighted *individualistic* tendency). "End" and "means" are, in relation to the whole species from which they grow, only symptomatic, in themselves ambiguous and almost ungraspable. The animal and the plant show their moral character according to the conditions of life in which they are placed. Only behind the "intentionality" does the decisive thing lie. One will never be permitted to isolate the individual: "Here, one must say, is a growth with such and such a prehistory."

55.

The *lawfulness of nature* is a false humanitarian interpretation. It is a matter of an absolute establishment of relations of power, of the whole brutality, without the mitigation which in organic life is brought by anticipation of the future, caution and cunning and prudence, in short, by spirit. The absolute momentariness of the will to power reigns; in man (and already in the cell) this establishment is a process which continually shifts with the growth of all participants — a struggle, provided one understands this word so widely and deeply as to understand even the relation of the ruler to the ruled as a wrestling, and the relation of the obeying to the ruling as a resisting.

56.

I.

On noble and common morality.

"Morality": a *type* of man is to be *preserved*. Noble morality.

The human in some measure or other is to be preserved: common morality.

2.

The intentionality of actions.

3.

The evil in the virtues.

4.

The bad drives and their usefulness.

57.

NB! But is something at rest really happier than everything in motion? Is the unchangeable really and necessarily more valuable than a thing that changes? And if someone contradicts himself a thousand times and goes many ways and wears many masks and finds in himself no end and no last line of horizon: is it more probable that such a one learns less of the "truth" than a virtuous Stoic who has set himself once and for all in his place like a pillar and with the hard skin of a pillar? But prejudices of this sort sit at the threshold of all philosophy hitherto: and especially this one, that certainty is better than uncertainty and open seas, and that it is appearance which a philosopher has to combat as his true enemy.

58.

It matters little as yet that one should know *what* I actually wanted from Richard Wagner at that time (although the reader of my Birth of Tragedy ought not to be in the dark about it), indeed that I, through a demand of this kind, certainly proved most thoroughly how greatly I was in error about him and his capacity. Enough that my error — including the belief in a common destiny that bound us together — brings dishonour neither on him nor on me, and, in any case, was for us both at that time, as two men made solitary in very different ways, no small refreshment and boon

There came the moment when I felt in how far I had wanted *far too much* with regard to Richard Wagner: and, somewhat later, the still worse moment when he my — — —

59.

Conclusion of "*man in company*"

Preface and Preliminary Question:

"what are free spirits?"

1.

"A soul in which worldly wisdom dwells must, through its health, make the body healthy too": so says Montaigne, and today I gladly give my assent to it, as one who has experience in this domain. "There can be nothing merrier, livelier, I had almost said more diverting, than the world and its wisdom": so I likewise say with Montaigne — but under what pale and ghastly masks did wisdom pass me by in those days! Enough, I was often enough afraid of her and was loath to be alone with her in such a fashion — — — and so I set out, alone and silent, but with a tenacious "will to wisdom" and to the South, — upon my wanderings. In those days I called myself, privately, a "free spirit", or "Prince Vogelfrei", and whoever had asked me: where, then, are you still at home? would have received from me the answer: "perhaps Beyond Good and Evil, nowhere else". But I bore it so hard that I had no companions on the road: and so one day I cast out a fishhook for other "free spirits" — with this very book, which I already named by name as "a book for free spirits".

Today, to be sure — what does one not learn in ten years! — I hardly know any longer whether with this book I am seeking companions and "fellow wanderers". For in the meantime I have learned what few now understand: to bear solitude, to — "understand" solitude; and today I would go so far as to count it among the essential marks of a "free spirit" that he prefers to walk alone, prefers to fly alone, and even, when for once his legs are sick, prefers to *crawl* alone. Solitude kills when it does not heal: that is true; solitude belongs to a harsh

and dangerous art of healing. But certain it is that, *when* it heals, it also sets a man upon his feet healthier and more sovereign than ever a man in company, or a tree in its forest, could stand: solitude tests most thoroughly, more than any sickness itself, whether one is born and predestined for *life* — or for death, like the very great majority. Enough, it was only out of solitude that I learned to think the belonging-together concepts "free spirit" and "health" through to the very end.

2.

We "free spirits" live singly and here and there upon the earth — there is no changing that; we are few — and so it is fitting. It belongs to our pride to think that our kind is a *rare* and *strange* kind; and we do not crowd toward one another, perhaps we do not even "long" for one another. To be sure: when for once we meet, as today, then there is a feast! When we use the word "happiness" in the sense of *our* philosophy, we do not think first of all, like the weary, the anxious and the suffering among philosophers, of outer and inner peace, of painlessness, immobility, undisturbedness, of a "sabbath of sabbaths", of something that may come close in value to deep sleep. Rather the uncertain, the changing, the transformable, the ambiguous is *our* world, a dangerous world! more so, surely, than the simple, the self-same, the calculable, the fixed, to which philosophers hitherto, as heirs of herd instincts and herd valuations, have paid the highest honour. Known in many lands of the spirit and driven about, etc.

3.

Have I thereby described you? Or only, in a new way, *kept silent* about you? I do not know: but you tell me that in any case you fear I have *laid hold of the wrong* name? That the name "free spirit" has been taken already? That it leads astray? That on account of this name we shall

be confused with others? — But why, between ourselves, why ever, my friends, should we *not* lead astray? What does it matter that *people* confuse us? Shall *we* on that account confuse ourselves? And finally: would it not perhaps be worse if — — ?

Very well, I understand you: you absolutely want another, a new name! "Out of pride", you tell me: the best argument on the strength of which one may commit any folly. So I begin anew: now open your ears to my news!

— But here you interrupt me, you free spirits. "Enough, enough! I hear you shout and laugh — we can bear it no longer! Oh, this ghastly buffoon! This virtuous traitor and slanderer! Do you mean to ruin our reputation before the whole world? To blacken our good name? To hang upon us surnames that eat their way not only into the skin? Silence, you disturber of consciences! And why, in bright blue daylight, these gloomy grimaces, these gurgling tones, all this raven-black music? If you speak truths: to such truths no feet can *dance*, and so they are no truths for *us*. Ecce nostrum veritatis sigillum! And here is turf and soft ground: what could be better than swiftly to chase away your crotchets and, after your "night", make us a good day? But someone must strike up for us! And away first with all the storm clouds! It is time that at last a rainbow should stretch once more over the land, some bright and lovely bridge of lies, on which only spirits, very free, very airy, merry spirits can walk! And last of all and first of all: have you no *milk* to drink? You yourself have made us thirsty for your milk!"

— "As much as you like, my friends. There, you see, my flock is leaping, all my tender, sunny, windless lambs and rams: and here a whole pail of milk already stands ready for you, a pail full of fresh-milked truths, still warm enough to make you warm again. Incipit: "Human, All Too Human. Good milk for free spirits." Will you drink of it?

Fair it is to be silent together — — —

60.

Artist's pessimism. — There are very different kinds of artists. If Richard Wagner must be a pessimist, what compels him to it is aversion to himself, the worm of manifold self-contempt, the need for intoxicants — his art included — in order to endure life at all, and again the disgust behind the intoxication, and on top of all this the consciousness of play-acting, the pressure of unfreedom from which everyone suffers who must disguise himself because he cannot bear himself naked —, and on the other hand the insatiable hunger for praise and noise, because such comedians must always first have their faith in themselves bestowed upon them from without, and always only for moments: — it is not at all open to them to renounce praise and noise! But what avail even the most rapturous moments of the vanitatum vanitas, what avails all the incense, all the self-deification! Straightaway the old grief digs anew! and above all the storms of passion, or of intemperance masked as passion, there will at last always sound forth again an inner, weak, hesitant voice, a *condemning* voice: — Such artists glorify in their art, involuntarily and unavoidably, their "not-I" and everything that forms the extreme opposite to themselves: that is to say, in Wagner's case, all the extravagant virtues, e.g. unconditional fidelity or unconditional chastity or the simplicity of the child or ascetic self-sacrifices: so that to a certain degree one has a right to be suspicious of the character of every artist who always glorifies only extravagant virtues: for thereby he seeks to get away from himself and negates himself! But let *us* be content with that! In the end such an artist, for all his will to world-negation, praises and extols something that is, after all, *possible in this world: art can be nothing other than world-affirmation!* — And my objection, my friends, was no objection.

So then, my friend: one will notice in his judgement, even if one does not agree with it, that he loved Wagner very much: for an opponent never takes his object as deeply as he does. There is no doubt that, in suffering from Wagner, he also suffers with Wagner.

61.

On the Plan.

Our intellect, our will, and likewise our sensations are dependent on our *valuations*: these correspond to our drives and their conditions of existence. Our drives are reducible to *the will to power*.

The will to power is the ultimate fact we come down to.

Our intellect a tool

Our will

Our feelings of displeasure

Our sensations

already dependent on the valuations

62.

The *glossing* historiography of *Ranke*, his pussyfooting at every point where what matters is to present a dreadful absurdity of chance as such; his faith in a quasi-immanent finger of God that now and then nudges and shifts something in the clockwork: for he no longer dares, the over-anxious one, to regard him either as the clockwork or as the cause of the clockwork

63.

Preface to "Mixed Opinions and Maxims".

What kind of people might they be who take delight in such jottings? — I shall be permitted to paint my picture of this kind quickly on the nearest wall to hand: here, on the pages of my "Preface". I should also least of all wish to lay claim straight away to a designation, a single word for them, although such things may exist: — perhaps someone who sees my picture will find the word by himself — the "right word"!

This kind of people protects the artist and philosopher, but does not confuse itself with him. They are idle, they have the reason for otium

64.

For a long time I took the very greatest pains to see in R. Wagner a kind of Cagliostro: may I be forgiven this not unhazardous notion, which at least is prompted not by hatred and aversion but by the enchantment which this incomparable man exercised upon me too: added to which, by my observation the real "geniuses", the genuine ones of the highest rank, do *not*, one and all, "enchant" in such a fashion, so that "genius" alone did not seem to me sufficient to explain that mysterious influence.

65.

Preface.

Whoever has the cravings of a lofty and fastidious soul will at all times be in great danger: today, however, the danger is extraordinary. Thrown into a noisy, rabble-like age with which he does not care to eat from one dish, he may easily perish of hunger and thirst, or, should he after all finally "help himself", of disgust. To such a man a

few strokes of good fortune must come to his aid at the right hour, which might somehow still make good whatever harm he has perhaps suffered through an unsated, yearning and solitary youth: for example, that a strict calling is found for him, in whose service he is for a time estranged from himself and his sickness, and has to live wholly and entirely for the demands of a brave spirituality. Or that he opens his ear to a philosopher who leads him back and away from everything timely and pleasing to the times towards goals more "enduring" than the present, without, however, through an excess of negation damaging in his pupil the sense of reverence itself: that he becomes a friend to good music and, best of all, to good musicians themselves — a great refreshment (for good musicians are all hermits and "outside of time") and a good antidote against an all too warlike and wrathful inclination which has a lust to hurl itself upon the men and things of today.

It happened late — I was already past my twenties — that I discovered what I was really still entirely lacking: namely justice. "What is justice? And is it possible? And if it should not be possible, how then would life be endurable?" — thus I asked myself unceasingly. It frightened me deeply, wherever I dug within myself, to find only passions, only corner-perspectives, only the unscrupulousness of one who lacks even the preconditions of justice: but where was prudence? — namely prudence born of comprehensive insight. The only thing I granted myself was *courage* and a certain *hardness*, which is the fruit of long self-mastery. Indeed it already took courage and hardness to admit so much to oneself, and so late besides. Enough, I found reasons, and ever better reasons, to mistrust my praise as well as my blame, and to laugh at the judicial dignity I had arrogated to myself: indeed, I finally *forbade* myself, with shame, every right to Yes and No; at the same time a sudden and violent curiosity awoke in me about the unknown world, — in short, I resolved to go into a hard and long

new school, and as far away as possible from my corner. Perhaps on the way justice itself would one day come to meet me! Thus there began for me a time of *wandering*.

What really befell me at that time? I did not understand myself, but the impulse was like a command. It seems that our distant future destiny disposes of us; for a long time we experience only riddles. The choice of events, the seizing hold and sudden desiring, the thrusting away of what is most agreeable, often of what is most revered: such things frighten us, as though an arbitrariness, something capricious, mad, volcanic were breaking out of us here and there. But it is only the higher reason and foresight of our future task. Does the long sentence of my life perhaps wish — so I asked myself uneasily — to be read *backwards*? Forwards, of that there is no doubt, I then read only "words without sense".

A great, ever greater *liberation*, a willful going-into-foreign-parts, an "estrangement", a chilling, a sobering — this alone, nothing more, was my desire in those years. I tested everything to which my heart had until then attached itself at all, I turned the best and most beloved things around and looked at their reverse sides, I did the opposite with everything upon which the human art of slander and defamation had hitherto most finely practised itself. At that time I went round many a thing that had until then remained foreign to me with a sparing, even loving curiosity, I learned to feel more fairly about — our age and everything "modern". It may on the whole well have been an uncanny and wicked game; — I was often sick from it. That liberation comes suddenly like an earthquake: the young soul must see what is befalling it. It is at the same time a sickness that can destroy a man: this first outbreak of strength and of the will to self-determination; and far more sickly are the first strange and wild attempts of the spirit to set the world to rights now with its own fist. But my resolution held firm; and, sick myself, I still put the best face on my "game" and

maliciously resisted every conclusion in which sickness or solitude or the weariness of wandering *might* have had a share. "Onward," I told myself, "tomorrow you will be healthy, today it is enough to pretend to be healthy." At that time I became master over everything "pessimistic" in me; the *will* to health itself, the play-acting of health, was my remedy. What I then felt and *willed* as "health" is expressed intelligibly and tellingly enough in these sentences (p. 37 of the first edition): "a steadied, gentle and fundamentally cheerful soul, a disposition that need not be on its guard against malice and sudden outbursts and that bears in its utterances nothing of the growling tone and the doggedness — those familiar, tiresome qualities of old dogs and men who have long lain on the chain; — and as the most desirable state, that free, fearless hovering above men, customs, laws and the traditional valuations of things". — In truth a kind of bird's freedom and bird's survey, something of curiosity and contempt at once, such as everyone knows who, uninvolved, surveys a tremendous manifoldness. — "A free spirit" — this cool word does one good in that state, it almost warms; one has become the counterpart of those who concern themselves with things that are none of their concern; the free spirit — is concerned with nothing but things that no longer "trouble" him.

There is no help for it, though it be a hard nut that here wants cracking: — the higher man, the exceptional man, *must*, if he is otherwise — — —

The personal result of all this was at that time (Human, All Too Human, p. 31), as I designated it, the logical negation of the world: namely the judgement that the world *which concerns us at all* is false. "*Not* the world as thing in itself — this is empty, empty of meaning and worthy of Homeric laughter! — but the world *as error* is so rich in meaning, deep, wonderful, bearing happiness and unhappiness in its womb": so I decreed at that time — . The "overcoming of metaphys-

ics", "a matter of the highest exertion of human circumspection", p. 23, I regarded as accomplished: and at the same time I laid upon myself the demand to *hold fast* to a great grateful sense toward this overcome metaphysics, insofar as "the greatest furtherance of mankind" had come from it.

But in the background stood the will to a far wider curiosity, indeed to a monstrous experiment: the thought dawned in me whether all values could not be reversed, and again and again the question came back: "what do all human valuations mean at all? What do they betray of the conditions of life, — of your life, further of human life, finally of all life whatsoever? —

66.

Draft for 2) of the preface: whoever has experienced nothing similar has no business here. A book of preparation. One must write a preface not only to invite but to scare away.

"Our highest insights must and shall etc.

To forestall confusion, I have added much in order to round out the *state* in which I at that time

: it is a *necessary* state of transition for some men. — Some things I was now able to say more *intelligibly*.

Warding off the "freethinkers".

Against the scabies anarchistica. It is a book through which natures destined to rule and to lead the way are, under certain circumstances, to be brought to terrible resolutions, to reflection upon the *discipline* against oneself, the kind of superiority and accessibility to many ways of thinking (suppleness), and that tremendous health which does not wish to do without even sickness, for a higher purpose.

That discipline and self-mastery of the spirit which is just as much a suppleness of the heart and an art of the mask: that inner capaciousness and pampering which permits one to walk the paths toward many and opposed ways of thinking without our running the danger of losing our way in them or falling in love with them; that tremendous health which does not wish to do without even sickness, that surplus of plastic, healing, imitating, restoring forces

67.

Only then did I acquire an eye for history: Ranke. Ignorance in the natural sciences and in the art of healing makes our historians into modest advocates of the facta: as though something good were bound to "come out" for us after all, at least some little "finger of God".

68.

No. 1 of M. All Too: *The Sphinx*. —

Conclusion of Section I: *the new Oedipus*.

69.

Our "spirit", together with feelings and sensations, is a tool which is at the service of a many-headed and much-divided master: this master is our valuations. Our valuations, however, betray something of what our *conditions of life* are (in the smallest part the conditions of the person, in a wider part those of the species "man", in the greatest and widest part the conditions under which *life* is possible at all).

70.

"*German*".

Questions and dashes.

German pessimism

German Romanticism.

The rediscoverers of the Greeks.

German anarchism.

The dangers of the Jewish soul.

The literati.

Women.

The hermits.

The demagogues in art.

German style.

German music. South Orient (two Souths: Venice and Provence)

The "Enlightenment" and modern ideas.

Schoolmaster culture.

Wagnerism.

The Europeans.

The German spirit.

The Jews

Voilà un homme.

"Depth"

The Christian European.

Notebook 41: August–September 1885

1.

Sils-Maria, end of August 1885

Friedrich Nietzsche, Collected Writings.

Firstlings.

The Birth of Tragedy.

Untimely Meditations.

Address on Homer.

Human, All Too Human. A Book for Free Spirits.

"Among Ourselves." Mixed Opinions and Maxims.

Daybreak. Thoughts on Moral Prejudices

Gai saber. Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

Thus Spoke Zarathustra. A Book for All and None.

Noontide and Eternity. Testament of a Soothsayer.

"Exultabit Solitudo et florebit quasi lilium."

Isaiah.

2.

A New Untimely Meditation. —

1.

In one's young years one reveres and despises like a fool, and one offers up, no doubt, one's tenderest and highest feelings to the interpretation of men and things that do not belong to us, any more than we belong to them. *Youth* itself is something falsifying and deceitful. It seems that the reverent and the wrathful that are proper to youth have no rest whatsoever until they have so "falsified" men and things to suit themselves that they can discharge their affects upon them. Later, when one has grown stronger, deeper, also more truthful, one is startled to discover how little one had one's eyes open back then, when one sacrificed on these altars. One is angry with oneself for not having seen all that was vain, exaggerating, spurious, painted, theatrical in our beloved idols, — one is angry with oneself on account of this self-blinding, as though it had been a dishonest blindness. In this transition one takes revenge on oneself, through mistrust; one is on guard against one's enthusiastic feelings — indeed "the good conscience" itself already seems to one like a danger, like a self-veiling and a weariness of one's own honesty. Another decade later: and one comprehends that all this too was still — *youth*. —

2.

— What I myself once wrote, in my "young years", about Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner, and wrote less than *painted* — perhaps in an all-too-audacious, high-spirited, over-youthful al fresco — that is what I least of all wish today to examine in detail for "true" and "false". But supposing I had erred back then: my error brings dishonour, at the very least, neither upon those named nor upon myself! It *is* something to err *thus*; it *is* also something to seduce precisely *me* into error in such a manner. Moreover it was in any case an inestimable boon to me, back then when I resolved to paint "the philosopher" and "the

artist" and, as it were, my own "categorical imperative", — to be able to paint my new colours not wholly into the unreal, but, as it were, onto figures already sketched out. Without knowing it, I spoke only for myself, indeed at bottom only of myself. Meanwhile: everything I experienced back then — these are experiences typical of a certain kind of man, to which to help give an expression — — — And whoever reads those writings with a young and fiery soul will perhaps divine the grave vows with which I bound myself back then for my life, — with which I resolved upon *my* life: may he be one of those few who — *may* resolve upon a like life and like vows!

3.

There was a moment when I secretly began to laugh at Richard Wagner, back then when he was preparing for his last role and stepped before the dear Germans with the gestures of a miracle-worker, a herald of salvation, a prophet, indeed even a philosopher. And since I had not yet ceased to love him, my own laughter still bit me to the heart: as belongs to the story of everyone who becomes independent of his teacher and at last finds his own way. In this period arose the lively essay that follows here, from which, it seems to me, many a young German can still draw his profit even today: — I myself, minded as I now am, would wish everything to have been said more patiently, also more warmly and more gently. In the meantime I divined all too much of the painful and harrowing tragedy that lies hidden behind the life of such a man as Richard Wagner was.

4.

Richard Wagner has beyond all doubt given the Germans etc.

5.

But the musician Richard Wagner? — "Richard Wagner and no end": that is today's watchword.

But we friends of music are thereby at the end of our patience. For so long we have put the best face on the bad game of Wagnerism and, with the help of all virtues and aesthetics, have coaxed and admonished ourselves through a whole long rainy day: "how beautiful even bad weather is! How many charms lie hidden in the folds of the storm! How finely the rain understands "endless melody"! How incomparably a flash of lightning shines amid long grey gloom! And the thunder above all: how beautiful is the chromaticism of thunder!" But at last, at last we want to see the cleared sky again and at the very least to have the *beautiful evening* we deserve, after so virtuous but so wicked a day! — Really? The evening? Is it really already "growing toward evening"? Is even our best art, music, now on the wane? My friends, here is one who no longer believes it! It is far from time for evening! And Wagner signified neither the day nor the evening of our art, — but only a dangerous incident, an exception and a question mark, *which has put our conscience to the test*! Still in good time we learned to say No! Every upright and profound musician today says No to Wagner and to himself, insofar as he still "Wagnerizes" — and all the more thoroughly the more he in particular went to school with Wagner, learned from Wagner.

6.

All the worse, to be sure, may it stand with the less gifted musicians, and also with those hungry for money and honours: there are, precisely for them, choice seductions in Wagner's way of making music. For it is *easy* to compose with Wagnerian means and artifices; it may also, given the demagogic craving of today's artists to stir up the

"masses", be more profitable, namely more "effective", "overwhelming", "striking", "gripping", and whatever else the treacherous pet words of the theatre rabble and of dilettante enthusiasts may be. But what, in the end, in matters of art, do the noise and the enthusiasm of "masses" signify! *Good* music never has a "public": — it is not and can never be "public", it belongs to the most select, it ought always and solely — to speak in a simile — to be there *for the "camera"*! "Masses" sniff out the one who best knows how to flatter them; in their way they are grateful to all demagogic talents and repay them as best they can. (How "masses" know how to *thank*, with what "spirit" and "taste", the death of Victor Hugo gave instructive testimony: has so much nonsense degrading to France been printed and spoken in all the centuries of France together as on that occasion? But at Richard Wagner's burial too the flatteries of gratitude rose as high as the "pious" wish: "Redemption to the Redeemer!" —)

NB. There is no doubt that Wagnerian art today has an effect on the masses: that it is capable of this — ought not something thereby to be said about this art itself? For three good things in art the "masses" have never had any sense: for nobility, for logic and for beauty — pulchrum est paucorum hominum —: not to speak of a still better thing, of the *grand style*, to which hitherto even the most highly constituted artists of modern times were permitted to say neither Yes nor No: — they have as yet had no right to it, they felt themselves far from it and ashamed before it, and this shame was precisely their highest height! From the grand style Wagner stands farthest of all: the extravagant and heroically boastful character of his artistic means stands downright in *opposition* to the grand style; and likewise the tenderly seductive, the manifoldly stimulating, the restless, uncertain, suspenseful, momentary, secretly effusive, the whole "supersensual" masquerade of sick senses, and whatever else may be called "Wagnerian" in the typical sense. And yet, despite the most thorough

incapacity for it: Wagner *squints* toward the grand *style*, he who is not even capable of ordinary, proper, genuine *logic*! He knows this well enough, he recognized it early: but at once he set about, with the unscrupulous actor's dexterity that constitutes his mastery, interpreting his deficiency to his own advantage. There is much that is seductive in the illogical, the half-logical: — Wagner divined that thoroughly —: especially for Germans, among whom unclarity is felt as "depth". The manliness and rigour of a logical development were denied him: but he found something "more effective"! "Music," he taught, "is always only a means; the end is the drama." The drama? No, the attitude! — *thus* at least Wagner understood it within himself. Before all and first of all the stirring attitude! Something that overwhelms and makes one shudder! What does the "sufficient reason" matter! A kind of ambiguity, even in rhythmic phrasing, likewise belongs among his favourite artistic means, a kind of intoxication and sleepwalking which no longer knows how to "follow" an argument and unleashes a dangerous will to blind following and yielding.

Just look at our *women* when they are "Wagnetized": what "unfreedom of the will"! What fatalism in the dying gaze! What letting-happen, what letting-it-all-pass-over-oneself! Perhaps they even suspect that, in this condition of an "unhinged" will, they possess one charm and allure *more* for a certain kind of men?: what one reason *more* for the adoration of their Cagliostro and wonder-man! In the case of the genuine "maenads" of Wagner-worship one may without hesitation infer even hysteria and sickness; something is not in order in their sexuality; or there is a lack of children, or, in the most tolerable case, of men.

7.

As for the *youths* who pay homage to Wagner, they are as a rule poorly musical. (One of the best of them once even said to me in all

sincerity: "I understand *nothing at all* about music, but Wagner unites everything good there is today — he is an anti-Semite, a vegetarian, and abhors vivisection.") The Wagnerian youths, in many respects a very refreshing and noble kind of youth, — revere in Wagner roughly the same thing that the passionate disciples of Victor Hugo around 1828 revered in their idol: above all the master of grand words and gestures, the advocate of all swelling feelings, of all exalted instincts, then the daring innovator and loosener of chains in struggle and opposition to the older, stricter, perhaps more limited artistic training, the opener of new approaches, new prospects, new distances, new depths and heights; finally, and not least: this German youth reveres in Wagner the commanding quality, the capacity to give orders noisily, to stand upon himself alone, to refer back to himself alone, stubbornly to say Yes to himself, and always in the name of the "chosen people", the Germans! — in short, the tribune-of-the-people and demagogic element in Wagner. Of what bad, indeed abominable taste this whole "self-staging" of Wagner's is, such enthusiastic youths as yet see nothing: youth *has*, after all, the right to bad taste, — it is *its* right. But if one wishes to learn *whither* the innocence and the unhesitating willingness of youths can be led and misled by an old, restless pied piper, then let one cast a glance at that literary swamp out of which the master, grown old, at last loves to sing with his "young ones" (is "sing" the right word?), I mean the ill-reputed "Bayreuther Blätter". That is truly a *swamp*: presumption, Teutomania and confusion of concepts in the murkiest jumble, an insufferable sugar of the "sweetest" compassion poured over it, in between that already intimated inclination for green vegetables and that purposeful unction and sentimentality on behalf of animals, *right* beside the undisguised, genuine and thorough hatred of science and in general the mockery and besmirching of everything that stands and stood in Wagner's way — how the *nobler* nature of Mendelssohn, the *purer* nature of Schumann stood in the way of his influence! — and with it a shrewd

squinting after new auxiliary troops, an "accommodation" toward the side of powerful parties, for example the utterly unclean playing and ogling with *Christian* symbols — Wagner, the old atheist, antinomian and immoralist, even once unctuously invokes the "blood of the Redeemer"! — on the whole the impudence of an old, thickly incense-wreathed high priest who proclaims his dark feelings like revelations about all conceivable realms of thought, precisely those wholly withheld and forbidden to him; and all this in a German, a veritable swamp-German of unclarity and exaggeration, such as perhaps has not been attained even by the most "German"-hostile of Hegel's pupils!

8.

