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Friedrich Nietzsche

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Nachlass, Late Notebooks 1885

Friedrich Nietzsche

Modern English edition

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

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Unpublished Writings: Late Notebooks, 1885

Notebook 34: April to June 1885

1.

The cheerful science.

Confessions About Myself.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Confessions about myself: Honestly, the phrase is too solemn for me. In my own case, I believe neither in confessing nor in a "self".

Honestly, the phrase is too solemn for me. But if I gave the book the title I would like better, "500,000 Opinions", it would sound too much like a joke to my readers. So, out of consideration for my readers — — —

A High Education.

The Highest Education.

Thoughts about the philosophers of the future.

Guesses about the philosophers of the future.

2.

Year by year I become more open and frank. This happens to the same degree that my view of this nineteenth century grows deeper and deeper, this century of great moral hypocrisy. I find fewer and fewer reasons today to keep my thoughts to myself, to hide them behind the mountain, as the saying goes. What opinions could be dangerous today! Nowadays nothing falls "into deep wells" anymore, nothing

gets lost or hidden. And even if they were dangerous and destructive: it is a good thing for many things to fall down, so that many things have to be built.

3.

In my youth I had bad luck. A very two-faced person crossed my path. When I saw him for what he is, namely a great actor who has no genuine relationship to anything (not even to music), I was so disgusted and sick that I came to believe this: all famous people had been actors, otherwise they would not have become famous. And I believed that in what I called an "artist", the main thing was precisely the *actor's* power.

4.

How disguised I was when I presented what I felt to be "Dionysian"! How scholarly and monotonous it was! And at the same time, nowhere near scholarly enough even to have the effect of opening up a new field of work for a few generations of experts on ancient languages! You see, this *way in* to the ancient world is the one most thoroughly buried. And those who imagined they were especially wise about the Greeks, Goethe for example, and Winckelmann, never caught even a scent of anything from that direction. It seems the Greek world is a hundred times more hidden and stranger than the pushy manner of today's scholars would like. If anything here is ever to be understood, then surely only like by like: only someone who is similar can understand what is similar. And again — only experiences that come from springs bursting up inside you give you that new, great eye that lets you recognize the same thing again in the world of the past.

5.

Note well. The greatest events are the hardest for people to really feel. For example, the fact that the Christian God "is dead". The fact that what happens to us *no* longer shows any heavenly kindness or upbringing, *no* longer any divine justice, and no morality at all built into things. This is a terrible piece of news, and it will take another couple of centuries before Europeans actually *feel* it. And then, for a while, it will seem as if all weight had gone out of things. —

6.

I did not let myself be fooled by the shining arrival of the German Empire. When I wrote my Zarathustra, I took as the background a state of affairs in Europe where Germany, too, is ruled by the same horrible and dirty party fighting that we already find in France today.

7.

Has anyone ever granted a woman's mind "depth"? Until now I have not had respect for any woman's mind. Compare Madame d'Épinay with Galiani!

And justice — has this ever — — —

8.

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

9.

I do not know myself. The demand to "know yourself" seems to me either a joke of the gods or a piece of *Greek* childishness (silliness). They have plenty of that! But if someone has given his opinions on more than 500 things, then it is possible that other people may "know" him. Very well, then!

10.

Pretending to be "scientific", for example "feminism", but also the style of German magazines and "reviews".

11.

Our age lives off the morality of earlier ages and uses it up.

12.

Pascal was offended by the idea that the weather, that bright and cheerful skies, could have any influence on him. Now the theory of the *surroundings* is the most convenient one! *Everything* has an influence, and the result is the human being himself.

13.

Things my stomach handles badly or not at all: potatoes, ham, mustard, onions, pepper, everything fried in fat, puff pastry, cauliflower, cabbage, salad, all vegetables cooked in fat, wine, sausages, butter sauce on meat, chives, fresh bread, all sourdough bread.

Everything grilled, all meat cooked rare, veal, roast beef, leg of lamb, lamb, egg yolk and milk, also whipped cream, rice, semolina, cooked warm apples, green peas, beans, carrots, root vegetables, fish, fresh butter, the brown crust of white bread.

14.

There is a kind of open and hearty friendliness that people need today, in a democratic age, in order to be liked and respected. In short, it is what gets you treated today as a "decent person". That gives someone who studies morals a lot to laugh about. All deep people enjoy their own kind of relief here. It is so much fun to play a comedy and — — —

15.

The ancients read *out loud*.

16.

Among people with no self-control, for example the English mob, the teaching of giving things up naturally gains *enormous* power. Among people who already live moderately, it is something to laugh at.

17.

Dionysian. What unfortunate shyness, to speak as a scholar about something I could have spoken about as someone who had "lived it"! And what does "aesthetics", the theory of beauty, matter to someone whose job is to write poetry? You should practice your craft and send curiosity to the devil!

18.

The Twentieth Century.

The Abbé Galiani once says — — — Since I do not at all share the peace-loving views of my late friend Galiani, I am not afraid to predict a few things, and so, possibly, to bring about the causes of wars by doing so.

19.

An enormous *thinking-over*, a coming to one's senses, after the most terrible earthquake: with new questions.

20.

Note well. The centuries before last rejected Gothic art as barbaric (back then, "Goth" meant the same as "barbarian"). The century before last rejected Homer. There is *taste* in that: a strong will to say *its own* yes and *its own* no. — The ability to enjoy Homer again is perhaps the greatest achievement of the European human being — but it has been paid for at a high enough price.

21.

Baudelaire, already completely German, except for a certain over-sexed sickliness that smells of Paris.

22.

Taine, who had the bold idea of finding what is typical between Hegel and Henri Beyle. *His method*, which basically says: history can only be understood through ideas. But the person who studies history must create those ideas. And history is easiest to understand where there are only four or five factors at work.

23.

The middle-class person in costume, for example dressed up as Salammbô and as Saint Anthony.

24.

Some beings who are basically shallow and light — whole peoples as well as single people — have their most valuable and highest moments when, to their own surprise, they become heavy and gloomy for once. In the same way, perhaps, for the cattle-like mob that once started grunting morally in English Puritanism, or today in the English Salvation Army, the fit of repentance is their highest achievement of "humanity". It is only fair to admit that. —

But others become higher when they become lighter! There is no doubt about this: when one type of person has lived for whole generations as teachers, doctors, carers of souls and role models, without constantly looking out for money or honor or positions, then in the end a higher, finer and more spiritual type comes into being. In that sense the priest, provided that he has children with strong women, is a kind of preparation for higher human beings to come into being one day.

25.

Dogmatic people like Dante and Plato, who are completely sure of their beliefs, are the *most distant* from us, and perhaps that is why they are the most charming. They live in a house of knowledge that has been carefully built and that they firmly believe in. The first lives in a house of his own; the other lives in the house of the Christian Church Fathers.

It takes a completely different kind of strength and flexibility to hold your ground inside an unfinished system, one with open views that have no fixed edges, than to live in a *dogmatic* world where everything is already settled. Leonardo da Vinci stands higher than Michelangelo, and Michelangelo stands higher than Raphael.

26.

Among today's educated people (who all, for shame, read newspapers!), it is common to praise deep people. But what could those who are able to praise deep people know about depth themselves? Deep people are dangerous people: there is no doubt about that at all. After all, people don't usually go around praising bottomless pits!

27.

Letters

to a Friend Who Loves Philosophy.

Written on the Occasion

of Thus Spoke Zarathustra.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

28.

Superstition means believing in things like these: in what simply "is" and never changes, in what depends on nothing else, in pure mind, in absolute knowledge, in absolute value, in the "thing in itself" as it is apart from how we see it! Every one of these starting points has a contradiction hidden inside it.

29.

Doubts and Objections.

30.

Our senses take things in without our being aware of it. Everything we do become aware of is a perception that has already been worked over and shaped.

31.

He makes the great breaking away for *himself*. He does not demand it of others, and he certainly does not see it as his duty to pass it on to others or push it on them.

32.

For thousands of years there has been a great *low tide*, like the sea pulling far back from the shore, in the inventing of new values.

33.

The Lawgivers of the Future.

1.

Where It Comes From

2.

The Most Tied-Down Mind

3.

The Great Breaking Away

4.

Suffering from Humanity

5.

The New Will

6.

The Hammer

34.

My kind of acedia, that heavy listlessness of the spirit, works the opposite way from the monks' kind. I get annoyed at how much pity I feel. I am happy when my ego, my own self, is awake and in a good mood.

35.

1. Abelard wanted to bring reason into the authority of the Church. In the end, Descartes decided that all authority lies in reason alone.

2. Reason overcoming itself, the self-mastery of reason, was Pascal's inner problem. He wanted reason to give way in favor of Christian "faith."

36.

The real problem of "faith" is this: whether instinct is worth more than reasoning, and why!

Hidden underneath the many arguments about "knowledge and faith," and about utilitarianism versus intuitionism, is this question of a way of valuing things.

Socrates naively took the side of reason against instinct. (But deep down he still followed all the moral instincts, only he gave the wrong reason for them: he acted as if his motives came from reason. Plato and others did the same.)

Without even meaning to, Plato looked for a way to make reason and instinct want the same thing. Kant, Schopenhauer and the English thinkers have done the same, right up to today.

In "faith," the instinct to obey the highest authority is put first, so it is one single instinct. Kant's categorical imperative, his rule of duty that must be obeyed without exception, is a wished-for instinct, one where this instinct and reason are one and the same.

37.

Kant: a sharp mind, a fussy, pedantic soul.

38.

Note. Forgive me for this bold claim. It is exactly because I have a higher, deeper and also more scientific understanding of woman than the men and women who fight for her emancipation that I resist

emancipation. I know better where women's strength lies, and I say of them: "they do not know what they are doing." With what they are striving for now, they are dissolving their own instincts!

39.

Bentham and utilitarianism depend on Helvétius. He is the last great event in the history of morality. In German philosophy, in Kant and Schopenhauer, it is still about "duty" or the "instinct of pity." These are the old problems that go back to Socrates: that is, Stoicism or Christianity, the aristocracy of the individual or the goodness of the herd.

40.

I need:

a)

Someone to watch over my stomach.

b)

Someone who can laugh with me and has a playful, high-spirited mind.

c)

Someone who is proud to be in my company, and who makes sure that "the other people" also treat me with the right kind of respect.

d)

Someone who reads aloud to me without making the book sound stupid.

41.

To please, "plaire": that is the great secret of the French will, and at bottom the secret of herd morality. "Having pity" and altruism are just the hypocritical way of saying it.

42.

Note. Until now, most artists, historians included, and even some of the greatest, have been servants. They served social classes, or princes, or women, or "the masses," not to mention how dependent they were on the Church and on the moral law. That is how Rubens painted the noble world of his time: according to a taste that they had in mind, not according to his own sense of beauty. So on the whole, he painted against his own taste. Van Dyck was more noble in this respect. He gave everyone he painted something of what he himself honored most in his own nature. When he "portrayed" people, he did not step down to them, he raised them up to himself.

The artist's slavish submission to his audience is perhaps harder to spot in music, but there it sits all the deeper and more completely. Even Sebastian Bach put it into the dedication letter of his great Mass, in words that will insult forever. People could not bear to listen to me if I wanted to share what I have noticed about this.

43.

Note. The middle and lower classes, including the lower kinds of mind and body, are slowly stepping forward and rising up. This was already well underway before the French Revolution, like a prelude, and it would have moved forward even without the Revolution. So on the whole, the herd is getting the upper hand over all the shepherds and lead rams. This brings with it:

1) A darkening of the mind. Noble cultures have a way of showing a surface of happiness that is both stoic and lighthearted at once. That is fading. People now let others see and hear a lot of suffering that in the past they put up with and kept hidden.

2) Moral hypocrisy. This is a way of wanting to stand out through morality, but through the herd virtues: pity, caring for others, charity. These virtues usually go unnoticed and unvalued outside the herd's own abilities.

3) A real and huge amount of shared sorrow and shared joy, the pleasure of being packed close together that all herds have: "public spirit," "fatherland," everything where the individual did not count.

44.

According to Goethe, Diderot showed himself to be truly German in everything the French criticized him for (Saint Ogan, page 248). But the people of Naples, according to Galiani, also fully accepted his taste.

45.

Baudelaire had German taste, if any Parisian can have it. He feels in a German way when he cannot stand Victor Hugo and calls him "a donkey of genius."

46.

If I have any kind of unity inside me, it certainly does not lie in my conscious self, or in feeling, wanting and thinking. It lies somewhere else: in the cleverness of my whole organism, which keeps me alive, takes things in, gets rid of things and keeps watch. My conscious self is only a tool of that organism. Feeling, wanting and thinking only ever show us end results, and we have no idea at all what causes

them. These end results follow one after another as if one came out of the other, but that is probably only an appearance. In truth, the causes may be linked to each other in such a way that the final causes only give the impression of a logical or psychological connection. I deny that one event in the mind or soul is the direct cause of another event in the mind or soul, even though it seems that way. The true world of causes is hidden from us. It is unbelievably more complicated. The intellect and the senses are above all a machine for simplifying things. But our false, shrunken world of causes, squeezed into logic, is the world we are able to live in. We "know" things only as far as we need to in order to meet our needs.

Studying the body gives you an idea of these unbelievable complications.

If our intellect did not have some fixed forms, life would be impossible. But that proves nothing about whether all the facts of logic are true.

47.

Socrates sneakily made himself look small, so that his opponent would feel harmless and safe, let his guard down, and say straight out what he thought. That is a trick of a man of the mob! Logic was not at home in Athens.

48.

Note. With a slightly clearer head and a bit of good will, you can no longer stand, simply out of good taste, to twist the meaning of your experiences "for the glory of God." I mean seeing signs everywhere of God caring for you, warning you, punishing you, raising you. A good philologist, and in fact any scholar trained in reading texts closely, can't stand false readings of texts, such as those Protestant preachers

give from the pulpit, which is why educated people no longer go to church. In the same way, the forgery of the religious interpretation of all experiences goes against your taste. And this is not because of some great "virtue" or "honesty" or the like.

49.

We take pleasure in simplicity, in things being easy to survey, regular and clear. In the end, a German "philosopher" might take this and turn it into something like a categorical imperative, an absolute rule, of logic and beauty. I admit that there is a strong instinct for this. It is so strong that it rules over all the work of our senses. It takes the huge wealth of real, unconscious perceptions and cuts it down, puts it in order, makes it fit with what we already know, and so on. Only in this tidied-up form does it present them to our conscious mind. This "logical" and "artistic" work is something we do all the time. What made this power so all-ruling? Clearly the fact that without it, no living thing could survive the chaos of impressions.

50.

(I don't see why living, organic things ever had to come into being at all...)

51.

In chemistry we can see that every substance pushes its force as far as it can, and from that something new, a third thing, comes into being.

You cannot work out a child's qualities, even if you know the father and the mother as exactly as possible. That is because these qualities are the effects that this third thing, the child, has on us. But the effects of the first and the effects of the second, that is, the qualities of

the parents, simply cannot be added up to give "the effects of the third."

52.

The chain of causes is hidden from us. The way effects hang together and follow one another only shows us one thing after another. However regular that order may be, it does not make us understand it as something that has to happen. Still, we can notice several different rows of such sequences lying one behind the other. Take playing the piano, for example: there is the sequence of keys being struck, the sequence of strings being hit, and the sequence of notes that sound.

53.

A Critique of the Instinct for Cause and Effect

The belief that every action happens because of a motive slowly spread by instinct until it covered everything. This happened in times when people imagined that all events worked the way conscious living beings work. The idea was: "Everything that happens, happens because of a motive. The goal behind a thing is what actually makes it happen."

This belief is mistaken. A goal or a motive is just a tool that helps us grasp an event and deal with it in practice. Spreading this idea to everything was also a mistake, and it was not logical.

No goal.

No will.

54.

Time in Reverse Order

The "outside world" acts on us. The effect is sent to the brain like a telegraph message. There it is sorted out, shaped, and traced back to a cause. Then that cause is projected outward, and only then do we become aware of the fact. In other words, the "world of appearances" only appears to us as a cause after "it" has already acted on us and the effect has been processed. So we keep turning the order of events back to front. While "I" am seeing, something in me is already seeing something else. It is the same as with pain.

55.

Trust in the senses. This is a basic fact of our intellect. The intellect takes raw material from the senses, and then it interprets it. Seen from a moral point of view, the way the intellect treats this raw material is not guided by any wish for truth. It is driven purely by a will to overpower, to absorb, and to feed itself. The functions that are always at work in us are completely selfish, scheming like Machiavelli, without scruples, and very subtle. Giving orders and obeying are pushed to the very limit. And so that it can be obeyed perfectly, each single organ is given a lot of freedom.

The mistake of believing in goals.

The will: an idea we do not need.

Time in reverse order.

A critique of the belief in cause and effect.

Trust in the senses as a basic fact of what we are.

The central power must not be very different in kind from the things it rules.

The story of how something came about does not explain its qualities. We have to know those qualities already. A historical explanation just

brings something down to a sequence of events we are used to, by comparing it with something familiar.

56.

Explaining the world as a machine is an ideal: to explain as much as possible with as little as possible, which means putting it into formulas. Some things are still needed for this: denying that empty space exists; thinking of space as fixed and limited; and likewise thinking of the world as repeating itself forever.

57.

How the character of a people, a "people's soul," comes about tells us something about how the soul of a single person comes about. First, a whole series of activities is forced on a people, because it needs them to survive. The people gets used to them, and they grow firmer and sink deeper. Peoples that go through great changes and land in new conditions show a new arrangement of their strengths. This or that trait comes forward and takes the lead, because it is now more needed for survival. One example is the practical, sober sense of today's Germans. Every character starts out as a role. The "personality" of philosophers is, at bottom, a persona, which means a mask an actor wears.

58.

Numbers are our great tool for making the world easy to handle. We understand things only as far as we can count them, that is, as far as we can notice something that stays the same.

59.

Hidden moral motives are what have most held up the progress of

philosophy until now.

60.

Even inside our world of the senses, if we only sharpen our senses, or imagine them sharpened, a world appears that affects our feelings in a completely different way.

61.

The prejudice of cause and effect

the prejudice of the will

the prejudice of goals

the prejudice of personality

Knowledge: a false idea, that is, an idea we have no right to set up.

Getting rid of

1)

the will

2)

goals, in the sense of "what for" and "by what means"

3)

and so also cause and effect

(which comes from both of

these)

62.

"How is it possible for us to make judgments that add new knowledge before any experience?" Kant's famous answer was: "Because we have an ability to do it." And many people found that answer deeply satisfying.

63.

The most useful ideas are the ones that have survived, however wrongly they may have come about.

64.

In the first book, the aim is to shake people's faith in truth. Truthfulness is useful, but only in small amounts, and mainly for people who are not responsible for anything. The same goes for respect for philosophers.

65.

The European mind has become coarser all round. There is a certain clumsy bluntness that likes to hear itself praised as straightforwardness, honesty, or scientific thinking. This comes from the rule of the democratic spirit of our times and its damp, heavy air. To put it more exactly, it is the result of reading newspapers. When people read, they want comfort or they want to get drunk on it. By far most of what gets read is newspapers or something just like them. Look at our magazines and our scholarly journals: everyone who writes there talks as if he were in "mixed company," and lets himself go, or rather lets himself slump in his armchair. A writer who cares most about the thoughts behind his words, and who loves the dashes in his books more than anything he actually says, has a hard time of it. Freedom of the press ruins style, and in the end it ruins the mind. Galiani already

knew that a hundred years ago. "Freedom of thought" ruins thinkers. Back when the mind lived between hell and heaven, facing the danger of persecution, exile, eternal damnation, and the disfavor of kings and women, it had become flexible and daring. Alas, what is the "mind" turning into today!

66.

Always with irony: it is a delightful feeling to watch such a truthful thinker. But it is even more pleasant to find out that all this is only surface, and that underneath he wants something else, and wants it in a very daring way. I believe this was the magic of Socrates: he had one soul, and behind it another one, and behind that yet another. Xenophon lay down to sleep on the front one, Plato on the second, and Plato again on the third, but this time Plato with his own second soul. Plato himself is a man with many hidden backs and many surfaces.

67.

Note. In its deepest instincts, our age is skeptical: it doubts everything. Almost all of the more refined scholars and artists are skeptics, even if they don't like to admit it to themselves. Pessimism, the habit of saying "no," is only *easier* because it suits a lazy mind. And our damp age, with its democratic air, is above all lazy and comfortable. Where the mind is more delicate, it says: "I don't know." It says: "I don't trust myself or anyone else anymore." It says: "I no longer know which way to turn." And it says: "Hope? That's just a slogan for liars, or for speakers and artists who stir up crowds." Skepticism is the sign of a certain *bodily* condition, the kind that always comes about when many races mix together on a large scale. The many inherited ways of valuing things fight with each other and stop each other from growing. The strength that gets lost the most here is the *will*. That's why people are so afraid of responsibility: nobody can vouch for him-

self. People hide inside groups. As the saying goes there, "one hand *covers* for the other." In this way a *herd type* of person takes shape. And whoever has a strong, commanding and daring will is sure to rise to power in times like these.

68.

People complain about how hard philosophers have had it until now. The truth is that in every earlier age, the conditions for raising a powerful, cunning, daring and merciless mind were better than they are today. Today, the mind of the crowd-stirring speaker has good conditions, and so does the mind of the scholar. But just look at our artists: aren't almost all of them being ruined by a lack of strict training? Nobody bullies them anymore, so they also no longer learn to be hard on themselves. When was woman ever so small and unimportant as today! Everything is getting weaker, because everything wants an easy life. — I myself have gone through the hardest school of bodily pain. And the knowledge that I held myself together through it, and stayed silent — —

69.

The finest minds of the last century, Hume and Galiani, were all familiar with working for the state. The same goes for Stendhal and Tocqueville.

70.

Hume (to put it in Kant's words) challenges reason to explain itself. He asks by what right reason thinks that something could be made in such a way that, once it is there, something else must necessarily follow from it. For that is what the idea of a *cause* means. He proved, beyond any argument, that reason can't possibly think up such a con-

nection in advance, purely from ideas, and so on. — But the foolish thing was to ask for reasons that would justify giving reasons at all. He was doing the very thing he wanted to put on trial.

71.

The *lie* told by the teacher, for example in Kant's "categorical imperative," his absolute moral command. "Could God be a deceiver after all, despite what Descartes said?"

72.

Note. Truly, being truthful, being morally strict, and being *ugly* go together. Christianity sensed that very well. The beautiful person can be neither truthful nor kind, except now and then.

73.

What separates us from Kant, just as much as from Plato and Leibniz, is this: we believe that everything is always becoming and changing, even in the world of the mind. We think *historically* through and through. That is the great turning point. Lamarck and Hegel started it — Darwin is only an after-effect. The way of thinking of *Heraclitus* and *Empedocles* has come back to life. Even Kant did not get past the self-contradiction "pure mind": but we have.

74.

The human horizon. You can see philosophers as people who make the most extreme effort to *test* how high a human being can *rise*. This is especially true of Plato: he tested how *far* human strength can reach. But philosophers do this as single individuals. Maybe the instinct of the Caesars, of the founders of states and so on, was greater. They think about how far humans can be pushed in their *development* and

under "favorable conditions." But they did not understand well enough what "favorable conditions" are. The big question is: where, until now, has the plant called "human being" grown most splendidly? To answer this, we need to compare history across different times and places.

75.

It is strange how the Stoics, and almost all philosophers, have no eye for what lies far ahead. And then there is the stupidity of the socialists, who only ever speak for the needs of the *herd*.

76.

The mechanical view of the world should be put first, as a guiding rule for how we do our research. Not because it is the *best-proven* way of looking at the world, but because it demands the greatest strictness and strict training, and throws aside all sentimentality more than any other. At the same time, it is a test of physical and mental health. Failed, weak-willed races are ruined by it, through giving in to the senses, or through gloomy sadness, or, like the people of India, through both.

77.

High praise for Christianity as the true religion of the *herd*.

78.

Noon and Eternity.

1.

Free to decide what is "true" and "untrue"

2.

free to decide what is "good" and "evil"

3.

free to decide what is "beautiful" and "ugly"

4.

the higher human being as the more powerful one, and the attempts made so far: "now is the right time".

5.

the *hammer*: a danger that can break a human being.

79.

Kant, holding his table of categories in his hand, thought: "this is the hardest thing that could ever be attempted for the sake of metaphysics." Now, please do not misunderstand where his pride really lay.

80.

Roughness and delicacy together, as in Petronius and also in Horace: that is what I like best. It belongs to *Greek* taste. Homer was too rough for the people around La Rochefoucauld. They could not enjoy ordinary, everyday things. They held tightly to a certain lofty feeling inside themselves, as many Germans do now, and they despised *themselves* if they ever felt any pleasure in lower, earthier things stirring inside

them. Aristophanes is the opposite: "nothing human is foreign to me". That is the ancient way.

81.

This should come first: even the *instincts* have *developed over time*. They prove nothing about anything beyond the senses. They do not even prove anything about what is animal, or even about what is typically human.

That the mind has developed over time and is still developing; that, out of countless ways of reasoning and judging, the one we are most used to now is somehow the most useful to us and has been passed down, because the people who thought this way had better chances of surviving; that this proves nothing about "true" and "untrue"...

82.

Against Kant.

"Ability, instinct, inheritance, habit": anyone who thinks words like these explain something today must be easily satisfied, and badly trained as well. But at the end of the last century these words were all the rage. Galiani explained everything through habits and instincts. Hume explained our sense of cause and effect through habit. Kant said, very calmly: "it is an ability." Everyone was happy, especially when he also discovered a moral ability. That was the magic of his philosophy. The young theologians at the seminary in Tübingen ran off into the bushes. They were all hunting for "abilities". And what didn't they find! Schelling named his "intellectual intuition", an ability to grasp what lies beyond the senses. Schopenhauer believed he had found the same thing, and more, in an ability that people already valued highly enough, namely the will. He said it was "the thing in itself". In England, there arose moral thinkers who said that morality

comes from instinct or from intuition. It was the old story of faith against knowledge, a kind of "empty faith" that laid claim to some content or other. This story mainly concerns the theologians. Quietly, Leibniz comes back to life, and behind Leibniz, Plato. The idea that concepts are memories from before birth, and so on. This movement, which starts out doubting, is actually aimed against doubt. *It takes pleasure in giving in and obeying.*

83.

Note. The most annoying thing about the writings of unclear, badly trained minds, who have no feeling for language, is not even their poor ability to reason, or the unsteady, wobbling way their logic walks. It is how unsteady the very ideas are that they use their words for. These people only have shapeless, floating blobs of ideas in their heads. A good author, on the other hand, stands out not only because his sentences are strong and tight. You can also guess, you can smell it, if you have a sensitive nose, that such a writer always forces and trains himself to first pin down his ideas strictly and make them *firmer*. That means he links each of his words to one clear idea. And until that is done, he does not want to write! By the way, there is also a certain magic in what is uncertain, dim and half-lit. Perhaps that is how Hegel had his biggest effect abroad: through his skill at talking about the most sober and coldest things in the manner of a drunk man. In the great kingdom of ways to get intoxicated, this really was one of the strangest ever invented, and truly a product of *German* genius! For wherever Germans and German "virtues" have gone, we have also carried along and brought with us the craving for alcohol, both the coarse kind and the refined kind. Perhaps the bewitching power of our German music also belongs here.

84.

Note. What Plato did, and basically all the philosophers after Socrates: they laid down a kind of law for *ideas*. They decided, for themselves and their students, "this and this is what *should* be *thought* and felt among us when this word is used." In doing so, they cut themselves off most clearly from their own time and surroundings. This is *one of the kinds* of refined disgust with which higher, more demanding people rebel against the muddled crowd and its confusion of ideas:

85.

So what is this enormous power that has fooled philosophers so badly for two thousand years and has made even reasonable people lose their reason? That instinct, that faith, the kind Christianity demands: it is the herd instinct itself. It is the herd faith of the animal called "human", the herd's longing to submit completely to an authority. (This is the same thing that *Kant*, driven by the German herd instinct, named the "categorical imperative", meaning an absolute command.) In fact, for herd animals that are threatened, wavering, tender and weak, it is the greatest relief and blessing to get someone who gives *orders* absolutely, a lead ram for the flock. It is the first thing they need in order to live. The Brahmins, the Hindu priests, knew all about this relief, and so did the Jesuits. In almost all monasteries, the basic urge is this: finally to be rid of the endless restlessness that comes with having to give yourself orders. This instinct to believe is also the truly female instinct. When women find a merciless teacher who wants obedience and kneeling from them, or even just an artist who shows woman in the pose of her "perfection", as a worshipping, devoted, surrendered creature, as a sacrifice, as Richard Wagner did, then they are "beside themselves" with happiness. That is, their deepest instinct is confirmed and satisfied in their own eyes. You can see the same thing

in a weaker form in the French, who, being the most charming Europeans, are also the most herd-like. They only feel good when they can allow themselves, in front of their own wit, to "obey without question" for once: as they did before Napoleon. Or before "the ideas of the French Revolution". Or before Victor Hugo (who, all his long life, dressed up this loveliest of herd instincts in fine words and showy cloaks, always in the name of *freedom*). When Christianity arrived, the ancient world was torn back and forth inside by clashing ways of valuing things. (This came from the physical effects of the senseless idea of equality, "Roman citizen", or from the senseless spreading of the state into the Roman Empire.) And Christianity brought the great *relief*.

86.

Words are sound signs for ideas. But ideas are more or less steady groups of feelings that keep coming back and come together. To understand each other, it is not enough to use the same words. You also have to use the same words for the same kind of inner experiences. And you have to *share these experiences*. That is why the people of one nation understand each other better. Or, when people have lived together for a long time under similar conditions of climate, work and needs, then a certain kind of experience that they can all understand *most easily* wins out. The result is that they understand each other *quickly*. And marrying each other, and passing things down to children, follow from that in turn. What binds people together most firmly is the need to make their needs understood quickly and easily. On the other hand, nothing can hold a friendship or a love affair together once you find out that you each *mean* different things by the same words. For *which* groups of feelings come to the surface is what decides our ways of valuing things. And our ways of valuing things come from our deepest needs.

I say this to explain why it is hard to understand writings like mine: my inner experiences, my ways of valuing things and my needs are different from other people's. For years I spent time with people, and I took self-denial and politeness so far that I never talked about the things that mattered most to me. In fact, that is almost the only way I have ever lived with people. —

87.

We *imagine* that the part of us that gives the orders, the highest part, is found in our consciousness. But in the end we have a kind of double brain. We have the ability to *want, feel and think* something about our own wanting, feeling and thinking, and it is this ability that we sum up with the word "consciousness".

88.

Note: There are law-giving, tyrannical minds that are able to *fix* an idea in place and to *hold it fixed*. These are people with such mental willpower that they can take the most fluid thing there is, the mind, and turn it to stone for a long time, almost forever. Such people are commanders in the highest sense. They say: "I want this and that to be seen in a certain way, I want it exactly *like this*, I want it *for this purpose* and for this purpose only." This kind of law-giving person has always, by necessity, had the strongest influence in every age. We owe to them all the typical shapes that human beings have taken. They are the sculptors. And the rest, which in this case means "by far most" people, are, compared with them, only *clay*.

89.

Think of the most fixed movements of our mind: the regular mental exercises we keep doing, for example in how we picture space and

time, or in our need for a "reason" behind everything. This *philosophical* habit of the human mind is our real power. It means that in many matters of thought *we can no longer do otherwise*. This is what people call psychological necessity. But this necessity *came about* over time. And to believe that *our* space, *our* time, *our* instinct for cause and effect make sense even apart from human beings is, by now, simply childish.

90.

I am hostile, first, to *taking the senses out of life*, to treating the bodily senses as something to be removed. This attitude comes from the Jews, and from Plato, who had been spoiled by the Egyptians and the followers of Pythagoras (and they in turn had been spoiled by the Buddhists).

We owe it to the spirit of Provence in southern France, which stayed pagan, by which I mean "*not* Germanic", that sexual love, *amor*, was made more spiritual and refined. Ancient Greece and Rome, by contrast, only managed to make love between men and boys more spiritual.

Second, I am hostile to all teachings that look forward to an end, a final rest, a "Sabbath of all Sabbaths". Ways of thinking like that are the mark of peoples who are restless and stirred up, who are suffering, and often also dying out. One example is verses like the ones in Richard Wagner's "Nibelungen".

91.

"Habit" means something different for a person with the mind of a slave than it does for a noble person.

92.

We owe the following to the Christian Church:

First, it made *cruelty* more spiritual and refined. The idea of hell, the torture and the trials of heretics, the public burnings of heretics, are after all a big step forward compared with the magnificent but half-stupid butchery in the Roman arenas. A lot of mind, a lot of hidden thinking, found its way into cruelty. — The Church invented many new pleasures.

Second, it made the European mind *fine* and *flexible* through its "intolerance". You can see right away how, in our democratic age with its free press, thinking becomes *clumsy*. The Germans invented gunpowder — hats off to them! But then they evened the score: they invented the printing press. The ancient Greek city-state thought in just the same way as the Church. The Roman Empire, on the other hand, allowed great freedom to believe or not believe, more than any state allows today. The result was immediately the greatest decline of the mind, making it dull, foolish and coarse. — How good thinkers like Leibniz and Abelard, Montaigne, Descartes and Pascal look by comparison! To watch the flexible daring of such minds is a pleasure we owe to the Church. — The mental pressure of the Church is mainly its unbending strictness, through which ideas and ways of valuing things are treated as *fixed*, as eternal. Dante gives us a unique pleasure because of this: he shows that under absolute rule you do not have to be *narrow* at all. If there were limits, they were stretched around a huge space, thanks to Plato, and inside it you could move about *very freely*, the way Bach moved within the strict rules of counterpoint. — Once you have really learned to taste *this kind* of "freedom under the law", Bacon and Shakespeare almost disgust you. The same goes for the newest music compared with Bach and Handel.

93.

Frederick the Great kept making fun of the "feminism" in how the neighboring states were ruled, that is, of women on their thrones. In

the same way, Bismarck makes fun of "parliamentarism", government by parliament: for him it is just a new tool for doing what he *wants*.

94.

Looking at today's European gives me a lot of hope. A daring ruling race is forming there, resting on a broad base of a highly intelligent herd-like mass. It is just around the corner that the efforts to keep that mass tied down will no longer be the only thing at the surface.

95.

I am against *false idealism*, where the best natures cut themselves off from the world through exaggerated delicacy. What a pity that the whole south of Europe lost the chance to inherit that tamed sensuality, because the priests did not have children! And it is only fair that people like Shelley, Hölderlin and Leopardi go to ruin; I do not think much of such people. It amuses me to think of the revenge that nature, in its crude naturalness, takes on this kind of person. For example, when I hear that Leopardi used to masturbate when he was younger and later became impotent.

96.

Note: A great human being, a person whom nature has built and invented in grand style — what is that? First: in everything he does there is a long chain of logic, so long that it is hard to see all of it at once, and so it misleads people. He has the ability to stretch his will across large stretches of his life, and to look down on and throw away all small stuff, even if it includes the most beautiful, "most divine" things in the world. *Second*: he is *colder, harder, less hesitant*, and he has *no fear of "public opinion"*. He lacks the virtues that have to do with "respect" and being respected, and in general everything that belongs to

the "virtue of the herd". If he cannot *lead*, he goes alone, and then it can happen that he snarls at some of the things he meets on his way. Third: he does not want a "sympathetic" heart, but servants and tools. In dealing with people, he is always out to *make* something out of them. He knows that he cannot be shared with others. He finds it tasteless when he becomes "close and confiding", and he usually is not, even when people think he is. When he is not talking to himself, he wears his mask. He would rather lie than tell the truth, because lying takes more mind and more *will*. There is a being alone inside him, something that praise and blame cannot reach, like a court of its own with no higher court above it.

97.

What I like to see in the German is his Mephistopheles side, his devilish side. But to tell the truth, you have to think of the German Mephistopheles more highly than Goethe did. Goethe needed to make his Mephistopheles *smaller* so that his "inner Faust" would look bigger. The real German Mephistopheles is much more dangerous, bolder, more wicked, more cunning, and *for that very reason* more openhearted. Just imagine what went on inside Frederick the Great. Or inside that much greater Frederick, the Hohenstaufen emperor Frederick the Second. — The genuine German Mephistopheles climbs over the Alps and believes that everything there belongs to *him*. That is why he feels at home there, just as Winckelmann did, and Mozart. He looks at *Faust* and *Hamlet* as cartoons made up to be laughed at, and the same goes for *Luther*. Goethe had good *German* moments when he laughed at all of this inside himself. But then he fell back into soggy, gloomy moods himself.

Think of Napoleon's amazement when he met a German poet and found — a *man*! He had expected to find a German poet! —

The German is roomy inside: a second soul has been built onto the first one, like an extension added to a house. There are caves and hidden passages in him. He can seem shallow, but openness and plain honesty are among the skills the German has learned to perform. In other people, being "good-natured and sneaky" at the same time is impossible. But just try living among the Swabians for a while!

98.

An age of democracy pushes the actor to the top, in ancient Athens just as today. Richard Wagner has outdone everyone at this so far. He has given people a grand idea of the actor, an idea that can make you shudder. Music, poetry, religion, culture, books, family, homeland, social life: all of it is now first and foremost *art*, which is to say, a pose struck on a stage!

99.

Pig German! Sorry! I mean newspaper German! Here I am reading Friedrich Albert *Lange*, a decent beast, one you may even recommend to young Germans, since there are no more decent beasts around. But he writes, for example: "Praise of the present goes together with the worship of reality. The ideal has no currency; whatever cannot justify itself by natural science and history is condemned to ruin." Why do people even learn Latin and Greek in German schools, if they don't at least learn to feel disgust at such a filthy mishmash! And look at the excitement stirred up by the very people who ruin the German language: Hegel in the past, Richard Wagner more recently, and Eugen Dühring just now!

100.

It is terrible to think that my ideas about women might push some woman writer, after she has tortured herself and the world enough with her books, into getting revenge by having children!

101.

An old midwife said: "When a woman wants to have children, she usually doesn't let the little children come to her, but the men!"

102.

Notice whether what the Germans call their literature does not, for the most part, come from the sons of pastors. Because German prose comes from such a background, it is likely from the start that the solemn, dignified, *slow* and heavy kinds of writing are the best developed, and that there will be a lack of quick and lively writing, let alone very fast writing, in musical terms an allegro or a presto. The extraordinary liveliness of a style like Machiavelli's "The Prince" (quite apart from how serious its subject is), its short, punchy force, a kind of pleasure in packing heavy thoughts tightly together, gives an echo of the way people spoke in Florence, especially the lawyers. Voltaire, too, has a lawyer's skill of the highest rank, a lawyer's *tempo*. The fastest tempo I have found in any writer is in Petronius. He runs like a swift wind, and so he is not lustful: he is too merry for that.

103.

The Germans.

Guesses and Wishes

by

F.N.

104.

Note: The Germans I am talking about here are something young, something still taking shape. I separate them from the Germans of the Reformation and of the Thirty Years' War. I refuse to take part in the faking of history that jumps over this gap as if nothing had happened back then. It can hardly be denied that in the sixteenth century something happened to them that amounts to the downfall of an earlier race. This picture of discouragement, cowardice, old-man feebleness, of the "Chinese pigtail", to put it in an image, meaning stiff, old-fashioned rigidity, must on the whole have come from a terrible spoiling of the blood. On top of that, the manly men kept going abroad, one after another, and died or went to ruin there. On the other hand, at that time there was an unwanted mixing with races that were hardly related. By every account, the sexual violence and loose living of the war did enormous harm. Here and there, no doubt, some remains of a stronger race were left. For example, the musician Handel, our finest model of a *man* in the world of art, is proof of this. Or, to name a woman, Mrs. Professor Gottsched, who quite rightly ruled over the German professors for a good while. Just look at the pictures of the two of them! Some regions cleaned themselves up faster and returned to good health overall, for example Hanover, Westphalia and Holstein. A decent, farming, calm and slow-moving race still lives there today. The German nobility probably fared worst of all: it was the most deeply damaged. Those nobles who stayed at home suffered from alcoholism; those who went abroad and came back suffered from syphilis. To this day the nobility has had little to say in matters of the mind. And even as for Bismarck, his great-grandmother came from the class of Leipzig professors.

105.

The *German*, not to mention the idiotic young men full of showy German patriotism who still babble on about "Germanic virtues" today, has a *mystical* nature. There was no German culture yet. There were hermits, who knew how to stay hidden with amazing skill, right in the middle of the crudest barbarism.

106.

The German Writing Style

Mephistopheles

107.

In Richard Wagner, brutality sits right next to a sickly tenderness of sensual feeling. That is extremely Parisian.

108.

I take the democratic movement as something that cannot be avoided, but as something that is not unstoppable either: it can be slowed down. On the whole, though, several things are growing together: the rule of the herd instinct and of the herd's way of valuing things, the love of comfort and pleasure, and kindliness. Man is becoming weak, but good and cosy.

109.

Note: Parliaments may be extremely useful for a strong and flexible statesman. They give him something to lean on, and anything like that must be able to *push back*! They also give him a place where he can shift a lot of responsibility onto others! On the whole, though, I would wish that the nonsense of counting heads and the superstitious

faith in majorities had not yet taken hold in Germany, as it has among the Latin peoples. And I wish that people would finally invent something new in politics! There is little sense and a lot of danger in letting the habit of universal voting rights put down deeper roots. That habit is still so young and could easily be pulled out again, since bringing it in was only an emergency measure for the moment.

110.

It seems to me that the power to invent and the stored-up strength of will are greatest and least used up among the Slavs, thanks to their absolute rule. And a *Slavic* rule over the world is not one of the least likely things. The English do not know how to get past the results of their own stubborn "self-rule". Over time they keep putting more and more newcomers, people without a family history in power, at the helm, and in the end women into Parliament. But politics is, in the end, also a matter of *inheritance*. Nobody starts out as a private person and simply becomes a man with an enormous view of the world.

111.

The Germans ought to breed a ruling caste. I admit that the Jews have abilities which are a necessary ingredient in a race that is meant to play world politics. A sense for money has to be learned, inherited, and inherited a thousand times over. Even now the Jew can hold his own against the American.

112.

I am pointing to something new. Certainly, for a democratic society like this there is the danger of the barbarian, but people only see that danger as coming from below. There is also *another* kind of *barbarian*,

who comes from above: a kind of conquering and ruling nature that looks for raw material it can shape. Prometheus was such a barbarian.

113.

Not a nation of "professional politicians", of newspaper readers!

114.

— — — The smallness and the wretchedness of the German soul were not, and still are not, in any way caused by Germany being split into many tiny states. As everyone knows, people in far smaller states than these have been proud and their own masters. And simply living in a big state does not, by itself, make the soul freer or more manly. Think of a person whose soul hears a slave's command, "You shall and must kneel!", so that his neck bends without his choosing, in front of honorary titles, medals, and gracious looks from those above him. In a great "Empire", that person will only bow even lower. He will lick the dust in front of the great father of the nation even more eagerly than he did in front of the small one. There is no doubt about that. — Look at Italians from the lower classes today. You can still see in them that a noble, aristocratic pride in being enough for oneself, along with a manly strict training and a sureness about who they are, belongs to the very long history of their city. It was shown to them, and set as an example for them, better than anywhere else. A poor gondolier in Venice still cuts a better figure than a high-ranking official with a grand title in Berlin. In the end he is even a better man. You can grasp that with your own fingers; it is that obvious. Just ask the women about it.

115.

The Servant's Soul

The Spoiling of the Blood

Moral Hypocrisy

German "Warm-Heartedness"

Lack of Clarity

The Ones Who Hold Things Back

A Guess About the Southern Way

Ugliness

The Hidden Soul Behind the Soul

Depending on France

The German Professor and the Army Officer

German Silliness

The German Way of Writing

The Hermits

The "Eternal Feminine" in the German Man

Intoxication and Music

The "Sense of History"

The Actor

Comfort (the Narrow-Minded Citizen) and War

The Philosophers

Pessimism (Compared with France)

More of a Herd Animal Than Ever — But There Are Good Conditions for a Few Individuals Too

116.

The most admirable thing about Kant is that he got past the temptation of Leibniz's ideas. Instead he held on to the best thing from the last century: sensualism, the view that all our knowledge comes from the senses.

117.

Note well. Schopenhauer was led astray in his youth by the Romantics and pulled away from his best instincts. But deep down he was a follower of Voltaire, in his head and in his gut, a true child of the eighteenth century. Apart from that, the Greeks and Goethe led him beyond French taste. And above all, he was *not* a theologian! He believed in "the unchangeable nature of character", which in plain German might just mean laziness. And he believed that a genius cannot be wrong, which in plain German might just mean vanity. These two beliefs led him to declare his "youthful sin" *holy* too early. By that I mean his metaphysics of the will, his big theory that the will lies behind everything. And so he stopped "developing" himself any further. A man with his gifts and with so much inner conflict had enough in his head for five "better" systems of thought, each one both truer and falser than the one before.

118.

We do not understand a link of "cause and effect". What we do see is that a single fact, in order to be pinned down, has to contain several facts inside it. Our *analysis* lays things out as one after another. The numbers we get from this tell us nothing about how those events are linked *with each other*. In fact, they can mislead us. Because human beings are *fixed* in certain instincts, the numbers come out looking similar when they are measured in relation to *us*.

119.

Do our thoughts cause one another directly? Or is the logical link between them only an appearance? What I mean is this: maybe that link is just a result of the fact that the hidden processes that trigger each of these thoughts are connected in a way that shows up to us as a "conclusion" or something like it. Are our thoughts only the last links of chains we cannot see? — Or does one thought really act directly on another? Is there, at least here, a real "causing"?

120.

People say the world we see is "empty appearance and deception". They say our need for causes, which makes links between the things we see, is also "empty appearance and deception". Here what is really speaking is a moral *rejection* of anything deceptive or merely apparent. We have to get beyond that. There are no things in themselves, and there is no absolute knowing either. Being seen from a point of view, and being deceptive, is simply part of what it means to exist.

121.

My way of valuing a person, or my judgment against a person, does not give anyone else the right to value or judge that person the same way. The only exception is someone who stands level with me and is of the same rank. The opposite way of thinking is the way of the newspapers. They act as if ways of valuing people and things were something that exists "in itself", something anyone may grab as if it were *his own* property. Behind this lies the assumption that *everyone is of the same rank*. — Being truthful is a mark of distinction.

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122.

Knowing how something came to be, knowing its father and mother, so to speak, does not mean you understand it. Rather, you *must already know it* before you can discover anything "related" to it in the conditions it came from. And that relation is mostly just an *appearance*. In truth, you can only recognize the father's part and the mother's part in a child when the thing is an *aggregate*, a pile of parts put together. And without meaning to, when we want to *explain* something new, we treat it *only* as an aggregate, as an arrangement of pieces. *That is*, our *analysis* does not deal with how the thing really came about. It deals with a made-up, "mechanical" arranging and adding together of parts that never actually happened. The person explaining treats the facts as dumber and simpler than they are.

123.

A human being is many forces at once, and these forces stand in a ranking of people, so to speak, so that some of them give orders. But the one giving orders must also provide the ones who obey with everything they need to stay alive, and so the commander itself *depends* on their existence. All these living beings must be of a related kind, or else they could not serve and obey one another like this. Those who serve must also, in some sense, be those who obey. And in subtler cases the roles between them must switch for a while, so that the one who usually commands has to obey for once. The idea of the "individual" is wrong. These beings do not exist on their own, cut off from each other. The central point of weight, the center of power, keeps shifting. Cells and so on are constantly being *produced*, and that means the number of these beings keeps changing all the time. And simply *adding things up* gets you nowhere. Our arithmetic is too crude for these relationships. It is only an arithmetic of single, separate units.

124.

The logic of our conscious thinking is only a crude and simplified form of the thinking that our body as a whole, and even each of its organs, needs. For example, a kind of thinking of many things at the same time is needed, and we have hardly any idea of it. Take perhaps an artist of language. He keeps track of the heavy and light syllables he has already used, he plans ahead, and at the same time he looks for a match between the weight of the thought and the sounds, or rather the physical conditions of the throat. All of this happens at once — but, of course, not *consciously*.

Our feeling for cause and effect is something very crude and limited compared with the real feelings for cause and effect inside our body. In particular, the idea of "before" and "after" is very naive.

Finally: we first had to gain everything for *consciousness*, a sense of time, a sense of space, a sense of cause and effect. Yet all of this had long existed without consciousness, in a much richer form. And what we gained was a very simple, plain, stripped-down form. Our *conscious* wanting, feeling and thinking work in the service of a much larger wanting, feeling and thinking. — Is that really so?

We are still growing all the time. Our sense of time, our sense of space and so on are still developing.

125.

Nothing can be predicted. But if the human type is raised to a certain height, a *new* power may show itself, one we have known nothing about until now. (Perhaps a joining together of opposites?)

126.

Kleist's sigh about how, in the end, we cannot truly know anything —

127.

We are beginners at *learning*, for example with our kind of logic. Or with our passions. Or with our mechanics. Or with our theory of atoms, which is the most honest attempt to build the world for the eye and for the counting, number-minded intellect (that is, to make it *something you can picture and something you can calculate*).

128.

Our "means and ends" are very useful shorthand. They make events easy for us to handle and easy to see at a glance.

129.

1. The will to truth.

2. Beyond Good and Evil.

3. The human being as an artist.

4. On high politics.

5. The thought that breeds.

130.

For many people, abstract thinking is hard work. For me, on good days, it is a party and a thrill.

131.

A general does not want to know about many things, and must not know about them, so that he does not lose his view of the whole battle. In the same way, our conscious mind must have, *above all*, a drive that *shuts things out and chases them away*, a drive that picks and chooses and only lets *certain* facts be shown to it. Consciousness is the

hand with which the body reaches out the farthest around itself. It must be a firm hand. Our logic, our sense of time and our sense of space are huge abilities for making shortcuts, and their purpose is giving orders. A concept is an invention that nothing matches *completely*, but that many things match a little. Take a sentence like "two things that are equal to a third thing are equal to each other". It assumes, first, that there are things, and second, that there is such a thing as equality. Neither exists. But with this invented, rigid world of concepts and numbers, human beings gain a tool. With it they can take hold of enormous amounts of facts, as if by using signs, and write them into their memory. This system of signs is what makes them superior, precisely because it moves as far away as possible from the single, individual fact. Boiling experiences down to *signs*, and being able to grasp a bigger and bigger number of things in this way, is their *greatest power*. "Being mental" means the ability to master a huge number of facts through signs. *This mental world, this world of signs, is nothing but* "*appearance and deception*", just as every "thing as it appears" already is — *and the moral person no doubt gets outraged!* (Compare Napoleon: in his calculations he only took the essential instincts of people into account. He felt he had the right to ignore the unusual ones, for example pity — even at the risk of getting his sums wrong now and then.)

132.

What does "perceiving" actually mean? The German word for it means *taking-something-as-true*: saying yes to something.

133.

Note well. There is something sick about the whole type of philosopher up to now. A lot about that type may have turned out badly. Instead of leading themselves and other people upward, philosophers

like best to step aside and look for whether there might be some *other* path. That in itself may already be a sign of an instinct in *decline*. The well-made person enjoys the fact of "being human" and enjoys the path that humans take: but — he keeps going *further*!

134.

What is *my* judgment of value is not someone else's. Even so, people take on judgments of value the way they put on clothes, and that is what happens most often. And so, starting from the outside, first skin grows, then flesh, and finally character: the *role* you play becomes the truth.

135.

I have often watched these German idealists, but they have never watched me! They know nothing, they do not even get a whiff, of what I know. They go on with their gentle stroll. Their hearts are full of different desires than mine. They look for different air, different food, different comforts. They look up — I look out — we never see the same thing.

— Spending time with them annoys me. They may well love cleanliness when it comes to their body, but their mind is unwashed. Their "therefore", the way they draw conclusions, smells rotten to me. They get indignant at the very point where my cheerful curiosity begins. They have not cleaned out their ears when I am ready to sing my song.

136.

— This Socrates, who looked for clever reasons to act the way *custom* commanded, was exactly the kind of man "*the priests of Delphi*" liked! And his converting of Plato was the masterpiece of his art of seduc-

tion. He treated the ideas people had been taught as if they came from *the gods*, and the common people's ways of valuing things as *eternal* and everlasting. But then he dressed them up *anew* for a more refined class of people. He added to them the pepper and spice of the joy of arguing. And he used them among chatty, love-struck young men to spark contests in speaking and in action —

137.

— These people are so foreign to me. To live among them, I would always have to teach them the exact opposite of what I believe is true and what I find refreshing. And it was while I lived among them that I came up with the saying: "It's not only gold that shines; leather shines too."

138.

Germany has always been short on real mind, and so people with average heads end up getting the highest honors there, simply because even they are rare. What is valued most is hard work, sticking with things, and a certain cold, critical eye. And it is because of these qualities that German scholarship of old texts and German warfare have become the masters of Europe.

139.

Note. To sharper and cleverer ears, almost every time someone praises a virtue, it sounds ridiculous. Such ears hear no virtue at all in it. For example, when someone is called "modest" (when really he just judges himself correctly!), or when someone is called "truthful" (when really he just doesn't want to be fooled!), or "compassionate" (when really he just has a soft heart that gives in easily), or "pure and chaste"

(when really he is like a frog by nature, cold-blooded, and yet doesn't much like living in swamps).

140.

Note. Scientists and scholars have a kind of innocence that borders on stupidity. They don't even catch a whiff of how dangerous their work is. Deep down in their hearts they believe that "love of truth" and "the good, the beautiful and the true" are what their work is really about. When I say "dangerous," I don't mean that their work breaks things apart. I mean the enormous weight of responsibility that a person feels on his shoulders once he starts to notice this: that all the ways of valuing things that people live by will, in the long run, *destroy human beings*.

141.

Note. Praying a lot has the effect of making people less manly, and maybe even of robbing them of their manhood altogether. This, too, is one of the ways the German character has been damaged since the Reformation. In any situation, it shows bad taste to ask for a lot instead of giving a lot. Think of Saint Augustine in his "Confessions," rolling about in front of God, mixing humble, slavish obedience with a proud, pushy rudeness like that of the mob. It reminds us that humans may not be the only animals with religious feeling: the dog has a similar "religious feeling" toward humans. — Talking with God in prayer breeds a mood and a posture of making oneself small. And even in times when people are no longer religious, this habit is passed down and keeps its hold. As everyone knows, the Germans would practically die of reverence before princes, or before party leaders, or before the phrase "your most humble servant." That is going to stop.

142.

Note. It has never crossed my mind to "trace back" all virtues to selfishness. First I want someone to prove that they really are "virtues," and not just temporary instincts that help certain herds and communities survive.

143.

This soft, timid fear of "horrible fanaticism"

144.

Note. — He moved his lips and closed them again, and he looked like someone who still has something to say but hesitates to say it. And to the people watching him, it seemed that his face had gone slightly red. This lasted for a little while. But then, all at once, he shook his head, closed his eyes of his own free will — and died. —

And that is how Zarathustra went down and came to his end.

145.

He leads his friends higher and higher, also to his cave, and finally up onto the high mountain. There he dies.

Giving blessings: the island of graves, the cave.

The *stops along the way*: and a speech at each one.

Noon and Eternity

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Part One:

The heralds' calls.

Part Two:

The announcement.

Part Three:

Those who make vows.

Part Four:

Rising and going down.

146.

Think of someone who cares about one question: under what conditions does the plant called "human being" grow upward most strongly? For someone busy with that, the rise of a new political power is not yet a real event, unless it is built on new ideas. He hardly has the time to take a closer look at it.

Don't misunderstand me. With this book I wanted to explain why the founding of the German Empire has left me cold. What I see in it is one more step toward making Europe democratic, and one more step in Europe's moral dishonesty. — Nothing more, nothing new. But democracy is the form a state takes when it is *falling apart*. It is a sign of the decline of races and of the failures gaining the upper hand. I have said this once before.

147.

Imagine a person for whom nearly all books have become shallow. There are only a few people from the past about whom he still believes they had enough depth — enough depth *not* to write down what they knew.

I have thought so many forbidden things. I have been in good spirits and always at home in places where even honest and capable minds

run out of breath. So I am always surprised when I still find something to share with others. Even though I know very well that I like my dashes, the gaps where I stop speaking, better than the thoughts I actually put into words.

How many scholars I could keep busy! And if perhaps in a few cases I have done so —

There is a problem with sending scholars into fields where freedom, fine sensitivity and boldness are needed. The problem is that they cannot see beyond *themselves*. Where they have no experiences, they have no eyes. For example, to describe what the moral conscience is, a person would have to be as deep, as wounded and as enormous as Pascal's conscience was. And on top of that, he would need a wide, open sky of clear and mischievous intelligence above it all, looking down from above on this swarm of experiences, putting it in order, and laughing at it.

When I was younger, I thought I was missing a few hundred scholars whom I could send like hunting dogs into the bushes — I mean, into the history of the human soul — to chase out *my* game for me. Since then I have learned that, for the things that excite my curiosity, helpers are hard to find too.

148.

I believe I can feel that Socrates was deep. His irony was above all something he was forced into: he had to *act* shallow just to be able to deal with people at all. I feel that Caesar had depth. The same is perhaps true of Frederick the Second, the Hohenstaufen emperor. Leonardo da Vinci certainly did. And to no small degree Pascal did too. He died just thirty years too soon. Otherwise, from his magnificent, bitter and wicked soul, he would have laughed with scorn at Chris-

tianity itself, just as he had once laughed, when he was younger, at the Jesuits.

149.

Note. I respect Michelangelo more than Raphael. That is because Michelangelo looked through all the Christian veils and narrow views of his time and saw the ideals of a more noble culture than the Christian one that Raphael painted. Raphael, on the other hand, loyally and modestly just praised the ways of valuing things that he had been handed. He had no restless, longing instincts in him that kept searching further. But Michelangelo saw and felt the problem of someone who makes laws for new values. He also saw the problem of the person who has won and become complete, who first had to overcome even "the hero inside himself." This is the human being raised to the very highest point, who has risen above even his own pity, and who without mercy smashes and destroys whatever does not belong to him, shining and godlike, with nothing to cloud it. Of course, Michelangelo was only this high, and this far outside his time and outside Christian Europe, for brief moments. Most of the time he gave in and bowed down to the "eternal feminine" side of Christianity, its soft, motherly side. In fact, it seems that in the end he broke down in front of exactly that, and gave up the ideal of his greatest hours. For it was an ideal that only a person with the strongest and fullest life can live up to, and not a man who has grown old! Really, starting from his ideal, he should have destroyed Christianity! But he was not enough of a thinker and philosopher to do that. Leonardo da Vinci was perhaps the only one of those artists who truly saw beyond Christianity. He knows "the East," the inner East as well as the outer one. There is something about him that goes beyond Europe and keeps silent, the way there is with anyone who has seen too wide a circle of good and bad things.

150.

Note. Schopenhauer was an honest thinker. He was also not a bad writer on philosophical subjects, even though he was not really a philosopher himself. For today's young people he still cannot be replaced, and the same goes for those older people who don't ask much in terms of sharp ideas, clear skies, and, well, scientific method. That is because he teaches respect and admiration in the places where he himself admired: for the critical mind of Kant, for Goethe, for the Greeks, for the free-thinking French. In his time he was perhaps the best-educated German, with a view that took in all of Europe. There are even moments when he sees with Eastern eyes. Pessimism, the gloomy view of life as he understood it, is also no small teacher of respect in areas where respect was not at home. For example, it teaches respect for ancient India, and for the old, real Christianity, the Catholic kind, which Protestant schooling usually teaches people to dislike.

151.

On "genius." How little talent Richard Wagner had, for example! Was there ever a musician who, at the age of 28, was so poor, not just undeveloped or not yet opened up, but truly poor, that he was jealous of Meyerbeer? So badly jealous that he stayed angry about it his whole life? And so, with the typical logic of "beautiful souls," held it against Meyerbeer for his whole life? On the other hand, you learn how right Kant was to praise hard work and stubborn effort as the thing that, and so on.

152.

Among good musicians, Verdi is considered rich in ideas when compared to Wagner. Wagner had reasons to be thrifty, to "invest" his "in-

ventions" carefully, to charge heavy interest on his "leading themes" by using them again and again, and to keep his "gold" to himself, so that because of this he gets a thousand times too much credit. Did Wagner learn that from the Jews?

153.

Note. A woman wants to be a mother. And if she does not want this, even though she could be one, then she almost belongs in prison. That is how great her inner decline usually is in such a case.

154.

Note. Germany has produced only one poet besides Goethe: that is Heinrich Heine, and on top of that he is a Jew. But in France, as well as in Italy, Spain and England and wherever else people... He had the finest instinct for the "German" blue flower, the dreamy romantic side, but of course also for the "German" grey donkey, the dull and stupid side. On top of that, the people of Paris claim that he, together with two other people who were not from Paris, is the very essence of the Paris spirit.

155.

On philosophers.

On women.

On musicians.

On nations.

On scholars.

On writers.

On religious people.

On herds and

herd instincts.

"The good person"

On those who rule.

On the ancient Greeks.

Dionysus, the Devil.

The Good Europeans.

A contribution to describing

the European soul.

156.

A preface on the ranking of people.

These are my judgments. By printing them, I am not giving anyone the right to repeat them as if they were his own. Least of all do I see them as "public property" that belongs to everyone, 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": and that is the ranking of people.

157.

Note. There is a bold, inner doubt about religion in Germany, stronger and more sure of itself than in any other country in Europe. To explain it, you have to know this fact: Protestant ministers have always had lots of children, and, like Luther, their strength was not only in the pulpit. And there is a second reason, the same one Machiavelli used to explain why Italians doubt religion: they always had God's representative, the Pope, and his court too close before their

eyes. In the same way, far too many German philosophers and scholars grew up as children of preachers and other church people, and watched "the priest" up close. And so they no longer believe in God. From the very start, Protestantism is at its core a disbelief in "the saint." German philosophy is at its core a disbelief in religious people and second-class saints, in all the village and town pastors, plus the theology professors at the universities. And in that sense German philosophy may be a continuation of Protestantism.

158.

Note. The outside world is the product of our sense organs. So our body, which is a piece of the outside world, is the product of our organs. So our organs are the product of our organs. This is a complete proof that the idea leads to nonsense. So the outside world is not the product of our organs.

159.

Arrows.

Thoughts about and against the

European soul

The Right to Privileges.

160.

Arrows.

Thoughts

about and against the German soul.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

161.

Note. A skilled craftsman or scholar looks good when he takes pride in his craft and looks at life content and satisfied with it. On the other hand, nothing is sadder to see than a shoemaker or schoolteacher who, with a suffering face, hints that he was really born for something better. There is nothing better than what is good! And that means: having some real skill and creating things out of it. That is "virtù," in the sense the Italians gave the word during the Renaissance.

162.

Note. Today, at a time when the state has a ridiculously fat belly, there are, in every field and profession, not just the people who actually do the work but also "representatives." For example, besides the scholars there are the literary types. Besides the suffering lower classes there are chattering, boastful good-for-nothings who "represent" that suffering. Not to mention the professional politicians, who are doing quite well themselves and who loudly "represent" "emergencies" in front of a parliament. Our modern life is extremely expensive because of all these middlemen. In an ancient city, by contrast, and later as an echo of that in some cities in Spain and Italy, people stood up for themselves. They would have given such a modern representative and middleman nothing at all, unless it was a kick!

163.

For thousands of years, the pressure of the Church has drawn the bow tight in a magnificent way, and so has the pressure of kings. There have been two attempts to loosen that bow instead of shooting an arrow with it: first, the Jesuits, and second, democracy. Pascal is the

splendid sign of that terrible tightness: he laughed the Jesuits to death. — I am content with rule by tyrants, as long as we are dealing with mixed races, where there is always some tension to begin with. Of course, the danger of such experiments is great. — European democracy is not, or is only in the smallest part, a setting free of strengths. Above all, it is a setting free of letting yourself go, of wanting to be comfortable, of inner laziness. The same goes for the press.

164.

European democracy is only in the smallest part a setting free of strengths. Above all, it is a setting free of laziness, of tiredness, of weakness.

165.

The Mirror

A Chance to Look at Yourselves

for Europeans.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

166.

What the European soul has in common as it develops can be seen, for example, when you compare Delacroix and Richard Wagner. One is a painter-poet, the other a poet in sound, according to the difference between French and German talent. But otherwise they are the same. Delacroix, by the way, was also very much a musician — think of his love of the Coriolanus Overture. His first explainer was Baudelaire, a kind of Richard Wagner without music. Both of them

put expression first and sacrificed everything else to it. Both depended on literature; they were highly educated people who wrote themselves. Nervous, sickly, tormented, without sunshine.

167.

In every judgment our senses make, the whole history of living things that came before us is at work — for example, when we say "that is green." Memory lives inside instinct, as a kind of boiling down and simplifying, much like the process of logic: the most important things have been underlined again and again, but even the faintest traces stay. In the world of living things there is no forgetting; but there is a kind of digesting of what has been lived through.

168.

The good people and how they relate to stupidity.

Education and breeding.

The free "I deny." "No — for now!"

Respect, anger and courage

169.

Just because certain processes can be counted, for example many chemical ones, and can be calculated, that is still no reason to reach out for "absolute truths" here. It is always only a number in relation to human beings, to some habit or measure that has become fixed in us. Number itself is through and through our own invention.

170.

A logical process of the kind found "in the textbook" never actually happens, any more than a perfectly straight line or two "equal things."

Our thinking runs in a completely different way: between one thought and the next there is an in-between world of a quite different kind — for example, an urge to contradict, or an urge to give in, and so on.

171.

Judgments that add new knowledge and are known before any experience may well be possible — but they are false judgments.

172.

The Nut and the Cross

A Philosophy for Good Teeth

173.

Every philosophy, however it came about, serves certain purposes of education — for example, to give people courage, or to calm them down, and so on.

174.

The good is an early stage of evil; a mild dose of evil: —

175.

When someone cares about others and not about himself, that can be a sign of stupidity. That is how "ordinary people" think — with good-natured simplicity.

176.

Moralities and religions are the main tools you can use to shape human beings into whatever you like — provided you have more than enough creative strength and can push your creative will through over

long stretches of time, in the form of laws and customs. While I was thinking about ways to make human beings stronger and deeper than they have been so far, I asked myself above all which morality had made such things happen up to now. The first thing I understood was that you cannot use the morality that is usual in Europe for this. Europe's philosophers and moral teachers, of course, believe it is morality itself, the only one there is — and the fact that all the philosophers sing the same tune is in fact the best proof that this morality really is in charge. — For this morality is simply the herd instinct. It longs for comfort, for safety, for an easy life, and its last and deepest wish is even to be able to do without any leaders or lead sheep at all. Its two most preached teachings are called "equal rights" and "sympathy for everything that suffers" — and all herd animals treat suffering itself as something that must be done away with. But anyone who thinks about where and how the plant called "human being" has grown most strongly and beautifully so far will learn this much from history, against European herd morality and its faking of history: for that to happen, the danger of a person's situation must be increased, and his inventiveness and his skill at disguise must be challenged by long pressure and force. So hardness, cruelty, secrecy, discomfort, unequal rights, war, every kind of upheaval — in short, the opposite of all herd ideals — are needed. A morality with such reversed aims could only be taught and planted by linking it to the moral law that already exists, using that law's words and wearing its showy cloak. So many in-between forms and forms of deception would have to be invented. And because one person's life is far too short to carry out such a long-term will, people would have to be bred in whom such a will is guaranteed to last through many generations. All this is as easy to understand as the long "and so on" of these thoughts, which is not easy to put into words. I wanted to prepare a turning of values among a certain strong kind of person, and to set loose among them a whole set of instincts that had been held on a short leash and slandered.

While thinking about that, I asked which kind of person had already been working on this task without meaning to and without knowing it. I found the pessimists, because their unhappiness with everything forces them, at least logically, to be unhappy with the present too. That is why I supported Schopenhauer and the knowledge of Indian philosophies that was slowly dawning over Europe. A nightmare, too, is a way to wake people up suddenly. — In the same way, I took pleasure in certain artists who could never get enough of splitting the world in two, artists like Byron, who believe without question in the special rights of higher human beings, and who, through the seduction of art, drown out the herd instincts in chosen people and wake up the opposite instincts. Third, I honored the language scholars and historians who kept on rediscovering the ancient world. For in the ancient world a different morality ruled than today, and under the spell of that morality people really were stronger, more wicked and deeper. The pull that the ancient world exerts on stronger souls is probably the finest and least noticeable of all seductions.

In my own mind I called this whole way of thinking the philosophy of Dionysus. It is a view that sees the highest joy of existence in creating and reshaping — both human beings and things. And it sees "morality" only as a tool for giving the ruling will enough strength and flexibility to stamp itself onto humankind in this way. I look at religions and systems of education to see how far they gather up strength and pass it on to later generations. And nothing seems more important to me to study than the laws of breeding, so that the greatest amount of strength is not lost again through unsuitable matches and ways of living.

177.

I am against, first, socialism, because it dreams entirely of the herd nonsense of "the Good, the True and the Beautiful" and of equal

rights. Anarchism wants the same ideal too, only in a more brutal way. Second, I am against parliaments and newspapers, because these are the tools by which the herd animal makes itself master.

178.

I pay attention to the points in history where great people suddenly spring up. Consider the importance of long-lasting moralities that rule like tyrants: they draw the bow tight — if they do not break it.

179.

The idea that all of humanity goes through one *development* is nonsense. It is also not something we should even want. To shape many different forms *out of* human beings, to bring out how *many kinds* of people there can be, and then to break a type apart once it has reached its peak — in other words, to create and to destroy — seems to me the greatest pleasure people can have. Plato was surely not so narrow-minded when he taught that ideas are *fixed* and *eternal*. But he wanted people to believe it.

180.

Don't put more reason into the whole history of humankind than there is in the rest of the world. *Many things* are possible, but you must not want them to last too long. Chance breaks everything apart again.

Seeing human beings as a *show* on a stage: that is the *sense of history*. But it holds a dangerous element. A person learns to feel like the one who *shapes things*, who doesn't just watch and doesn't want only to watch. The German - - -

— it goes without saying that people talk about all the basic, natural aims of human beings, in public and in private, only behind a thousand disguises. Just read a speech by Bismarck.

Note. — the person of *mind*, who has sometimes looked behind the masks and knows how to look, who has really *understood* how much everything is a mask, is quite rightly in the *best of moods* about it. Having a lively mind is the thrill of a carnival that never ends, whether we ourselves are playing along in it or are only being played with.

— the sense of history and the love of faraway lands and climates, side by side.

181.

So, as an idle person with nothing better to do, I want to tell my friends for once what I think the philosophy of Dionysus is. For the idea that gods, too, do philosophy seems to me a worthy and pious thought, one that even the most devout believer can still enjoy. Perhaps, for my friends' taste, I will go too far in how openly I tell this story. But this god himself went much further when he talked with me. And if I were allowed to give him fine, fake, showy names, I would have to praise a great deal my courage, my honesty, my truthfulness, my sincerity, my "love of truth" and the like. But a god like this has no use for all that pretty junk and show. To justify myself, two words are enough — words which, admittedly, are not easily put "into German" in Germany: the cheerful science.

Keep this to yourself and to your own kind: I have no reason to cover up my "nakedness." Enough said — this is a completely shameless kind of god.

It was spring, and all the wood was full of fresh sap. As I walked through the forest like that, thinking about some childish thing, I

carved myself a whistle without really knowing what I was doing. But as soon as I put it to my mouth and blew, the god appeared in front of me, the one I have known for a long time.

"Well, you Pied Piper, what are you up to there? You half-Jesuit and musician — almost a German!"

I was surprised that the god tried to flatter me in this way, and I decided to be on my guard against him.

"I have done everything to make them stupid. I had them sweat in feather beds, gave them dumplings to stuff themselves with, told them to drink until they fell down, turned them into stay-at-homes and scholars, and gave them the miserable feelings of a servant's soul"

"You seem to me to be planning something wicked. Do you mean to ruin human beings?"

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

— "What, then?" I asked, curious. —

"*Who*, then? — that is what you should ask." That is what Dionysus said to me.

182.

Dionysus.

An attempt at a godlike way of

doing philosophy.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

183.

How is it, after all, that women give birth to their children alive? I always thought the poor creatures, with such weak powers to hold out, would have to come into the world suffocated. "The gate is narrow and the way is narrow," as it is written. Or, to put it another way: how are living children possible a priori, that is, before any experience? — And as I asked this, I woke up completely from my dogmatic slumber, from my sleep of unquestioned beliefs. I gave the god a poke in the belly and asked, with the seriousness of a Chinese man from Königsberg — meaning Kant: "In short: how are synthetic judgments a priori possible?" "Through a faculty for them, an ability to make them," answered the god, and held his belly with laughter.

184.

Hegel: the Germans' habit of contradicting themselves — and out of that he made a *Gothic* building,

Wagner: who never knew how to find an ending, and turned even this into a principle: another Gothic building.

185.

Do not twist the real *historical* importance of *Kant*! He himself was proud of his table of categories and of having *discovered* the mental faculty behind it. His followers were proud of discovering such faculties, and that is what German philosophy was famous for abroad. Above all, it was *grasping "truth" by intuition and instinct* that made the Germans famous. Its effect belongs to the great *backlash*, the turning back against progress. A kind of *shortcut* that spares you scientific work, a more direct way of getting at the "things" themselves — a shorter path to knowledge: *this* dream was intoxicating! — Mainly, Schopenhauer produces *the same delight*, only not in contented people with Spinoza's

calm frame of mind, but in discontented people. He grabs "the will," or rather the weak wishing, the "half-hearted wanting," the greed, or sense and understanding

186.

"Calmly leaning on the Graces and the Muses" — *Schiller,* "The Artists."

187.

Consciousness developed as a kind of *government machine*: it can only take in *generalizations*. Even what the eye shows us reaches consciousness already *generalized* and *tidied up*.

188.

Preface: *the ranking of people.*

1.

Knowledge as will to power.

2.

Beyond Good and Evil

3.

The Hidden Artists.

4.

Big Politics.

5.

The Hammer.

189.

the strong pull of the senses and of bodily desire, which looks so silly in small, pale Jews or Parisians, and almost like a nervous illness —

190.

in the last century, kindness got a clear conscience on its side, a clear conscience that for a long time had belonged to quite different feelings

191.

Noon and Eternity.

A philosophy of the eternal return of all things.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Preface:

Part One:

Part Two:

Part Three:

Part Four:

Part Five:

On the ranking of people.

Knowledge and Conscience.

Beyond Good and Evil.

The Hidden Artists.

High Politics.

The hammer (or Dionysus).

192.

Preface. For whom?

Inventiveness.

The range of the soul.

Depth.

The power to transform.

The power to command.

Hardness.

Knowledge: the joy of the conqueror

Great responsibility.

The art of masks. Transfiguration, being changed into something glorious.

The power to communicate.

— the Dionysian —

193.

The people who doubt morality do not stop to think how much moral way of valuing things they carry inside their very doubt. Their state is almost a suicide of morality, morality killing itself, and perhaps even a glorifying of it.

194.

Where are we supposed to get our ways of valuing things from? From "life"? But "higher, deeper, simpler, more complex" are judgments that we ourselves first put into life. "Development," in every sense of the word, is always also a loss, a kind of damage. This is true even of the way each organ becomes specialized. The point of view of keeping oneself alive and of growing.

The point of view of growth.

That destroying an illusion does not yet give us a truth, but only one more piece of not-knowing:

Knowledge and Conscience.

A Morality for Moralists.

By

Felix Fallax.

195.

Philosophers, first, have always had the wonderful talent for putting together words that contradict each other, what Latin calls a contradictio in adjecto.

Second, they trusted concepts just as completely as they distrusted the senses. They did not stop to think that concepts and words are something we inherited from times when things were very dim and simple-minded inside people's heads.

Note: What philosophers come to realize last of all is this. They must no longer just accept concepts as gifts handed to them, and not just clean them up and make them clearer. Instead, they must first of all make them, create them, set them up, and talk people into accepting them. Until now, people on the whole trusted their concepts as if they were a wonderful dowry from some world of miracles. But in the end they were the inheritance of our most distant ancestors, who were as stupid as they were clever. This reverence for whatever we happen to find inside ourselves belongs, perhaps, to the moral element in knowing. First of all, what is needed is total doubt toward all the concepts that have been handed down to us (the kind of doubt that perhaps one philosopher once already had — Plato; of course, he taught the opposite — —)

196.

Here a philosophy speaks — one of my philosophies — that does not at all want to be called "love of wisdom." Instead, out of pride perhaps, it asks for a humbler name. It even asks for an off-putting name, one that may itself help it stay what it wants to be: a philosophy for me. Its motto is the Latin saying satis sunt mihi pauci, satis est unus, satis est nullus, which means "a few are enough for me, one is enough, none is enough." You see, this philosophy calls itself the art

of distrust, and above its front door it writes the Greek words mnēs' apistein, which mean "remember to distrust."

197.

You argue from the misery of woman that her situation must be improved. But I wish you did it on the basis of her better situation and her strength

198.

The great virtues, responsibility.

"The good people" as a background to the democratic socialist movement.

199.

1)

Zarathustra taken prisoner —

A speech accusing him of being a seducer, someone who leads people astray

a great contrast between the enormous uncertainty and the small human being

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

he persuades the fathers to hold a festival of remembrance

All the aristocrats come streaming in from every corner of the earth

Finally the children themselves come.

2)

the ranking of people: he separates those streaming toward him into groups and sends them away from himself group by group. At the same time, this marks the stages in the education of human beings (over generations)

3)

In front of the smallest chosen group: the lawgivers of the future, with the great virtues (responsibility), the hammer.

4)

the farewell: the return of all things as the religion of all religions: comforting.

Zarathustra, a prisoner, criticizes the situation of those who escaped. People come streaming toward him (and at the same time he sorts out and separates his audience). At last the whole band arrives.

The ranking of people as steps in the education of human beings (over many generations)

the highest lawgivers, with the hammer.

A portrayal of the great virtues.

the farewell.

200.

The philosopher needs many surface virtues, and especially showy words, such as truthfulness, honesty, and love of truth.

201.

The Lawgiver of the Future.

the ranking of people.

Beyond Good and Evil.

The Philosopher as Artist.

Dionysus.

202.

The Rulers of the Earth.

Thoughts about Today and Tomorrow.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

203.

The state of Europe in the next century will breed the manly virtues again, because people will be living in constant danger. "General military service" is already today the strange antidote to the softness of democratic ideas. It grew out of the struggle between nations. (Nation: people who speak one language and read the same newspapers call themselves "nations" today, and they would very much like to have a shared ancestry and history as well. But that has not worked, even with the worst faking of the past.)

204.

My friends, what have I actually been busy with for so many years? I have tried to think pessimism through to its very depths, and to free it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and simple-mindedness in which I first met it, in the philosophy of Schopenhauer. I wanted the person who thinks this way to be strong enough to face even the most extreme form of pessimism. In the same way, I have looked for the opposite ideal: a way of thinking that is the most

high-spirited, the most alive, and the most world-affirming of all possible ways of thinking, one that says yes to the world. I found it by thinking the mechanical view of the world all the way through to its end. It truly takes the very best sense of humor in the world to bear such a world of the eternal return of all things, as I have taught it through my son Zarathustra — a world in which we ourselves are included, repeating forever from the beginning, like a piece of music played "da capo," again from the top. In the end it became clear to me that the most world-denying of all possible ways of thinking is the one that calls becoming, coming into being, and passing away bad in themselves, and that says yes only to what is absolute, one, certain, and simply is. I found that God is the most destructive thought of all, and the one most hostile to life. And I found that it was only because of the enormous fuzziness of the dear pious people and the metaphysicians of all ages that the knowledge of this "truth" has kept us waiting so long.

Please forgive me that I myself am not at all willing to give up either of these two ways of thinking — unless I were to give up my task, which needs opposite means. For ruining individuals and whole peoples, or for slowing them down and making them deeper, a pessimistic way of thinking is, for a time (in some cases for a couple of thousand years), of the highest value. And whoever, in a big way, claims the rights of a creator will also claim the rights of a destroyer, and in some cases will have to teach destructive ways of thinking. In this sense I welcome the Christianity that exists today and Buddhism, the two most widespread forms of saying no to the world in our time. And to give the death blow to races that are in decline and dying out, for example the Indians and the Europeans of today, I myself would defend the invention of an even stricter, truly nihilistic religion or philosophy.

After what I said before, I probably leave no one in doubt about what meaning I would give to the thought "God" in such a religion. Up to now, the best nihilists among the philosophers were the Eleatic philosophers. Their God is the best and most thorough explanation of the Buddhist Nirvana: there, being and nothing are one and the same.

205.

As for Richard Wagner: I have never gotten over the disappointment of the summer of 1876. All at once there was too much that was flawed, both in the work and in the man. So I ran away. Later I understood that the deepest way to break free from an artist is to have seen his *ideal* with your own eyes. I had a glimpse like that when I was young, and my little leftover essay about Richard Wagner is proof of it. After such a glimpse, I had no choice but to say goodbye, grinding my teeth and beside myself, to this unbearable "reality", as I suddenly saw it. That he changed as he grew old is none of my business. Almost all Romantics of his kind end up kneeling under the cross. I only loved the Wagner I knew, that is, an honest atheist and immoralist who invented the character of Siegfried, a very free human being. Since then, from the modest little corner of his Bayreuth newsletter, he has made it clear enough how highly he values the blood of the Savior. And people have understood him. Since then, many Germans, and many fools of every kind, pure and impure, have only now come to believe in Richard Wagner as their "savior". All of this goes against my taste.

It goes without saying that I do not easily give anyone the right to take this judgment of mine and make it their own. And all the disrespectful rabble that crawls over the body of today's society like lice should not be allowed even to put a great name like Richard Wagner's into their mouths at all, whether to praise him or to argue against him.

206.

A century like a noisy fair:

207.

The lawgiver of the future.

A description of Europe as falling apart. A noisy fair.

For thousands of years, the tide has been going out: hardly any new values have been invented.

How music gave me courage for a while: what I meant by "Dionysian". Richard Wagner.

Breaking free from morality.

Thinking pessimism through to the very end, and optimism too.

The Germans.

Hartmann

Dühring

Bismarck

Richard Wagner

208.

Note: "The struggle for existence" describes an exceptional situation. The normal 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 big boom-boom, which, with its taste for the noisy fair, only takes events seriously when they are huge and loud, and in the end actually produces such events

210.

Is there really such a thing as a nineteenth century? Or is it not rather just a watered-down, dumbed-down, and terribly stretched-out eighteenth century? What great thing has happened or been created that was not already happening and being created *before* 1800? Though it is true that some fruit that grew and ripened in the eighteenth century only fell from the tree in this one. Take the French Revolution and Napoleon out of politics, and you take away democracy and the — — —. Take French sensualism and hedonism, the belief that the senses and pleasure are what matter most, along with German and English skepticism, out of philosophy — — —

211.

The powerful echo of the tragic events of that French generation of the 1830s and 1840s, which Richard Wagner, with a sure instinct, also joined. They were a magnificent and sickly kind of people who could never get enough, and Beethoven announced them ahead of time in music, and Byron in words. It shows the effect of the enormous on people whose nerves and willpower were already too weak for it.

212.

—

the great silence, in the age of the noisy fair

—

the *blessing* of the lawgivers (including "you shall be enemies to *each other*")

—

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

—

An analysis of the herd animal. More people must be sacrificed than were ever sacrificed for wars.

—

the great, frightening festivals of remembrance.

—

Sympathy with the *great* people of all times: let us not

be dragged down!

—

since there is no God anymore, being alone can no longer be endured: the higher human being *must* get to work.

—

do you want the body, the senses, and so on

—

Praise of cool, calm reason, as a refreshing comfort for people lost in a maze

—

the master of *many* philosophies, strong enough for the deepest pessimism and for the highest glorifying of the world.

—

gloomy people need cheerfulness.

213.

The Cheerful Science.

An attempt at a godlike way of

doing philosophy.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1.

Knowledge and Conscience.

2.

Morality for Moralists.

3.

Thoughts About Today and Tomorrow.

4.

On the Ranking of People.

214.

Glorifying Oneself.

The Good and the Evil

The Twentieth Century.

215.

Eugen Dühring: decorated with all the virtues and faults of a scholar who never leaves his study and of a man of the mob. That includes the bad taste of every pose he strikes.

216.

Note. A) There are hours, very bright and merry hours, like holidays of a good conscience, when we can find no other name for all the grand chatter about morality that people have produced so far than these words: "high-class swindle."

B) We know so little in all our praising and blaming, our valuing and condemning, our loving and hating, and this ignorance makes us ashamed. That is the suffering of every deep person. Go one step further, and we become ashamed of this shame too. And in the end, we laugh at ourselves.

217.

Note. We are right in the middle of discovering that what looks obvious, and the first likely explanation that comes along, deserve to be believed least of all. Everywhere we are learning that the truth is the reverse. For example, we learn that sexual reproduction is only the exception in the world of living things. We learn that the male is, at bottom, nothing more than a female that has declined and degenerated. Or we learn that all the organs of animals first did other jobs than the ones for which we now call them "organs." In general, we learn that everything came into being in a different way than its final use would lead you to guess. Describing what something is teaches you nothing yet about how it came to be. And the story of how it came to be teaches you nothing yet about what it is now. Historians of every kind nearly all fool themselves about this, because they start from what exists now and look backwards. But what exists now is something new, something you could not have worked out in advance. No chemist could predict what two elements would turn into when they combine, if he did not already know it!

218.

Note. It is simply impossible for a person not to have the qualities of his parents and ancestors, whatever appearances may say to the contrary. Suppose you know a few things about the parents. Then you are

allowed to draw a conclusion about the child. For example, some animal-like lack of self-control, or some clumsy envy (these two together make up the mob type), will have to pass down to the child as surely as bad blood does. And the child will have a hard time hiding what it has inherited. That is why people of low birth have more talent for acting than noble people do. And for the same reason they have more talent for the hypocrisy of "virtue."

219.

There are shallow and clumsy scholars who are shameless enough to think of themselves as "free spirits." To them, everything that belongs to the medical history of higher people counts as cowardice, as betrayal of truth, as weakness of will: that submitting of oneself, that being afraid of oneself — — —

220.

To make Christian feelings get along with Greek beauty, and if possible with modern parliamentary government as well: that is perhaps what calls itself "philosophy" in Rome today. To do that takes a great deal of cleverness in the head, and on the other hand a great deal more dreamy enthusiasm.

221.

The best thing Germany has given the world is critical strict training: Kant, F. A. Wolf, Lessing, Niebuhr, and so on. It is a defense against doubting everything. It means strictness and bold courage, the steady hand of someone who holds the knife, a delight in saying no and in cutting things apart to examine them. The movement against it was Romanticism, with Richard Wagner as the last Romantic, the one who pulled it all together — — —

222.

Note. People are so very different from one another.

All my life, the judgments I have heard about people I knew were usually so far from what I myself believed to be true that in the end I made a rule for my own private use: "It is tactless not to lie about people." What annoys me most is this: the very thing that makes me like a person would, the moment I tried to name it, immediately hurt that person's "reputation."

223.

Note. A basic principle: there is something like decay in everything that marks modern people. But right next to the sickness there are signs of a strength and power of the soul that has never been tested. The same causes that make most people smaller push the stronger and rarer ones all the way up to greatness.

224.

Oh, to the devil with all this croaking! The Germans are bragging once again about their famous "German virtue," which history knows absolutely nothing about. The worst at it are some of the anti-Semites, together with whatever has been left sitting in the swamp of the Master of Bayreuth.

225.

Motto: I have no time for myself. Forward!

226.

Note. The Sphinx.

Boil it down to the judgment: "This is not true." Then comes the command: "So you are not allowed to believe it is true!" Or does it really mean: "So you can no longer believe it is true"? Well, we keep on seeing the sun rise and set, for example, and we believe what we know to be untrue. It is like that everywhere. A "you are not allowed to" would be a command that said no to life. So one has to deceive and let oneself be deceived.

227.

That Richard Wagner who is worshipped in Germany today, and worshipped with all the boastful junk of the worst showy German patriotism: that Richard Wagner I do not know. In fact, if I may say what I suspect, he never existed. He is a ghost.

228.

Among the bad taste of today's Germans I count their virtuous showy German patriotism, which has history against it and should have shame against it too.

229.

Note. The basic mistake of all historians: the actual facts are all far too small to be grasped.

230.

The Tempter.

There are many kinds of eyes. The Sphinx has eyes too. So there are many kinds of "truths." And so there is no truth.

231.

The finest, most flexible mind, with a hundred thousand tiny feelers, shaped and blown away by every breath of air, while the will is completely broken into pieces: that is something very ridiculous. It is like those refined Parisians who sigh because everything comes rushing at them.

232.

When I was young, I met a dangerous god. I would not want to tell anyone again what passed over my soul back then, both the good things and the bad. That is how I learned early to keep silent. I also learned that you have to learn to speak in order to keep silent properly. And I learned that a person with hidden depths needs a surface, whether for others or for himself. For you need a surface in order to rest from yourself, and in order to make it possible for others to live with you.

233.

A sign of an unscientific person: he takes an opinion to be true if it flatters him and if he looks good in its light.

234.

Note. No one has yet proved the opposite: that being good is not a sign of the mind going backwards, and that virtue, as a feeling and a lofty feeling, is not one of the symptoms of beginning idiocy, or at least of its fits. When we look over history, we find the mind going backwards wherever the human herd animal gains the upper hand, and wherever life is made harder for the human beast of prey, who roams alone or in packs. And at that same point in development,

every time, we find the "good" people. Among all peoples: "so stupid it's holy."

235.

Note. Every morality is a habit of glorifying oneself. Through it, one kind of person comes to feel happy about its own kind and its own life. It keeps away the influence of other kinds of people by feeling them to be "beneath it."

236.

Note: A woman must always keep a great many small and odd things in her head, and next to the tasks of men she can't help feeling that she is a bit ridiculous. That leaves out the ugly women, who are spared many worries in the kitchen, the bedroom and the nursery, and who lately "lay" books the way a hen lays eggs. And for all bold and deep men it is a gift to meet beings who are cheerful on the surface and quick to stir pleasant desires, so that the dark look of life becomes softer for them. You have to feel deeply, all the way down, what a gift woman is.

237.

Anti-Semites and other rabble who are liars right down to the bottom, people who need big words, even more to fool themselves than to fool the rest of the world

238.

And I would rather sit alone on my mountain like a black, half-ruined fortress, thoughtful and quiet enough that even the birds are frightened of this silence:

239.

The English try to prove to themselves that it is moral *to do what our own interest demands*. They have done this ever since Bentham, who took the idea from Helvetius. And they say this alone is morality, and that morality came into being for this very reason. Looked at historically, that is complete nonsense, and even today people's taste goes against it. It used to be the other way around: in the past all philosophers tried to prove that the foundation of ethics was the Latin rule "harm no one, and in fact help everyone as much as you can." People have been searching for that foundation for thousands of years, like the magical philosopher's stone. The English try to talk themselves into believing that the way people actually behave is *moral*. That the *herd instinct* is morality itself, and the only morality, once upon a time — —

Important note: starting from Helvetius!

240.

The Problem of "Man".

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1.

The wrong path of the philosophers.

2.

The wrong path of the preachers of morality.

3.

The ranking of people.

Ranked by what? By how much strength they have to bear the terrible fact of nature that is the human being, and still —

4.

The problem — where is it heading? What is needed is a new kind of terror.

241.

Note. How many false interpretations of things there have already been! Just think about what all people who pray must believe about how causes and effects are linked. Nobody will talk us into removing from prayer the part that is asking for something, along with the belief that it makes sense to ask, and that the prayer could be "heard" and answered. Or take that other interpretation, in which the things that happen to a person are "sent" to him to improve him, to remind him, to punish him, or to warn him. Or take that third interpretation, which says that right and justice are built into the course of events itself, and that behind everything that happens by cause and effect there is also a kind of hidden meaning, like in a court of law. — In the same way, the whole moral interpretation of our actions could be

nothing more than a huge misunderstanding, just as the moral interpretation of everything that happens in nature quite clearly has been.

242.

An honest, sensible, kind-hearted, capable person, a man with his "heart in the right place" — it feels good to be near him. But why should this harmless person, who makes us feel good, be worth more to us than the dangerous one, the one we cannot figure out or predict, who forces us to stay on our guard? Our feeling good proves nothing. Here is a question: has there ever been, among the great people, a single one of the harmless kind just described?

243.

Note. The person of the highest mind and strength feels able to handle any chance event. But he also feels himself right in the middle of chance, as if surrounded by a snowfall of chance events. He denies that there is any reason behind one thing following another, and he mockingly drags the chance element in it out into the light.

— In the past, people believed only in purposes. Today people believe only in efficient causes, the causes that push things into happening — and that is just swapping one mistake for another. There are neither final causes, meaning purposes, nor efficient causes. In both cases we drew a false conclusion from a false observation of ourselves: first, we believe that we make things happen by wanting them; second, we believe at least that we make things happen at all. Of course, without this belief there would be nothing living. But does that mean it has to be true?"

244.

Note. "Knowing" something is the way we bring ourselves to feel that we already know it. So it means fighting against the feeling that something is new, and turning what seems new into something old.

245.

"The criminals of the highest rank are just as close to the Capitol as to the Tarpeian Rock," Mirabeau said, I believe. In other words, they are as close to the place of honor in ancient Rome as to the cliff where traitors were thrown to their death.

246.

Life as a waking dream. The finer and broader a person is, the more he senses how much of his life, his wanting, his success, his happiness and his plans comes down to chance, which is both horrifying and grand. He shudders, like a dreamer who suddenly feels for a moment, "I am dreaming." The belief that things are bound to happen by cause and effect rests on the belief that we ourselves make things happen. Once you see that this second belief cannot be proven, you lose some of your faith in the first one. On top of that, mere "appearances" cannot possibly be causes. Tracing something unfamiliar back to things we are already used to, and losing the feeling that it is strange — that is what our feelings count as "explaining." We do not really want to "know" at all. We just want not to be disturbed in our belief that we already know.

247.

Something can be impossible to disprove, but that does not make it true.

The whole living world is a string of beings, one after another, each surrounded by a small made-up world of its own. They do this by pushing their strength, their desires and their habits out onto the experiences outside them, and treating that as their outside world. The ability to create — to shape, to invent, to make things up — is their most basic ability. And of course they also have only this kind of false, made-up, simplified picture of themselves.

"A being with the habit of a kind of rule within a dream" — that is what a living being is. Huge numbers of such habits have finally grown so hard and fixed that whole species live on the basis of them. Probably these habits fit well with what those beings need in order to survive.

Our world as appearance and error — but how are appearance and error even possible? (Truth does not mean the opposite of error. It means where certain errors stand in relation to other errors: for example, that they are older, that they have sunk deeper into us, that we would not know how to live without them, and so on.)

What is the creative force in every living being?

— It is that everything which makes up each being's "outside world" is really a sum of ways of valuing things. Green, blue, red, hard, soft — these are inherited ways of valuing things, and the badges that mark them.

— It is that these ways of valuing things must have some connection to what a being needs to survive, but not at all in the sense that they are true or exact. What matters most is exactly that they are imprecise and vague. That creates a kind of simplified outside world — and exactly this sort of intelligence helps a being stay alive.

— It is that the will to power also drives the non-living world, or rather, that there is no non-living world at all. "Action at a distance"

cannot be explained away: something pulls something else toward it, and something feels itself being pulled. That is the basic fact. By contrast, the mechanical picture of things pressing and bumping into each other is only a guess, based on what our eyes see and what our sense of touch feels. We may still accept it as a useful working guess for the world as it looks to our eyes!

— It is that, for this will to power to show itself, it must sense the things it pulls. It must feel when something is coming near that it can take in and make part of itself.

— The so-called "laws of nature" are the formulas for "power relationships" between — — —

The mechanical way of thinking is a philosophy of the surface. It trains people to pin down formulas, and it brings great relief with it,

— The different philosophical systems should be seen as methods for training the mind. Each has always developed one particular strength of the mind best, through its one-sided demand to see things exactly this way and no other.

248.

Dionysus.

Dionysus as teacher.

Dionysus as deceiver.

Dionysus as destroyer.

Dionysus as creator.

249.

The perfect example of a complete fiction, something entirely made up, is logic. Here a kind of thinking is invented in which one thought is treated as the cause of another thought, and all emotions, all feeling and wanting, are imagined away. Nothing like this happens in reality, which is complicated beyond words. We lay this fiction over our thinking like a pattern, so that what really happens when we think is filtered, as it were, through a machine for simplifying. That is how we manage to write logical steps down in signs, share them with others, and remember them. So the basic will here is this: to look at what goes on in the mind as if it matched the pattern of this useful fiction. Wherever there is "memory," this basic will has been at work. — In reality there is no logical thinking, and no rule of arithmetic or geometry can be taken from reality, because such things simply do not occur there.

I see not knowing and uncertainty differently. It does not upset me that something stays unknown. Instead, I am glad that some kind of knowledge is possible at all, and I admire how complicated it is to make that possible. The way it is done is by bringing in complete fictions as patterns, which let us think of what goes on in the mind as simpler than it is. Experience is only possible with the help of memory, and memory is only possible by shortening a mental process into a sign.

Writing in signs.

Explaining means describing a new thing by using the signs of things we already know.

250.

Our most basic belief is that we are beings who make things happen, that we are forces. "Free" means "not pushed and shoved, without the feeling of being forced."

Note: When we meet resistance and have to give in to it, we feel unfree. When we do not give in, but instead force the resistance to give in to us, we feel free. In other words, what we call "freedom of the will" is really the feeling that we have more strength. It is the awareness that our strength is doing the forcing, compared with another strength that is being forced.

251.

Inside every act of willing there is a strong feeling, an emotion.

252.

Knowledge is what makes experience possible. It does this by hugely simplifying what really happens, both on the side of the forces acting on us and on the side of our own shaping powers. The result is that there seem to be things that are similar and things that are the same. Knowledge is a falsifying: it takes what is many-sided and beyond counting and turns it into something equal, similar, and countable. So life itself is only possible thanks to this kind of falsifying machine. Thinking is a reshaping that falsifies. Feeling is a reshaping that falsifies. Willing is a reshaping that falsifies. In all of these there is the power to absorb things and make them alike, and this power assumes a will to make something the same as us.

253.

Truth is the kind of error without which a certain kind of living being could not live. In the end, what decides is its value for life. Very common and very virtuous people...

254.

I loved him and no one else. He was a person after my own heart: so unmoral, so godless, so against all laws, someone who walked alone and never wanted to believe that...

255.

Note: A new way of thinking is always a new way of measuring. It assumes that there is a new standard, a new scale of feeling, and it is always a real faith. Such a new way of thinking wants to win through. With the fire of first love, it says to everything that stands against it: "That is false." In this fight it becomes sharper and more refined. It learns to defend itself. And to win, it has to trick the enemy out of his weapons and learn his skills. "That is false" at first means "I don't believe in it." Looked at more closely, it means "I feel nothing for it, it means nothing to me."

256.

I have made some rather risky attempts to lure people toward me, people I could talk to about such strange things. All my writings so far have been nets I threw out. With them I hoped to catch people with deep, rich, and wild, playful souls.

Whom should I turn to? My longest attempt was made with that many-sided and mysterious man, Richard Wagner. Of all the people of this century, he is perhaps the one through whose soul the most good

and bad things have passed. Later I planned to "seduce" German virtue, because I know very well how dangerous things get inside a German in his twenties. Later still, I shaped a language for myself meant for daring men's minds and men's hearts, who might be waiting somewhere in some corner of the earth for my strange ideas. Finally... but no one will believe what "finally" I came to. Enough said: I made up the book "Thus Spoke Zarathustra."

Should I admit it? So far I have found no one. Instead, again and again, I found some odd form of that "raging stupidity" which would still like to be worshipped as a virtue. I like best to call it "moral hypocrisy." I honor it as the vice of our century, and I am ready to pile a good hundred curses on top of it.

257.

Deep and distant people have their surfaces. And at times they need to act as if they were nothing but surface.

258.

Alone in the middle of good friends and loyal neighbors, smiling and amazed at their "raging stupidity," at their pushy kindness.

259.

Deep and wild, playful minds!

Notebook 35: May to July 1885

1.

A moralist is the opposite of a preacher of morals. That is, a moralist is a thinker who treats morality as something questionable, something that deserves a question mark: in short, as a problem. I am sorry to have to add that, for exactly this reason, the moralist is himself one of the questionable creatures.

2.

The sense of history: this is the ability to guess quickly the ranking of the ways of valuing things that a people, a society, or a person lives by. It also means seeing how these ways of valuing things are connected to the conditions of life. And it means seeing how the authority of values relates to the authority of the forces actually at work (usually the forces people imagine are at work even more than the real ones). Being able to rebuild all of this inside yourself, to recreate it in your own mind: that is what makes up the sense of history.

3.

Some of our ways of valuing things in art and beauty go deeper than our moral ones. One example is the pleasure we take in things that are orderly, easy to take in at a glance, clearly bounded, and in repetition. These are the good feelings that all living creatures have, depending on how dangerous their situation is or how hard it is for them to find food. What is familiar feels good. The sight of something you hope you can easily take control of feels good, and so on. The good feelings that come from logic, arithmetic, and geometry form the foundation of our sense of beauty. Certain conditions of life are felt to

be so important, and reality goes against them so often and so strongly, that we feel pleasure when we notice such orderly forms.

4.

Cruelty, made more and more refined, is one of the sources of art.

5.

Morality is the teaching about the ranking of people. So it is also the teaching about how much people's actions and works matter for that ranking. In other words, it is the teaching about how humans value everything human. Most moral philosophers only describe the ranking that rules in their own time. On the one hand, they lack a sense of history. On the other hand, they are themselves ruled by the morality that teaches that the present way is valid forever. Every morality treats itself as absolutely important, with a blind selfishness. Because of this, it insists that there cannot be many moralities. It wants no comparison and no criticism either. What it wants is total, unconditional belief in itself. So at its core it is against science and open inquiry. And for that reason alone, the perfect moralist would have to be immoral, standing beyond good and evil. But then, is science still possible at all? What is the search for truth, for truthfulness, for honesty, if not something moral? And without these ways of valuing things, and the actions that go with them, how could science be possible? Take away carefulness and conscience in seeking knowledge, and where does science go? Isn't doubting morality a contradiction? After all, the most refined moral demands are exactly what is at work in such doubt. As soon as the doubter no longer feels that these fine judgments about what is true are binding, he has no reason left to doubt and to investigate. Unless, that is, the will to know has a completely different root than truthfulness.

6.

"Soul": a word for a system of ways of valuing things and of feelings about values.

7.

When philosophers get together among themselves, they start by throwing off a lot of pretty junk. Above all, they stop calling themselves "philosophers." They hang up "the love of wisdom" on a nail, like a stiff official uniform or a costume. They say to one another: "We are friends of distrust. We do not want to let ourselves be fooled. That we do not want to fool anyone — well, people should certainly believe that about us, and we have to solemnly talk the whole world into it. Because, just between us: ..."

8.

The Strong and the Weak.

Thoughts and Dashes

of a Good European.

9.

These good Europeans, which is what we are: what sets us apart from the people who belong to their fatherlands?

First: we are atheists and immoralists. But for now we support the religions and moralities of the herd instinct. That is because they are preparing a kind of human being who will one day have to fall into our hands, who will have to long for our hand to guide them.

Beyond good and evil, yes. But we demand that herd morality be held absolutely sacred.

We keep many kinds of philosophy in reserve that will need to be taught. Under certain conditions, that includes the pessimistic kind, used as a hammer. A European form of Buddhism might perhaps turn out to be something we cannot do without.

We probably support the growth and ripening of democracy, because it breeds weakness of will. In "socialism" we see a sting, a prod, that keeps people from comfort and laziness ...

Our attitude toward the different nations. Our preferences. We pay close attention to what comes out of the mixing of peoples.

Living apart, well-off, strong. Mockery of "the press" and the kind of education it offers. Taking care that scientific people do not turn into mere writers for the papers. We look down on any kind of education that goes along well with reading newspapers, let alone writing for them.

We treat the positions we happen to land in (as Goethe and Stendhal did), and the things we live through, as shelters, the kind of huts a traveler needs and accepts for the night. We are careful not to feel at home in them.

We have a training of the will, a discipline of willpower, that puts us ahead of the people around us. All our strength goes into building up the power of the will. It is an art that lets us wear masks. It is an art of understanding that goes beyond our feelings and passions (and also, at times, of thinking in a way that goes beyond Europe).

Getting ready to become the rulers of the earth, the lawgivers of the future. At the very least, getting our children ready for it. Marriages must be chosen with this as the main concern.

10.

The very same conditions that push the herd animal forward in its development also push forward the development of the leader animal.

11.

In the "emancipation of women," the women who do not end up with husbands and children want to change, in a big way, the whole position of women in relation to men. That means the failed elements, who are always the majority in number everywhere, want to change the position of the whole kind. In other words, the quality of the kind is supposed to be lowered for the sake of numbers. (Just think about this one result: now even the ugly women demand that men satisfy their urges. That is the hidden, unconscious force driving this movement.) Or take George Sand, who never had enough men, and who soon got tired of the ones she did have.

12.

The nonsense of thinking that the greatest number means greater good sense shows itself most disastrously when you consider how far everything good, well-made, and happy on earth, everything spiritual and refined, in short everything by which the average failure and ill will ...

13.

Europe, in the end, is a woman. And the old myth teaches that such a woman will, under certain conditions, let herself be carried off by certain animals. In the past, in the time of the Greeks, it was a bull. Today — heaven keep me from naming the animal.

14.

Someone asks: "What are these good Europeans you talk about, and keep silent about even more than you talk? What sets them apart from us, the good patriots of our fatherlands?"

15.

For the plan. Introduction.

1.

The workings of the body's organs traced back to the basic will, the will to power, and seen as split off from it.

2.

Thinking, feeling and willing in everything that is alive.

What is pleasure, after all, if not this: the feeling of power gets stirred up by something that blocks it (and even more strongly by blocks and resistances that come in rhythm), so that the feeling swells up because of it. So every pleasure has pain wrapped up inside it. If the pleasure is going to be very great, the pains have to last a very long time, and the bow has to be drawn enormously tight.

3.

The will to power becoming more specific: as the will to food, to property, to *tools*, to servants.

Obeying and ruling: the body.

The stronger will steers the weaker one. There is no other kind of cause and effect at all except that of one will acting on another will. Up to now there has not yet been any mechanical... (the note breaks off here).

4.

The workings of the mind: the will to give things shape, to make things alike, and so on.

Appendix. The great misunderstandings of the philosophers.

16.

One might perhaps be tempted someday to raise the question of whether all great people could not be counted among the evil people.

17.

Whatever situation a person finds himself in, he needs some kind of way of valuing things. With it he justifies his actions, his aims and his condition to himself, and above all to the people around him. In other words, he uses it to *glorify himself*. Every natural morality is how a certain kind of people expresses that it is pleased with itself. And if you need praise, you also always need a list of values that *fits* you, one where the actions ranked highest are the very ones you are best at, the ones in which your real *strength* shows itself. Where our strength lies, that is where we want to be seen and honored.

18.

(50)

Don't we have a right to count all *great* people among the *evil* ones? In single cases it can't always be proven. Often they were able to play a masterful game of hide-and-seek, so that they took on the gestures and outward look of great virtues. Often they honored the virtues seriously and with a passionate hardness against themselves, but they did it out of cruelty, and that kind of thing fools people when seen from far away. Some misunderstood themselves when they... (the note breaks off here). Quite often a great task calls up great qualities, for example justice. The main point is this: the greatest people may well have great virtues too, but in that very case they also have the opposites of those virtues. I believe that it is exactly from having these opposites inside, and from feeling them, that the great person arises: *the tightly drawn bow*, pulled hard between opposing forces.

19.

We have to free ourselves from the question "What is good? What is compassionate?" and instead ask: "What is *the* good person like, the compassionate person?"

20.

Up to now, a morality has first and foremost been the expression of a conservative will to the breeding of one unchanging kind of people. Its command is: "All variation must be prevented. Only the enjoyment of our own kind should remain." Here a number of qualities are *held firm* for a long time and *bred up big*, while others are sacrificed. All such moralities are *harsh*: in how children are raised, in how a man chooses a wife, and in general against the rights of the young, and so on. The result is people with few traits, but very strong ones that always stay the same. These traits are connected to the foundations that allow such communities to succeed and to hold their own against their enemies.

Then all at once the bond and the pressure of this strict training snap, because for a while there are no more enemies. The individual no longer has such a limit. He shoots up wildly. Huge destruction and ruin stand right next to a splendid, many-sided growth, as wild and rich as a jungle. The new people, who now inherit the *most varied* traits, are forced to make *their own personal laws* for themselves, laws suited to their unusual circumstances and *dangers*. Then the moral philosophers appear. Usually they represent some fairly common type, and with their discipline, their teaching of rules, they serve the interests of one particular kind of person.

21.

I have never wasted my mind or my effort on questions like "What is good? What is bad?" Each of these philosophers took himself to be the typical human being and wanted to win out, *himself*, over everyone who was made differently. They go into battle with this belief of theirs in their own ideal. Their morality, too, is one of *being pleased with oneself*, but this time of the individual.

22.

We know from the experience of breeders that kinds of animals and plants which get too much food and every sort of care and protection tend very strongly to vary from their type, and they are rich in wonders and freaks, including freakish vices. Now look at an aristocracy as an arrangement set up for the purpose of breeding. For a long time it lacks that excess of good conditions. It has to struggle just to win through at all, it is surrounded by constant danger, and it holds on to its fear. On top of that, it feels it is necessary that one particular set of qualities, or virtues, be preserved above all and before everything else. For the sake of these virtues it *suppresses* all the others, and it feels these virtues are what it needs in order to survive. At last a lucky time arrives, and the great pressure is no longer needed. Right away, in the greenhouse of its culture, a *huge number of varieties* and freaks appear, geniuses included. Sometimes the community is destroyed by their struggle with one another.

Varieties of a kind, meaning offshoots and partly decline, appear where the conditions of life are favorable. But the kind itself comes into being and becomes *firm* and *strong* through a long struggle with unfavorable conditions that always stay the same.

The care for *preserving* the kind, for repeating it faithfully, for keeping it basically uniform, comes from love for this kind. It comes from

admiring it when comparing it with what surrounds it, and so from being *pleased* with it. This is the foundation of all aristocracies: people are happy with their own kind and want to carry *themselves* on through offspring just like them. But they have to be kept in this position by danger that keeps coming back again and again, and by comparison with nearby beings who stand lower. The idea of "progress" must be missing, and so must the idea of "equal rights for all." What guides their morality is this: keep the type, *enjoy* all the *typical* traits, feel dislike for everything else (including everything foreign), and be as *much like* the ancestors as possible. And they feel sadness at the thought of change and variety.

But there are also kinds of people who suffer, who are held down, who have half failed, who are sick and unhappy with themselves. Suppose they, too, are thirsty for teachers, for comforters, for something like doctors. Suppose they, too, make a morality for themselves. What will they most like to grab for and long for? Above all, not for keeping their suffering kind, or their condition, as it is. Instead they cry: "Away from *that*! Anywhere else would be better!" So on the whole, their morality will look like a kind of saying no to themselves. Their favorite habit will be "selflessness", disgust with themselves, turning away from anything selfish. And their greatest hatred turns against the happy, the proud, the winners! Next to this come the thrilling feelings found in devotion, in sacrifice, in forgetting oneself, in love: everything from the slave's doglike tail-wagging all the way up to the mystic's "union with God". In fact, this is how a kind of suffering and half-failed people is *kept alive*, and in a way made *able to live*. And because this kind learns above all to fit in with one another, a type arises that is *low*, but able to survive. Take the present-day European, for example, or the Chinese. This is the *shrinking* of human beings. But when all of them join their strength together, they become *masters* over the noble race. And the noble race itself is often tempted to

throw away its hard way of life, led on by its own noble instincts (and also by its instincts that crave happiness). Or it has itself declined, so that it no longer believes in itself. Then great follies happen, for example the events leading up to the French Revolution. After that, the many gain the upper hand, and so the lowest kind of person wins over the chosen and rare ones. A democratic basic taste takes over every way of valuing things. In the end, under this taste, belief in great things and great people turns into suspicion, and finally into disbelief. And that becomes the reason why greatness dies out.

23.

The thirst for great and deep souls — and always meeting nothing but the herd animal!

24.

1) Is the "philosopher" still *possible* today? Is the amount of what we know too big? Isn't it very unlikely that he will ever manage to see the *whole picture*, and the more careful and honest he is, the less likely? Or will he get there *too late*, when his best years are behind him? Or will he arrive damaged, coarsened, declined, so that his *judgment of what things are worth* no longer means anything? — If not that, then he becomes an "*amateur*" with a thousand little feelers, poking at everything. He loses his grand passion and his deep respect for himself — and his good, fine conscience too. In short, he no longer leads, he no longer gives orders. If he wanted to, he would have to become a great actor, a kind of philosophical *Cagliostro*, a famous fraud and showman.

2) What does it still mean for us today to *live* as a philosopher, to be wise? Isn't it almost a way of neatly *getting yourself out* of a bad game? A kind of running away? And if someone lives like that, off to the side

and simply, is it likely that he has shown his search for knowledge the best path? Wouldn't he have to have tried out life personally in a hundred ways before he could have a say about what life is worth? In short, we believe that a person must have lived in a completely "unphilosophical" way, by the old ideas of what that means — and above all not as a timid, well-behaved, virtuous person — in order to judge the great problems from real *experience*. Take the person with the widest range of experiences, who squeezes them together into general conclusions: wouldn't he have to be the most powerful person? — For too long people have confused the wise man with the scientist, and for even longer with the religiously uplifted man.

25.