Perhaps only now can it be made clear *where* Wagner belongs: namely *not* in the great line of the authentic and genuine of the highest rank, *not* at that Olympian "court of courts". Rather, a quite different rank and a quite different honour is due to Wagner — and indeed no small and common one: Wagner is one of those three actor-geniuses of art from whom the *multitude* in this century — and it is, after all, the "century of the multitude"! — has almost first *learned* the concept "artist": I mean those three strange and dangerous men, Paganini, Liszt, Wagner, who, questionably placed in the middle between "God" and "ape", were predestined as much for "imitating" as for inventing, for creating *in the art of imitation itself*, and whose instinct divined everything that can be discovered and exploited for the purpose of delivery, of expression, of effect, of enchantment, of seduction. As demonic mediators and interpreters of art they became — and *are* today — the masters of all artists of interpretation whatsoever: everyone in these circles has learned from them; — among actors and performing players of every kind one will therefore also have to seek the hearth and likewise the origin of the real "Wagner cult". But leaving

aside these circles, to whom one may grant every right to their faith and superstition, and with regard to the entire phenomenon of those three actor-geniuses and its most secret and most general meaning, I cannot get past raising within myself the same question again and again: what seemingly expresses itself anew in those three, is it perhaps after all only the old and eternal "Cagliostro", merely newly disguised, newly staged, "set to music", set to religion — as may best suit the taste of the new century — the century of the *multitude*, as I said? No longer, then, like the last Cagliostro, as the seducer of a noble and weary culture, but — as a *demagogic* Cagliostro? — And our music, with whose help "magic" is worked here: — what, I beg and ask you, does our German music signify!

9.

— This *last* Wagner, at bottom a broken and overcome man, who nevertheless could not leave off the grand play-acting, this Wagner who at the very end even spoke of the "raptures" he knew how to win from the Protestant Communion, while at the same time, with his Parsifal music, he stretched out his hands towards everything properly *Roman*: this flatterer of all German vanities, obscurities and presumptions, offering himself on every side, — this *last* Wagner was supposed to be the last and highest summit of our music and the expression of the finally attained synthesis of the "German soul", *the* German himself? — It was in the summer of 1876 that I forswore *this* faith within myself; and with that there began that movement of the German conscience of which ever more serious, ever clearer signs are making themselves known today, — and the *decline* of Wagnerism!

3.

There is only nobility of birth, only nobility of blood. (I am not speaking here of the little word "von" and the Almanach de Gotha: a

parenthesis for asses.) Wherever there is talk of "aristocrats of the spirit", there is mostly no lack of reasons for concealing something; it is, as is well known, a pet word among ambitious Jews. For spirit alone does not ennoble; rather, something is first needed *that ennobles the spirit*. — What, then, is needed for that? Blood.

4.

German philosophy as a whole — Leibniz, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, to name the great ones — is the most thoroughgoing kind of *romanticism* and homesickness there has ever been: the longing for the best that ever was. One is no longer at home anywhere; at last one longs to go back to wherever one can somehow be at home, because there alone would one wish to be at home: and that is the Greek world! But it is precisely thither that all bridges are broken down, — *except* the rainbows of concepts! And these lead everywhere, into all the homelands and "fatherlands" there ever were for Greek souls! To be sure: one must be very fine, very light, very thin to step across these bridges! But what happiness there lies already in this will to spirituality, almost to ghostliness! How far one is thereby from "pressure and impact", from the mechanistic clumsiness of natural science, from the fairground din of "modern ideas"! One wants to go *back*, through the Church Fathers to the Greeks, from the North to the South, from formulas to forms; one still savours the exit of antiquity, Christianity, as an entrance to it, as a good piece of the old world itself, as a glittering mosaic of ancient concepts and ancient value judgements. Arabesques, flourishes, rococo of scholastic abstractions — still better, that is, finer and thinner, than the peasant and rabble reality of the European North, still a protest of higher spirituality against the Peasants' War and rabble uprising that has become master over spiritual taste in the north of Europe and that had its leader in the great "unspiritual man", in Luther: — In this regard German philo-

sophy is a piece of Counter-Reformation, even of Renaissance, at least will to Renaissance, will to *continue* the discovery of antiquity, the excavation of ancient philosophy, above all of the Presocratics —, the best-buried of all Greek temples! Perhaps some centuries hence it will be judged that all German philosophizing has its true dignity in this, in being a step-by-step recovery of the ancient soil, and that every claim to "originality" sounds petty and ridiculous in relation to that higher claim of the Germans to have bound anew the bond that seemed torn, the bond with the Greeks, the most highly constituted type "man" hitherto. Today we are drawing near once more to all those fundamental forms of world-interpretation which the Greek spirit invented in Anaximander, Heraclitus, Parmenides, Empedocles, Democritus and Anaxagoras, — we are becoming more *Greek* from day to day, first, as is only fair, in concepts and valuations, as it were as Hellenizing ghosts: but one day, let us hope, with our *body* too! Herein lies (and has always lain) my hope for the German character!

5.

One opens a woman's book: — and soon one sighs, "another cook gone wrong!"

6.

To the highest and most illustrious of human joys, in which existence celebrates its own transfiguration, only the very rarest and best-constituted attain, as is only fair: and even these only after they themselves and their forebears have lived a long preparatory life towards this goal, and not even in knowledge of this goal. Then an overflowing wealth of the most manifold forces, and at the same time the nimblest power of a "free willing" and of masterly disposing, dwell lovingly together in one man; the spirit is then as much at home and at ease in the senses as the senses are at ease and at home in the spirit; and

everything that plays itself out in the one must also release a fine, extraordinary happiness and play in the others. And likewise the other way round! — one should reflect on this reversal on the occasion of Hafiz; even Goethe, however much in an already weakened image, gives an inkling of this process. It is probable that in such perfect and well-constituted men the most sensual functions are at last transfigured by a rapture of similitude of the highest spirituality; they feel in themselves a kind of *deification of the body* and are furthest removed from the ascetic philosophy of the proposition "God is a spirit": whereby it becomes clear that the ascetic is "the ill-constituted man", who calls only one something in himself, and precisely the judging and condemning something, *good* — and calls it "God". From that height of joy where man feels himself, wholly and utterly, as a deified form and self-justification of nature, down to the joy of healthy peasants and healthy half-human beasts: this whole long, tremendous ladder of light and colour of *happiness* the Greek named, not without the grateful shudder of one initiated into a mystery, not without much caution and pious silence — with the name of a god: Dionysus. — What do all modern men, the children of a fragile, manifold, sick, strange mother, *know*, then, of the *compass* of Greek happiness, what could they know of it! Whence would the slaves of "modern ideas" ever take a right to Dionysian festivals!

7.

It was when the Greek body and the Greek soul "blossomed", and not, say, in states of morbid exaltation and madness, that there arose that mystery-laden symbol of the highest affirmation of the world and transfiguration of existence yet attained on earth. Here a *standard* is given against which everything that has grown since is found too short, too poor, too narrow: — one need only utter the word "Dionysus" before the best of more recent names and things, before

Goethe, say, or before Beethoven, or before Shakespeare, or before Raphael: and all at once we feel our best things and moments *judged*. Dionysus is a *judge*! — Have I been understood? — There is no doubt that the Greeks sought to interpret the ultimate secrets "of the destiny of the soul", and everything they knew about education and purification, above all about the immovable order of rank and inequality of worth between man and man, out of their Dionysian experiences: here lies, for everything Greek, the great depth, the great silence, — *one does not know the Greeks* so long as the hidden subterranean entrance here still lies buried. Importunate scholarly eyes will never see anything of these things, however much scholarship must yet be expended in the service of that excavation —; even the noble zeal of such friends of antiquity as Goethe and Winckelmann has, precisely here, something impermissible, almost immodest about it. To wait and to prepare oneself; to await the springing-up of new sources, to prepare oneself in solitude for strange visions and voices; to wash one's soul ever cleaner of the fairground dust and noise of this age; to *overcome* everything Christian through something supra-Christian, and not merely to put it off from oneself — for the Christian teaching was the counter-teaching to the Dionysian —; to rediscover the *South* in oneself and to stretch out above oneself a bright, gleaming, mysterious southern sky; to reconquer for oneself the southern health and hidden mightiness of the soul; step by step to grow more comprehensive, more supranational, more European, more supra-European, more Oriental, finally more *Greek* — for the Greek was the first great binding-together and synthesis of everything Oriental —: and precisely therewith the *beginning* of the European soul, the discovery of *our* "*new* world": — whoever lives under such imperatives, who knows what may one day befall *him*? Perhaps precisely — *a new day!*

8.

On the German state of culture I declared war in my young years and wielded my sword bravely in the doing: there is no other way. Away with the women, the masculine women and the milksops too! *that* understands nothing of war and wails itself half to death over a single spilt drop of blood. People reproach me with having once "done in" old David Strauss? I shall no doubt have other human lives on my conscience yet — but such is what war and victory bring with them. A thing that is ripe for dying: why go on artificially tending, sparing, and swaddling such a thing? But in the German state of culture nothing wants to be spared: it *is* "ripe".

9.

Preface.

Whoever has the cravings of a lofty and fastidious soul, and only rarely finds *his* table laid, *his* nourishment ready, runs no small danger today. Thrown into a noisy and rabble-ridden age, with which he does not care to eat from one dish, he may easily perish of hunger and thirst, or, should he after all finally "help himself" —, *of disgust*. This was the danger of my youth, an unsated, yearning, lonely youth; and the danger came to its height when one day I grasped *what* kind of food I had after all been taking in, and to *what* the impetuous hunger and thirst of my soul had lured me. It was in the summer of 1876. At that time, raging with disgust, I pushed away from me all the tables at which I had sat until then, and I vowed to myself rather to live haphazardly and badly, rather on grass and herbs and on the road, like an animal, rather not to live at all any longer, than to share my meals with the "actor-folk" and the "higher circus-riders of the spirit" — such harsh expressions I used at the time —: — for I seemed to myself to

have fallen among nothing but Cagliostros and counterfeit men, and I raged and stormed at having loved where I ought to have despised.

When at last I had grown calmer, though by no means fairer or more conciliatory, I slowly and without discourtesy detached myself from my former "company" and set out on my wanderings, — sick, sick for long years. A great, ever greater liberation — for philosophical men like to drive the particular into the general — a deliberate "*estrangement*" was in that time my only refreshment: I tested everything to which my heart had until then been attached at all, I turned the best and most revered things and people upside down and looked at their reverse side, I did the opposite with everything upon which the human art of slander and defamation has hitherto best exercised itself. It was a wicked game: I was often sick from it, — but my resolve stood firm. I myself "broke my revering heart" and looked even at its broken pieces and their reverse sides, — not without many kinds of new pleasure and curiosity: for one is cruel in the same degree as one is capable of love. At last, step by step, I came to the final demand of my inward hardness: I put on the best face for my wicked game, laughed to scorn all "pessimism" in myself, and defended myself maliciously against every conclusion in which sickness and solitude *could* have a share: — "forward, I said to myself, one day you will be healthy, today it is enough to *pretend* to be healthy! The will to health is itself the very best remedy!"

Thereupon I opened my eyes for the first time — and straightway saw many things and many colours of things such as timid loiterers on street corners and spirits anxious for themselves, who have always stayed at home, never get to see. A kind of bird's freedom, a kind of bird's survey, a kind of mixture of curiosity and contempt such as anyone has who, uninvolved, looks out over an immense multiplicity — that was at last the new state I had attained, and in it I held out for a long time. A "free spirit" and nothing more: so I felt, so I called

myself at that time; and I had truly become the counterpart of those who concern themselves with things that are no concern of theirs, — *I* was concerned with nothing but things that no longer — "concerned" me.

These were years of *convalescence*: manifold years full of motley and painfully enchanting occurrences, of which the healthy, the thick-set of spirit, are as little likely to grasp or scent anything as the sickly, the condemned, those predestined to death and not to life. At that time I had not yet found "myself": but I was bravely on the way to "myself" and tested a thousand things and people I passed by, whether they did not belong to "me" or at least knew something of "me". What surprises there were in it! What shudders! What brief little nooks of happiness! What resting in the sun! What tendernesses! And again and again this hard inner voice that commanded: "away from here! Forward, wanderer! There are still many seas and lands left for you: who knows *whom* all you must yet meet?"

Let me then confess it gratefully: back then, when I began to study the rule "man", I met with strange and not undangerous spirits, at times even *very* free spirits, who crossed my path, — and above all One, and this one again and again, no less a one than the god Dionysus himself: — the same to whom I had once, in far younger years, offered a reverent and innocent sacrifice. Perhaps I shall yet find leisure and stillness enough to tell my friends everything I have retained of the philosophy of the god Dionysus: in a half-voice, as is fitting, — for it concerns much that is secret, and much that is uncanny. But that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that therefore *gods too philosophize*, seems to me in any case an important circumstance, worthy of the most careful communication, one that has nothing against it except that it may perhaps not become known at the right time: for people today are loath to believe in gods. Perhaps I should also have to go somewhat further in the frankness of my telling than

may always be agreeable to the strict ears of my friends. Certain it is that the said god went further in our dialogues and was always a few steps ahead of me: he *loves* going far! Indeed, were it permitted to bestow on him, after human custom, fine hypocritical names of pomp and virtue, I should have much to praise in his courage as researcher and discoverer, in his honesty, truthfulness and love of wisdom. But such a god knows not what to do with all this fine frippery and pomp. "Keep this," he would say, "rather for yourself and your like, and whoever else has need of it! *I — have no reason to cover my nakedness.*"

One sees that this kind of deity and philosopher is somewhat lacking in shame. Thus he said to me straightaway at our first conversation: "under certain circumstances I love man — and here he was alluding to Ariadne —: he is a pleasant, inventive animal that has not his equal on earth, he still finds his way in every labyrinth. I often reflect on how I might bring him further forward and make him stronger, more evil and more profound than he is." — Stronger, more evil and more profound? I asked, startled. "Yes," he said once more, "stronger, more evil and more profound: more beautiful too" — and at that the god smiled, as though he had just paid an enchanting compliment. One sees here at the same time: it is not only shame that this deity lacks —; and there are good grounds altogether for surmising that in some respects the gods as a whole could go to school with us men. We are *more humane*.

And with this we have arrived, and at the right place: namely at the end. For one will by now have understood well enough what is meant by "Human, All Too Human". And why this book is "a book for *free spirits*".

2.

What the words "Human, All Too Human" in this title are meant to signify I have already given to understand — at least for those who have fine ears. But what in all the world did I have in mind back then by "free spirits", after whom I cast out the fishhook of my book? It seems I wished for — company?

10.

— — — That is why I cannot praise enough the three strokes of fortune in my life which in good time made up for whatever harm I may have suffered through an unsated, yearning and solitary youth. The first was that early, in young years, I found a respectable and learned occupation which allowed me to make myself at home in the vicinity of the Greeks: if I may be pardoned this immodest but clear expression. Thus set aside and entertained in the best way, I could not easily bring myself to rage violently over anything that happens today. Added to this was that I was devoted to a philosopher who knew how to contradict everything present in a valiant manner, without, however, uprooting reverence itself in his pupil through an excess of negation. Finally, I have been a lover of music from childhood on, and at all times a friend to good musicians themselves: all this together meant that I had little reason to concern myself with the men of today: — for good musicians are all hermits and outside of time.

I was already past my twenties when I discovered that I lacked knowledge of men. Is it indeed likely that someone could become a connoisseur of men who has never seriously set his mind on honours, nor on offices, nor on money, nor on women, and who spends the longest stretches of every day alone with himself? Here there would be manifold occasion for mockery, were it not against good taste for the author of a book to misuse its preface for mocking himself.

Enough, I found reasons, and ever more and better reasons, to mistrust thoroughly my praise as well as my blame; at the same time a violent and sudden curiosity awoke for "man": in short, I resolved to go to a hard and long school.

11.

"Thinking" in the primitive state (pre-organic) is *the imposing of forms*, as with the crystal. — In *our* thinking the *essential thing* is the fitting of new material into the old schemata (= Procrustean bed), the *making*-equal of the new.

12.

Conclusion of I.

I see new philosophers coming up. Just as I know you, my friends, you free spirits, so among you too there fly these "coming ones", beautiful proud birds! — I — — —

13.

— — — But as for the aforementioned imperative of the German instinct, which commands: "No more *new* Jews! And keep the gates toward the East shut!" — prudent consideration might well counsel the German Jews themselves to such a "regulation of borders": their task of growing into the German character and of attaining a more German type of expression and gesture, finally of "soul" — for *this* is the course, from without to within, from "appearance" to "being" — must not again and again be pushed back into the insoluble by the dreadful and contemptible ugliness of newly immigrating Polish and Russian, Hungarian and Galician Jews. *Here* is the point where the Jews for their part have to act, namely to "set themselves limits": — the single and last point at which Jewish and German advantage

might still be reconciled into a common advantage: but to be sure, it is time, indeed high time!

14.

Nor has there hitherto been any German culture. It is no objection to this proposition that there were great hermits in Germany — Goethe, for example: for these had *their* own culture. But precisely around them, as around mighty, defiant rocks set down in isolation, there always lay the rest of the German character *as their opposite*, namely like a soft, marshy, unsteady ground on which every step and tread from abroad made an "impression" and created "forms": "German cultivation" was a thing without character, an almost unlimited pliancy.

15.

— I laughed to death, in public, a poor presumptuous mouldering book with which "German culture" had become infatuated — well, one can still make many a *more dangerous* use of one's laughter on earth! Perhaps in doing so I myself, unawares, "did away with" an old man, the old worthy David Strauss, virum optime meritum? — so I am given to understand. But such is what war and victory bring with them; and with a good conscience I mean one day to have quite other human lives "on my conscience"! Only away with the women, the male wailing-women and tender souls too! *That sort* understands nothing of the craft of war and whimpers itself half to death over every "lack of consideration". In order that something else may begin, one must first make an end here: I do hope that one — understands me here? But nothing about "German culture" wants sparing any longer: here one must not spare oneself, and must at last make an end — or else Something Else cannot begin at all

16.

The Germans are deep.

the Christian European.

the German spirit

that unscrupulous enthusiast.

the demagogues in art.

On the decline of Wagnerism.

How little the German style

the Jews

Ranke, the whitewashing advocate of the fact

Notebook 42: August–September 1885

1.

The Mirror.

An Occasion for Self-Mirroring for Europeans.

Latent anarchism.

Kinds and causes of the slandering of the world.

III The Germans. Thoughts on discipline and breeding.

The hidden backgrounds of logic.

The embarrassment of the physicists.

II What are "free spirits"?

The demagogues in art.

The Eternal-Feminine.

Morality in Europe.

The discipline of the *will*.

On the order of rank.

Christ and Dionysus.

The historian.

I The philosophers of the future.

The decline of cheerfulness.

On solitude.

South and Orient. A word for musicians.

Interpretation of the world, not explanation of the world.

(Literature and actor-culture.)

The "late Wagner". —

The truly *royal* calling of the philosopher (in the phrase of Alcuin the Anglo-Saxon): prava corrigere et recta corroborare et sancta sublimare.

Attempt at a Critique of the Modern Soul.

2.

Atheism and its causes.

Latent anarchism.

Nationalism and the world economy.

On the order of rank and on equality.

Moral skepticism

The slandering of the world and the decline of cheerfulness

North South

Music

The philosophers

The historians

The demagogues in art.

Woman.

The discipline of the will.

Nutrition.

Reading and the literary press.

3.

Human, All Too Human. *I Metaphysica*

If the world had a goal, it would have to have been reached

Following the guiding thread of the body

Whoever has traced the history of any single science

What we experience in dreams

What separates us from every Platonic and Leibnizian way of thinking

Man is a creature that forms shapes and rhythms

The thought, in the form in which it comes

"How are synthetic judgments a priori

What most fundamentally separates me from the metaphysicians,

Truth: within

Logical thinking, of which logic speaks

There are truths that are best by mediocre heads

Conclusion: In what strange *simplification*!

The new Oedipus.

Appearance, as I understand it.

Human, All Too Human II Section *Moralia.*

"Our highest insights must — and should — like follies, indeed like crimes"

"Inasmuch as at all times, for as long as there have been human beings, there have also been herds"

"Moralities are the chief means"

"It still offends us when someone,

"The old theological problem of faith and knowledge"

"Commonness. — Words are sound-signs for concepts"

"Nothing more pitiful than moralistic literature etc."

"The will. — In every willing there is a plurality

"The difference among men shows itself not only in the difference of their tables of goods"

"At bottom morality is hostilely disposed toward science"

Human All Too Human. *Religiosa.*

"The human soul and its limits"

"The philosophers will also make use of the religions"

"In the Jewish Old Testament —"

"The English, gloomy, sensual"

Conclusion "Among the highest and most illustrious of human joys"

Human All Too Human. *4 Art*

On the whole I grant the artists more right: pessimism.

Conclusion: Against R. Wagner. *On the Decline of Wagnerism.* —

How little German style with the sound

Human All Too Human. *5. Higher Culture.*

German philosophy as romanticism

The Germans are called deep.

Wagner and Paris

Even today the finest culture

Victor Hugo "*The Demagogues in Culture*

Kant's influence in Europe

Suppose one imagines a philosopher as a great educator

On conviction and justice (penultimate)

Man in Society.

When the philosophers mingle among the homines

Human All Too Human. *Woman* and Child.

The greater sensuality

One cannot think highly enough of women

The decline of *grace*. —

Human All Too Human. *State*.

Socialism is the to its end

Above all these national wars, new empires

There is a nobility of blood

That unscrupulous enthusiast

The Germans, in whose Germanic forebears

The German Jews. — The good Europeans.

The Germans have not yet been anything, for they are becoming something

Human, All Too Human. Man *alone with himself*.

— The danger in extraordinary spirits

A man who strives after greatness

— That many speak of things with regard to which

— The hermit, the higher philosophical man.

I *after that:* "*Freethinkers*"

Third from last II "the free spirit" and solitude

III 2 (*At the end*) The *strong* spirit

IV Conclusion: In *Genoa*: Oh my friends, do you understand this "Nevertheless"? — —

4.

1 The Knower

2 Beyond Good and Evil

3 New Fables of God

4 Man and Woman

5 Friend, Enemy and Solitude

5.

Alone or in twos — 6, 13, 14, 24, 36, 48

Sacrifice — 19, 18

Contempt for woman — 20, 16, 17, 23, 37

not too many words — 22, 15

Child Man Woman — 28

the creators — 29, 30

Against self-knowledge — 38, 45

In order to be loved — 46

Intentions — 57

Herd — 62

Marriage — 60, 53, 18, 17

Devil God — 47

Time and Future — 76, 102

6.

P. 1. There is no common good: — the phrase contradicts itself, for what can be common must always be of common worth and therefore not good.

1

Dogmatists. Plato and the "pure spirit".

the magnificent tension produced by the dogmatists.

2

Skeptics.

Those who command are rare. In the end the most mediocre rule in philosophy!

Where is will still to be found?

3

The critics:

Does German philosophy belong to the critical or the skeptical movement? Kant. No, it is a countermovement, at bottom a theological one.

"without a passionate pleasure".

4

The English and philosophy, wholly unsuited to the moralistic "hunt".

The French. Richard Wagner.

5

Herd morality.

Christianity diminishing the Old Testament.

Socialism. Freethinkers. "Enlightenment"

6

The philosopher as tempter toward new possibilities

the value of immorality for education.

his cruelty

his isolation.

Teichmüller

7

My forerunners.

On my "Untimely Meditations"

a word on pessimism.

a word on the artists: the Dionysian.

The shaping of the soul of Europe.

Significance of the Greeks, of their discovery

the historical sense

8

The Dionysian.

7.

—

so like my own phantasms that one could mistake them

—

did the trees already look green 50 thousand years ago?

—

prior to logic, in point of time, lies the production of *identical cases*, assimilation

—

memory in the organic sequence

—

"innate" ideas

—

hypocrisy ought to be abolished, were it not amusing to watch. Not gods after Epicurus, but after Homer: or as Galiani

—

the mathematicians, who go on inferring until the atom becomes *usable* for them! But in cruder form this is what men have always done. What does reality matter, so long as it is not usable for our household!

8.

Notebook 43: Autumn 1885

1.

Draft.

The first problem is: how deep does the "*will to truth*" go into things? Let one gauge the whole value of ignorance within the ensemble of means for the preservation of the living, likewise the value of simplifications *in general* and the value of regulative fictions, e.g. the logical ones; let one weigh above all the value of interpretations, and to what extent not "it is" but "it means" — — —

thus one arrives at this solution: the "will to truth" develops in the service of the "will to power": seen precisely, its real task is to help a particular kind of untruth to victory and to duration, to take a coherent whole of falsifications as the basis for the preservation of a particular kind of the living.

Problem: how deep the *will to goodness* reaches down into the essence of things. One sees everywhere, in plant and animal, the opposite of it: indifference or hardness or cruelty. "Justice", "punishment". The development of cruelty.

Solution. Fellow-feeling exists only in social formations (to which the human body belongs, whose living individual beings feel with one another), as a consequence of the fact that a larger whole *wants to preserve itself* against another whole, and again because in the total economy of the world, where there is no possibility of perishing and losing, goodness would be a *superfluous* principle.

Problem: how far reason pertains to the ground of things. After a critique of end and means (— not a factual relation, but always only

one interpreted into things), the character of squandering, of madness is normal in the total economy. "Intelligence" appears as a particular form of unreason, almost as its most malicious caricature.

Problem: how far the "will to the beautiful" extends. Ruthless development of forms: the most beautiful are only the strongest: as the victorious ones they hold fast, and grow glad of their type, propagation. (Plato's belief that even philosophy is a kind of sublime sexual and procreative drive.)

The things, then, which we have hitherto esteemed most highly: as the "true", "good", "rational", "beautiful", prove to be particular cases of the *reverse* powers — I point my finger at this tremendous *perspectival falsification* by virtue of which the species man asserts itself. It is its condition of life that it therefore takes pleasure in itself (man takes joy in the means of his preservation: and among them belongs this, that man will not let himself be deceived, that men help one another, are ready to understand one another; that on the whole the successful types know how to live at the expense of the ill-constituted). In all this the will to power expresses itself, with its unscrupulousness in reaching for the means of deception: one can conceive of a *malicious pleasure* that a god feels at the sight of man admiring himself.

Thus: the will to power.

Consequence: if this notion is *hostile* to us, why do we yield to it? Bring on the beautiful illusions! Let us be deceivers and beautifiers of mankind! Fact, *what* a *philosopher* actually is.

2.

Misunderstanding of logic: it explains nothing, on the contrary

Misunderstanding of historical development: succession is a description

Superficiality of our sense of causality.

"Knowledge" — to what extent impossible in a world of becoming?

With the organic world a perspectival sphere is given.

Knowability of the world — in itself an immodesty on man's part.

Dissolution of the instincts — transformation into formulas and formula-men. Against naturalism and mechanism. The "calculability" of the world, is it desirable? would the creative act then also be "calculable"?

Mechanics a kind of *ideal*, as regulative method — no more.

Mockery of the idealists, who believe the "*truth*" to be there where they feel "good" or "elevated". Classic: Renan, quoted in Bourget.

Denial of empty space and reduction of mechanics to the tyranny of eye and touch.

Denial of actio in distans. *Against* pressure and impact.

The *shape* of the world as the cause of its circular process.

Not a sphere!

Force continuous.

Against Laplace-Kant.

Struggle of atoms, as of individuals, but, given a certain difference in strength, two atoms become one, and two individuals become one. Likewise, conversely, one becomes two when the inner state brings about a disgregation of the centre of power. — *Thus against* the absolute concept "atom" and "individual"!

The atom fights for its continued existence, but other atoms attack it in order to increase their force.

To comprehend *both* processes, that of dissolution and that of condensation, *as effects* of the will to power. Down into its smallest fragments it has the will to condense itself. But it is *compelled, in order* to *condense* itself somewhere, to thin itself out at another place, etc.

Celestial bodies and atoms differ only in size, but *the same laws*.

3.

The Germans, in whose Germanic ancestors no Tacitus knew how to praise spirit, or even merely a delight in things of the spirit, such as argute loqui, have moreover done everything, through many centuries, to make themselves stupid; and a malicious god, who, hostile to the Germans — perhaps in fear of their predestined atheism and twilight of the gods? — held sway over them, inspired in them nothing but inclinations with which a people bolts the doors even against the *coming of* spirit: e.g. by bidding them sweat in overheated beds, squat in stuffy narrow rooms, make their favourite dishes of nothing but hard-to-digest things like dumplings and heavy fatty broths, above all drink until they sank: so that going to bed and being tipsy belonged, for long ages, among the neighbouring notions of a German head. One might almost believe that if there should finally be such a thing after all as "*German* spirit", it was first made possible through de-Germanization, I mean through mixture with foreign blood. Who reckons up all that is owed to the Slavs or the Celts or the Jews for the spiritualization of Germany! Most important, however, may have been the mixture of blood itself, in that it planted in the same man different instincts and not always merely "two but twenty souls" in one breast, that tremendous corruption of the blood of the race which has no equal in Europe and has finally made of the German an all-understanding, all-empathizing and all-appropriating people of the middle, of mediation — a ferment-race, for which henceforth "nothing is impossible". Let one reckon up the history of the German soul, let one

grasp how these inwardly unbalanced, many-cleft, manifold men became outwardly weak, servile, comfortable, clumsy, inwardly a playground of spiritual temptations and struggles: how at last at least a kind of rebellious peasant- and preacher-spirit sprang forth (Luther is the finest example of it, he who led the peasants' war of the spirit against the "higher men" of the Renaissance —), how this peasant- and preacher-spirit later transforms itself into the aggressive, cutting- and biting-happy burgher- and critic-spirit — Lessing is again the finest example of it, he who led a "civil war", the war of the German bourgeois against the aristocratic spirit of French culture: Lessing against Corneille, Lessing the advocate of Diderot): until at last our latest double type of the further-developed spirit, Goethe and Hegel, brought to light the all-embracing boa constrictor "spirit in itself" and its ferment-nature, the cosmo- and theopolitical all-accessibility of the German, the superiority of his abstractions, the clever suppleness of his appropriating historicizing: his latest and noblest form, which a mandarin-like superiority and "otherworldliness" — — —

— all Europe sank to its knees in admiration at it —

— to be sure, just as much also the complete lack of limits, of measure in the Greek sense, of "style" in every sense, of real *content* — I mean of *new* positings of value, *creations of value*.

All the same: in relation to this last great European curiosity, to the "German spirit", the "German Reich", which is at present taken so seriously, is no object of serious interest, at least in the eye of a philosopher. Why in all the world a new Reich, if it does not rest upon a new thought, or at the very least upon a new stupidity? But once again this *old* stupidity — equal political rights, popular representation, parliamentarism, newspapers, as the foundation of a state — once again the stupefying European disease of perpetual politicking

extended over one great people *more*: what would a philosopher have to learn from that that is new — or even to despise! —

Notebook 44: Autumn 1885

1.

The Chapters.

On Interpretation.

On the Order of Rank.

The Ways to Holiness.

The Eternal Recurrence.

The Superstition of the Critical Philosophers.

Critique of Pascal: he already has the Christian-*moral interpretations* in the nature of man and believes he is grasping the "facts of the case". Sainte-Beuve too.

2.

Nothing has happened since Pascal; the German philosophers do not come into consideration against him.

3.

The Germans have no prose that rings and leaps.

4.

The classical prose of the French of 1648: *what* must come together.

5.

The absence of moral discipline; men have been allowed to grow as they would. Perhaps the men of Port-Royal are like *artificial* gardens.

Authority is lacking.

Moderation within tranquil horizons is lacking; — out of infinity a kind of drunkenness has been made.

Subtlety in judgement is lacking.

A chaos of contradictory valuations reigns.

6.

What is it, then, this struggle of the Christian "against nature"? We shall surely not let ourselves be deceived by his words and interpretations! It is nature against something that is nature. Fear in many, disgust in some, a certain spirituality in others, the love of an ideal without flesh and desire, of an "extract of nature" in the highest — these want to become equal to their ideal. It goes without saying that humiliation in place of self-esteem, anxious caution before the desires, the severance from ordinary duties (whereby, again, a higher feeling of rank is created), the excitement of a constant struggle over tremendous things, the habit of effusions of feeling — all this composes a type: in it the *irritability* of a withering body predominates, but nervousness and its inspiration are *interpreted* differently. The *taste* of this kind of nature runs, for one thing, 1) to the hair-splitting 2) to the flowery 3) to the extreme feelings. — The natural inclinations *do* satisfy themselves nonetheless, but under a new form of interpretation, e.g. as "justification before God", "feeling of redemption in grace" (— every irresistible *feeling of well-being* is interpreted thus! —) pride, lust, etc. — General problem: what becomes of the man who slanders the natural in himself and in practice denies it and

stunts it? In fact the Christian proves to be an *exaggerating* form of self-mastery: in order to tame his desires, he seems to find it necessary to annihilate or crucify them. —

The *Epicurean kind of Christian and the Stoic kind* — to the former belongs François de Sales, to the latter Pascal

Victory of Epicurus — but precisely this kind of man is badly understood and *must* be badly understood. The Stoic kind (which has great need to struggle and *consequently* values the worth of the one who struggles beyond what is due —) always slanders "Epicurus"!

7.

Greco-Roman antiquity had need of a tyrannical and exaggerating anti-nature morality; so did the Germanic peoples, in another respect.

Our present kind of man actually *lacks* breeding and strict discipline; the danger in this is not great, because this kind of man is weaker than earlier ones and, on the other hand, because the unconscious taskmasters (such as industry, the ambition to get ahead, bourgeois respectability) have a strongly inhibiting effect and hold him in check. — But *how* men from Pascal's time had to be held together!

Superfluous Christianity: where extreme means are no longer *necessary*! There everything becomes false, and every word, every Christian perspective a Tartuffery and fine talk.

8.

The New Japan.

I read with much malice in my ulterior thoughts what a German anarchist [understands] by the concept "free society" — — —

"The free society" — all its features as a grotesque dressing-up in words and colours of a petty kind of herd animals.

"Justice" and the morality of equal rights — the Tartuffery of moral predicates.

"the press", its idealisation.

"the abolition of the worker"

"the pre-Aryan race is breaking through": and in general the oldest kinds of society

the decline of woman

the Jews as a ruling race.

Noble and common culture.

the scholar overrated: and a triumphant, more loving and lordly fullness of heart

— how I have seen all this, without love perhaps, but also without scorn, and, what may perhaps cause wonder after this — with the curiosity of a child standing before the most colourful and dainty of all peep-shows. — — —

Consider how all suffering forces a man back upon himself; a harm, granted that it makes one clever, certainly makes one bad in the very same degree (narrow, petty, suspicious, loveless — — —

For their number is always small: but the others, the suffering ones, have nothing that heals them in *that* measure of the evil consequences of much suffering and — — —

Notebook 45: Autumn 1885

1.

Discipline of the Heart.

2.

Of Prince Vogelfrei

Songs and Thoughts.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

3.

Dedication and Envoi.

4.

Songs and Thoughts

of Prince Vogelfrei.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

5.

Misfortune overtakes the fugitive — be it

As golden sorrow of the impoverished hand,

As sadness of the ever-giving one:

Misfortune caught the fugitive — be it

Carefree and unmindful of himself

He cast the pearls away

That forces the vanquished down

That turns every pride to tears:

Dishonest shape,

You cast the pearls into the sand —

The sea swallowed them into its maw!

What thanks does life give the squanderer

6.

How one gets over self-destruction. The Harpies. The liberation. On the history of the „free spirit“. Description of the free spirits.

2) *Cheerfulness* 3) Masks 4) Nobility.

the woman question

Artists' pessimism.

7.

The day dies away, happiness and light turn yellow,

Noon is far off.

How much longer? Now come moon and stars

And wind and frost: now I tarry not long,

Like the fruit a breath breaks from the tree

Notebook 1: Autumn 1885 — Spring 1886

1.

By rights I ought to have a circle of deep and tender people around me, who would protect me somewhat from myself and would also know how to cheer me: for anyone who thinks such things as I must think them, the danger is always very near at hand that he will destroy himself.

2.

Let no one believe that one leaps unawares and with both feet one day into such a hearty condition of the soul, whose testimony or likeness the dance-song just sung may be. Before one learns to dance in such a fashion, one must thoroughly have learned to walk and to run, and even standing on one's own legs is something for which, as it seems to me, only few are ever predestined. In the time when one first ventures out on one's own limbs and without leading-strings and railings, in the times of first young strength and of all the allurements of one's own springtime, one is in the worst danger and often goes one's way shyly, despondently, like a runaway, like an exile, with a trembling conscience and with a strange mistrust: — when the young freedom of the spirit is like a wine

3.

The Mirror.

Lack of a ruling way of thinking.

The actors.

Gleba.

The new shamelessness (that of the mediocre, e.g. the English, also of women who write)

The will to prejudice (nations, parties, etc.

Latent Buddhism.

The lack of solitude (and consequently of *good* company)

Alcohol, book and music and other stimulants.

The philosophers of the future.

The ruling caste and anarchism.

The curious difficulties of the uncommon man, who is hampered by his

plebeian modesty.

Lack of an education of character. Lack of the higher cloisters

Gradual restriction of the rights of the people.

4.

—

The doctrine of opposites (good, evil, etc.) has value as an *educational* measure, because it makes one take sides.

—

the mightiest and most dangerous passions of man, by which he most easily perishes, have been so thoroughly outlawed that thereby the mightiest men themselves have become impossible or must feel themselves to be *evil*, "harmful and forbidden". This loss is great, but has hitherto been necessary: now, when a host of counterforces has

been bred up large through the temporary suppression of those passions (of the lust to rule, of delight in transformation and deception), their unfettering is possible once more: they will no longer have the old savagery. We permit ourselves a tame barbarism: just look at our artists and statesmen

—

The synthesis of opposites and counter-drives a sign of the total strength of a human being: *how much* can it *tame*?

—

a new concept of holiness: Plato's naivety — No longer the opposition of the heretic-branded drives in the foreground

—

to demonstrate in what respect the Greek religion was the *higher* one compared to the Judaeo-Christian. The latter conquered because the Greek religion had itself degenerated (*gone backward*).

Goal: the sanctification of the mightiest, most fearful and most ill-reputed forces, to speak in the old image: the deification of the devil

5.

— I measure by how far a human being, a people, can unfetter the most fearful drives within itself and turn them to its salvation without perishing by them: rather to its fruitfulness in deed and work

— the interpretation of all misfortunes as the effects of unappeased spirits is what has hitherto driven the great masses to religious cults. Even the higher moral life, that of the saint, was invented only as *one* of the means of satisfying unappeased spirits.

— the interpretation of our *experiences* as providential hints from a kindly, educating deity, our misfortunes too: — development of the *paternal* concept of God, starting from the patriarchal family.

— the absolute depravity of man, the unfreedom to do good, and consequently the interpretation of all our actions by the reading of the bad conscience: finally grace. Miracle-act. Sudden conversion. Paul, Augustine, Luther

— the barbarisation of Christianity by the Germanic peoples: the intermediate divine beings, and the multiplicity of expiatory cults, in short the pre-Christian standpoint returns. Likewise the system of composition.

— Luther restores the fundamental logic of Christianity, the *impossibility of morality* and consequently of self-contentment, the necessity of grace and consequently of miracle and also of predestination. At bottom an admission of having been overcome and an outburst of self-contempt.

— "it is impossible to pay one's *debts*", outbursts of the craving for salvation and of the cults and mysteries. "It is impossible to rid oneself of one's sin": outbreak of the Christianity of Paul, Augustine and Luther. Formerly external misfortune was the impulse to become religious; later the inner feeling of misfortune, unredeemedness, fear, insecurity. What seems to distinguish Christ and Buddha: it seems to be inner happiness that makes them religious

6.

— the feeling of belonging to the higher order of rank is dominant in the moral feeling: it is the self-testimony of the higher caste, whose actions and states afterwards count in turn as the badges of a disposition by which one *belongs* or *ought* to belong to that caste —

7.

— the moral feeling is developed first in relation to persons (estates first of all!), only later transferred to actions and traits of character. The *pathos of distance* lies at the innermost ground of that feeling.

8.

— ignorance of man and the failure to reflect bring it about that individual imputation is made only late. One feels oneself too unfree, too unspiritual, too swept away by sudden impulses to think of oneself otherwise than as one thinks of nature: *demons* are at work in us too.

9.

— Human, All Too Human. One cannot reflect on morality without involuntarily acting morally and revealing oneself as such. So at that time I worked at that refinement of morality which already feels "reward" and "punishment" to be "immoral" and no longer knows how to grasp the concept of "justice" except as loving *comprehension*, at bottom *approval*. In this there is perhaps weakness, perhaps excess, perhaps also — — —

10.

— "punishment" develops in the narrowest space, as the reaction of the powerful one, the master of the house, as the expression of his anger at the disregard of his command and prohibition. — *Before* the morality of custom (whose canon wills "all that is traditional shall be honoured") stands the morality of the ruling person (whose canon wills that "the one who commands alone shall be honoured"). The pathos of distance, the feeling of difference in rank, lies at the ultimate ground of all morality.

11.

— "soul" finally as "concept of the subject"

12.

— If things are unknown, *then so is man*. What is there then to praise and blame!

13.

— I do not understand how one can be a theologian. I should not like to think meanly of this kind of human being, who after all are not merely machines for knowledge

14.

— Every action of which a human being is not capable is misunderstood by him. It is a distinction always to be misunderstood in one's actions. It is then also necessary and no occasion for bitterness.

15.

— It is not *disinterested* of me when I would rather reflect on causality than on the lawsuit with my publisher; my profit and my enjoyment lie on the side of knowledge, my tension, unrest, passion have been active longest precisely there.

16.

Thoughts are actions

17.

— how much we have *relearned* in fifty years! The whole of Romanticism with its faith in the "people" is refuted! No Homeric poetry as

folk-poetry! No deification of the great powers of nature! No inference from kinship of language to kinship of race! No "intellectual intuition" of the supersensible! No truth veiled in religion!

18.

— The problem of truthfulness is quite new. I am astonished: we regard natures such as Bismarck as guilty in this respect out of negligence, such as Richard Wagner out of a lack of modesty; we would condemn Plato with his pia fraus, Kant for the derivation of his categorical imperative, whereas the belief certainly did not come to him by this path

19.

— At last doubt turns against itself as well: doubt about doubt. And the *question* of the *justification* of truthfulness and of its scope *stands there* —

20.

— All our conscious motives are surface phenomena: behind them stands the struggle of our drives and states, the struggle for power.

21.

— That this melody sounds beautiful is *not* taught to children through authority and instruction; no more is the feeling of well-being at the sight of a venerable man. *Valuations are innate,* Locke notwithstanding!, inherited; to be sure, they develop more strongly and more beautifully when the people who watch over us and love us value alike with us at the same time. What torment for a child, always to set down its good and evil in opposition to its mother, and to be mocked and despised there where it reveres!

22.

— How manifold is that which we experience as moral feeling: in it there is reverence, fear, the touch as of something holy and secret, in it something commanding speaks, something that takes itself more seriously than we do; something that uplifts, inflames, or makes calm and deep. Our moral feeling is a synthesis, a sounding-together of all the masterly and subservient feelings that have held sway in the history of our forebears

23.

— *In favour of the present*. Health is promoted, ascetic, world-denying ways of thinking (with their will to sickness) are scarcely understood. Everything possible is valid and will be allowed to be valid and acknowledged, a moist mild air in which every kind of plant grows. It is the paradise for all *small* luxuriant vegetation

24.

— Soul and breath and *existence* esse equated. The *living* is being: beyond that there is no being.

25.

— "The good people are all weak: they are good because they are not strong enough to be evil," said the Latuka chief Comorro to Baker

26.

gin is Arabic and means spiritus (= g'inn)

27.

"For weak hearts there is no misfortune," they say in Russian

28.

— all *movements are to be understood as gestures*, as a kind of language by which the forces understand one another. In the inorganic world misunderstanding is absent, communication seems perfect. In the organic world *error* begins. "Things", "substances", properties, activ-"ities" — none of this should one carry over into the inorganic world! They are the specific errors by virtue of which organisms live. Problem of the possibility of "error"? The opposition is not "false" and "true", but "*abbreviations of the signs*" as opposed to the signs themselves. The essential thing is: the formation of forms which *represent* many movements, the invention of signs for whole kinds of signs.

— all movements are *signs* of an inner happening; and every inner happening expresses itself in such changes of forms. Thinking is not yet the inner happening itself, but likewise only a sign-language for the balancing of power among affects.

29.

— the humanization of nature — the interpretation according to ourselves.

30.

A.

Psychological *point of departure*:

— our thinking and valuing is only an expression for desires holding sway behind them.

— the desires specialize themselves more and more: their unity is *the will to power* (to borrow the expression from the strongest of all drives, the one that has directed all organic development up to now)

— Reduction of all basic organic function to the will to power

— Question whether it is not the mobile in the inorganic world as well? For in the mechanistic interpretation of the world a mobile is still always required.

— "Law of nature": as a formula for the unconditional establishment of the relations and degrees of power.

— mechanical *movement* is only a means of expression of an inner happening.

— "Cause and effect"

31.

— struggle as the means of equilibrium

32.

— the assumption of atoms is *only* a consequence of the concept of subject and substance: somewhere there must be "a thing" from which the activity proceeds. The atom is the last descendant of the concept of the soul.

33.

— the most fearful and most fundamental craving of man, his drive for power — this drive is called "freedom" — must be kept within bounds the longest. That is why ethics up to now, with its unconscious instincts of education and breeding, has been intent on keeping the lust for power within bounds: it disparages the tyrannical individual and, with its glorification of care for the community and love of the fatherland, underscores the herd's instinct for power.

34.

— By nature the forces of mankind must develop in such a sequence that the *harmless* ones are developed (praised, approved) first, and that, conversely, the strongest remain branded as heretical and slandered the longest.

35.

The Will to Power.

Attempt at a New Interpretation of All

Happening.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

36.

the world of thought only a second degree of the world of phenomena —

37.

— movements are not "*brought about*" by a "*cause*": that would be the old concept of the soul again! — they are the will itself, but not wholly and completely!

38.

NB. The belief in causality goes back to the belief that it is I who act, to the separation of the "soul" from its *activity*. Thus an age-old superstition!

39.

The tracing back of an effect to a cause is: back to a *subject*. All changes are taken to be produced by subjects.

40.

— the *present* stage of morality demands

a)

2)

no punishment!

no reward —

no retribution!

3)

no servility

4)

no pia fraus!

41.

— we can no longer bear the sight, *therefore* we abolish the slaves

42.

It is a favourite saying of the slack and the unscrupulous, tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner: it is also a piece of stupidity. Oh, if one always wanted to wait for the "comprendre" first: it seems to me one would come to forgiving all too seldom! And finally, why should one forgive precisely when one had understood? Supposing I understood entirely why this sentence turned out badly for me, should I therefore

not be allowed to *strike it out*? — There are enough cases where one strikes a man out *because* one has understood him.

43.

— the concept "change" already presupposes the subject, *the soul as substance*

44.

— the offence one takes at the doctrine "of the unfreedom of the will" is this: it seems as though it asserted "you do what you do not voluntarily but involuntarily, i.e. under compulsion". Now everyone knows how it feels when one does something involuntarily. So that doctrine seems to teach: everything you do, you do involuntarily, hence *unwillingly*, "against your will" — and *that* one does not admit, because one does many things *gladly*, and precisely many "moral" things too. Thus one understands "unfree will" as "compelled by an *alien* will": as though the assertion were: "everything you do, you do compelled by an alien will". Your obedience to your own will one does not call compulsion: for there is pleasure in it. *That you command yourself*, that is what is called: "freedom of the will"

45.

Sapientia victrix.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

46.

For the longest time religions live without being entangled with morality: free of morality. Consider what every religion actually wants — one can still grasp it with one's hands today: through it one wants not only deliverance from *distress*, but above all deliverance from the *fear of distress*. All distress counts as the consequence of the evil, hostile workings of spirits: all distress that befalls one is not, to be sure, "deserved", but it awakens the thought of *what* may have provoked a spirit against us; man trembles before unknown, roaming fiends and would like to make them kindly disposed. In doing so he examines his conduct: and if there are any means at all of making certain spirits that he knows friendly towards him, he asks himself *whether* he has really done everything he could have done to that end. Just as a courtier examines his conduct towards the prince when he has perceived in him an ungracious mood: — he searches for an omission, etc. "Sin" is originally that by which some spirit or other could be greatly offended, some omission, a — — — : there one has something to *make good* again. — Only insofar as a spirit, a deity, has expressly set up certain moral commandments too as means of pleasing and serving *it* does moral valuation also enter into "sin": or rather: only then can a transgression against a moral commandment be felt as "sin", as something that separates one from God, offends him, and brings in its train dangers and distress from his side as well.

47.

Prudence, caution and provision (in contrast to indolence and to living in the moment) — one now almost believes one is *debasing* an

action when one names these motives. But what it has cost to breed these qualities to greatness! To regard *prudence* as a *virtue* — is still Greek!

Likewise, then, sobriety and "level-headedness" in contrast to acting from violent impulses, to the "naïveté" of action.

48.

Absolute devotion (in religion) as a reflex of slavish devotion or of feminine devotion (— the Eternal-Feminine is the idealized slave mentality)

49.

To measure the moral value of an action by the intention: presupposes that the intention really is the cause of the action — which surely means regarding the intention as a perfect knowledge, as a "thing in itself". In the end it is, after all, only the consciousness and the interpretation of a state (of displeasure, desire, etc.)

50.

— language is meant to designate states and desires: thus concepts are signs for recognition. The aim at logic does not lie in it; logical thinking is a dissolving. But every thing that we "comprehend", every state, is a synthesis which one cannot "comprehend" but can indeed designate: and even this only by acknowledging a certain similarity with what has been before. Every inner spiritual action is in fact "unscientific", and so too is *every* act of thinking.

51.

Thinkers of modest or dishonest descent misunderstand the lust for domination, and even the drive for distinction: they reckon both

under vanity, as if it were a matter of standing respected, feared or worshipped in the *opinion* of other men.

52.

Measured by a scientific standard, the value of every moral value judgement passed by man upon man is very slight: it is a groping and fumbling, and there is much delusion and ignorance in *every* word.

53.

These are separate tasks:

1) to grasp and establish the manner of moral assessment of men and actions that prevails at present (and within a limited cultural sphere)

2) the entire moral code of an age is a *symptom*, e.g. as a means of self-admiration or of dissatisfaction or of Tartuffery: thus, besides establishing the present *character* of *morality*, one must secondly give the *interpretation and exegesis of this character*. For in itself it is ambiguous.

3) to explain the origin of precisely this mode of judgement now prevailing

4) to undertake the critique of it, or rather to ask: how strong is it? upon what does it act? what *becomes* of mankind (or of Europe) under its spell? Which forces does it promote, which does it suppress? Does it make healthier, sicker, braver, subtler, more in need of art, etc.?

Here it is already presupposed that there is no eternal morality: this may count as proven. Just as little as there is an eternal manner of judging about nourishment. But what is new is the critique, the question: is "good" really "good"? And what use, perhaps, has that which is now slighted and reviled? The distances of time come into consideration.

54.

The character of the unconditional will to power is present in the whole realm of life. If we have a right to deny consciousness, we scarcely have the right to deny the driving affects, e.g. in a primeval forest.

(Consciousness always contains a double mirroring — there is nothing immediate —)

55.

Fundamental question: how deep does the moral go? Does it belong only to what is learned? Is it a mode of expression?

All deeper men are unanimous in this — it comes to consciousness in Luther, Augustine, Paul — that our morality and its events do not coincide with our *conscious will* — in short, that explanation from purposive intentions *does not suffice*.

56.

To remain objective, hard, firm, severe in carrying through a thought — artists still accomplish this best; but when someone needs men for it (like teachers, statesmen, etc.), then calm and coldness and hardness quickly vanish. In natures like Caesar and Napoleon one can divine something of a "disinterested" working at one's marble, whatever may be sacrificed of men in the process. On this path lies the future of the highest men: to bear the greatest responsibility and *not to break under it*. — Until now delusions of inspiration were almost always necessary in order not to lose, oneself, *faith in one's right* and in one's *hand*.

57.

Transformations of the will to power, its developments, its specializations — to be presented in parallel with morphological development!

58.

From each of our fundamental drives there arises a different perspectival assessment of all that happens and is experienced. Each of these drives feels itself, with regard to every other, inhibited or furthered, flattered: each has its own law of development (its rise and fall, its tempo, etc.) — and this one is dying away when that one rises.

Man as a multiplicity of "wills to power": each with a multiplicity of means of expression and forms. The individual *supposed* "passions" (e.g. man is cruel) are only *fictitious unities*, insofar as that which enters consciousness from the various fundamental drives as *homogeneous* is synthetically invented into a "being" or "faculty", into a passion. Just as, then, the "soul" itself is an *expression* for all the phenomena of consciousness: which, however, we *interpret as the cause of all these phenomena* ("self-consciousness" is fictitious!)

59.

Everything material is a kind of symptom of motion for an unknown happening: everything conscious and felt is in turn a symptom of unknown — — — . The world that makes itself understood to us from these two sides could have many other symptoms besides. There exists no necessary relation between spirit and matter, as though they somehow exhausted the forms of representation and alone represented them.

Motions are symptoms, thoughts are likewise symptoms: the desires are demonstrable to us behind both, and the fundamental desire is

the will to power. — "Spirit in itself" is nothing, just as "motion in itself" is nothing

60.

It is almost comical that our philosophers demand that philosophy must begin with a critique of the faculty of knowledge: is it not very improbable that the organ of knowledge can "criticize" itself, once one has grown mistrustful of the previous results of knowledge? The *reduction* of philosophy to the "will to a theory of knowledge" is comical. As if *certainty* could be found that way! —

61.

Everything that enters consciousness is the last link of a chain, a conclusion. That one thought should be the immediate cause of another thought is only apparent. The events that are really connected play themselves out beneath our consciousness: the series and successions of feelings, thoughts, etc. that appear are symptoms of what is really happening! — Beneath every thought lurks an affect. *Every thought*, every feeling, every will is *not* born of One particular drive; rather it is a *total state*, an entire surface of the whole of consciousness, and results from the momentary establishment of power among *all* the drives that constitute us — thus of the drive that happens to rule as well as of those that obey it or resist it. The next thought is a sign of how the entire situation of power has meanwhile shifted.

62.

"Will" — a false reification.

63.

— How Goethe will look one day! how uncertain, how adrift! And his "Faust" — what an accidental and temporal problem, how little necessary and enduring! A degeneration of the knower, a sick man, nothing more! By no means the tragedy of the knower himself! Not even that of the "free spirit".

64.

Love of mankind.

Justice

Cruelty.

Reward and punishment.

Self-sufficiency.

Reasonableness

Order of rank.

Slavery (devotion)

everything has already had its for and against

all praising and blaming is perspectival, proceeding from a will to power.

"innate ideas"

the soul, the thing — false. Likewise "the spirit"

65.

Chapter on

the

interpretation

the

reification

the

afterlife of ideals that have perished (e.g. the slavish mind in Augustine)

66.

The *Christian's love of mankind*, which makes no distinctions, is possible only through the continual contemplation of God, in relation to whom the order of rank between man and man becomes vanishingly small, and man himself becomes altogether so insignificant that relations of magnitude no longer arouse any interest: just as from a high mountain great and small become ant-like and *alike*. — One should by no means overlook this *disdain* for man as such which lies in the Christian feeling of love of mankind: "you are my brother, I already know how you feel, whoever you may be — wretched, that is!" etc. In fact such a Christian is an extremely obtrusive and immodest sort.

Conversely: if one lets God go, we lack a type of being that is higher than man: and the eye grows *fine* for the differences of *this* "highest being".

67.

— I am mistrustful of the contemplative ones, those resting-within-themselves, the blissful among philosophers: — what is lacking there is the shaping power and the subtlety in honesty which admits to itself its lack as a power

68.

The transformation of what is morally rejected into what is morally revered — and vice versa.

69.

— some seek out an unconditional obligation within themselves and, under certain circumstances, invent it; others want to prove it and thereby at the same time to plant it —

70.

— how immodest man appears with his religions, even when he still grovels before God, like Saint Augustine! What obtrusiveness! This paternal or grandpaternal principle in the background!

71.

— Among mortals morality has until now been held to be the most serious thing there is: this has profited the moralists, for whom among gods — and perhaps one day among men too — no small laughter is waiting: in the long run one never bears the dignity of a schoolmaster with impunity. To "instruct" men, to "improve" men — the presumption of such an undertaking

72.

That the cat man always falls back on his four legs, I meant to say on his One leg "I", is only a symptom of his *psychological* "unity", more correctly "union": no reason to believe in a "unity of soul".

73.

— Morality is a part of the doctrine of the affects: how far do the affects reach into the heart of existence?

74.

If there were an "in itself" at all, what then would be the "in itself" of a *thought*?

75.

Thoughts are *signs* of a play and struggle of the affects: they always hang together with their hidden roots

76.