The problem: maybe many kinds of *great human beings* are *no longer possible*? The *saint*, for example. Maybe the *philosopher* too. And finally the *genius*? Maybe the enormous distances between one person and another have shrunk? At least the *feeling* of this distance has shrunk. And the result is a less harsh attitude and a less strict training, and because of that people no longer rise as high as they used to. — We need a new idea of human *greatness*: one that we are capable of, and one from which most of us are deeply cut off. Here it is: this democratic world turns everyone into a specialist, *so* greatness today means *being all-round*. It weakens the will, *so* greatness today means a strong will. *It* breeds the herd animal, so standing alone and living on your own terms must count as greatness today. The greatest person is the widest-ranging one, who walks alone, without herd instincts, and with a will that cannot be beaten — a will that lets him change and transform many times and dive, never satisfied, into new depths of life. — We have to look for *human greatness* in the places where we feel least at home. In ages full of energy, the gentle, self-denying, thoughtful person is the great *exception*. It took great inner strict train-

ing and hardness to turn a half-wild animal into a Socrates. Epicurus's calm indifference looks almost like a glorifying of life. We are moving toward opposite *ideals*: and first of all, for our own sake, we have to smash the old ideals.

26.

Dionysus.

A Book of Prophecy.

27.

Our psychologists can't help it: their eyes keep getting stuck only on the signs of decay. So again and again they steer us toward distrusting the mind.

28.

New Barbarians. People only ever see how the mind weakens us, pampers us, and makes us sickly: but

now there are coming:

The Cynics.

The Tempters.

The Conquerors.

Mental superiority joined together with good health and a surplus of strength.

29.

Those Who Hold Back Judgment, the Doubters.

He likes to stop and stay in front of problems that are still open, and he feels ironic toward quick guesses. He refuses the kind of satisfaction that comes from rounding things off, filling things out, stuffing a hole with any old rags. He acts this way not out of weakness but out of strength: *he does not fall apart right away* when he has to do without the *support* of the kind of "handrails" that, for example, pessimists lean on today. — The basic fact is this: in the field of morality there is still *no science at all*, and even more, *no material for a science at all*. Practical hidden motives cut off the researcher's blood supply, like tying off his veins. Now is the time to look for the very broadest guiding hypotheses, so that we can gather material by using them.

So here, true strict scientific holding back of judgment is still far from possible; we are in an *early stage*. Sharper demands on method will come later. The sciences do not develop all at the same time. Just as the organs of a body grow and ripen faster or slower, so it is here. It is obvious that the science that will lag furthest behind is the one people resisted the longest, believing that *here* no research at all was allowed. Here, they said, the truth is already given, and believing in it is a duty. Even now the "moral conscience" sometimes rises up, rearing like a horse, even dressed up as a kind of "philosophy", against the right to take morality apart and examine it. And our latest researchers of morality are thoroughly convinced of exactly this: that here science should only find out the facts, not *criticize* them.

30.

1. To *see* the problem of morality and to *show* it — that seems to me to be the new task and the main thing. I deny that moral philosophy has ever done this until now.

31.

You should not put on a show of being scientific when the time to be scientific has not yet come. But even the real researcher has to get rid of the vanity of putting on a kind of method that, deep down, does not fit the present stage yet. In the same way, he should not "fake" things and thoughts that he actually arrived at by some other route, by dressing them up in a false order of logical steps and arguments. That is how Kant, in his writings on morality, fakes what was really his inner psychological leaning. A recent example is Herbert Spencer's book on ethics. We should not hide or spoil the *fact* of how our thoughts actually came to us. The deepest books, the ones you can never fully use up, will probably always have something of the short, sudden, flash-like character of Pascal's "Pensées", his collection of loose thoughts. The forces and ways of valuing things that *drive* us stay hidden under the surface for a long time; what comes up into view is only the effect.

32.

I push back against every kind of hypocrisy that pretends to be scientific:

1) when it comes to the *way things are presented*, if that presentation does not match how the thoughts were actually *born*;

2) when it comes to claims of using *methods* that may not even be possible yet at a given stage of science;

3) when it comes to claims of being *objective*, of cold, impersonal distance, in cases where, as with every way of valuing things, every word we say tells about ourselves and what we have lived through inside. There are laughable kinds of vanity. Take Sainte-Beuve, for example. All his life he was annoyed that, now and then, he had actually felt

warmth and passion for or against something, and he would gladly have lied it out of his life story.

33.

(51)

These days people love to give themselves a *coating* of fake science, colorful and dressed up in many different shapes. That is understandable in such a phony century, where "equal rights" also bring along "the feeling of equal claims". For example, people claim the right to be scientific too, as long as they simply *want* to be. Almost all writers believe this about themselves. What is more, it has now become part of the ambition of novelists.

34.

Nothing is more pitiful than the writing about morality in Europe today. The English utilitarians lead the way, the people who judge everything by its usefulness. They plod along, as clumsy as cattle, in the footprints of Bentham, just as he himself already walked in the footprints of Helvétius. There is not one new thought, not even a real history of what was thought before. Instead it is always the same old moral hypocrisy, the English vice of "cant", meaning pious, empty talk, now wearing the new costume of science. On top of that, there is a secret effort to fend off the pangs of conscience that tend to attack a race of former Puritans. They want, at any cost, to *talk themselves into believing* that a person *must* chase his own benefit, because that is exactly the best way to serve the general good, the happiness of the greatest number. In other words, they want to believe that chasing English "happiness", by which I mean comfort and fashion, is the right path of virtue. They even want to believe that whatever virtue has ever existed in the world consisted of exactly this kind of striving for

one's own happiness, and so for everyone's happiness. Not one of these slow, heavy herd animals with their uneasy consciences, and that is what all of them are, wants to hear anything about this: that there is a ranking of people; that therefore one single morality for everyone does harm to the highest human beings; that what is fair for one person can by no means be fair for another; and that, on the contrary, "the happiness of the greatest number" is an ideal that makes you want to throw up, if you have the distinction of not belonging to that greatest number. Recently, from France, Comte's shallow contrast between altruism and egoism, between living for others and living for yourself, has also made its way to England. But there is no such thing as altruism at all! And now we see, for example in Herbert Spencer, an attempt to make peace with this idea too, with such unwillingness to take any concept strictly that by now, in England, *peeing* may well count as one of the altruistic activities. In Germany, where people still have not even managed to deal with Schopenhauer's naive moralizing, E. von Hartmann has recently stretched out Comte's idea at great length, to a length of 871 pages. And without a single German laughing about it, he solemnly and formally threw egoism out through the front door, only to drag it back in through the back door in the name of "altruism". Truly, there is no better way to grasp the creepy fact that the peoples of Europe have become stupid almost overnight, which you can see in today's Germany and England just as well as in France and Italy, than by flipping through their books on morality. At most I could pick out three small works, although even these say nothing fundamental:

First, the book by a German Jew, Paul Rée, which carries the title — It deserves praise for its *form*, and it has something of that truly philosophical bearing that Stendhal once described in a sharp phrase: — — — With a delicate hand, Rée takes up again the stricter habits of taste of the old French moralists. His book comes to us like a refresh-

ing scent from those "good old days", far from all the hidden intentions of preaching and uplifting that books on morality written in German usually smell of. Sadly, he also has the same faults as those Frenchmen: the narrow horizon and the poverty of knowledge. His guesses are cheap and spoken into the wind. He completely lacks "the historical eye and feel", which means the one true virtue that German science of the 19th century has over all earlier sciences. In the end, it is a book that "gives you an appetite" for more.

Second, I name the fine book by a Frenchman, sad but brave-hearted, — — —. Like almost everything that comes out of Paris now, it makes it all too clear *where* pessimism really lives today, namely *not* in Germany. And what good is all this positivism, all this determined kneeling before "petits faits", the little facts! In Paris people suffer as if from cold autumn winds, as if from a frost of great disappointments, as though winter were coming, the last and final winter. And the best and bravest, like that good man Guyau, tremble and shudder at it, however cheerful a face they put on for their "positivism". Who believes them when they try, with irony, to persuade us that this trembling and shuddering is still one of the *charms* and temptations of life? Of course: "Shuddering in awe is the *finest* part of humankind" — Goethe said that, and Goethe *had the right* to say it! But a Parisian? — Finally, I single out the argumentative book of a German who is half English. It has enough wit, sharpness and knowledge to thoroughly "break down" that mix of stupidity and Darwinism which Herbert Spencer put out into the world under the title "Data of Ethics". The book is Rolph, "Biological Problems", 1881. Admittedly, apart from its attack there is nothing in it to praise. And deep down, both here and in the book it fights against, what offends is that unimportant people want to have their say in fields where only a select kind of thinkers, people who have truly "lived through" these things, can speak without being immodest.

35.

What separates me most deeply from the metaphysicians, the thinkers who try to explain what lies behind the world, is this: I do not agree with them that it is the "I" that does the thinking. Instead, I see the "*I*" *itself as something that thinking builds*. It has the same standing as words like "matter," "thing," "substance," "individual," "purpose," and "number." So I see it only as a *useful made-up rule*, a helpful fiction. With its help, a kind of stability, and so a kind of "knowability," is put into a world that is always changing. It is *invented and written into* that world, like a poem. Up to now, the metaphysicians have been held captive by their faith in grammar: in the subject and object of a sentence, and in action words, the verbs. I have taught people to give up this faith. It is thinking that first sets up the "I." But until now people believed, just like ordinary folk do, that in the phrase "*I* think" there was something directly certain. They believed this "I" was the obvious cause of thinking. And they believed we "understood" every other kind of cause and effect by comparing it to this one. However used to this fiction we may be now, and however much we cannot do without it, that proves nothing against the fact that it was made up. Something can be necessary for life and *still be false*.

36.

I have broken free from the tyranny of "eternal" ideas, ideas that claim to be true forever. But that does not mean I am about to throw myself into the deep pit of a doubting attitude where anything goes. Instead, I ask that ideas be seen as experiments. With their help, certain kinds of human beings are bred, and tested for how well they can survive and last — — —

37.

To me, the fact that an idea is false is not yet an *argument* against it. This may be where our new way of speaking sounds strangest. The real question is how far the idea helps life, keeps life going, and keeps the species alive. In fact, I basically believe *that the falsest assumptions are* exactly *the ones we can least do without*. I believe that people cannot live without accepting the fictions of logic, and without measuring reality against an *invented* world of things that are absolute and always equal to themselves. And I believe that denying this fiction, actually giving it up in practice, would mean the same as saying no to life itself. *To admit that untruth is a condition of life*: that certainly means throwing off our usual feelings about what is valuable, and doing so in a terrible way. And here, if anywhere, we must be careful not to "bleed to death" from the "truth we have discovered." In this greatest danger, we must at once call up the deep creative instincts of human beings, which are stronger than all our feelings about value. These instincts are the mothers of those value-feelings themselves. They keep giving birth forever, and as their children keep dying forever, they find a lofty comfort in this endless birth. And finally: *what power was it, then,* that forced us to give up that "faith in truth," if not life itself and all its deep creative instincts? So we do not even need to call up these "mothers" like spirits. They are already *up here*. Their eyes are looking at us. We are simply doing what their magic has talked us into doing.

38.

— And as for real philosophy in France today: do not believe for a moment that these decent positivists, by which I mean people who trust only experience, from the school of Comte, or the descendants of Stendhal, Montesquieu, and Condillac — heirs to the best that the

18th century had — such as Taine, stand against the doubting mood of this century.

39.

Noon and Eternity.

1.

On the ranking of people.

2.

The lawgivers. (The breeding of new ruling classes)

3.

On the ring of all rings. Or: "The Mirror".

4.

The great blessings.

40.

Noon and Eternity.

Visions and prophecies.

41.

Noon and Eternity.

Prophecies

of someone who is still to come.

Part One:

on the ranking of people.

Part Two:

on the rulers of the earth.

Part Three:

on the ring of all rings.

Part Four:

on the new way of dying.

42.

— until we too may, with a healthy pride, call out to ourselves the words that Pericles called out to his Athenians in that famous funeral speech: our boldness has forced its way to every land and every sea, and everywhere it has set up monuments that will never fade, for good and for bad.

43.

Finally, we also push back against the kind of "knowledge of human nature" practiced by people like Sainte-Beuve and Renan. We push back against this way of eavesdropping on souls and sniffing around inside them, the way these spineless, unmanly pleasure-seekers of the mind go about it. To us it seems to go against all sense of shame when they grope with their curious fingers at the secrets of people or of whole ages that were higher, stricter and deeper than they are, and in every way more noble than they themselves. Such people would not so easily have opened their doors to any wandering half-women. But this nineteenth century has lost all the finer instincts for the ranking of people. It no longer knows how to rap the knuckles of unwanted intruders and of those who break down gates. In fact, it is proud of its "sense of history". Thanks to this sense of history, the sweating commoner is allowed, as long as he shows up with scholarly torture tools and questionnaires, to push his way even into the most untouchable company: among the saints of conscience, and just as much among the forever-veiled rulers of the mind. Behind this sense of history and this historical knowledge there is more doubt hidden

than you notice at first. It is an insulting doubt, aimed against the difference in rank between one person and another. And the same shameless claim to "equality" that the paid servants of public opinion now allow themselves against every living person is even stretched to cover the dead.

But we are not skeptics. We still believe in a ranking of people and of problems. And we are waiting for the hour when this teaching about rank and order will once again be written right across the broad face of today's mob-like society. Perhaps that hour is also our hour.

If we are not skeptics, are we perhaps critics, or "criticists"? And if we have made a special point, through our very name, of trying things out and of the joy of trying things out, is that perhaps because we love to use experiment in a wide and dangerous sense, but for the sake of a more deeply understood kind of criticism? Are we perhaps, in secret, for the good of our knowledge, forced as experimenters to go further than the soft-hearted and pampered taste of this century can approve of? Indeed, we would not want to do without any of the qualities that set the critic apart from the skeptic: being sure of our standards of value, using one unified method on purpose, a shrewd kind of courage, and the ability to stand alone and answer for ourselves. Yes, we admit that we take pleasure in saying no and in cutting things apart. We admit to a certain cruelty of the hand, a hand that guides the knife steadily even while the heart is bleeding. We are harder than "humane" people might wish, and maybe not only toward ourselves. We do not get involved with "truth" because it "pleases" us, or "lifts us up", or "fills us with enthusiasm". In fact, we have very little faith that truth could ever bring such pleasant feelings along with it. It sounds painful to many ears when we say this: it is exactly where our feelings swell up in beautiful waves that our distrust jumps out. We smile when someone thinks he has *proved* something by saying: "But this thought lifts me up: how could it not be true?" Or: "This

work delights me: how could it not be beautiful?" Or: "This artist makes me feel bigger: how could he not be great?" We, on the other hand, have, along with the critics —

44.

Superstitions about the philosopher: mixing him up with the scientific person. As if values were stuck inside things and you only had to find them and write them down. To what extent these people do their research under values that are already *given* to them (their hatred of appearance, of the body, and so on). Schopenhauer on morality. (Mockery of the utilitarian, the person who judges everything by its usefulness.) In the end the confusion goes so far that people treat Darwinism as a philosophy: and now power lies with the *scientific* people.

The French too, people like Taine, search, or believe they are searching, without already having standards of value. They throw themselves down before the "facts", in a kind of worship. In reality they *destroy* the ways of valuing things that already exist.

An *explanation* of this misunderstanding. The person who is born to command appears only rarely, and he misunderstands himself. People absolutely *want* to push authority away from themselves and put it onto the *circumstances* instead. — In Germany, the high regard for the critic belongs to the story of awakening *manliness*. Lessing and others. (Napoleon on Goethe.) In fact, this movement was undone again by German Romanticism. And the *reputation* of German philosophy rests on that Romanticism, as if it had gotten rid of the danger of skepticism, and as if *faith could be proved*. In Hegel both of these tendencies reach their peak. At bottom he turned the fact of German criticism and the fact of German Romanticism into one general rule. It was a kind of dialectical fatalism, a belief that everything unfolds by

necessity through the clash of ideas, and it was meant to honor the mind; but in reality it made the philosopher bow down *under* reality. — *The critic only prepares the way:* nothing more!

With Schopenhauer, the philosopher's real task begins to dawn: that it is about deciding the *value* of things. But he is still under the rule of eudaemonism, the belief that happiness is the highest goal (mockery of Hartmann): the ideal of pessimism.

45.

The philosopher as lawgiver, as a tempter who tries out new possibilities, and his tools. He *uses* religion. The New Testament — what Christianity is *able* to do.

His opposite: the morality of herd animals. The same goes for the freethinkers and others like them. How herd animals today picture the "higher human being": this can be shown using Victor Hugo as an example.

My forerunners: Schopenhauer. To what extent I deepened pessimism, and only made it something I could fully feel by inventing its highest opposite. Next: the idealistic artists, that younger generation that grew out of the Napoleonic movement. Next: the higher *Europeans*, the forerunners of *great politics*. Next: the Greeks and how they came to be. In "The Birth of Tragedy" I gave hints about the relationship between "hardship" and "art". The *Germans* and the *mind*.

The personal education of the philosopher: being alone.

The Dionysian.

46.

Paete, non dolet — Paetus, it doesn't hurt! Paetus, this pessimism doesn't hurt! Paetus, Eduard doesn't bite! Paetus, look at me: am I not

a friendly shade of blue, even Prussian blue? Paetus, really, I leave nothing at all to be desired

Paete, non dolet — Paetus, it doesn't hurt! Paetus, this pessimism doesn't hurt! Paetus, your Arria doesn't bite! Paetus: Eduard is full of knowledge, cozy, humane, friendly, even friendly to the German Empire, even Prussian blue. In short, Eduard is a maid who does every job, and his pessimism leaves nothing at all to be desired

Back then I was mistaken. I thought Eduard von Hartmann was a fine, superior mind and a joker who was making fun of how embarrassed and stuck the age was in its pessimism. I found his invention of "the Unconscious" so wicked and so witty. It seemed to me a real mousetrap for the gloomy and the stupid among the philosophical amateurs, whose amateur thinking is spreading more and more across Germany. But now people keep assuring me that he means it *seriously*, and they almost force me to believe it. But should he stop amusing me because of that? Should I have to stop laughing when this Arria urges her Paetus again and again not to be *afraid* of the *dagger*, by which I mean Hartmann's pessimism? "Paetus," she calls out tenderly, "it doesn't hurt!"

47.

§ Not critics. The awkward position. Finally, "the scientific person". *The English*.

§ Neither pessimists nor optimists. Schopenhauer's great position: when an illusion is destroyed, that does not give us a truth. It only gives us *one more piece of not knowing*. It makes our "empty space" bigger and adds to our inner "wasteland" —

§ Main idea: the new values still have to be created. We cannot *get out of* this job! The philosopher has to be like a lawmaker. New kinds of

human beings. (Look at how the highest kinds, for example the Greeks, were bred until now. What used to happen by "chance" must now be *wanted on purpose*.)

§ His tools: religions and moral systems.

§ What Christianity means.

§ What the democratic way of thinking means.

§ Do the freethinkers belong to this movement? Victor Hugo.

§ Movements that pushed the other way without knowing it: Napoleon, the people of the 1830s, Richard Wagner.

§ The new philosopher can only come into being together with a ruling class, as its highest and most spiritual form. Big politics, ruling the whole earth, is coming soon. Yet there is a complete *lack* of *principles* for it. (Mock the *empty* German mind here.)

§ The European and his education.

§ A time of great *experiments*. People who have their own set of values. Institutions for the breeding of higher human beings,

§ The philosophers' "meanwhile", their waiting time. Their being alone.

§ Preparing for "Beyond Good and Evil". The state of "morality" today.

15 § Dionysus.

15:100 | 6

Each section: 3 large pages.

48.

Preface

Today I do not care much whether I was right or wrong about Richard Wagner and Schopenhauer. If I was mistaken, well, my mistake brings no shame on them or on me. One thing is certain. Back in those young days, it did me enormous good that I could paint my ideal colours, the colours in which I saw the picture of the philosopher and of the artist, onto shapes that were already sketched out for me, instead of painting them into thin air. And if people have blamed me for seeing these two men through a *magnifying* eye, then I am *glad* of that blame — and glad of my eyes as well. At the very least, anyone who reads my second Untimely Meditation should be in no doubt about how little I have always cared about truth, and — — —

What I wrote back then — and I painted it more than I wrote it, and did so hotly, and, as it seems to me today, in a rather risky and daring style, like a quick fresco on wet plaster — would not become any *truer* if I now painted it again, more delicately, more colourfully and more strictly, now that my hand and eye may have learned a little more. Every age of life understands "truth" in its own way. And whoever stands before those paintings with young, rushing senses and big demands will find in them as much truth as he is able to see.

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

That is what Goethe says. Could he be right? Then how little sense there would be in growing as old and as sensible as Goethe! And it

would be fair to learn from the Greeks how they judged old age. They hated growing old more than they hated death, and they were glad to die when they felt they were starting to become sensible in that old man's way. Meanwhile, youth also has its own kind of good sense: a good sense that believes in life, love and hope.

49.

As for Richard Wagner: there was a moment in my life when I pushed him away from me violently. "Get away from me!" — that is what I shouted. This kind of artist cannot be trusted in exactly the area where I do not take jokes. He tried to "make a deal" with the Christianity of his day. He held out his left hand to the Protestant Communion — he told me about the raptures he knew how to get from this meal — but at the same time he held out his right hand to the Catholic Church. He offered it his opera "Parsifal", and to anyone with ears to hear he showed himself to be a "Rome-follower" living in the land of the unbelievers.

50.

The laws of thinking are results of how living things developed. We have to assume a force that invents and lays things down. We must also assume that these made-up ideas are inherited and carry on over time.

51.

In a world that is always becoming, where everything depends on something else, the belief in something that depends on nothing — a substance, being, a "thing", and so on — can only be a mistake. But how is a mistake even possible?

52.

To show more and more clearly what follows after what: that is what we call *explaining*. Nothing more!

53.

We should admit that even the non-living world *perceives*, and does so with complete exactness: there, "*truth*" rules! With the living world, *vagueness* and *appearance* begin.

54.

The fact that a state of balance is never reached proves that it is not possible. But in an endless space it would have to be reached. The same goes for a space shaped like a ball. So the *shape of space* must be the cause of the never-ending movement, and in the end of all "imperfection".

That "force" and "rest", or "staying the same", contradict each other. The amount of force, as a quantity, is fixed. But its nature is fluid, tense, pushing, — — —

55.

The idea of "timeless" must be rejected. At any given moment of a force, it is absolutely certain that all its forces must be shared out in a new way: it cannot stand still. "Change" belongs to its very nature, and so does being in time. But this only states once again, in the form of a concept, that change is necessary.

56.

Time is *not* given to us before all experience. See Spir, volume 2, page 7.

Our knowledge of physical bodies is not logical in character. See volume 2, page 93.

57.

The idea that there are equal things and equal cases is the *basic made-up idea*, already in *judging*, and then in drawing conclusions.

58.

In the chemical world, the differences between forces are *perceived* with the greatest sharpness. But a protoplasm, the living stuff of cells, is *a crowd of chemical forces*, and so its overall perception of a foreign thing is *uncertain and vague*.

59.

The step from the non-living world to the living world is a step from fixed perceptions of the strengths of forces and of who has power over whom, to *uncertain, vague* ones. This happens because a crowd of beings fighting one another (that is, protoplasm) feels itself facing the outside world.

60.

The restless will to power, or to constant creating, or to transforming, or to overpowering oneself.

61.

"So-called time is a mere abstraction. It neither really exists out there, nor is it a necessary and original way in which the subject pictures things." Spir, volume 2, page 15.

62.

The Germans have no culture. They still *depend* on Paris, just as before. The reason is that they do not yet have a character.

Our great people do not stand for a race. They stand for single individuals.

But what about the thing I used to make an exception for and built my hopes on: *German music*?

63.

Note: Today in Germany the misunderstanding about Richard Wagner is enormous. And since I helped make it bigger, I want to pay off my debt and try to make it smaller.

64.

Note: For two hundred years there was only one contrast in music: French music against Italian music.

In the fight between Gluck and Piccini, this contrast grew sharper and reached its peak. In that fight Gluck was felt to be entirely the representative of *French taste* — the representative of what is noble, showy and governed by reason.

The Germans, as musicians, have listened sometimes towards France and sometimes towards Italy. Even today there is no German taste in music of its own.

It seems to me that Wagner once again made *French taste* win out over the Italian-style taste, that is, over Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Bellini and Mendelssohn. But it is the taste of France in 1830, when literature became the master over music, just as it did over painting. "Program music": the "subject", the story, comes first!

65.

Beethoven belongs with Rousseau and with that humanitarian movement that partly ran ahead of the Revolution and partly ran after it, glorifying it. But even more, he belongs with the main event of the last thousand years: the arrival of Napoleon.

Mozart takes for granted the high society of the Rococo age.

66.

The difference between actors, like Schiller and Wagner, and — — —

Goethe stands alone, caught between Pietism and the world of the ancient Greeks, unsure whether he ought to write in French instead.

Lessing — Bayle

Frederick the Great, hungry for France.

The other Frederick, Frederick the Second, hungry for the enlightened thinking of the Moors and the East.

Leibniz, caught between Christianity, Plato's ideas and mechanics.

Bismarck, learning from Napoleon the Third and from Cavour.

67.

If mechanics is only a kind of logic, then the same thing holds for it that holds for all logic: it is a sort of backbone for animals with backbones, and nothing that is true in itself.

68.

On the Ring of All Rings.

Note. The force that keeps changing and yet always stays the same has an *inner side* — a kind of character like Proteus-Dionysus, the

shape-shifting god, who disguises himself and enjoys himself as he changes form. We should understand the "person" as an *illusion*. In fact, *heredity*, the things passed down from our ancestors, is the main argument against the idea of a person. That is because countless shaping forces from much earlier times make up a person's lasting nature. In truth, these forces fight each other inside the person, and they are ruled and tamed. A will to power runs right through people. It needs the *narrowing* of the point of view, it needs "*selfishness*", as a *temporary condition for existing*. From every step it reaches, it looks out toward a higher one.

The working principle gets shrunk down into a "person", into an individual.

69.

Note. How much *truth* someone can bear without *falling into decline* — that is *his measure*. The same goes for how much *happiness* — — the same goes for how much *freedom* and *power*!

On the Ranking of People

70.

The *strictest school* is needed — misfortune, sickness. Without them there would be no mind on earth, and no delight or shouting for joy either. — Only souls that are tuned high and stretched tight know what *art* is, and what cheerfulness is.

71.

Zarathustra can only make people happy once he has first set up the *ranking of people*.

72.

Note. There must be many superhuman beings: all goodness grows only among one's equals. A *single* god would always be a *devil*! A *ruling race*. For the section "the rulers of the earth."

73.

I.

Zarathustra can only *make people happy* once the ranking of people has been set up. First of all, it is *taught*.

II.

The ranking of people carried out in a system for governing the earth: at last, the rulers of the earth, a new ruling class. Springing up from among them, here and there, comes a god entirely like the gods of Epicurus, calm and untroubled: the superhuman being, the one who glorifies existence.

III.

The superhuman way of seeing the world. Dionysus.

IV.

Coming back with love from this greatest *distance from everything* to what is closest and smallest, Zarathustra *blesses* everything he has lived through, and dies while giving his blessing.

74.

Zarathustra, Part 5.

1.

A loud blast of trumpets, like heralds announcing someone. The *happiness* of loud sounds! Zarathustra I. I am that *man chosen by fate* who decides what people will value for thousands of years. Someone hidden, someone who has pushed his way into every place, a man without friends, who has pushed away every home and every chance to rest. What makes the *grand style*: becoming *master* over your *good luck* as well as your *bad luck*: a — — —

2.

My *gift* can only be received once the people able to receive it are there. *For that,* we need a ranking of people. The greatest events are the last ones to be understood. — To that extent, I have to be a lawgiver.

3.

The time when he appears: the most dangerous *middle point,* from which things could go toward the "last man", but also —

— marked by *the greatest event of all*: God is dead. Only people have not noticed yet that they are just living off values they inherited. Everywhere there is carelessness and waste.

4.

— *The basic insight:* "good" and "evil" are now seen through the eyes of the "*herd animal*". Making all people equal is treated as the *goal*. Against this stand *I*. (The belief in one single God was a step that prepared the way for herd morality!)

the *teacher* of the ranking of people.

5.

Leaders, herds, and those who stand alone. The tempters.

6.

Complete human beings and broken pieces of human beings.

7.

The well-made and the failures.

8.

Those who create and those who are shaped by others. Differences in strength.

9.

Artists as the small finishers, the people who bring little things to perfection.

10.

Scientific people as describers, and as the widest-reaching tools for taking in the world.

11.

People born to rule, as experiments in breeding.

12.

The founders of religions, as attempts to set new values for everyone.

13.

The feeling of not being perfect: the people who repent and do penance.

14.

The urge to reach something perfect: the devout, the "beautiful souls", the great longings.

15.

The strength to *do* something perfectly in some area.

(Craftsmen, master workers, artists, officials, scholars, and so on.

16.

The earth now lies there like a sculptor's workshop full of marble, waiting to be shaped: a *ruling race is needed*, with complete and unlimited power.

75.

1. Zarathustra wakes up in the old fortress. He hears the drums of the heralds.

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

3. The procession of the festival of roses.

4. The teaching about the ranking of people.

5. At night by the bridge.

76.

(49)

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

Opinions and Sayings"*

— Taking care over the most outward things, even looking a bit light-minded about it, in how you speak, dress, and hold yourself, as far as this care marks a boundary, keeps others at a distance, and protects you from being confused with them.

— Moving slowly, and also looking at things slowly. There are not too many valuable things, and these come by themselves and want to go to people who are valuable. We do not admire easily.

— Putting up with being poor and having little, and also with being sick.

— Avoiding small honors, and distrusting anyone who praises easily. For the person who praises believes he understands what he is praising. But to understand — Balzac gave it away, that typical ambitious man — "to understand is to be equal".

— Our doubt that what is in the heart can really be shared with others goes very deep; being alone, not as something we chose, but as something we were given,

— The belief that you only have duties toward people of your own kind, and that toward the others you may act as you see fit. The belief that only among equals can you hope for justice, though sadly you still cannot count on it for a long time yet.

— Mocking the so-called "gifted"; believing that people can be born noble, even in their morals. "Aristocrats of the mind" — that is a favorite phrase among Jews.

— Always feeling like the one who has honors to *give out*, while it is not very often that you find someone who would be worthy to honor you.

— Always in disguise: the higher a person's kind, the more he needs to stay unrecognized. God, if there were one, would, if only out of good manners, have to show himself in the world only as a human being.

— The ability to enjoy leisure, and the firm belief that a trade or a job, in every sense, may not bring shame, but surely takes away nobility. Not "hard work" in the middle-class sense, however highly we know how to honor it. And not like those artists who cackle and never get enough, who act like hens — cackle and lay eggs and cackle again.

— We *protect* artists and poets and anyone who is a master at something. But as beings who *are* of a higher kind than these, who can only *do* something, than these merely "productive people" — do not confuse us with them.

— Taking pleasure in *forms* and manners; defending everything formal; believing that politeness is one of the great virtues; distrusting every kind of letting yourself go, including all freedom of the press and freedom of thought, because under them the mind gets lazy and clumsy and stretches out its limbs.

— Delighting in *women*, as a kind of being that is maybe smaller, but finer and lighter. What happiness to meet beings who always have dancing and silliness and pretty clothes on their minds! They have been the joy of all deep men whose souls are drawn very tight, men whose lives are weighed down with great responsibilities.

— Liking princes and priests, because they keep alive the belief that human beings differ in worth, in short, the belief in a ranking of people. They do this even in how the past is judged, at least *symbolically*, and on the whole even in fact.

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

— Being able to bear long hostilities: not making up easily.

— Disgust at rabble-rousing, at so-called "enlightenment", at cozy "warm-heartedness", and at the pushy friendliness of the mob.

— Collecting precious things, the needs of a high and choosy soul; not wanting to have anything in common with others. *His own* books, *his own* landscapes.

— We push back against both bad and good experiences, and we do not jump to general rules so quickly. The single case: how mocking we are toward the single case when it has the bad taste to act as if it were the rule.

— We love what is innocent and simple, and innocent and simple people, but as onlookers and as higher beings. We find Faust just as innocent and simple as his Gretchen.

— We think little of the "good" people, as herd animals. And we know how, among the worst, most vicious, hardest people, a priceless drop of golden goodness often lies hidden, which all mere good nature and milky softness of soul — — —

— We do not think a person of our kind has been proven wrong, neither by his vices nor by his foolish acts. We know that we are hard to recognize, and that we have every reason to show the world only surfaces.

77.

Letters of the Count — — —

Edited

by

J. v. A.

After my mother's death.

Make up anecdotes.

78.

Preface.

Is it all right to publish letters? — A friend I deeply respected never said the word "public" without a touch of malice. Once he said: "The nineteenth century, as everyone knows, loves the truth. Well, it is exactly *this* taste that goes against my taste! I am afraid that if things go on like this, people will only write *public* letters." Another time he said: "Yes, it could happen that one day a decent person sums up his whole morality in one sentence: you shall — lie! Sir, you must lie, always and without exception! Or else you too will be what the whole world already is — 'public'!" That was his secret opinion about the taste of our century. When I was thinking about what title to give his collection of letters and opinions, the idea came to me to call it this: "*The Mirror*. A chance to look at yourself. For Europeans." From this tasteless idea, people may at least see how much *I* privately value these letters — and why I give myself the *right* to publish them, precisely out of hatred for everything that today is called "public".

79.

The century of wandering entertainers (the people who used to be denied a decent burial)

(Galiani) Boredom, the murderer.

80.

The Germans

of yesterday and of the day after tomorrow

A contribution to the critique of the German soul

81.

The rabble-rousers in art. — Hugo, Michelet, Sand, R. Wagner.

82.

A pessimistic way of thinking and teaching, an ecstatic nihilism, can under certain conditions be exactly what the philosopher cannot do without. It can serve as a powerful pressure and a hammer, with which he breaks apart races that are in decline and dying, and clears them out of the way, in order to make room for a new order of life, or to put into whatever is in decline and wants to die the longing for its end.

To slow peoples and races down and to make them deeper, a pessimistic way of thinking, a religion that says no to the world and runs away from it, an ecstatic stripping away of the senses that makes life look ugly — — —

83.

But while I worry like this, and get ready to give a long answer to such a question — oh, maybe I myself am nothing but one long answer to this question? — I can already hear that cracked and spiteful voice

84.

The Cheerful Science.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

To the Mistral Wind.

Introduction

Book One: the prejudices of philosophers.

Book Two: Beyond Good and Evil.

Book Three: to the artists.

Book Four: the mirror. A chance for Europeans to take a good look at themselves.

Book Five: the noble soul.

Among friends. A closing song.

the ideal monastery, a sheltered place to keep delicate plants alive

the future of

music — music for Europeans

music in the grand style

the traps that language sets for us

Wagner-worship and Hegel-worship as drugs that make people drunk

"classical" — a word that does not fit music

the hermits, like Goethe and Beethoven, compared with the artists who work for the crowd, or for the royal court, or for the church.

How *musicians* should be educated.

against the "national" efforts in art

What culture means; — style, and so on.

Rejecting pessimism, and also rejecting all

points of view that make happiness the goal of life.

III To the artists. A new idea of the person who creates; the *Dionysian*. New festivals. The glorifying.

"Completed infinity"

Pain and pleasure

Purpose

Judgments of value hidden inside our senses of taste, of colors, of sounds

Pinning down what ideas mean

the world can be *interpreted in new ways* — but its basic features must be held on to

What is sick in philosophers

Cause and effect

how the emotions are managed, like a household budget

the "persona", the mask a person wears

Luther's language, and the Bible, as the base for a new form of poetry.

Notebook 36: June–July 1885

1.

The cheerful science.

A First Taste of a Philosophy of the Future

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Appendix

The Modern Soul.

An attempt to shed light on today and tomorrow.

2.

Living creatures were never asked to do more than when dry land first came into being. They were used to life in the sea and built for it. Now they had to turn their bodies and their habits around and inside out, and do everything differently from what they had always done. Up to now, there has been no stranger change on earth. Back then, the earth caved in and slowly broke apart, and the sea sank down into the cracks, caves and pits, and so it gained *depth*. What is happening among people now may be, to put it as a picture, the exact opposite of that. Human beings are becoming whole and rounded off. The cracks, caves and pits are disappearing, and so, in the end, the dry land is disappearing too. For a person whom my way of thinking has made round and whole, "everything is in the sea"; the sea is everywhere. But the sea itself has lost its depth. But wait, I was heading toward a completely different picture, and I've simply lost my way! What I meant to say was this: like everyone else, I was born a land animal, and yet now I *have to* be a sea animal!

3.

Germany is rich in skilled and well-educated scholars. But for a long time it has lacked great souls and powerful minds so badly that it seems to have forgotten what a *great* soul is, and what a *powerful* mind is. These days, average people, and badly made ones at that, step out into the marketplace with an almost clear conscience and without any embarrassment at all, and they praise themselves as great men and reformers. Eugen Dühring does this, for example. He is a skilled and well-educated scholar, but with almost every word he gives away that a small, petty soul lives inside him, and that he is being crushed by narrow, jealous feelings. He also gives away that what drives him is not a powerful mind, overflowing and generously giving itself away for the good of others, but plain ambition! Yet hungering for honors in this age is even more unworthy of a philosopher than in any earlier age. For now the mob is in charge, and it is the mob that hands out the honors!

4.

Sometimes a philosopher goes among the "people of good will": the good-natured, the pitying, the gentle, the ordinary. When he does, it feels as if he has wandered into damp air under a cloudy sky. For a short while it does him good; he feels, so to speak, relieved. But if he pays close attention, he notices that in this wrong setting he himself is growing comfortable and careless, and vain too, and above all gloomy. Does he want to learn quickly how weak and small this good-natured kind of people really is, for all their pleasant appearance? Then let him poke at their vanity and wound it, until he gets them to start cursing. At once the shallowness of these waters will show itself. And it will probably also show what lies hidden under all that nice, light, blue surface: sand and filth, or else arrogance.

5.

The women of Europe, quite apart from their real job ("laying children," as if they were eggs), are useful for many good things. Viennese women are pleasant to dance with. With a Frenchwoman you can chat, with an Italian woman you can strike a pose, and with a German woman, you can dare. In French these three are a little rhyme: causer, poser, oser. Among Jewish women there are the most charming chatterboxes; the model of these was Rahel, all wrapped up in Goethe-style lace and self-satisfaction. A Russian woman has usually lived through something, and now and then she has thought something. Englishwomen know how to blush in the most womanly and heavenly way, almost for no reason, just like angels. In short, you would never come to an end if you set out to *prove*, stiffly and stubbornly, in the manner of the English "useful-is-good" thinkers, the usefulness of woman, something the whole world already *believes* in.

6.

The cheerful science.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

To the Mistral Wind. A Dance Song.

Part One.

1. "Without a passionate pleasure

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

Part Two.

Ending. "When I was very young, Dionysus.

Part Three.

On the Future of the Arts.

Part Four.

The Mirror.

Part Five.

Among Free Spirits.

7.

My kind of "pity." This is a feeling that no name really fits. I feel it whenever I see precious gifts being wasted. Take Luther, for example: what strength he had, and yet he spent it on such dull, backwoods problems! And this was at a time when, in France, a brave and cheerful doubter like Montaigne was already possible. Or I feel it when I see someone fall short of what they could have become, all because of some stupid accident. Or I feel it most of all when I think about the fate of humanity. For instance, when I watch today's European politics, with fear and contempt. Whatever happens, that politics is also

helping to weave the fabric of the future of all people. Yes, what could become of "humanity," if only... if only...! This is a kind of "pity," even though there is no one suffering whom I could be suffering along with.

8.

On Morals

Since ancient times, people have lived without really knowing their own body. A few stock phrases are enough for them to tell others how they feel. It is the same with judging the worth of people and their actions. When we judge ourselves, we hold on to a few outward, unimportant signs, and we have no sense of how deeply unknown and strange we are to ourselves. And when it comes to judging others: how quickly, and how "surely," even the most careful and fair-minded person still passes judgment!

9.

On Morals.

It takes only a little careful thought to figure out that there is nothing that is "good in itself." Something can only be thought of as "good for something." And whatever is good for one purpose will, by necessity, be "bad and harmful" for many other purposes. In short, anything we call "good" is, by that very fact, also marked as "bad."

10.

How long I have been trying, in my own mind, to prove that all becoming, all change in the world, is completely innocent! And what strange roads I have already taken to do it! Once, the right answer seemed to be this. I declared: "Existence is something like a work of art, so it does not fall under the authority of morality at all. In fact,

morality itself belongs to the world of appearance." Another time I said: all ideas of guilt are completely worthless when seen objectively, but seen from the inside, all life is necessarily unfair and illogical. A third time, I forced myself to deny that anything has a purpose, and I felt that we can never truly know how causes and effects are linked. And why all this? Wasn't it to give myself the feeling of being completely free of responsibility? To place myself beyond all praise and blame, independent of all past and present, so that I could chase after my goal in my own way?

11.

At bottom, morality is hostile to science. Socrates already was, and here is why. Science treats things as important that have nothing to do with "good" and "evil," and so it takes weight away from our feeling for good and evil. Morality wants the whole person, and all of his strength, to serve it. When someone seriously cares about plants and stars, morality sees this as waste, the kind of waste done by someone who is not rich enough to afford wasting. That is why, in Greece, once Socrates had brought the disease of moralizing into science, the scientific spirit quickly went downhill. The high level of attitude found in thinkers like Democritus, Hippocrates and Thucydides has never been reached a second time.

12.

People in Society

It shows a lack of noble character when someone on the street returns a greeting before he has even recognized the person who greeted him. After all, a greeting, and the way you greet, are meant to be marks of honor. There is just one exception: when a prince, or someone who ranks with rulers, walks along his way and is greeted. It is his special

right not to have to know anyone, while everyone has to know him. Think of it as a parable.

13.

The Person Alone with Himself:

How differently you feel about your life's work and job if you are the first in your family to do it, compared to when your father and grandfather already did the same kind of work! If you are the first, you carry much more inner strain, and you also feel a much more sudden pride. A clear conscience has not yet grown together with that kind of work, like a brother and sister. And something about it easily feels random, as if it happened by chance.

14.

What value Wagner may have for people who are not musicians, and whether he will keep that value in the future, is a question we will skip for now. Without any doubt, Richard Wagner gave the Germans of this age the broadest idea of what an artist could be. Respect for "the artist" suddenly grew enormous. Everywhere he awakened new ways of valuing things, new desires, new hopes. And perhaps he did this not least through the very nature of his works: they only pointed ahead, and they were incomplete and imperfect. Who has not learned from him! Maybe not as directly as performers and all kinds of people who strike poses, but at least indirectly, "on the occasion of Richard Wagner," as one might put it. Even philosophical understanding got no small push from his appearance; there is no doubt about that. Today there are plenty of problems about art that, before Richard Wagner, even the finest minds had not caught a whiff of. Above all, there is the problem of the actor and his relation to the different arts. Not to mention the psychological problems that Wagner's character

and Wagner's art present in great numbers. Of course, as far as he himself stepped into the realm of knowledge, he deserves no praise, but rather a complete rejection. In the gardens of science he always looked like the most shameless and clumsiest intruder. Wagner's "philosophizing" is one of the most inexcusable kinds of amateur dabbling. The fact that people did not even know how to laugh at it is very German, and belongs to the old German "worship of unclearness." But if people insist on giving him honors and statues as a "thinker" too, and the goodwill and obedience of his followers will not be able to resist doing so, then fine! In that case I suggest showing him as the very spirit of German unclearness: holding a smoking torch, full of excitement, and just tripping over a stone. When Wagner "thinks," he trips. But what will concern us is Wagner the musician.

15.

If the world had a goal, it would have reached it by now. If there were some final state for it, even one nobody planned, that too would have been reached by now. If the world were able to stand still and freeze at all, able to simply "be," if it had this ability to "be" for even one single moment in all its becoming, then all becoming would have ended long ago. And with it, all thinking would have ended, and all "mind" too. The fact that "mind" exists *as something that is always becoming* proves that the world has no goal and no final state, and that it cannot simply "be." But there is an old habit of thinking that everything that happens has a purpose, and that the world is steered by a God who created it. This habit is so strong that a thinker has to struggle not to see the world's lack of purpose as a purpose all over again. Some people want to declare that the world can keep producing *new things forever*. In other words, they want to give a force that is limited, fixed, and always the same size, which is what "the world" is, the miraculous power to keep reshaping its forms and situations

without end. All such people are bound to come up with this strange idea: that the world deliberately *dodges* any goal, and even knows how to cleverly prevent itself from falling into a repeating cycle. The world, they say, may no longer be God, but it should still have God's power to create, an endless power to transform. It should freely *refuse* to fall back into any of its old forms. It should have not only the intention, but also the *means*, to *protect* itself from every repetition. So in every moment it would have to *check* every one of its movements, to make sure it avoids goals, final states, and repetitions. And who knows what else would follow from such an unforgivably crazy way of thinking and wishing. This is still the old religious way of thinking and wishing. It is a kind of longing to believe that *in some way* the world is still like the old, beloved, endless, boundlessly creative God, that in some way "the old God is still alive." It is the same longing that Spinoza had, which he expressed in the words "deus sive natura," meaning "God, or nature" (he even felt it the other way round, "natura sive deus," "nature, or God"). So what statement, what belief, best sums up the decisive turning point, the moment when the scientific mind finally *won out* over the religious mind that invents gods? Isn't it this: the world, as a force, must not be thought of as unlimited, because it *cannot* be thought of that way. We forbid ourselves the idea of an *endless* force, *because it does not fit with the very idea of "force*." And so the world also lacks the power to produce new things forever.

16.

If I had my way, it would be time to declare war on European morality, and on everything that has grown out of it. This temporary order of nations and states in Europe must be smashed. The Christian and democratic way of thinking favors the herd animal and makes human beings smaller. It weakens the great driving forces inside us (that is, what is called evil). It hates pressure, strict training, great responsibil-

ities, and great risks. The most average people win the prize and force everyone to accept their standards of value.

17.

But who am I saying this to? Where are these "free spirits," then? Is there really such a person "among us"?

I look around me: who thinks the way I do, who feels the way I do about this? Who wants what my most hidden will wants? So far I have found no one. Maybe I just haven't searched well? Maybe those who suffer from my kind of new hardship and new happiness also have to hide, just as I do? And wear masks, as I did? And so they are bad at searching for people like themselves?

We new philosophers, we who experiment, think differently, and we don't want to stop at thinking. We think *more freely*. Maybe a day will come when people can see with their own eyes that we also act more freely. For now, we are hard to recognize; people are bound to mistake us for someone else. Are we "freethinkers"?

In every country of Europe, and in North America too, there are now "freethinkers." Do they belong with us? No, gentlemen. What you want is roughly the *opposite* of what the philosophers I call tempters intend. These tempters feel little temptation to trade dishonest politeness with you. Oh, if you "freethinkers" only had a whiff of *what* a person can free himself from, and *where* he is then driven! I think you would become the fiercest enemies of what I call "freedom of the mind" and my "Beyond Good and Evil."

I no longer need to believe in "souls." I deny the "personality" and the unity it is supposed to have, and I find in every human being the material for many very different "personae," that is, characters (and masks). To me, the "absolute mind" and "pure knowing" are made-up

creatures from fairy tales, which badly hide the fact that they contradict themselves in their very names. In all this, I may be on the same path as many of those "freethinkers." And that is quite apart from denying *God*, which some decent, upright Englishmen still believe, even today, is a tremendous proof of how open-minded they are. What separates me from them is our way of valuing things. They all belong to the democratic movement and want equal rights for everyone. They see the forms of the old society up to now as the causes of human faults and decline, and they are thrilled by the idea of breaking those forms apart. For now, they think the most humane thing they can do is to help every person reach their own level of mental "freedom." To put it briefly and bluntly, they are "*levelers*," people who want to make everyone the same. That kind of person goes completely against my taste in every way, and even more against my reason. I want war and opposites, even in matters of the mind; more war than ever, more opposites than ever. I would rather approve of the harshest tyranny (as a school that makes the mind flexible) than the damp, lukewarm air of an age with a "free press," in which every mind becomes comfortable and stupid and stretches out lazily. In this I am still today what I was before: "out of step with my time."

But we new philosophers don't just start by describing the ranking of people as it really is, and the real differences in human worth. We also want exactly the opposite of making people alike, of making them equal. We teach becoming strangers to one another in every sense. We tear open gaps between people wider than any that have ever existed. We want human beings to become more evil than they have ever been. For now, we ourselves still live as strangers to one another, hidden away. For many reasons we will need to be hermits and even to wear masks, so we will be bad at searching for people like ourselves. We will live alone and probably know the torments of all seven kinds of being alone. And if we do happen to cross paths by

chance, you can bet that we will mistake each other or deceive each other.

18.

I am careful not to speak of chemical "*laws*": that word has a moral flavor to it. Instead, it is simply a matter of plainly stating how power is divided. The stronger becomes master over the weaker, to the extent that the weaker cannot hold on to its own degree of independence. Here there is no mercy, no sparing, and even less any respect for "laws"!

19.

It is unlikely that our "knowing" reaches any further than it barely needs to in order to keep us alive. The study of the shapes and structures of living things shows us how the senses, the nerves, and the brain develop in proportion to how hard it is to find food.

20.

Even in the world of non-living things, the only thing that matters to an atom of force is what is close by: forces far away cancel each other out. Here lies the core of seeing everything from one's own point of view, and the reason why a living being is "selfish" through and through.

21.

The weaker thing pushes toward the stronger one because it needs food. It wants to slip in under its protection and, if possible, become *one* with it. The stronger thing, on the other hand, pushes it away. It does not want to be destroyed in this way. Instead, as it grows, it splits into two, and then into more. The greater the urge toward

unity, the more we can guess that there is weakness. The greater the urge toward variety, difference and breaking apart inside, the more strength there is.

The drive to come closer, and the drive to push something away: these two are what bind things together, both in the non-living world and in the living world. The whole sharp line drawn between those two worlds is a prejudice.

It is *more accurate* to say this: the will to power is in every combination of forces, *defending itself against what is stronger and rushing at what is weaker*. *Note well:* the *processes themselves are the true "being" of things*.

22.

What links the non-living and the living must lie in the force of pushing away that every tiny atom of force puts out. Life could be defined as a lasting kind of *process* in which forces *settle how strong each one is*, and in which the different fighters, for their part, grow unevenly. To what extent is there resistance even in obeying? The one who obeys has not at all given up his own power. In the same way, giving orders includes an admission: that the full power of the opponent has not been defeated, not swallowed up, not dissolved. "Obeying" and "commanding" are both forms of a game of struggle.

23.

Things are always passing over into other things, so we cannot really talk about an "individual" and so on. Even the "number" of beings keeps flowing and changing. We would not speak of time, and we would know nothing of movement, if we did not believe, in a rough way, that we see things "at rest" next to things "in motion." The same goes for cause and effect. And without the mistaken idea of "empty space," we would never have come up with the idea of space at all.

The law of identity, the rule that a thing is the same as itself, rests on the "look of things": it seems to our eyes that there are things that are the same. A world that is always becoming could not, strictly speaking, be "grasped" or "known." There is something like "knowledge" only to the extent that the "grasping" and "knowing" intellect finds a rough world already made, built out of nothing but appearances, but appearances that have become solid because this kind of appearance has kept life going. Only to that extent is there knowledge, and what it really means is measuring older mistakes and newer mistakes against each other.

24.

The sun: its movements come from the combined result of three things. First, the drive to rush at the planets. Second, this brings it closer to all of them. Third, it defends itself against a stronger sun.

25.

I believe in absolute space as the ground underneath force. Force sets limits and gives shape. Time is eternal. But in themselves, there is no space and no time. "Changes" are only appearances, or things happening in our senses. When we decide that these changes repeat in a regular pattern, however regular, that does not *prove* anything except the simple fact that it has always happened this way. The feeling that "after this" means "because of this" can easily be traced back to a misunderstanding; it is understandable how it arises. But appearances cannot be "causes"!

26.

"Subject," "object," "predicate": these divisions were *made up,* and now they are pulled over everything that looks like a fact, like ready-made

patterns. The basic false observation is that I believe it is *I* who does something, *I* who suffers something, *I* who "*has*" something, *I* who "*has*" a quality. This "doing," "suffering," "having" — — —

27.

Philosophy, the only kind I still accept, as the most general form of history, as an attempt to somehow describe the endless becoming that Heraclitus spoke of and to shorten it into signs (as if to *translate* it into a kind of seeming being, and to turn it into a mummy)

28.

That "heredity," since it is something completely unexplained, cannot be used to explain things. It can only be used to name a problem and pin it down. The very same is true of the "ability to adapt." In fact, describing the shapes and forms of living things, even if that description were complete, would *explain* nothing. It would only *describe* a huge set of facts. How an organ can be used for some purpose, *that* is not explained. In these matters nothing would be explained by assuming "final causes," meaning purposes, nor by assuming "efficient causes," meaning the things that push events into happening. The idea of a "cause" is only a way of expressing things, nothing more: a tool for naming.

29.

There are similarities. For example, next to our memory there is another kind of memory, which shows itself in heredity and in the way forms develop. Next to our inventing and experimenting there is a kind of inventing in using tools for new purposes, and so on. What we call our consciousness has no part in any of the important processes that keep us alive and make us grow. And no head would be

clever enough to build more than a machine, and every living process goes far beyond a machine.

30.

People are unfair to Descartes when they call it careless that he relied on God being trustworthy. In fact, only if we assume a God who is morally like us does "truth," and the search for truth, start out as something that promises success and makes sense. Leave this God aside, and we are allowed to ask whether being deceived is not one of the conditions of life.

31.

The winning idea of "force," which our physicists used to get rid of God from the world, still needs something added to it. It must be given an inner world, which I call the "will to power": an endless hunger to show power, or to use and exercise power, as a creative drive, and so on. The physicists cannot get rid of "action at a distance" in their principles, and they cannot get rid of a force that pushes away (or pulls together) either. There is no way around it: we must understand all movements, all "appearances," all "laws" only as symptoms of something happening on the inside, and we must use the comparison with human beings all the way to the end. In animals it is possible to trace all their drives back to the will to power, and in the same way all the functions of living things back to this one source.

32.

Leibniz is dangerous, being a true German who needs surfaces and surface philosophies. He is bold and mysterious inside himself to the very limit, but he has no nobility.

Spinoza is deeper and broader than Descartes, more hidden away, as if in a cave. Pascal, in turn, is deeper than Spinoza. Compared with such hermits of the mind and of the conscience, Hume and Locke are people of the surface; — — —

33.

Toward a Critique of the German Soul

34.

Of all the ways of interpreting the world tried so far, the mechanical one seems to stand in front today, as the winner. Clearly it has a clear conscience on its side. No science believes in its own progress and success unless that success was won with the help of mechanical methods. Everyone knows these methods. You leave "reason" and "purposes" out of the game as much as you can. You show that, given enough time, anything can turn into anything. You do not hide a gloating little smile when once again the "seeming purpose in the fate" of a plant or an egg yolk has been traced back to pushing and bumping. In short, if a joke is allowed in such a serious matter, you honor with all your heart the principle of the greatest possible stupidity. Meanwhile, among exactly the finest minds involved in this movement, you can see a sense of something coming, a kind of worry, as if the theory had a hole in it that sooner or later could become its last hole. I mean the hole you whistle from when you are in the deepest trouble, as the saying goes, when you are at the end of your strength. People cannot "explain" pushing and bumping themselves. They cannot get rid of action at a distance. They have lost faith in the very idea that things can be explained, and with a sour face they admit that describing, not explaining, will soon take control over the physicists: the dynamic interpretation of the world, the one based on forces, which

denies "empty space" and little lump-like atoms. And in doing so, of course, they will have to add to force an inner quality — — —

35.

Following the Thread of the Body

Let's suppose that "the soul" was an attractive and mysterious idea, one that philosophers were right to give up only very unwillingly. Even so, what they are now learning to take in its place may be even more attractive and even more mysterious. That new thing is the human body. In the body, the whole past of all living things, from the most distant past to the most recent, comes alive again and takes on flesh. Through the body, over it and beyond it, a huge stream seems to flow, a stream we cannot hear. The body is a more amazing idea than the old "soul".

36.

In every age, people have believed more firmly in the body than in the mind (or the "soul", or "the subject", as the language of the schools now says instead of soul). They have believed in the body more than in the thing we feel most sure of, our own being, in short, our "ego", our "I". Nobody ever had the idea of thinking of his stomach as a stranger's stomach, say, as a god's stomach. But people have always liked to think of their thoughts as "put into them" from outside, of their ways of valuing things as "breathed into them by a god", and of their instincts as the work of demons. There is evidence of this habit and taste from every age of humankind. Even today, especially among artists, you often find a kind of wonder, and a respectful holding back from deciding, when they ask themselves how they managed their best work and from what world the creative idea came to them. When they ask this, there is something like innocence and a child's shyness

about them. They hardly dare to say: "That came from me, it was my hand that threw the dice." — On the other hand, look at those philosophers and religious people who had the strongest reasons, in their logic and in their faith, to treat their bodily side as an illusion, and even as an illusion they had beaten and got rid of. Even they could not help admitting the stupid fact that the body had not gone away. The strangest evidence of this can be found partly in the apostle Paul and partly in the Vedanta philosophy of India.