Whoever measures the value of an action by the intention from which it was done means by this *the conscious intention*: but in all acting there is much unconscious intentionality; and what steps into the foreground as "will" and "purpose" can be construed in *many* ways and is in itself only a symptom. "An expressed, expressible intention" is a construal, an interpretation, which can be *false*; moreover an arbitrary simplification and falsification etc

77.

The *calculation of pleasure* as a possible consequence of an action, and the pleasure bound up with an activity itself, as the discharge of a bound and pent-up force: what trouble it has cost to keep these two pleasures apart! It is enough to make one laugh! Just as the agreeableness of life — and *blessedness* as moral intoxication and self-worship are confused.

78.

With the knowledge of men, morality too has grown more refined

a)

instead of sin as an offence against God, "the wrong done to myself"

b)

instead of praying and longing for miraculous help —

c)

instead of interpreting experience as reward and punishment —

d)

instead of enmity towards every kind of distress and unrest and strife —

e)

instead of the obtrusive, equalizing love of mankind of the Christian —

79.

The greatest sincerity and conviction of the value of one's own *work* avail nothing: likewise doubting underestimation cannot touch its value. *So it is with all actions:* however moral I may seem to myself with an intention, in itself nothing is thereby settled about the value of the intention, and still less about the value of the action. *The entire origin of an* action would have to be known, and not merely the little piece of it that falls into consciousness (the so-called intention). But that would be to demand absolute knowledge —

80.

To what extent an overcoming of moral man is possible:

we no longer measure the value of an action by its consequences

nor do we any longer measure it by its intention

81.

Just as little as we still pray and stretch our hands upward, just so little shall we one day need *slander and vilification* in order to treat certain drives in us as *enemies*; and likewise our power, which compels us to destroy men and institutions, may one day do so without our falling into affects of indignation and disgust: to annihilate with a divine eye and undisturbed! The annihilation of the men *who feel themselves good*, first of all! experimentum crucis.

82.

Beyond Good and Evil

Attempt

at an Overcoming of Morality.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

83.

The religious *interpretation* overcome.

Morality belongs to the doctrine of the affects (only a means of taming them, while others are to be bred up great.

84.

The Overcoming of Morality.

Until now man has preserved himself miserably by treating malignantly and vilifying the drives most dangerous to him, and likewise by servilely flattering those that preserve him.

Conquest of new

powers and lands

a)

the will to untruth

b)

the will to cruelty

c)

the will to voluptuousness

d)

the will to power

85.

being geared towards *understanding the external world* and communicating with it, intellect and senses must *be superficial*.

Perfect emptiness of logic —

86.

"Division of labour, memory, practice, habit, instinct, heredity, faculty, force" — all words with which we explain nothing, though we do designate and indicate.

87.

The "I" (which is *not* one with the unified administration of our being!) is after all only a conceptual synthesis — hence there is no acting from "egoism" at all

88.

— that some conscious or unconscious *calculation of the pleasure* that one has in the train of a deed (whether *in* the doing, or afterwards) is really the *cause* of the deed, is a hypothesis!!!

89.

We belong to the character of the world, there is no doubt of that! We have no access to it except through ourselves: everything high and low in us must be understood as necessarily belonging to its essence!

90.

NB. We want to confess our inclinations and aversions honestly and forbid ourselves to paint them up from moral paint-pots. Just as surely as we shall no longer interpret our distress as our "struggle with God and the Devil"! Let us be naturalistic and grant a good right even to that which we must combat, in ourselves or outside ourselves!

91.

Through the division of labour the senses have almost been detached from thinking and judging: whereas formerly this lay *in* them, undivided. Earlier still, the desires and the senses must have been *one*.

92.

All struggle — all happening is a struggle — *needs duration*. What we call "cause" and "effect" leaves out the struggle and consequently does not correspond to what happens. It is consistent to deny time in causes and effects.

93.

Let us cast off some superstition that has hitherto been common currency with regard to philosophers.

94.

The New Enlightenment.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

95.

Free Spirits and Other Philosophers.

Beyond Good and Evil.

96.

Moralists' Morality.

97.

On the confusion of cause and symptom

Pleasure and displeasure are the oldest symptoms of all *value judgements: not*, however, the causes of value judgements!

Hence: pleasure and displeasure belong, like moral and aesthetic judgements, under *One category*.

98.

The words remain: and so men believe the concepts they designate remain too!

99.

We lack many concepts to express relationships: how quickly we are done with "master and servant", "father and child", etc.!

100.

Fundamental misunderstanding: a man interprets every other man after himself; hence the misunderstanding of many virtues and affects proper to a higher kind. Even the same man misunderstands himself when, in a lower moment, he looks back upon his high festive times. "Self-abasement" "humility"

101.

Ah, do you know the mute tenderness with which the evil and terrible man lingers over that moment when he was once — or is still — "otherwise"! No one sees virtue so seductive, so much woman and child.

102.

In the purest spring One drop of filth is enough —

103.

The hand that wanted to stretch out in prayer, the mouth ready for a sigh — here the free spirit has his overcoming, but also his damming-up. One day the dam is overwhelmed by the wild waters —

104.

Many of the more refined want *rest*, peace from their *affects* — they strive for *objectivity*, neutrality, they are content to remain behind as *spectators* — and as critical spectators with a curious and wanton superiority.

Others want rest from *without*, a life free of danger — they would rather not be envied and not be attacked — and prefer to give "each his due" — they call it "*justice*" and love of mankind, etc.

For the chapter: "The Virtues as Disguise".

105.

The loss in all specializations: the synthetic nature is the *higher* one. Now all organic life is already a specialization: the *inorganic world* standing behind it is the *greatest synthesis of forces* and therefore the highest and most venerable. — Error, perspectival narrowness, is absent there.

106.

Artists: enthusiastic, sensual, childish, now over-mistrustful, now over-trusting

107.

— Are you one who, *as a thinker*, is faithful to his proposition, not as a pettifogger but as a soldier to his orders? There is unfaithfulness not only towards persons.

108.

— Pity in one who has fortune and courage enough to be able also to stand aside and *look* aside, like an Epicurean god.

109.

The Mirror.

Philosophy of Forbidden Knowledge.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

110.

God is refuted, the devil is not. To clear-sighted and mistrustful eyes, which know how to look deep enough into the backgrounds, the spectacle of what happens bears no witness either to truthfulness or to fatherly care or superior reasonableness; neither to anything noble, nor to anything pure and faithful-minded.

111.

The northern unnaturalness: everything overlaid with silver mists, one must first come artificially to a feeling of well-being, art there is a kind of evasion of oneself. Ah, this pale joy, this October light upon all joys!

The northern artificiality

112.

The Tempter.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

113.

Harmlessness of our critical philosophers, who do not notice that scepticism — — — : they suppose that if one first tests the tool before using it, namely the faculty of knowledge — — — . This is worse even than wanting to test a match before one means to use it. It is the match wanting to test itself whether it will burn

114.

The unconditional necessity of all that happens contains nothing of compulsion: he stands high in knowledge who has thoroughly seen and felt this. From his faith there follows no forgiving and excusing — I strike out a sentence that has turned out badly, however well I see the necessity by virtue of which it turned out badly, for the noise of a cart disturbed me — so we strike out actions, in certain circumstances men, because they have turned out badly. "To comprehend everything" — that would mean abolishing all perspectival relations, that would mean comprehending nothing, mistaking the essence of knowing.

115.

The interpretative character of all that happens.

There is no event in itself. What happens is a group of phenomena *selected* and gathered together by an interpreting being.

116.

Fear has been further developed into the *sense of honour*, *envy* into *fairness* ("to each his own" and even "equal rights"), the importunity of the isolated and endangered into loyalty, — — —

117.

the ponderousness of the spirit that settles down wherever it has once got to, the comfort that does not want to relearn, the good-natured submission to a power and joy in serving, the moist-warm brooding over thoughts, wishes — all German — origin of *loyalty* and *credulity*.

118.

The division of a protoplasm into 2 occurs when its power no longer suffices to master the possession it has appropriated: procreation is the consequence of an impotence.

Where the males seek out the female from hunger and are absorbed in her, procreation is the consequence of a hunger.

119.

The completely identical course, but the higher interpretation of the course!! The mechanistic sameness of force, but the intensification of the feeling of power! "The second time" — but there is no "second time".

The absolute *ineffectiveness* of the inner feeling of power as causality, — — —

120.

The same text permits countless interpretations: there is no "correct" interpretation.

121.

Gai saber.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

1.

Free Spirits and Other Philosophers.

2.

Interpretation of the World, Not Explanation of the World.

3.

Beyond Good and Evil.

4.

The Mirror. An Occasion for Self-Mirroring for Europeans.

5.

The Philosophy of the Future.

122.

Overcoming of the affects? No, if that is to mean their weakening and annihilation. *But rather taking them into service:* to which it may belong that one tyrannizes them for a long time (not first as individuals, but as community, race, etc.) At last one gives them back their freedom with ever greater trust: they love us like good servants and go willingly wherever our best wills to go.

123.

The happiness and self-contentment of the lazzarone, or the "blessedness" of "beautiful souls" and consumptive bodies and Herrnhut Pietists, prove nothing with regard to the *order of rank* of men. One would have to, as a great educator, whip a race of such "blessed men"

mercilessly into unhappiness: the danger of diminution, of resting, is there at once: *against* Spinozistic or Epicurean happiness and against all resting in contemplative states. But if virtue is the means to such a happiness, well then, *one must also become master over virtue*

124.

How does the perspectival sphere and error arise? Insofar as, by virtue of an organic being, it is not a being that wills to preserve itself, *but the struggle itself that wills to preserve itself, wills to grow and wills to be conscious of itself*.

That which we call "consciousness" and "spirit" is only a means and instrument by virtue of which not a subject, but *a struggle wills to preserve itself*.

Man is the testimony to what tremendous forces can be set in motion by a small being of manifold content (or by a perennial struggle concentrated upon many small beings)

Beings who play with stars

125.

— To transform the belief "thus and thus it is" into the will "*thus and thus it shall become*".

126.

— *The Ways*

to the Holy. Conclusion of

"the will to power".

127.

— there must be those who hallow all functions, not only eating and drinking: and not only in remembrance of them, or in becoming one with them, *but ever anew and in new ways* shall this world be transfigured.

128.

— the essential thing about the organic being is a *new interpretation of what happens*, the perspectival inner multiplicity, which is itself a happening.

129.

— the saints as the *strongest men* (through self-overcoming, freedom, fidelity, etc.

130.

— to *deny* merit, but to do that which is above all praise, indeed above all understanding

131.

The Will to Power.

132.

— a great man who feels he has a right to sacrifice men as a general sacrifices men; not in the service of an "idea", but because he wills to rule.

133.

— ever less physical strength is needed: with cleverness one lets machines do the work, man becomes *more powerful and more spiritual*.

134.

— why it is necessary today to speak coarsely and act coarsely at times. Something subtle and reticent is no longer understood, not even by those who are akin to us. Whatever one does not *speak of loudly* and scream about, *that is not there*: pain, privation, task, the long duty and the great overcoming — no one sees or smells anything of it. Cheerfulness is taken as a sign of a lack of depth: that it can be the blessedness after an all too severe tension, who knows that? — One associates with actors and does oneself much violence in order to honour them there too. But no one understands to what extent it is hard and painful for me to associate with actors. Or with a phlegmatic sensualist who has spirit enough to —

135.

— I counted it against the Germans as philistinism and love of comfort: but this *letting-oneself-go* is European and "timely now", not only in morality and art.

136.

— not to permit oneself to make of curiosity and the zeal of inquiry a virtue, a "will to truth". The scholars of Port Royal knew this and took it more strictly. But we have all let our inclinations run rampant and would like afterwards to have the fine name of virtues for them as well. *Virtue, however, belongs among the products of the stronger and more evil ages:* it is the privilege of aristocrats.

137.

I marvel at the most acknowledged things of morality — and other philosophers, such as Schopenhauer, have only stood still before the "marvels" in morality.

138.

Quarrels and Colloquies

139.

Artists begin to esteem and overesteem their works when they cease to have reverence for themselves. Their frenzied craving for fame often veils a sad secret.

The work does not belong to their rule; they feel it as their exception. —

Perhaps, too, they want their works to intercede on their behalf, perhaps they want others to deceive them about themselves. Finally: perhaps they want noise *within* themselves, so as no longer to "hear" themselves.

140.

"God willed my best when he sent me suffering" — It rests with *you* to interpret it for your best: it meant nothing *more* even among religious men.

141.

Beyond Yes and No.

Questions and Question Marks

for the Questionable.

142.

We know better than we admit to ourselves that Wagner is poor, that a thought seldom comes to him, that he himself is the most startled, enraptured, overwhelmed by its appearance, and for an overlong time does not tire of stroking and decking out these marvels of thoughts. He is too grateful and does not know the cold affability of the rich, still less their tender disgust, the weariness of those who do nothing but give away — like Mozart, like Rossini: only the overrich springs leap and dance.

143.

"*We Lizards of Happiness*."

Thoughts of a Grateful One.

144.

The Last Virtue.

A Morality for Moralists

145.

— this last virtue, *our* virtue, is called: honesty. In all other respects we are only the heirs and perhaps the squanderers of virtues that were not gathered and heaped up by us

146.

A moralist: by this I understand etc

Question and objection: has there ever yet been a moralist? — Perhaps not, perhaps so; in any case from now on there may be only such moralists.

147.

Let us flee, my friends, from what is boring, from the overcast sky, from the waddling goose, from the respectable woman, from the spinsters who write and "lay" books — is life not too short to be bored?

148.

"The World as Will and Representation" — translated back into the narrow and personal, into the Schopenhauerian: "the world as sexual drive and contemplation".

149.

The German Reich lies far from me, and there is no reason for me, with regard to a thing that lies so far away, to be friend or foe.

150.

Hitherto we have been so courteous toward women. Woe, the time is coming when, in order to be able to have dealings with a woman, one will always first have to strike her on the mouth.

151.

The Ways to the Holy.

What Are Strong Spirits?

On the Morality of the Herd Animal

152.

New Dangers

and New Securities

A Book for Strong Spirits.

153.

NB. Against Aryan and Semitic.

Where races are mixed, the source of great culture.

154.

What Is Noble?

Thoughts

on Order of Rank.

155.

What, after all, are we waiting for? Is it not for a great din of heralds and trumpets! What happiness lies in loud sounds! There is a silence that strangles: we have been listening too long already.

156.

He who has the greatest gifts to bestow seeks those who know how to receive them — does he perhaps seek in vain? Does he at last throw his gift away? Such things belong to the secret history and despair of the richest souls: it is perhaps the most incomprehensible and most melancholy of all misfortunes on earth.

157.

That the moral judgment, insofar as it presents itself in concepts, looks narrow, clumsy, paltry, almost ridiculous, measured against the subtlety of the same judgment insofar as it presents itself in actions,

in choosing, rejecting, shuddering, loving, hesitating, doubting, in every contact of human being with human being.

158.

how today worthy mediocrity in Germany feels at ease, that is, akin, with the music of its Brahms — : how the subtle and uncertain greyhounds of the Parisian spirit today sniff around their Renan with a voluptuous fawning —

159.

The value of *monarchs* on the rise!

160.

How treacherous all parties are! — they bring to light something of their leaders which these have perhaps, with great art, hidden under a bushel

161.

Everyone perhaps has his own measure for what counts to him as "superficial": very well, I have mine — a coarse, simple measure for my household use, as it fits my hand — let others have a right to more ticklish, finer-tongued instruments!

Whoever feels suffering as an argument against life counts to me as superficial, hence our pessimists; likewise whoever sees a goal in well-being.

162.

The orgiastic soul. —

I have seen him: his eyes at least — they are deep, still, now green and slippery honey-eyes

his halcyon smile

the sky looked on, bloody and cruel

the orgiastic soul of woman

I have seen him: his halcyon smile, his honey-eyes, now deep and veiled, now green, slippery, a trembling surface,

slippery, sleepy, trembling, tarrying,

the sea wells up in his eyes

163.

1.

Caesar among pirates

2.

At the bridge

3.

The wedding. —

and suddenly, while the sky falls darkly down

4.

Ariadne.

164.

This music — Dionysian after all?

the dance?

cheerfulness? the tempter?

the religious flood?

Aristophanes under Plato's pillow?

165.

our minstrels and men of dishonourable burial — they are the night-kin of the witches, they have their Blocksbergs

166.

the mystical nature, besmirched by vice and foaming

167.

the kindly and pure spring that never again gets the better of a single drop of filth that fell into it, until at last it is yellow and poisonous through and through: — the corrupted angels

168.

"*We immoralists*."

169.

"Blessed art thou, if thou knowest what thou doest; but if thou knowest it not, then art thou under the law and under the curse of the law"

Jesus of Nazareth.

170.

Industriousness, as the sign of an *ignoble* kind of human being (which, as goes without saying, is for all that still an estimable and indispensable kind of human being — note for asses!) might in our age — — —

171.

in relation to Rabelais and that overflowing power of the senses of which he is the hallmark, — — —

172.

Raphael without hands

the cloisters and hermitages of culture

this music is not sincere

"As little state as possible" — the anti-national powers

For one to whom "objectivity", "contemplation" is already the highest state, like Schopenhauer — he does not know enough

the good fortune of finding an unbroken, naive egoism

the Tartuffery of the Germans! to present the old woman as an outflow of their sense of duty — I have heard it with my own ears.

Screeching and scribbling of the ugly girls — the waning influence of woman.

the new Melusine

As much militaria as possible, the wounded kings — the privation of the field camp, without door and window, the loaded revolver

"the cause of every action an act of consciousness", a *knowing*! Consequently bad actions merely errors, etc.

The famous saying "forgive them their", the generalization "tout comprendre" — *superficial* words

"the great ambiguous one and tempter"

173.

a cold, unwilling lake on which no rapture ripples

174.

not yet a single hour among my equals, in every doing and business the secret worm "you have other things to do!", tormented by children, geese and dwarfs, nightmare

— there are only such around him on whom he can neither take revenge nor bestow instruction — — —

175.

pampered consciences

176.

the little woe

177.

Of a great human being.

Those who come after say of him: "from then on he rose ever higher and higher". — But they understand nothing of this martyrdom of ascent; a great human being is pushed, pressed, driven, martyred upward into *his* height.

178.

This is a problem of race as I understand it: for in the clumsy chatter about Aryan — — —

179.

The Jesuitism of mediocrity, which seeks to break or to talk down the unusual and tensed human being as a bow dangerous to it, with pity and comfortable helping hands as well as with the poisoning of his necessary solitude and secret befouling of his faith —: which has its triumph when it can say, "*he* has at last become one of us": this domineering Jesuitism, which is the driving force in the entire democratic movement, will everywhere, far apart from politics and the questions of nourishment and — — —

180.

Mozart the flower of the German baroque —

181.

Inspiration. —

182.

It is hard to be understood. For the mere good will toward some *subtlety* of interpretation one ought to be grateful from the heart: on good days one asks for nothing more. One ought to grant one's friends ample latitude for misunderstanding. It seems to me better to be misunderstood than not understood: there is something insulting in being understood. To be understood? You do know what that means? — Comprendre c'est égaler.

It is more flattering to be misunderstood than not understood: toward the incomprehensible one remains cold, and coldness insults.

183.

Ah, this is the sea: and here this bird is to build its nest?

On those days when the sea grows still and — — —

184.

Of the *greed of the spirit*: where, as in avarice, the means becomes the end. The insatiability

Today one loves everything fatalistic and monstrous: and so the spirit too.

185.

The Discipline of the Spirit.

Thoughts

on the Intellectual Conscience.

The greed and insatiability of the spirit: — the monstrous, fatalistic, night-roaming, merciless, predatory and cunning in it.

186.

The Scholar.

What Is Truth?

On the Indiscipline of the Spirit.

The Demagogic in Our Arts.

Master and Slave Morality.

Morality and Physiology.

Piety.

On the History of the Free Spirit.

We Immoralists.

The Noble Soul.

The Mask.

187.

1.

What is truth?

2.

On the natural history of the scholar.

3.

The mask.

4.

On the noble soul.

5.

We immoralists.

6.

Herd morality.

7.

On the demagogy of the arts.

8.

Piety.

9.

The good Europeans.

10.

The philosophers of the future. Sceptics. Free spirits. Strong spirits. Tempters. Dionysus.

188.

First chapter:

our courage

Second chapter:

our pity

Third chapter:

our insight

Fourth chapter:

our solitude.

189.

1.

Morality and Knowledge.

2.

Morality and Religion.

3.

Morality and Art.

4.

"We Europeans."

5.

What is noble?

Inspiration

190.

Among those who have liberated themselves from religion I find people of many a kind and rank. There are the intemperate, who have let themselves be talked round by their senses (because their senses could no longer bear the constraint and reproach of the religious ideal) — and who are wont to employ reason and taste as their advocates, as though it were the unreasonable, the tasteless in religion that they could no longer bear: — to this kind of person belong anti-religious hatred, malice and sardonic laughter, but likewise, in well-concealed moments, a yearning shame, an inner submissiveness to the value-settings of the disavowed ideal. Estranged from the Church through sensuality, they revere, when they return to it again, the ideal

of desensualization as *the* religious "ideal in itself": — a source of many and grave errors.

There are the more spiritual, poorer in feeling, drier, and also more conscientious people, who are fundamentally incapable of believing in an ideal at all and who know how to find their greatest strength and self-respect only in subtle No-saying and critical dissolution: they are liberated because there is nothing in them that could bind fast; they liberate because — — —

Phases —

loss, desolation, included in the feeling of disloyalty and ingratitude, liberation, all outweighed by an irrevocable bitter certainty

the feeling of reverent consideration and a shy seriousness (with great mildness toward the homines religiosi)

the feeling of superior and kindly cheerfulness toward all religions, mixed with a slight disdain for the uncleanliness of the intellectual conscience which still permits many to be religious, or with a scarcely concealed astonishment that it is possible to "believe"

191.

NB. After all, the *whole* of a Greek city was surely *worth* more than an individual! it is still preserved for us! — as surely as the body is worth more than any organ. Learning to obey, a thousand times in the body the highest sacrifice!

192.

more cleanly washed and more neatly dressed, capable gymnasts with a lock upon the "loose mouth", training themselves to silence, and also to dignified self-mastery in Venere (and not, as so often, whored

and botched from boyhood on): may we soon see them "Europeanized" in this respect

193.

I love the magnificent exuberance of a young beast of prey that plays gracefully, and in playing tears apart

194.

Modern pessimism is an expression of the uselessness of the *modern* world — not of the world and of existence.

195.

It seems to me more and more that we are not shallow enough and not good-natured enough to lend a hand in this Brandenburg Junker fatherlandism and to join in its hate-snorting, stupefying watchword "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles".

196.

— one must indeed descend as far as the late Wagner and his Bayreuther Blätter to encounter a swamp of presumption, unclarity and Teutomania like the Addresses to the German Nation.

197.

The old Romantics topple over and one day lie, one knows not how, stretched out before the Cross: that befell Richard Wagner too. To witness the degeneration of such a man belongs to the most painful things I have experienced: — that in Germany it was *not* felt as painful was a strong impulse for me to mistrust still more that spirit which now rules in Germany.

198.

Buatschleli batscheli

bim bim bim

Buatscheli batschleli

bim!

199.

To seize happiness and throttle it, strangle it, smother it with one's embrace: — the melancholy of such experiences — would it otherwise flee and slip away?

200.

How much of the truth someone can endure:

How much someone takes upon himself to answer for:

How much someone takes upon himself to provide for and protect:

Simplicity — and what the motley taste of artists betrays:

201.

Middle-class Morality.

202.

There is something unteachable at bottom: a granite of factum, of predetermined decision in measure and relation to us, and likewise a claim to certain problems, a branded stamping of them with our name.

The attempt to adapt, the torment of isolation, the longing for a community: in a thinker this can manifest itself in such a way that from

his individual case he subtracts precisely what is most personal and valuable, and, in generalizing, also *vulgarizes*. Thus it is possible that the whole avowed philosophy of a remarkable man is not really his philosophy, but rather that of his surroundings, from which he as a human being *deviates*, paratypically. To what extent modesty, the lack of a courageous "I am", becomes fateful in a thinker. "The type is more interesting than the individual and exceptional case": to that extent the scientific bent of one's taste can bring someone to lack the necessary concern and caution for himself. And finally: style, literature, the cast and fall of words — how all this falsifies and spoils what is personal! Mistrust in writing, the tyranny of the vanity of writing *well*: which is in any case a social garment and also hides us. Taste hostile to the original! an old story.

Style that communicates: and style that is only a sign, "in memoriam". Dead style a masquerade; in others, living style. Depersonalization.

203.

Against one enemy there is no better antidote than a second enemy: for one enemy — — —

204.

Far too much upon me — since when? almost from childhood on. My philology was only an eagerly seized escapade: I cannot deceive myself about it, the Leipzig diaries spoke too plainly. — And no companion! — Careless in trust? But a hermit has always heaped up too great a store of it, and likewise, to be sure, of mistrust.

205.

The deepest misunderstanding of religion: "wicked people have no religion".

206.

Russian music: how does it come about that — — —

207.

The extreme purity of the atmosphere in which I have placed him, and which permits me things — — —

208.

I have become less able to resist physical pain: and when days now come with the old attacks, the pain is at once transformed into a torture of the soul with which I can compare nothing

209.

One gives away to one's work the height and goodness of one's nature as well: afterwards, drought or mire. —

210.

How a good conscience and well-being detach one from the deep problems!

211.

Beyond Good and Evil: that sort of thing is hard work. I translate as if *into* a foreign language, I am not always sure of having found the sense. Everything somewhat too coarse to please me.

212.

Upon brown, yellow, green purple carpets comes

213.

We early risers, who upon the — — —

214.

Contrary: there are truths that make one vomit, materia peccans, which one simply wants to be rid of: one gets rid of them by communicating them.

215.

To look upon the need of the masses with ironic wistfulness: they want something that *we* are able to do — alas!

216.

I have never profaned the holy name of love.

217.

well-rested powers

218.

genuine in his objectivity, in his cheerful totalism, he is false and contrived in his affects, artificial and refined in grasping the particular, even in the senses

219.

NB How, with the waning of vital force, one *sinks down* to the contemplative and to objectivity: a poet can feel it (Sainte-Beuve).

220.

The immense enjoyment of man and of society in the age of Louis XIV caused man to feel bored and desolate in nature. Most painful of all was desolate nature, the high mountains.

The *Précieuses* wanted to bring spirit, at least esprit, into love. Symptom of an immense delight in *spirit* (the bright, distinguishing kind, as at the time of the Persian Wars)

Artificial forms (Ronsard, even the Scandinavians) give the greatest joy to very lusty and vigorously sensual natures: it is their self-overcoming. The most artificial morality too.

Our people want to be hard, fatalistic, destroyers of illusions — the craving of weak and tender people, who relish the formless, the barbaric, the form-destroying (e.g. the "infinite" melody — refinement of the German musicians). Pessimism and brutality as stimulants for our précieux.

221.

Catiline — a romantic beside Caesar, modo celer modo lentus ingressus

222.

Freedom of conscience is useful and possible only under great despotism — a symptom of *atomization*

223.

NB *The last virtue*.

We are the squanderers of the virtues our forefathers amassed, and, thanks to them, in view of their long severity and thrift, it may yet be permissible for a good while that we comport ourselves as the rich and overweening heirs.

224.

gloomy or unbridled, a spirit that in everything it devised took revenge for something it had done (or for *not* having done something) — that did not understand happiness without cruelty.

225.

Here, where the peninsula runs out into the sea

226.

Whoever takes no pleasure in watching boors dance should read no German books. I have just watched a German boor dance: Eugen Dühring, after the anarchist motto "ni dieu, ni maître".

227.

With most people, even today, their *cleverness* is still the most genuine thing they possess: and only those rare ones who know, who feel, how they have grown up in the twilight of an ageing culture — — —

228.

I do not understand what laymen find in Richard Wagner: perhaps he stirs their romantic feelings and all the shudders and titillations of the

infinite and of romantic mysticism — we musicians are enraptured and seduced

229.

Halcyon Discourses.

— Caesar among pirates —

The hour when the sun has gone down —

To love men for God's sake —

For those who laugh golden laughter.

Grateful for being misunderstood —

At the golden railing.

We lizards of happiness —

Among children and dwarfs.

At the bridge.

On the old fortress.

The bath.

The greatest event —

Always disguised

otium

Poverty, sickness — and the noble human being

the slow eye

"One's equals" — against familiarity

Being able to keep silent

Slow to reconcile, slow to wrath

To take everything formal under one's protection.

Women. — Dance, folly, little jewel boxes

the tempter.

Of the blood.

The mask.

230.

Halcyon Songs.

231.

Ariadne.

232.

The Problem of the Order of Rank.

Provisional Thoughts and

Dashes of Thought

by

Friedrich Nietzsche.

233.

NB. Harm makes one *wise,* says the rabble: — Insofar as it makes one wise, it also makes one bad. But how often harm makes one stupid!

234.

To what extent a craft deforms one in body and spirit: likewise scientific pursuit in itself, likewise moneymaking, likewise every art: — the *specialist* is necessary, but belongs to the *class of tools*.

235.

It is very interesting for once to see people without rein or limit: almost all higher people (such as artists) fall back into some kind of submission, be it Christianity or patriotism.

236.

If this is not an age of decay and declining vitality with much melancholy, it is at the very least one of heedless, arbitrary experimenting: — and it is probable that from its superabundance of *failed* experiments an overall impression as of decay arises: and perhaps the thing itself, decay *proper*.

237.

The problem of the order of rank.

The problem of discipline and breeding.

NB.

The discipline of the will.

The discipline of obeying.

The discipline of commanding.

The subtlety of discrimination.

The cultivation that excludes specialization.

238.

The deep necessity of the task, which presides over all the individual destinies of every person in whom a task becomes flesh and "comes into the world" — in the middle of life I grasp what preparations the *problem of the order of rank* required in order at last to rise up in me: — how I had to experience the most manifold states of fortune and distress in soul and body, losing nothing, savouring everything and testing it to the ground, purifying and sifting everything of the accidental.

239.

Every morality that has ever ruled anywhere was always the discipline and breeding of a particular type of human being, on the presupposition that this type mattered chiefly, indeed exclusively: in short, always on the presupposition of a type. Every morality believes that one can change ("improve") much in man *intentionally* and by compulsion: — it always takes assimilation to the authoritative type as "improvement" (it has no other concept of it at all —).

240.

On naïveté. Reflection can still be a sign of naïveté.

"Naïve egoism".

241.

the welfare of the "neighbour" is in itself more worth striving for 1) if welfare is *worth* striving for 2) if it is established what kind of welfare, since there are kinds that contradict and hinder one another as goals, 3) if a value of persons is already established and it is clear that "the neighbour" has a higher value than I. — The pleasant, enthusiastic sentiments of devotion etc. must be mercilessly criticized; in them-

selves, by virtue of the drop of pleasantness and enthusiasm in them, they contain as yet no argument *for*, but only a *seduction* toward it.

242.

Knowledge of men: it depends on what a person already grasps, feels as an "experience"; most need a clumsy elaborateness of events and a hundredfold repetition, and some need blows of a club in order to get behind an experience and become attentive

243.

The barbarization of Christianity by the Germans

244.

Science as a means of education. Pursued for its own sake, one barbarism more, a barbarizing craft

245.

Iti vuttakam

(Thus spoke (the holy one)

246.

not to deceive

no compromises

to despise such *unclarity* as Bismarck and Wagner.

247.

How men were sick of God and became estranged from *man*.

Notebook 2: Autumn 1885 — Autumn 1886

1.

There is a noble and dangerous negligence which permits a deep conclusion and insight: the negligence of the overrich soul, which has never *taken pains* over friends, but knows only hospitality, always only practises hospitality and knows how to practise it — heart and house open to everyone who wishes to enter, be they beggars or cripples or kings. This is genuine affability: whoever has it has a hundred "friends", but probably no friend.

2.

This glorious spirit, now sufficient unto itself and well defended and shut off against assaults: — you are angry with him for his stronghold and secrecy, and yet you peer curiously through the golden latticework with which he has fenced in his realm? — curious and seduced: for an unknown, indistinct fragrance blows maliciously upon you and tells of secret gardens and blisses.

3.

We are in the midst of the dangerous carnival of the madness of nationalities, where all finer reason has slunk off to one side and the vanity of the most uncouth backwater peoples clamours for the rights of separate existence and self-sovereignty — how can one today hold it against the Poles, the noblest breed of the Slavic world, that they entertain hopes and — — —

I am told that Germany has the big say in this.

4.

Halcyon Interludes.

For recovery from "Thus Spoke Zarathustra"

dedicated to his friends

by

Friedrich Nietzsche

5.

The exclusive interest which is now bestowed in Germany upon questions of power, upon trade and traffic and — last of all — upon "living well", the rise of parliamentary idiocy, of newspaper-reading and of the literary chiming-in of everyone about everything, the admiration for a statesman who knows and thinks just as much of philosophy as a peasant or a fraternity student, and who believes he can make his bold, ruthless politics of the moment more "acceptable" to German taste (or conscience —) by an antiquated trimming of royalism and Christianity —: all this has its origin in the uncanny and in many ways attractive year 1815. Then night suddenly fell upon the German spirit, which until then had had a long and joyful day: the "fatherland", the border, the soil, the forefather — all kinds of narrow-mindedness suddenly began to assert their rights. At that time there awoke above the reaction and the alarm, the fear of the German spirit, and consequently below the liberalism and revolutionism and the whole political fever — one understands this consequently. Since then — since it began to play at politics — Germany has lost the spiritual leadership of Europe: and now mediocre Englishmen succeed in getting the Germans — — —

6.

The Centuries Before Last. —

Only in the 17th and 18th centuries did Germany bring its very own art, music, to its height: may a sometimes melancholy observer be forgiven if he can recognize the German music of the nineteenth century as nothing more than a brilliant, manifold and learned form of decline. In the same much-maligned century it likewise showed a lavish delight and power in the visual arts: the German baroque style in church and palace belongs to our music as its nearest kin — and forms, in the realm of the eyes, the same kind of enchantments and seductions that our music is for another sense. Between Leibniz and Schopenhauer (born 1788) Germany thought out the whole circle of original thoughts, thus likewise within those centuries: — and this philosophy too, with its pigtail and cobwebs of concepts, its suppleness, its melancholy, its secret infinity and mysticism, belongs to our music and is a kind of baroque in the realm of philosophy.

7.

The spirit that we comprehend —, that we do not *resemble*: to that we are superior!

8.

Whatever is still young and stands on weak legs always makes the loudest outcry: for it still falls over too often. For example "patriotism" in present-day Europe, "love of the fatherland", which is only a child: — one should by no means take the little screamer too seriously!

9.

To My Friends.

This book, which has known how to find its readers in a wide circle of lands and peoples and must understand some art by which even coy and refractory ears are seduced: precisely this book has remained most unintelligible to my closer friends: — when it appeared it was to them a terror and a question mark, and it laid a long estrangement between them and me. Indeed, the condition from which it sprang had enough of the enigmatic and contradictory about it: I was at that time at once *very* happy and *very* much in suffering — thanks to a great *victory* I had won over myself, one of those dangerous victories by which one is wont to perish. One day — it was in the summer of 1876 — a sudden contempt and insight came over me: and from then on I strode mercilessly over all the lovely desirabilities upon which my youth had bestowed its heart

10.

The madness of nationalities and fatherland-boorishness hold no enchantment for me: "Germany, Germany above all— rings painfully in my ears, at bottom because I want and wish more from the Germans than —. Their foremost statesman, in whose head a worthy foundation of royalism and Christianity gets along with a ruthless politics of the moment, who is no more touched by philosophy than a peasant or a fraternity student, arouses my ironic curiosity. It even seems useful to me that there are some Germans who have remained indifferent to the German Reich: not even as spectators, but as those who look away. *Where*, then, do they look? There are more important things, reckoned against which these questions are mere foreground questions: e.g. the growing rise of democratic man and the stupefaction of Europe and the *diminution* of European man that it entails.

11.

The Intellectual Conscience.

Attempt at a Critique of the More Spiritual Human Beings.

The Philosopher. The Free Spirit. The Artist. The Religious Man. The Scholar. The Noble Man. Dionysus.

12.

Inter pares: a word that intoxicates, — so much happiness and unhappiness does it enclose for one who has been alone a whole life long; who has met no one who belonged to him, though he sought along many kinds of paths; who in his dealings always had to be the man of benevolent and cheerful dissimulation, of sought and often found assimilation, and who knows from all too long experience that putting a good face on a bad game which is called "affability", — at times, to be sure, also those dangerous, heart-rending outbursts of all concealed unblessedness, of all unstifled desire, of all the dammed-up streams of love that have run wild, — the sudden madness of that hour when the solitary one embraces anyone at all and treats him as a friend and a gift thrown down from heaven and the most precious of presents, only to thrust him away with disgust an hour later, — with disgust now at himself, as if soiled, as if debased, as if estranged from himself, as if sick of his own company —.

13.

This is my mistrust, which comes back again and again, my care, which never lies down to sleep for me, my question, which no one hears or cares to hear, my sphinx, beside which there is not merely one abyss: — I believe that we deceive ourselves today about the things which we Europeans love most highly, and that a cruel (or not

even cruel, merely indifferent and childish) goblin is playing with our heart and its enthusiasm, as he has perhaps already played with everything else that lived and loved —: I believe that everything we in Europe today are accustomed to revere as "humanity", "morality", "humaneness", "compassion", "justice" may indeed have a foreground value as a weakening and mitigation of certain dangerous and powerful fundamental drives, but in the long run is nonetheless nothing other than the diminution of the whole type "man" — his definitive *mediocritization*, if I may be pardoned a desperate word in a desperate matter; I believe that the commedia umana for an Epicurean spectator-god would have to consist in this: that men, by virtue of their growing morality, in all innocence and vanity fancy themselves rising from the animal to the rank of "gods" and to supraterrestrial destinies, but in truth *sink*, that is to say, through the cultivation of all those virtues by which a herd thrives, and through the suppression of those other and opposite ones which give rise to a new, higher, stronger, *masterly* kind, they develop only the herd animal in man and thereby perhaps *fix* the animal "man" — for until now man has been the "not yet fixed animal" —; I believe that the great, forward-driving and irresistible *democratic* movement of Europe — that which calls itself "progress" — and likewise already its preparation and moral omen, Christianity — signifies at bottom only the tremendous instinctive collective conspiracy of the herd against everything that is shepherd, beast of prey, hermit and Caesar, in favour of the preservation and elevation of all the weak, the oppressed, the badly-off, the mediocre, the half-ill-constituted, as a protracted slave revolt, at first secret, then ever more self-conscious, against every kind of master, and finally even against the concept "master", as a war of life and death against every morality that springs from the womb and consciousness of a higher, stronger, as I said, masterly kind of man, — such a kind as needs slavery in some form and under some name as its foundation and condition; I believe, finally, that every elevation of the type man hitherto has been

the work of an aristocratic society, which believed in a long ladder of order of rank and difference of worth between man and man and had need of slavery: indeed, that without the *pathos of distance*, such as grows out of the ingrained difference of classes, out of the ruling caste's constant looking-on and looking-down upon subjects and instruments, and out of its equally constant practice in commanding, holding down and holding at a distance, that other, more mysterious pathos could not arise at all, that longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the development of ever higher, rarer, remoter, more widely spanned, more comprehensive states, in short the "self-overcoming of man", to take a moral formula in a supra-moral sense. A question keeps coming back to me, a tempting and wicked question perhaps: let it be whispered into the ears of those who have a right to such questionable questions, the strongest souls of today, who also have themselves most in their power: would it not be time, the more the type "herd animal" is now being developed in Europe, to make the attempt at a deliberate, artificial and conscious *breeding* of the opposite type and its virtues? And would it not itself be for the democratic movement a kind of goal, redemption and justification at last, if someone came who *made use* of it —, in that finally, to its new and sublime development of slavery — for as such the consummation of European democracy will one day present itself — there would be added that higher kind of masterly and Caesarean spirits who would then also — *need* this new slavery? For new, hitherto impossible prospects, for *their* prospects? For *their* tasks?

14.

Our four cardinal virtues: courage, pity, insight and solitude — they would be unbearable to themselves had they not fraternized with a cheerful and roguish vice, called "politeness". —

15.

Cruelty can be the relief of tense and proud souls, of those accustomed constantly to practise harshness against themselves; it has become a festival for them at last to inflict pain, to see suffering — all warlike races are cruel; cruelty can, conversely, also be a kind of saturnalia of oppressed and weak-willed beings, of slaves, of women of the seraglio, a little titillation of power, — there is a cruelty of evil souls and also a cruelty of bad and lowly ones.

16.

What is noble?

Belief in the order of rank.

Work (on artists, scholars, etc.)

Cheerfulness (symptom of being well-constituted).

Master morality and herd morality.

17.

The writings named, questioned carefully and at length, might be used as a means of perhaps opening the approach to the understanding of a type still higher and more difficult than even the type of the free spirit: — no other path leads to the understanding of — — —

*

Writings from the youth of the same author.

The Birth of Tragedy. 1st edition 1872. 2nd ed. — — —

Untimely Meditations 1873-76.

18.

A god of love might one day say, bored by his virtue: "let us try a little devilry for once!" — and behold, a new origin of evil! Out of boredom and virtue! — —

19.

"Paradise lies in the shadow of swords" — this too a symbolon and tally-word by which souls of noble and warlike descent betray and recognize one another. —

20.

"*Straight down swoop the eagles*". The nobility of the soul is not least to be recognized by the splendid and proud stupidity with which it *attacks* — "straight down".

21.

There is also a squandering of our passions and desires, namely in the modest and petty-bourgeois manner in which we satisfy them: — which spoils the taste, but still more the reverence and fear before ourselves. Temporary asceticism is the means of *damming* them up, — of giving them dangerousness and grand style — —

22.

With regard to what fruitful spirits need first and last in order not to suffer from the worms of their conscience — namely "laying eggs, cackling, brooding eggs" and so forth, with or without grace — they may with good reason, as Stendhal and Balzac did, — prescribe chastity for themselves as a diet. And at the least one may not doubt that for the "genius" in particular the marriage bed can be still more

fateful than concubinage and libertinage. — In many other respects too — for example, as regards "posterity" — one must take counsel with oneself in good time and decide: aut liberi aut libri.

23.

Long pondered that original hearth of religious genius and consequently also of the "metaphysical need", the "religious neurosis"; — reluctantly mindful of that famous and even proverbial expression in France, which gives one so much to understand about the "health" of the French spirit: "le génie est une neurose". —

24.

— And said once more: the beast in us wants to be *lied to*, — morality is a lie of necessity.

25.

"You seem to me to be plotting something wicked," I once said to the god Dionysus, "namely to bring men to ruin?" — "Perhaps," answered the god, "but in such a way that something comes of it for me." — What, then? I asked curiously. — "*Who*, then? you should ask." Thus spoke Dionysus and thereupon fell silent, in the manner peculiar to him, namely temptingly. — You should have seen him then! It was spring, and all the wood stood in young sap.

26.

Beyond Good and Evil.

Prelude

to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

27.

Beyond Good and Evil.

All Manner of Things to Ponder

for halcyon spirits.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

28.

My tolerably radical question mark over all your penal legislations is this: supposing that punishments are meant to hurt in proportion to the magnitude of the crime — and that, after all, is what you all want at bottom! well then, they would have to be meted out to each criminal in proportion to his sensitivity to pain: — that is to say, there could be no *prior* determination of the punishment for an offence, there could *be no* penal code *at all*? But, considering that it would hardly be easy to ascertain in a criminal the graduated scale of his pleasure and displeasure, one would presumably have to renounce punishing in praxi? What a loss! Is it not? Consequently — —

29.

Music does *not* reveal the essence of the world and its "will", as Schopenhauer claimed (who deceived himself about music just as about pity, and for the same reason — he knew both too little from experience —): music reveals only the gentlemen musicians! And they themselves do not know it! — And how good, perhaps, that they do not know it! —

30.

Our Virtues.

All Manner of Questions and Questionable Things

for subtler consciences.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

31.

Our Virtues.

Pointers toward a Morality of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

On the Strength of the Soul.

On Honesty.

On Cheerfulness.

On the Will to Solitude.

"What is noble?"

32.

The Philosophers of the Future.

A Discourse.

1.

Is such greatness possible today? —

2.

But perhaps tomorrow, perhaps the day after tomorrow. — I see new philosophers coming up, etc.

33.

There is a misunderstanding of cheerfulness which cannot be removed: but whoever shares it may in the end be content with precisely that. — We who *flee* to happiness —: we who need every kind of south and unbridled fullness of sun and who sit ourselves down by the road where life rolls past like a drunken procession of grotesque masks — as something that drives one out of one's senses; we who demand precisely this of happiness, *that* it drive us "out of our senses": does it not seem that we possess a knowledge which we *fear*? With which we do not want to be alone? A knowledge under whose pressure we tremble, at whose whisper we turn pale? This stubborn turning away from sad spectacles, these stopped and hardened ears against everything that suffers, this brave, mocking superficiality, this wilful Epicureanism of the heart, which wants to have nothing warm and whole and worships the *mask* as its last divinity and redeemer: this scorn for the melancholic of taste, in whom we always suspect a lack of depth — is all this not merely hatred of life? It seems we know ourselves to be all too fragile, perhaps already broken and incurable; it seems we fear this hand of life, that it must break us, and we flee into its appearance, into its falseness, its surface and motley deception; it seems we are cheerful because we are monstrously sad. We are

serious, we know the abyss: *that is why* we defend ourselves against everything serious.

— — — we smile to ourselves at the melancholics of taste — ah, we envy them even as we mock them! — for we are not happy enough to be able to permit ourselves their tender sadness. We must flee even the shadow of sadness: our hell and darkness is always too near to us. We have a knowledge which we fear, with which we do not want to be alone; we have a faith under whose pressure we tremble, at whose whisper we turn pale — the unbelievers seem to us blessed. We turn away from sad spectacles, we stop our ears against what suffers; pity would break us at once if we did not know how to harden ourselves. Stay bravely at our side, mocking levity: cool us, wind that has run over glaciers: we want to take nothing more to heart, we want to pray to the *mask*

There is something in us that breaks easily: do we fear the childish hands that break things? we get out of the way of chance and save ourselves — — —

34.

I have loved and revered Richard Wagner more than anyone else; and had he not in the end had the bad taste — or the sad necessity — to make common cause with a quality of "spirits" impossible for me, with his adherents, the Wagnerians, I should have had no reason to bid farewell already during his lifetime: to him, the deepest and boldest, and also the most misjudged of all those hard to recognize today, the encounter with whom has furthered my knowledge more than any other encounter. Let what comes first be put first: that his cause and my cause did not wish to be confused, and that it required a good deal of self-overcoming before I learned to separate "his" and "mine" in this way with the fitting cut. That I came to reflect upon the

extraordinary problem of the actor — a problem which perhaps lies further from me than any other, for a reason hard to put into words — that I discovered and recognized the actor at the bottom of every artist, the typically artistic, for that I needed contact with that man — and it seems to me that I think more highly and more ill of both than any earlier philosopher. — The improvement of the theatre concerns me little, its "churchification" still less; Wagner's music proper does not belong to me enough — I could do without it for my happiness and for my health (quod erat demonstrandum et demonstratum). What was most foreign to me in him, the Teutomania and semi-churchliness of his last years — — —

35.

A new way of thinking — which is always a new way of measuring and presupposes the existence of a new standard, a new scale of feeling — feels itself in contradiction with old ways of thinking and, in resisting them, constantly says "that is false". Looked at more finely, such a "that is false" really means only "I feel nothing of myself in it", "I care nothing for it" "I do not understand how you cannot feel with me"

36.

On Liberation.

On Hardening.

On the Mask.

On the Order of Rank.

European and Supra-European.

37.

One always has something more needful to do than to get married: heavens, that is how it has always gone with me!

38.

Beyond Good and Evil.

Pointers toward a Morality of the Strongest.

39.

Mask and Communication.

40.

The Philosophers of the Future.

On the Natural History of the Free Spirit.

Our Virtues.

Peoples and Fatherlands.

The Defeminization.

homo religiosus.

41.

On the Natural History of the Higher Man.

Thoughts of an Educator.

1.

The Philosophers of Yore.

2.

Artists and Poets.

3.

The Religious Genius.

4.

We Virtuous Ones.

5.

Woman.

6.

The Scholars.

7.

The “Tempters”.

8.

Peoples and Fatherlands.

9.

Wisdom of the Mask.

10.

Moral Psychology.

Sayings and Dashes of Thought.

What Is Noble?

Appendix. Songs of Prince Vogelfrei.

42.

Beyond Good and Evil.

Prelude

to a Philosophy of the Future.

With an Appendix: Songs and Arrows of Prince Vogelfrei.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

43.

On the Natural History of the Higher Man.

A Psychologist's Dashes of Thought.

1.

The Philosopher.

2.

The Free Spirit.

3.

The Religious Genius.

4.

On the Psychology of Morals

5.

What Is Noble?

6.

Peoples and Fatherlands.

7.

Woman in Herself.

8.

The Scholars.

9.

We Virtuous Ones.

10.

Wisdom and Mask.

11.

Those Who Are Coming.

12.

Sayings of a Taciturn One.

Appendix. Songs and Arrows of Prince Vogelfrei.

44.

Preface.

1.

What was the philosopher?

2.

On the Natural History of the Free Spirit.

3.

Soliloquy of a Psychologist.

4.

Woman in Herself.

5.

The Religious Genius.

6.

We Scholars.

7.

We Virtuous Ones.

8.

What Is Noble?

9.

Peoples and Fatherlands.

10.

The Masks.

11.

The Tempters. Dionysus.

Appendix: — — —

Table of Contents.

45.

Nothing of the advocate: no party man; mistrustful of what is called "conviction"; unbelieving toward unbelief; — — —

46.

On the Natural History of the Higher Man.

Thoughts of an Idler.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

47.

Beyond Good and Evil.

Soliloquies

of a

Psychologist.

With an Appendix: Songs and Arrows of Prince Vogelfrei.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Appendix:

Songs and Arrows

of

Prince Vogelfrei.

1.

To the Mistral.

2.

To Goethe.

3.

To Certain Eulogists.

4.

Sils-Maria.

5.

Hermit's Noon.

6.

Toward New Seas.

7.

“The Doves of San Marco”

8.

Above the House Door.

9.

The Genuine German.

10.

Parsifal Music.

11.

To Spinoza.

12.

Rimus remedium.

13.

Fool in Despair.

14.

Aftersong.

48.

Woman is so little sufficient unto herself that she would rather even let herself be beaten than —

49.

In most loves there is one who plays and one who lets himself be played with: Amor is above all a little theatre director.

50.

Contents:

Preface.

1.

On the Prejudices of Philosophers.

2.

The Free Spirit.

3.

The Religious Genius. The Religious Nature.

4.

Woman in Herself. Maxims and Interludes.

5.

On the Natural History of Morals.

6.

We Scholars

„Carcasse, tu trembles? Tu tremblerais bien davantage, si tu savais, où je te mène."

Turenne.

7.

Our Virtues.

8.

Peoples and Fatherlands.

9.

Masks.

10.

What Is Noble?

Appendix: Songs and Arrows of Prince Vogelfrei.

51.

Soliloquies

of a Psychologist.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

On the Natural History of the Higher Man.

What Is Noble?

52.

Maxims and Soliloquies.

With a Rhymed Addition.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

53.

Beyond Good and Evil

Prelude

to a Philosophy of the Future.

Introduction.

First Book:

on the prejudices of philosophers.

Second Book:

Pointers from a Moral Psychologist

Third Book:

we Europeans. An Occasion for Self-Reflection.

54.

Beyond Good and Evil.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

55.

Penultimate Chapter

Alcuin the Anglo-Saxon, who defined the royal calling of the philosopher thus:

Prava corrigere, et recta corroborare, et sancta sublimare.

56.

Corruption of the vigorous natural man under the constraint of the civilized cities (— he falls among the leprous elements, and there learns bad conscience)

57.

From now on there will be favourable preconditions for more extensive structures of dominion, the like of which has never yet existed. And this is not yet the most important thing; the emergence of international associations of lineage has been made possible, which would set themselves the task of breeding up a master race, the future „lords of the earth“; — a new, tremendous aristocracy built upon the harshest self-legislation, in which the will of philosophical men of violence and artist-tyrants is given duration over millennia: — a higher kind of man who, thanks to their preponderance of willing, knowing, wealth and influence, would make use of democratic Europe as their most pliant and most nimble instrument, in order to take the destinies of the earth into their hands, in order to shape, as artists, „upon man“ himself.

Enough: the time is coming when people will relearn their thinking about politics.

58.

I believe we lack political passion: we would endure it with honour under a democratic sky just as well as under an absolutist one.

59.

On 1

But finally: why must one say what *will* come so loudly and with such fury! Let us look at it more coldly, from further off, more shrewdly, from higher up; let us say it as it may be said among ourselves, so secretly that all the world fails to hear it, — that all the world fails to hear *us*… Let it be called a continuation.

60.

What? The drama is the end, the music always only the means? That may be Wagner's theory: his practice, on the contrary, was: the (dramatic) *attitude* is the end, the music always only a means to an attitude (to its clarification, intensification, internalization —)

61.

The development of the mechanistic-atomistic mode of thought is even today still not conscious of its necessary goal; — that is my impression, after I have watched its adherents closely enough, between their fingers. It will end with the creation of a system of signs: it will renounce explaining, it will give up the concept „cause and effect".

62.

Not wanting to deceive — and not wanting to let oneself be deceived: these are fundamentally different things as disposition and as will, yet the one inclination as much as the other tends to make use of the word „philosophy", whether as ornament or as hiding-place or out of misunderstanding.

63.

Physiologists should think twice before positing the instinct of self-preservation as the cardinal instinct of an organic being: above all, a living thing wants to *discharge* its strength: „preservation" is only one of the consequences of this. — Beware of *superfluous* teleological principles! And the whole concept „instinct of self-preservation" belongs among them.

64.

Every Philoctetes knows that without his bow and his arrows Troy will not be taken.

65.

In media vita.

Soliloquies of a Psychologist.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

66.

—

On the Preface. — Perhaps a continuation: the *artist*-philosopher (hitherto scientificity, the stance toward religion and politics mentioned): a higher concept of *art*. Whether man can place himself so far from other men as *to shape upon them*? (Preliminary exercises: 1) the one who shapes himself, the hermit 2) the artist *as he has been hitherto*, as the small perfecter, working upon a material (no!)) — to this belongs the *order of succession* of the higher men, which must be set forth.

—

A chapter: Music. — On the doctrine of „intoxication" (enumeration, e.g. the worship of petits faits) — German and French and Italian music. (Our politically lowest times the *most fruitful*: —) the Slavs? — the cultural-historical ballet: — has overcome opera. — an error, that what Wagner created is a form, — it is a formlessness. The possibility of a *dramatic* structure is still to be found. Actor's music and musician's music — the rhythmic. Expression at any price. — in honour of

„Carmen“. — in honour of H. Schütz (and the „Liszt Society“ —) — whorish instrumentation — in honour of *Mendelssohn*: an element of Goethe in him, and nowhere else! just as another element of Goethe came to perfection in Rahel! a third, H. Heine

On the chapter *„free spirit.“* — 1) I do not want to „glorify“ him: a word in favour of the bound spirits. 2) the viciousness of the intellect: the proof from *pleasure* („it makes me happy, therefore it is true“). Here the vanity in the „me“ to be underlined.

On the chapter *„our virtues“*: 3) a new form of morality: *vows of fidelity* within associations concerning what one wishes to refrain from and to do, a quite *definite* renunciation of many things. Trials, whether one is ripe for it. —

On the chapter *„religious genius“*. 1) the mystery, the exemplary history of a soul („drama“ — means?) 2) the interpretability of what happens, the belief in „meaning“ is held fast thanks to religion — 3) to what extent does the higher soul grow and thrive at the expense of the lower? 4) what is refuted is the *morality* of Christianity as essential in the destinies of the world-soul: — which does not yet do away with the will to bring it in and make it dominant. — The latter might in the end be nothing but a Don Quixotery: — but *this* would be no reason to think little of it! 5) to what extent the religious genius is a *variety* of the artistic: — the *shaping* power. 6) to what extent it is only the *artist's* conscience that grants freedom in the face of „true— and „untrue“. Unconditional „faith“ to be transformed into unconditional *will* — — 7) religious literature, the concept „holy book“.

on *„our virtues“*. Whatever we can vent our scientificity upon, we no longer take heavily and seriously: a kind of immorality.