But what does the *strength of a belief* really mean in the end? It could still be a very stupid belief! — This is something to think about: —

And finally, suppose the belief in the body is only the result of a conclusion we have drawn. Suppose it were a false conclusion, as the idealist philosophers claim. Wouldn't that put a question mark over whether the mind itself can be trusted, since the mind would then be the cause of false conclusions? Suppose that many-ness, and space and time and movement (and whatever else a belief in bodies may rest on) were all mistakes. Then think how much distrust that would stir up against the mind, which led us to assume those things in the first place! In short, for now the belief in the body is still a stronger belief than the belief in the mind. And whoever wants to dig away at it is, by doing exactly that, also digging away most thoroughly at the belief in the mind's authority.

37.

1.

Human, All Too Human: this title points to the will toward a great breaking away. It is one person's attempt to free himself from every prejudice that speaks in favor of human beings. It is his attempt to take every path that climbs high enough to let him look down on humanity, at least for a moment. The point is not to look down on what is already contemptible in people. The point is to ask, right down to the deepest reasons, whether something still deserves contempt even in the highest and best things. Even in everything humans have been proud of so far. Even in this pride itself, and in the harmless, shallow confidence people have in their ways of valuing things. This task is not without its dangers. It was one tool among all the tools that a bigger, wider task forced me to use. Does anyone want to walk these paths with me? I advise no one to do it. — But you want to anyway? Then let's go.

38.

Goethe is an exception: he lived among Germans cleverly protected and in disguise, as if behind walls. Schiller belongs to those Germans who loved the big, shiny words and the showy gestures of virtue. (Even his taste for Kant's morality, with its absolute, commanding tone, belongs here.) It hurts the Germans to admit how much they have been the Germans that Kotzebue wrote about (and for a good part, they still are). And that dangerous fanatic Sand, who killed Kotzebue, perhaps only took his revenge in the wrong place, as so often happens.

Jansen.

39.

If anything does today's Germans credit, it is this: they can no longer stand Schiller's big, shiny, glittering words, which their grandfathers — — —

40.

The small-town Germans that Kotzebue painted in his plays — and it was a good picture — were modeled on the people of Weimar in the time of Schiller and Goethe.

41.

The smallness and pitifulness of the German soul; the way it sits in its corner, partly enjoying itself and partly full of envy; its deep-rooted small-town mindset, to recall Kotzebue; its "frog's-eye view" of all high things, as painters would say, meaning it looks up at everything great from far below — how painful — — —

42.

If only intelligence, hard work and skill counted, the Prussian Jews would already hold the high government posts, especially in administration. In short, they would also have "power" in their hands (just as, judging by many reports, they already have it "in their pocket"). What keeps them from it is that they are unable to show power, to carry it outwardly with dignity. Even in their own homeland the Jews were never a ruling caste. Their eyes do not convince. Their tongues easily run too fast and trip over themselves. Their anger does not know how to give the deep, honest roar of a lion. Their stomachs cannot handle great feasts, and their minds cannot handle strong wines. Their arms and legs do not allow them proud displays of feeling. (Often something twitches in their hands — I don't know what — some memory.)

And even the way a Jew gets onto a horse (or the way a Jewish musician leaps onto his theme — "the Jewish jump") is worrying. It shows that the Jews have never been a knightly race. When many people feel that Jews are unfit for the dignity of being judges, it is not their morals that are being condemned. It is only their inability to show those morals outwardly. From this it follows at once that the Prussian Jew must be a lowered and stunted kind of Jew. For in itself, the person from the East understands how to carry himself with dignity far better than, say, a North German does: — think of Delacroix. This decline of the Jew is connected with the wrong climate and with living next to unattractive, downtrodden Slavs, Hungarians and Germans. Among the Portuguese and the Moors, the higher race of the Jew keeps itself. Indeed, on the whole, perhaps nobody has yet shown a solemn tone, and a kind of making-holy of passion on earth, more beautifully than certain Jews of the Old Testament. Even the Greeks could have gone to school with them!

43.

The dangers of the Jewish soul are these: 1) It likes to settle in somewhere like a parasite. 2) It knows how to "adapt," as the scientists say. Because of this they have become "born actors, like the octopus," which, as the poet Theognis sings, borrows the color of the rock it clings to. Their talent for both these things, and even more their tendency and inclination toward them, seems to be enormous. They are used to spending a great deal of cleverness and persistence on very small gains, and this habit has left a fateful groove in their character. So even the most respectable big traders of the Jewish money market cannot bring themselves, when the chance comes, to keep their fingers from coldly reaching for small, petty ways of cheating. A Prussian finance man would blush with shame at such things.

44.

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

45.

A.

The Jews, the oldest and purest race. The beauty of the

women.

B.

The Jews as actors: in a democratic age, the writer is reduced to an actor

C.

The question of blending the European aristocracy, or rather the Prussian landed nobleman, with Jewish women.

46.

German atheism.

The culture of schoolteachers.

German pessimism.

47.

The dangers of the Jewish soul: living like a parasite and play-acting

The Jew does not "carry himself with dignity"

The culture of schoolteachers.

German pessimism.

The hermits:

Showy German patriotism.

German music.

The writers.

Women.

Distrust of modern ideas.

German anarchism.

48.

Hostility toward everything that smells of professional writers and of educating the masses, and above all toward everything that spoils women and miseducates them. For spreading knowledge and enlightenment of the mind is a sure way to make people insecure and weaker in will, and to make them need others to join and lean on. In short, it develops the herd animal in human beings. That is why all great artists of ruling have so far made use of mental enlightenment, or at least let it go on freely, as the popes of the Renaissance did. Think of Confucius in China, the Roman Empire, Napoleon, and the papacy at the time when it had power and not just the will to power, when the ruling instinct reached its peak. The way the masses fool themselves on this point, for example in all democracies, is extremely valuable: making people smaller and easier to govern is pursued as "progress"!

49.

On German Pessimism

Gloom, a pessimistic coloring, necessarily follows in the footsteps of the Enlightenment. Around 1770, people already noticed that cheerfulness was fading. Women, with that female instinct that always

takes the side of virtue, thought that immorality was to blame. Galiani hit the bull's-eye: he quotes a line of Voltaire's. — Now, if I believe that today I am a couple of centuries ahead of Voltaire, and even of Galiani — who was something much deeper — in enlightenment, then how far must I have gone in gloom as well! And this is true. Early on, with a kind of regret, I took note of how narrow, how German and Christian, and how illogical the pessimism of Schopenhauer, or even of Leopardi, was. So I went looking for its most basic, fundamental forms (— Asia —). I do not count Eduard von Hartmann among those who carried pessimism further; I count him instead among the "pleasant literature" - - - and so on. But to bear this extreme pessimism (as it sounds out here and there from my "Birth of Tragedy"), to live alone "without God and morality," I had to invent a counterweight for myself. Perhaps I know best why only humans laugh: only humans suffer so deeply that they had to invent laughter. The unhappy and gloomy animal is, as is only fair, the most cheerful one.

50.

On the German Lyric Poets

51.

The South and the East

52.

Brahms is not an "event," not an exception, not a break in the chain before Wagner. Rather, he is one more link in it, a — — —

If you leave aside what he now and then offered up, as a kind of guest's gift, to the spirit of foreign styles and peoples — and if you also count what he sacrificed out of respect for great teachers, old and

new — then he is the only musician so far who has a right to be called "the North German musician."

53.

The Germans are not yet anything, but they are becoming something. So they do not have a culture yet — so they cannot have a culture yet! This is my claim. Let anyone be offended by it who has to be: that is, anyone who carries showy German patriotism in his skull, or on his shield! They are not yet anything: that means they are all sorts of things. They are becoming something: that means that one day they will stop being all sorts of things. This last part is really only a wish, hardly even a hope anymore. Luckily it is a wish you can live for. It is a matter of will, of work, of strict training, of breeding. And it is just as much a matter of annoyance, of longing, of going without, of discomfort, even of bitterness. In short, we Germans want something from ourselves that nobody wanted before us — we want something more!

Here is my second claim, and I have not changed my mind about it either. This "German who is becoming something and is not yet anything" deserves something better than today's German "education" and culture. And everyone who is still "becoming" must get angry whenever they see people in this area being satisfied with themselves — boldly "settling down to rest," or "burning incense to themselves" as if they were their own idols.

54.

How a theologian today can have a good conscience about being a Christian is something I cannot understand or even get near. And yet he has plenty of good conscience — so it seems a "good conscience" is not worth very much!

55.

"German."

Questions and Dashes

Thoughts on Strict Training and Breeding

56.

Hurt pride; the annoyance of having loved where one could have looked down instead; on top of that, a sadness about the empty space and gap that was left behind; and finally the sting of intellectual vanity, which said, "You let yourself be fooled" —: that was the first thing he went through. But a philosophical person turns everything he experiences into something general. Every single event grows into long chains of thought.

57.

The people of Asia are a hundred times grander than the people of Europe.

58.

The human being, like the wild growth of a jungle, always appears where the struggle for power has gone on the longest. The great human beings.

59.

Even the development of the very highest minds was bred under a lack of freedom and under pressure pushing against them. So far we owe nothing to the "liberal spirit." People underestimate how much the mind was sharpened and refined by the painful conscience that

came from a view of the world that was Christian and, at the same time, scientific and logical.

60.

"Toward a Critique of the Modern Soul."

Notebook 37: June–July 1885

1.

People can surely make plenty of bold objections to what I dare to put forward in this book, both from close up and, even more, from far away. I have already thought of some of these objections myself, thanks to a lot of practice in questioning myself and in fighting duels with myself, one against one. But sadly I have always answered them in advance too. So until now the *whole* weight of my "truths" has stayed resting on my own shoulders. You will understand that these are *troublesome* truths. And if there is a faith that makes people blissfully happy, well then, here is a faith that does *not* do that! But why should things be set up just to give us pleasure? — Although this time, to be honest, I would gladly enjoy the pleasure of being *proved wrong*. — And if, on the other hand, knowledge does us ——— then why have knowledge at all? —

In the end, maybe even this is only a matter of time: in the end you can get along even with the devil. And if things are not set up to give us pleasure, who could stop us from setting them up — that way ourselves?

2.

Wanting to agree with lots of people is bad taste. Really, my friend Satis is already enough for me. You know who that is, don't you? "Satis" is Latin for "enough", and the old saying goes: "A few are enough for me, one is enough, none is enough." And in the end, it stays true: great things are left over and saved up for great people, deep pits for deep people, delicate things and shivers for refined people, and, all in all and in short, everything rare for the rare. My

judgment is *my* judgment: hardly anyone else has a right to it too. — And you, my dear neighbour, peeking over my shoulder into my book right now — you even insist on agreeing with me here? You look into this book and say yes to it? Go away! I absolutely do not want to start doubting what I just wrote because of you. For I too love the truth, like all philosophers: all philosophers so far have loved their own truths — —

3.

I forgot to say that such philosophers are cheerful, and that they like to sit in the bottomless depth of a perfectly clear sky. They need other ways of putting up with life than other people do, because they suffer in a different way: they suffer just as much from how deeply they look down on people as from their love for them. — The animal on earth that suffers most invented for itself — *laughter*.

4.

Morality and the workings of the body. — We think it was too hasty that human consciousness, of all things, was seen for so long as the highest stage in the development of living things, as the most amazing of all things on earth, even as their flower and their "goal". What is much more amazing is the *body*. You can never finish marvelling at how the human *body* became possible. Think of it: a huge union of living beings, each one dependent and obedient, and yet in a certain sense also giving orders and acting by its own will — and all of them together live, grow and last for a while as one whole. And clearly this does *not* happen through consciousness! For this "wonder of wonders", consciousness is only a "tool" and nothing more — in the same sense in which the stomach is a tool for it. Look at the splendid way this many-sided life is tied together, the way higher and lower activities are arranged and fitted into place, the thousandfold obedience that

is not blind, and even less mechanical, but choosing, clever, thoughtful, and sometimes even resisting. Measured by the standard of intelligence, this whole thing we call "body" is as far above our consciousness — our "mind", our conscious thinking, feeling and willing — as algebra is above the times tables. The "system of nerves and brain" is *not* built so finely and "divinely" just to produce thinking, feeling and willing in the first place. Rather, it seems to me that for that, for thinking, feeling and willing, no "machinery" is needed at all, because these things are, precisely, "the thing itself". Instead, the huge combination of living beings and intelligences that we call "a human being" can only live once that fine system of connections and go-betweens has been created, and with it a lightning-fast understanding among all these higher and lower beings — and all of it through living go-betweens. But that is a moral problem, not a mechanical one! Today we have forbidden ourselves to tell fairy tales about "unity", the "soul", or the "person": with such guesses we only make the problem *harder*, that much is clear. And even those tiniest living beings that make up our body (or more correctly: those whose working together is best pictured by what we call "body") are not, for us, little atoms of soul. They are something that grows, fights, multiplies and dies off again, so that their number keeps changing. So our life, like all life, is at the same time a constant dying. This means that in a human being, at every moment of their existence, there are as many "consciousnesses" as there are beings making up their body. What is special about the thing usually thought of as the one and only "consciousness", the intellect, is exactly this: it stays protected and shut off from the countless, endlessly varied experiences of all these many consciousnesses. As a consciousness of a higher rank, as a ruling group, a kind of aristocracy, it is shown only a *selection* of experiences. And these experiences are all simplified, made clear and easy to grasp — which means *falsified*. This is so that the intellect, in its turn, can carry on with this simplifying and making clear, that is, this falsifying, and

can prepare what is commonly called "a will". Every such act of will is a bit like appointing a dictator. But whatever lays this selection before our intellect, whatever has already simplified, made alike and interpreted the experiences beforehand, is certainly not the intellect itself. Nor is the intellect the thing that *carries out* the will — the thing that takes a pale, thin and very vague idea of value and strength and translates it into living strength and exact measures of value. And this very same kind of operation that happens here must also be happening all the time at every deeper level, in the way all these higher and lower beings deal with each other: the same choosing and presenting of experiences, the same pulling out the general idea and thinking things together, the same willing, the same translating of always very unclear willing back into definite action. Following the guiding thread of the body, as I said, we learn that our life is only possible through the teamwork of many intelligences of very unequal worth — and so only through constant, thousandfold obeying and commanding. Or, to put it in moral terms: through the never-ending practice of many *virtues*. And how could anyone stop talking in moral terms! — — Chattering on like this, I gave in completely to my urge to teach, because I was overjoyed to have someone who could stand listening to me. But right at this point Ariadne could not stand it any longer. (This story happened, you see, during my first stay on the island of Naxos.) "But sir," she said, "you're talking pig German!" — "German," I answered cheerfully, "simply German! Leave out the pig, my goddess! You underestimate how hard it is to say delicate things in German!" — "Delicate things!" Ariadne cried out in horror. "But that was just positivism! Snout philosophy, sniffing along the ground like a pig! A muddle of ideas, and manure, from a hundred philosophies! Where is all this supposed to lead!" — and as she said it, she played impatiently with the famous thread that once guided her Theseus through the labyrinth. — And so it came out that Ariadne was two thousand years behind in her education in philosophy.

5.

In books of short sayings like mine, there are many forbidden long things and chains of thought hidden between and behind the short sayings. Some of them may be puzzling enough even for Oedipus and his Sphinx, who were famous for riddles. I do not write essays: those are for donkeys and magazine readers. I do not write speeches either. When I was young, I wrote my "Untimely Reflections" for other young people. In them I talked about what I had lived through and what I had promised myself, so that I could lure them into my mazes. I wrote them for young Germans. But people keep telling me that young Germans have died out. Very well: then I no longer have any reason to be "eloquent" in that earlier way. And today, perhaps, I could not do it anymore. Think of someone who has sat with his own soul day and night, year after year, in the closest kind of quarrel and conversation. Think of someone who, in his cave, has turned into a cave bear or a treasure hunter, and that cave might be a maze or a gold mine. Think of someone who, like me, has let all kinds of thoughts, doubts and troubling ideas run through his head and over his heart, and still does, things he would not always share even if he had minds like his own and wild, brave friends around him. In the end, that person's very ideas take on a twilight color of their own, a smell that comes as much from the depths as from rot and decay. They take on something that does not want to be shared, something unwilling, which blows cold air at anyone who is just curious. And so a hermit's philosophy, even if it were written with a lion's claw, would still always look like a philosophy of "quotation marks", as if every word were held at a distance.

6.

In the writings of a hermit you can also hear something of the echo of empty wasteland, something of the whispering voice and the shy

glances over the shoulder that come with being alone. Even his strongest words and his loudest cries still sound, in a way, like a new and more dangerous kind of silence, a kind of keeping things back.

7.

Suppose we picture a philosopher as a great teacher and shaper of people, powerful enough to pull long chains of generations up toward him from his lonely height. Then we must also grant him the uncanny special rights of a great teacher. A teacher never says what he himself thinks. He only ever says what he thinks about something in relation to what will help the person he is teaching. In this pretending, no one must see through him. It is part of his mastery that people believe he is being honest. He must be able to use every means of strict training and punishment. Some people he can only drive forward with the whiplashes of mockery. Others, the lazy, the unsure, the cowardly and the vain, he may drive forward with exaggerated praise. Such a teacher stands beyond good and evil, but no one may know it.

8.

The great task and question is coming closer, impossible to push away, slowly, and as frightening as fate itself: how should the earth as a whole be governed? And for what purpose should "humanity" as a whole, and no longer just one people or one race, be raised and bred?

Moral systems that lay down laws are the main tool for shaping human beings into whatever a creative and deep will wants them to be. This assumes that such an artist's will of the highest rank holds power in its hands and can push its creative will through over long stretches of time, in the form of laws, religions and customs. Today, and probably for a long time still, people will look in vain for such humans of great creation, the truly great humans as I understand

them. They are missing. People will look until at last, after much disappointment, they have to begin to understand why they are missing. They will have to understand that, for now and for a long time, nothing stands more hostilely in the way of such people being born and growing than what Europe now simply calls "morality", as if there were no other kind and no other kind were allowed. This is the morality of the herd animal I described before. With all its strength, it strives for the general happiness of a green pasture on earth: safety, no danger, comfort, an easy life. And in the end, "if all goes well", it even hopes to get rid of every kind of shepherd and lead ram. Its two teachings that are preached most often are "equal rights" and "sympathy for everything that suffers". And it treats suffering itself as something that simply has to be abolished. That such "ideas" can still be fashionable gives a bad impression of — — — But anyone who has thought deeply about where and how the plant called "human" has grown up most strongly so far must believe that this happened under the opposite conditions. For that to happen, the danger of a person's situation had to grow enormously. His power to invent and to disguise himself had to fight its way upward under long pressure and force. His will to live had to be raised into an unconditional will to power and to overwhelming power. Danger, hardness, violence, danger in the street and in the heart, unequal rights, hiding, a calm endurance of hardship, the art of the tempter, and devilry of every kind, in short the opposite of everything the herd wishes for, are needed to raise the human type higher. Now think of a morality with these opposite aims, one that wants to breed humans upward toward greatness instead of toward comfort and the average, a morality meant to breed a ruling class, the future rulers of the earth. To be taught at all, such a morality must be brought in by linking itself to the moral law that already exists, using its words and its outward look. For this, many in-between steps and tricks would have to be invented. And because the lifetime of one single person means almost

nothing when it comes to carrying out such long tasks and aims, first of all a new kind of human has to be bred, one in which the same will and the same instinct are guaranteed to last through many generations: a new kind and class of masters. All this is as easy to understand as the long "and so on" of this thought, which is not easy to say out loud. Preparing a turning of values upside down for a certain strong kind of people with the highest mental power and strength of will, and, for this purpose, slowly and carefully setting free in them a great many instincts that have been held on a leash and slandered: whoever thinks about this belongs to us, the free spirits. Of course, they belong to a newer kind of "free spirits" than the ones so far, because those wanted roughly the opposite. As it seems to me, the first who belong here are the pessimists of Europe, the poets and thinkers of an outraged idealism. Their dissatisfaction with all of existence forces them, at least logically, to be dissatisfied with the human beings of today as well. Next come certain endlessly ambitious artists, who fight without hesitation and without conditions for the special rights of higher humans and against "the herd animal". With the seductive tools of art, they lull to sleep every herd instinct and every herd caution in the more select minds. Third and finally come all those critics and historians who bravely continue the discovery of the ancient world, a discovery that has begun so well. It is the work of the new Columbus, the German mind, and we are still only at the start of this conquest. For in the ancient world, a different and more masterful morality really did rule than today. And the people of ancient times, under the shaping spell of their morality, were stronger and deeper than the people of today. Until now, they alone were "the well-made human being". The temptation that the ancient world still holds for the well-made, that is, for strong and bold souls, is even today the finest and most powerful of all temptations against democracy and against Christianity, just as it already was in the time of the Renaissance.

9.

I look right past all these national wars, the new "empires", and everything else that sits on the surface. What matters to me is the one Europe, because I can see it slowly and hesitantly getting ready to happen. Among all the broader and deeper people of this century, the real work of their whole soul was to prepare this new joining-together, and to try out, in advance, what "the European" of the future would be like. Only in their weaker hours, or when they grew old, did they slip back into the narrow-mindedness of their own "fatherlands". Then they became "patriots". I am thinking of people like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine and Schopenhauer. Maybe Richard Wagner belongs here too. But Wagner is a well-made example of German unclearness, so you can't say anything at all about him without adding a "maybe" like that. Now, in minds like these, something is stirring and taking shape: a need for a new unity, or even a new unity that already has new needs. And a big economic fact helps explain it. The small states of Europe, by which I mean all our present-day states and "empires", will soon be unable to survive economically. That is because large-scale trade and traffic push without limit toward a final border: toward trade and traffic across the whole world. (Money alone will force Europe, sooner or later, to pull itself together into one single power.) But if Europe wants to enter the fight to rule the earth with a good chance of winning, it will probably need to come to a serious "understanding" with England. And it is obvious who that fight will be against. Europe needs England's colonies for that fight, just as today's Germany needs Holland's colonies to practise its new role as a go-between and a broker. You see, nobody believes any more that England itself is strong enough to keep playing its old role for even fifty more years. England is being ruined because it is impossible to keep the "new men", people rising up from new classes, out of the government. And you must not have parties con-

stantly changing places like that if you want to handle such long, slow matters — — — Today you first have to be a soldier, so that as a merchant you don't lose your credit. Enough. In this, as in other things, the next century will be found walking in the footsteps of Napoleon, the first and most forward-looking person of modern times.

For the tasks of the coming centuries, things like "public opinion" and parliaments are the least useful ways of organizing ourselves.

10.

Among higher people, and among nations too, I see two kinds. Some want the world to be round, whole and solid: big, maybe, even very big, but not at all "endless". Others love the clouds, because clouds cover things up, and because clouds let you "sense" things without seeing them clearly. Among the nations, the Germans belong to the second kind. That's why a thinker of the opposite kind would be wise not to build his hut among them. The air there is too cloudy for him. Take the German "simple-heartedness", the German belief in the "pure fool": he always translates that into French and calls it "German silliness". Take the German "warm heart": he understands it word for word the way Goethe did, as "going easy on other people's weaknesses and your own". Take German bad taste: he finds it hair-raising. I already pointed my finger at it once, when I wrote about a feeble, old-man's book by Strauss. Seen from abroad, you may doubt whether Germany today has even ten men who have depth and who can judge questions of literary form. Because you need depth to understand the delicate need for form at all. Only from the depths, only from the edge of the abyss, can you enjoy all the happiness found in things that are bright, safe, colourful and on the surface. But the Germans think they are deep when they feel heavy and gloomy. They sweat when they think, and to them sweating counts as proof that they are "serious". Their minds are clumsy. The spirit of beer is powerful even in their

thoughts, and they even call it their "idealism"! Of course, the Germans, at least in their own opinion, have taken this very idealism far, "as far as the stars". And if German modesty allowed it, they could boldly take their seat right next to the Greeks, as the famous nation of "poets and thinkers". Or, to let this self-confidence speak without any modesty for once, in the lines of a great idealist:

"Why do people praise the Greeks so much!

"They have to crawl off and hide,

"when the German Muse begins to stir.

"Horace lives again in Flemming,

"Ovid floats on in Opitz,

"and Seneca's sadness lives in Greiff."

Leibniz.

11.

Socialism is the tyranny of the lowest and the stupidest, of the shallow, the envious and the three-quarter play-actors, thought all the way through to its end. And it really is the logical conclusion of modern ideas and of the anarchy hidden inside them. But in the lukewarm air of democratic comfort, people lose the strength to draw conclusions, let alone to reach the final conclusion. People follow along, but they no longer follow an idea through. That's why socialism, on the whole, is a hopeless, sour business. And nothing is funnier to watch than the contrast between two things. On one side, the poisonous, desperate faces socialists make today, and what pitiful, squashed feelings their very writing style shows! On the other side, the harmless, lamb-like happiness of their hopes and wishes. Even so, in many places in Europe they may now and then launch sudden attacks and

raids. The next century will feel a deep "rumbling" in its belly here and there. The Paris Commune, which has its defenders and supporters even in Germany (for example the philosophical face-puller and swamp newt Eugen Dühring in Berlin), may have been only a mild case of indigestion compared with what is coming. Still, there will always be too many people who own property for socialism to mean more than a fit of sickness. And these property owners are like one man with one belief: "You have to own something in order to be something." This is the oldest and healthiest of all instincts. I would add: "You have to want more than you have in order to become more." Because that is the teaching that life itself preaches to everything alive: the morality of growth. Having, and wanting to have more, in a word, growing: that is life itself. Inside the teaching of socialism, badly hidden, is a "will to deny life". Only failed people or failed races could come up with a teaching like that. In fact, I wish some big experiments would prove that in a socialist society life denies itself and cuts off its own roots. The earth is big enough, and humankind still has enough untapped resources, that such a practical lesson, such a proof by showing where it leads to nonsense, seems worth wishing for to me, even if it were won and paid for with an enormous cost in human lives. All the same, socialism can be something useful and healing, even just as a restless mole digging under the ground of a society that is rolling into stupidity. It delays "peace on earth" and stops the democratic herd animal from becoming completely soft and good-natured. It forces Europeans to keep some mind, meaning cunning and caution. It forces them not to give up manly, warlike virtues entirely, and to keep a remainder of mind: of clearness, dryness and coolness of mind. For the time being, it protects Europe from the womanish wasting-away that threatens it.

12.

On the main point, I side with the artists more than with any philosopher so far. Artists never lost the great trail that life walks along. They loved the things "of this world" — they loved their senses. To try to get rid of the senses seems to me a misunderstanding, or a sickness, or a cure, when it isn't simply hypocrisy or fooling oneself. For myself, and for everyone who lives without the fears of a Puritan conscience — who is *allowed* to live that way — I wish for senses that grow ever finer, more thoughtful and more varied. Yes, we want to be thankful to the senses for their delicacy, richness and strength, and in return give them the best of the mind that we have. What do we care about priests and philosophers who condemn the senses as evil! We don't need that condemnation anymore. It is a sign that someone is well-made when he, like Goethe, clings to "the things of the world" with ever greater joy and warmth. For in this way he holds on to the grand view of the human being: that a person becomes *the one who glorifies existence* once he learns to glorify himself. — "But what are you saying?" someone objects. "Aren't some of the worst pessimists found among artists, right now? What do you think of Richard Wagner, for example? Isn't he a pessimist?" — I scratch my ears. You're right, I forgot something for a moment.

13.

Historians today want too much, and all of them sin against good taste. They push their way into the souls of people whose rank they don't share and whose company they don't belong in. For example, what business does an excited, sweating commoner like Michelet have with Napoleon! It doesn't matter whether he hates him or loves him. Because he sweats, he doesn't belong near him. And what business does that mediocre Thiers, elegant in the bad sense, have with that same Napoleon! The little man makes us laugh when he weighs the

great man against Caesar, Hannibal and Frederick the Great, wearing the face of a wise judge. I think more highly of a historian who shows that he knows where the ground is too hot or too holy for his feet. But a historian who "takes off his shoes" at the right moment, as on holy ground — or who *puts his shoes on* and walks away — is a rare bird nowadays, in this age of innocent shamelessness. The German scholars, who invented the "sense of history" — and now the French are practicing it too — all give themselves away: they don't come from any ruling class. As people who seek knowledge, they are pushy, and they lack the finer kind of modesty.

14.

I have named the workers who prepared the way for me without knowing it. But where could I search, with some hope, for my kind of philosopher himself — or at least for what I need: *new philosophers*? Only where a *noble* way of thinking rules. That is a way of thinking which believes that slavery and many levels of servitude are the precondition for every higher culture. It is also a *creative* way of thinking, one that does not set restful happiness, the "Sabbath of all Sabbaths", as the world's goal, and that honors even peace as a means toward new wars. It is a way of thinking that writes laws for the future, and for the future's sake treats itself and everything in the present harshly and like a tyrant. It is a bold, "immoral" way of thinking, which wants to breed both the good and the bad qualities of humans to great size, because it trusts itself to have the strength to put both in the right place — the place where each needs the other. But whoever searches for such philosophers today, what chance does he have of finding what he looks for? Isn't it likely that, searching with the best lantern of Diogenes — the old Greek who went about with a lamp looking for one honest man — he will wander around day and night in vain? Our age has the *opposite* instincts. First and above

all, it wants comfort. Second, it wants publicity, and that great actors' racket, that big boom-boom, which suits its taste for a noisy fair. Third, it wants everyone to lie flat on their bellies in the deepest obedience before the biggest of all lies — and that lie is called "the equality of people". And it honors only the virtues that *make people equal* and *put them on the same level*. In this way our age works against the birth of the philosopher as I understand him, right down to the roots — even though, in all innocence, it believes it is helping him. In fact, everyone today complains about how badly philosophers had it *in the past*, squeezed between burning stakes, a guilty conscience, and the arrogant wisdom of the Church Fathers. But the truth is that those very conditions were still *more favorable* for raising a powerful, wide-ranging, cunning and daringly bold mind than the conditions of life today. Today a different kind of mind finds favorable conditions to grow: the mind of the demagogue who stirs up crowds, the mind of the actor, and perhaps also the busy beaver-and-ant mind of the scholar. But things are already much worse for the higher artists. Aren't almost all of them going to ruin from a lack of inner discipline? They are no longer bullied from outside by the fixed tables of values of a church or a royal court. So they also no longer learn to raise their own "inner tyrant" — their *will*. And what is true of artists is true of philosophers in a higher and more fateful sense. Where *are* the free spirits today? Just show me one free spirit today! — Well! Let's not talk too loudly! Being alone today is full of secrets, and more lonely than ever before. — — In fact, I have learned in the meantime that the free spirit has to be a hermit.

15.

Another gifted crowd-stirrer of our time is Richard Wagner. But he belongs to Germany, people say. Really? Let's give the opposite view a chance to speak for once. The people of Paris may push back against

Richard Wagner and resist him as much as they like. In the end, he still belongs more to Paris than to Germany, and in any case more there than in any other capital of Europe. I admit that the kind of French people most like him may have become rare there by now. I mean the younger generation of the Romantic movement of the 1830s, among whom he chose to live during the most important period of his life. There he felt himself to be one of them, more at home than in Germany. He shared their huge hunger for exotic smells and colors, and for new, untried excesses of the grand and the lofty. He shared their gloomy, tormented, sunless joy in discovering the ugly and the horrible. What else were these Romantics looking for, and what else did they find and invent, but Richard Wagner? Weren't they all, just like him, clever but sick, violent, and unsure of themselves? Weren't they ruled by literature right down to their eyes and ears? Most of them were writers and poets themselves, artists who wanted to express things at any cost (I leave Delacroix out of this). They were go-betweens who mixed up the different arts and even the senses. They were ordinary people who had climbed upward, and who, like Balzac, were endlessly greedy for glamour and fame, and unable to live and create at a noble, unhurried pace, a slow pace. Let's admit it to ourselves: how much of Wagner there is in this French Romanticism! Even that hysterical, erotic streak that Wagner especially loved in women and set to music is most at home in Paris. Just ask the doctors who treat the mentally ill. And nowhere will people "understand" so well as among Parisian women the hypnotic gestures and laying-on of hands that our musical wizard and con man, our Cagliostro, uses to force and coax his little women into a kind of lustful sleepwalking, with their eyes open and their minds shut. The closeness of sick desires, the heat of senses gone wild, while the eye is dangerously fooled by mists and veils of the supernatural: where does all that belong more than in the Romanticism of the French soul? A spell is at work here that will one day, without fail, win the Parisians over to

Wagner. But Wagner, we are told, must be the truly German artist. That is what people in Germany decree today, and that is how they worship him, at a time when showy German patriotism is once again riding high. This "truly German" Wagner does not exist at all. I suspect he is the invention of some very confused German young men and young women who want to glorify themselves with this decree. It is likely that something about Wagner is German. But what? Perhaps only the degree, not the quality, of what he wanted and what he could do? Perhaps only that he made everything stronger, richer, bolder, and harsher than any Frenchman of the nineteenth century could have? That he was stricter with himself, and that for most of his life he lived in a German way, on his own terms, as a merciless atheist, a rejecter of all laws, and an immoralist? That he made up the character of a very free person, Siegfried, who may indeed be too free, too hard, too cheerful, and too un-Christian for Latin taste? Of course, in the end he also managed to make up for this sin against French Romanticism. The late Wagner, in his old age, with his cartoon version of Siegfried, by which I mean his Parsifal, moved toward not only Latin taste but downright Roman Catholic taste. In the end he even said goodbye by bending his knee before the cross, with a rather eloquent thirst for "the blood of the Savior." He said goodbye to himself, too! For it is the sad rule among Romantics who grow old that at the end of their lives they "deny" themselves and misunderstand themselves, and cross out their whole lives! Finally, let me ask one more question. The generation of the 1830s were, in their blood and nerves, the heirs, and even more the victims, of the tragic upheavals of the Napoleonic age. Beethoven prepared the way for this generation in music, and Byron in words. So may we not think that Richard Wagner's soul had a similar origin? He was born in 1813.

16.

I notice that among the people who travel around the world these days, nobody likes to be taken for a Frenchman if he isn't one. Some people from the north, the Swedes for example, seem to enjoy being taken for English: the Englishman is proud. Compared with earlier times, the German now gets an extra helping of surprise and respect abroad, but nobody is glad to see him. The Prussian in particular is still embarrassing to the people of southern Europe. This is not because of his pride, since he is not proud, but because of his lack of modesty and his bad, harsh, often pushy manners. The southern German is clumsy, peasant-like, and good-natured, and yet he does not inspire trust. With him you sense the famous "two souls in one chest," as the saying goes.

17.

You cannot think too highly of women. But that is no reason to think wrongly about them. You should be very careful about this. It is unlikely that women themselves could explain to men what "the eternal feminine" is. Perhaps they are too close to it. And besides, all explaining has so far, at least, been a man's job and a man's gift. Lastly, whenever women write about woman, you are entitled to keep a healthy suspicion. Namely, you may wonder whether a woman, even when she writes, without meaning to, ends up doing what has always been feminine, at least until now: namely, "dressing herself up"! Has anyone ever granted that a woman's head has depth? Or that a woman's heart has a sense of justice? But without depth and justice, what good is it when women judge "woman"? Even when you love and praise yourself, love and praise certainly do not make it any less likely that you will be unfair and shallow. Some women may have good reason to think that men do not meet them with praise and love. But taking everything together, it seems to me that until now "wo-

man" has been looked down on most of all by women, and not at all by men!

18.

A person who strives for something great sees everyone he meets along his path as one of three things: a tool, a hold-up, or a place to rest for a while. The special, high-minded kindness toward other people that belongs to his nature only becomes possible once he has reached his peak and is in charge. Until then, his impatience, and his feeling that he is always forced to play a part in a comedy, spoil every friendship and every meeting with others. This kind of person knows what being alone is, and knows the most poisonous side of it.

Notebook 38: June–July 1885

1.

When a thought first arrives, in the shape it comes in, it is a sign that can mean many things. It needs interpretation. More exactly, it needs to be narrowed down and fenced in, more or less at will, until at last it means just one thing. It pops up in me. From where? Through what? I don't know. It comes without my wanting it. Usually it is surrounded and clouded by a crowd of feelings, desires and dislikes, and by other thoughts too. Often enough you can hardly tell it apart from "wanting" or "feeling". You pull it out of this crowd, you clean it up, you stand it on its feet. You watch how it stands there and how it walks. All this happens amazingly fast, and yet without any feeling of hurry. Who does all this? I don't know. I am surely more of a spectator than the one who makes it happen. Then you sit in judgment over the thought. You ask: "What does it mean? What is it allowed to mean? Is it right or wrong?" You call other thoughts in to help, and you compare it with them. In this way, thinking turns out to be almost a kind of practice in justice, like a trial. There is a judge, an opposing side, even a questioning of witnesses, and I am allowed to listen in a little. Only a little, of course: most of it, it seems, escapes me. Every thought comes at first with many meanings, floating loosely. In itself it is only an occasion to try to interpret it, or to pin it down as we choose. And in all thinking, many persons seem to take part. None of this is very easy to notice. In fact we have been trained the other way round: while thinking, not to think about thinking. Where a thought comes from stays hidden. Very likely it is only a symptom of a much wider state. Why exactly this thought comes and not another; why it comes with this much or that little clearness; why it is sometimes

sure and commanding, sometimes weak and in need of support; why on the whole it is always stirring and questioning (for to our awareness every thought acts like a stimulant): in all of this, something of our whole condition is being expressed in signs. It is the same with every feeling. A feeling does not mean anything in itself. When it comes, we first have to interpret it, and how strangely we often interpret it! Just think of the troubles in our guts, which we are almost "unaware" of; of the pressure of the blood in the belly; of sick states of the nerves that run our inner organs. And how many things there are that we get hardly a glimmer of awareness of through our general body sense! Only someone trained in anatomy will guess the right kind and the right place of the causes behind such vague bad feelings. Everyone else, which means nearly all people, for as long as there have been people, looks for a mental and moral explanation of such pains, not a physical one. They slip a false reason under the real upsets of the body. They dig out, from among their unpleasant experiences and fears, some reason for feeling so bad. Under torture, almost everyone confesses to being guilty. In the same way, with a pain whose physical cause one does not know, the sufferer questions himself so long and so harshly, like an inquisitor, that he finally finds himself or others guilty. That, for example, is what the Puritan did. His gloomy moods came from an unhealthy way of living, but he habitually explained them in moral terms, namely as the bite of his own conscience.

2.

Logicians talk about logical thinking, a kind of thinking where a thought itself is taken to be the cause of new thoughts. This is a perfect example of something completely made up. Thinking of that kind never actually happens. But it is set up as a pattern of forms and as a filter. With its help we thin out and simplify what really happens

when we think, which is extremely varied. In this way our thinking can be grasped, remembered and shared in signs. So here is the trick: we look at what happens in the mind as if it really matched that guiding pattern of a made-up kind of thinking. This trick is a forgery, and thanks to it there is something like "knowledge" and "experience". Experience is only possible with the help of memory. Memory is only possible by shortening a mental process into a sign. "Knowledge" means expressing a new thing through the signs of things already "known", things already experienced. Nowadays, of course, people even babble about logic having come from experience. But something that does not occur in reality, like logical thinking, cannot have been taken from reality. The same goes for any law of numbers. There has never yet been a case in which reality matched an arithmetic formula exactly. Arithmetic formulas too are only guiding fictions. With them we simplify and arrange what really happens so that we can use it in practice. We cut it down to our own size, which is to say, to the size of our stupidity.

3.

... Thinking is what sets up the "I". But until now people believed, just like ordinary folk, that the words "I think" contain something that is directly certain. They believed that this "I" is the given cause of thinking, and that we understand all other cause-and-effect relations by comparing them with it. However familiar and necessary this fiction may be by now, that alone proves nothing against its being invented. A belief can be something we need in order to live, and still be false.

4.

In my way of thinking, "truth" does not necessarily mean the opposite of error. In the most basic cases it only means how different errors

stand in relation to one another. For example, one error may be older and deeper than another, perhaps even impossible to root out, because a living creature of our kind could not live without it. Other errors do not rule over us like tyrants in this way, as things we need in order to live. Compared with such "tyrants", those other errors can be removed and "disproved". But if an assumption cannot be disproved, why should that already make it true? This statement may outrage the logicians, who treat their own limits as the limits of things. But I declared war on this optimism of the logicians long ago.

5.

Even now, France is still the home of the most intellectual and most refined culture in Europe. But you have to know how to find this "France of good taste." The people who belong to it keep themselves well hidden. On the surface, a France that has grown stupid and coarse rolls around. Recently, at Victor Hugo's funeral, this coarse France threw a real wild party of bad taste. The hidden ones may be few in number. On top of that, they are people who do not stand on the strongest legs. Some of them are fatalists, people who believe everything is already decided. Some of them are pampered and delicate, the kind who have reasons to hide. All of them together look up to something like the following higher minds as their ancestors and masters. First comes Stendhal. He was the last great event of the French mind. He marched through his Europe, which nobody had yet discovered, at the speed of Napoleon, and in the end he found himself alone. He was frighteningly alone, because it took two whole generations before anyone could come close to him. Now, as I said, he gives the orders. He is a commander for the most carefully chosen people. Anyone who has sharp and daring senses, who is curious to the point of being cynical, who is a logical thinker almost out of disgust, who loves solving riddles and is a friend of the Sphinx like every born

European, will have to follow him. And may such a person also follow him in this: in stopping, full of shame, before the secrets that great passion has! This nobility of being able to stay silent, of being able to stop, is something Stendhal has over Michelet, for example, and especially over the German scholars. Stendhal's student is Mérimée. He is a noble artist who keeps to himself. He looks down on those soggy, mushy feelings that a democratic age praises as its "noblest feelings." He is strict with himself and makes the toughest demands on the logic of his art. He is always ready to give up small beauties and charms for the sake of a strong will toward what is necessary. He is a genuine soul, though not a rich one, living in fake and dirty surroundings. And he is pessimistic enough to play along in the comedy without throwing up. Another of Stendhal's students is Taine. He is now the leading living historian in Europe. He is a determined man, and brave even in his despair. Neither his courage nor his willpower has been smashed to pieces under the crushing weight of what he knows, the knowledge that everything is fixed by fate. He is a thinker who was not harmed by Condillac where depth is concerned, nor by Hegel where clearness is concerned. Instead, he is someone who knew how to learn and who will know how to teach for a long time to come. The French of the next generation have in him their teacher of strict training for the mind. It is mainly he who is pushing back the influence of Renan and Sainte-Beuve. Both of those men are unsure and doubtful right down to the bottom of their hearts. Renan is a kind of Catholic Schleiermacher: sugary, like a piece of candy, someone who soaks up the moods of landscapes and religions and pretends to feel them. Sainte-Beuve is a burned-out poet who has turned to sniffing around in other people's souls. He would very much like to hide the fact that he has nothing to hold on to, either in his will or in philosophy. In fact, and after those two things this is no surprise, he even lacks any real, firm taste in the arts and in literature. In the end you can see that he is trying to turn even this lack into a sort of principle and method, a

kind of critical neutrality, as if not taking sides were a virtue. But his annoyance gives him away too often. First, he is annoyed that, for certain books and people, he really was not neutral a few times, but actually excited. He would like to cross out these terrible "little facts" from his life, to lie them away. Second, and much more unpleasant for him, he is annoyed by the "great fact" that all the great French experts on human nature also had a will and character of their own inside them, from Montaigne, Charron and La Rochefoucauld all the way to Chamfort and Stendhal. Facing all of them, Sainte-Beuve is not free of envy, and in any case he has no fondness for them and no natural feel for understanding them. The influence of Flaubert is much healthier, more one-sided, and more capable in every way. He has a great deal of character, enough even to put up with being alone and with failure, which is something extraordinary among the French. With it, he currently rules in the kingdom of how novels should be written and of style. He has brought ringing, colorful French to its peak. It is true that he, like Renan and Sainte-Beuve, lacks strict training in philosophy, and also lacks any real knowledge of how science works. But in him, a deep need to analyze and even to be learned broke through, together with a pessimism that came from instinct. This may be strange, but it is strong enough to set an example for today's French novelists. In fact, the new ambition of the youngest group of writers, to show themselves off in scientific and pessimistic poses, goes back to Flaubert. As for the poets who are flourishing in France today, they are under the influence of Heinrich Heine and Baudelaire, except perhaps for Leconte de Lisle. For just as Schopenhauer is now already more loved and read in France than in Germany, the worship of Heinrich Heine has also moved to Paris. As for the pessimistic Baudelaire, he belongs to those almost unbelievable creatures who live in two worlds at once, like amphibians, being just as German as they are Parisian. His poetry has something of what in Germany people call deep heartfelt feeling, or "endless melody," and sometimes also "the

morning-after hangover." Apart from that, Baudelaire was a man with a taste that was perhaps spoiled, but very definite and sharp, and sure of itself. With this taste he bosses around the unsure people of today. If, in his own time, he was the first prophet and champion of the painter Delacroix, then perhaps today he would be the first "Wagner fan" in Paris. There is a lot of Wagner in Baudelaire.

6.

Victor Hugo was a "donkey of genius" — Baudelaire came up with that phrase — a genius who always had the *courage* to stand by his bad taste. He knew how to give orders with it, as you might expect from the son of one of Napoleon's generals. His ears craved a kind of military speechmaking. He imitated cannon fire and the crackle of rockets with words. In his writing, the French wit and cleverness seems clouded over by smoke and noise, often to the point of plain, naked stupidity. No human being ever wrote such dull, exploding contrasts. On the other side, he also let the painter's hunger of his eyes rule over his mind. He overflows with picture-like ideas, and often he does nothing but copy down exactly what he *sees*, whatever his painter's visions put in front of his eyes. He was a man of the common people, and he lets even his mind serve his strong hungers of the senses, I mean his ears and eyes. That, in fact, is the basic fact about French Romanticism: it was a reaction of taste coming from the common people. So he is on the opposite path, and he wants exactly the reverse of what the poets of a noble culture, such as Corneille, wanted from themselves. Those poets took their pleasure and pride in overpowering their senses, which may have been even stronger than his, by means of clear *ideas*. They wanted a fine, bright intelligence to win against the crude demands of colors, sounds and shapes. In doing this, it seems to me, they were following the trail of the great Greeks, however little they may have known it. The very thing that makes our

clumsy, sense-driven, nature-copying taste of today feel uneasy about the Greeks and the older French writers was in fact the *goal* of their art, and also their triumph. For they fought and defeated exactly that "mob of the senses" which our poets, painters and musicians are so eager to give an art of its own. Victor Hugo's politics and morals match his art. He is shallow and stirs up crowds. He lies flat on his belly before every big word and grand gesture. He flatters the people, speaking with the voice of a preacher of the Gospel to all the lowly, the oppressed, the failures and the crippled, and he has not the faintest idea what strict training and honesty of the mind are, or what honest thinking is. All in all, he is an actor without knowing it, like almost all the artists of the democratic movement. His genius works on the masses like an alcoholic drink that makes them drunk and stupid at the same time. — Another champion of the people, the historian Michelet, has the same kind of likes and dislikes and some similar talents. But instead of a painter's eyes, he has an admirable ability to recreate moods and feelings inside himself, the way musicians do. In muddled Germany today, people would call him a man of *pity* because of that. In any case, this "pity" is something pushy. There is a lot of immodesty in the way he deals with people of the past, and even in the way he honors them. Sometimes it even seems to me that he goes at his work of feeling with such eagerness that he has to take off his coat first. His eyes do not see deep down. All minds that get easily "carried away" have so far been shallow. He is too worked up for my taste. Fairness is just as out of his reach as that kind of mercy which can only flow from the very highest superiority. Whenever he gets excited enough, he is seized by a fit of being the people's champion, the rabble-rouser. He also knows from his own experience the fits of beast-like rage of the mob. The fact that Napoleon is just as foreign to him as Montaigne shows clearly enough how lacking in nobility his morality is. It is odd that he too, this hardworking scholar with strict morals, has a big share of the curious sexual lustfulness of his people.

And the older he got, the more this kind of curiosity grew. — Finally, the talent of George Sand is also democratic, and so it is also theatrical. She writes eloquently, but in that bad way where her style, a colorful, undisciplined, exaggerating women's style, runs away with her feelings every half page — and not the other way around, however much she wants people to believe the opposite. In fact, people have believed far too much in her feelings. Really, she was rich in the cold skill of the actor who knows how to spare his nerves while making the whole world believe the opposite. We can grant her that she had a great gift for telling stories. But she spoiled everything, and for good, with her heated female flirtatiousness: she kept showing herself in men's roles, which did not fit her build at all — her mind had short legs. So her books were taken seriously only for a short time, and already today they have landed among the writings that are funny without meaning to be. And maybe it was not only flirting but also cleverness that drove her to always dress herself up in men's problems and men's accessories, including trousers and cigars. Even so, in the end the very womanly problem and misfortune of her life jumps right out at you: she needed too many men, and even in these needs her senses and her mind did not agree. Was it her fault that the men her mind liked were always too sickly to satisfy her senses? That is where the never-ending problem of two lovers at once came from. And so her womanly shame was always forced to cover up this fact, and to act as if quite different, much more general, much less personal problems were on the surface of her life. The problem of marriage, for example: but what did marriage have to do with her!

7.

These days, people everywhere are trying to look away from the real and great influence that Kant had on Europe. Above all, they cleverly slip past how much value he gave to his own work. First and fore-

most, Kant was proud of his table of categories, his list of the basic forms of thinking. Holding this table in his hands, he said: "This is the hardest thing that could ever be undertaken for the sake of metaphysics" (just notice those words, "could ever be"!). He was proud to have discovered a new ability in human beings: the ability to make "synthetic judgments a priori", which means judgments that add new knowledge and yet are known before any experience. How badly he fooled himself about this is not our business here. But German philosophy, as all of Europe has admired it and felt its effects for a hundred years, hangs on this pride. It also hangs on the race among younger thinkers to discover something even prouder if they could, and in any case to discover new abilities! Up to now, the real fame of German philosophy has come from this: through it, people learned to believe in a kind of "intuitive and instinctive grasp of the truth". Even Schopenhauer, however angry he was at Fichte, Hegel and Schelling, was basically on the same road. He took an old, well-known ability, the will, and discovered a new ability in it: namely, that the will itself is "the thing in itself", the true reality behind everything. That really meant grabbing hard without sparing your fingers, reaching right into the "essence" of things! Too bad that this essence turned out to be unpleasant. Because of his burned fingers, pessimism and the denial of the will to live seemed absolutely necessary! But this fate of Schopenhauer's is just a side event. It had no influence on the overall meaning of German philosophy, on its higher "effect". For the main thing is this: all across Europe, German philosophy meant a cheering, triumphant reaction against the cool reasoning of Descartes and against the doubting attitude of the English thinkers. It sided with the "intuitive", the "instinctive", and everything "Good, True and Beautiful". People thought the road to knowledge had now been made shorter. They thought they could go straight at the "things" themselves, and they hoped to "save work". And all the happiness that noble idlers, virtuous people, dreamers, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians,

political men of darkness who keep people ignorant, and metaphysical concept-spiders who spin webs of ideas are able to feel was counted to the Germans' credit. All at once, the Germans' good name in Europe was restored: by their philosophers! I hope people still remember that the Germans used to have a bad name in Europe? That people thought of them as slavish and pitiful, as unable to have real "character", as having the famous servant's soul? But suddenly people learned to say: "The Germans are deep, the Germans are virtuous — just read their philosophers!" In the end, it was the Germans' held-back, long-dammed-up piety, their religious devotion, that finally exploded in their philosophy. It was unclear and uncertain, of course, like everything German. Sometimes it came out as clouds of pantheism, the belief that God and the world are the same thing, as with Hegel and Schelling, a kind of secret spiritual knowledge. Sometimes it came out as mystical and world-denying, as with Schopenhauer. But mainly it was a Christian piety, not a pagan one. It was not the pagan kind toward which Goethe, and Spinoza before him, had shown so much goodwill.

8.

The Will. — In every act of willing, several feelings are joined together. There is the feeling of the state we are moving away from. There is the feeling of the state we are moving toward. There is the feeling of this "away from and toward" itself. There is the feeling of how long it lasts. And finally there is an accompanying feeling in the muscles. Even when we do not move our arms or legs, this muscle feeling starts up out of a kind of habit as soon as we "will" something. So, first, feeling, and in fact many kinds of feeling, must be accepted as an ingredient of the will. Second, thinking is an ingredient too. In every act of the will, a thought gives the command. And we should not believe that we can separate this thought from the willing itself, as if

some willing would still be left over afterward. Third, the will is not just a mix of feeling and thinking. Above all, it is also an emotion: namely, the emotion of giving commands. What people call "freedom of the will" is basically the feeling of being superior to the one who has to obey. "I am free, he must obey": this awareness is hidden inside every act of will. And all of this belongs to the state of the one giving orders: that tight focus of attention, that clear gaze fixed on one thing only, that single-minded way of valuing things which says "this is needed now and nothing else", and that inner certainty that the order will be obeyed. A person who wills is giving an order to something inside himself that obeys, or that he believes will obey. But now notice what is most important about "the will", this very complicated thing for which ordinary people have only one word. In any given case, we are both the ones who command and the ones who obey. As the ones who obey, we know the feelings of resisting, pushing, pressing and moving, which usually begin right after the act of will. But we are in the habit of using the combined idea of "I" to skip over this split in two, to fool ourselves into ignoring it. Because of this, a whole chain of mistaken conclusions has attached itself to willing, and so has a whole chain of false ways of valuing the will itself. The result is that the person who wills honestly believes that his will alone is the real and sufficient driving force behind the whole action. And in nearly all cases, people have only willed something when they could also expect the order to have its effect, that is, to be obeyed, and the action to happen. So this appearance has turned into a feeling that the effect follows by necessity. In short, the person who wills believes, with a fair amount of certainty, that the will and the action are somehow one and the same. He gives the will itself the credit for carrying out the will successfully. And while doing so, he enjoys an increase of that feeling of power that all commanding brings with it. "Freedom of the will": that is the word for this very mixed state of the person who wills. He gives the order, and at the same time, as the one

carrying it out, he enjoys the triumph of overcoming resistance. But he judges that it is the will itself that overcomes the resistance. He adds the pleasure felt by the successful tool that carries out the order, the serving will and the under-wills, to his own pleasure as the one in command. This tangled nest of feelings, states and false assumptions is called by ordinary people by a single word, as if it were a single thing. That is because it shows up suddenly, all "at once", and because it is one of our most frequent, and therefore most "familiar", experiences. Would anyone believe that the will, as I have described it here, has never been described before? That the clumsy prejudice of ordinary people has so far been accepted in every philosophy without being checked? That philosophers never disagreed about what "willing" is, because they all believed that here, of all places, we have direct certainty, a basic fact, a place where opinions simply do not belong? And that all the teachers of logic still teach the trinity of "thinking, feeling, willing", as if "willing" contained no feeling and no thinking? After all this, Schopenhauer's great mistake seems less crazy and less random. He treated the will as the most familiar thing in the world, in fact as the only thing we truly know. But in doing so, he simply took over a huge prejudice shared by all philosophers before him, a prejudice of ordinary people, and, as philosophers generally do, he exaggerated it. —

9.

With extraordinary minds, there is a real danger, and not a small one. At some point they may learn to crave the terrible pleasures of destroying, of ruining things, of slowly ruining things. This happens when they are completely blocked from doing creative work, perhaps because they lack the tools, or because of some other stupid trick of chance. Inside the household of such souls, there is then no longer an "either-or", no longer a choice between creating and destroying. And

perhaps they have to spoil exactly the thing they loved most until then, and do it with the delight of a devil, in a subtle, drawn-out way.

10.

Human beings are creatures that make forms and rhythms. There is nothing they are better trained at, and it seems there is nothing they enjoy *more* than *inventing* shapes. Just watch what our eye does the moment it has nothing left to look at: it *creates* something to see for itself. Our hearing probably does the same thing in the same situation: it *practises*. If we did not turn the world into shapes and rhythms, there would be nothing "the same" for us. So there would be nothing that comes back again, and so no chance to have experiences and take things in, no chance to *feed* ourselves. In all perceiving, which is the most basic way of taking something in, the main thing that happens is an action. To put it more exactly: it is forcing forms onto things. Only shallow people talk about "impressions", as if the world simply stamped itself on us. In doing this, a person comes to know his own strength as a force that pushes back, and even more as a force that decides: it rejects, it selects, it shapes things to fit, it sorts them into its own patterns. There is something active in the fact that we accept a stimulus at all, and that we accept it as *this particular* kind of stimulus. This activity does more than set up forms, rhythms and sequences of forms. It also judges the shape it has made, deciding whether to absorb it or to reject it. This is how our world comes about, our whole world. And this whole world, which belongs to us alone and which we ourselves first created, does not match any supposed "real reality", any "thing in itself" hiding behind it. Instead, this world is itself our only reality. Seen this way, "knowledge" turns out to be nothing more than *a means of feeding ourselves*. But we are beings who are hard to feed. We have enemies everywhere, and things that are, so to speak, indigestible. Because of this, human knowledge has

become *refined*. And in the end it has become so proud of its refinement that it does not want to hear that it is not a goal, but a means, or even a tool of the stomach — if it is not itself a kind of stomach!