On the *chapter „natural history of morals“*. *Corruption,* what is that? E.g. of the natural vigorous man who comes into the cities. E.g. of the French aristocrats, before the French Revolution.

On the chapter *„man and woman“*.

The *victory* of man over woman, wherever culture begins. NB. magister liberalium artium et hilaritatum. NB. I have seized something by the horns — only I doubt whether it was precisely a bull —

67.

„I“ „subject“ as horizon-line. Reversal of the perspectival gaze.

68.

Following the *guiding thread of the body.* The protoplasm that divides itself. 1/2 + 1/2 does *not* = 1, but = 2. With this the belief in the soul-monad becomes untenable. Self-preservation only as one of the consequences of self-expansion. of its „self“?

69.

Mechanical force is known to us only as a *feeling of resistance*: and this is merely *interpreted* in sensory terms as *pressure* and *impact*, not *explained*.

Of what kind is the compulsion that a stronger soul exerts upon a weaker one? — And it would be possible that the apparent „disobedience“ toward the higher soul rested on not-understanding-its-will. E.g. a rock does not let itself be commanded. But what is needed is precisely a slow difference of degree and rank: *only* those most nearly related can understand one another, and consequently here there can be obedience.

Whether it is possible to grasp all movements as signs of a psychic event? Natural science as a symptomatology —

Is it perhaps wrong, because the forms of life are very small (cells, for instance), now to search for still smaller units, "force-points" and so on?

The *preliminary stage of structures of domination*

Devotion to the *person* (father, forefather, prince, priest, god) as a *relief* of morality.

70.

Beyond Good and Evil

—

Problem of the legislator.

Along the guiding thread of the body. Mechanism and life.

The will to power.

—

Interpretation, not knowledge. Toward a doctrine of method.

The eternal recurrence.

—

The artist. Culture and its substructure.

—

We godless ones.

—

Music and culture.

—

On great and petty politics.

"Mysterium".

—

The good and just.

Those who make vows.

—

Toward a history of pessimism.

—

Education.

71.

On "Zarathustra"

Calina: brownish red, everything too sharp up close. Height of summer. Ghostly

Sipo Matador.

And who says that we do not will this? What music and seduction! There is nothing here that does not poison, entice, gnaw at, overturn, revalue!

I

The *decisive* moment:

The order of rank.

1)

Break the good and just!

2)

The eternal recurrence.

Noontide and Eternity.

Book of the soothsayer.

72.

Noontide and Eternity.

By

F. N.

I

The festival of the dead. Zarathustra comes upon a tremendous festival:

II

The new order of rank:

III

On the lords of the earth.

IV

On the ring of recurrence.

73.

The titles of 10 new books: (Spring 1886.)

Thoughts on the Ancient Greeks.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

To what extent in becoming everything *degenerates* and becomes *unnatural*. The degeneration of the Renaissance — of philology

Example of the *immoral* fundamental conditions of a higher culture, of an elevation of man.

The Will to Power.

Attempt at a

New Interpretation of the World.

The Artists.

Ulterior Thoughts of a Psychologist

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

We Godless Ones

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

Noontide and Eternity.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

Beyond Good and Evil.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Gai saber.

Songs of Prince Vogelfrei.

By Friedrich Nietzsche.

Music.

By Friedrich Nietzsche

Experiences of a Scribe.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Toward a History of the Modern

Darkening.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

74.

The Will to Power.

1.

Physiology of the order of rank.

2.

The great noontide.

3.

Discipline and breeding.

4.

The eternal recurrence.

75.

The Eternal Recurrence. Book of new festivals and soothsayings.

The Eternal Recurrence.

Sacred dances and vows.

Noontide and Eternity.

Sacred dances of those who recur.

76.

(28)

On the order of rank:

On I. *On the physiology of power.*

The aristocracy in the body, the majority of the ruling ones (struggle of the tissues?

Slavery and the division of labour: the higher type possible only through the *pressing down* of a lower one to a function

Pleasure and pain no opposites. The feeling of power.

Nourishment only a consequence of insatiable appropriation, of the will to power.

Procreation, disintegration setting in when the ruling cells are powerless to organize what has been appropriated.

It is the *formative* force that wants to have ever new "material" (still more "force") in store. The masterpiece of the building up of an organism from the egg.

"Mechanistic conception": wants nothing but quantities: but force lies in quality: mechanistics can therefore only describe processes, not explain them.

The "purpose". To start from the "sagacity" of plants.

Concept of "perfection": *not* merely greater complexity, but greater *power* (— need not be merely greater mass —)

Conclusion regarding the development of mankind: perfection consists in the bringing forth of the most powerful individuals, whose instrument the greatest multitude is made into (and indeed as the most intelligent and most mobile instrument)

Artists as the little shapers. The pedantry of the "educators", by contrast

Punishment: the preservation of a higher type.

Isolation.

False lessons from history. *Because* something lofty turned out badly or was misused (like aristocracy), it is not thereby refuted!

77.

The semblance of the empty and the full, of the firm and the loose, of the resting and the moving, and of the equal and the unequal.

(absolute space

(substance)

the *oldest* semblance has been *made* into *metaphysics*.

—: the human-animal standards of value for *security* are in it.

Our *concepts* are inspired by our *neediness*.

The setting up of opposites corresponds to inertia (a distinction that *suffices* for nourishment, security, etc., counts as "*true*")

— simplex veritas! — A thought of inertia.

Our values are *interpreted into* things.

Is there then any *meaning* in the in-itself??

Is not meaning necessarily relational meaning and perspective?

All meaning is will to power (all relational meanings can be resolved into it).

A thing = its properties = but these equal everything about this thing that *concerns us*: a unity under which we gather together the relations that *come into consideration* for us. At bottom the changes *perceived* in us (— leaving out those we do not perceive, e.g. its electricity). In sum: the object is the sum of the experienced *obstructions* that have become *conscious* to us. A property thus always expresses something of "useful" or "harmful" for us. Colours, for example — each corresponds to a degree of pleasure or displeasure, and each degree of pleasure and displeasure is the result of estimations of "useful" and "useless". — Disgust.

78.

Themes.

Exegesis, *not* explanation.

Reduction of *logical* value judgements to moral and political ones (value of security, of rest, of laziness ("least force") etc.

The problem of the artist, his morality (lying, shamelessness, inventiveness for what he lacks).

The slandering of the immoral drives: considered in its consequence, a *negation* of life.

The unconditioned, and whence come the ideal traits ascribed to it.

Punishment as a means of breeding.

Gravitation open to several interpretations: like everything allegedly "factual".

The predicate expresses an effect that has been produced (or could be produced) upon us, *not* the effecting in itself; the sum of predicates is gathered into One word. Error that the subject is causa. — Mythology of the subject-concept. (the "lightning" flashes — doubling — the effect *reified*.

Mythology of the concept of causality. Separation of "effecting" and "that which effects" *fundamentally false*. The appearance of what remains unchanged, as before — —

Our European culture — towards what is it *pressing*, in contrast to the Buddhist *release* in Asia?

Religion, essentially a doctrine of the *order of rank*, even an attempt at a *cosmic* order of rank and power.

Weakness

Lying, dissimulation

Stupidity

Lust for dominion

Curiosity

Greed

Cruelty

to what extent *idealizing?*

79.

My writings are very well defended: whoever reaches for them and in doing so lays hands on them wrongly, as one who has no right to such books — makes himself ridiculous at once —, a little fit of rage drives him to pour out his innermost and most ridiculous self: and who would not know what always comes out there! Little literary women, as they tend to be, with diseased sexual organs and with ink blots on their fingers —

The incapacity to see the new and the original: the clumsy fingers that do not know how to grasp a nuance, the stiff seriousness that stumbles over a word and comes to a fall: the short-sightedness that, before the immense realm of distant landscapes, intensifies into blindness

Have I ever complained of my fate, of being too little read, so badly understood? But for how many, after all, may anything extraordinary be created! — Do you then suppose that God created the world for the sake of men?

80.

By way of introduction.

The gloomy solitude and desolation of the campagna Romana, the patience amid uncertainty

Every book as a conquest, a seizure — tempo *lento* — — dramatically knotted to the very end, at last *catastrophe* and sudden *redemption*.

81.

(15)

It is only a matter of strength: to have all the morbid traits of the century, but to balance them out in a superabundant, plastic, restorative strength. *The strong human being:* portrayal

82.

Beyond Good and Evil.

Second and Final Part

Preface.

Interpretation, *not* explanation. There is no state of facts, everything is fluid, ungraspable, receding; the most durable things are still our opinions. Putting meaning in — in most cases a new interpretation over an old interpretation that has become unintelligible and is now itself only a sign.

On the physiology of power. A way of looking at things in which man feels his strongest drives and his ideals (and his good conscience) to be identical.

We Godless Ones.

What Are Artists?

Right and Legislation.

On the History of the Modern Darkening.

Play-Acting.

Of the Good and the Just.

Rank and Order of Rank.

To the Mistral. A Dance Song.

Beyond Good and Evil as a bright-ening for a few, as the deepest darkening for many.

On the History of the Modern Darkening.

Psychology of the Artist.

Of Play-Acting.

The Problem of the Legislator.

The Danger in Music.

Interpretation, *not* Knowledge.

The Good and the Just.

Of Great and Petty Politics.

We Godless Ones.

To the Mistral. Dance Song.

In 30 pages.

2 sheets.

(Preface: what my writings have in common)

Interpretation, *not* explanation.

On the physiology of power.

Of Play-Acting

On the History of the Modern Darkening

We Godless Ones.

The Good and the Just.

Of the Order of Rank.

Right and Legislation.

Artists

83.

(7)

Man believes himself to be a cause, a doer —

everything that happens stands in a predicative relation to some subject or other

In every judgement there lies the whole, full, deep belief in subject and predicate or in cause and effect; and this latter belief (namely as the assertion that every effect is activity and that every activity presupposes a doer) is in fact only a particular case of the former, so that the belief that remains as the fundamental belief is: there are subjects

I notice something and look for a *reason* for it: that originally means: I look for an *intention* in it, and above all for someone who has intentions, for a subject, a doer: — formerly one saw intentions in *all* happening, all happening was doing. This is our oldest habit. Does the animal have it too? Is it not, as a living thing, likewise dependent on interpretation after *itself*? — The question "*why?*" is always the question of the causa finalis, of a "what for?" Of a "sense of the causa efficiens" we have nothing: here *Hume* is right, habit (but *not* only that

of the individual!) lets us expect that a certain often-observed process follows upon another: nothing more! What gives us the extraordinary firmness of the belief in causality is *not* the great habit of the succession of processes, but our *inability* to *interpret* a happening otherwise than as a happening out of *intentions*. It is the *belief* in the living and thinking as the only thing that *acts* — in the will, in intention — that all happening is a doing, that all doing presupposes a doer, it is the belief in the "subject". Might this belief in the concept of subject and predicate not be a great stupidity?

Question: is the intention the cause of a happening? Or is that too illusion? Is it not *the* happening itself?

"Attraction" and "repulsion" in the purely mechanical sense is a complete fiction: a word. We cannot think an attracting without an intention: i.e. without an *intention*. — The will to make oneself master of a thing, or to defend ourselves against its power and thrust it back — *that* "we understand": that would be an interpretation we could make use of.

In short: the psychological compulsion toward a belief in causality lies in the *inconceivability of a happening without intentions*: whereby, of course, nothing is said about truth or untruth (the justification of such a belief). Belief in causae falls with belief in τέλη (against Spinoza and his causalism).

84.

(30)

Judging is our oldest belief, our most habitual holding-true or holding-untrue

In the judgment our oldest belief lies before us; in all judging there is a holding-true or holding-untrue, an affirming or denying, a certainty

that something is thus and not otherwise, a belief that here one has really "known" — *what* is believed to be true in all judging?

What are *predicates*? — We have taken changes in ourselves *not* as such, but as an "in itself" that is foreign to us, that we merely "perceive": and we have posited them *not* as a happening but as a being, as a "property" — and invented in addition a being to which they cling. *i.e.* we have posited the *effect* as *something acting* and *what acts* as *something that is*. But even in this formulation the concept "effect" is arbitrary: for of those changes which go on in us, and of which we firmly believe that we ourselves are *not* the causes, we merely infer that they must be effects: according to the inference: "to every change belongs an author;" — But this inference is already mythology: it *separates* what acts *and* the acting. When I say "the lightning flashes", I have posited the flashing once as activity and the other time as subject: thus supposed, beneath the happening, a being that is not one with the happening but rather *remains, is*, and does not "*become*". — *To posit the happening as acting:* and the *effect as being*: this is the *twofold* error, or *interpretation*, of which we make ourselves guilty. Thus e.g. "the lightning flashes" —: "flashing" is a state in us: but we do not take it as an effect upon us, and say: "something flashing" as an "in itself", and look for an author for it, the "lightning".

85.

(32)

The properties of a thing are effects upon other "things": if one thinks other "things" away, then a thing has no properties, i.e. *there is no thing without other things*, i.e. there is no "thing in itself".

86.

(30)

What alone can *knowledge* be? — "Interpretation", *not*

"explanation".

87.

(32)

All unity is unity *only* as *organization and interplay*: no differently than a human commonwealth is a unity: thus the *opposite* of atomistic *anarchy*; accordingly a *structure of dominion* that *signifies* one, but *is* not one.

One would have to *know* what being *is* in order to *decide* whether this or that is real (e.g. "the facts of consciousness"); likewise what *certainty* is, what *knowledge* is, and the like. — But since we do *not* know this, a critique of the faculty of knowledge is nonsensical: how should the instrument be able to criticize itself, when it can use only *itself* for the critique? It cannot even define itself!

If all unity is unity only as organization? but the "thing" in which we believe is merely *invented in addition* as a ferment for various predicates. When the thing "acts", that means: we take *all the remaining* properties which are otherwise present here and momentarily latent as the cause of a single property now coming forth: i.e. *we take the sum of its properties* — x as *cause of the property* x: which is surely *utterly* stupid and mad!

"The subject" or the "thing"

88.

(33)

A force that we cannot conceive (like the so-called purely mechanical force of attraction and repulsion) is an empty word and may have no

right of citizenship in *science*: which wants to *make the world conceivable* to us, nothing more!

All happening out of intentions is reducible to the *intention of increasing power*.

89.

Illusion that something *has been known* where we have a mathematical formula for the happening: it is only *designated*, *described*: nothing more!

90.

(31)

Equality

and similarity. 1) the coarser organ sees much apparent equality

2) the spirit *wants* equality, i.e. to subsume a sense impression under an existing series: just as it *assimilates* the inorganic to itself.

Toward an understanding of *logic*::: *the will to*

equality is the will to power.

— the *belief* that something is thus and thus, the essence of *judgment*, is the consequence of a will that as much as possible *shall* be equal.

91.

(30)

If our "I" is for us the only *being* after which we make everything *be* or understand it: very good! then the doubt is very much in place whether a perspectival *illusion* is not present here — the apparent unity in which, as in a horizon line, everything closes together. Fol-

lowing the guiding thread of the body there shows itself a tremendous *multiplicity*; it is methodically permissible to use the *richer* phenomenon, which can be better studied, as the guiding thread for understanding the poorer. Finally: supposing everything is becoming, then *knowledge* is *possible only on the basis of the belief in being*.

92.

Sense perceptions projected "outward": "inside" and "outside" — is it the *body* that commands there —?

— the same equalizing and ordering force that rules in the idioplasm rules also in the incorporation of the external world: our sense perceptions are already the *result* of this *assimilation* and *equation* in relation to *all* the past within us; they do not follow immediately upon the "impression" —

93.

(34)

To what extent dialectic and the faith in reason still rest on moral prejudices. With Plato, we, as former inhabitants of an intelligible world of the good, are still in possession of a legacy from that time: divine dialectic, as stemming from the good, leads to everything good. (— thus, as it were, "back" —) Descartes too had a notion that, in a Christian-moral fundamental way of thinking which believes in a *good* God as creator of things, it is God's truthfulness alone that *vouches* for our sense-judgments. Apart from a religious sanction and warrant for our senses and our rationality — whence should we have a right to trust in existence! That thinking should even be a measure of the real, — that what cannot be thought *is* not, — is a clumsy non plus ultra of a moralistic trustfulness (in an essential principle of truth at the ground of things), in itself a mad assertion, which our experience con-

tradicts at every moment. We are able to think precisely nothing insofar as it *is*…

94.

We are poorly enough able to observe the origin of a judgment of quality

Reduction of qualities to value judgments.

95.

Our perceptions, as we understand them: i.e., the sum of all *those* perceptions whose *becoming conscious* was useful and essential to us and to the whole organic process before us: thus not all perceptions whatsoever (e.g., not the electrical ones). That is to say: we have *senses* only for a selection of perceptions — those which must concern us in order to preserve ourselves. *Consciousness is present to the extent that consciousness is useful.* There is no doubt that all sense perceptions are thoroughly permeated with *value judgments* (useful, harmful — consequently pleasant or unpleasant). Each single colour at the same time expresses a value for us (although we seldom admit it to ourselves, or only after long exclusive exposure to the same colour (e.g., prisoners in prison, or the insane)). That is why insects react differently to different colours: some love them, e.g., ants.

96.

Irony against those who believe Christianity to have been *overcome* by the modern natural sciences. Christian value judgments are absolutely *not* overcome thereby. "Christ on the cross" is the most sublime symbol — still. —

97.

Health and sickliness: let one be careful! The standard remains the efflorescence of the body, the elasticity, courage and gaiety of the spirit — but also, of course, *how much of the sickly* it *can take upon itself* and *overcome* — can *make* healthy. That from which more delicate men would perish belongs among the stimulants of *great* health.

98.

(35)

Poverty, *humility* and *chastity* — dangerous and slanderous ideals, but, like poisons, useful remedies in certain cases of illness, e.g., in the Roman imperial age.

All ideals are dangerous, because they debase and brand what is actual; all are poisons, but indispensable as temporary remedies

99.

How has the whole organic process conducted itself *toward* the rest of nature? — There its *fundamental will* reveals itself.

100.

The Will to Power.

Attempt

at a Revaluation of All Values.

In four books.

First Book:

the

danger of dangers (presentation of nihilism) (as the *necessary consequence of valuations hitherto*)

Second Book:

Critique of values (of logic etc.

Third Book:

the

problem of the legislator (including the history of solitude) *How* must men be constituted who value in the reverse way? — Men who have *all* the qualities of the modern soul, but are strong enough to transform them into sheer health.

Fourth Book:

the

hammer

their means for their task. —

Sils-Maria, summer 1886

Tremendous forces have been unleashed: but contradicting one another

the *unleashed* forces *annihilating* one another

to bind the unleashed forces anew, so that they do not annihilate one another and

open one's eyes to the real *increase* in force!

Everywhere to point out the disharmony between the ideal and its individual conditions (e.g., honesty among Christians, who are perpetually compelled to lie)

For Book 2.

In the democratic commonwealth, where everyone is a specialist, the For what? For whom? is lacking — the estate in which all the thousandfold stunting of all individuals (into functions) acquires *meaning*.

The development

of sensuality

of cruelty

of revenge

of folly

of greed

of lust for dominion

etc.

into the sum

of *culture*

On

The danger in all ideals hitherto

Critique of the Indian and Chinese way of thinking, likewise of the Christian (as preparations for a *nihilistic* one —)

The danger of dangers: nothing has any meaning.

(2)

The hammer: a doctrine which, by *unleashing* the most death-craving pessimism, brings about a *selection* of those *most fit for life*

101.

The inference from the work back to the creator: the terrible question whether it is fullness or privation, the madness of privation, that

drives to creation: the sudden insight that every romantic ideal is a flight from self, a self-contempt and self-condemnation of the one who invents it.

In the end it is a matter of strength: this whole romantic art could be bent by an over-rich and powerfully willing artist entirely into the anti-romantic — or, to use my formula — into the *Dionysian*, just as every kind of pessimism and nihilism becomes, in the hand of the strongest, merely one more hammer and tool with which one gets oneself a new pair of wings.

I recognized at a single glance that Wagner had indeed reached his goal, but only as Napoleon had reached his Moscow — at every stage so much had been lost, irreplaceably lost, that precisely at the end of the whole advance and seemingly in the moment of victory, fate was already decided. Fateful, the verses of Brünnhilde — thus Napoleon came to Moscow (R. Wagner to Bayreuth —)

To ally oneself with no sickly powers, powers defeated from the outset —

Had I trusted myself more: the Wagnerian inability to *walk* (still more to *dance* — and without dancing there is for me no recovery and no bliss) always troubled me.

The longing *for* complete passions is treacherous: whoever is capable of them longs for the charm of the opposite, i.e., of *skepsis*. Those who are believers to the core find their occasional boon and recreation in scepticism.

Wagner speaking of the raptures he knew how to win from the Christian Communion: this decided the matter for me; I regarded him as *defeated*. — Added to this, a mistrust awoke in me whether he did not consider it useful, for the purpose of his new naturalization in Germany, to play somewhat the Christian and the new convert: this mis-

trust harmed him even more in my eyes than the vexation of having set hopes on an aging romantic whose knees were already weary enough to fall down before the cross.

102.

The faith in the *body* is more fundamental than the faith in the soul: the latter arose from the aporias of the unscientific contemplation of the body (something that leaves it. Faith in the *truth* of the *dream* —)

103.

Mistrust of self-observation. That one thought is the cause of another thought cannot be established. On the table of our consciousness there appears a succession of thoughts, as if one thought were the cause of the next. In fact we do not see the struggle that plays itself out beneath the table. — —

104.

With Plato, as with a man of overexcitable sensuality and enthusiasm, the charm of the concept was so great that he involuntarily revered and deified the concept as an ideal form. *Intoxication with dialectic*, as the consciousness of exercising through it a mastery over oneself — — as an instrument of the will to power.

105.

Pressure and impact something unspeakably late, derived, unoriginal. For it already presupposes something that *holds together* and *can* press and strike! But whence would it hold together?

106.

The significance of German philosophy (Hegel): to think out a *pantheism* in which evil, error and suffering are *not* felt as arguments against divinity. *This grandiose initiative* has been misused by the existing powers (the state, etc.), as if it sanctioned the rationality of whatever happened to be ruling.

Schopenhauer, by contrast, appears as an obstinate moral man who in the end, in order to remain in the right with his moral valuation, becomes a *world-denier*. In the end a "mystic."

I myself attempted an aesthetic justification: how is the ugliness of the world possible? — I took the will to beauty, to persisting in *the same* forms, as a temporary means of preservation and healing: fundamentally, however, the eternally-creating seemed to me, as that which *must eternally destroy*, to be bound up with pain. The ugly is the form in which things are regarded under the will to lay a meaning, a *new* meaning, into what has become meaningless: the accumulated force which compels the creator to feel what has been hitherto as untenable, ill-constituted, worthy of denial, as ugly? —

The illusion of *Apollo*: the *eternity* of beautiful form; the aristocratic legislation "*thus shall it always* be!"

Dionysus: sensuality and cruelty. Transitoriness could be interpreted as enjoyment of the begetting and destroying force, as constant creation.

107.

NB. The religions perish from the belief in morality: the Christian-moral God is not tenable: consequently "atheism" — as though there could be no other kind of gods.

Likewise culture perishes from the belief in morality: for once the necessary conditions are discovered from which alone it grows, one no longer *wants* it: Buddhism.

108.

That the *value of the world* lies in our interpretation (— that perhaps somewhere still other interpretations are possible than merely human ones —), that the interpretations hitherto are perspectival valuations by virtue of which we preserve ourselves in life, that is, in the will to power, in the growth of power, that every *elevation of man* brings with it the overcoming of narrower interpretations, that every strengthening and extension of power attained opens up new perspectives and means believing in new horizons — this runs through my writings. The world *that concerns us* is false, i.e., is no matter of fact but a poetic elaboration and rounding-off over a meagre sum of observations; it is "in flux," as something becoming, as a falsehood forever shifting anew, which never draws nearer to the truth: for — there is no "truth."

109.

The "meaninglessness of events": the belief in it is the consequence of an insight into the falseness of the interpretations hitherto, a generalization of discouragement and weakness — not a *necessary* belief.

Immodesty of man: where he does not see the meaning, to *deny* it!

110.

On "The Birth of Tragedy."

"Being" as the fiction of one who suffers from becoming.

A book built up entirely out of experiences concerning aesthetic states of pleasure and displeasure, with an artists' metaphysics in the back-

ground. At the same time a romantic's confession, and finally a work of youth full of youthful courage and melancholy. The one who suffers most longs most deeply for beauty — he *begets* it.

Fundamental psychological experiences: by the name "Apollinian" is designated the enraptured lingering before an invented and dreamed-up world, before the world of *beautiful appearance* as a redemption from *becoming*: christened with the name of Dionysus, on the other hand, is becoming grasped actively, felt subjectively from within, out of the raging voluptuousness of the creator who at the same time knows the wrath of the destroyer. Antagonism of these two experiences and of the *desires* underlying them: the first wills appearance *eternal*; before it man grows still, without wishes, smooth as the sea, healed, at one with himself and with all existence: the second desire presses toward becoming, toward the voluptuousness of making-become, i.e., of creating and annihilating. Becoming, felt and interpreted from within, would be the perpetual creating of one unsatisfied, overrich, infinitely tensed and driven, of a god who overcomes the torment of being only through constant transformation and change: — appearance as his temporary redemption, attained in every moment; the world as the succession of divine visions and redemptions in appearance. — This artists' metaphysics sets itself against the one-sided view of Schopenhauer, who knows how to appreciate art not from the standpoint of the artist but solely from that of the recipient: because it brings with it liberation and redemption in the enjoyment of the non-real, in contrast to reality (the experience of one who suffers from and despairs of himself and his reality) — redemption in *form* and its eternity (as Plato too may have experienced it: only that he also enjoyed, already in the concept, the victory over his all too irritable and suffering sensibility). Against this is set the second fact, art from the standpoint of the artist's experience, above all the musician's: the *torture* of having to create, as *Dionysian drive*.

Tragic art, rich in both experiences, is designated as the reconciliation of Apollo and Dionysus: appearance is given the profoundest significance, through Dionysus: and yet this appearance is denied, and denied with pleasure. This is turned against Schopenhauer's doctrine of *resignation* as the tragic view of the world.

Against Wagner's theory that music is the means and drama the end.

A longing for the tragic myth (for "religion," and indeed pessimistic religion) (as an enclosing bell in which what grows may thrive)

Mistrust of science: although its momentarily soothing optimism is strongly felt. "Cheerfulness of theoretical man."

Profound aversion to Christianity: why? The degeneration of the German character is laid at its door.

Only aesthetically is there a justification of the world. Thorough suspicion of morality (it belongs to the world of appearance).

Happiness in existence is possible only as happiness in *appearance*

Happiness in becoming is possible only in the *annihilation* of the real, of "existence," of beautiful semblance, in the pessimistic destruction of illusion.

in the annihilation even of the most beautiful appearance Dionysian happiness reaches its summit.

111.

The problem of the meaning of art: *to what end* art?

How did the most vigorous and well-constituted of men, the *Greeks*, relate to art?

Fact: tragedy belongs to their period richest in strength — why?

Second fact: the need for beauty, and likewise for the logicization of the world, belongs to their décadence

Interpretation of both facts: — — —

Faulty application to the present: I interpreted pessimism as a *consequence* of higher strength and abundance of life, which can permit itself the luxury of the tragic. Likewise I interpreted German music as the expression of a Dionysian superabundance and originality, i.e.

1)

I overestimated the German character

2)

I did not understand the sources of the modern gloom

3)

I lacked the cultural-historical understanding of the origin of modern music and its *essential romanticism*.

Apart from this faulty application, the problem remains: *what would a music be like* that was *not* of romantic origin — but of *Dionysian*?

112.

a romantic is an artist whom great dissatisfaction with himself makes creative — who looks away from himself and his contemporaries, looks back

113.

I began with a metaphysical hypothesis about the meaning of music: but underlying it was a *psychological experience* for which I did not yet know how to supply a sufficient *historical* explanation. The transference of music into the metaphysical was an act of reverence and grat-

itude; at bottom all religious people have hitherto done the same with their experience. — Then came the reverse side: the undeniably *harmful* and destructive effect of this very music I had revered upon me — and with it also the end of its religious veneration. With this my eyes were also opened to the modern need *for* music (which appears in history at the same time as the growing need for narcotics). Even the "artwork of the future" appeared to me as a refinement of the need for excitement and stupefaction, in which all the senses at once want to get their due, the idealistic, religious, hypermoral absurdity included — as a total excitation of the whole nervous machinery. The essence of Romanticism dawned on me: here the *lack* of a fruitful kind of human being has become procreative. At the same time the play-acting of the means, the inauthenticity and borrowedness of all the individual elements, the lack of probity in artistic training, the abysmal *falseness* of this most modern art: which must essentially be theatrical art. The psychological impossibility of these supposed souls of heroes and gods, who are at once nervous, brutal and refined, like the most modern among the Parisian painters and lyric poets. — Enough, I placed them too within modern "barbarism". — With this nothing has been said about the *Dionysian*. Tragedy appears in the age of greatest abundance and health, but also in the age of nervous exhaustion and overstimulation. Opposite interpretation. — Characteristic of Wagner is how he gave even the Ring of the Nibelung a nihilistic ending (one craving rest and the end).

114.

The work of art where it appears *without* an *artist*, e.g. as body, as organization (the Prussian officer corps, the Jesuit order). To what extent the artist is merely a preliminary stage. What does the "subject" mean —?

The world as a work of art that gives birth to itself — —

Is art a consequence of *dissatisfaction with the real*? Or an expression of *gratitude for happiness enjoyed*? In the first case *Romanticism*, in the second halo and dithyramb (in short, the art of *apotheosis*): Raphael too belongs here, except that he had that falseness of deifying the *appearance* of the Christian interpretation of the world. He was grateful for existence where it did *not* show itself as specifically Christian.

With the *moral* interpretation the world is unbearable. Christianity was the attempt thereby to "overcome" the world: that is to say, to negate it. — In practice such an assault of madness — of a mad presumption of man in the face of the world — amounted to the darkening, belittling, impoverishment of man: the most mediocre and harmless kind, the herd-like kind of man, alone found its account in it, its *advancement*, if you will…

Homer as an artist of apotheosis; Rubens too. Music has not yet had one.

The idealization of the *great transgressor* (the sense for his *greatness*) is Greek; the degrading, slandering, rendering contemptible of the sinner is Jewish and Christian.

115.

"God is dead". Danger in the worship of God according to the Judaeo-Christian scheme.

116.

That self-knowledge which is modesty — for we are not our own work — but which is equally gratitude — for we have "turned out well" —

117.

Psychology of the scientific need.

Art out of gratitude or out of dissatisfaction.

The moral interpretation of the world ends in world-negation (critique of Christianity).

Antagonism between the "improvement" and the strengthening of the type man.

Infinite interpretability of the world: every interpretation a symptom of growth or of decline.

The previous attempts to overcome the *moral* God (pantheism, Hegel, etc.)

Unity (monism) a need of inertia; plurality of interpretation a sign of strength. *Not wanting to deny* the world its disquieting and enigmatic character!

118.

1.

I.

Nihilism, in all its signs, at the door.

II.

Inevitable, unless one grasps its presuppositions. These are the valuations (*not* the social facts: which all take effect, now pessimistically, now optimistically, only through a particular *interpretation*)

2.

III.

Genesis of the valuations, as a critique of them.

3.

IV.

The inverted ones. Their psychology.

4.

V.

The hammer: as the doctrine that brings about the *decision*.

1.

The danger of dangers.

2.

Critique of morality.

3.

We inverted ones.

4.

The hammer.

119.

"How far does art reach into the interior of the world? And are there, apart from the 'artist', still other artistic powers?" This question was, as is known, my *point of departure*: and I said Yes to the second question; and to the first, "the world itself is nothing but art." The unconditional will to knowledge, to truth and wisdom, appeared to me in such a world of appearance as a sacrilege against the fundamental metaphysical will, as anti-nature: and fittingly the point of "wisdom" turns *against* the wise man. The anti-natural character of wisdom reveals itself in its hostility to art: to want to know where appearance is precisely the redemption — what an inversion, what an instinct for nothingness!

120.

All cults fix a *single, unrepeatable* experience, the meeting with a god, an "act of salvation" in some sense or other; and they enact it again and again. The local legend as the origin of a drama: where poetry plays the god.

121.

(38)

Play-acting

The motley colourfulness of modern man and its charm.

Essentially hiding-place and weariness.

The man of letters.

The politician (in the "national swindle")

Play-acting in the arts

Lack of probity in preliminary training and schooling (Fromentin)

the Romantics (lack of philosophy and science and a surfeit of literature)

the novelists (Walter Scott, but also the Nibelung monsters with the most nervous music)

the lyric poets

"Scientificity"

Virtuosos (Jews)

the popular ideals as overcome but not yet *before the people*. the saint, the sage, the prophet

122.

(37)

On the History of the Modern Darkening.

The state nomads (civil servants etc.): without a "homeland" — The decline of the family.

"The good man" as a symptom of exhaustion.

Justice as will to power (breeding)

Lewdness and neurosis.

Black music; — where has refreshing music gone?

The anarchist.

Contempt for man. Disgust.

Deepest distinction: whether it is hunger or superabundance that becomes *creative*? The former engenders the *ideals of Romanticism*

northern unnaturalness.

the need for alcoholic drink in the workers' "distress"

philosophical nihilism.

123.

Christians must believe in the *truthfulness of God*: and so, unfortunately, they get faith in the Bible and in its "natural science" thrown into the bargain; they are *permitted* to concede absolutely no relative truth (or, to put it more plainly,). Christianity breaks apart on the *unconditional* character of its morality. — Science has awakened doubt about the truthfulness of the Christian God: of this *doubt Christianity dies* (Pascal's deus absconditus).

124.

1.

Birth of Tragedy.

Artists' metaphysics.

2.

Untimely Meditations.

The cultural philistine. Disgust.

Life and history — fundamental problem.

The philosophical hermit. "Education"

The artist-hermit. *What* there is to learn from Wagner.

3.

Human, All Too Human.

The free spirit.

4.

Assorted Opinions and Maxims.

The pessimist of the intellect.

(7)

Causality. "Why am *I* thus and so? The absurd notion of thinking of oneself as freely choosing one's existence, and even one's being-thus-and-so. Background: the demand that there *must* be a being who would have *prevented* a self-despising creature such as I am from coming into existence. To *feel* oneself as a counter-argument against God —

5.

Wanderer and Shadow.

Solitude, as a problem.

6.

Daybreak.

Morality as a sum of prejudices

7.

The Gay Science.

Scorn for European moralistics.

Prospect of an overcoming of morality.

What would a human being have to be like who lived beyond?

Zarathustra - - -

Seven Prefaces.

A Supplement

to seven publications.

125.

On the history of pessimism.

The modern darkening.

Play-acting.

126.

On 2) Critique of the highest values.

On the history of *slander*.

How one makes *ideals*.

Culture (and "humanization": antagonistic)

Morality as an instinct of shame, as disguise, mask, fundamentally well-meaning interpretation

(37)

Judgments on the *pessimists* to be worked in!

The Indians

Pessimism (as instinct) and the will *to* pessimism: main contrast

The pessimist of the intellect.

The pessimist of

sensibility

the former the illogical,

the latter the painful

tracking down.

all these standards are such only for *moral* reasons

or, like Plato, also ἡδονή, as

revaluer of values and seductress, feared

A.

What is truth?

B.

Justice.

C.

On the history of the sympathetic feelings.

D.

The "good man".

E.

The "higher man".

F.

The artist.

(36)

What is truth? (inertia, the hypothesis at which satisfaction arises, least expenditure of spiritual strength, etc.)

127.

(2)

Nihilism stands at the door: whence comes to us this uncanniest of all guests? —

I.

1.

Point of departure: it is an *error* to point to "social distress" or "physiological degenerations" or even to corruption as the *cause* of nihilism. These still always permit quite different interpretations. Rather, it is in one *quite particular interpretation*, the Christian-moral one, that nihilism lies hidden. It is the most decent, most compassionate age. Distress, distress of soul, of body, of intellect, is in itself

by no means capable of producing nihilism, i.e. the radical rejection of value, meaning, desirability

2.

The downfall of Christianity — through its morality (which is inseparable from it —) which turns against the Christian God (the sense of truthfulness, highly developed by Christianity, comes to feel *disgust* at the falseness and mendacity of all Christian interpretation of world and history. Recoil from "God is the truth" into the fanatical faith "Everything is false". Buddhism of the *deed*…

3.

Skepticism about morality is the decisive thing. The downfall of the *moral* interpretation of the world, which no longer has any *sanction* after it has tried to flee into a beyond: ends in nihilism, "Nothing has any meaning" (the unfeasibility of One interpretation of the world, to which tremendous strength has been devoted — awakens the mistrust whether *all* interpretations of the world are not false —) Buddhist trait, longing for nothingness. (Indian Buddhism does *not* have a fundamentally moral development behind it; hence in its nihilism there is only unovercome morality: existence as punishment, existence as error combined, error therefore as punishment — a moral valuation) The philosophical attempts to overcome the "moral God" (Hegel, pantheism). Overcoming of the popular ideals: the sage. The saint. The poet. Antagonism of "true" and "beautiful" and "good" — —

4.

Against "meaninglessness" on the one hand, against moral value judgments on the other: to what extent has all science and philosophy

hitherto stood under moral judgments? and whether one does not get the enmity of science into the bargain? Or anti-scientificity? Critique of Spinozism. Christian value judgments lingering on everywhere in the socialist and positivist systems. What is lacking is a *critique of Christian morality*.

5.

the nihilistic consequences of present-day natural science (along with its attempts to slip away into the beyond). From its pursuit there *follows* at last a self-decomposition, a turning against *itself*, an anti-scientificity. — Since Copernicus man has been rolling from the centre into x

6.

The nihilistic consequences of the political and economic way of thinking, where all "principles" by now belong to play-acting: the breath of mediocrity, wretchedness, insincerity etc. Nationalism, anarchism etc. Punishment. What is lacking is the *redeeming* class and man, the justifier —

7.

the nihilistic consequences of history and of the "*practical* historians", i.e. the romantics. The position of art: absolute *un*originality of its position in the modern world. Its darkening. Goethe's alleged Olympianism.

8.

Art and the preparation of nihilism: romanticism (the *ending* of Wagner's Nibelungen)

128.

I.

Fundamental contradiction in civilization and the elevation of man. It is the time of *the great noontide, of the most terrible brightening*: *my kind of pessimism*: — great point of departure.

II.

Moral valuations as a history of the lie and of the art of slander in the service of a will to power (of the *herd* will) which rebels against the stronger human beings

III.

The conditions of every elevation of culture (of making possible a *selection* at the expense of a multitude) are the conditions of all growth.

IV.

The *ambiguity* of the world as a question of *strength*, which regards all things under the *perspective of their growth*. The *moral Christian* value judgments as slave revolt and slave mendacity (against the aristocratic values of the *ancient* world)

How far down does *art* reach into the essence of *strength*?

129.

The Eternal Recurrence.

Zarathustrian dances and

processions.

Part One: God's Feast of the Dead.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1. God's Feast of the Dead.

2. At the Great Noontide.

3. “Where is the hand for this hammer?”

4. We Who Vow.

I.

The plague city. He is warned, he is not afraid and goes in, veiled. All kinds of pessimism pass by. The soothsayer *interprets* each procession. The craving for the otherwise, the craving for the No, at last the craving for nothingness follow one upon another.

At last Zarathustra gives the *explanation*: God is dead, this is the *cause* of the greatest danger: what? it could also be the cause of the greatest courage!

II.

The appearance of the friends.

The delight of those going under in *the*

perfect: those departing.

The friends' account of themselves.

Festal processions. The decisive time, the great noontide.

The great thank-offering and offering for the dead to the dead God.

III.

The new task.

The means of the task.

The friends leave him.

The death of God, for the soothsayer the most terrible event, is for Zarathustra the happiest and most hopeful.

Zarathustra dies.

IV. We Who Vow

130.

The phenomenon "artist" is still the most easily *seen through*: — from there to look across at the *fundamental instincts of power*, of nature, etc.! Of religion and morality too!

"play", the useless, as the ideal of one overflowing with strength, as "childlike". The "childlikeness" of God, παῖς παίζων

131.

Plan of the First Book.

There dawns the opposition between the world we revere and the world we live, that we — are. What remains is to abolish either our reverences or ourselves. The latter is nihilism.

1.

The coming nihilism, in theory and in practice. Faulty derivation of it.

(Pessimism, its kinds: preludes to nihilism, though not necessarily.)

Preponderance of the North over the South.

2.

Christianity perishing of its own morality. "God is truth." "God is love" "the just God." — The greatest event — "God is dead" —, dimly felt. The German attempt to transform Christianity into a gnosis has turned into the deepest mistrust: the "untruthful" element in it felt most strongly (against Schelling, e.g.)

3.

Morality, henceforth without sanction, no longer knows how to sustain itself. At last one lets the moral interpretation *drop* — (Feeling everywhere still full of after-echoes of the Christian value judgement —)

4.

But until now *value* rested on moral judgements, above all the value of philosophy! ("of the will to truth" —)

the popular ideals "the sage" "the prophet" "the saint" fallen

5.

Nihilistic trait in the natural sciences. ("Meaninglessness" —) Causalism, mechanism. "Lawfulness" an entr'acte, a remnant.

6.

Likewise in politics: there is lacking the faith in *one's own* right, innocence; lying prevails, servitude to the moment

7.

Likewise in political economy: the abolition of slavery: lack of a redeeming class, of a *justifier*, — rise of anarchism. "Education?"

8.

Likewise in history: fatalism, Darwinism, the last attempts to read reason and divinity into it have failed. Sentimentality before the past; one could not bear a biography! — (phenomenalism here too: character as mask, there are no facts)

9.

Likewise in art: Romanticism and its *counterstroke* (aversion to the romantic ideals and lies) the pure "artistes" (indifferent to content) The latter moral, as a sense of greater truthfulness, but pessimistic

(Father-confessor psychology and Puritan psychology, two forms of psychological Romanticism: but also their counterstroke, the attempt to take up a purely artistic stance toward "man", — even there the *reverse* valuation is not yet *dared*!)

10.

The whole European system of human strivings *feels itself* partly "meaningless", partly already "immoral". Probability of a new Buddhism. The supreme danger. "How do truthfulness, love, justice relate to the *real* world?" Not at all! —

The Symptoms

European Nihilism.

Its cause: the devaluation of the values hitherto.

The unclear word "pessimism": people who are badly off and people who are too well off — both have been pessimists).

Relation of nihilism, Romanticism and positivism (the latter a counterstroke against Romanticism, the work of disappointed romantics)

"Return to nature": its stations: background Christian credulous trustfulness (roughly already Spinoza "deus sive natura"!)

Rousseau, science after romantic idealism

Spinozism supremely influential: 1) attempt to be content with the world *as it is*

2)

Happiness and knowledge naively placed in *dependence* (is the expression of a will *to* optimism, in which a deep sufferer betrays himself —)

3)

Attempt to *get rid of* the moral world order, *in order* to retain "God", *a world that exists before reason*…

"When man no longer considers himself evil, he ceases to be so —" Good and evil are only interpretations, and by no means a fact, no in-itself. One can get behind the origin of this kind of interpretation; one can make the attempt, by doing so, slowly to free oneself from the deep-rooted compulsion to interpret morally.

On the Second Book.

Origin and *critique* of moral valuations. The two do *not* coincide, as is lightly believed (this belief is already the *result* of a moral valuation:

"something that has come about thus and thus is of little worth, as being of immoral origin")

Standard *by which* the value of moral valuations is to be determined: critique of the words "improvement, perfection, elevation".

The *overlooked* fundamental fact: contradiction between "becoming more moral" and the elevation and strengthening of the type man

Homo natura. The "will to power".

On the Third Book.

The Will to Power.

How the men would have to be constituted who undertake this revaluation in themselves.

The order of rank as order of power: war and danger the precondition for a rank to hold fast to its conditions. The grandiose model: man in nature, the weakest, cleverest being making itself master, subjugating the stupider forces

On the Fourth Book.

The *greatest* struggle: for it a new *weapon* is needed.

The hammer: to conjure up a fearful decision, to confront Europe with the *consequence*, whether its will to destruction "wills"

Prevention of the mediocritization. Rather destruction still!

132.

(36)

The presupposition that at the bottom of things everything proceeds so morally that human reason is proved right, — is a presupposition of guilelessness and honest-burgher simplicity, the after-effect of faith

in divine truthfulness — God conceived as creator of things. — Concepts an inheritance from an otherworldly pre-existence — —

An instrument cannot *criticize* its own fitness: the intellect cannot itself determine its limit, nor whether it is well-constituted or ill-constituted. —

"Knowing" is a *referring back*: by its nature a regressus in infinitum. What calls a halt (at an alleged causa prima, at an unconditioned, etc.) is *laziness*, weariness — —

However well one may have understood the conditions under which a thing *comes into being*, one does not *for that reason* yet understand the thing itself at all: — whispered into the ears of the gentlemen historians.

133.

Against the will to reconcile and peaceableness. To this belongs also every attempt at monism.

134.

(39)

The popular and mass effect on the part of artists: Balzac V. Hugo, R. Wagner

135.

— Error veritate simplicior —

136.

— One of those *striking* arguments that strikes the one who uses it —

137.

Signposts for Thought.

An Aid

to a Serious Study

of My Writings.

Fundamentals. On the

Doctrine of the Feeling of Power.

On Psychological Optics.

On the Critique of Religions

On the disciplina intellectus.

What Is Questionable about the Virtues.

In Honour of Evil.

The Problem of the Artist.

Politika.

To the Logicians.

Against the Idealists.

Against the Believers in Reality.

Of Music.

Enlightenment about Genius.

From the Secrets of Solitude.

What Is Greek?

On the Art of Living. The Modern Darkening. Woman and Love. Books and Men. Peoples and "the People".

138.

Beyond Good and Evil.

Prelude

to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

New, More Intelligible Edition.

Second Volume.

With an Appendix: *Signposts for Thought*.

An Aid to the Serious Study of My Writings.

139.

(7)

On "Causalism".

It is obvious that *neither* things in themselves can stand to one another in the relation of cause and effect, *nor* appearance to appearance: from which it follows that the concept "cause and effect" is *not applicable* within a philosophy that believes in things in themselves and in appearances. Kant's errors —… In fact the concept "cause and effect", reckoned psychologically, stems only from a way of thinking that believes will acts upon will, only and everywhere, — that believes only in living things and at bottom only in "souls" (and *not* in things) Within the mechanistic view of the world (which is logic and its application to space and time) that concept reduces itself to the mathematical formula — with which, as one must underline again and again, nothing is ever comprehended, though something is indeed designated, *recorded*.

The unalterable succession of certain appearances proves no "law", but a relation of power between 2 or more forces. To say: "but precisely this relation remains the same!" means nothing other than: "one and the same force cannot also be another force". — It is not a matter of a *one-after-another*, — but of a *one-within-another*, a process in which the individual successive moments do *not* condition one another as causes and effects…

The separation of the "doing" from the "doer", of the happening from a something that makes it happen, of the process from a something that is not process but enduring, substance, thing, body, soul, etc., — the attempt to comprehend happening as a kind of displacement and change of position of "what is", of what abides: this old mythology established the belief in "cause and effect" after it had found a fixed form in the linguistic, grammatical functions. —

140.

(30)

Against both assertions, "like can be known only by like" and "like can be known only by unlike" — over which a battle of centuries was already fought in antiquity — one may object today, proceeding from a stricter and more cautious concept of knowing: *it cannot be known at all* — and precisely because like cannot know like, and because just as little can like be known by unlike. —

141.

These separations of the doing and the doer, of doing and suffering, of being and becoming, of cause and effect

even the belief in changes presupposes the belief in *something that* "changes".

Reason is the philosophy of *visual appearance*

142.

(30)

the "regularity" of succession is only a figurative expression, *as though* a rule were being followed here: not a fact. Likewise "lawfulness". We find a formula to express an ever-recurring kind of sequence: with that we have *discovered no "law"*, still less a force that is the cause of the recurrence of sequences. That something *always* happens thus and thus is here interpreted as if a being always acted thus and thus in consequence of obedience to a law or a lawgiver: whereas, apart from the "law", it would have the freedom to act otherwise. But precisely that thus-and-not-otherwise could stem from the being itself, which would behave thus and thus *not* first with regard to a law, but as being constituted thus and thus. It means only: something cannot also be something else, cannot do now this, now something else, is neither free nor unfree, but simply thus and thus. *The error lies in the fictive insertion of a subject*

143.

Supposing the world disposed of One quantum of force, it is obvious that every shift of power at any point conditions the whole system — thus besides causality *one after another* there would be given a dependence *alongside and with one another*.

144.

(40)

Supposing even that a disproof of the Christian faith could not be carried out, Pascal, in view of the *terrible* possibility that it might nonetheless be true, held it to be prudent in the highest sense to be a

Christian. Today one finds, as a sign of how much Christianity has lost of its terribleness, those other attempts at its justification: that even if it were an error, one would nonetheless have, throughout one's life, the great advantage and enjoyment of this error: it seems, then, that precisely for the sake of its *soothing* effects this faith ought to be upheld, — thus not out of fear of a threatening possibility, but rather out of fear of a life that lacks a charm. This hedonistic turn, the proof from *pleasure*, is a symptom of decline: it replaces the proof from *strength*, from that in the Christian idea which is convulsion, from *fear*. Indeed, in this reinterpretation Christianity approaches exhaustion: one contents oneself with an *opiate* Christianity because one has the strength neither for seeking, struggling, daring, wanting to stand alone, nor for Pascalism, for deeply brooding self-contempt, for faith in human unworthiness, for the anguish of the "perhaps-damned". But a Christianity that is above all meant to soothe sick nerves has *no need at all* of that terrible solution of a "God on the cross": which is why Buddhism is everywhere quietly making progress in Europe.

145.

The interpretation of an occurrence as *either* doing *or* suffering — thus every doing a suffering — says: every change, every becoming-other presupposes an author and someone *upon whom* "change" is wrought.

146.

A perfect analogy can be drawn between the simplifying and compressing of countless experiences into general propositions *and* the becoming of the germ cell, which bears the whole past within itself in abbreviated form: and likewise between the artistic shaping-forth from generative fundamental ideas up to the "system" *and* the becoming of the organism as a thinking-out and thinking-onward, as a *recollection* of the whole previous life, a re-presencing, an embodiment.

In short: *visible* organic life and *invisible* creative psychic working and thinking contain a parallelism: in the "work of art" these two sides can be demonstrated most clearly as parallel. — To what extent can thinking, inferring and everything logical be regarded as the *outside*: as a symptom of far more inward and fundamental occurrence?

147.

(30)

"End" and "means"

as interpretation

(*not* as fact)

"Cause and effect"

as interpretation

all in the sense of a

"Subject and object"

as interpretation

will to power

"Doing and suffering"

("thing in itself" and "appearance") as interpretation

and to what extent perhaps *necessary* interpretations? (as

"preserving" ones)

148.

The will to power *interprets*: *in the formation of an organ it is a matter of an interpretation*; it delimits, determines degrees, differences of power.

Mere differences of power could not yet feel themselves as such: there must be a something that wants to grow, which interprets every other something that wants to grow with regard to its value. *In that* alike — — In truth *interpretation is itself a means of becoming master over something. (The organic process presupposes continual interpreting* .

149.

A "thing in itself" just as absurd as a "sense in itself", "a meaning in itself". There is no "fact in itself", *rather a sense must always first be put into it in order that there can be a "fact"*

The "what is that?" is a *positing of sense* seen from something else. The "*essence*", the "*essentiality*" is something perspectival and already presupposes a multiplicity. At bottom there always lies "what is that for *me*?" (for us, for everything that lives, etc.)

A thing would be designated only once all beings had asked and answered their "what is that?" of it. Supposing a single being, with its own relations and perspectives towards all things, were missing: and the thing is still not "defined".

150.

In short, the essence of a thing is also only an *opinion* about the "thing". Or rather: the "*it counts*" is the real "*it is*", the sole "it is".

151.

One may not ask: "*who* then interprets?" but rather the interpreting itself, as a form of the will to power, has existence (but not as a "being", rather as a *process*, a *becoming*) as an affect.

152.

The origin of "things" is wholly and entirely the work of those who represent, think, will, invent. The concept "thing" itself just as much as all properties. — Even "the subject" is such a created thing, a "thing" like all the others: a simplification, so as to designate the *force* which posits, invents, thinks as such, in distinction from all individual positing, inventing, thinking itself. Thus the *faculty* designated in distinction from everything individual: at bottom the doing summed up with regard to all doing still to be expected (doing and the probability of similar doing)

153.

NB. From the world known to us the humanitarian God cannot be *proven*: so far one can force and drive you today, — but what conclusion do you draw from it? Either he is not provable *to us*: scepticism of knowledge. But you all *fear* the conclusion: "from the world known to us a quite different God would be *provable*, one who is at the very least *not* humanitarian" — — and, in short, that is: you hold fast to your God and invent for him a world that is *not known* to us.

154.

(36)

Against the scientific prejudice. — The greatest of fables is the fable of knowledge. One would like to know how *things in themselves* are constituted: but behold, there are no things in themselves! But even supposing there were an in-itself, something unconditioned, then for that very reason it *could not be known*! Something unconditioned cannot be known: otherwise it would precisely *not* be unconditioned! Knowing, however, is always "placing-oneself-in-a-condition-towards-something" — —; such a "knower" wants what he wishes to know to be of

no concern to him; and wants that same thing to be of no concern to anyone at all: wherein, firstly, a contradiction is given, between the *willing* to know and the demand that it should be of no concern to him (why then know at all!), and secondly, because something that is of no concern to anyone at all does not *exist* in the first place, and so cannot be known either. — Knowing means "placing oneself in a condition towards something": feeling oneself conditioned by something and between us — — it is therefore under all circumstances an *establishing, designating, making-conscious of conditions* (*not* a *fathoming* of essences, things, "in-themselves")

155.

Deep aversion to resting once and for all in any total view of the world; enchantment of the opposite modes of thinking; not letting oneself be robbed of the allure of the enigmatic character.

156.

For the chapter "*Artists*" (as shapers, ascribers of value, takers of possession)

Our languages as echoes of the *oldest takings of possession of things*, by rulers and thinkers at once — —: alongside every coined word ran the command "thus *shall* the thing henceforth be called!"

157.

Should not all *quantities* be signs of *qualities*? Greater power corresponds to a different consciousness, feeling, desiring, a different perspectival gaze; growth itself is a craving *to be more*; out of a *quale* grows the craving for a more of quantum; in a purely quantitative world everything would be dead, rigid, motionless. — The reduction

of all qualities to quantities is nonsense: what results is that the one and the other stand side by side, an analogy —

158.

Psychological history of the concept "subject". The body, the thing, the "whole" constructed by the eye awakens the distinction between a doing and a doer; the doer, the cause of the doing, conceived ever more finely, has in the end left behind the "subject".

159.

Has a force ever yet been ascertained? No, only effects, translated into a wholly foreign language. But the regularity in succession has so spoiled us that we *do not wonder at the wondrous in it*

160.

Today, when it is a matter of giving this book, which stands open yet nonetheless calls for its key, an entrance to it, a preface, let the first thing be to say why I was at that time *afraid* of a preface.

161.

(41)

On the *Preface*.

Deeply mistrustful of the epistemological dogmas, I loved to look now out of this window, now out of that, guarded myself against settling fast in any of them, considered them harmful — and finally: is it likely that a tool *can* criticise its own fitness?? — What I paid heed to was rather that no epistemological scepticism or dogmatism has ever arisen without ulterior motives, — that it has a value of the second rank as soon as one considers *what* fundamentally *compelled* one to this pos-

ition: even the will to certainty itself, if it is not the will "I want first to live" — — — Fundamental insight: Kant as well as Hegel as well as Schopenhauer — the sceptical-epochistic attitude as well as the historicising and the pessimistic ones are of *moral* origin. I saw no one who had ventured a *critique of the moral feelings of value*: and on the meagre attempts to arrive at a history of the genesis of these feelings (as among the English and German Darwinists) I soon turned my back. — How is Spinoza's position to be explained, his denial and rejection of moral value judgements? (Was it *one* consequence of a theodicy?)

162.