11.

Think of the higher philosophical person. He has being alone all around him, not because he wants to be alone, but because he *is* something that cannot find its equal. What dangers and what new sufferings are waiting for him, especially today! Today people have forgotten how to believe in a ranking of people, and so they do not know how to honour this being alone or how to understand it. In the past, a wise man stepping aside like this almost made him holy in the eyes of the crowd and its conscience. Today the hermit finds himself surrounded, as if by a cloud, by gloomy doubts and suspicions. And this does not only come from envious and pitiful people. Even in every kindness he receives, he has to sense that he is misunderstood, neglected and treated shallowly. He knows the sneaky malice of narrow-minded pity, which feels good and holy about itself when it tries to "save" him from himself — for example by offering him a more comfortable position, or more orderly, more reliable company. Yes, he will even have to marvel at the unconscious urge to destroy with which all people of average mind work against him, and they do it fully convinced that they have the right to! People who are isolated in this way that no one understands need to wrap themselves firmly and boldly in the cloak of outward, physical being alone as well, living apart in space. That is part of their good sense. Today even cunning and disguise will be necessary, so that such a person can keep himself alive, and keep himself *on top*, in the middle of the dangerous rapids of the times that drag people down. Every attempt to hold out *in* the present, *with* the present, every step closer to the people and goals of today, he has to pay for as if it were his real sin. And he may be

amazed at the hidden wisdom of his own nature, which, every time he made such an attempt, immediately called him back to himself through illness and bad accidents.

12.

And do you also know what "the world" is to me? Shall I show it to you in my mirror? This world is a monster of force, with no beginning and no end. It is a fixed amount of force, hard as bronze, which does not grow bigger or smaller. It does not use itself up; it only changes form. As a whole its size never changes. It is like a household with no spending and no losses, but also with no growth and no income. It is enclosed by "nothing" as its border. It is nothing blurry or wasted, nothing stretching on forever. Instead, it is a definite amount of force set into a definite space — and not a space that is "empty" anywhere, but force everywhere. As a play of forces and waves of force, it is at the same time one and "many", piling up here while shrinking there. It is a sea of forces storming and flooding within themselves, forever changing, forever flowing back, with enormous years of return, with an ebb and flow of its shapes. It drives out from the simplest forms to the most complex ones, out of the stillest, stiffest, coldest into the hottest, wildest, most self-contradicting. And then it comes home again from that abundance to the simple, from the play of contradictions back to the joy of harmony. Even in this sameness of its paths and years it says yes to itself, and blesses itself as that which must return forever, as a becoming that knows no fullness, no boredom, no tiredness. This is my *Dionysian* world, which forever creates itself and forever destroys itself. This is the secret world of double pleasures, of creating and destroying. This is my Beyond Good and Evil. It has no goal, unless there is a goal in the happiness of the circle. It has no will, unless a ring has good will toward itself. Do you want a *name* for this world? A *solution* to all its riddles? A *light* for you too, you most

hidden, strongest, most fearless people, you people of midnight? *This world is the will to power — and nothing else!* And you yourselves are also this will to power — and nothing else!

13.

When I was younger, I worried about what a philosopher really is. I thought I could see opposite features in the famous philosophers. At last it dawned on me that there are two different kinds of philosophers. The first kind has the job of holding on to some large body of ways of valuing things, meaning values that were set and created in the past, whether logical or moral. The second kind are themselves lawgivers of ways of valuing things. The first kind try to take control of the world as it is now, or as it was, by summing it up and shortening it with signs. These researchers have the task of making everything that has happened and everything that has been valued so far easy to survey, easy to think through, easy to grasp and easy to handle. They must conquer the past and shorten everything long, even time itself. That is a great and wonderful task. But the real philosophers are commanders and lawgivers. They say: this is how it should be! They are the first to decide where humans are going and what humans are for, and in doing so they make use of the groundwork laid by the philosophical workers, those conquerors of the past. This second kind of philosopher rarely turns out well, and in fact their situation and their danger are enormous. How often they have deliberately blindfolded themselves, just so they would no longer have to see the narrow edge that separates them from the abyss and from falling. Take Plato, for example. He talked himself into believing that the good, as he wanted it, was not Plato's good but the good in itself, an eternal treasure that some man who happened to be called Plato had simply found along his way! This same will to be blind works in much cruder forms in the founders of religions. Their "you shall" must never

sound to their own ears like "I want." They only dare to carry out their task as if it were the command of a god. Only as "inspiration" from above does their lawgiving of values become a burden they can bear, a burden under which their conscience does not break. Now, as soon as those two comforts, Plato's and Muhammad's, have fallen away, and no thinker can ease his conscience any longer with the idea of a "God" or of "eternal values," the claim made by the lawgiver of new values rises to a new and frightening level never reached before. From now on, those chosen ones who begin to sense such a duty dawning before them will try to see if they can slip away from it, as if it were their greatest danger, by some sidestep while there is still "time." For example, they will tell themselves that the task has already been solved, or that it cannot be solved, or that their shoulders are not strong enough for such loads, or that they are already overloaded with other, closer tasks. Or they will even tell themselves that this new, distant duty is a temptation and a seduction, a way of leading them away from all duties, an illness, a kind of madness. Some may in fact manage to escape. Through all of history runs the trail of such escapers and their guilty conscience. But mostly, for such people of destiny, there came that freeing hour, that autumn hour of ripeness, when they had to do what they did not even "want" to do. And the deed they had feared most beforehand fell from the tree easily and without effort, like ripe fruit. It was a deed not chosen on a whim, almost a gift.

14.

What separates us most deeply from all the ways of thinking of Plato and Leibniz is this: we do not believe in any eternal concepts, eternal values, eternal forms or eternal souls. And philosophy, as far as it is science and not lawgiving, means to us only the widest stretching of the idea of "history." From the study of where words come from and

from the history of language, we take all concepts as things that have come into being, and many as things still coming into being. And we take it that the most general concepts, being the most false, must also be the oldest. "Being," "substance," "the unconditional," "sameness," "thing": these were the patterns that thinking invented first and earliest. In fact they contradicted the world of change more deeply than anything. But from the start they seemed to match it, because the first, early awareness, still lower than an animal's, was so dull and saw everything as the same. Every "experience" seemed to confirm these patterns again and again, and to confirm them alone. As the senses and attention grew sharper, and as life developed in all its variety and struggled, people more and more rarely admitted that things were the same or alike. For the lowest creatures, on the other hand, everything appeared "forever the same," "one," "lasting," "unconditional," "without qualities." In this way the "outer world" slowly became more varied. But for huge stretches of time on earth, a thing was treated as the same as one single feature, for example a certain color. That a single thing has many features was admitted only very, very slowly. Even in the history of human language we can see a resistance against having many descriptive words for one thing. But the longest-lasting mix-up is that the sign for a quality is treated as the same as the thing itself. And the philosophers who copied best within themselves the oldest instincts of humanity, and also its oldest fears and superstitions, such as the superstition about the soul, put their seal of approval on this mix-up. With them one can speak of a throwback to the distant past at its purest. They put their seal on it when they taught that precisely the signs, namely the "ideas," are what truly exists, what never changes, and what is valid everywhere. In reality, when thinking notices a thing, it runs through a series of signs that memory offers it, and it looks for similarities. When a person uses a similar sign to label the thing as "known," he takes hold of it, he grabs it. And for a long time he believed that by doing this he understood it. Grabbing

and holding, making something his own, already meant for him knowing it, knowing it completely. Even the words of human language seemed for a long time, and still seem to ordinary people today, to be not signs but truths about the things they name. The finer the senses became, the stricter the attention, the more varied the tasks of life, the harder it became to accept knowledge of a thing or a fact as final knowledge, as "truth." And in the end, at the point where careful, methodical distrust has pushed us today, we no longer even give ourselves the right to talk about truths in an absolute sense. We have given up the belief that things can be known just as much as the belief in knowledge itself. The "thing" is only a made-up fiction, and the "thing in itself" is even a self-contradicting, forbidden fiction. But knowing, too, both absolute knowing and therefore also relative knowing, is likewise only a fiction! With this, we no longer need to assume a something that "knows," a subject that does the knowing, some pure "intelligence," some "absolute mind." This is a mythology that even Kant did not fully give up. Plato prepared it for Europe in a disastrous way. Together with the basic Christian teaching "God is a spirit," it threatened with death all science of the body, and through that also the further development of the body. This mythology has now had its day.

15.

I have had strange experiences with the effect my books have had. Recently a letter arrived from an old, noble Dutchman who regards Human, All Too Human as his most faithful companion in life. The Birth of Tragedy may have brought the greatest note of happiness into Richard Wagner's life. He was beside himself with joy, and there are wonderfully beautiful things in Twilight of the Gods that he created in this state of unexpected, extreme hope. (Back then — — —

I would like to know whether anyone has understood this book. What lies behind it belongs to my most personal property. Zarathustra has the ways of valuing things of a few thousand years against him. I absolutely do not believe that anyone today is able to hear the overall tone of it ringing out. Understanding it also takes a kind of careful work with language, and more than just work with language, that nobody today will put into it, because they lack the time.

I myself am very pleased by the fact that my taste in music and in philosophy, which in 1865 (when I was perhaps the only German who equally and — — — Schopenhauer and Wagner) now belongs to German taste.

The choices people make about which of my books to read make me think.

16.

the careless use of filler, and all the cleverness and richness of mind spent on making a weakness look like strength: this is almost what gives Wagner's style its character —

17.

Schopenhauer's twisted way of thinking, and my Birth of Tragedy!

18.

"He could have acted differently" — Rée used this point of view wrongly when explaining how the feeling of justice came about.

19.

When I look back over my life, the first trace of philosophical thinking I can get hold of is in a short piece I wrote when I was thirteen. It

contains an idea about where evil comes from. My starting point was that, for a God, thinking something and creating something are one and the same thing. From there I reasoned like this: God thought of himself at the moment he created the second person of the Godhead, the Son. But in order to be able to think of himself, he first had to think of his opposite. So in my imagination the Devil was just as old as the Son of God. He even had a clearer origin — and the very same *source*. As for the question whether a God can even think of his own opposite, I got past it by saying: but everything is possible for him. And secondly: *that* he did it is a fact, if the existence of a Son of God is a fact. So it must also have been possible for him, — — —

20.

Without a passionate delight in the adventures of knowledge, a person will hardly last long in its dangerous kingdom. And anyone who is too cowardly or too pure for such "wild excesses" should, in fairness, be allowed to turn that into a virtue and something to be praised. But for the stronger minds, the rule is this: you must be a person of passion, but also the *master* of your passions, and that includes their passion for knowledge. Napoleon, to Talleyrand's amazement, would let his anger bark and roar at a moment he chose, and then, just as suddenly, make it go silent again. The strong mind should do the same with its own wild dogs. However fierce the will to truth may be in him — and it is his wildest dog — at a chosen time he must *be able* to become the will to untruth in person: the will to uncertainty, the will to not knowing, and above all the will to *foolishness*.

21.

The decline of grace. — Our age keeps handing more and more power to the mob, and so things are growing uglier everywhere. One of the clearest signs of this is that women are letting themselves go more

and more, and a kind of "return to nature", which means a return to the mob. This happens even in places where people used to hold on to noble and strict manners as their special right, for example at royal courts. You stand amazed at the lack of refinement, even when dealing with the most charming women. And we get by — — —

22.

A garden where even the fence is covered in gold does not only have to protect itself from thieves and tramps. Its worst dangers come from its pushy admirers, who break off something everywhere and would love to take this or that home as a souvenir. — And don't you notice, you idlers loafing in my gardens, that you cannot even *justify* yourselves next to my herbs and my weeds? Don't you notice that they say to your faces: get out, you intruders, you — — —

Notebook 39: August to September 1885

1.

The Will to Power.

An attempt

at a new interpretation

of everything that happens.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

2.

"A milky, watery mind"

Like a child at a stranger's holiday: it stands there shyly. It has never heard this bell before, and it has never seen these decorations and party clothes before.

Am I a mirror, then, that right away turns cloudy and blind just because a stranger's breath blows on it, or hisses at it?

Why do you want to scrape the soft fuzz off such things? —

Truths that no smile has covered with gold.

3.

Zarathustra, Part 5

(youth as the basic tone)

warlike to the highest degree

On an old

fortress

the drums of the heralds.

(Finale)

at night, like at the Rialto bridge in Venice.

the festival of roses.

Zarathustra, the godless hermit, the first person living alone who did not pray.

Are you strong enough now for my truths?

Who belongs with me? What is noble?

"*Are you people like that?*" (as a repeated line) the ranking of people:

and you must have everything inside you to be able to rule, but also what is *below* you!

Repeated line: "And if you are not allowed to say, 'We respect them, but we are of a higher kind,' then you are not of *my* kind."

The Festival of Roses.

At Night by the Bridge.

Zarathustra is happy that the struggle between social classes is *over*, and that now, at last, there is time for a ranking of individual people.

His hatred of the democratic system that makes everyone equal is only on the *surface*. Deep down, he is very glad that *this has gone so far*. Now he can carry out his task. —

Until now, his teachings were aimed only at the future ruling class. These rulers of the earth are now meant to *take God's place*, and to win for themselves the deep, total trust of the people they rule. First of all:

their new holiness, their *giving up* of *happiness and comfort*. They give the *lowest* people the hope of happiness, not *themselves*. They set the failures free through the teaching of "a quick death". They offer religions and systems of thought, each one suited to a person's place in the ranking of people.

4.

The mind looking at itself in a mirror, the creaking of the logical gears, the unpicking of the instincts thread by thread

Suppose you had broken everything down into formulas: what then? Are we supposed to *live* with a guilty conscience?

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

Among herd animals, it makes good sense to value truthfulness too highly. Not letting yourself be fooled — and so, as a result, not fooling others

Nothing can prove that a truthful person is worth more in himself than a liar. And if life depends on being fooled all the time, then a person who lies all the time might, in some situations, reach the highest honors. It is naive to think you cause harm by not "telling the truth". If the value of life lies in mistakes that people firmly believe, then the harm lies in "telling the truth".

5.

Get rid of the life after death? Then you have taken away the point of life.

6.

The strangler fig chases its goals by destroying the very tree it only wants to use as a support. In the same way, reason treats the philosophers. What does any philosophy mean for human life? Is it a way to raise the feeling of power? Or a way to hide, as if behind a mask, a life that cannot be borne? Behind our awareness, the *drives* are at work.

7.

Feeding, property, having children, pleasure (as a drug), work (overcoming vibrations)

The lofty, refined human being has the highest value, even if he is very delicate and fragile. That is because a wealth of very hard and rare qualities has been bred over many generations and kept together in him.

The *Romans*: animals of the wild, ancient forest.

8.

Turning the devil into a god — how did this heavenly illusion come about!

The belief that goodness, justice and truth lie at the bottom of things is enough to make your hair stand on end.

The masks of the devil.

9.

The interpretation of nature: we put ourselves into it.

— the frightening character.

10.

Zarathustra 1: the first beginnings of people becoming different from each other.

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

Zarathustra 2: humanity's "*self-mastery*".

The greatest of all struggles and the longest breeding.

As a means: calling up the "tempters".

Zarathustra 3

about the ring

the *wild, ancient forest*, everything in frightening

greatness

11.

To avoid saying contradictory things about the nature of the world, you have to hold on to this: every moment means a necessary shift of all changes taken together. But something that thinks and creates must, of course, compare things. So it must also be able to stand *outside of time* when it looks at its own inner states.

12.

Chapter

Feeding.

Producing offspring.

Adapting.

Inheriting traits.

Division of labor.

All traced back to the will to power.

Chapter

Consciousness standing *off to the side*, next to what really *drives* and *governs* us.

Chapter

Time running in reverse order: also in the growth of an unborn creature (living development runs backward compared with how it is stored in memory: the oldest comes first, because it is also the strongest). How the oldest mistakes act like a backbone that everything else holds on to.

Chapter

How logic developed

13.

The features of living beings.

How living beings developed.

The link between living and non-living things.

"Knowledge" in relation to what life needs in order to go on. The "point of view" aspect: everything is seen from some angle.

"Laws of nature" as a record of who has power over whom.

"Cause and effect" as a way of saying that this setting of power is necessary and cannot be escaped.

Free will and power.

Pain and pleasure in relation to the will to power.

"Person" and "subject" as an illusion. Really a ruled community. Using the body as our guide.

Ruling and obeying as an expression of the will to power, in living things.

How logic came about. "Giving reasons".

Against the mind looking at itself in a mirror. Mathematics.

The physical world and the world of the soul are both false, but they are mistakes that last.

The artist and the will to power. Herd animals find the impression of neutrality enchanting. The Pitti Palace in Florence and the Greek sculptor Phidias. Art depends on the morality behind it, whether for the herd or for the leaders: — — —

the *disproof* of God: really, only the *moral* God has been disproved.

Rights and duties.

Punishments.

Starting point. Poking fun at Descartes: suppose there were something deceitful at the bottom of things, something we came from. Then what good would it do to "doubt everything", as he said! That could be the finest way of fooling ourselves. And besides: is it even possible?

"Will to truth" as "I don't want to be fooled", *or* "I don't want to fool anyone", *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 of it the will to power.

to goodness.

14.

For the Preface.

Human *understanding* — which in the end is always an interpretation based on ourselves and our needs — matches the *rank* that a human being holds in the order of all living things. Take as an example how much a finger knows about what the piano player is doing with it. The finger will feel nothing but mechanical movements, and it will link them together logically. Among people, too, the lower ones use their strength without any idea of what purpose they serve in the big picture. All physical cause and effect can be *interpreted* in a hundred different ways, depending on whether a human or some other being is doing the interpreting. — For cruder kinds of people, the *human* kind of goodness or justice or wisdom could be *proved* from nature. When finer, more thoughtful people now reject the idea that this can be proved, they do it because their idea of goodness, justice and wisdom has grown. Atheism is the result of *humans being raised higher*: at bottom, man has become more modest, deeper, and humbler before the richness of the whole; he has understood the ranking of people, and his own place in it, *better*. The *further* our knowledge grows, the more a human feels that he lives in his own small *corner*. The most shameless and most firmly held beliefs that we carry inside us come from the time of greatest ignorance — for example, the belief that our *will is a cause*, and so on. How naively we carry our moral ways of valuing things into the world around us, for example when we talk about *laws of nature*! It might be useful, for once, to try a *completely different* way of interpreting things: so that, through a bitter clash, people would

understand how unconsciously *our moral rulebook* (preferring truth, law, reasonableness and so on) *rules* over our *whole* so-called *science*.

To put it simply: God has been disproved, but the devil has not. And all of God's jobs fit just as well into the devil's nature. The other way around would not work!

He deceives; he creates minds that deceive.

He loves to destroy.

He corrupts by driving the best people toward the highest refinement.

In the forest: he lets people worship his innocence.

Finally: why do we hate such a being?

15.

For the *Introduction*

The great danger is not pessimism (which is a form of hedonism, the view that pleasure is what counts) — that is, adding up pleasure and pain and asking whether human life perhaps brings more painful feelings than pleasant ones. No, the great danger is that everything that happens is *meaningless*! The moral interpretation has collapsed together with the religious interpretation. But of course the shallow people don't know that! By instinct, the less religious they are, the more tightly they cling with their teeth to moral ways of valuing things. Schopenhauer, who was an atheist, put a curse on anyone who strips the world of its moral meaning. In England, people are trying to make morality and physics into brothers; Mr. von Hartmann tries the same with morality and the unreasonableness of existence. But the real, great fear is this: *the world no longer has any meaning*

To what extent, along with "God", the morality we have had so far has also fallen away: the two held each other up.

Now I bring a new interpretation, an "immoral" one, and compared to it, our morality so far looks like just one special case. To put it simply: God has been disproved, the devil has not. —

16.

If you ask the foolish and arrogant question of whether pleasure or pain wins out in the world, you are standing right in the middle of amateur philosophy. Things like that should be left to yearning poets and silly little women. On some nearby star there might be so much happiness and fun that it would outweigh "the whole misery of mankind" ten times over: what do we know about that! And on the other hand, we surely want to be the heirs of Christian depth and subtlety at least in this one way: that we do not condemn suffering in itself. Anyone who no longer knows how to use suffering in a moral way, for "the salvation of the soul", should at least accept it for the sake of beauty and art — whether as an artist or as someone who looks at things. The world, if you imagine suffering taken out of it, has no beauty in any sense at all: and maybe pleasure is only one form, one rhythmic kind, of suffering!

What I meant was: maybe suffering is part of the very core of all existence.

17.

We may hope that humans will rise so high that the highest things so far — for example, the belief in God we have had until now — will seem to them childlike, childish and touching. Indeed, we may hope that they will do it *once again*, just as they have done with all myths: namely, turn them into children's stories and fairy tales.

18.

Note: Only the trustworthiness of the body gives us a base from which the *value of all thinking* can be judged. Suppose we had *made up* nothing but things that do not exist! (as Teichmüller, for example, assumes!) and so on. The body is turning out to be mere appearance *less and less*! Who until now has had *reasons* to think of the body as mere *appearance?* The perfect worshipper of Brahman.

19.

Woman

And whenever a woman becomes aware that she has some talent: how much ridiculous self-admiration, how much "silly goose" gets let loose along with it every single time!

20.

Jew

— I single out for special praise Siegfried Lipiner, a Polish Jew, who knows how to copy the many different forms of European poetry in the most delicate way — "almost genuine", as a goldsmith would say —

21.

Hellwald, Natural History of Man.

Hermann *Müller*

Burmeister

on plants.

22.

Zarathustra, Part 4.

says to his followers: watch out for anyone who speaks *against* suffering, appearance,

and foolishness

— *that person belongs to the common people*, even if he is a philosopher. What is the best way to speak to the masses? *I don't know*; that is not part of my task. It seems to me that you have to make life very *hard* for them by demanding strict virtues: otherwise they become lazy and pleasure-seeking, even in their thinking.

For the *lower* people, the opposite ways of valuing things apply: what matters is to plant the virtues in them. Absolute commands, terrible slave-drivers, to tear them away from the easy life

what religions are for

Zarathustra as a seducer of the young; the fathers take their revenge; he tells the young ones to wait.

Zarathustra walking on the walls of the fortress: — he hears someone preaching total pessimism. The city is surrounded by enemies. He stays silent.

Notebook 40: August to September 1885

1.

People who are tired, suffering or frightened think of peace when they think of the highest happiness. They think of stillness, of rest, of something like a deep sleep. A lot of this has found its way into philosophy. In the same way, fear of what is uncertain, of what can mean many things, of what keeps changing, has led people to honor its opposite: what is simple, what stays the same, what can be calculated, what is certain. A different kind of being would honor the opposite states. But when I, ten years ago — — —

2.

The Will to Power.

An attempt at a new interpretation of everything that happens.

(A preface about the threat that everything may turn out to be "meaningless". The problem of pessimism.)

Logic.

Physics.

Morality.

Art.

Politics.

3.

Who this interpretation matters to. New "philosophers". Here and there, there may be someone like that, someone who loves his inde-

pendence in a similar way. But we do not push our way toward each other. We do not "long" for each other.

4.

We are the *heirs* of a flawed, poor way of observing and drawing conclusions, the way that has lasted the *longest*. Our deepest ideas, the ones most fully absorbed into us, are probably the most false of all, at least to the extent that it was possible to live with them! But you can turn the question around: would life be possible at all with sharper observation and stricter, more careful reasoning? Even today, the practical side of our lives is, in the crudest sense, a matter of *trial and error*, of pure luck. Just look at how little most people know about food and nutrition! Spencer believes that, over the whole history of living things, the means they use have become better suited to their goals. That is a shallow, typically English judgment. Compared with how complicated our goals are, the stupidity of our means has probably *stayed the same*.

5.

Pretending and disguise *increase* as you go up the ranking of living things. In the non-living world, it is just raw force against force. In the living world, there is *cunning*, and so on. The highest humans show it, like Caesar and Napoleon (remember what Stendhal said about Napoleon), and so do the higher races, like the Italians and others. Shouldn't we think it possible that a thousand kinds of slyness belong to the very nature of higher beings? Of course the sense for truth, the ability to see *what really is*, would also have to grow, as a tool for being able to put on an appearance. The actor. Dionysus.

6.

How poor philosophers have been so far, except where language, or at least grammar, prompted them like a prompter whispering lines to an actor. In other words, where the "common people" inside them fed them their ideas! They all firmly believe that truths are hidden in words, or at least hints of truth. That is why they cling so stubbornly to words like "subject", "body", "soul" and "mind". Think how much harm comes just from that old error, preserved like a mummy, that hides inside the word "abstraction"! As if the thing the word names came about by leaving things out, and not rather by underlining, highlighting and strengthening! In just the same way, every image and every shape forms in us and becomes possible by making things coarser and cruder!

7.

Before arithmetic could come into being, there must have been a long period of practice and training: learning to see things as the same, wanting to treat them as the same, assuming that cases were identical, and "counting". The same must be true of logical reasoning. Originally, a judgment is even more than the belief "this and that *is* true". It says: "I *want* it to be true exactly like this!" There is a drive to absorb things, the basic function of living things on which all growth depends. Whatever this drive takes in from nearby, it also makes fit inside itself. The will to power is at work here, fitting the new into the forms of the old, of what has already been lived through, of what is still alive in memory. And then we call this "understanding"!

8.

The idea of an "individual" or a "person" makes things much easier for natural-science thinking, which feels most at home with simple sums

like one times one. In fact, there are prejudices hidden there. Sadly, we have no words to describe what really exists, namely the different degrees of strength along the way toward becoming an individual, a "person". Two comes from one, and one comes from two. You can see this with your own eyes when the simplest living things reproduce and multiply. Real events keep contradicting mathematics. They keep living against it, if I may put it that way. I once used the phrase "many mortal souls". In the same way, everyone has what it takes to be many personae, many different persons or roles.

9.

There are minds that think in fixed patterns. They believe a set of ideas is *truer* if it can be drawn into patterns or tables of categories that were laid out in advance. People fool themselves in countless ways in this area. Almost all the great "systems" of philosophy belong here. But the *basic prejudice* is this: the belief that order, clarity and system must belong to the *true being* of things, while disorder, chaos and unpredictability only show up in a false world, or in a world we have not fully understood. In short, the belief that disorder is a mistake. This is a moral prejudice. It comes from the fact that a truthful, trustworthy person is usually a man of order and of fixed rules, and on the whole someone predictable and fussy. But it is completely impossible to prove that things in themselves behave according to this recipe for a model civil servant.

10.

— Descartes is not radical enough for me. He wanted to have certainty and said, "I do not want to be deceived." Someone needed to ask him: "Why *not*?" In short, these are moral prejudices, or reasons of usefulness, that favor certainty over appearance and uncertainty. That is what I look for in philosophers, from the Vedanta philosophy of

India down to today: why this hatred of what is untrue, evil, painful and so on? — For the preface: first deal with the moral ways of valuing things!

— A "categorical imperative", an absolute command, needs an emperor to give it!

11.

— Those innocent children who believe in "subject", predicate and object, the believers in grammar, who have not yet heard of our apple from the tree of knowledge!

12.

Teichmüller, page 25: "If it is a logical conclusion when we declare that so-called things exist, then we must already *know* beforehand what nature (the middle term) existing being (the major term) has, so that we can either grant this idea to things or deny it to them." Against this, I say: "we must *believe* we know".

In Spir, volume one, page 76, "logical laws" are defined as "general principles for statements about objects, that is, an inner necessity to believe something about objects".

My basic ideas: "the unconditioned", meaning something that depends on nothing else, is a useful fiction that helps guide our thinking, but we must not say that it exists. Existence is not one of the necessary qualities of the unconditioned. The same goes for "being" and "substance". These are all things that supposedly *should not* be drawn from experience, but that were in fact taken from it *through a mistaken interpretation of experience*.

Final chapter

All interpretations so far had a certain meaning for life. They kept it going, made it bearable, or made it feel strange, refined it, and perhaps also separated off what was sick and let it die out.

My new interpretation gives the philosophers of the future, as rulers of the earth, the freedom from prejudice they need.

1. The religious and moral interpretation is impossible for us. Not so much because it has been "disproved", but because it does not fit with what we now mainly hold to be "true" and believe.

13.

Logic depends on one condition: *supposing there are identical cases*. In fact, for logical thinking and reasoning to happen, *this* condition *must* first be pretended to be true. That means the will to *logical truth* can only be carried out after everything that happens has been fundamentally *falsified*. From this it follows that a drive is at work here that can use both tools: first falsifying, and then carrying through one single point of view. Logic does *not* come from the will to truth.

14.

You could say that the complicated paths nature takes are an argument *against* the idea that things happen on purpose. Take a plant, for example, and the roundabout ways it goes about getting fertilized. The argument goes like this: if there were a purpose behind it, we would have to imagine a clever mind that picks far too many detours. That mind would be smart about how it follows the path, but stupid for choosing exactly this *path* in the first place. So it would be a mind that contradicts itself. But against this view I would point to our own human experience. We have to make use of whatever is accidental and gets in our way, and we have to build it into every plan we make. So everything we carry out has exactly the same character: it looks like

the work of a mind that pushes its plan through in spite of many obstacles, which means with lots of crooked lines. Now imagine this same situation blown up to a gigantic scale. Then the world's course might only seem stupid, wasteful, and full of pointless sacrifices because we are looking at it from a *corner*. It would be a view from one narrow angle, the kind of view small creatures like us have. Since we do not know what the *goals* are, it is childish to judge whether the means are sensible. What is certain is that these means are not exactly "humane."

15.

A judgment is a belief: "this and this is so." So hidden inside every judgment is an admission that we have met a case that is the same as one before. That means a judgment depends on comparing, with the help of memory. The judgment does *not* create the impression that there is an identical case. Rather, it believes it sees one. It works on the assumption that identical cases exist at all. So what do we call that function which must be much *older*, which must have been at work earlier, and which takes cases that are actually different and evens them out and makes them alike? And what do we call the second function, which builds on this first one, and so on? "Whatever stirs the same feelings is the same": but what do we call the thing that makes feelings the same, that "takes" them as the same? There could be no judgments at all unless some kind of evening-out had first taken place inside our sensations. Memory is only possible if what we are already used to, what we have already lived through, is constantly underlined. *Before* any judging happens, *the process of making things alike must already be finished*. So here too there is a kind of mental activity that we are not aware of, just like with the pain that follows a wound. Probably every function of a living body has some inner process going

on that matches it: a taking in and making alike, a getting rid of things, a growing, and so on.

The key thing is to start from the body and use it as a guide. The body is a much richer thing to study, and it lets us observe more clearly. Our belief in the body is on firmer ground than our belief in the mind.

People say: "No matter how strongly something is believed, that is no test of whether it is true." But what is truth? Maybe it is a kind of belief that has become necessary for staying alive? If so, then of course the strength of a belief would be a test of truth. Take, for example, our belief in cause and effect.

16.

So what is all of modern philosophy really doing, deep down? Whether it hides it or says it openly, it is launching an attack on the old idea of the soul. That means it is attacking the foundation of Christianity, the "I." In the most refined sense, it is anti-Christian. In the past people believed in grammar without question. They said: "I" is the condition, and "think" is what is said about it. Then, with amazing stubbornness, people tried to see whether they could get out of this net. They asked whether maybe the opposite was true: that "think" is the condition, and "I" depends on it, as something that thinking puts together. Kant basically wanted to prove that, starting from the subject, you cannot prove the subject exists, and you cannot prove the object either. The idea begins to dawn that the "subject" might only seem to exist, that it might be just an appearance. This is a thought that has already been on earth once before, as in the Vedanta philosophy of India. If you want a new way of putting it, even though a very early and rough one, read The Birth of Tragedy.

17.

Making things cruder, smoothing over the details, is the basic tool for making things seem to repeat and making cases seem identical. So before there was any "thinking," there must already have been *making things up,* like a poet does. The sense that shapes things is older than the sense that "thinks."

18.

On morality. *We behave according to the rank we belong to in the ranking of people,* even if we do not know it, and even less could we prove it to others. A command like "behave according to the rank you belong to" makes no sense, for three reasons. First and second, we would *have to* know ourselves and know that order of rank, and we know neither. And third, it is pointless to command something that happens anyway. The ranking of people is not only about our neighbors. In some cases it is also about people who will live after us, and even about creatures living on other stars. After all, we do not know whether there is someone out there comparing us with them. Everything in morality that gives orders is speaking to the *many masks* we carry around inside us. It wants us to show this side and not that one. In other words, it wants us to *change how we look*. "Improving yourself" just means letting some part of you be seen that good people like. Nothing more!

19.

And as for having children: you have to decide wisely, and in good time. As the Latin saying goes, either books or babies.

20.

Apart from governesses, who still believe even today that grammar is an eternal truth, and so believe in subject, predicate and object, nobody nowadays is innocent enough to do what Descartes did and treat the subject "I" as the condition for "think." Instead, the doubting movement of modern philosophy has made the opposite view more believable to us. That view says thinking is the cause and condition of the "subject" and the "object," of "substance" and of "matter." But maybe this is only the same mistake turned the other way round. This much is certain: we have let go of the "soul," and so also of the "world soul," of "things in themselves," as well as of a beginning of the world, a "first cause." For us, thinking is not a tool for "knowing." It is a tool for labeling what happens, putting it in order, and making it handy for our use. That is how we think about thinking today. Tomorrow we may think differently. We no longer really understand why "understanding" should be necessary, and even less how it should have come about. And although we keep getting into trouble because we have to make do with language and the habits of ordinary common sense, the fact that we seem to be constantly contradicting ourselves does not yet show that our doubt is unjustified. We are also not so easily satisfied anymore when it comes to "immediate certainty," the things we supposedly know directly. We do not yet see "reality" and "appearance" as opposites. We would rather talk about *degrees* of being, and maybe even prefer to talk about degrees of appearance. Take the "immediate certainty" that we think, and that therefore thinking is real. We would still mix it through with doubt, the way yeast works through dough, asking what degree of being this has. Maybe we are real as "thoughts of God," but fleeting and only seeming, like rainbows. Suppose there were something deceptive, something foolish, something fraudulent in the very nature of things. Then even the very best will to doubt everything, the way Descartes did, would not protect us from the

traps that nature sets. In fact, that very method of Descartes could be one of its main tricks for fooling us completely and making fools of us. After all, if we really were real, as Descartes believed, then as part of reality we would somehow have to share in that lying, deceiving foundation of things and in its basic will. In short, the attitude "I don't want to be deceived" might be the tool of a deeper, more subtle, more thorough will that wants exactly the opposite: namely, to deceive itself.

To sum up: it is doubtful whether "the subject" can prove itself. To do that, it would need a fixed point outside itself to stand on, and *that* is exactly what is missing!

21.

Why start from the body and from physiology, the science of how living bodies work? Because that way we get the right idea of what kind of unity our "subject", our self, really is. It is like a ruler at the head of a community, not a "soul" or a "life force". In the same way, we get the right idea of how much this ruler depends on the ones it rules. We also see how the ranking of people and the division of work make things possible, both for each single part and for the whole. We see, too, that living units are always coming into being and dying, and that being a "subject" does not mean lasting forever. And we see that struggle also shows itself in obeying and commanding, and that life includes a constant, shifting process of deciding where one power ends and another begins. The ruler is kept in a certain ignorance about the separate jobs of the community, and even about its disturbances. This ignorance is one of the conditions that make ruling possible at all. In short, we learn to value not-knowing as well: seeing things only roughly and in broad outline, simplifying and falsifying, seeing everything from one point of view. But the most important thing is this: we understand the ruler and its subjects as being of the

same kind, all of them feeling, willing and thinking. And wherever we see or guess that there is movement in the body, we learn to conclude that there is also a hidden, inner life that belongs to it. Movement is a kind of sign language for the eye. It shows that something has been felt, wanted, or thought. Asking the subject directly about the subject, and every way the mind has of looking at itself in a mirror, carries a danger. The danger is that it might be useful and important for the mind's work to explain itself wrongly. That is why we question the body and refuse the evidence of the sharpened senses. If you like, we are checking whether the underlings themselves might be able to talk to us.

22.

Note: "There is thinking going on, so there is something that thinks." That is what the argument of Descartes comes down to. But Descartes did not want to prove only that a thought is real. He wanted to get past mere "imagining" and reach a substance, a solid thing, that does the thinking and the imagining.

23.

Let us be more careful than Descartes, who got caught in the trap of words. "Cogito", Latin for "I think", is of course only one word. But it means something made of many parts. Many things are made of many parts, and we grab at them clumsily, honestly believing they are just one thing. Hidden in that famous "cogito" are these things. First: there is thinking going on. Second: I believe that it is I who am doing the thinking. Third: even if we leave this second point open, as a matter of belief, that first point, "there is thinking going on", still contains a belief. It is the belief that "thinking" is an activity, and that we must imagine a subject behind it, or at least an "it". Beyond that, the "ergo sum", the "therefore I am", means nothing! But this is faith

in grammar. Here "things" and their "activities" are already being assumed, and we are far away from any direct certainty. So let us drop that doubtful "it" as well, and say "cogitatur", "there is being thought", as a plain fact with no articles of faith mixed in. Even then we fool ourselves once more, because the passive form also contains beliefs and not just "facts". In short, the plain fact itself cannot be set down naked. "Believing" and "supposing" are hidden in "cogito", in "cogitat", "it thinks", and in "cogitatur". Who can promise us that with the "ergo", the "therefore", we are not just pulling out some of this believing and supposing? Then all that would be left is: something is believed, therefore something is believed. That is a false way of reasoning! In the end, you would already have to know what "being" is in order to get a "sum", an "I am", out of the "cogito". In the same way, you would already have to know what knowing is. You start from faith in logic, and above all faith in the "therefore"! You do not start just from stating a fact! Is "certainty" possible in knowledge? Is direct certainty perhaps a contradiction in terms, like a "square circle"? What is knowing, compared with being? But for someone who comes to all these questions with ready-made beliefs, Descartes's carefulness no longer makes any sense at all. It comes far too late. Before we ask about "being", we would have to settle the question of what logic is worth.

24.

We should not prettify Descartes's naivety or tidy it up, the way the philosopher Spir does, for example.

Spir writes: "Consciousness is directly certain of itself. The existence of thinking cannot be denied or doubted, because this denial or this doubt are themselves states of thinking or of consciousness. Their own existence therefore proves what they are trying to deny, and so it takes away all their meaning." That is in Spir, volume one, page 26.

"There is thinking going on", therefore there is something, namely "thinking". Was that what Descartes meant? There are passages on this in Teichmüller, on pages 5 and 40. "Something that is directly certain of itself" is nonsense. Suppose, for example, that God was thinking through us, and that our thoughts, as far as we felt we were causing them, were just appearance. Then the existence of the thoughts would not be denied or doubted, but the "therefore I am" would be. Otherwise Descartes would have had to say "ergo est", "therefore it is". There are no direct certainties. "Cogito, ergo sum", "I think, therefore I am", assumes that you know what "thinking" is, and also what "being" is. So if the "is" or the "I am" were true, it would be a certainty based on two correct judgments. On top of that comes the certainty that you have any right at all to draw a conclusion, to say "therefore". So in any case it is not a "direct" certainty. You see, the "cogito" does not just contain some event that is simply recognized. That idea is nonsense! It contains a judgment that this event is such-and-such an event. Someone who could not tell the difference between thinking, feeling and willing, for example, would not be able to state what the event was at all. And the "sum" or the "est", the "I am" or "it is", still contains so much vagueness in its ideas that it does not even rule out "fit", "it becomes". Instead of "there is something there, something exists there, something is there", you could put: "something is happening there".

25.

Believing that thinking is directly certain is just one more belief, not a certainty! We modern thinkers are all opponents of Descartes. We fight against how carelessly and dogmatically he went about doubting. "We must doubt better than Descartes did!" Wherever there are deeper people, we find the opposite: a movement pushing back against the total authority of the goddess "Reason". Fanatical logicians managed

to make out that the world is an illusion, and that the only way to "being", to the "absolute", is through thinking. I, on the other hand, enjoy the world, even if it should turn out to be an illusion. And among more complete human beings, people have always made fun of the intellect of the most intellectual people.

26.

Two traits mark modern Europeans, and at first they seem to be opposites: individualism, and the demand for equal rights. I finally understand how they fit together. The individual is a vanity that gets hurt very easily. Because it knows how quickly it suffers, it demands that everyone else be counted as its equal, so that it stands only "among equals". This describes a social race in which, in fact, talents and strengths do not differ very much from person to person. The kind of pride that wants being alone, and wants only a few people to value it, is no longer understood at all. The really "big" successes only come through the masses. In fact, people hardly grasp anymore that a success with the masses is always really a small success, because, as the Latin saying goes, "beauty belongs to the few." — None of the moral systems know anything about a "ranking of people"; the teachers of law know nothing about the conscience of a community. The principle of the individual rejects the truly great human beings. Among people who are roughly equal, it demands the sharpest eye and the quickest spotting of any talent. And in such late and civilized cultures everyone has some bit of talent, and so can expect to get his own share of honor back. That is why small merits are praised and played up today as never before. This gives the age the look of a boundless fairness. Its unfairness lies in a boundless rage — not against tyrants and those who flatter the people, in the arts as well, but against the noble people who look down on the praise of the many. The demand for equal rights (for example, the right to sit in

judgment over everything and everyone) is anti-aristocratic. Just as foreign to this age is the individual who disappears: someone who sinks into a great type, who does not want to be a person. In earlier times, many high human beings found their distinction and their passion in exactly this, among them the greatest poets. Or there was "being the city", as in ancient Greece; or the Jesuits, the Prussian officer corps and the Prussian civil service; or being the student of great masters and carrying on their work. For all of this you need conditions that are not sociable, and you need the absence of small vanity.

27.

For a long time, mathematics and mechanics were seen as sciences that were absolutely valid. Only now does a suspicion dare to show its face: that they are nothing more and nothing less than logic applied to one particular assumption that cannot be proven, namely that there are "identical cases". And logic itself is just a consistent system of signs, built on that same assumption carried all the way through (that identical cases exist). In the same way, people once believed that a word already gave them knowledge of a thing. Even now, the workings of grammar are the things people believe in most firmly, and we cannot be careful enough about them. It is possible that the same kind of people who later thought up the Vedanta philosophies of India had, thousands of years earlier, built a philosophical language on the basis of imperfect languages. They did not see it as a system of signs, but, as they believed, as "knowledge of the world" itself. But whatever "this is" has been put forward so far, a later and more refined age has always uncovered that it is no more than "this means". Even now, most philosophers do not even suspect that a real criticism of concepts is needed, or (as I once called it) a true "history of how thinking came to be". We ought to uncover the ways of valuing things that sur-

round logic, and weigh them anew. For example: "what is certain is worth more than what is uncertain", or "thinking is our highest function". We should do the same with the optimism inside logic, the feeling of victory in every conclusion, the commanding tone in every judgment, and the innocent belief that a concept lets us truly grasp something.

28.

There must have been thinking long before there were eyes. So "lines and shapes" were not there from the start. For the longest time, thinking was based on the sense of touch. But touch, without help from the eye, teaches only degrees of pressure, not yet shapes. So before living things practiced understanding the world as moving shapes, there was a time when the world was "understood" as feelings of pressure that changed and came in different degrees. There is no doubt that one can think in pictures and in sounds; but one can also think in feelings of pressure. Comparing strength, direction and order in time, remembering, and so on.

29.

When it comes to memory, we have to learn things over again. This is where the main temptation lies to assume a "soul" that reproduces things outside of time, recognizes them again, and so on. But what we have lived through lives on "in memory". That it "comes back" is not my doing; the will plays no part in it, just as it plays no part when any thought comes to us. Something happens and I become aware of it. Now something similar comes along — who calls it up? Who wakes it?

30.

The great danger lies in assuming that there is such a thing as direct knowing (and so, "knowing" in the strict sense at all!). See Teichmüller, page 35.

31.

It would have to be something that is not a subject, not an object, not force, not matter, not mind, not soul. — But people will tell me that something like that must look so much like a figment of the imagination that you could mix them up. I believe that myself, and it would be bad if it did not! Of course, it must also look just as much like everything else that exists or could exist, and not only like a figment of the imagination! It must have the great family resemblance by which everything recognizes itself as related to it — —

32.

Suppose you ask: "Fifty thousand years ago, did the tree already look green?" I would answer: "Maybe not yet. Maybe back then there were only the two main opposites of tone, as a painter would say: darker masses and lighter masses. — And little by little the colors unfolded out of these."

33.

Logic works everywhere with equations, with treating things as equal. But before logic, there must already have been the habit of making things the same, of making them alike. That habit still rules today, and logical thinking is itself an ongoing tool for this making-alike, for wanting to see identical cases.

34.

Our "memory", whatever it may be, can serve as a comparison to point to something important. In the development of every living being, we see an amazing kind of memory for its whole prehistory, as far as living beings have a prehistory. And it is a memory that rebuilds things: it rebuilds the earliest forms, the ones taken in longest ago, before the ones lived through most recently. So it reaches back, but not step by step, as you would expect, going backward from the latest to the most distant experience. Instead it does exactly the opposite: it first sets aside everything newer and more freshly stamped in. There is an astonishing arbitrariness here. — Even the "soul", which people usually call on for help whenever philosophy is stuck, cannot help here. At least the individual soul cannot; it would have to be a continuous chain of soul that was at work through the whole process of a certain line of living beings. Again: since not everything is rebuilt, only the basic forms, this memory would have to be constantly doing a kind of thinking that sorts things under general headings, simplifies them and boils them down. In short, something similar to what we, from the point of view of our consciousness, call "logic". — And how far might this rebuilding of earlier experience go? Surely it goes as far as rebuilding patterns of feeling and patterns of thought. But then what do we make of the "inborn ideas" that Locke cast doubt on? Surely much more is true than just that ideas are inborn — as long as you do not put the stress on the act of birth in the word "inborn".

35.

People lie about themselves all the time. They explain what they do and what they want in moral terms. This would deserve contempt if it were not also very funny. In fact, it really ought to have an audience — the show is that interesting! But not gods like the ones Epicurus imagined, who do not care about us at all! Rather, Homer's gods: both

far from people and close to them, watching them the way the Abbé Galiani watched his cats and monkeys. — So, gods a little related to humans, but of a higher kind!

36.

The physicists who work with mathematics have no use for atoms pictured as tiny lumps. So they build themselves a world made of points of force, a world they can do calculations with. Roughly speaking, people and all living creatures have done exactly the same thing. They kept arranging the world, thinking it into shape, and making up stories about it, until they could use it, until they could "count on" it.

37.

Wouldn't it be enough to think of ourselves, as a "force," as one single unit in which wanting, feeling and thinking are still mixed together and not yet separated? And to think of living beings as the first steps toward pulling these apart, so that all the functions of life are still found together in that unit: controlling itself, taking things in and making them part of itself, feeding, getting rid of waste, and turning food into energy? After all, nothing is truly "real" and given to us except thinking, feeling and drives. So isn't it fair to try out whether these given things are *enough* to build up the whole world? I don't mean as mere appearance. I mean as just as real as our wanting, feeling and thinking are, only as a simpler, more basic form of them. In the end the question is this: do we really accept that the will *has effects*? If we do, then of course it can only have an effect on something that is *of its own kind*, and not on "matter." *Either* we have to see every effect as an illusion (because we only formed our idea of cause and effect by copying the way our own will acts as a cause!), and then nothing at all can be understood. *Or* we have to try to think of all effects as being the same kind of thing as acts of will. That means we

would make the guess that every mechanical event, as far as there is any force in it, is really the force of a will. —

The idea of "mortal souls," or rather, the fact that we cannot apply *numbers* to these things. This speaks *against* the idea of the individual. "Counting" is only a way of simplifying, like every concept. Here is what I mean: whenever something is supposed to be thought of purely in terms of arithmetic, its *quality*, what it is actually like, gets subtracted away. The same happens in everything that belongs to logic. Logic assumes that *cases are identical*, so the real, special *character* of each event is simply left out of the picture. That is, the *new* part, the part that cannot be explained, or contained, by the conditions out of which it came.

38.

What matters is to name correctly the unit in which thinking, wanting, feeling and all the emotions are bound together. Clearly the intellect is only a *tool*. But in whose hands? Surely in the hands of the emotions. And these are many, and there is no need to imagine a single unit standing behind them. It is enough to think of them as a kind of ruling council. — The study of how living forms develop shows that organs have grown out and separated themselves everywhere. We may surely use this as a comparison for the life of the mind too. So anything "new" can only be understood as one single force splitting off from a force that was a combination of many.

Thinking itself is one of these actions that *takes apart* what is really one thing. Everywhere there is the *appearance* that there are many things that can be counted, and this already happens in thinking. In reality nothing is "added together" and nothing is "divided." A thing cut into half and half is not the same as the whole.

39.

The physicists now agree with all the metaphysicians, the philosophers of what lies beyond the physical, that we live in a world of deception. And luckily we no longer have to settle accounts about this with a God, whose "truthfulness" might lead us to some strange thoughts. The world being seen only from particular points of view goes as deep as our "understanding" of the world reaches today. And I would dare to say it goes even further, into the place where a person may reasonably give up on understanding altogether. I mean the place where the metaphysicians put the realm of what seems certain of itself and clear in itself, and into thinking. Here is what I mean: number is a form that depends on a point of view, just as time and space are. We hold no more "one soul" in our chest than "two souls." "Individuals," like the material "atoms," can no longer be kept, except as handy household tools for thinking, and they have evaporated into nothing (or into a "formula"). Nothing alive and nothing dead can be added together, and both of these ideas are false. The soul does not have three separate powers. "Subject" and "object," "active" and "passive," "cause and effect," "means and end" are always only forms that depend on a point of view. In short, the soul, substance, number, time, space, reason and purpose all stand together *and fall* together. But now suppose we are not so foolish as to value the truth, which here is just an unknown x, more highly than appearance. Suppose we are determined to *live*. Then we should not be unhappy with the way things merely seem, and we should only insist on one thing: that nobody, while describing this *seeing-from-a-point-of-view*, gets stuck in some hidden motive. That has in fact happened to almost all philosophers so far, because they all had hidden motives and loved *their own* "truths." — Of course, here we have to raise the problem of truthfulness. Suppose we live because of error. What, then, can the "will to truth" be? Wouldn't it have to be a "will to death"? — Could the striving of philosophers

and scientific people perhaps be a sign of declining, dying life, a kind of life being sick and tired of life itself? That is the question, and here one could really become thoughtful.

40.

Doubting the doubters. — What happiness the soft fuzz on things gives them! How all of life shines with beautiful appearances! It was the great fakes and interpretations that have so far lifted us up above the happiness of animals, into being human! And the other way round: what has the creaking of the machinery of logic brought us so far, or the mind staring at itself in a mirror, or the picking apart of our instincts thread by thread? Suppose you had broken everything down into formulas, and broken your faith down into degrees of probability. Since you couldn't live by that, what then? Would you have to live with a guilty conscience? And once a person feels that believing in goodness, justice and truth at the bottom of things is a *hair-raising fake*, how is he supposed to feel about *himself*, since he is, after all, a part and a piece of this world? As something hair-raising and false: — — —

41.

There are

no direct sensations (Spir, volume 2, page 56).

no direct feelings of pain

no direct thoughts

If there were such a thing as direct knowledge, then we would not be allowed to talk, as John Stuart Mill does, about "the relativity of knowledge."

42.

Maybe we don't need to assume there is *one single subject*, one single "I." Maybe we are just as free to assume many subjects, whose working together and fighting lie underneath our thinking and our whole awareness? A kind of *aristocracy* of "cells," where the power lies? Surely an aristocracy of equals, who are used to ruling together and know how to give orders?

My guesses:

the

subject, the "I," as *many things*

pain

as something mental, which depends on the judgment "this is harmful": it is projected outward

the

effect is always "unconscious": the "cause" that we work out and imagine is projected outward, and it *comes after* in time.

the

feeling of pleasure is a kind of pain.

the

only *force* that exists is of the same kind as the force of the will: giving orders to other subjects, which then change because of it.

the

subject is always passing away and slipping by: a "mortal soul"

the

number as a form that depends on a point of view.

43.

Inside a herd, inside any community, so among equals, it makes good sense to *overvalue* truthfulness. Don't let yourself be cheated, and *therefore*, as your own personal morality, don't cheat others either! A duty that equals owe to each other! Toward the *outside*, danger and caution demand that you be *on guard against being cheated*. And for that to work in your mind, you have to be on guard *inside* the group too. Distrust as the source of truthfulness.

44.

Suppose the world were false. Suppose life could only be understood as standing on the ground of illusion, sheltering under the umbrella of illusion, and following illusion as its guiding thread. What would "living in line with nature" mean then? Couldn't the rule be exactly this: "*be* a deceiver"? And in fact, how could anyone avoid fooling others? We are wrong about ourselves, and we can't really grasp who we are. How much more must we be a mystery to our "neighbors"! But they don't believe we are fooling them, and *on that belief* rests all our dealings with each other, with rights and duties on both sides. — All right, I admit that fooling people is not my *intention*! But look more closely: I also do nothing to make my neighbors understand *that* they are mistaken about me. I don't stop their mistake, I don't fight it, I just let it happen. So in that sense, in the end, I am the one deceiving them *on purpose* after all. And I treat myself in exactly the same way. Knowing myself is *not* one of the things I feel I owe. Even when I try to understand myself, I do it because it's useful, or out of a more refined kind of curiosity — but *not* out of a will to be truthful. — Whether the truthful person is worth more than the liar, in the overall running of humanity, still has to be proven. Until now, the truly great and powerful people *were* deceivers: their task demanded it of them. Suppose it turned out that life and progress are only possible if we are

fooled steadily and for a long time. Then the steady, consistent deceivers might earn the highest honors, as the ones who make life possible and help it move forward. The belief that you *cause harm* by not telling the truth is the belief of naive people. It is a kind of frog's-eye view of morality, seeing things from down low. If life and the *value* of life rest on mistakes that people firmly believe in, then the very person who speaks the truth and wants the truth could be the one causing harm — as the one who unpicks the illusions.

45.

The Philosopher of the Future

Thoughts on Strict Training and Breeding

46.

Note. Our far-off future purpose already rules over us, even when we don't yet have eyes open to see it. For long stretches of time, we live through nothing but riddles. The people and things we choose, the events we pick out, the way we push away what is most pleasant to us, often what we honor most — it frightens us. It feels as if chance or some random whim were bursting out of us here and there, like a volcano erupting. But it is really the higher reason of the task that lies ahead of us. Looking forward, everything that happens to us may seem like chance and nonsense working hand in hand. But looking back, I for my part can no longer find either of them anywhere in my life.

47.

Origins. What is noble? How the nobility came about. Imitating talents, like Voltaire.

The Great Breaking Away

The Seven Kinds of Being Alone

The Will to Power

48.

On the Ranking of People

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

Book One

:

Breeding and strict training.

Book Two

:

The great breaking away.

Book Three

:

The seven kinds of being alone.

Getting beyond morality.

Book Four

:

The will to power.

49.

Let us be suspicious of anything that only seems to happen "at the same time"! Small pieces of time slip in between. We may call them small only if we use a rough measure, for example our human way of measuring time. But in unusual states, for example when smoking hashish, or in a moment when our life is in danger, even we humans get some idea of this: in one second on our pocket watch, a thousand thoughts can be thought and a thousand experiences can be lived. When I open my eye, the visible world is there, seemingly at once.

But in the meantime something enormous has happened, a whole variety of events: first, second, third. But here, let the scientists who study the body do the talking!

50.

Under the title "the will to power", which is not without danger, a new philosophy is now meant to have its say. Or, to put it more clearly, *an attempt at a new interpretation of everything that happens*. Fairly enough, this is only a first try and a kind of test. It only prepares and asks the first questions. It is only a "prelude", like music played before the main piece, to something serious, and that serious thing needs ears that are trained and specially chosen. By the way, this goes without saying for everything a philosopher says *in public*, or at least it *should* go without saying. But today, thanks to the shallow and arrogant spirit of an age that believes in "equal rights for all", things have come to the point where people no longer at all — — — For every philosopher should have, at least in this respect, the skill of a teacher: before he sets out to convince people, he must first know how to talk them into things. Yes, the one who wants to lead people on must, before giving any proofs, first dig under and shake their beliefs. And before giving any orders or going ahead of others, he must first test how far he knows how to win them over and lead them on as well.

51.

Ideas are something alive. So they are also something that sometimes grows and sometimes shrinks. Many ideas have died a miserable death. To use a picture, you could call them cells, with a cell nucleus at the center and a body around it that is not solid and — — —

52.

There are dangerous words that seem to express knowledge, but in truth they block knowledge. One of them is the word "appearances". What a mess these "appearances" cause can be seen from the following statements, which I borrow from various recent philosophers.

Against the word "*appearances*".

53.