One notices, in my earlier writings, a good will towards unclosed horizons, a certain prudent caution before convictions, a mistrust of the enchantments and outwittings of conscience which every strong faith brings with it; one may see in this in part the wariness of the burnt child, of the deceived idealist — more essential, it seems to me, is the Epicurean instinct (of a friend of riddles —) which will not let itself be robbed cheaply of the enigmatic character of things, and most essential of all, finally, an aesthetic aversion to the great virtuous unconditional words, a taste that defends itself against all square-cut opposites, *wishes* for a good measure of uncertainty in things and takes away the opposites: — as a friend of intermediate colours, shadows, afternoon lights and endless seas.

163.

Common errors of the historians of morality:

1.

they show that different peoples hold different moral valuations, and conclude from this that such valuations are not binding at all. — Or they assert some consensus of peoples, at least of civilised peoples, in certain matters of morality, and conclude from this that it is binding for us! — Both are equally naive.

2.

they criticise a people's opinions about its morality (about its origin, sanction, rationality, etc.) and believe that they have thereby criticised the morality itself, which is overgrown with this weed of unreason.

3.

they themselves stand under the rule of a morality without knowing it, and at bottom do nothing other than help their faith in it to victory: — their reasons prove only their own will that this and that be believed, that this and that must by all means be true.

There is little to be said for the moral historians hitherto: they usually stand themselves under the command of a morality and at bottom do nothing other than make propaganda for it. Their usual mistake is that they criticise a people's foolish opinions about its morality (that is, about its origin, sanction, rationality) and believe that precisely in doing so they have criticised the morality itself, which is overgrown with this weed of unreason. But the value of a precept "thou shalt" is independent of the opinion held about it, just as surely as the value of a medicine is independent of whether I think about medicine scientifically or like an old woman

Or again they assert some consensus of peoples, at least of tame peoples, about certain matters of morality, and conclude from this

that it is unconditionally binding, even for you and me: both of which are equally great naiveties —

164.

A spirit strengthened by wars and victories, for which conquest, adventure, danger, even pain have become a need; an inurement to sharp, high air, to wintry wanderings, to ice and mountains in every sense; a kind of sublime malice and ultimate wantonness of revenge, for there is revenge in it, revenge on life itself, when one who suffers grievously takes life under his protection. This book, which may need not just One preface, is for many reasons hard to understand, not through any clumsiness of its author, still less through his ill will, but through the ultimate wantonness of one who suffers grievously, who constantly makes merry over an ideal in which the people believe, and which he has perhaps attained in this condition.

— And perhaps I have a right to have my say about these conditions, because I have not merely looked on at them.

I do not doubt it: it was the condition of the *sage*, as the people imagine him, beyond which I then lived on with an ironic self-superiority: the gentle barrenness and self-gratification of the sage as the people imagine him, the aloofness and beyondness of the "pure knower", the whole sublime onanism of a spirit that has lost the good will to deed, to begetting, to creating in every sense. Who can feel with me the strange happiness of that time in which the book came into being! The sublime malice of a soul which — — —

My taste of today is suited by something else: the man of great love and great contempt, whom his superabundant strength drives out of every "aloofness" and "beyond" right into the midst of the world, whom solitude compels to create beings like himself — a man with the will to a terrible responsibility, forged to his problem

What is perhaps hardest to grasp in this hard-to-understand book, which needs not just One preface, is the irony of the contrast between its theme, a dissolution and unravelling of moral values — and its tone, that of the highest, mildest, wisest composure, in which one who suffered grievously, one turned away from life, delighted himself as in his ultimate wantonness.

165.

(41)

On the *Preface* to "*Daybreak*"

Attempt to think about morality without standing under its spell, mistrustful of being outwitted by its beautiful gestures and glances

A world that we can revere, that accords with our worshipping drive — that continually *proves* itself — through the guidance of the individual and the general —: this is the Christian view, from which we all descend.

Through a growth in acuteness, mistrust, scientific rigour (also through a more highly bred instinct of truthfulness, thus once again under Christian influences) *this* interpretation has become more and more *impermissible* to us.

Subtlest way out: Kantian criticism. The intellect denied itself the right both to interpretation in that sense and to the *rejection* of interpretation in that sense. One contented oneself with filling the gap with a *surplus* of trust and faith, with a renunciation of all provability of one's faith, with an incomprehensible and superior "ideal" (God).

The Hegelian way out, following Plato, a piece of romanticism and reaction, at the same time the symptom of the historical sense, of a new *strength*: "spirit" itself is the self-revealing and self-realising ideal; in the "process", in "becoming", ever more of this ideal in which we

believe is revealed —, thus the ideal realises itself, faith directs itself towards the *future*, in which it can worship according to its noble need. In short,

1)

God is unknowable and undemonstrable *for us* — the hidden meaning of the epistemological movement

2)

God is demonstrable, but as something becoming, and we belong to it, precisely with our urge towards the ideal — the hidden meaning of the historicising movement

But the same historical sense, crossing over into natural history, has — — —

One sees: criticism has *never* advanced against the ideal itself, but only against the problem of whence the contradiction to it arises, why it has not yet been attained, or why it is not demonstrable in things small and great.

The ideal of the *sage*: to what extent fundamentally moral hitherto? - - -

It makes the greatest difference whether one feels this state of distress as distress out of passion, out of a longing, or whether one just barely reaches it as a problem with the point of one's thought and a certain power of historical imagination…

Apart from the religious-philosophical view we find the same phenomenon: utilitarianism (socialism, democratism) criticises the origin of moral valuations, *but it believes in them*, just as the Christian does. (Naivety, as though morality would remain if the sanctioning *God* is missing. The "beyond" is absolutely necessary if faith in morality is to be upheld.)

Fundamental problem: whence this omnipotence of *faith*? *Of faith in morality?*

(— which betrays itself also in the fact that even the fundamental conditions of life are falsely interpreted in favour of morality: despite knowledge of the animal world and the plant world.

"self-preservation", the Darwinist perspective on reconciling altruistic and egoistic principles.

(Critique of egoism, e.g. Larochefoucauld)

My attempt to understand moral judgements as symptoms and sign-languages in which processes of physiological flourishing or failure betray themselves, as does the consciousness of conditions of preservation and growth: a mode of interpretation of the value of astrology. Prejudices prompted by instincts (of races, communities, of different stages such as youth or withering, etc.)

Applied to specifically Christian-European morality: our moral judgements are signs of decline, of unbelief in *life*, a preparation for pessimism.

What does it mean that we have interpreted a *contradiction* into existence? — Decisive importance: behind all other valuations stand, commanding, those moral valuations. Supposing they fall away, by what do we measure then? And what value then have knowledge, etc., etc.???

My main proposition: there are no moral phenomena, but only a moral interpretation of these phenomena. This interpretation itself is of extra-moral origin.

166.

Preface to "The Gay Science"

A merrymaking before a great undertaking, for which one at last feels strength returning within oneself: as Buddha gave himself over for 10 days to worldly pleasures when he had found his principal tenet.

Universal mockery of all moralizing of today. Preparation for *Zarathustra's naive-ironic stance toward all holy things* (naive *form of superiority: the play with the holy*)

(42)

On the misunderstanding of "cheerfulness." Temporary release from the long tension, high spirits, the Saturnalia of a spirit that consecrates and prepares itself for long and fearful resolutions. *The "fool" in the form of "science."*

This book perhaps needs not just One preface: of its "gay science" nothing at all has been understood. Even concerning the title — — —

Of this "gay science" Nothing at all has been understood; not even the title, concerning whose Provençal sense at least many scholars — — —

The triumphant state from which this book emerged is hard to comprehend — but I myself had emerged from a state.

the consciousness of repugnance toward Everything that lay behind me, paired with a sublime will to gratitude even for the "behind-me," which was not too far from the feeling of a right to a long revenge

a piece of grey ice-cold old age, inserted at the most wrongful place in life, the tyranny of pain outbid by the tyranny of pride, which rejects the *consequences* of pain, isolation as self-defence against a morbidly clairvoyant contempt for mankind and therefore loved and relished even as a deliverance, on the other hand a craving for the bitterest, harshest, most painful of knowledge

It belongs among the things I shall not forget that for no book was I congratulated so sincerely as for this one; I was even given to understand how healthy such a way of thinking was

Nothing offends so deeply as letting it be noticed how high and strict are the demands one makes upon oneself.

Nothing offends so deeply, nothing cuts one off so thoroughly, as letting something be noticed of the height and strictness with which one treats oneself: oh how obliging and loving all the world shows itself toward us as soon as we do as all the world does and "let ourselves go" like all the world!

It belongs among the things I shall not forget that for this book of the "gai saber" I was offered more congratulations than for all the others put together: people were suddenly reconciled with me, they showed themselves obliging and loving once more, all the world saw in it a convalescence, a return, a homecoming, a turning inward — namely as a return to "all the world."

Apart from a few scholars whose vanity took offence at the word "science" (— they gave me to understand that This was "gay" perhaps, but certainly not "science" —), all the world took this book as a return to "all the world" and showed itself, for its sake, obliging and loving toward me: and I guessed afterward how Nothing offends most deeply and most thoroughly against us — — —

NB Perhaps at the end one will also lend an ear to a few high-spirited songs in which a poet makes merry over the poets and their beautiful lyrical feelings.

NB!! Zarathustra, who in a holy manner sets courage and mockery against all holy things and goes his way toward the most forbidden, the most evil, with innocence - - -

167.

Denial of causality. So as not to make Everything responsible for Each thing, and to take *short* the thread on which something hangs. "Chance" really exists.

168.

Tendency of moral development. Everyone wishes that no other doctrine and estimation of things should prevail except one in which he himself comes off well. *Fundamental tendency, consequently, of the weak and mediocre of all ages: to make the stronger weaker, to drag them down: chief means, the moral judgment*. The conduct of the stronger toward the weaker is branded; the higher states of the stronger receive bad epithets.

The struggle of the many against the few, of the ordinary against the rare, of the weak against the strong

— one of its subtlest interruptions is that the select, the subtle, the more exacting presented themselves as the weak and repudiated the coarser means of power —

169.

(34)

It might seem as though I had evaded the question of certainty. The opposite is true: but in asking about the criterion of certainty, I examined by what weight anything at all has hitherto been weighed — and that the question of certainty is itself already a *dependent* question, a question of the *second* rank.

170.

(44)

What is lacking is the knowledge and awareness of what reversals moral judgment has already gone through, and how really several times already, in the most thoroughgoing sense, "evil" has been re-christened "good." To one of these displacements I pointed with the antithesis "morality of custom" and — — —

Conscience too has exchanged its sphere: there was a herd pang of conscience

To what extent our conscience too, with its seemingly personal responsibility, is nevertheless still herd conscience.

171.

(43)

The *pang of conscience*, like all *ressentiments*, absent where there is a great abundance of strength. (Mirabeau, B. Cellini, Cardanus).

172.

"Being" — we have no other notion of it than "*living*." — How then can something dead "be"?

173.

On l'art pour l'art cf. Doudan pensées p. 10, how the cult of colours depraves

Scherer VIII p. 292.

174.

One finds nothing again in things but what one once put into them oneself: this child's game, of which I would not think meanly, is called "science"? On the contrary: let us carry on with Both, good courage

belongs to Both — to the ones for finding again, to the others — *we* others! — for putting in!

— man in the end finds nothing again in things but what he himself has put into them: the finding again is called science, the putting in — art, religion, love, pride. In Both, even should they be children's games, — — —

175.

(45)

NB. *Against* the doctrine of the influence of the milieu and of external causes: the inner force is infinitely *superior*; much that looks like influence from without is merely its adaptation from within. Exactly the same milieus can be interpreted and exploited in opposite ways: there are no facts. — A genius is *not* explained by such conditions of origin —

176.

What constitutes the *strong* human being of the 20th century: —

177.

(46)

Popular ideals, e.g. Francis of Assisi: denial of the hierarchy of souls, all equal before God.

178.

It is good to take "right," "wrong," etc. in a definite narrow civic sense, as in "do right and fear no one": i.e. to do one's duty according to a definite coarse scheme within which a commonwealth subsists.

179.

Preface

Starting from a conception of life (which is not a wanting-to-preserve-oneself but a wanting-to-*grow*), I have given a survey of the fundamental instinct of our political, intellectual, social movement in Europe.

Of what have I perhaps given a notion?

1) that behind the most fundamental differences among philosophies there stands a certain sameness of creed: the unconscious guidance by *moral ulterior motives*, more plainly: *by popular ideals*; — that consequently the moral problem is more radical than the epistemological one

2) that for once a reversal of perspective is needed in order to bring to light the *prejudice of morality* and of all popular ideals: for which every kind of "free spirits" — i.e. immoral ones — can be employed.

3) that Christianity, as a plebeian ideal, with its morality amounts to an injuring of the stronger, higher-natured, masculine types and favours a herd-type human being: that it is a preparation for the democratic way of thinking

4) that science advances in league with the equality movement, is democracy, that all the virtues of the scholar reject the *order of rank*

5) that democratic Europe amounts only to a sublime breeding of slavery, which must be commanded by a strong race in order to endure itself

6) that an aristocracy arises only under hard, long pressure (dominion over the earth)

180.

Perhaps there are a few people in Europe, in Germany too, who reach up to the problem of this book, and not only with their curiosity, not only with the antennae of a pampered understanding, of their divining power of empathy and imitation, of their "historical sense" above all, but with the passion of one who goes without: whose soul has height enough to understand my conception of the "free spirit" as a means of expression, as a subtlety, if you will, as a modesty: these will not complain of my obscurity.

There are many things against which I have not found it necessary to speak: it goes without saying that the "man of letters" is repugnant to me, that all political parties of today are repugnant to me, that the socialist is treated by me with something more than pity. The two noblest forms of man that I have encountered in the flesh were the perfect Christian — I count it an honour to descend from a family that took its Christianity seriously in every sense — and the perfect artist of the romantic ideal, whom I found far beneath the Christian level: it is obvious that, once one has turned one's back on *these* forms because they do not suffice one, one does not easily find satisfaction in any other kind of man of today, — to that extent I am condemned to solitude, although I can very well imagine a kind of men in whom I should take delight. My tolerant and mild disgust at the self-satisfaction of our big-city dwellers who deck themselves out with culture, of our scholars — — —

181.

(42)

The irony of Plato, with which an overgreat tenderness of feeling and of the senses, a vulnerability of the heart, knows how to protect itself, or at least to conceal itself; that Olympian nature of Goethe, who

made verses about his sufferings in order to be rid of them; likewise Stendhal, Mérimée —

182.

(10)

In order that something should endure which lasts longer than an individual, in order, then, that a *work* should remain standing which an individual has perhaps created: to that end every possible kind of restriction, of one-sidedness, etc., must be imposed upon the individual. By what means? Love, reverence, gratitude toward the person who created the work is a relief: or that our forefathers won it by fighting: or that my descendants are secured only if I secure that *work* (e.g. the πόλις). *Morality* is essentially the means of bringing something to duration over the heads of individuals, or rather through an *enslavement* of individuals. It goes without saying that the perspective from below upward will yield quite different expressions from the perspective from above downward.

A complex of power: how is it *preserved*? By many generations sacrificing themselves to it, i.e. — — —

183.

For the *Introduction*.

For everyone who has lived together with a great question mark as with his destiny, and whose days and nights have been consumed in nothing but solitary dialogues and decisions, the opinions of others about the same problem are a kind of noise, against which he defends himself and stops his ears: moreover, something as it were intrusive, unauthorized and shameless on the part of those who, as he believes, possess no right to such a problem: because they did not find it. These are the hours of mistrust toward himself, of mistrust toward

his own right and prerogative, when the hermit-like lover — for that is what a philosopher is — longs to hear everything that is said and kept silent about his problem; perhaps in doing so he divines that the world is full of such jealous lovers, like himself, and that everything loud, noisy, public, the whole foreground of politics, everyday life, fairground, "the times" seems to have been invented only so that everything that is hermit and philosopher among us today might hide behind it — as in *their* very own solitude; all occupied with one thing, in love with one thing, jealous over one thing, precisely over *his* problem. "Nothing else whatever is thought today, wherever thinking is done at all" — he says to himself at last; "everything turns precisely on this question mark; what seemed reserved for me, the whole age is courting: at bottom nothing else whatever is happening; I myself — but what do I matter!"

184.

(47)

Late do I come to awareness of how far moralistic skepticism has gone: by what do I recognize myself again?

Determinism: we are not responsible for our nature

Phenomenalism: we know nothing of a "thing in itself"

My problem: What harm has mankind hitherto suffered from morality as well as from its morality? Harm to the spirit, etc.

my disgust at the sage as a spectator

my higher concept "artist"

185.

(47)

"*We Immoralists*"

real

Critique of the moral ideal

—

of the good man, of the saint, of the sage

—

on the slandering of the so-called *evil* qualities

—

what meaning do the various moral interpretations have?

—

what is the danger of the interpretation now prevailing in Europe?

—

what is the measure by which one can measure? ("will to power")

186.

Do not believe that I shall summon you to the same venture! Or even to the same solitude. For whoever goes his own ways meets no one: that comes with "one's own ways." No one comes to "help" him along them, and with everything that befalls him of danger, chance, malice and bad weather he must cope by himself. He has his way precisely *for himself*, and also his occasional vexation over this hard, inexorable "for himself": to which it belongs, for example, that even his good friends do not always see and know where he is really going, whither he really wants to go — and sometimes ask themselves: what? is he going anywhere at all? has he — a *way*?…

— In making here the attempt to give those who have till now — in spite of everything — remained well-disposed toward me a hint about the way I have gone, it is advisable first to say on which ways I have sometimes been sought and even believed found. People are in the habit of mistaking me: I admit it; likewise that a great service would have been done me if someone else had defended me against these confusions and drawn my boundaries. But, as I said, I must come to my own aid: why else does one go "one's own ways"?

antimetaphysical, antiromantic, artistic, pessimistic, skeptical, historical

An artistic view of the world

an antimetaphysical one — yes, but an artistic one —

a pessimistic-Buddhist one —

a skeptical one —

a scientific one — *not* positivist

187.

— *placatumque nitet diffuso lumine coelum* —

188.

that the history of all the phenomena of morality could be simplified to the degree Schopenhauer believed — namely so that pity was to be found again as the root of every moral inclination hitherto — to this degree of absurdity and naïveté only a thinker could come who was stripped of all historical instinct and who had, in the strangest manner, slipped away even from that strong schooling in history which the Germans underwent from Herder to Hegel.

189.

The question of the origin of our valuations and tables of goods by no means coincides with their critique, as is so often believed: however certainly the insight into some pudenda origo brings with it, for feeling, a diminution in value of the thing so originated, and prepares a critical mood and attitude toward it.

190.

(47)

what are our valuations and moral tables of goods themselves worth? *What comes of their rule?* For whom? In relation to what? — Answer: for life. But *what is life*? Here, then, a new, more definite formulation of the concept "life" is needed: my formula for it runs: life is will to power.

what does valuing itself signify? does it point back or down to another, metaphysical world? As Kant still believed (who stands before the great historical movement). In short: *where did it arise*? Or did it not "arise" at all? Answer: moral valuing is an *interpretation*, a way of interpreting. The interpretation itself is a *symptom* of certain physiological states, likewise of a certain spiritual level of prevailing judgements. *Who interprets?* — Our affects.

191.

My contention: that one must subject moral valuations themselves to a critique. That one must bid the moral impulse of feeling halt with the question: why? That this demand for a "Why?", for a critique of morality, is precisely our *present form of morality itself*, as a sublime sense of honesty. That our honesty, our will not to deceive *ourselves*, must justify itself: "why *not*?" — Before what tribunal? — The will not

to let oneself be deceived is of another origin, a precaution against being overpowered, exploited, an instinct of self-defence on the part of life.

These are *my* demands upon you — however ill they may sound in your ears —: that you are to subject moral valuations themselves to a critique. That you are to bid the moral impulse of feeling, which here demands submission and *not* critique, halt with the question: "why submission?" That you are to regard this demand for a "Why?", for a critique of morality, as precisely your *present* form of morality itself, as the most sublime kind of uprightness, one that does honour to you and to your age.

192.

the feeling: thou shalt!, the unrest upon acting contrary to it — question: "who is commanding here? Whose disfavour do we fear here?"

193.

(7)

Our bad habit of taking a mnemonic sign, an abbreviating formula, for an essence, and finally for a *cause*, saying of lightning, for example: "it flashes". Or even the little word "I". To posit a kind of perspective in seeing as, in turn, the *cause of seeing itself*: that was the sleight of hand in the invention of the "subject", of the "I"!

194.

(23)

Stendhal: "Combien de lieues ne ferais-je pas à pied, et à combien de jours de prison ne me soumettrais-je pas pour entendre *Don Juan* ou le

Matrimonio segreto; et je ne sais pour quelle autre chose je ferais cet effort." He was 56 years old at the time.

195.

(41)

Hegel: his popular side, the doctrine of war and of great men. Right lies with the victor: he represents the progress of mankind.

Attempt to prove the rule of morality from history

Kant: withdrawn from us, invisible, real, a realm of moral values

Hegel: a demonstrable development, the becoming-visible of the moral realm

We do not want to let ourselves be deceived either in the Kantian or in the Hegelian manner: — we no longer *believe*, as they did, in morality, and consequently we have no need to found philosophies *so that* morality may be proved right. Neither criticism nor historicism holds its charm for us *in that*: — well then, what charm does it hold?

196.

We homeless ones — yes! But we mean to exploit the *advantages* of our situation and, far from perishing of it, to let the free air and the mighty abundance of light benefit us.

197.

Unbelievers and godless, yes! — but without that bitterness and passion of the one torn loose, who makes for himself out of his unbelief a faith, a purpose, often a martyrdom: we have been boiled down and grown cold in the insight that things in the world do not go divinely at all, indeed not even according to a rational, merciful, human meas-

ure; we know it, the world in which we live is unmoral, ungodly, inhuman — we have for all too long interpreted it in the sense of our veneration. The world is not worth what we believed: and the last spider's thread of consolation that Schopenhauer spun has been torn by us: that precisely this was the meaning of all history, that it should get to the bottom of its own meaninglessness and grow weary of itself. This growing-tired-of-existence, this will to will-no-more, the breaking of self-will, of self-interest, selflessness (as the expression of this inverted will) — this and nothing else Schopenhauer wished to see honoured with the highest honour: he called it morality, he decreed that all selfless action — — — he believed he was even securing for art its value by wanting to recognize, in the indifferent states it creates, preparations for that complete detachment and the satiety of disgust.

— but would we really, in view of the sight of an unmoral world, be *pessimists*? No, for we do not believe in morality — — we believe that mercy, justice, pity and lawfulness are by far *overrated*, that their opposite has been slandered, that in both, in the exaggeration and in the slander, in the whole setting-up of the *moral ideal* and standard, there lay a tremendous endangerment of man. Let us not forget the good yield either: the refinement of *interpretation*, of moral vivisection, the sting of conscience has heightened the *falseness* of man to the utmost and made him clever in spirit.

In itself a religion has nothing to do with morality: but the two offspring of the Jewish religion are both *essentially* moral religions, such as give prescriptions as to how one *ought* to live and procure a hearing for their demands by means of reward and punishment.

198.

the era of Bismarck (the era of German stupefaction)

on such swampy ground there thrive, as is only fitting, the true swamp plants too, e.g. the anti-Semites

199.

— to be national, in the sense and to the degree now demanded by public opinion, would in us spiritual men, as it seems to me, be not merely an insipidity: but a dishonesty, a wilful numbing of our better knowledge and conscience

200.

Likewise we are no longer Christians: we have outgrown Christianity, not because we dwelt too far from it but because we dwelt too near it, still more because we have grown *out of* it — it is our stricter and more fastidious piety itself that today *forbids* us still to be Christians —

201.

When I once wrote the word "untimely" upon my books, how much youth, inexperience, provincial nook is expressed in that word! Today I understand that with this kind of lament, enthusiasm and discontent I belonged precisely thereby to the most modern of the moderns.

202.

Kant: the mere idea of a possible science, which one seeks to approach by many and various ways, until the one footpath, much overgrown by sensibility, is removed from view" —

203.

And even today the philosophers, without knowing it, furnish the strongest proof of how far this authority of morality reaches. With all

their will to independence, with their habits or principles of doubt, even with their vice of contradiction, of novelty at any price, of arrogance from every height — what becomes of them as soon as they reflect upon "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not"? At once there is nothing more modest on earth: the Circe morality has just breathed upon them and bewitched them! All these proud ones, these who walk alone! — Now all of a sudden they are lambs, now they want to be a herd. First of all they all want to have their "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" in common with everyone, — the first sign of independence surrendered. And what is their criterion of a moral precept? All are unanimous on this: its universal validity, its disregard of the person. This is what I call "herd". Thereupon, to be sure, they part ways: for each wants to be of service to morality with *his* best strength. Most of them hit upon the idea of "grounding morality", as they say, namely of making it sister to reason and reconciling it with reason, if possible to the point of unity; the subtler ones, conversely, find in the ungroundability of morality the sign and prerogative of its rank, its rank superior to reason; others will want to derive it historically (for instance with the Darwinists, who have invented the little household remedy for bad historians: "first utility and compulsion, then habit, finally instinct, even pleasure"), still others refute these derivations and deny altogether any historical derivability of morality, and this likewise in honour of its rank, of its higher kind and destiny: but all are unanimous in the main point, "morality is there, morality is given!", they all believe, honestly, unconsciously, unbrokenly, in the value of what they call morality, that is to say, they stand under its authority. Yes! The *value* of morality! Will it be permitted that someone take the floor here who has doubts precisely about this value? And who only in this respect concerns himself also with its derivation, derivability, psychological possibility and impossibility?

204.

Fifth Book: We Who Are Reversed.

Our new "freedom"

Against the popular ideal men

How far do art and falsehood reach into the essence of being?

Why we are no longer Christians.

Why we are antinational.

Pessimism and Dionysianism.

Our mistrust of logic

l'art pour l'art

The narrowness of all teleology.

Against the fatalism of causality.

Against the doctrine of milieu: mask and character. On the concept "phenomenalism".

Against romanticism.

Concept of slavery, i.e. reduction to an instrument

Misunderstanding of cheerfulness.

What makes the order of rank.

Critique of recent philosophy: faulty point of departure, as if there were "facts of consciousness" — and no phenomenalism in self-observation

205.

There is no egoism at all that would stay within itself and not encroach — consequently that "permitted", "morally indifferent" egoism of which you speak does not exist at all.

One always furthers one's ego "at the expense of the other"; life always lives at the cost of other life. — Whoever does not grasp this has not yet taken within himself the first step toward honesty.

206.

(48)

What feeling of freedom lies in feeling, as we liberated spirits feel, that we are *not* harnessed into a system of "purposes"! Likewise, that the concepts "reward" and "punishment" do not have their seat in the essence of existence! Likewise, that the good and evil action is to be called good and evil not in itself, but only under the perspective of the preservation tendencies of certain kinds of human communities! Likewise, that our reckonings of pleasure and pain have no cosmic, let alone a metaphysical significance! — That pessimism which undertakes to place the pleasure and displeasure of existence itself upon the scales, with its arbitrary confinement in the pre-Copernican prison and field of vision, would be something backward and relapsing, if it is not merely a bad joke of a Berliner (the pessimism of Eduard von Hartmann

207.

Beginning

Conclusion.

To what extent this self-destruction of morality is still a piece of its own strength. We Europeans have in us the blood of those who died

for their faith; we have taken morality terribly and seriously, and there is nothing that we have not at some time sacrificed to it. On the other hand: our spiritual subtlety has been attained essentially through vivisection of the conscience. We do not yet know the whither toward which we are driven, now that we have in this way detached ourselves from our old soil. But this soil itself has bred into us the strength that now drives us out into the distance, into adventure, through which we are thrust out into the shoreless, the untried, the undiscovered, — no choice remains to us, we must be conquerors, now that we no longer have any land where we are at home, where we would wish to "preserve". No, you know better than that, my friends! The hidden Yes in you is stronger than all the Noes and Perhapses from which you, together with your age, are sick and addicted; and if you must go to sea, you emigrants, it is a *faith* that compels you to it — —

208.

the not-being-done-with Christianity

209.

It is a matter of honour for my friends to be active on behalf of my name, reputation and worldly security, and to build me a fortress where I am protected against gross misjudgement: I myself will no longer lift a finger for it

210.

The perfect functional certainty of the regulating instincts

sun | *Intelligent Audio*



sunapp.ai/download