Note well. *Appearance*, as I understand it, is the real and only reality of things. It is the thing that all the descriptions we have belong to in the first place. And it is described best, relatively speaking, by using all descriptions, including opposite ones. But the word means nothing more than this: that it *cannot be reached* by the methods and distinctions of logic. So it is "appearance" compared with "logical truth". But logical truth itself is only possible in an imaginary world. So I do not set "appearance" against "reality". Instead, the other way around, I take appearance to be reality itself, the reality that refuses to be turned into an imagined "world of truth". A specific name for this reality would be "the will to power". That is, the name describes it from the inside, and not from its outer nature, which is fluid and impossible to grasp, always changing shape like Proteus, the Greek sea god who could turn into anything.

54.

Whether actions are done *on purpose* is not what really matters in morality. That idea belongs to the short-sighted way of thinking that focuses only on *the individual*. "Goal" and "means", compared with the whole type of being they grow out of, are only signs of something deeper. In themselves they can mean many things and can hardly be pinned down. Animals and plants show their moral character depend-

ing on the living conditions they are placed in. What really matters lies only behind the "purpose". We must never look at the individual in isolation. Instead we must say: "Here is a growing thing with this kind of past behind it."

55.

The idea that nature *follows laws* is a false interpretation, one made to suit human feelings. What really happens is that power relations are settled absolutely, with all their brutality. There is none of the softening that organic life brings with it: planning for the future, caution, cunning and cleverness, in short, the mind. The will to power rules completely in the moment. In human beings (and already in the cell), this settling of power is a process that keeps shifting as everyone involved grows. It is a struggle, as long as you understand that word widely and deeply enough. Then you can see even the relationship of the ruler to the ruled as a wrestling match, and the relationship of the one who obeys to the ruler as a kind of resistance.

56.

I.

On noble and common morality.

"Morality": a certain *type* of human being is to be *preserved*. That is noble morality.

What is human, in any amount at all, is to be preserved: that is common morality.

2.

Doing actions on purpose.

3.

The evil inside the virtues.

4.

The bad drives and how useful they are.

57.

Note well! But is something at rest really happier than everything that moves? Is what never changes really, and necessarily, worth more than a thing that changes? And suppose someone contradicts himself a thousand times, takes many paths and wears many masks, and finds no end inside himself and no final line on the horizon. Is it really likely that such a person learns less about "truth" than a virtuous Stoic, one of those strict calm thinkers, who once and for all has put himself in his place like a pillar, with the hard skin of a pillar? But prejudices like these sit at the doorway of all philosophy so far. Especially these: that certainty is better than uncertainty and open seas, and that appearance is what a philosopher must fight as his true enemy.

58.

It matters little now whether people know *what* I actually wanted from Richard Wagner back then (although anyone who has read my book The Birth of Tragedy should not be in the dark about it). It matters little, too, that by wanting something like that I proved, as thoroughly as possible, how wrong I was about him and about what he was capable of. It is enough that my mistake, including my belief that we shared a common destiny that tied us together, brings no shame either to him or to me. And in any case, back then, for the two

of us, both lonely in very different ways, it was no small comfort and a real blessing.

The moment came when I felt how far I had wanted *far too much* when it came to Richard Wagner. And somewhat later came the even worse moment when he my — — —

59.

End of "Man in Dealings with Others"

Preface and a First Question:

"What are free spirits?"

1.

"A soul where wisdom about the world lives must, through its own health, make the body healthy too." That is what Montaigne says, and today I am happy to say yes to it, as someone who has experience in this area. "There can be nothing livelier, nothing more wide awake, I almost said nothing more fun, than the world and its wisdom." I say that too, along with Montaigne. But back then, what pale and frightening masks wisdom was wearing when it walked past me! Enough said: I was often afraid of it, and I did not like being alone with it in that form. And so I set off, alone and silent, but with a stubborn "will to wisdom" and a pull toward the south, on my wanderings. Back then, privately, I called myself a "free spirit," or "Prince Free-as-a-Bird." And if anyone had asked me, "Where do you actually still feel at home?", I would have answered, "Maybe Beyond Good and Evil, and nowhere else." But it weighed on me heavily that I had no companions on the road. So one day I cast out a fishing hook to catch other "free spirits": I did it with this very book, which I already gave the name "a book for free spirits."

Today, of course (and what doesn't a person learn in ten years!), I hardly know anymore whether I am using this book to look for companions and "fellow travelers." In the meantime, you see, I learned something that few people understand now: how to put up with being alone, and how to "understand" being alone. Today I would even count it as one of the main signs of a "free spirit" that he would rather walk alone, rather fly alone, and even, when his legs are sick, rather crawl

alone. Being alone kills you if it does not heal you. That is true. Being alone is a harsh and dangerous kind of medicine. But this much is certain: when it does heal, it leaves a person standing healthier and more his own master than any person living among others, or any tree standing in its forest, could ever stand. Being alone tests more thoroughly than anything, more than any illness itself, whether someone was born and meant for life, or for death, like nearly everyone. Enough said: only by being alone did I learn to think all the way through two ideas that belong together, "free spirit" and "health."

2.

We "free spirits" live one by one, scattered here and there on the earth. Nothing can be done about that. We are few, and that is only fair. Part of our pride is thinking that our kind is a rare and a strange kind. We do not crowd together, and maybe we do not even "long" for each other. But of course, when we do meet, as we are doing today, it is a celebration! When we use the word "happiness" the way our philosophy means it, we do not think first of all about peace, outside or inside us. That is what the tired, frightened and suffering philosophers think of: no pain, no movement, no disturbance, a "Sabbath of all Sabbaths," a day of total rest, something that might be worth almost as much as deep sleep. No, our world is the uncertain, the changing, what can transform itself, what has many meanings. A dangerous world! Certainly more dangerous than the simple, the always-the-same, the predictable, the fixed. Until now, philosophers have given that fixed world the highest honor, because they inherited the herd instinct and the herd's way of valuing things. Known in many lands of the mind, and driven around through them, and so on.

3.

Have I described you with this? Or have I only found a new way of keeping quiet about you? I don't know. But you tell me that, either way, you are afraid I picked the wrong name. That the name "free spirit" has already been taken by others? That it is misleading? That because of this name, people will mix us up with someone else? But, just between us, my friends, why shouldn't we mislead people? What does it matter if other people mix us up? Will we mix ourselves up because of it? And finally: wouldn't it maybe be worse if... ?

All right, I understand you: you absolutely want a different name, a new name! "Out of pride," you tell me. That is the best argument there is; with it, you are allowed to do any stupid thing. So I will start over again. Now open your ears to my news!

But here you interrupt me, you free spirits. "Enough, enough!" I hear you shouting and laughing. "We can't stand it anymore! Oh, this dreadful clown! This virtuous traitor, this slanderer! Do you want to ruin our reputation with the whole world? Blacken our good name? Stick nicknames on us that don't just burn into our skin? Quiet, you troublemaker who keeps poking at our conscience! And why, on a bright blue day, these gloomy, ugly faces, these gurgling noises in your throat, all this raven-black music? If you are speaking truths, then they are truths no feet can dance to, so they are not truths for us. Here is our seal of truth!" (they say it in Latin: Ecce nostrum veritatis sigillum!) "And here is grass and soft ground. What could be better than to quickly chase your gloomy moods away and, after your 'night,' give us a good day? But somebody has to play music for us! And first, away with all the storm clouds! It's about time a rainbow stretched over the land again, some colorful, beautiful bridge made of lies, which only spirits can walk on: very free spirits, very airy, cheerful

spirits! And last of all, and first of all: don't you have any milk to drink? You yourself made us thirsty for your milk!"

And I answer: "As much as you want, my friends. Over there you can see my flock jumping around, all my gentle, sunny, calm lambs and goats. And here, for you, a whole bucket of milk is already waiting, a bucket full of freshly milked truths, still warm enough to warm you up again. Here it begins: 'Human, All Too Human. Good milk for free spirits.' Do you want to drink some?"

It's lovely to be silent together...

60.

The pessimism of artists. There are very different kinds of artists. If Richard Wagner has to be a pessimist, here is what forces him into it. There is his disgust with himself, like a worm eating at him, made of many kinds of self-contempt. There is his need for things that make him drunk with feeling, his own art included, just so he can stand living at all. And then there is the sick feeling that comes after that rush. On top of all that, there is his awareness that he is play-acting, and the pressure of not being free, which everyone suffers from who has to wear a disguise because he cannot stand himself naked. On the other side, there is his endless hunger for praise and noise, because actors like him can only get their belief in themselves as a gift from outside, and only for a moment at a time. They are not free at all to do without praise and noise! But what good are even the most blissful moments of this "vanity of vanities" (as the Latin saying goes, vanitatum vanitas)? What good is all the incense burned for them, all the worshipping of themselves? Right afterward, the old grief starts digging again! And above all the storms of passion, or of a lack of self-control dressed up as passion, there will always, in the end, come a weak, hesitant voice from inside: a voice that condemns him. Artists

like this, without meaning to and without being able to help it, glorify in their art their "not-me," everything that is the most extreme opposite of themselves. So, in Wagner's case, they glorify all the extreme virtues: for example, total loyalty, or total purity, or the simple innocence of a child, or the self-sacrifice of people who deny themselves everything. So, to a certain degree, we have a right to be suspicious of the character of any artist who always glorifies only extreme virtues. Because by doing that, he wants to get away from himself, and he is saying no to himself! But let us be satisfied with that! In the end, for all his wish to say no to the world, an artist like this still praises and celebrates something that is, after all, possible in this world. Art can be nothing else than saying yes to the world! And my objection, my friends, was no objection at all.

So, my friend: anyone can tell from his judgment, even if they don't agree with it, that he loved Wagner very much. An enemy never takes the thing he's fighting against as deeply to heart as he does. There is no doubt that, while he suffers because of Wagner, he also suffers along with Wagner.

61.

About the Plan

Our intellect, our will, and also our feelings all depend on our *ways of valuing things*. These ways of valuing match our drives and the conditions those drives need in order to exist. Our drives can all be traced back to *the will to power*.

The will to power is the final fact, the bottom layer we reach when we dig all the way down.

Our intellect is a tool

Our will

Our feelings of pain and displeasure

Our sensations

already dependent on our ways of valuing things

62.

Ranke's way of writing history, which *makes things look nicer than they were*. He tiptoes around carefully every time he ought to call some terrible, senseless accident exactly what it is. He believes in a kind of finger of God working from inside events, which now and then pushes and adjusts something in the clockwork of history. For this over-anxious man no longer dares to see God either as the clockwork itself or as the cause of the clockwork.

63.

Preface to "Mixed Opinions and Sayings"

What kind of people might enjoy notes like these? I hope I'll be allowed to paint my picture of this kind of person quickly, on the nearest wall that comes to hand: right here, on the pages of my "preface." And I would least of all want to claim a label for them straight away, a single word, even though such a word may exist. Perhaps someone who sees my picture will find the word on his own — the "right word"!

This kind of person protects the artist and the philosopher, but does not mistake himself for one of them. These people have free time. They have the good sense to use their reason for leisure, for "otium" as the Romans called it.

64.

For a long time I tried as hard as I possibly could to see Richard Wagner as a kind of Cagliostro, a famous swindler and magician. Please forgive me for this rather risky idea. At the very least, it did not come from hatred or dislike. It came from the spell that this one-of-a-kind man cast on me too. On top of that, I had noticed that the real "geniuses," the genuine ones of the very highest rank, do *not* "cast a spell" in that way. So the word "genius" alone did not seem to me enough to explain his mysterious hold over people.

65.

Preface.

Anyone who has the longings of a lofty and choosy soul will always be in great danger, in every age. But today that danger is enormous. Such

a person has been thrown into a loud, vulgar age, an age he does not want to eat from the same bowl with. So he can easily die of hunger and thirst. Or, if he finally does "help himself" after all, he can die of disgust. A person like this needs a few lucky breaks to come to his aid at the right moment. These must somehow make up for the harm he may have suffered through a lonely youth, full of longing and never satisfied. For example, he might find a demanding job. Working at it, he can for a while forget himself and his illness, and live entirely for the demands of a brave and active mind. Or he might open his ears to a philosopher who leads him back and away from everything that is fashionable and that pleases the present day, toward goals that last longer than the present. And this philosopher must do it without harming the student's sense of reverence through too much denial and rejection. Or he might become a friend of good music, and best of all a friend of good musicians themselves. That is a great comfort, because good musicians are all hermits and live "outside of time." It is also a good antidote against a too warlike and angry urge that wants to throw itself at the people and things of today.

It happened late — I was already past my twenties — that I figured out what I was still completely lacking: namely, justice, the ability to be fair. "What is justice? Is it even possible? And if it is not possible, how could life be bearable?" I asked myself these things over and over, without stopping. It frightened me deeply that wherever I dug into myself, I found only passions, only narrow views from my own little corner, only the careless confidence of someone who lacks even the basic conditions for being fair. But where was calm, clear judgment? I mean the kind of clear judgment that comes from a broad understanding. The only things I granted myself were *courage* and a certain *toughness*, the fruit of long self-control. And in fact it already took courage and toughness to admit so much to myself, and so late. In short, I found reasons, and better and better reasons, to distrust both my

praise and my criticism, and to laugh at the dignity of a judge that I had claimed for myself. In the end, ashamed, I even *forbade* myself any right to say yes or no. At the same time a sudden, fierce curiosity about the unknown world woke up in me. In short, I decided to go to a hard, long new school, as far away from my little corner as possible. Maybe along the way I would meet justice itself! And so a time of *wandering* began for me.

What was really happening to me back then? I did not understand myself, but the urge felt like an order. It seems that our future purpose, far off and decided long ago, is in control of us. For a long time all we experience is riddles. Which events we choose, how we suddenly grab at things and suddenly want them, how we push away the most pleasant things, often the things we honored most: all this scares us. It is as though something random, moody, crazy, and volcanic were bursting out of us here and there. But it is only the higher wisdom and foresight of the task waiting for us in the future. I asked myself uneasily: maybe the long sentence of my life is meant to be read *backwards*? Read forwards — there is no doubt about it — all I could read back then were "words without meaning."

A great and ever greater *breaking away*, a deliberate going off into strange places, a "becoming a stranger," a cooling off, a sobering up — this alone, nothing else, was what I wanted in those years. I tested everything my heart had ever been attached to. I turned the best and most beloved things upside down and looked at their back sides. And with everything that the human art of slander and badmouthing had practiced on most cleverly, I did the opposite. Back then I walked around many things that had been strange to me until then, with a gentle, even loving curiosity. I learned to judge our age and everything "modern" more fairly. On the whole it may well have been an eerie and wicked game. I was often sick from it. That breaking away comes suddenly, like an earthquake: the young soul has to watch what is

happening to it. It is also a sickness that can destroy a person: this first outburst of strength and of the will to decide for oneself. And even sicker are the mind's first strange and wild attempts to rearrange the world with its own fist. But my decision stood firm. Even while sick, I put on the best face I could in my "game," and I fought spitefully against any conclusion that sickness, being alone, or the tiredness of wandering *might* have had a hand in. "Onward," I told myself, "tomorrow you will be healthy. Today it is enough to act healthy." Back then I mastered everything "pessimistic" in me. The *will* to be healthy itself, the acting out of health, was my medicine. What I felt and *wanted* back then as "health" is expressed clearly enough, and revealingly enough, in these sentences (page 37 of the first edition): "a strong, gentle, and at bottom cheerful soul. A mood that does not need to be on guard against tricks and sudden outbursts, and whose way of speaking has nothing of the growling tone and the grim stubbornness — those familiar, annoying traits of old dogs and of people who have lain on a chain for a long time. And as the most desirable state of all: that free, fearless floating above people, customs, laws, and the usual ways of valuing things." In fact it was a kind of bird's freedom and a bird's-eye view, something of curiosity and contempt at the same time. Everyone knows this feeling who looks out, without being involved, over a huge variety of things. "A free spirit" — in that state this cool phrase feels good. It almost warms you. Such a person has become the opposite of those who worry about things that are none of their business. The free spirit is concerned with nothing but things that no longer "worry" him.

It cannot be helped, even if it is a hard nut to crack here: the higher person, the exceptional person, *must*, if he is going to — — —

Back then, the personal result of all this was what I called the logical denial of the world (Human, All Too Human, page 31). By that I meant the judgment that the world *that matters to us at all* is false. "It is

not the world as a thing in itself that matters. That world is empty, empty of meaning, and deserves the huge laughter of the gods in Homer! What matters is the world *as a mistake*. That world is so full of meaning, so deep, so wonderful, carrying both happiness and unhappiness inside it, like a mother carries a child." That is what I declared back then. I believed I had reached "the overcoming of metaphysics," which I had called "a matter of the greatest effort of human clear thinking" on page 23. Metaphysics means the old belief in a deeper, hidden world beyond the one we see. At the same time I made a demand on myself: since this metaphysics, now overcome, had given "the greatest help to humanity," I wanted to *keep holding on* to a deep sense of gratitude toward it.

But in the background stood the will to a much wider curiosity, even to a huge experiment. A thought began to dawn in me, like early morning light: could all values perhaps be turned upside down? And the question kept coming back: "What do all human ways of valuing things really mean? What do they give away about the conditions of life? First your own life, then human life, and finally all life of any kind?"

66.

Draft for part 2) of the preface: Anyone who has not lived through something similar has no business here. This is a book of preparation. A preface has to be written not only to invite people in, but also to scare them away.

"Our highest insights must and should, and so on."

To keep people from mixing things up, I have added a lot, to fill in the picture of the *state* I was in back then

: it is a *necessary* stage that some people have to pass through. Some things I could now say *more clearly*.

A defense against the "freethinkers."

Against the anarchist itch, which spreads like a skin disease. This is a book meant to make people who are born to rule and to lead think hard, and in some cases to come to frightening decisions. It should make them think about strict training of themselves. It should make them think about a kind of superiority that is also open to many ways of thinking, a kind of flexibility. And it should make them think about that enormous health which does not even want to do without sickness, because it uses sickness for a higher goal.

I mean that strict training and self-control of the mind, which is just as much a flexibility of the heart and an art of wearing a mask. I mean that inner breadth and refined taste which lets us walk the paths of many ways of thinking, even ways that oppose each other, without any danger of getting lost in them or falling in love with them. I mean that enormous health which does not even want to do without sickness. I mean that overflow of forces that can shape, heal, rebuild and restore

67.

Only then did I gain an eye for history, through Ranke, the historian. Our historians know nothing about the natural sciences and medicine, and this turns them into humble lawyers who simply defend the facts. They act as if something good must still "come out of it" for us in the end, at least some small "finger of God," some little sign that God is at work.

68.

Number 1 of Mixed Opinions and Sayings: *The Sphinx*.

End of section I: *The New Oedipus*.

69.

Our "mind," together with our feelings and sensations, is a tool. It serves a master who has many heads and is split in many ways. This master is our way of valuing things. But our ways of valuing things give away something about the *conditions of our life*. In the smallest part, they show the conditions of the single person. In a wider part, they show the conditions of the human species. In the largest and widest part, they show the conditions under which *life* is possible at all.

70.

"*German*."

Questions and dashes.

German pessimism.

German Romanticism.

The people who rediscovered the Greeks.

German anarchism.

The dangers of the Jewish soul.

The writers.

Women.

The hermits.

The crowd-pleasers in art.

German writing style.

German music. The South, the East (two Souths: Venice and Provence).

The "Enlightenment" and modern ideas.

The schoolteacher culture.

The Wagner craze.

The Europeans.

The German mind.

The Jews.

Here is a man.

"Depth."

The Christian European.

Notebook 41: August to September 1885

1.

Sils-Maria, end of August 1885

Friedrich Nietzsche, Collected Writings.

First Works.

The Birth of Tragedy.

Untimely Thoughts, meaning thoughts that go against the spirit of their time.

A Speech about Homer.

Human, All Too Human. A book for free spirits.

"Between Ourselves." Mixed opinions and sayings.

Dawn. Thoughts about our moral prejudices.

The cheerful science. A prelude to a philosophy of the future.

Thus Spoke Zarathustra. A book for everyone and no one.

Noon and Eternity. What a fortune-teller leaves behind for those who come after him.

In Latin: "The lonely wilderness shall rejoice and bloom like a lily."

From the prophet Isaiah.

2.

A new Untimely Thought.

1.

When we are young, we admire and look down on things like fools. We probably offer up our tenderest and highest feelings to our interpretation of people and things that don't belong with us, just as little as we belong with them. *Youth* itself is something that twists the truth and deceives. It seems that the deep respect and the anger that belong to youth simply can't rest until they have "faked" people and things into the right shape, so that they can unload their strong feelings onto them. Later, when we have become stronger, deeper, and also more truthful, we are shocked to discover how little we kept our eyes open back then, when we made sacrifices on those altars. We are angry at ourselves for not having seen everything vain, exaggerated, fake, painted-up and theatrical about our beloved idols. We are angry at ourselves for blinding ourselves like that, as if it had been a dishonest kind of blindness. In this stage of change, we take revenge on ourselves through distrust. We are on guard against our own excited feelings. In fact, even "a good conscience" itself already looks like a danger, like a way of covering ourselves up and a sign that our own honesty is growing tired. Then another ten years go by, and we understand that all of this, too, was still — *youth*. —

2.

— What I myself once wrote, in my "young years", about Schopenhauer and Richard Wagner — and I didn't so much write it as *paint* it, maybe like a wall painting that was far too bold, cocky and overyouthful — that is the last thing I want to check today, detail by detail, to see what is "true" and what is "false". But suppose I was wrong back then. At the very least, my mistake brings no shame either to the men I named or to myself! It *is* something to be wrong in *that* way. And it *is* also something to lead someone like *me* into such a

mistake. In any case, it was a priceless gift to me back then, when I decided to paint "the philosopher" and "the artist" and, so to speak, my own "categorical imperative", my own highest rule. It was a gift that I didn't have to paint my new colors into thin air, but could paint them onto figures that were already sketched out for me. Without knowing it, I was speaking only for myself — in fact, deep down, only about myself. And yet: everything I lived through back then are experiences that are typical for a certain kind of person, and to help those experiences find a voice — — — And whoever reads those writings with a young and fiery soul may perhaps guess the heavy vows with which I bound myself for life back then — the vows with which I chose *my* life. I hope that reader is one of those few who are *allowed* to choose the same kind of life and make the same vows!

3.

There came a moment when I secretly began to laugh at Richard Wagner. That was when he was getting ready for his last role, and stepped out before the dear Germans with the gestures of a miracle worker, a bringer of salvation, a prophet, and even a philosopher. And since I had not yet stopped loving him, my own laughter still bit me in the heart. That is part of the story of everyone who becomes independent of his teacher and finally finds his own path. During this time I wrote the lively essay that follows. It seems to me that many a young German can still gain something from it today. As for me, the way I think now, I would wish everything had been said more patiently, and also more warmly and more gently. Meanwhile I have guessed far too much about the painful and dreadful tragedy that lies hidden behind the life of a man like Richard Wagner.

4.

Without any doubt, Richard Wagner has given the Germans, and so on.

5.

But what about Richard Wagner the musician? — "Richard Wagner, and no end to him": that is the slogan today.

But we friends of music have reached the end of our patience with this. For so long we have put on a brave face while the bad game of Wagner-mania went on. With the help of every virtue and every theory of beauty, we kept talking ourselves into it and urging ourselves on, through a whole long rainy day: "How lovely even bad weather is! How many charms are hidden in the folds of the storm! How finely the rain understands 'endless melody'! How brilliantly a flash of lightning shines in the middle of long gray gloom! And the thunder, even: how beautiful the sliding, shifting tones of the thunder are!" But at last, at last, we want to see a clear sky again, and at least have the *beautiful evening* we have earned after such a virtuous but such a nasty day! — Really? The evening? Is it really already "turning to evening"? Is our best art, music, now also heading toward its end? My friends, here is someone who no longer believes that! It is not nearly time for evening yet! And Wagner was neither the daytime nor the evening of our art. He was only a dangerous incident, an exception and a question mark, *one that put our conscience to the test*! We learned to say No! just in time. Every honest and deep musician today says No to Wagner, and to himself, insofar as he still "Wagnerizes" — and he says it all the more thoroughly the more he himself went to school with Wagner and learned from him.

6.

Of course, things may look all the worse for the less gifted musicians, and also for those who are hungry for money and fame. For them in particular, Wagner's way of making music holds very special temptations. You see, it is *easy* to compose with Wagner's methods and tricks. And since today's artists, like rabble-rousers, long to stir up the "masses", it may also pay better — that is, be more "effective", more "overwhelming", more "striking", more "gripping", or whatever else the favorite words are that give away the theater mob and the amateur dreamers. But in matters of art, what does the noise and excitement of the "masses" mean in the end? *Good* music never has a "public". It is not, and can never be, "public". It belongs to the most select few. It should always and only — to put it in a picture — be there "*for the chamber*", for a small private room! The "masses" can sniff out whoever knows best how to flatter them. In their own way, they are grateful to every rabble-rousing talent, and they pay it back as well as they can. (The death of Victor Hugo gave a revealing example of how the "masses" know how to *thank* someone, and with what kind of "mind" and "taste" they do it. Has as much nonsense that disgraces France ever been printed and spoken in all the centuries of France put together as on that occasion? But at Richard Wagner's funeral, too, the grateful flattery climbed all the way up to the "pious" wish: "Redemption for the Redeemer!" —)

Note: There is no doubt that Wagner's art has an effect on the masses today. And the fact that it can do this — shouldn't that tell us something about the art itself? The "masses" have never had any feeling for three good things in art: nobility, logic, and beauty. As an old Latin saying puts it, beauty belongs to the few. And that is not even to mention an even better thing, the *grand style*. Up to now, even the finest artists of modern times have not been allowed to say either yes or no to the grand style. They have not yet earned the right to it. They

felt far away from it and ashamed in front of it, and that very shame was the highest point they ever reached! Wagner stands farthest of all from the grand style. The wild excess and the heroic bragging of his artistic tools are the exact *opposite* of the grand style. The same goes for everything tender and seductive in him, everything with many-sided charm, everything restless, unsure, thrilling, of-the-moment, and secretly overflowing. It goes for the whole "otherworldly" costume worn by sick senses, and for everything else that can rightly be called typically "Wagnerian." And yet, even though he is completely unable to reach it, Wagner *casts sideways glances* at the grand *style* — he, who cannot even manage ordinary, proper, genuine *logic*! He knows this well enough. He realized it early on. But right away he set about turning his weakness into an advantage, using the shameless skill of an actor, which is what his mastery really consists of. There is a lot of seduction in what is illogical or only half-logical — Wagner figured that out thoroughly — especially for Germans, who feel that being unclear means being "deep." The manliness and strictness of a logical development were denied to him. But he found something "more effective"! "Music," he taught, "is always only a means; the goal is the drama." The drama? No — the pose! At least, *that* is how Wagner understood it to himself. First and foremost, the moving, gripping pose! Something that knocks you over and makes you shudder! Who cares about having "good enough reasons"! A kind of double meaning, even in the rhythm of his musical phrases, is likewise one of his favorite tools. So is a kind of drunkenness and sleepwalking, which no longer knows how to "follow" an argument, and which sets loose a dangerous wish to follow blindly and give in.

Just look at our *women* when they have been "Wagnetized," put under Wagner's magnetic spell: what an "unfree will"! What surrender to fate in their fading eyes! How they let everything happen, how they let it all wash over them! Perhaps they even sense that in this state,

with their will "switched off," they have *extra* magic and charm for certain kinds of men. And that is one *more* reason to worship their Cagliostro, their famous trickster and miracle man! In the case of the real "maenads" of Wagner worship — his truly frenzied female followers — one can safely conclude that there is hysteria and sickness. Something is not right in their sexual life. Or they are missing children, or, in the most bearable case, they are missing men.

7.

As for the *young men* who honor Wagner, they are usually not very musical. (One of the best of them once even told me, quite honestly: "I understand *nothing at all* about music, but Wagner brings together everything good there is today — he is against the Jews, he is a vegetarian, and he hates experiments on live animals.") These Wagnerian young men are, in many ways, a very refreshing and decent kind of young man. In Wagner they worship roughly the same thing that the passionate followers of Victor Hugo worshipped in their idol around 1828. Above all, they worship the master of big words and big gestures, the champion of every swelling feeling and every lofty instinct. Next, they worship the bold inventor and breaker of chains, fighting against the older, stricter, perhaps more narrow training in art. They worship the one who opens up new paths, new views, new distances, new depths and heights. And finally, and not least of all: this German youth admires in Wagner his bossiness — his ability to give orders loudly, to stand on his own, to point back only to himself, to say yes to himself stubbornly, and always in the name of the "chosen people," the Germans! In short, they admire the rabble-rousing, crowd-pleasing side of Wagner, the side of a people's leader stirring up the crowd. These excited young men do not yet see how bad, even disgusting, the taste is in this whole business of Wagner "putting himself on stage." Young people simply *have* the right to bad taste — it is *their* right. But

if you want to learn *where* the innocence and careless eagerness of young men can be led and misled by an old, restless pied piper, then take a look at that literary swamp from which the master, now grown old, likes to sing along with his "boys" (is "sing" the right word?). I mean that notorious magazine, the "Bayreuth Pages." It really is a *swamp*. There is arrogance, showy German patriotism, and muddled ideas, all mixed together in the murkiest way. Over all this is poured an unbearable syrup of the "sweetest" pity. In between comes that love of green vegetables I already mentioned, and that deliberate, preachy, teary-eyed sentiment in favor of animals. And this sits *right next to* an open, real, and deep hatred of science, and in general the mocking and smearing of everything that stands or stood in Wagner's way. Just think how the *nobler* nature of Mendelssohn and the *purer* nature of Schumann stood in the way of his influence! On top of that, there is a clever sideways glance at new allies, a "friendly approach" toward powerful parties. For example, there is the completely dirty game of flirting with *Christian* symbols. Wagner, the old atheist, the old rejecter of all laws, the old immoralist, even once calls out in a preachy voice to the "blood of the Savior"! All in all, it is the cheekiness of an old high priest wrapped in thick clouds of incense, who announces his dark feelings like holy revelations, about every possible area of thought — areas that are completely closed and forbidden to him in particular. And all of this is written in a kind of German, a real swamp-German full of unclearness and exaggeration, that perhaps not even the students of Hegel who were the worst enemies of good German ever managed to reach!

8.

Perhaps only now can it be made clear *where* Wagner belongs. He does *not* belong in the great line of the real and genuine artists of the highest rank. He does *not* belong at that Olympian "court of all

courts," where the gods of art sit. Instead, Wagner deserves a completely different rank and a completely different honor — and in fact, not a small or common one. Wagner is one of those three acting geniuses of art from whom the *crowd* in this century — and this is, after all, the "century of the crowd"! — almost first *learned* what the word "artist" means. I mean those three strange and dangerous people: Paganini, Liszt, and Wagner. They stand in a questionable place, halfway between "God" and "ape." They were born just as much for "copying" as for inventing — for creating *in the art of copying itself*. Their instinct guessed everything that can be found and put to full use for performing, for expressing, for making an effect, for enchanting, for seducing. As demonic go-betweens and interpreters of art, they became — and still *are* today — the masters of all performing and interpreting artists in general. Everyone in those circles has learned from them. That is why, among actors and performing musicians of every kind, you will have to look for the center, and also the origin, of the real "Wagner cult." But leaving aside these circles — and they may be granted every right to their faith and superstition — and looking at the whole phenomenon of those three acting geniuses and its most secret and most general meaning, I cannot help raising the same question again and again. What seems to be expressed in a new way in those three — is it perhaps just the old, eternal "Cagliostro," the old swindler and wonder-worker, only in a new disguise, put on stage in a new way, "set to music," set into religion — just as it best suits the taste of the new century, the century of the *crowd*, as I said? So no longer, like the last Cagliostro, the seducer of a noble and tired culture, but instead — a *rabble-rousing* Cagliostro who works the crowd? And our music, which is used here to do the "magic" — what, I beg you and ask you, does our German music mean!

9.

— This *last* Wagner was, deep down, a broken and beaten man who still could not give up his grand play-acting. At the very end, this Wagner even talked about the "raptures" he said he could get from the Protestant communion service, while at the same time, with his Parsifal music, he was reaching out his hands to everything truly *Roman*, that is, Catholic. He was a flatterer who offered himself everywhere, feeding every German vanity, every German vagueness and every German arrogance. And this *last* Wagner was supposed to be the final and highest peak of our music? He was supposed to show that the "German soul" had at last come together into one whole? He was supposed to be *the* German himself? — It was in the summer of 1876 that I gave up *this* belief inside myself. And with that began a stirring of the German conscience, which today is showing ever more serious and ever clearer signs — and with it, Wagner-worship is *falling back*!

3.

The only real nobility is nobility of birth, nobility of blood. (I am not talking here about the little word "von" in a name, or about the Almanac of Gotha, the book that lists noble families. This note is for the donkeys.) Whenever people talk about "aristocrats of the mind," there is usually some reason to hide something. As everyone knows, it is a favorite phrase among ambitious Jews. You see, mind alone does not make anyone noble. Rather, something is needed first *that makes the mind noble*. — So what is needed for that? Blood.

4.

German philosophy as a whole — Leibniz, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, to name the great ones — is the deepest kind of *Romanticism* and homesickness there has ever been: a longing for the best that ever

existed. People no longer feel at home anywhere. In the end they long to go back to the one place where they could somehow feel at home, because that is the only place where they want to be at home: and that is the world of ancient Greece! But it is exactly to that place that all the bridges have been broken — *except* the rainbows of ideas! And those rainbows lead everywhere, into every homeland and every "fatherland" that ever existed for Greek souls! Of course, you have to be very delicate, very light, very thin to walk across these bridges! But what happiness there already is in this will to live in the mind, almost to become a ghost! How far it takes you from "pressure and push," from the clumsy machine-thinking of natural science, from the racket of "modern ideas," which is like the noise of a noisy fair! People want to go *back*: through the early Church Fathers to the Greeks, from the North to the South, from formulas to forms. They still enjoy the end of the ancient world, Christianity, as a doorway into that ancient world, as a good piece of the old world itself, like a glittering mosaic made of ancient ideas and ancient judgments about what is good and bad. The fancy curls, flourishes and frills of medieval school philosophy, with all its abstract thinking, are still better, meaning finer and thinner, than the peasant and mob reality of northern Europe. They are still a protest by a higher life of the mind against the peasants' war and mob uprising that took over the taste of the mind in northern Europe, and which had as its leader that great "mindless man," Luther. — Seen this way, German philosophy is a piece of the Counter-Reformation, even of the Renaissance, or at least a will to have a Renaissance: a will to *keep on* rediscovering the ancient world, to keep digging up ancient philosophy, above all the philosophers before Socrates — the most deeply buried of all Greek temples! Perhaps a few hundred years from now people will judge that all German philosophy got its true dignity from this: that it was a step-by-step winning back of ancient ground. They may judge that every claim to "originality" sounds petty and silly compared to the Germans' higher claim: to have

tied again the bond that seemed torn, the bond with the Greeks, the highest kind of "human being" there has been so far. Today we are coming back to all those basic ways of interpreting the world that the Greek mind invented in Anaximander, Heraclitus, Parmenides, Empedocles, Democritus and Anaxagoras. We are becoming more *Greek* every day — at first, as is only fair, in our ideas and our ways of valuing things, like ghosts playing at being Greek. But one day, I hope, also in our *bodies*! This is where my hope for the German character lies, and where it has always lain!

5.

You open a book written by a woman — and soon you sigh: "Another cook who went wrong!"

6.

The highest and most glorious human joys, in which life celebrates its own glorifying, are reached, as is only fair, only by the very rarest and best-made people. And even they reach them only after they themselves and their ancestors have lived a long life of preparation aimed at this goal, without even knowing about the goal. Then, inside one single person, an overflowing wealth of the most varied powers lives lovingly side by side with the quickest power of "free will" and of commanding like a master. Then the mind is just as much at home in the senses as the senses are at home in the mind. And everything that happens in the mind must also set off a fine, extraordinary happiness and play in the senses. And the other way round, too! — think about this reversal sometime when you read the Persian poet Hafiz. Even Goethe, though already in a weaker picture, gives a hint of how this works. It is likely that in such complete and well-made people, in the end even the most physical, bodily acts are glorified by a rush of images coming from the highest life of the mind. They feel in

themselves a kind of *making the body divine*, and they are as far as can be from the philosophy of the self-denying ascetics, with its saying "God is a spirit." Here it becomes clear that the ascetic is "the failure": the person who calls only one part of himself *good*, and that part is exactly the one that judges and condemns — and calls it "God." From that height of joy, where a person feels himself completely as a divine form of nature and as nature justifying itself, all the way down to the joy of healthy peasants and healthy half-human animals: this whole long, enormous ladder of light and color that is *happiness* was given a name by the Greeks. They gave it, not without the grateful shivers of someone let in on a secret, not without great care and holy silence, the name of a god: Dionysus. — What do all modern people really *know*, these children of a cracked, mixed-up, sick and strange mother, about how *wide* Greek happiness was? What could they ever know about it! And where would the slaves of "modern ideas" even get a right to hold Dionysian celebrations!

7.

That mysterious symbol came into being when the Greek body and the Greek soul were "in bloom", at their healthiest. It did not come from states of sick excess and madness. It is the symbol of the highest saying yes to the world, and the highest glorifying of life, that anyone on earth has reached so far. Here we are given a measuring stick, and next to it everything that has grown since then turns out to be too short, too poor, too narrow. Just say the word "Dionysus" next to the best modern names and things, next to Goethe, say, or Beethoven, or Shakespeare, or Raphael: and all at once we feel that our best things and our best moments have been judged. Dionysus is a judge! Have I made myself understood? There is no doubt that the Greeks tried to explain to themselves, through their Dionysian experiences, the deepest secrets "about the fate of the soul". They also used those experi-

ences to explain everything they knew about upbringing and making people pure, and above all about the fixed ranking of people, the fact that one human being is not worth the same as another. This is the great depth, the great silence, behind everything Greek. As long as this hidden underground entrance stays buried, you do not really know the Greeks. Pushy scholars' eyes will never see anything of these things, however much learning still has to be spent on digging this entrance out. Even the noble eagerness of lovers of the ancient world, like Goethe and Winckelmann, has something not quite allowed about it right here, something almost immodest. Here is what to do instead. Wait and get ready. Wait for new springs of water to burst out of the ground. While you are alone, prepare yourself for strange visions and strange voices. Keep washing your soul cleaner and cleaner of the dust and noise of this age, which is like a noisy fair. Do not simply throw away everything Christian; overcome it with something that goes beyond Christianity, because the Christian teaching was the opposite teaching to the Dionysian one. Discover the South again inside yourself, and stretch a bright, shining, mysterious southern sky over your head. Win back the southern health and the hidden strength of the soul. Step by step, grow wider: beyond your own nation, more European, beyond Europe, more Eastern, and finally more Greek, because the Greek world was the first great joining together of everything Eastern. And that very thing was the beginning of the European soul, the discovery of our own "new world". Whoever lives by commands like these, who knows what may happen to him one day? Perhaps exactly this: a new day!

8.

When I was young, I declared war on the state of German education and culture, and I fought bravely with my sword. There is no other way. Away with the women, and also with the womanish men and the

softies! People like that understand nothing about war and moan themselves half to death over a single spilled drop of blood. People blame me for having "killed" old David Strauss back then? Well, I will probably have other human lives on my conscience too. But that is what war and victory bring with them. When something is ripe to die, why keep nursing it, sparing it and wrapping it up in cotton? And nothing about the state of German education should be spared: it is "ripe".

9.

Preface

Imagine someone with the appetites of a high and choosy soul, who only rarely finds his own kind of table set and his own kind of food ready. Today the danger for such a person is not small. He has been thrown into a noisy, mob-like age, and he does not want to eat from the same bowl as it. So he can easily die of hunger and thirst. Or, if in the end he does "help himself" after all, he can die of disgust. That was the danger of my youth, a youth that was never satisfied, full of longing, and lonely. The danger reached its peak on the day I understood what kind of food I had actually been feeding myself, and what the wild hunger and thirst of my soul had tempted me into. That was in the summer of 1876. Back then, furious with disgust, I pushed away all the tables I had been sitting at until then. I swore to myself that I would rather live by chance and badly, rather live on grass and herbs while on the road, like an animal, rather not live at all, than share my meals with "the actor people" and "the higher circus riders of the mind". Those were the harsh words I used at the time. For I felt I had landed among nothing but frauds like Cagliostro, among fake people. And I raged and stormed at myself for having loved where I should have despised.

At last I grew calmer, though not at all fairer or more forgiving. Then, slowly and without being rude, I freed myself from my old "company" and set out wandering. I was sick, sick for many long years. A great breaking away, which grew greater and greater, was my only comfort in that time. I say "great" because philosophical people like to turn a single case into something general. It was a deliberate "making myself a stranger". I tested everything my heart had ever been attached to. I turned the best and most honored things and people upside down and looked at their back side. And I did the opposite with everything that the human art of slander and badmouthing had always practiced on most: I looked at its good side. It was a wicked game. It often made me sick, but my decision stood firm. I "broke my own worshipping heart", and then I even looked at the broken pieces and their back sides too. I did this not without a lot of new pleasure and curiosity, because a person is cruel to the same degree that he is able to love. Finally, step by step, I came to the last demand of my inner hardness. I put on my best face for my wicked game. I laughed at all the "pessimism" inside me. And I spitefully fought against every conclusion that sickness and being alone could possibly have had a hand in. "Keep going," I told myself. "One day you will be healthy. For today, it is enough to act healthy! The will to be healthy is already the very best medicine!"

After that I opened my eyes for the first time. Right away I saw many things, and many colors in things, that timid people who hang around on street corners never get to see, nor do anxious minds that only worry about themselves and have always stayed at home. A kind of bird's freedom, a kind of bird's-eye view, a kind of mix of curiosity and contempt, like anyone has who looks down, uninvolved, on a huge variety of things: that was the new state I had finally reached, and I stayed in it for a long time. A "free spirit" and nothing more: that is how I felt and what I called myself back then. And I really had become

the opposite of those people who worry about things that are none of their business. With me it was the other way around: the things that were my business were all things that no longer "worried" me.

These were years of getting well again. They were rich, varied years, full of colorful events that were painful and magical at once. The healthy ones, the clumsy, heavy-built minds, could hardly understand or even sniff out anything about such events, and neither could the sick ones, the condemned, those destined for death and not for life. Back then I had not yet found "myself". But I was bravely on my way toward "myself", and I tested a thousand things and people I passed by, to see whether they belonged to "me", or at least knew something about "me". What surprises there were along the way! What shivers! What short little corners of happiness! What resting in the sun! What tenderness! And again and again there was that hard inner voice giving orders: "Away from here! Keep going, wanderer! There are still many seas and lands left for you. Who knows whom you still have to meet?"

So let me admit it, and admit it gratefully: back then, when I began to study the rule called "human being," I met some strange spirits, and not harmless ones. Sometimes they were even *very* free spirits, and they crossed my path. Above all there was one who came again and again, and he was no less than the god Dionysus himself. He was the same god to whom I had once, when I was much younger, offered a respectful and innocent sacrifice. Maybe one day I will find enough free time and quiet to tell my friends everything I remember of the philosophy of the god Dionysus. I would tell it in a low voice, as is only right, because it is about many secret things, and some eerie ones too. But that Dionysus is a philosopher, and so that *gods do philosophy* too, seems to me an important fact, one that deserves to be passed on with great care. Nothing speaks against it, except maybe that people will hear of it at the wrong moment, because these days

people do not like to believe in gods. Perhaps, in telling this story openly, I would also have to go a bit further than my friends' strict ears would always like. What is certain is that the god I named went further in our conversations, and was always a few steps ahead of me. He *loves* to go far! In fact, if it were allowed to give him, as humans usually do, fine, fake, showy names that praise his virtues, I would have a lot of praise to give. I would praise his courage as an explorer and discoverer, his honesty, his truthfulness, and his love of wisdom. But a god like that has no use for all this pretty junk and show. "Keep that," he would say, "for yourself and people like you, and for anyone else who needs it! *I have no reason to cover my nakedness*."

You can see that this kind of god and philosopher is a little short on shame. Right in our first conversation he said to me: "In some situations I love human beings." As he said this, he was hinting at Ariadne. "Man is a pleasant, inventive animal, with nothing like him on earth. He can still find his way through any maze. I often think about how I can push him further forward and make him stronger, more evil and deeper than he is." "Stronger, more evil and deeper?" I asked, frightened. "Yes," he said once more, "stronger, more evil and deeper. And more beautiful too." And with that the god smiled, as if he had just paid someone a charming compliment. Here you can also see that shame is not the only thing this god is lacking. And in general there are good reasons to suspect that in some ways all the gods together could come to us humans and learn from us. We are *more humane*.

And with this we have arrived at the right place, which is to say, at the end. By now people will have understood well enough what the title "Human, All Too Human" is supposed to mean. And why this book is "a book for *free spirits*."

2.

I have already hinted at what the words "Human, All Too Human" in this title are meant to say, at least for people with sharp ears. But what on earth did I have in mind back then with "free spirits," the people I was fishing for when I cast out my book like a fishhook? It seems that what I wanted was... company?

10.

...So I cannot praise enough the three strokes of luck in my life. Just in time, they made up for whatever harm I may have suffered from a youth that was unsatisfied, full of longing, and lonely. The first was that early on, while still young, I found respectable, scholarly work that let me make myself at home close to the ancient Greeks, if people will forgive me this immodest but clear way of putting it. Being set aside like this, and kept so well entertained, I did not easily let myself get really angry about anything happening in the present day. On top of that, I was devoted to a philosopher who knew how to bravely oppose everything about his own time, yet without pulling up his student's sense of respect by the roots through too much rejection. Finally, from early childhood I had loved music, and I had always been friends with good musicians themselves. All of this together meant that I had little reason to concern myself with the people of today, because good musicians are all hermits and live outside of their time.

I was already past my twenties when I realized that I lacked knowledge of people. After all, how likely is it that someone could become an expert on human beings if he has never seriously set his mind on honors, or on official posts, or on money, or on women, and spends the biggest part of every day alone? There would be plenty here to make fun of, if it were not in bad taste for the author of a book to misuse its preface to make fun of himself. Enough said: I found reas-

ons, more and more and better and better reasons, to deeply distrust both my praise and my criticism. At the same time a fierce and sudden curiosity woke up in me about "the human being." In short, I decided to go to a hard and long school.

11.

"Thinking" in its most basic state, before living things existed, is *forcing a shape through*, as happens with a crystal. In *our* thinking, the *main* thing is fitting new material into the old patterns, which is like the bed of Procrustes, the robber in the Greek myth who stretched or cut people to fit his bed. It means *making* the new the same as the old.

12.

End of Part One.

I see new philosophers rising. Just as I know you, my friends, you free spirits, so these "ones who are coming" also fly among you, beautiful proud birds! I...

13.

...But as for the command of German instinct mentioned earlier, which orders: "No more *new* Jews! And keep the gates to the East shut!", careful thought might advise the German Jews themselves to accept this kind of "border control." Their task is to grow into the German character, and to reach a more German type of expression and gesture, and finally of "soul." For *this* is the path: from the outside to the inside, from "appearance" to "being." This task, he says, must not keep being pushed back until it can no longer be solved, by what he calls the dreadful and contemptible ugliness of newly arriving Polish and Russian, Hungarian and Galician Jews. *Here* is the point where the Jews, for their part, also have to act, namely to "set limits"

for themselves. It is the one and last point where Jewish and German interests could still be brought together into one shared interest. But of course, it is time, in fact high time!

14.

Until now there has also never been a German culture. It is no argument against this claim that there were great hermits in Germany, Goethe for example, because they had *their own* culture. But all around them, as if around mighty, defiant rocks standing alone, the rest of German life always lay *as their opposite*. It was like soft, swampy, unsteady ground, where every single step taken by foreign countries left an "impression" and created "forms." In other words, German education and culture had no character of its own; it was something that gave way to almost anything.

15.

— In public, I laughed a poor, arrogant, musty book to death, a book that "German education" had fallen madly in love with. Well, there are still many *more dangerous* ways to use your laughter here on earth! Maybe, without meaning to, I even "killed" an old man in the process, the old and worthy David Strauss, "a man of great merit", as the Latin phrase goes? That is what people hint to me. But that is just what war and victory bring with them. And with a clear conscience, I want to have quite different human lives "on my conscience" someday! Just get the women out of here, and the men who whine like hired mourning women, and the soft, delicate ones too! *That* sort understands nothing about the craft of war, and they wail themselves half to death over every "lack of gentleness". Before something else can begin, you first have to put an end to things here. I do hope that people understand — me, here? But nothing about "German education" should be spared

any longer. Here you must not spare even yourself, and you must finally put an end to it — or else Something Else can never begin at all.

16.

The Germans are deep.

the Christian European.

the German mind

that reckless enthusiast.

the rabble-rousers in art.

On the decline of the Wagner craze.

How little German style

the Jews

Ranke, the lawyer who makes the facts look prettier

Notebook 42: August–September 1885

1.

The Mirror.

A chance for Europeans to take a good look at themselves.

The hidden anarchism.

The kinds and causes of speaking badly about the world.

III The Germans. Thoughts about strict training and breeding.

What lies behind logic.

The awkward problem of the physicists.

II What are "free spirits"?

The crowd-stirrers in art.

The Eternal Feminine.

Morality in Europe.

The strict training of the *will*.

On the ranking of people.

Christ and Dionysus.

The historian.

I The philosophers of the future.

The fading of cheerfulness.

On being alone.

The South and the East. A word for musicians.

Interpreting the world, not explaining the world.

(Literature and the culture of actors.)

The "late Wagner". —

The truly *kingly* job of the philosopher, in the words of Alcuin the Anglo-Saxon: "to correct what is crooked, to strengthen what is right, and to raise up what is holy."

An attempt to criticize the modern soul.

2.

Atheism and its causes.

The hidden anarchism.

Nationalism and the world economy.

On the ranking of people and on equality.

Doubt about morality

Speaking badly about the world, and the fading of cheerfulness

North and South

Music

The philosophers

The historians

The crowd-stirrers in art.

Woman.

The strict training of the will.

Diet.

Reading, and the literary press.

3.

Human, All Too Human. *I Metaphysics*

If the world had a goal, it would have to have been reached already

Using the body as our guiding thread

Anyone who has followed the history of any single science

What we live through in dreams

What separates us from every way of thinking like Plato's and Leibniz's

The human being is a creature that makes shapes and rhythms

A thought, in the form in which it arrives

"How are judgments that add new knowledge, yet come before all experience,

What separates me most deeply from the metaphysicians,

Truth: within ... this word means

The logical thinking that logic talks about

There are truths that are best ... by average minds

Ending: What a strange *simplifying*!

The new Oedipus.

Appearance, as I understand it.

Human, All Too Human, Part II: *Morals*.

"Our highest insights must — and should — sound like foolishness, even like crimes"

"Since at all times, for as long as there have been humans, there have also been herds"

"Moralities are the main tool"

"It still offends us when someone,

"The old religious problem of faith and knowledge"

"Commonness. — Words are sound-signs for ideas"

"Nothing is more pitiful than the literature of moralizers, and so on"

"The will. — In every act of will there are many

"How people differ shows not only in their different lists of what is good"

"At bottom, morality is hostile to science"

Human, All Too Human. *Religion.*

"The human soul and its limits"

"The philosophers will also make use of the religions"

"In the Jewish Old Testament —"

"The English, gloomy, sensual"

Ending: "Among the highest and finest human joys"

Human, All Too Human. *4 Art*

On the whole, I side more with the artists: pessimism.

Ending: Against R. Wagner. *On the decline of the Wagner craze.* —

How little German writing style ... with the sound

Human, All Too Human. *5. Higher Culture.*

German philosophy as Romanticism

People call the Germans deep.

Wagner and Paris

Even today the most refined culture

Victor Hugo: "*The crowd-stirrers in culture*"

Kant's influence in Europe

Suppose we imagine a philosopher as a great teacher

On conviction and fairness (second to last)

People dealing with each other.

When philosophers mix among ordinary people

Human, All Too Human. *Woman* and Child.

The greater sensuality

One cannot think highly enough of women

The fading of *grace*. —

Human, All Too Human. *The State*.

Socialism is ... carried to its end

Above all these national wars, new empires

There is a nobility of blood

That carefree enthusiast

The Germans, whose Germanic ancestors

The German Jews. — The good Europeans.

The Germans have not yet been anything, because they are still becoming something

Human, All Too Human. The human being *alone with himself*.

— The danger for unusual minds

A person who strives for great things

— That many people talk about things about which

— The hermit, the higher philosophical human being.

I *after that:* "*Freethinkers*"

Third to last II "The free spirit" and being alone

III 2 (*At the end*) The *strong* mind

IV Ending: In *Genoa*: Oh my friends, do you understand this "In spite of everything"? — —

4.

1 The one who seeks knowledge

2 Beyond Good and Evil

3 New fables about God

4 Man and Woman

5 Friend, Enemy and Being Alone

5.

Alone or as a pair — 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 knowing oneself — 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.

Page 1. There is no such thing as a "common good": the phrase contradicts itself. Whatever can be common to everyone must always have only common, ordinary value, and so it cannot be good.

1

Dogmatists, the people who teach fixed beliefs. Plato and the "pure mind".

The splendid tension that the dogmatists created.

2

Skeptics, the doubters.

Those who give commands are rare. In the end, the most average people rule in philosophy!

Where is there still any will left?

3

The critics:

Does German philosophy belong to the critical movement or the doubting movement? Kant. No, it is a movement going the other way, and at bottom a religious one.

"without a passionate pleasure".

4

The English and philosophy: completely unfit for the "hunt" of studying morals.

The French. Richard Wagner.

5

Herd morality.

Christianity making the Old Testament smaller.

Socialism. Freethinkers. "Enlightenment".

6

The philosopher as a tempter toward new possibilities

The value of immorality for education.

His cruelty

His growing loneliness.

Teichmüller

7

Those who prepared the way for me.

About my "Untimely Meditations"

A word about pessimism.

A word about artists: the Dionysian.

Shaping the soul of Europe.

The importance of the Greeks, and of discovering them

The sense of history

8

The Dionysian.

7.

—

So much like my wild fancies that you could mix them up

—

Did trees already look green fifty thousand years ago?

—

Before logic, in time, comes the making of *identical cases*: treating different things as the same, absorbing them into what is already known.

—

Memory in the chain of living things

—

"Inborn" ideas

—

Hypocrisy ought to be done away with, if it were not so funny to watch. Not gods as Epicurus imagined them, but as Homer did: or as Galiani did.

—

The mathematicians, who keep on reasoning until the atom becomes *useful* to them! But people have always done this, in a rougher way. What does reality matter to us, until it is useful for our own house!

8.

Notebook 43: Autumn 1885

1.

A draft.

The first problem is this: how deep does the "*will to truth*" go into things? Think about how valuable not knowing things is, as one of the tools that keep living creatures alive. Think, too, about how valuable simplifying things is *in general*, and how valuable the useful made-up rules are, the fictions that guide us, for example the rules of logic. Above all, think about how valuable interpretations are, and how far it is not a matter of "it is" but of "it means" — — —

If you do that, you arrive at this answer: the "will to truth" grows up as a servant of the "will to power". Looked at closely, its real job is to help a certain kind of untruth to win and to last. Its job is to take a connected whole made of falsehoods and use it as the foundation that keeps a certain kind of living creature alive.

The problem: how deep does the *will to goodness* reach down into the nature of things? Everywhere, in plants and animals, you see its opposite: not caring, or hardness, or cruelty. Then there is "justice" and "punishment". And there is the way cruelty develops.

The answer. Feeling for others only exists in social groupings. The human body is one of these, because the living single parts inside it feel along with each other. Feeling for others exists there as a result of a larger whole *wanting to survive* against some other whole. And it exists only there, because in the household of the whole world, where nothing can ever be destroyed or lost, goodness would be an *unnecessary* principle.

The problem: how far does reason belong to the very bottom of things? After a close critique of "goal" and "means" — which is never a real relationship out there in the facts, but always one that we read into things — we see that wastefulness and madness are normal in the household of the whole world. "Intelligence" then looks like a special form of unreason, almost like its most spiteful cartoon.

The problem: how far does the "will to beauty" reach? Forms develop without any mercy: the most beautiful ones are simply the strongest. Because they are the winners, they hold on tight, they take joy in their own type, and they reproduce. (Plato believed that even philosophy is a kind of refined drive for sex and for producing offspring.)

So the things we have valued most up to now — the "true", the "good", the "reasonable", the "beautiful" — turn out to be single cases of the *opposite* powers. I point my finger at this huge *falsification that comes from seeing things from one point of view*, the falsification by which the human species gets its own way. It is a condition of its life that it takes pleasure in itself for this reason. (Humans enjoy the things that keep them alive, and these include the following: that humans do not want to be fooled, that humans help one another and are ready to understand each other, and that, on the whole, the well-made types know how to live at the cost of the failures.) In all of this the will to power shows itself, with its readiness to grab the tools of deception without a second thought. One can imagine a *spiteful pleasure* that a god might feel when he watches man admiring himself.

So: the will to power.

The consequence: if this idea is *hostile* to us, why do we give in to it? Bring on the beautiful illusions! Let us be the swindlers and beautifiers of humanity! That is, in fact, *what* a *philosopher* really is.

2.

A misunderstanding of logic: it does not explain anything; quite the opposite.

A misunderstanding of historical development: saying one thing came after another is only a description.

How shallow our sense of cause and effect is.

"Knowledge" — in what way is it impossible in a world that is always becoming, always changing?

As soon as there is a world of living things, there is a realm where everything is seen from some point of view.

The idea that the world can be known — in itself, that is a lack of modesty on man's part.

Instincts break down — they get turned into formulas, and people turn into formula-people. Against naturalism and the view of the world as a machine. Would it be desirable for the world to be "calculable"? Then wouldn't the creative act also be "calculable"?

Mechanics is a kind of *ideal*, a method that guides us — nothing more.

Mockery of the idealists, who believe they have found "*truth*" wherever they feel "good" or "lifted up". The classic example: Renan, as quoted by Bourget.

Denying that empty space exists, and boiling mechanics down to the tyranny of the eye and of touch.

Denying that things can act on each other from a distance. *Against* the idea of pushing and bumping.

The *shape* of the world as the cause of its circular process.

Not a ball!

Force is continuous.

Against Laplace and Kant.

Atoms struggle just like individuals do. But when there is a certain difference in strength, two atoms become one, and two individuals become one. In the same way, the reverse happens: one becomes two when its inner state breaks up its center of power. — *So I am against* treating "atom" and "individual" as absolute ideas!

The atom fights to keep existing, but other atoms attack it in order to increase their own strength.

We should understand *both* processes, the breaking apart and the packing together, *as effects* of the will to power. Down to its tiniest pieces, it has the will to pack itself together. But *in order* to pack itself together in one place, it is *forced* to thin itself out in another place, and so on.

Heavenly bodies and atoms differ only in size; they follow *the same laws*.

3.

No Tacitus could find anything to praise in the Germans' ancient Germanic ancestors when it came to mind, or even a liking for things of the mind, such as clever speaking. On top of that, for many centuries, the Germans did everything they could to make themselves stupid. And a spiteful god who hated Germans ruled over them — maybe because he feared their destined atheism and their "twilight of the gods"? This god gave them nothing but habits that make a people shut the door against the *coming of* the mind. For example, he told them to sweat in overheated beds, to crouch in stuffy, cramped rooms, to make heavy, hard-to-digest food their favorite dishes, like dumplings and thick, greasy sauces, and above all to drink until they

fell over. So for a long time, in a German head, going to bed and being drunk were ideas that sat right next to each other. You might almost believe that if there finally should be such a thing as a "*German* mind", it only became possible by making the Germans less German — I mean, by mixing them with foreign blood. Who can count everything that Germany owes to the Slavs, or the Celts, or the Jews for making it more spiritual and thoughtful! But the most important thing may have been the mixing of blood itself. It planted different instincts in the same person, and planted not just "two souls but twenty souls" in a single breast. It was that enormous spoiling of the race's blood, which has no equal anywhere in Europe, and which finally turned the German into a people in the middle, a go-between people that understands everything, feels its way into everything, and takes everything over — a yeast-like race, a race that makes things ferment, for which "nothing is impossible" any more. Trace the history of the German soul. Understand how these people, unbalanced inside, split many ways, made of many parts, became weak, slavish, lazy and clumsy on the outside, and inside became a playground of temptations and battles of the mind. Understand how, in the end, at least a kind of rebellious peasant-and-preacher spirit burst out. (Luther is the finest example of this: he led the peasants' war of the mind against the "higher men" of the Renaissance.) Understand how this peasant-and-preacher spirit later changed into the middle-class critic's spirit, always ready to attack, eager to cut and to bite. (Lessing, again, is the finest example of this: he led a "citizens' war", the war of the German middle class against the aristocratic spirit of French culture — Lessing against Corneille, Lessing as the champion of Diderot.) And understand how, at last, our latest double type of the further-developed mind, Goethe and Hegel, brought into the open that all-swallowing boa constrictor called "mind in itself", along with its yeast-like nature. They showed the German's openness to everything, to all peoples and all gods, the superiority of his abstract thinking, the clever flexibility

with which he takes things over by turning them into history. They showed his latest and most noble form, which is a superiority like that of a Chinese mandarin, a kind of "being above and beyond it all" — — —

— and all of Europe sank to its knees in admiration at this —

— but, of course, it brought into the open just as much the complete lack of limits, the lack of measure in the Greek sense, the lack of "style" in any sense, the lack of real *content* — I mean the lack of *new* ways of setting values, the lack of *creating values*.

All the same: compared with this last great European oddity, the "German mind," the "German Empire," which people take so seriously right now, is not something worth any serious interest, at least not in the eyes of a philosopher. Why on earth have a new empire if it does not rest on a new idea, or at the very least on a new piece of stupidity? But instead we get this *old* stupidity all over again: equal political rights, people's representatives, rule by parliament, and newspapers, all as the foundation of a state. Once again, the European disease of constant political chatter, a disease that makes people stupid, has spread to *one more* great people. What could a philosopher learn that is new here, or even find new to look down on?

Notebook 44: Autumn 1885

1.

The Chapters.

On interpretation.

On the ranking of people.

The paths to holiness.

The eternal return of all things.

The superstition of the critical philosophers.

A criticism of Pascal: he already carries the Christian, moral interpretations inside his picture of human nature, and he thinks he is grasping the plain "facts." The same goes for Sainte-Beuve.

2.

Nothing has happened since Pascal. The German philosophers do not even count when you compare them with him.

3.

The Germans have no prose that rings and leaps.

4.

The classic prose of the French from 1648: look at what has to come together to make it.

5.

The lack of strict moral training: people have simply been allowed to grow however they liked. Maybe the people of Port-Royal are like artificial gardens, carefully shaped by hand.

What is missing is authority.

What is missing is moderation, living within calm, limited horizons. Instead, people have turned the idea of the infinite into a kind of drunkenness.

What is missing is fineness in judging things.

What rules is a chaos of ways of valuing things that contradict each other.

6.

So what is it really, this Christian fight "against nature"? We will not let ourselves be fooled by the words and interpretations he uses for it! It is nature fighting against something that is also nature. In many people it is fear. In some it is disgust. In others it is a certain kind of spirituality. And in the highest ones it is love for an ideal without flesh and desire, for a kind of "pure extract of nature" — these people want to become like their ideal. Naturally, several things combine to form one type of person: humbling yourself instead of feeling your own worth; anxious caution toward your desires; cutting yourself off from ordinary duties (which in turn creates a feeling of higher rank); the excitement of a constant struggle over enormous things; and the habit of pouring out your feelings. In this type, what really dominates is the touchiness of a wasting body. But the nervousness and the inspiration that comes from it are interpreted differently. The taste of such natures leans, first, toward hair-splitting cleverness; second, toward flowery language; and third, toward extreme feelings. The nat-

ural drives still get satisfied after all — pride, lust, and so on — but under a new form of interpretation, for example as "being made right before God" or "the feeling of being saved by grace." (Every pleasant feeling that cannot be pushed away gets interpreted like this!) The general problem is this: what becomes of a person who speaks badly of everything natural in himself, who in practice denies it and lets it waste away? In fact the Christian turns out to be an exaggerated form of self-control: to tame his desires, he seems to need to destroy them or crucify them.

The Epicurean kind of Christian and the Stoic kind. François de Sales belongs to the first, Pascal to the second.

The victory of Epicurus — but this very kind of person is badly understood, and must be badly understood. The Stoic kind of person, who really needs to fight and therefore values the fighter far more than he deserves, always slanders the "Epicurus" type!

7.

The ancient Greek and Roman world needed a harsh, exaggerated morality that went against nature. So did the Germanic peoples, though in a different way.

Our present kind of person actually lacks strict training and tough discipline. The danger in this is not great, because this kind of person is weaker than those of earlier times, and also because the unconscious trainers — like hard work, the ambition to get ahead, and middle-class respectability — hold people back strongly and keep them in check. But think how hard people had to be held together in Pascal's time!

Christianity where it is no longer needed: in places where extreme measures are no longer necessary! There everything becomes false,

and every word, every Christian way of seeing things, turns into hypocrisy and pretty talk.

8.

The New Japan.

With a lot of mischief in the back of my mind, I read what a German anarchist meant by the idea of a "free society" — — —

"The free society" — every one of its features is just a ridiculous dressing-up, in fancy words and bright colors, of a small kind of herd animal.

"Justice" and the morality of equal rights — the hypocrisy of moral labels.

"The press," and how it is idealized.

"The abolition of the worker."

"The pre-Aryan race is breaking through again": and in general, the oldest kinds of society.

The decline of woman.

The Jews as a ruling race.

Noble culture and common culture.

The scholar valued too highly: and a triumphant, more loving, and lordly fullness of heart.

— how I looked at all of this, without love perhaps, but also without scorn, and, what may come as a surprise after all this, with the curiosity of a child standing in front of the most colorful and delicate of all peep-show boxes. — — —

Consider how all suffering pushes a person back in on himself. Even supposing that it makes him wise, it surely makes him bad to just the same degree — narrow, petty, suspicious, unloving — — —

For their number is always small. But the others, the ones who suffer, have nothing that heals them to the same degree from the bad effects of much suffering, and — — —

Notebook 45: Autumn 1885

1.

Strict Training of the Heart.

2.

Prince Free-as-a-Bird's

Songs and Thoughts.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

3.

Dedication and Farewell Song.

4.

Songs and Thoughts

of Prince Free-as-a-Bird.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

5.

Bad luck catches up with the one who runs away — even if it comes

as the golden sorrow of a hand that has given everything away and is now poor,

as the sadness of someone who never stops giving:

Bad luck caught the one who ran away — even if it was

that, carefree, and forgetting even himself,

he threw away his pearls.

That which forces the beaten one down,

that which turns every bit of pride into tears:

You false, dishonest thing,

you threw the pearls into the sand —

and the sea swallowed them down its throat!

What thanks does life give to the one who gives everything away?

6.

How you get past destroying yourself. The Harpies, the monster-birds that snatch things away. The breaking away. On the history of the "free spirit". A description of the free spirits.

2) Cheerfulness 3) Masks 4) Being noble.

the question of women

The pessimism of artists.

7.

The day is fading. Happiness and light are turning yellow, like leaves in autumn.

Noon is far away.

How much longer? Here come the moon and the stars,

and wind and frost. Now I will not wait much longer,

like a fruit that a single breath of wind breaks off the tree.

Notebook 1: Autumn 1885 to Spring 1886

1.

Really, I ought to have a circle of deep and gentle people around me. They would protect me a little from myself, and they would also know how to cheer me up. For someone who thinks the kind of things I have to think, the danger is always very close that he will destroy himself.

2.

Let no one believe that one day, suddenly and with both feet, you just jump into such a bold and brave state of soul, the kind that the dance song we just sang may stand as proof of, or as a picture of. Before you learn to dance like that, you must have learned properly how to walk and run. And even just standing on your own legs is something that, as it seems to me, only a few people are ever meant for. There is a time when you first dare to go out on your own limbs, without the straps that hold a small child and without railings to hold on to. That is the time of your first young strength, with all the excitement of your own personal springtime. In that time you are in the worst danger. You often go your way shyly and fearfully, like a runaway, like someone sent into exile, with a trembling conscience and a strange distrust: when the young freedom of the mind is like a wine

3.

The Mirror.

The lack of one ruling way of thinking.

The actors.

Gleba, meaning the common people tied to the soil.

The new shamelessness (the shamelessness of average, mediocre people, for example the English, and also of women who write)

The will to have prejudices (nations, political parties, and so on.

The hidden Buddhism.

The lack of being alone (and so also the lack of *good* company)

Alcohol, books and music, and other stimulants.

The philosophers of the future.

The ruling class and anarchism.

The odd difficulties of the unusual person, who is held back by his

common, lower-class modesty.

The lack of training of character. The lack of higher monasteries, places where the best could withdraw.

The gradual limiting of the rights of the common people.

4.

—

The teaching of opposites (good and evil, and so on) has value as a tool of *education*, because it makes people take sides.

—

The most powerful and most dangerous passions of human beings, the ones that most easily ruin them, have been banned so completely that the most powerful people themselves have become impossible. Or else such people would have to feel that they are *evil*, "harmful and not allowed." This loss is great, but up to now it has been necessary.

Now, many opposing forces have been bred and grown strong, because those passions were held down for a while (the passions of the hunger to rule, and the joy in changing shape and in deceiving). So now it is possible to set those passions free again: they will no longer have their old wildness. We allow ourselves a tame kind of barbarism: just look at our artists and our statesmen.

—

Bringing together opposites and opposing drives is a sign of a person's total strength: *how much* can that strength *tame and control*?

—

A new idea of holiness: Plato's innocent simplicity. No longer is the conflict with the drives that were condemned as sinful the main thing on the surface.

—

To show in what way the Greek religion was the *higher* one compared with the Jewish and Christian religion. The Jewish and Christian one won because the Greek religion had itself fallen into decline (had *gone backwards*).

The goal: to make holy the most powerful, most terrible and most badly spoken-of forces. To say it with the old image: to make the devil into a god.

5.

I measure a person, or a people, by this: how far they can set free the most terrible drives inside themselves and turn them to their own good, without being destroyed by them. Instead, they turn them into fruitfulness, in deeds and in works.

Explaining every misfortune as the work of angry spirits who have not been made peaceful: that is what, up to now, drove the great masses into religious worship. Even the higher moral life, the life of the saint, was only invented as *one* of the ways to satisfy those angry spirits.

Explaining what *happens to us* as signs sent by a kind God who is teaching us, even explaining our misfortunes that way. This is how the idea of God as a *father* grew, starting from the family ruled by the father.

The idea that people are completely corrupt, that they are not free to do good, and so every one of our actions is explained through a guilty conscience. And then, at the end, grace. An act of miracle. A sudden turning around. Paul, Augustine, Luther.

The Germanic peoples made Christianity more barbaric: beings halfway between gods, many kinds of rituals to make up for sins. In short, the point of view from before Christianity comes back. So does the system of paying fines to make up for a wrong.

Luther brings back the basic logic of Christianity: that *morality is impossible*, and so being content with yourself is impossible too. Grace is necessary, and so miracles are necessary, and also the idea that everything is decided in advance by God. At bottom it is an admission of having been defeated, and an outburst of hating oneself.

"It is impossible to pay off your *debts*": this led to outbursts of longing for salvation, and to cults and secret religious rites. "It is impossible to get rid of your sin": this led to the outburst of the Christianity of Paul, Augustine and Luther. In the past, outward misfortune was what pushed people to become religious. Later it was the inner feeling of misfortune: not being saved, fear, uncertainty. What seems to set Christ and Buddha apart is this: it seems to be inner happiness that made them religious.

6.

The feeling of belonging to a higher rank in the ranking of people is the main thing in the moral feeling. It is the higher class bearing witness to itself. Later, the actions and states of that class are taken as signs of an attitude, an attitude that shows you *belong* to that class, or *should* belong to it.

7.

First, moral feeling develops in relation to people (above all, to social classes!). Only later is it carried over to actions and to traits of character. The *feeling of distance between ranks* lies at the very deepest root of that feeling.

8.

Because people do not know much about human beings and do not think things over, holding each person responsible for himself only comes late. You feel yourself too unfree, too mindless, too swept away by sudden urges, to think of yourself any differently than you think of nature: *demons* are at work inside us too.

9.

About my book "Human, All Too Human." You cannot think about morality without, without meaning to, acting morally and showing yourself as a moral person. So back then I was working on a more refined kind of morality. This refined morality already feels "reward" and "punishment" to be "immoral." It no longer knows how to understand the idea of "justice" except as "loving *understanding*," which at bottom means *approving*. In this there may be weakness, perhaps excess, perhaps also ...

10.

"Punishment" develops in the smallest space, as the reaction of the powerful one, the master of the house. It expresses his anger when his orders and his bans are ignored. Before the morality of custom (whose rule says "everything traditional must be honored") comes the morality of the ruling person (whose rule says that "only the one who gives orders is to be honored"). The feeling of distance between ranks, the feeling of difference in rank, lies at the very bottom of all morality.

11.

In the end, "soul" becomes just the idea of a "subject," of an "I" that does things.

12.

If things are unknown, *then human beings are unknown too*. So what is the point of praising and blaming!

13.

I do not understand how anyone can be a theologian. I would not like to think little of this kind of people, who after all are not just machines for gaining knowledge.

14.

Every action that a person is not capable of himself, he will misunderstand. It is a mark of distinction to be always misunderstood in your actions. And then it is also necessary, and no reason to be bitter.

15.

It is not *unselfish* of me when I would rather think about cause and effect than about my lawsuit with my publisher. My benefit and my pleasure lie on the side of knowledge. That is exactly where my tension, my restlessness and my passion have been active the longest.

16.

Thoughts are actions.

17.

How much we have *had to relearn* in fifty years! The whole Romantic movement, with its faith in "the people," has been proven wrong! Homer's poems are not folk poetry! No more worshipping the great forces of nature as gods! No more concluding that peoples are related by race because their languages are related! No "intellectual intuition," no direct inner seeing, of things beyond the senses! No truth hidden under a veil in religion!

18.

The problem of truthfulness is completely new. I am amazed. We look at people like Bismarck and see them as guilty here out of carelessness, people like Richard Wagner out of a lack of modesty. We would condemn Plato for his pious lie, his "pia fraus." We would condemn Kant for the way he derived his categorical imperative, his rule of absolute duty, when his faith surely did not come to him by that path.

19.

— In the end, doubt turns against itself too: we start doubting our doubt. And then the *question* simply *stands there*: what *right* does truthfulness have to exist, and how far should it reach?

20.

— All the reasons we are aware of for what we do are just things on the surface. Behind them is a fight between our drives and our inner states, a fight for power.

21.

— Children are *not* taught by authority or lessons that this tune sounds beautiful. In the same way, nobody teaches them the good feeling they get when they see a person worthy of respect. *Our ways of valuing things are inborn*, whatever Locke may say! They are inherited. Of course, they grow stronger and more beautiful when the people who look after us and love us value things the same way we do. What torture it is for a child to always set up its good and evil against its mother's, and to be mocked and looked down on for the very things it honors!

22.

— What we feel as a moral feeling has so many parts to it! There is respect in it, and fear, and a touch as if from something holy and secret. Something in it speaks like a command, something that takes itself more seriously than it takes us. It is something that lifts us up, sets us on fire, or makes us calm and deep. Our moral feeling is a blend. It is all the ruling feelings and all the obeying feelings that held sway in our ancestors' history, all sounding together at once.

23.

— *In favor of the present day.* Health is encouraged. Ways of thinking that are harsh on oneself and say no to the world (with their will to be sick) are hardly understood anymore. Everything possible is accepted, and will go on being allowed and recognized. It is like damp, mild air in which every kind of plant grows. It is a paradise for all *small*, lush plant life.

24.

— Soul, breath, and *existence* (in Latin, "esse") were treated as the same thing. Being means what is *alive*: beyond that, there is no being.

25.

— "Good people are all weak: they are good because they are not strong enough to be evil." That is what Comorro, chief of the Latuka people, said to the explorer Baker.

26.

"Gin" is an Arabic word and means spirit (as in "jinn").

27.

In Russia they have a saying: "For weak hearts, there is no misfortune."

28.

— All *movements should be understood as gestures*, as a kind of language through which forces understand one another. In the non-living world there is no misunderstanding; communication there seems perfect. It is in the living world that *error* begins. "Things," "substances," qualit-

ies, activities — we should not carry any of this into the non-living world! These are the particular errors that living beings need in order to live. Is there a problem about how "error" is even possible? The real contrast is not between "false" and "true." It is between "*shortened versions of signs*" and the signs themselves. What matters most is this: forming shapes that *stand for* many movements at once, inventing signs for whole kinds of signs.

— All movements are *signs* of something happening inside; and everything happening inside shows itself through such changes in form. Thinking is not yet the inner happening itself. It, too, is only a sign language, standing for how our feelings and urges balance out their power against each other.

29.

— Making nature human — interpreting it in our own image.

30.

A.

Psychological *starting point*:

— our thinking and our ways of valuing things are only an expression of the desires at work behind them.

— these desires become more and more specialized. What unites them is *the will to power* (to borrow the name of the strongest of all drives, the one that has steered all living development up to now).

— Tracing all the basic functions of living things back to the will to power.

— The question is whether it is also the thing that sets things moving in the non-living world. After all, the mechanical way of explaining the world still always needs something that sets things in motion.

— "Law of nature": a formula for how relationships and levels of power always and without exception get set up.

— mechanical *movement* is only a way of expressing something happening inside.

— "Cause and effect"

31.

— struggle as the way balance is reached.

32.

— The belief in atoms is *only* a result of the ideas of a subject and a substance. People think there has to be "a thing" somewhere that the activity comes from. The atom is the last descendant of the idea of the soul.

33.

— Humanity's most frightening and deepest craving, its drive for power — people call this drive "freedom" — has to be kept in check the longest. That is why ethics up to now, with its unconscious instincts for raising and breeding people, has aimed at keeping the hunger for power in check. It speaks badly of the tyrant-like individual, and by glorifying care for the community and love of the fatherland, it strengthens the herd's instinct for power.

34.

— Naturally, the strengths of humankind have to develop in a certain order. The *harmless* ones are developed first (praised and approved), while, the other way round, the strongest ones stay condemned as heresy and slandered the longest.

35.

The Will to Power.

An attempt at a new interpretation of everything

that happens.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

36.

the world of thinking is only a second level of the world of appearances —

37.

— movements are not "*caused*" by a "*cause*": that would bring back the old idea of the soul! — they are the will itself, but not wholly and completely!

38.

Note: Believing in cause and effect goes back to believing that it is I who act, to splitting the "soul" off from its *activity*. So it is an ancient superstition!

39.

Tracing an effect back to a cause means tracing it back to a *subject*. All changes are seen as being produced by subjects.

40.

— the *present* stage of morality demands

a)

2)

no punishment!

no reward —

no paying back!

3)

no groveling

4)

no pious lies!

41.

— we can no longer stand the sight of it, *and so* we abolish slavery.

42.

There is a favorite saying of lazy people and people without a conscience: "to understand everything is to forgive everything." It is also a foolish saying. Oh, if you always had to wait for the "understanding" first, it seems to me you would hardly ever get around to forgiving! And in the end, why should you forgive just because you have understood? Suppose I understood completely why this sentence came out

badly — would that mean I shouldn't *cross it out*? — There are plenty of cases where you cross a person out *because* you have understood them.

43.

— the idea of "change" already takes for granted that there is a subject, *the soul as a substance*.

44.

— What people object to in the teaching that "the will is not free" is this: it seems to claim, "what you do, you do not do of your own free will, but against your will, that is, forced." Now everyone knows how it feels to do something against your will. So that teaching seems to be saying: everything you do, you do unwillingly, that is, *reluctantly*, "against your will" — and people won't accept *that*, because they do many things *gladly*, including many "moral" things. So people take "unfree will" to mean "forced by *someone else's* will," as if the claim were: "everything you do, you do because another will forces you." But obeying your own will is not called being forced, because there is pleasure in it. *The fact that you give yourself orders* — that is what is called "freedom of the will."

45.

Wisdom Wins.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

46.

For most of their history, religions live without being mixed up with morality. They are free of morality. Think about what every religion really wants. You can still see it plainly today. People want it to save them not only from *hardship*, but above all from the *fear of hardship*. Every hardship is seen as the result of evil, hostile spirits at work. Any hardship that strikes a person is not exactly "deserved", but it makes him wonder *what* might have made a spirit angry with him. A person trembles before unknown, wandering evil beings and wants to win them over. So he looks at how he has behaved. And if there are any ways at all to make certain spirits he knows feel friendly toward him, he asks himself *whether* he has really done everything he could have done for that. It is like a courtier checking how he has behaved toward his prince after noticing that the prince is in a bad mood: he looks for something he forgot to do, and so on. "Sin" was first of all whatever might deeply offend some spirit, some failure to do something, a ... and then you had something to *make up for*. Only when a spirit or a god has openly set up certain moral commands as ways to please and serve *him* does a moral way of valuing things enter into "sin". Or rather: only then can breaking a moral command be felt as "sin", as something that cuts you off from God, offends him, and brings dangers and hardship from his side as well.

47.

Cleverness, caution and planning ahead (as opposed to laziness and living only for the moment): these days people almost feel they are *putting an action down* if they name these as its reasons. But think how

much it cost to grow these qualities so big! Seeing *cleverness* as a *virtue* is still a Greek idea!

The same goes for being sober-minded and "level-headed", as opposed to acting on violent urges, as opposed to acting "naively".

48.

Total devotion (in religion) as a reflection of a slave's devotion, or a woman's devotion. (The "Eternal Feminine" is just the slave's mindset made into an ideal.)

49.

Judging how morally good an action is by its intention assumes that the intention really causes the action. And that means treating the intention as perfect knowledge, as a "thing in itself", something real just as it is. But in the end the intention is only our awareness and our interpretation of some state we are in (like discomfort, wanting something, and so on).

50.

Language is meant to name states and desires. So concepts are signs that help us recognize things again. Language is not aimed at logic. Logical thinking takes things apart. But everything we "grasp", every state we are in, is something put together, and we cannot really "grasp" it. We can only name it, and even that only by noticing that it is somewhat like something we met before. In fact, every inner action of the mind is "unscientific", and so is *every* kind of thinking.

51.

Thinkers who come from humble or dishonest backgrounds misunderstand the hunger to rule, and even the urge to stand out. They file

both under vanity, as if it were all about being respected, feared or worshipped in the *opinion* of other people.

52.

Measured by the standards of science, any moral judgment one person makes about another is worth very little. It is a groping and fumbling in the dark, and there is a lot of delusion and ignorance in *every* word.

53.

These are separate tasks:

1) To grasp and pin down the way of judging people and actions morally that rules at present (and within a limited cultural area).

2) The whole moral code of an age is a *symptom*, a sign of something else, for example a way for people to admire themselves, or to show their discontent, or their hypocrisy. So, besides pinning down the present *character* of *morality*, the second task is to *explain and interpret this character*. Because in itself it can mean many different things.

3) To explain how this particular way of judging, the one that rules right now, came about.

4) To criticize it, that is, to ask: How strong is it? What does it act on? What is humanity (or Europe) *turning into* under its spell? Which forces does it encourage, and which does it hold down? Does it make people healthier or sicker, braver, more refined, more in need of art, and so on?

This already assumes that there is no eternal morality. That can be taken as proven, just as there is no eternal way of judging food and diet. But what is new is the criticism, the question: Is "good" really "good"? And what use might there be in what is now pushed aside and insulted? The long stretches of time must be taken into account.

54.

The mark of the unconditional will to power is present in the whole realm of life. Even if we have the right to deny that there is consciousness there, we hardly have the right to deny the driving feelings, for example in a jungle.

(Consciousness always contains a double reflection, like a mirror within a mirror. Nothing reaches us directly.)

55.

The basic question: How deep does morality go? Is it only something we have been taught? Is it just a way of expressing ourselves?

All deeper people agree on this, and Luther, Augustine and Paul all came to realize it: our morality and what happens in it do not match our *conscious will*. In short, explaining it by our aims and intentions is *not enough*.

56.

Staying objective, hard, firm and strict while carrying out an idea: artists manage this best. But when someone needs people to do it (like teachers, statesmen and so on), the calm, the coolness and the hardness quickly disappear. In natures like Caesar and Napoleon you can sense something of a "selfless" working on their marble, like a sculptor, no matter how many people may be sacrificed along the way. The future of the highest human beings lies along this path: to carry the greatest responsibility and *not be broken by it*. Until now, people almost always needed the illusion of being divinely inspired, so as not to lose *faith in their own right* and in their own *hand*.

57.

The changes of the will to power, the shapes it takes, the special forms it develops: these should be described side by side with how living forms develop in biology!

58.

Each of our basic drives looks at everything that happens and everything we live through from its own point of view, and values it differently. Each of these drives feels either held back, or helped and flattered, by every other drive. Each has its own law of growth (its ups and downs, its speed, and so on). And one dies away when another rises.

A human being is a crowd of "wills to power", each with a crowd of ways and forms to express itself. The single, *so-called* "passions" (for example, "man is cruel") are only *made-up units*. What comes into consciousness from different basic drives and seems *alike* gets stitched together, like a story, into one "being" or "ability", into one passion. In the same way, the "soul" itself is just a *word* for all the things that happen in consciousness. But we *interpret it as the cause of all these things* ("self-awareness" is made up!).

59.

Everything material is a kind of sign, in the form of movement, of some unknown happening. And everything we are aware of and feel is in turn a sign of unknown ... The world that shows itself to us from these two sides might have many other signs as well. There is no necessary link between mind and matter, as if they were somehow the only two ways things can show themselves and used up all the possibilities.

Movements are signs, and thoughts are signs too. We can show that desires lie behind both, and the most basic desire is the will to power. "Mind in itself" is nothing, just as "movement in itself" is nothing.

60.

It is almost funny that our philosophers demand that philosophy must begin by criticizing our ability to know things. Is it not very unlikely that the tool of knowing can "criticize" itself, once we have become suspicious of what knowing has produced so far? Shrinking philosophy down to a "will to have a theory of knowledge" is funny. As if you could find *certainty* that way!

61.

Everything that enters our awareness is the last link in a chain, an ending. It only looks as if one thought directly causes another thought. The events that are really connected take place below our awareness. The rows and sequences of feelings, thoughts and so on that show up are just symptoms of what is really going on! Underneath every thought there is a strong emotion. Every thought, every feeling, every act of will is not born from one single drive. Instead, it is an overall state, a whole surface of our entire awareness. It comes from the way power is settled, at that moment, among all the drives that make us up. That means the drive that happens to be in charge right now, and also the drives that obey it or fight against it. The next thought is a sign of how the whole balance of power has shifted in the meantime.

62.

"Will": a mistake that turns something into a thing when it is not one.

63.

How Goethe will look one day! How unsure, how vague and drifting! And his "Faust": what a chance problem, tied to its own time, hardly necessary and hardly lasting! It shows a decline of the person who seeks knowledge, a sick man, nothing more! It is by no means the tragedy of the knowledge-seeker himself! Not even the tragedy of the "free spirit".

64.

Love of humankind.

Justice

Cruelty.

Reward and punishment.

Being content with oneself.

Being reasonable

Ranking of people.

Slavery (giving oneself up to someone)

everything has already had its arguments for and against

all praise and blame is a point of view seen from some will to power.

"ideas we are born with"

the soul as a thing: false. The same goes for "the mind"

65.

Chapter about

the

Interpretation

the

Turning things into objects

the

Living on of ideals that have died out (for example, the slave mindset in Augustine)

66.

The Christian's love of humankind, which makes no distinction between people, is only possible because the Christian keeps looking at God all the time. Compared to God, the ranking of people, of one person above another, shrinks to almost nothing. And the human being as such becomes so unimportant that questions of who is bigger or smaller stop being interesting at all. It is like looking down from a high mountain, where big and small both look like ants and look the same. We should not overlook this low opinion of people in general that lies inside the Christian feeling of love for humankind. It says: "You are my brother, I already know how you feel, whoever you are: bad, that is!" and so on. In fact, a Christian like this is an extremely pushy and immodest sort of person.

The other way around: if you let God go, then we are missing a model of a being that is higher than humans. And then our eye becomes sharp for the differences within this "highest being", meaning humans themselves.

67.

I distrust the calm, quietly thinking philosophers, the ones who rest content within themselves, the happy ones. They lack the power to

shape things. They also lack the fine honesty that admits a lack and treats that very admission as a strength.

68.

How something that was morally condemned turns into something morally honored, and the other way around.

69.

Some people go looking inside themselves for a duty that binds without conditions, and sometimes they make one up. Others want to prove such a duty and, by proving it, plant it in people at the same time.

70.

How immodest humans look with their religions, even when they are still rolling on the ground before God, like Saint Augustine! How pushy! And always this fatherly or grandfatherly principle in the background!

71.

Among mortals, morality has so far counted as the most serious thing there is. That has been good for the moralists. But among the gods, and perhaps one day among humans too, a lot of laughter is waiting for them. In the long run, nobody ever wears the dignity of a schoolmaster without paying for it. To "teach" people, to "improve" people: the arrogance of such a plan

72.

The human being is like a cat that always lands on its four feet again. I meant to say: on its one foot, called "I". But this is only a symptom

of a person's psychological "unity", or more correctly, the way the parts are joined together. It is no reason to believe in a "unity of the soul".

73.

Morality is a part of the study of strong emotions. How far do these emotions reach into the heart of existence?

74.

If there were such a thing as something "in itself", apart from how we see it, then what would a thought be "in itself"?

75.

Thoughts are signs of a game and a struggle between strong emotions. They are always connected to their hidden roots.

76.

When someone judges the value of an action by the intention behind it, they mean the conscious intention. But in all action there is a lot of unconscious intending. And what steps onto the surface as "will" and "purpose" can be explained in many different ways, and in itself is only a symptom. "An intention that has been spoken, or can be spoken" is an explanation, an interpretation, and it can be wrong. On top of that, it is a made-up simplification and a falsification, and so on.

77.

There is the calculating of pleasure, where you expect pleasure as a possible result of an action. And there is the pleasure that comes with the activity itself, as the release of a force that was tied up and held

back. What trouble it has taken just to keep these two kinds of pleasure apart! It is laughable! In the same way, people mix up simply enjoying life with "bliss", which is really being drunk on morality and worshipping oneself.

78.

As our knowledge of people has grown finer, morality has grown finer too

a)

instead of sin as an offense against God, "the wrong I do to myself"

b)

instead of praying and longing for miraculous help —

c)

instead of interpreting what happens to us as reward and punishment —

d)

instead of being hostile to every kind of hardship, unrest and conflict —

e)

instead of the Christian's pushy love of humankind that treats everyone as equal —

79.

The greatest sincerity, the strongest belief in the value of one's own work, cannot make it valuable. In the same way, doubting it and thinking too little of it cannot touch its value either. It is like this with all actions. However moral I may feel about some intention, that in

itself decides nothing about the value of the intention, and even less about the value of the action. You would have to know the whole origin of an action, and not just the little piece of it that drops into our awareness, the so-called intention. But that would mean demanding absolute knowledge.

80.

To what extent it is possible to get beyond the moral human being:

we no longer measure the value of an action by its results

we no longer measure it by its intention either

81.

We hardly pray anymore or stretch our hands up to heaven. In the same way, one day we will no longer need slander and insults in order to treat certain drives in ourselves as enemies. And likewise, our power, which forces us to destroy people and institutions, may one day do this without us falling into fits of outrage and disgust about it. To destroy calmly, undisturbed, with the eye of a god! Starting with the destruction of the people who feel good about themselves! That is the deciding test, the experimentum crucis.

82.

Beyond Good and Evil

An Attempt

to Get Beyond Morality.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

83.

The religious interpretation overcome.

Morality belongs in the study of strong emotions. It is only a means of taming some of them, while others should be bred up to grow large.

84.

Getting Beyond Morality.

Until now, humans have kept themselves alive in a miserable way. They did it by treating the drives most dangerous to them with spite and slander, and by flattering, like servants, the drives that kept them alive.

Winning new

powers and lands

a)

the will to untruth

b)

the will to cruelty

c)

the will to lust

d)

the will to power

85.

Because they are built for understanding the outside world and for communicating with it, the intellect and the senses have to be shallow.

Logic is completely empty —

86.

"Division of labor, memory, practice, habit, instinct, heredity, ability, force": all these are words with which we explain nothing, though we do use them to label things and hint at them.

87.

The "I" (which is not the same thing as the single management that runs our whole being!) is only an idea we have put together in our heads. So there is no such thing at all as acting out of "selfishness".

88.

Some conscious or unconscious calculation of the pleasure that comes along with doing something, whether during the doing or afterward: the idea that this is really the cause of the doing is only a guess!!!

89.

We belong to the character of the world, there is no doubt about that! We have no way into the world except through ourselves. So everything high and everything low in us must be understood as a necessary part of the world's nature!

90.

Note: We want to admit our likes and dislikes honestly. We want to stop ourselves from painting them up with colors taken from the paint pots of morality, as if we were putting makeup on them. Just as surely, we will no longer explain our hardship as our "fight with God and the Devil"! Let us look at things the way nature does, and let us admit that even the things we have to fight against, inside us or outside us, have a fair right to exist!

91.

Because work has been divided up into separate jobs, the senses have almost come apart from thinking and judging. In earlier times, thinking and judging lay inside the senses themselves, not separated from them. And even earlier than that, our desires and our senses must have been one single thing.

92.

Every struggle, and everything that happens is a struggle, needs time to last. What we call "cause" and "effect" leaves the struggle out, and so it does not match what really happens. It makes sense, then, to deny that time plays any part in causes and effects.

93.

Let us get rid of some superstitions about philosophers that have been common until now.

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.

The Morality of Moralists.

97.

On mixing up cause and symptom

Pleasure and pain are the oldest symptoms of all *judgments about value*. But they are *not* the causes of those judgments!

So: pleasure and pain belong to *one and the same category* as our moral judgments and our judgments about beauty.

98.

The words stay around, and so people believe that the ideas those words stand for must be real too!

99.

We lack many ideas for describing how things relate to each other. How quickly we settle the matter with "master and servant," "father and child," and so on!

100.

A basic misunderstanding: every person judges everyone else by himself. That is why many virtues and feelings that belong to a higher kind of person get misunderstood. Even the same person misunderstands himself when, in a low moment, he looks back on his great high points, his times of celebration. Think of words like "lowering oneself" and "humility."

101.

Oh, do you know the silent tenderness with which a wicked and frightening person clings to the memory of that moment when he was once — or still is — "different"? Nobody sees goodness as so tempting as he does, so much like a woman and a child.

102.

In the purest spring, one drop of dirt is enough —

103.

The hand that wanted to reach out in prayer, the mouth that was ready to sigh — here the free spirit wins a victory over himself, but he also holds something back, like water behind a dam. One day the dam will be swept away by the wild waters —

104.

Many more refined people want *calm*, peace from their own *strong feelings*. They aim for *objectivity*, for not taking sides. They are happy to be left over as *onlookers* — and as critical onlookers, with a curious and playful sense of being above it all.

Others want calm on the *outside*, a life without danger. They do not want to be envied or attacked. So they would rather give "everyone what is due to them" — and they call this "*justice*" and love of humanity, and so on.

For the chapter: "Virtues as Disguise."

105.

Something is lost whenever things become specialized: the nature that brings many things together is the *higher* one. Now, all living things are already a kind of specialization. The *non-living world* behind them is the *greatest coming-together of forces*, and so it is the highest thing and the most worthy of deep respect. — There is no error there, no narrow point of view that limits what can be seen.

106.

Artists: full of enthusiasm, ruled by the senses, childish, sometimes far too suspicious, sometimes far too trusting.

107.

— Are you someone who, *as a thinker*, stays loyal to his statement — not like a tricky lawyer twisting words, but like a soldier stays loyal to his orders? Disloyalty is not only something you can show toward people.

108.

— Pity, felt by someone who has enough happiness and courage to stand apart and to *look* from a distance, like one of the untroubled gods that the philosopher Epicurus imagined.

109.

The Mirror.

Philosophy of Forbidden Knowledge.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

110.

God has been proven wrong, but the Devil has not. For clear-sighted and suspicious eyes, eyes that know how to look deep enough behind the scenes, the great show of everything that happens is no proof of truthfulness, nor of a father's loving care, nor of some superior reason. It shows nothing noble, nothing pure, and nothing faithful.

111.

How unnatural the North is: everything is covered in silvery mists. There you first have to bring yourself to feel good by artificial means, and art there is a way of running away from yourself. Oh, this pale joy, this October light that lies over every joy!

The Artificiality of the North

112.

The Tempter.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

113.

How naive our critical philosophers are! They do not notice that doubt itself — — — . They think that you should first test the tool before you use it, and by the tool they mean our ability to know things — — — . This is even worse than wanting to test a match before you use it. It is the match itself wanting to test whether it will burn.

114.

The fact that everything that happens has to happen, without exception, contains nothing of force or being made to do something. Whoever has truly understood this and felt it deep down has reached a high level of knowledge. His belief does not lead him to forgive or excuse. I cross out a sentence that came out badly, even though I fully understand the reason it had to come out badly — the noise of a cart was bothering me. In the same way, we cross out actions, and sometimes even people, because they turned out badly. "Understanding everything" — that would mean doing away with every point of view. That would mean understanding nothing, and getting wrong what knowing really is.

115.

Everything that happens is an interpretation.

There is no such thing as an event in itself. What happens is a group of appearances that has been *picked out* and put together by a being that interprets.

116.

Fear has been developed further into a *sense of honor*. *Envy* has been developed into *fairness* ("to each his own," and even "equal rights"). The clinginess of lonely people and people in danger has been turned into loyalty, — — —

117.

the sluggishness of a mind that settles wherever it happens to end up; the laziness that does not want to learn anything new; the good-natured giving in to a power and the joy of serving; the damp, warm brooding over thoughts and wishes — all very German — this is where *loyalty* and *faith* come from.

118.

A living cell splits into two when its power is no longer enough to handle everything it has taken in. So reproduction is the result of weakness.

Where the males seek out the female out of hunger and become absorbed into her, reproduction is the result of a hunger.

119.

Exactly the same process, but a higher interpretation of that process!! The force is the same, like in a machine, but the feeling of power grows! "The second time" — but there is no such thing as a "second time."

The inner feeling of power has absolutely *no effect* as a cause, — — —

120.

The same text allows for countless interpretations: there is no "correct" interpretation.

121.

The cheerful science.

Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future.

1.

Free Spirits and Other Philosophers

2.

Interpreting the World, Not Explaining the World

3.

Beyond Good and Evil

4.

The Mirror. A chance for Europeans to take a good look at themselves.

5.

The Philosophy of the Future

122.

Overcoming our passions? No, not if that is supposed to mean weakening them and wiping them out. Instead, we should put them to work for us. That may mean ruling over them harshly, like a tyrant, for a long time. And this happens not just to single people at first, but to whole communities, races, and so on. In the end, trusting them more and more, we give them back their freedom. Then they love us like good servants, and they go of their own free will wherever the best part of us wants to go.

123.

Think of the happiness and self-satisfaction of the idle street beggars of Naples. Or think of the "blessedness" felt by so-called "beautiful souls", by people whose bodies are wasting away from tuberculosis, and by the pious Moravian Brethren. None of this proves anything about the ranking of people. A great educator would have to whip a race of such "blessed people" without mercy, right into unhappiness. The danger of shrinking, of settling down to rest, shows up at once. So this is aimed against the kind of happiness Spinoza or Epicurus taught, and against every kind of resting in quiet, thoughtful states. But if virtue is the means to reach that kind of happiness, well then, one must also become master over virtue.

124.

How do the world of points of view and error come about? They come about because, through a living organism, it is not a single being that wants to keep itself alive. Rather, it is the struggle itself that wants to keep itself going, to grow, and to be aware of itself.

What we call "consciousness" and "mind" is only a means and a tool. Through it, it is not a single self, but a struggle, that wants to keep itself alive.

Human beings are the proof of what enormous forces can be set in motion by one small being that holds many different things inside it. Or, put another way, by a never-ending struggle concentrated on many small beings.

Beings who play with the stars

125.

— To turn the belief "this is how things are" into the will "this is how things shall become".

126.

— The Paths

to Holiness. The ending of

"The Will to Power".

127.

— There must be people who make every activity holy, not just eating and drinking. And not only by remembering such people, or by becoming one with them. No, this world is to be glorified again and again, and always in new ways.

128.

— What is essential about a living being is a new interpretation of what happens. It is the many points of view inside it, and this inner variety is itself something that happens.

129.

— The saints as the strongest people (through self-mastery, freedom, faithfulness, and so on

130.

— To deny that you deserve any credit, and yet to do what is beyond all praise, even beyond all understanding

131.

The Will to Power

132.

— A great man who feels he has the right to sacrifice people, the way a general sacrifices people. He does it not in the service of some "idea", but because he wants to rule.

133.

— Less and less physical strength is needed. People cleverly let machines do the work, and human beings become more powerful and more a creature of the mind.

134.

— This is why, these days, it is necessary at times to speak roughly and act roughly. Anything delicate and kept quiet is no longer understood, not even by those who are close to us in spirit. Whatever you do not talk about loudly and shout about simply does not exist for people. Pain, going without, a task, a long duty, a great victory over oneself: nobody sees or smells any of it. Cheerfulness is taken as a sign that someone lacks depth. Who knows that it can be the pure bliss that comes after far too much strain? — We spend time with actors and force ourselves hard to show them respect as well. But nobody understands how hard and painful it is for me to spend time with actors. Or with a sluggish pleasure-seeker who has just enough mind to —

135.

— I used to blame the Germans for this, calling it narrow-mindedness and love of comfort. But this habit of letting oneself go is European and "of our time", and not only in morals and art.

136.

— Do not let yourself turn curiosity and the eagerness to research into a virtue, into a "will to truth". The scholars of Port Royal knew this and took it more strictly. But we have all let our urges grow wild like weeds, and afterwards we would also like to give them the fine name of virtues. Yet virtue belongs to what stronger and more wicked ages produce: it is a privilege of aristocrats.

137.

I am amazed by the most widely accepted things in morality. Other philosophers, like Schopenhauer, only stopped in wonder before the "miracles" in morality.

138.

Quarrels and Conversations

139.

Artists begin to value their works, and to value them too highly, once they stop having deep respect for themselves. Their wild hunger for fame often hides a sad secret.

The work is not the normal thing for them. They feel it as the exception in their lives. —

Maybe they also want their works to speak up for them. Maybe they want other people to fool them about who they really are. And finally,

maybe they want noise inside themselves, so that they no longer have to "hear" themselves.

140.

"God wanted what was best for me when he sent me this suffering." — It is up to you to interpret it as being for your own good. Even for religious people, it never meant anything more than that.

141.

Beyond Yes and No

Questions and Question Marks

for Questionable People

142.

We know better than we admit to ourselves that Wagner is poor in ideas. A thought rarely comes to him. When one does appear, he himself is the most startled, delighted and bowled over by it. And for far too long he never tires of petting and dressing up these miraculous thoughts. He is too grateful. He does not know the cool friendliness of the truly rich, and even less their gentle disgust, the tiredness of people who do nothing but give things away. Mozart was like that, and so was Rossini. Only springs that overflow with water leap and dance.

143.

"We Lizards of Happiness"

Thoughts of a Grateful Man

144.

The Last Virtue

A Morality for Moralists

145.

— This last virtue, our own virtue, is called honesty. In every other respect we are only the heirs, and maybe the wasters, of virtues that we did not gather and pile up ourselves.

146.

A moralist: by that I mean, and so on

A question and an objection: has there ever yet been a moralist? — Maybe not, maybe so. In any case, from now on only that kind of moralist should be allowed to exist.

147.

My friends, let us run away from everything boring: from the cloudy sky, from the waddling goose, from the respectable wife, from the spinsters who write and "lay" books the way hens lay eggs. Isn't life too short to be bored?

148.

"The World as Will and Representation" — translated back into something narrow and personal, into Schopenhauer's own terms, it becomes: "The World as Sex Drive and Quiet Gazing".

149.

The German Empire is far away from me. And I have no reason to be either a friend or an enemy of something that is so far away.

150.

Up to now we have been so polite to women. Beware: the time is coming when, to be able to deal with a woman at all, you will first have to slap her on the mouth.

151.

The Paths to Holiness

What Are Strong Minds?

On the Morality of the Herd Animal

152.

New Dangers

and New Safeguards

A book for strong minds.

153.

Note: Against the talk of "Aryan" and "Semitic".

Where races are mixed, there is the source of great culture.

154.

What Is Noble?

Thoughts

on the Ranking of People

155.

What are we really waiting for? Isn't it for a great noise of heralds and trumpets? What happiness there is in loud sounds! There is a kind of silence that chokes you. We have been listening for far too long.

156.

Whoever has the greatest gifts to give looks for people who know how to receive them. But maybe he looks in vain? Does he in the end throw his gift away? Things like this belong to the secret history and despair of the richest souls. It is perhaps the hardest to understand and the saddest of all misfortunes on earth.

157.

Here is the point: when a moral judgment is put into words and ideas, it looks narrow, clumsy, poor, almost silly. Compare that with how fine and delicate the same judgment is when it shows itself in what people do: in choosing, in turning something away, in shuddering, in loving, in hesitating, in doubting, in every contact between one person and another.

158.

Just as today the decent, average people in Germany feel comfortable with the music of their Brahms, because they feel related to it — just as today the clever but nervous greyhounds of the Paris intellectual world sniff around their Renan, fawning on him with a kind of greedy pleasure —

159.

The value of kings and emperors is going up!

160.

How every political party gives things away! They bring to light something about their leaders that the leaders may have hidden very skillfully, kept under a basket, out of sight.

161.

Maybe everyone has their own yardstick for what they call "shallow." Well then, I have mine. It is a rough, simple yardstick for use at home, one that fits my hand. Let others have the right to more sensitive, more delicate tools!

Anyone who feels that suffering is an argument against life seems shallow to me. So our pessimists are shallow. And the same goes for anyone who sees feeling good and comfortable as the goal.

162.

The Wild, Ecstatic Soul

I have seen him — at least his eyes. They are deep, still eyes, sometimes green and slippery, eyes like honey.

his calm and sunny smile

the sky looked on, bloody and cruel

the wild, ecstatic soul of woman

I have seen him: his calm and sunny smile, his honey eyes, sometimes deep and veiled, sometimes green and slippery, a trembling surface,

slippery, sleepy, trembling, hesitating,

the sea wells up in his eyes

163.

1.

Caesar among pirates

2.

At the bridge

3.

The wedding. —

and suddenly, while the sky comes falling down, dark

4.

Ariadne.

164.

This music — Dionysian after all?

the dance?

the cheerfulness? the tempter?

the flood of religious feeling?

Aristophanes hidden under Plato's pillow?

165.

our wandering musicians and the people who get buried without honor — they are the close night-time relatives of the witches; they have their own Blocksberg mountains, where they hold their wild gatherings

166.

the mystical nature, stained by vice and foaming over

167.

the kind and pure spring that can never again get rid of even one drop of filth that has fallen into it, until in the end it is yellow and poisonous all the way through: — the spoiled angels

168.

"We immoralists."

169.

"Blessed are you if you know what you are doing; but if you do not know it, then you are under the law, and under the curse of the law."

Jesus of Nazareth.

170.

Hard work, as a sign of a kind of person who is not noble (which, of course, still makes them a valuable kind of person that we cannot do without — a note for donkeys!), might, in our age — — —

171.

compared with Rabelais and that overflowing power of the senses that he stands for, — — —

172.

Raphael without hands

the monasteries and hermit huts of culture

this music is not sincere

"As little state as possible" — the powers that work against nations

Someone for whom "objectivity" and "quiet looking-on" are already the highest state, like Schopenhauer — that person does not know enough

the good luck of finding a selfishness that is whole, unbroken and innocent

the hypocrisy of the Germans! presenting the old woman as the product of their sense of duty — I heard it with my own ears.

The shouting and scribbling of the ugly girls — the shrinking influence of women.

the new Melusine

As much military life as possible, the kings who have been shot at and wounded — the hardships of the army camp, no door, no window, the loaded revolver

"the cause of every action is an act of awareness", a kind of knowing! So bad actions are only mistakes, and so on.

The famous saying "forgive them their...", and the general version of it, "to understand everything" — shallow words

"the great two-faced one, and tempter"

173.

a cold, unwilling lake, on which no delight makes even a ripple

174.

not even one hour among people of my own kind; in every task and every piece of business, the secret worm gnawing at me, saying "you

have other things to do!"; tortured by children, geese and dwarfs; a nightmare

— around him there are only people he can neither pay back nor teach — — —

175.

spoiled, oversensitive consciences

176.

the little ache

177.

About a great human being.

Those who come after him say: "from then on, things kept rising higher and higher for him." — But they understand nothing about the torture of this climb. A great person is pushed, pressed, shoved, and tortured upward into his own height.

178.

This is a question of race, as I understand it: because with the clumsy chatter about "Aryan" — — —

179.

There is a sly, Jesuit-like cunning of ordinary, middling people. It tries to break the unusual, tense person, the way you would break a bow that seems dangerous to you, or to talk him out of his tension. It does this with pity and with handy offers of help, just as much as by poisoning the being alone that he needs, and by secretly dirtying his faith —. It feels it has won when it can say, "that one has finally become

just like one of us." This power-hungry cunning, which is the driving force in the whole democratic movement, is found everywhere, far away from politics and from questions of food and — — —

180.

Mozart, the flower of the German Baroque —

181.

Inspiration. —

182.

It is hard to be understood. A person should be grateful from the heart even for the good will to interpret him with some subtlety: on good days you ask for nothing more. You should give your friends plenty of room to misunderstand you. It seems better to me to be misunderstood than not understood at all: there is something insulting in being understood. Being understood? You do know what that means, don't you? — To understand someone is to make yourself their equal.

It is more flattering to be misunderstood than not to be understood at all: toward what we cannot understand, we stay cold, and coldness is insulting.

183.

Oh, this is the sea: and here this bird is supposed to build its nest?

On those days when the sea grows calm and — — —

184.

About the greed of the mind: where, just as with a miser, the means turns into the goal. The never being satisfied

Today people love everything that is huge, monstrous and driven by fate: and so they love the mind that way too.

185.

The strict training of the mind.

Thoughts

about honest thinking.

The greed of the mind and how it is never satisfied: — the monstrous thing about it, how it is driven by fate, how it roams around at night, how it is merciless, like a beast of prey, and cunning.

186.

The scholar.

What is truth?

About the mind's lack of discipline.

The crowd-pleasing, rabble-rousing side of our arts.

Master morality and slave morality.

Morality and the workings of the body.

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 how the arts stir up the crowd.

8.

Religious devotion.

9.

The good Europeans.

10.

The philosophers of the future. Skeptics. Free spirits. Strong minds. Tempters. Dionysus.

188.

First main part:

our courage

Second main part:

our pity

Third main part:

our insight

Fourth main part:

our being alone.

189.

1.

Morality and Knowledge.

2.

Morality and Religion.

3.

Morality and Art.

4.

"*We Europeans.*"

5.

What Is Noble?

Inspiration

190.

Among the people who have broken away from religion, I find people of many different kinds and ranks. First there are those who lack self-control. They let their senses talk them into it, because their senses could no longer stand the pressure and the blame that the religious ideal put on them. These people usually call on reason and good taste to speak for them, as if they simply could no longer bear the unreasonable and tasteless parts of religion. This kind of person has a hatred of religion, a nastiness, and a bitter, mocking laugh. But in well-hidden moments, the same person also feels a longing kind of shame, and deep inside still bows to the values of the ideal they claim to reject. They were pushed away from the Church by their love of the

senses. So when they come back to it, they worship the ideal of turning away from the senses, as if that were *the* religious "ideal in itself." And that is a source of many serious mistakes.

Then there are the more mind-driven people, who feel less, who are drier, and who are also more careful and honest. At the root, they are simply unable to believe in any ideal at all. The only place they can still find their greatest strength and self-respect is in saying a clever, careful "no" and in picking things apart with criticism. They are cut loose because there is nothing inside them that could hold them firmly. They cut others loose because — — —

Stages —

Loss and emptiness, mixed in with a feeling of being unfaithful and ungrateful, of having broken away. All of this is outweighed by a bitter certainty that cannot be taken back.

A feeling of respectful care and of shy seriousness, with great gentleness toward religious people.

A feeling of superior and kindly cheerfulness toward all religions. It is mixed with a slight contempt for the sloppiness in honest thinking that still lets many people be religious, or with a barely hidden amazement that it is even possible to "believe."

191.

Note: In the end, the *whole* of a Greek city really was *worth* more than any single person! We still have it with us! Just as surely as the body is worth more than any one of its organs. Learning to obey is, a thousand times over inside the body, the highest sacrifice!

192.

Better washed and more neatly dressed, strong gymnasts with a lock on their "loose mouths," training themselves to keep quiet, and also to control themselves with dignity when it comes to sex, and not, as so often happens, ruined and spoiled by whoring from boyhood on. We would like to see them soon "made European" in this respect.

193.

I love the splendid wildness of a young beast of prey that plays gracefully, and while it plays, tears things apart.

194.

Modern pessimism, the gloomy view that life is bad, expresses how useless the *modern* world is. It does not show that the world itself, or existence itself, is useless.

195.

It seems to me more and more that we are not shallow enough, and not good-natured enough, to help out with this flag-waving patriotism of the Prussian landowning nobles, or to join in with their hate-snorting, mind-numbing slogan, "Germany, Germany above all."

196.

You have to sink all the way down to the late Wagner and his Bayreuth magazine to find such a swamp of arrogance, muddled thinking, and showy German patriotism as the "Speeches to the German Nation."

197.

The old Romantics fall over, and one day, nobody knows how, they are lying stretched out before the cross. That happened to Richard Wagner too. Watching the decline of such a person was one of the most painful things I have ever lived through. And the fact that people in Germany did *not* find it painful gave me a strong push to distrust even more the spirit that now rules Germany.

198.

Buatschleli batscheli

bim bim bim

Buatscheli batschleli

bim!

199.

Grabbing happiness and strangling it, choking it, smothering it with your hug: the sadness of such experiences. Is it because otherwise it would run away and slip out of your hands?

200.

How much of the truth a person can stand:

How much a person takes on to be responsible for:

How much a person takes on to provide for and protect:

Simplicity, and what the artists' taste for bright, mixed colors gives away about them:

201.

Middle-Class Morality.

202.

Deep down there is something in us that cannot be taught. It is like a block of granite made of hard fact, of decisions settled in advance, sized and shaped to fit us. In the same way, we also have a claim on certain problems, as if they were branded with our name, stamped as ours.

The effort to fit in, the pain of being alone, the longing to belong to a group: in a thinker, all this can show itself in a certain way. He takes his own case and subtracts exactly what is most personal and most valuable about it. And as he makes things general, he also makes them *common*, ordinary. In this way it can happen that the whole philosophy a remarkable person speaks out loud is not really his own philosophy at all. Instead it is the philosophy of the people around him, the very people he *differs* from as a person, an exception to the type. This shows how modesty, a lack of a brave "I am," can become fatal for a thinker. "The type is more interesting than the single, exceptional case": in this way, a scientific taste can lead someone not to give himself the attention and care he needs. And finally: style, literature, the way words are thrown and fall, how much all of this fakes and spoils what is personal! Distrust when writing, the tyranny of the vanity of writing *well*: this is in any case a costume worn for society, and it also hides us. Taste is the enemy of the original! An old story.

There is style that communicates, and style that is only a sign, a memorial, "in memoriam." Dead style is a costume party; in others, style is alive. The losing of the person behind it.

203.

Against one enemy there is no better cure than a second enemy: because one enemy — — —

204.

Far too much weighing on me. Since when? Almost since I was a small child. My study of old languages and texts was just an escape I grabbed eagerly. I can't fool myself about that; my Leipzig diaries said it too clearly. And no companion! Too quick to trust? But a hermit always piles up too big a store of trust, and of course of distrust too.

205.

The deepest misunderstanding about religion: "Evil people have no religion."

206.

Russian music: how is it that — — —

207.

The extreme purity of the air I have placed him in, which allows me to say things — — —

208.

I have become less able to stand physical pain. And now, when days come with the old attacks, the pain turns right away into a torture of the soul that I can compare to nothing else.

209.

When you give yourself to your work, you also give away the height and goodness of your nature. Afterward there is only dryness, or mud. —

210.

How a good conscience and feeling well cut you off from the deep problems!

211.

Beyond Good and Evil: a thing like this is hard work. I am translating as if *into* a foreign language, and I am not always sure I have found the meaning. Everything is a bit too rough to please me.

212.

On brown, yellow, green, purple carpets comes

213.

We early risers, who on the — — —

214.

The opposite: there are truths that make you want to throw up, like poison in the body, "materia peccans," which you simply want to be rid of. And you get rid of them by telling them to others.

215.

Looking at the needs of the masses with a sad, ironic smile: they want something that *we* are able to do. Oh dear!

216.

I have never dirtied the holy name of love.

217.

strengths that are well rested

218.

He is genuine in his objectivity, in his cheerful way of taking in the whole of everything. But he is false and forced in his feelings, and artificial and overly refined in how he grasps single things, even in his senses.

219.

Note: How, as your life force weakens, you *sink down* into calm watching and objectivity. A poet can feel this happening (Sainte-Beuve).

220.

In the age of Louis XIV, people enjoyed other people and society so enormously that they got bored in nature and felt empty there. The most unpleasant thing of all was bare, empty nature, the high mountains.

The *Précieuses*, those refined ladies of the French salons, wanted to bring mind, or at least wit, into love. This was a sign of an enormous delight in the *mind*, the clear mind that makes fine distinctions, as at the time of the Persian Wars.

Artificial forms, like those of the poet Ronsard, and even of the Scandinavians, give the greatest joy to people with very juicy, powerful, sensual natures. For them it is their self-mastery. The same goes even for the most artificial morality.

The people of our time want to be hard, to accept fate, and to destroy illusions. But this is really the longing of weak and tender people, who enjoy what is shapeless, wild, and what breaks form apart (for example the "endless" melody, a clever trick of the German composers). Gloom and brutality are used as thrills by our overly refined, fussy people.

221.

Catiline is a romantic compared to Caesar. As the old writer said of him, "his walk was now fast, now slow."

222.

Freedom of conscience is only useful and only possible under a great, all-powerful ruler. It is a sign that society is breaking apart into separate little pieces, like atoms.

223.

Note: The last virtue.

We are the people who waste the virtues that our ancestors saved up. Thanks to them, and to how strict and thrifty they were for so long, it may still work for quite a while for us to act like rich, cocky heirs.

224.

Gloomy or wild, a mind that, in everything it dreamed up, was taking revenge for something it had done (or for something it had not done). It was a mind that could not understand happiness without cruelty.

225.

Here, where the peninsula runs out into the sea

226.

Anyone who does not enjoy watching clumsy fools dance should not read German books. I just saw a clumsy German fool dancing: Eugen Dühring, dancing to the anarchists' slogan "neither god nor master."

227.

For most people, even today, their cleverness is still the most genuine thing they have. Only those rare few who know, who feel, how they grew up in the fading light of an aging culture...

228.

I do not understand what ordinary people get out of Richard Wagner. Maybe he stirs up their romantic feelings, and all the shivers and tingles of the endless and of romantic mystery. But we musicians are thrilled and seduced.

229.

Calm and Sunny Speeches

Caesar among pirates

The hour when the sun has gone down

To love people for God's sake

For those who laugh a golden laugh

Grateful for being misunderstood

At the golden railing

We lizards of happiness

Among children and dwarfs

At the bridge

At the old fortress

The bath

The greatest event

Always in disguise

Leisure

Poverty, sickness, and the noble person

The slow eye

"One's equals": against being too familiar

Being able to keep silent

Slow to forgive, slow to anger

Defending everything formal

Women: dancing, silliness, little jewelry boxes

The tempter

Of good blood

The mask

230.

Calm and Sunny Songs

231.

Ariadne

232.

The Problem of the Ranking of People

Early thoughts and

half-finished thoughts

by

Friedrich Nietzsche

233.

Note: The mob says that getting hurt makes you wise. But to the extent that it makes you wise, it also makes you worse. And how often getting hurt just makes you stupid!

234.

How far a trade twists a person out of shape, in body and in mind. The same goes for science itself, for making money, and for every art. The specialist is necessary, but he belongs in the class of tools.

235.

It is very interesting, for once, to see people without reins and without limits. Almost all higher people (like artists) fall back into some kind of submission, whether it is Christianity or love of the fatherland.

236.

If this is not an age of decline and fading life-strength, full of sadness, then at the very least it is an age of careless, random experimenting. And it is likely that its huge flood of failed experiments gives an overall feeling of decline. And maybe it is the real thing itself: decline.

237.

The problem of the ranking of people.

The problem of strict training and breeding.

Note.

The strict training of the will.

The strict training of obeying.

The strict training of commanding.

Fine skill at telling things apart.

An education that rules out specializing.

238.

There is a deep necessity in a life's task. It rules over all the separate events in the life of each person in whom a task takes on flesh and "comes into the world." In the middle of my life I now understand what preparations the problem of the ranking of people needed before it could finally rise up in me. I understand how I had to go through the most varied kinds of happiness and hardship, in soul and body, losing nothing, tasting everything, testing it down to the bottom, cleaning everything of what was just chance, and sifting it out.

239.

Every morality that has ruled anywhere has always been the strict training and breeding of one particular type of person. It always assumed that this type mattered most, or even that it was the only thing that mattered. In short, it always assumed one type. Every morality believes that you can change ("improve") a lot about people on purpose and by force. It always takes becoming more like the model

type to mean "improvement." It has no other idea of improvement at all.

240.

On innocence and simplicity. Even thinking carefully about yourself can still be a sign of being naive.

"Naive selfishness."

241.

The good of your "neighbor" is only more worth striving for than your own if: first, the good is worth striving for at all; second, it is clear which kind of good is meant, because there are kinds that clash with each other as goals and block each other; third, the value of the people involved is already settled, and it is clear that the "neighbor" is worth more than I am. The pleasant, excited feelings of self-sacrifice and the like must be criticized without mercy. Just because they contain a drop of pleasure and excitement, they are not yet an argument in favor of anything. They are only a temptation toward it.

242.

Knowing people: what matters is what a person already grasps and feels as an "experience." Most people need events spelled out in crude detail and repeated a hundred times. And some need to be hit with a club before they figure out that something is an experience and start paying attention.

243.

How the Germans made Christianity crude and barbaric

244.

Science as a means of education. When it is pursued for its own sake, it is one more barbarism, a trade that makes people crude.

245.

Itivuttaka

(Thus spoke the holy one)

246.

no cheating

no compromises

despise that kind of murkiness, like Bismarck and Wagner.

247.

How people became sick on God and grew estranged from humanity.

Notebook 2: Autumn 1885 to Autumn 1886

1.

There is a kind of carelessness that is noble and dangerous, and it gives us a deep insight and lets us draw a deep conclusion. It is the carelessness of a soul that is far too rich. Such a soul has never *made an effort* to win friends. It only knows hospitality. It always just welcomes guests, and that is the only thing it knows how to do. Its heart and its house stand open to anyone who wants to come in, whether they are beggars, cripples or kings. This is true friendliness toward everyone. Whoever has it has a hundred "friends", but probably not a single real friend.

2.

Here is this wonderful mind. It is now enough for itself, well defended against attacks and closed off from the world. Are you angry with it because it lives in a castle and keeps itself secret? And yet you still peer curiously through the golden railings it has put up around its kingdom? You are curious, and you are tempted. That is because a strange, faint scent drifts over to you, teasing you on purpose, and it tells you something about hidden gardens and secret kinds of bliss.

3.

We are right in the middle of a dangerous carnival of nationalist madness. All finer reason has quietly sneaked off to the side. Even the roughest little backwater peoples, out of pure vanity, are shouting for the right to exist separately and to rule themselves. So how can anyone today blame the Poles, the most noble kind of people in the Slavic world, for having hopes and — — —

I am told that Germany is the one doing the loudest talking in all this.

4.

Calm and sunny conversations in between.

To rest and recover from "Thus Spoke Zarathustra"

dedicated to his friends

by

Friedrich Nietzsche

5.

Look at what Germany cares about now, and cares about almost nothing else: questions of power, trade and business, and finally the idea of "living well". Look at the rise of parliamentary nonsense, of everyone reading newspapers, and of everyone chattering like a writer about everything under the sun. Look at how people admire a statesman who knows and cares about philosophy about as much as a farmer or a rowdy fraternity student does. He thinks he can make his bold, ruthless, live-for-the-moment politics more "acceptable" to German taste (or German conscience) by dressing it up in old-fashioned trimmings of loyalty to the king and Christianity. All of this has its roots in the year 1815, a year that was eerie and also attractive in many ways. That was when night suddenly fell on the German mind, which until then had enjoyed a long and happy day. The "fatherland", the border, the home soil, the ancestors: all kinds of narrow-mindedness suddenly began to demand their rights. At that time, up at the top, a fearful backlash woke up, a fear of the German mind. And as a result, down below, liberalism, the urge for revolution and the whole political fever woke up too. Everyone understands this "as a result". Ever since then, ever since Germany started playing politics, it has lost its

leadership of Europe in matters of the mind. And now even mediocre Englishmen manage to make the Germans — — —

6.

The centuries before last.

It was only in the 17th and 18th centuries that Germany brought its very own art, music, to its peak. You will have to forgive an observer who is sometimes gloomy if he can see German music of the nineteenth century only as a dazzling, many-sided and learned form of decline. In that same much-insulted century, Germany also showed a lavish joy and strength in the visual arts. The German Baroque style in churches and palaces is the closest relative of our music. In the world of the eyes, it creates the same kind of magic and temptation that our music creates for another sense, the ear. Between Leibniz and Schopenhauer (born in 1788), Germany thought up the whole circle of its original ideas, so this too happened within those same centuries. And this philosophy too belongs with our music. It has its old-fashioned stiffness, like a powdered wig with a pigtail, and its spider webs of ideas. It has its flexibility, its sadness, its hidden sense of the endless, and its mysticism. It is a kind of Baroque in the world of philosophy.

7.

A mind that we understand is not a mind we are *like*. It is one we are above!

8.

Whatever is still young and stands on weak legs always makes the loudest noise, because it still falls over too often. Take, for example,

"patriotism" in today's Europe, "love of the fatherland". It is only a child. So don't take the little crybaby too seriously!

9.

To my friends.

This book has managed to find readers in many countries and among many peoples, so it must know some kind of art that can win over even stubborn and unwilling ears. And yet this very book has remained the hardest to understand for my closer friends. When it came out, it frightened them and puzzled them, like a big question mark, and it caused a long distance to grow between them and me. In fact, the state I was in when it came about was mysterious and full of contradictions. At that time I was *very* happy and *very* much in pain at the same time. That was thanks to a great *victory* I had won over myself, one of those dangerous victories that usually destroy the person who wins them. One day, in the summer of 1876, a sudden contempt and a sudden insight came over me. From then on, I walked mercilessly past all the lovely wishes and dreams that my youth had given its heart to

10.

The madness of nationalism and the foolishness of fatherland-worship have no charm for me. "Germany, Germany above all" hurts my ears, basically because I want and wish for more from the Germans than that. Their leading statesman makes me curious in a mocking way. In his head, a decent base of loyalty to the king and Christianity gets along fine with ruthless, live-for-the-moment politics, and philosophy has touched him no more than it touches a farmer or a rowdy fraternity student. I even think it is useful that there are some Germans who have stayed indifferent to the German Empire. They are

not even watching it as spectators. They are looking away. So *where* are they looking? There are more important things, and next to them these questions are only surface questions. For example: the steady rise of the democratic man, and the way it is making Europe more stupid and making the European person *smaller*.

11.

Honest thinking.

An attempt to critically examine the people who live most by the mind.

The philosopher. The free spirit. The artist. The religious person. The scholar. The noble person. Dionysus.

12.

"Inter pares", which means "among equals": these are words that can make you drunk. They hold so much happiness and so much unhappiness for someone who has been alone his whole life. He has never met anyone who belonged with him, even though he searched along many different paths. Whenever he dealt with people, he always had to be the one who pretended, kindly and cheerfully, the one who tried to make himself similar to others and often succeeded. From far too long experience he knows that habit of putting a good face on a bad game, which people call "friendliness toward everyone". But sometimes, of course, he also knows those dangerous, heartbreaking outbursts: all the hidden misery, all the desire that was never smothered, all the rivers of love that were dammed up and then ran wild, all bursting out at once. He knows the sudden madness of that hour when the lonely man throws his arms around just anybody, and treats him as a friend, as a gift thrown down from heaven, as the most precious present. And then, an hour later, he pushes him away in dis-

gust. And now the disgust is with himself: he feels dirtied, humiliated, cut off from his own self, as if he had been made sick by his own company.

13.

This is my distrust, and it keeps coming back. It is my worry, and it never goes to sleep for me. It is my question, and nobody hears it or wants to hear it. It is my Sphinx, my great riddle, and next to it there is more than one deep pit. Here it is: I believe that today we are fooling ourselves about the very things that we Europeans love most. I believe a cruel little goblin is playing with our hearts and their excitement. Or maybe it is not even cruel, just careless and childish. It plays with us the way it may already have played with everything else that once lived and loved. I believe this: everything we in Europe are used to honoring today as "humanity," "morality," "humaneness," "compassion," and "justice" may have some surface value, because it weakens and softens certain dangerous and powerful basic drives. But in the long run it is still nothing but the shrinking of the whole type "human being." It is the final making-average of humans, if you will forgive me a desperate word in a desperate matter. I believe the human comedy would look like this to a god who simply sits back and watches, enjoying himself like a follower of Epicurus: because their morality keeps growing, people imagine, in all innocence and vanity, that they are rising from animals to the rank of "gods" and to destinies beyond this earth. But in truth they are sinking. That means they build up all the virtues that help a herd thrive. And they push back those other, opposite virtues that give birth to a new, higher, stronger, ruling kind of human. In doing this they only develop the herd animal in man. And perhaps they will fix the animal "man" in place for good, because until now man was "the animal that is not yet fixed." I believe that the great democratic movement in Europe, pushing forward and

impossible to stop, the thing that calls itself "progress," and also what came before it and prepared it as its moral warning sign, namely Christianity, basically mean only one thing. They are the huge, instinctive, shared conspiracy of the herd against everything that is shepherd, beast of prey, hermit, and Caesar. Its aim is to protect and lift up all the weak, the pressed-down, those who got a bad deal, the average, and the half-failed. It is a long, drawn-out slave revolt, secret at first, then more and more self-confident, against every kind of master, and in the end even against the very idea of "master." It is a war of life and death against every morality that is born from the womb and the self-awareness of a higher, stronger, and, as I said, ruling kind of human. That kind of human needs slavery, in some form and under some name, as its foundation and its condition. Finally, I believe that until now every raising-up of the type "human" was the work of an aristocratic society. Such a society believed in a long ladder, a ranking of people, where one person is worth something different from another, and it needed slavery. Yes, I believe more than that. There is the feeling of distance between ranks. It grows out of deep-rooted differences between social classes. It grows out of the ruling class always looking at, and looking down on, the people under it and the people it uses as tools. And it grows out of that class always practicing how to give orders and how to keep others down and at a distance. Without that feeling, the other, more mysterious feeling cannot arise at all. I mean that longing to keep widening the distance inside the soul itself, to grow ever higher, rarer, more distant, wider-stretched, and richer inner states. In short, I mean the "self-mastery of man," to use a moral phrase in a sense that goes beyond morality. One question keeps coming back to me, a tempting and perhaps wicked question. Let it be whispered into the ears of those who have a right to such doubtful questions: the strongest souls of today, who also have the best control over themselves. The question is this: the more the type "herd animal" is now being developed in Europe, wouldn't it

be time to try a planned, artificial, and conscious breeding of the opposite type and its virtues? And wouldn't it give the democratic movement itself, for the first time, a kind of goal, a rescue, and a justification, if someone came along who made use of it? That would happen if, at last, a higher kind of ruling, Caesar-like minds joined up with democracy's new and refined form of slavery. For that is what the completion of European democracy will one day turn out to be: a new form of slavery. And these higher minds would be exactly the ones who need this new slavery. Need it for what? For new views into the distance, impossible until now: their own views. For their own tasks.

14.

Our four main virtues are courage, compassion, insight, and being alone. They would find themselves unbearable if they had not become close friends, like brothers, with a cheerful and cheeky vice called "politeness."

15.

Cruelty can be a relief for tense and proud souls, for people who are used to being hard on themselves all the time. For them it has become a party to finally hurt someone else for once, to watch someone suffer. All warlike peoples are cruel. On the other hand, cruelty can also be a kind of wild holiday, like the old Roman festival where the usual rules were turned upside down, for people who are pressed down and weak-willed: for slaves, for the women of a harem. For them it is a little thrill of power. So there is a cruelty of evil souls, and there is also a cruelty of bad, small, and petty souls.

16.

What is noble?

Belief in the ranking of people.

Work (about artists, scholars, and so on).

Cheerfulness (a sign of being well-made).

Master morality and herd morality.

17.

The writings listed here, if they are questioned carefully and for a long time, might be used as a tool. They might perhaps open the way to understanding a type that is even higher and harder to grasp than the type of the free spirit. There is no other road to understanding — — —

*

Writings from the youth of the same author.

The Birth of Tragedy. First edition 1872. Second edition — — —

Untimely Meditations, 1873–76.

18.

One day a god of love might say, bored by his own goodness: "Let's try being devilish for once!" And look at that: a new origin of evil! It comes from boredom and virtue! — —

19.

"Paradise lies in the shadow of swords." This too is a secret sign, like a tally stick whose two halves match. By this saying, souls of noble and warlike birth give themselves away and recognize each other.

20.

"Eagles swoop straight down." You can recognize a noble soul, not least, by the splendid and proud stupidity with which it attacks: straight on.

21.

We can also waste our passions and desires, namely by satisfying them in a modest, small-town, small-minded way. That spoils our taste, but even more it spoils the awe and fear we feel toward ourselves. Going without for a while, like a monk, is the way to dam them up, to make them dangerous and give them grand style — —

22.

Think about what creative, fertile minds need most of all, from top to bottom, so that they are not eaten up by the worms of a guilty conscience. They need to "lay eggs, cackle, sit on their eggs," and so on, with or without grace. Because of that, they may have good reason to put themselves on a diet of chastity, as Stendhal and Balzac did. At the very least, there can be no doubt that for a "genius" the marriage bed can be even more fatal than living with a mistress or living a wild, loose life. In many other ways too, for example when it comes to having "children," you have to think it over with yourself in good time and make a choice: either children or books.

23.

I thought for a long time about that source from which religious genius springs, and so also the "need for something beyond the physical world": the "religious neurosis," a kind of nervous illness. And I remembered, unwillingly, that saying which is famous in France and

has even become a proverb there, which tells you so much about the "health" of the French mind: "Genius is a neurosis."

24.

And let me say it once more: the beast inside us wants to be lied to. Morality is a lie told out of need, to get by.

25.

Once I said to the god Dionysus: "You seem to me to be planning something bad. You want to destroy human beings, don't you?" The god answered: "Maybe. But in such a way that something comes out of it for me." "What, then?" I asked, curious. "Who, then? That is what you should ask," he said. That is what Dionysus said, and then he fell silent, in the way that is typical of him: tempting, teasing. You should have seen him then! It was spring, and every tree and branch was full of fresh young sap.

26.

Beyond Good and Evil

Prelude

to a Philosophy of the Future

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

27.

Beyond Good and Evil.

All Sorts of Things to Think About

for calm and sunny minds.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

28.

I have a fairly radical question mark to put next to all your laws about punishment. It is this. Suppose punishments are supposed to hurt in proportion to how big the crime is. And deep down, that is what all of you want! Well then, each criminal's punishment would have to be measured out in proportion to how sensitive that person is to pain. That means there could be no way to fix the punishment for a crime *ahead of time*. There could be *no* rulebook of punishments *at all*, could there? But it would not be easy to work out, for any criminal, the exact scale of how much pleasure and pain he feels. So in practice, wouldn't we probably have to give up punishing altogether? What a loss! Isn't it? And so — —

29.

Music does *not* reveal the true nature of the world and its "will", as Schopenhauer claimed. He fooled himself about music just as he fooled himself about pity, and for the same reason: he knew too little of either from his own experience. No, music only reveals the gentlemen who make the music! And they don't even know it themselves! — And maybe it's a good thing that they don't know it! —

30.

Our Virtues.

All Sorts of Questions and Questionable Things

for more delicate 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 Be Alone.

"What Is Noble?"

32.

The Philosophers of the Future.

A Speech.

1.

Is that kind of greatness possible today? —

2.

But maybe tomorrow, maybe the day after. — I see new philosophers coming up, and so on.

33.

There is a way of misunderstanding cheerfulness that can never be cleared up. But anyone who shares in that misunderstanding may, in the end, be quite happy with it. — Think of us, who *run away* into happiness. We need every kind of south and a wild flood of sunshine. We go and sit by the side of the road where life rolls past like a drunken parade of grinning faces, something that drives you out of your mind. And what we ask of happiness is exactly *that*: that it drives us out of our minds. Doesn't it look as if we carry some knowledge that we are *afraid* of? Something we don't want to be alone with? A knowledge whose weight makes us tremble, whose whisper makes us turn pale? Look at how stubbornly we turn away from sad sights. Look at our ears, plugged up and hardened against everything that suffers. Look at our brave, mocking shallowness, and at this deliberate pleasure-seeking of the heart, which refuses to hold anything warmly and completely, and which worships the *mask* as its last god and savior. Look at how we sneer at people whose taste runs to gloom, whom we always suspect of lacking depth. Isn't all of this really just hatred of life? It seems that we know ourselves to be far too fragile, maybe already broken and beyond healing. It seems we are afraid of life's hand, afraid that it is bound to break us. So we run away into its appearance, into its falseness, its surface, and its colorful

trickery. It seems we are cheerful because we are terribly sad. We are serious. We know the abyss. *That is why* we fight off everything serious.

— — — Privately, we smile at people whose taste runs to gloom. Oh, but even as we mock them, we still envy them! Because we are not happy enough to allow ourselves their gentle sadness. We still have to run even from the shadow of sadness: our own hell and darkness are always too close to us. We have a knowledge that we are afraid of, that we don't want to be alone with. We have a belief whose weight makes us tremble, whose whisper makes us turn pale — and the people who don't believe seem blessed to us. We turn away from sad sights. We plug our ears against everything that suffers. Pity would break us right away if we didn't know how to harden ourselves. Stay bravely by our side, you mocking lightheartedness! Cool us down, you wind that has blown across glaciers! We don't want to take anything to heart anymore. We want to pray to the *mask*.

There is something in us that breaks easily. Are we afraid of the clumsy, childish hands that would break it? We step out of the way of chance and save ourselves — — —

34.

I loved and honored Richard Wagner more than anyone else. And if, in the end, he had not had the bad taste — or the sad need — to join forces with a kind of "minds" I could not stand, namely his followers, the Wagnerians, then I would have had no reason to say goodbye to him while he was still alive. He was the deepest and boldest of all the people today who are hard to understand, and also the most misunderstood of them. Meeting him did more for my understanding than any other meeting in my life. Let me put first what belongs first: his cause and my cause did not want to be mixed up with each other. And

it took a good deal of self-mastery before I learned to cut cleanly, as I should, between "his" and "mine." I came to think hard about the extraordinary problem of the actor — a problem that is perhaps further from me than any other, for a reason that is hard to put into words. I discovered the actor at the bottom of every artist and recognized him again and again: the typical artistic nature. For that, I needed to come into contact with that man. And it seems to me that I think both more highly and more darkly of both of them — the actor and the artist — than any philosopher before me. — Improving the theater matters little to me, and turning it into a kind of church matters even less. Wagner's actual music doesn't belong to me enough. For the sake of my happiness and my health, I could do without it (which was the thing to be proved, and has been proved). What was most foreign to me in him was the showy German patriotism and half-churchliness of his last years — — —

35.

A new way of thinking is always a new way of measuring. It assumes there is a new yardstick, a new scale of feeling. Such a way of thinking feels that it is in conflict with the old ways of thinking. And as it pushes against them, it keeps saying, "That is wrong." But if you look more closely, this "that is wrong" really only means: "I feel nothing of myself in it," "I don't care about it," "I don't understand how you can't feel the way I do."

36.

On Breaking Away.

On Hardening.

On the Mask.

On the Ranking of People.

European and Beyond European.

37.

There is always something more urgent to do than getting married. Heavens, that's how it has always gone for me!

38.

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Pointers Toward a Morality for the Strongest.

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Toward a Natural History of the Free Spirit.

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14.

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48.

A woman is so unable to be enough for herself that she would rather even let herself be beaten than —

49.

In most love affairs there is one person who plays, and one person who lets themselves be played with. Above all, Cupid, the god of love, is a little theater director, arranging who plays which part.

50.

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Friedrich Nietzsche.

55.

Second-to-Last Chapter

Alcuin the Anglo-Saxon, who described the royal task of the philosopher like this:

"To set right what is crooked, to make strong what is right, and to raise up what is holy."

56.

The ruin of the strong, natural man when he is forced into the rules of civilized cities. He ends up among the sick, outcast parts of society, and there he learns to have a guilty conscience.

57.

From now on, the conditions will be right for much larger kinds of rule than have ever existed before. And that is not even the most important thing. It now becomes possible for international family groups to form, groups that take on the task of breeding a master race, the future "rulers of the earth." This would be a new, enormous aristocracy, built on the hardest laws that people set for themselves. In it, the will of powerful philosophers and artist-tyrants would be made to last for thousands of years. It would be a higher kind of human being. Because they would have more will, more knowledge, more wealth and more influence, they would use democratic Europe as their most obedient and flexible tool. They would use it to take the fate of the earth into their own hands, and to shape the human being itself, the way an artist shapes his material.

Enough. The time is coming when people will have to learn to think about politics in a new way.

58.

I believe we lack political passion. We could live with honor under a democratic sky just as well as under a king with total power.

59.

On Point 1

But in the end: why should we say what will come so loudly and with such bitter anger? Let us look at it more coolly, from further away, more cleverly, from higher up. Let us say it the way it may be said among ourselves, so quietly that the whole world fails to hear it, so that the whole world fails to hear us... Let us call it a continuation.

60.

What? The drama is the goal, and the music is always only the means? That may be Wagner's theory. But what he actually did was different. For him, the dramatic pose is the goal, and the music is always only a means to that pose: a way to make it clearer, stronger, and more deeply felt.

61.

The mechanical, atom-based way of thinking still does not realize today where it must inevitably end up. That is my impression, after I have watched its followers closely, looking over their shoulders, for long enough. It will end by creating a system of signs. It will give up on explaining things. It will give up the idea of "cause and effect."

62.

Not wanting to deceive others, and not wanting to let yourself be deceived: these are two basically different attitudes and wills. But both of these leanings like to use the word "philosophy," whether as decoration, as a hiding place, or out of misunderstanding.

63.

Physiologists should think twice before treating the drive to survive as the main drive of a living creature. Above all, a living thing wants to let out its strength, to use it up. "Survival" is only one of the results of that. Beware of unnecessary ideas that claim everything has a built-in purpose! And the whole idea of a "drive to survive" belongs to that kind of idea.

64.

Every Philoctetes knows that without his bow and his arrows, Troy will not be conquered. In other words, every outcast knows he is still the one who is truly needed.

65.

In the Middle of Life.

Talks with Himself by a Psychologist.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

66.

—

For the preface. Perhaps a continuation: the artist-philosopher. So far I have mentioned scientific thinking and the attitude toward religion and politics. Now: a higher idea of art. Can a human being stand so far away from other human beings that he can shape them, the way an artist shapes material? Practice steps for this: first, the person who shapes himself, the hermit. Second, the artist as he has been until now, as the small perfecter who works on some material. (No!) Along with this belongs the ranking of the higher human beings, which must be laid out.

—

A chapter: Music. On the theory of "intoxication", of being carried away. (A list, for example the worship of little facts.) German, French and Italian music. (Our lowest times in politics have been the most creative.) The Slavs? The ballet about the history of culture: it has beaten opera. It is a mistake to think that what Wagner created is a

form. It is a lack of form. The possibility of a dramatic structure is still waiting to be found. Music for actors and music for musicians. On rhythm. Expression at any price. In honor of "Carmen." In honor of Heinrich Schütz (and the "Liszt Society"). Instrumentation that sells itself like a prostitute. In honor of Mendelssohn: there is something of Goethe in him, and nowhere else! Just as another side of Goethe reached perfection in Rahel! A third side in Heinrich Heine.

For the chapter "The Free Spirit." First: I do not want to glorify him. A word in favor of the tied-down minds. Second: the bad habits of the intellect. The proof from pleasure: "It makes me happy, so it must be true." Here I should underline the vanity in that word "me."

For the chapter "Our Virtues." Third: a new form of morality. Vows of loyalty, made in groups, about what one will avoid and what one will do. Giving up many things, in a very definite way. Tests to see whether a person is ready for it.

For the chapter "The Religious Genius." First: the mystery, the model story of a soul. ("Drama": what does that mean?) Second: the idea that events can be interpreted, the belief that there is a "meaning," is kept alive thanks to religion. Third: to what degree does the higher soul grow and thrive at the cost of the lower one? Fourth: what has been disproved is the idea that Christian morality is essential to the fate of the world's soul. But this does not get rid of the will to put that morality into it and make it rule. That will might in the end be only a Don Quixote kind of thing, a noble fight against windmills. But that would be no reason to think little of it! Fifth: to what degree is the religious genius a variety of the artistic genius? The shaping power. Sixth: to what degree does only the artist's conscience give freedom from "true" and "untrue"? Total "belief" must be turned into total will. Seventh: religious writings, the idea of a "holy book."

For "Our Virtues." Whatever we can use to let out our scientific way of thinking, we no longer take heavily and seriously. That is a kind of immorality.

For the chapter "Natural History of Morals." Corruption: what is it? For example, the corruption of the natural, strong man who comes into the cities. For example, the corruption of the French aristocrats before the French Revolution.

For the chapter "Man and Woman."

The victory of man over woman, wherever culture begins. Note: master of the free arts and of cheerful things. Note: I have grabbed something by the horns. I only doubt whether it was really a bull.

67.

The "I," the "subject," as the line of the horizon. Turning around the way we see things from our own point of view.

68.

Using the body as the guiding thread. Protoplasm, the living stuff of cells, dividing itself. One half plus one half does not equal one, but two. With this, the belief in the soul as a single, indivisible unit falls apart. Survival is only one of the results of the self growing larger. Of its "self"?

69.

We know mechanical force only as a feeling of resistance. And when we talk about "pressure" and "push," we are only interpreting that feeling in terms of our senses, not explaining it.

What kind of force does a stronger soul use on a weaker one? And it could be that what looks like "disobedience" toward the higher soul

really comes from not understanding what it wants. For example, a rock cannot be given orders. But this is exactly why there must be slow, step-by-step differences of degree and rank. Only those who are closest to each other can understand each other, and so only there can there be obedience.

Is it possible to understand all movements as signs of something happening in a soul? Natural science as a study of symptoms, of outward signs.

Living structures, like cells, are very small. So is it perhaps a mistake to go looking for even smaller units, such as "points of force" and the like?

The *early stage of structures of rule*

Devotion to a *person*, such as a father, an ancestor, a prince, a priest or a god, as a way of making morality *easier*.

70.

Beyond Good and Evil

—

The problem of the lawgiver.

Using the body as our guide. Machinery and life.

The will to power.

—

Interpretation, not knowledge. On the theory of method.

The eternal return of all things.

—

The artist. Culture and what lies underneath it.

—

We Godless Ones.

—

Music and culture.

—

On big politics and small politics.

"Mystery".

—

The good and the just.

Those who make vows.

—

On the history of pessimism.

—

Education.

71.

Notes for "Zarathustra"

Calina: a brownish-red haze, and everything nearby looks too sharp. The very height of summer. Ghostly.

Sipo Matador.

And who says that we do not want this? What music, what temptation! There is nothing here that does not poison, lure, gnaw away, knock over, and turn values upside down!

I

The *deciding* moment:

The ranking of people.

1)

Break the good and the just!

2)

The eternal return of all things.

Noon and Eternity.

The book of the fortune-teller.

72.

Noon and Eternity.

By

F. N.

I

The festival of the dead. Zarathustra comes upon a huge festival:

II

The new ranking of people:

III

On the rulers of the earth.

IV

On the ring of return.

73.

The titles of 10 new books: (Spring 1886.)

Thoughts on the Ancient Greeks.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

How far everything, as it develops, goes into *decline* and becomes *unnatural*. The decline of the Renaissance, and of the study of ancient languages and texts.

An example of the *immoral* basic conditions that a higher culture needs, conditions for raising humans up higher.

The Will to Power.

An attempt at a

new interpretation of the world.

The Artists.

The hidden thoughts of a psychologist

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

We Godless Ones

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

Noon and Eternity.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

Beyond Good and Evil.

A prelude to a philosophy of the future.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

The cheerful science.

Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird.

By Friedrich Nietzsche.

Music.

By Friedrich Nietzsche

Experiences of a Scholar of Books.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

On the History of the Modern

Darkening of the Mind.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

74.

The Will to Power.

1.

The body and the ranking of people

2.

The great noon

3.

Strict training and breeding

4.

The eternal return of all things

75.

The Eternal Return of All Things: a book of new festivals and predictions

The eternal return of all things

Holy dances and vows

Noon and Eternity

Holy dances of those who come back again

76.

(28)

On the ranking of people:

On Part One: on the body and power.

The aristocracy inside the body: the many parts that rule. (Is it a struggle between the tissues?)

Slavery and the division of labor: a higher type is only possible if a lower type is pushed down into doing one single job.

Pleasure and pain are not opposites. The feeling of power.

Feeding is only a result of the endless, never-satisfied urge to take things over, that is, of the will to power.

Reproduction: a living thing splits and falls apart when the ruling cells are too weak to organize everything they have taken in.

It is the shaping force that always wants a fresh supply of new "material" (which means even more "force"). Think of the masterpiece of a whole living body being built up from an egg.

The "mechanical view" of the world wants nothing but amounts. But force lies in quality, in what kind of thing something is. So the mechanical view can only describe what happens. It cannot explain it.

"Purpose." We should start from the "cleverness" of plants.

The idea of "getting better and more perfect": it does not just mean becoming more complicated, but becoming more powerful. (And more power does not have to mean simply more size.)

What this means for the development of humankind: getting better consists in producing the most powerful individuals, and the great mass of people is made into their tool. In fact, the mass becomes the smartest and most flexible tool there is.

Artists as the small shapers. Against them, the fussy narrow-mindedness of the "educators."

Punishment: a way of keeping a higher type of person in place.

Isolation.

Wrong lessons drawn from history. Just because something high and noble failed or was misused, like the aristocracy, that does not prove it was wrong!

77.

The appearance of empty and full, of solid and loose, of still and moving, and of same and different.

(absolute space

(substance, the idea of an unchanging "stuff" underneath things)

the oldest appearance has been turned into metaphysics, into grand theories about what is ultimately real.

—: hidden inside are the ways humans and animals measure value by how safe something makes them.

Our ideas are inspired by our needs.

Setting things up as opposites comes from laziness. A distinction that is good enough for getting food, staying safe and so on is treated as "true."

— "The truth is simple!" — that is a lazy thought.

We read our values into things; they are not there by themselves.

Is there really any meaning in a thing just in itself, apart from us??

Isn't meaning always, by necessity, meaning in relation to something, a matter of point of view?

All meaning is will to power. All meanings that come from relations can be broken down into it.

A thing equals its qualities. But its qualities equal everything about that thing that matters to us. A thing is a unit under which we gather

together the relations that are important for us. Basically, it is the changes we notice in ourselves, leaving out the ones we do not notice, for example its electricity. In short: an object is the sum of the pushbacks and resistances we have experienced and become aware of. So a quality always says something about whether a thing is "useful" or "harmful" for us. Take colors, for example: each one matches a certain level of pleasure or displeasure, and each level of pleasure or displeasure is the result of judgments about "useful" and "useless." — Disgust.

78.

Themes

Interpretation, not explanation.

Tracing the value judgments of logic back to moral and political ones: the value of safety, of rest, of laziness ("using the least effort"), and so on.

The problem of the artist and his morals: lying, shamelessness, and a talent for making up whatever he himself lacks.

The slandering of the immoral drives: if you follow it all the way through, it is a denial of life.

The Absolute, the thing that depends on nothing else, and where the perfect, ideal features come from that people give it.

Punishment as a tool of breeding.

Gravity can be interpreted in several ways, just like everything that is supposedly a "fact."

What we say about a thing describes an effect that is made on us, or could be made on us. It does not describe the acting itself. Then all the things we say about it are packed together into one word. It is a

mistake to think that the subject, the thing doing it, is the cause. — This is the mythology of the idea of a subject. (We say "the lightning flashes" — that is a doubling: the effect is turned into a thing.)

The mythology of the idea of cause. Separating "the acting" from "the one who acts" is completely wrong at the root. The appearance of something that stays the same, still as before — —

Our European culture: what is it pushing toward, compared with the Buddhist way out in Asia?

Religion is basically a teaching about the ranking of people. It is even an attempt to set up an order of rank and power for the whole universe.

Weakness

Lying, pretending

Stupidity

Hunger for power

Curiosity

Greed

Cruelty

to what extent do they make things look ideal?

79.

My writings defend themselves very well. Anyone who reaches for them and reaches wrongly, as someone who has no right to such books, makes a fool of himself at once. A little fit of rage drives him to pour out his deepest and most ridiculous self. And who doesn't know what always comes out then! Petty little literary women, the way they usually are, with sick sexual organs and ink stains on their fingers —

The inability to see what is new and original: the clumsy fingers that cannot grasp a fine shade of meaning, the stiff seriousness that trips over a word and falls flat, the short-sightedness that turns into total blindness when it faces the huge kingdom of distant landscapes

Have I ever complained about my fate, about being read too little and understood so badly? But for how many people can something extraordinary be made at all! — Do you really think God created the world for the sake of human beings?

80.

For the introduction

The gloomy sense of being alone and the bleak emptiness of the countryside around Rome, the patience of living with not knowing

Every book as a conquest, a grab — at a slow tempo — — with the tension tied up dramatically right to the end, then finally a catastrophe and a sudden release.

81.

(15)

It is only a matter of strength: to have all the sick traits of this century, but to balance them out with an overflowing strength that shapes and heals. The strong human being: a description

82.

Beyond Good and Evil

Second and final part

Preface

Interpretation, not explanation. There are no hard facts. Everything is fluid, impossible to grasp, slipping away from us. The most lasting things are still our opinions. Putting meaning into things is, in most cases, laying a new interpretation over an old one that nobody understands anymore and that is now itself only a sign.

On the body and power. A way of looking at things in which a person feels that his strongest drives and his ideals, and his good conscience too, are one and the same.

We who are without God

What are artists?

Law and lawmaking

On the history of modern gloom

Play-acting

On the good and the just

Rank and the ranking of people

To the Mistral Wind: a dance song

Beyond Good and Evil: a light for a few, the deepest darkness for many

On the history of modern gloom

The psychology of the artist

On play-acting

The problem of the lawgiver

The danger in music

Interpretation, not knowledge

The good and the just

On big and small politics

We who are without God

To the Mistral Wind: dance song

In 30 pages.

2 printed sheets.

(Preface: what all my writings have in common)

Interpretation, not explanation.

On the body and power.

On play-acting

On the history of modern gloom

We who are without God.

The good and the just.

On the ranking of people.

Law and lawmaking.

Artists

83.

(7)

Human beings believe they are a cause, a doer —

everything that happens is treated as something we say about some subject, some doer

Every judgment we make contains the whole, full, deep belief in subject and predicate, that is, in a doer and what is said about it, or in cause and effect. And this second belief, the claim that every effect is

an action and that every action needs someone who acts, is really just one special case of the first. So in the end the basic belief that is left over is this: there are subjects, there are doers

I notice something and look for a *reason* for it. At first, that means this: I look for an *intention* behind it, and above all for someone who has intentions, a subject, a doer. In the past, people saw intentions in *everything* that happened; every event was an action. This is our oldest habit. Do animals have it too? As living things, don't they also have to interpret the world by comparing it to *themselves*? The question "*why?*" is always a question about the final cause, about a "what for?" We have no sense at all of what an "effective cause" really means. Here *Hume* is right: habit (but *not* only the habit of one single person!) makes us expect that one event we have often seen will be followed by another. Nothing more! What makes our belief in cause and effect so incredibly firm is *not* our long habit of seeing events follow one after another. It is our *inability* to *interpret* any event in another way than as something coming from *intentions*. It is the *belief* that only living, thinking things can really *make things happen*, the belief in the will, in intention. It is the belief that every event is an action and that every action needs a doer. It is the belief in the "subject." Might this belief in the idea of subject and predicate be a great piece of stupidity?

Question: is the intention the cause of an event? Or is that an illusion too? Isn't the intention *the* event itself?

"Attracting" and "repelling" in a purely mechanical sense are a complete fiction: just a word. We cannot imagine attraction without an intention behind it, that is, without an *intention*. But the will to take control of something, or to defend ourselves against its power and push it back, *that* we "understand." That would be an interpretation we could make use of.

In short: what forces us psychologically to believe in cause and effect is that we *cannot imagine* an event without intentions. Of course, this says nothing about whether such a belief is true or false, or whether it is justified. Belief in causes stands or falls together with belief in purposes (against Spinoza and his idea that everything is just cause and effect).

84.

(30)

Judging is our oldest belief, our most familiar way of holding something to be true or untrue.

In judgment we find our oldest belief. In every judgment there is a holding-to-be-true or holding-to-be-untrue, a claiming or denying, a certainty that something is this way and not another way, a belief that here we have really "known" something. So *what* is believed to be true in every judgment?

What are *predicates*, the things we say about something? We did *not* take the changes happening in us as changes. Instead we took them as something existing "in itself," something foreign to us that we only "perceive." And we did *not* treat them as an event, but as a fixed state of being, as a "property." Then we invented a thing for these properties to stick to. *In other words:* we set up the *effect* as the thing that *does the effecting*, and the thing that does the effecting as something that *simply exists*. But even in this way of putting it, the idea of an "effect" is arbitrary. Some changes happen in us, and we firmly believe that we ourselves are *not* their cause. From this we only conclude that they must be effects, following the rule: "every change needs someone who caused it." But this conclusion is already mythology, a made-up story: it *separates* the doer *from* the doing. When I say "the lightning flashes," I have treated the flashing once as

an activity and once again as a subject. So I have added to the event a being that is not the same as the event, but rather *stays*, *is*, and does not "*become*." To treat the event as a doing, and the *effect as a being*: this is the *double* mistake, or *interpretation*, that we are guilty of. So, for example, "the lightning flashes": "flashing" is a state in us. But we do not take it as an effect on us. Instead we say: "something flashing," as something existing "in itself," and then we look for someone who caused it, the "lightning."

85.

(32)

The properties of a thing are its effects on other "things." If you imagine all other "things" taken away, then a thing has no properties. That means *there is no thing without other things*. That means there is no "thing in itself."

86.

(30)

What is the only thing that *knowledge* can be? "Interpretation," *not* "explanation."

87.

(32)

Every unity is a unity *only* as *organization and working together*. It is no different from the way a human community is a unity. So it is the *opposite* of the *chaos* of separate atoms. It is a *structure of rule and control*, which *stands for* oneness but *is* not really one.

We would have to *know* what being *is* in order to *decide* whether this or that is real (for example, "the facts of consciousness"). Likewise we would have to know what *certainty* is, what *knowledge* is, and so on. But since we do *not* know that, it is nonsense to criticize our ability to know. How could a tool criticize itself, when it can only use *itself* to do the criticizing? It cannot even define itself!

What if every unity is a unity only as organization? But the "thing" we believe in was simply *invented and added* as a kind of binding ingredient for different predicates. When we say a thing "acts," it means this: we take *all the other* properties that are also present but hidden at the moment, and treat them as the cause of one single property now coming forward. In other words, *we take the sum of its properties* minus x as the *cause of the property* x. And that is *completely* stupid and crazy!

"The subject" or the "thing"

88.

(33)

A force that we cannot imagine (like the so-called purely mechanical force of attraction and repulsion) is an empty word. It should have no right to live in *science*, since science only *wants to make the world imaginable* for us, nothing more!

Every event that comes from intentions can be traced back to *the intention to increase power*.

89.

It is an illusion to think something has been *known* when we have a mathematical formula for an event. It has only been *labeled, described*. Nothing more!

90.

(31)

Sameness

and similarity. 1) A rougher, less sharp sense organ sees a lot of things as the same that only seem to be the same.

2) The mind *wants* sameness. That means it wants to fit a new sense impression into a series it already has, just as the body *takes in* lifeless matter and turns it into part of itself.

For understanding *logic*: *the will to*

sameness is the will to power.

The *belief* that something is this way or that way, which is the heart of every *judgment*, comes from a will that wants things to *be* as much the same as possible.

91.

(30)

If our "I" is the only *being* we know, and we use it as the model to make everything *be* or to understand it: very good! Then it is very fitting to doubt whether this is a trick of perspective, an *illusion*. It is the seeming unity in which everything comes together, like lines meeting at the horizon. If we take the body as our guide, we see an enormous *many-sidedness*. As a method, it is allowed to use the *richer* thing that is easier to study as a guide for understanding the poorer one. Finally: suppose everything is becoming, always changing. Then *knowledge* is *only possible on the basis of a belief in being*, in things that stay fixed.

92.

Sense perceptions are projected "outward": "inside" and "outside". Is it the *body* that gives the orders here?

The same force that makes things equal and puts them in order, the force at work in the basic living material of our cells, is also at work when we take in the outside world. Our sense perceptions are already the *result* of this *making-alike* and *treating-as-the-same*, shaped by *all* the past that lives in us. They do not come right after the "impression".

93.

(34)

How far do logical argument and the belief in reason still rest on moral prejudices? In Plato, we were once inhabitants of a world of the Good that can only be grasped by the mind, and we still hold an inheritance from that time: divine logical argument, since it comes from the Good, leads to everything good. (So it leads us, as it were, "back".) Descartes, too, had some idea of this. In a basic Christian and moral way of thinking, which believes in a *good* God as the creator of things, it is God's truthfulness that first *guarantees* that what our senses tell us is right. Without a religious blessing and guarantee for our senses and our reason, where would we get any right to trust existence at all! The idea that thinking is even a measure of what is real, that whatever cannot be thought does not *exist*, is the crude height of a moralistic, blissful trust (trust in some basic principle of truth at the bottom of things). In itself it is a crazy claim, and our experience contradicts it at every moment. In fact we cannot think anything at all to the extent that it *is*…

94.

We are quite poor at watching how a judgment about a quality comes into being.

Qualities can be traced back to judgments of value.

95.

Our perceptions, as we understand them, are the sum of all *those* perceptions whose *becoming conscious* was useful and essential to us and to the whole living process before us. So they are not all perceptions in general (for example, not the electrical ones). That means we have *senses* only for a selection of perceptions, the ones we must care about in order to survive. *Consciousness exists only as far as consciousness is useful.* There is no doubt that all sense perceptions are completely soaked through with *judgments of value* (useful or harmful, and so pleasant or unpleasant). Each single color also expresses a value for us. We rarely admit this, or only after the same color has acted on us alone for a long time, as with prisoners in a jail or the insane. That is why insects react differently to different colors: some love them, for example ants.

96.

Irony aimed at those who believe that Christianity has been *overcome* by modern natural science. Christian judgments of value have absolutely *not* been overcome by it. "Christ on the cross" is still the most sublime symbol, even now.

97.

Health and sickliness: be careful! The measure remains the blossoming of the body, the bounce, courage and merriness of the mind. But of course it also includes *how much sickness* a person *can take on* and

overcome, how much he can *make* healthy. The things that would destroy more delicate people are among the stimulants of *great* health.

98.

(35)

Poverty, *humility* and *chastity* are dangerous and slandering ideals. But, like poisons, they can be useful medicines in certain cases of sickness, for example in the time of the Roman emperors.

All ideals are dangerous, because they lower and brand what is actually real. All of them are poisons, but as medicines for a time they cannot be done without.

99.

How has the whole living process behaved *toward* the rest of nature? That is where its *basic will* shows itself.

100.

The Will to Power.

An Attempt

at Turning All Values Upside Down.

In four books.

Book One:

the

Danger of All Dangers (a description of nihilism) (as the *necessary result of the ways of valuing things we have had until now*)

Book Two:

Critique of Values (of logic and so on)

Book Three:

the

Problem of the Lawgiver (including the history of being alone). *What* must people be like who value things the opposite way? People who have *all* the qualities of the modern soul, but are strong enough to turn them into pure health.

Book Four:

the

Hammer

their tool for their task.

Sils-Maria, summer 1886

Enormous forces have been let loose, but they contradict each other.

The forces that have been *let loose* are *destroying* each other.

To tie up the loosened forces again, so that they do not destroy each other, and

to open our eyes to the real *growth* in strength!

To show everywhere the clash between the ideal and the single conditions it depends on (for example, honesty among Christians, who are constantly forced to lie).

For Book 2.

In a democratic society, where everyone is a specialist, the questions "What for?" and "For whom?" have no answer. What is missing is the class of people in whom all the thousandfold stunting of every single person (into mere functions) gets its *meaning*.

The development

of sensuality

of cruelty

of revenge

of folly

of greed

of the lust to rule

and so on

adding up to

culture

About

The danger in all ideals so far

A critique of the Indian and Chinese ways of thinking, and of the Christian one too (as preparations for a *nihilistic* one).

The danger of all dangers: nothing has any meaning.

(2)

The hammer: a teaching which, by *letting loose* the most death-hungry pessimism, brings about a *selection* of those *most fit to live*.

101.

Reasoning back from the work to its creator: the terrible question whether it is fullness or lack, the madness of lacking, that drives someone to create. And the sudden insight that every romantic ideal is a flight from oneself, a self-contempt and self-condemnation of the person who invents it.

In the end it is a matter of strength. All this romantic art could be bent, by an overly rich artist with a powerful will, completely into the anti-romantic, or, to use my formula, into the *Dionysian*. In the same way, every kind of pessimism and nihilism becomes, in the hands of the strongest, just one more hammer and tool, with which you get yourself a new pair of wings.

I saw at one glance that Wagner had indeed reached his goal, but only the way Napoleon had reached his Moscow. At every stage of the march so much was lost, lost beyond replacing, that right at the end of the whole advance, and seemingly at the moment of victory, his fate was already decided. Brünnhilde's lines are full of doom: that is how Napoleon came to Moscow (and Richard Wagner to Bayreuth).

Do not ally yourself with sick powers that are beaten from the start.

If only I had trusted myself more! Wagner's inability to *walk* (and even more to *dance*, and without dance there is no rest and no bliss for me) always troubled me.

The longing *for* complete passions gives something away: whoever is capable of them longs for the charm of the opposite, that is, of *doubt*. Those who believe to the very bottom of their being find their occasional relief and rest in doubt.

Wagner talking about the raptures he knew how to get out of the Christian Holy Communion: that settled it for me, and from then on I saw him as *defeated*. On top of that, a suspicion woke in me that he might think it useful, for the sake of settling in again in Germany, to play a bit of the Christian and the new convert. This suspicion harmed him even more in my eyes than my annoyance at having put my hopes in an aging romantic whose knees were already tired enough to fall down before the cross.

102.

Belief in the *body* is more basic than belief in the soul. The belief in the soul grew out of the puzzles of looking at the body unscientifically (the soul as something that leaves the body; belief in the *truth* of *dreams*).

103.

Distrust of looking into oneself. It cannot be proven that one thought is the cause of another. On the table of our consciousness a series of thoughts appears one after another, as if each thought were the cause of the next. In fact, we do not see the struggle going on under the table.

104.

In Plato, a man of overly excitable senses and wild enthusiasm, the magic of the concept was so great that without meaning to he worshipped the concept as an ideal form and made a god of it. *Drunkenness on logical argument*, as the awareness of using it to gain control over oneself — as a tool of the will to power.

105.

Pressure and push are something extremely late, derived, not original. They already assume something that *holds together* and *is able* to press and push! But what would make it hold together?

106.

The importance of German philosophy (Hegel): to think up a *pantheism*, a belief that God is in everything, in which evil, error and suffering are *not* felt as arguments against God. *This magnificent first step*

has been misused by the powers that exist (the state and so on), as if it gave a seal of approval to the reasonableness of whoever happens to be ruling.

Schopenhauer, on the other hand, comes across as a stubborn moralist. In the end, just so his moral judgments could stay right, he turns into someone who says no to the whole world. In the end he even becomes a "mystic."

I myself tried to justify the world in terms of beauty and art. My question was: how is the ugliness of the world possible? I took the will to beauty, the will to stay in the *same* forms, as a temporary way to keep things going and to heal. But at bottom it seemed to me that whatever creates forever is something that *must forever destroy*, and so it is tied to pain. Ugliness is the way we see things when we want to put a meaning, a *new* meaning, into what has lost its meaning. Could it be the built-up strength that forces the creator to feel the old ways as impossible to keep, as failed, as deserving to be rejected, as ugly? —

The illusion of *Apollo*: that beautiful form lasts *forever*. It is the noble, lawgiving command: "*This is how it must always* be!"

Dionysus: the pleasure of the senses, and cruelty. The fact that everything passes away could be understood as the joy of a power that both creates life and destroys it, as a never-ending act of creation.

107.

Note. Religions are destroyed by their belief in morality. The Christian, moral God can no longer be believed in. So people conclude: "atheism" — as if no other kind of gods could exist.

In the same way, culture is destroyed by the belief in morality. Once people discover the necessary conditions that culture alone can grow out of, they no longer *want* it. That leads to Buddhism.

108.

That the *value of the world* lies in how we interpret it (and that perhaps somewhere other interpretations are possible besides merely human ones); that the interpretations we have had so far are judgments made from a certain point of view, which help us stay alive, that is, help us keep up our will to power and the growth of power; that every *raising up of human beings* means getting past narrower interpretations; that every gain in strength and every widening of power opens up new points of view and means believing in new horizons — this runs all through my writings. The world that *matters to us* is false. That means it is not a plain fact. It is something made up and rounded off on top of a thin handful of observations. It is "in flux," something always becoming, a falseness that keeps shifting and never gets any closer to the truth. For there is no "truth."

109.

"Events have no meaning": people come to believe this when they see that the interpretations so far were false. It is discouragement and weakness spread out to cover everything. It is not a belief anyone is *forced* to hold.

How arrogant human beings are: wherever they cannot see a meaning, they *deny* that there is one!

110.

On "The Birth of Tragedy"

"Being" — the idea of something fixed and lasting — is the invention of someone who suffers from becoming, from constant change.

A book built entirely out of lived experiences of pleasure and displeasure in art, with an artist's theory of the world in the background. At the same time it is a confession of a Romantic. And finally it is the work of a young man, full of youthful courage and sadness. The one who suffers most longs most deeply for beauty — he *creates* it.

The basic psychological experiences are these. The name "Apollonian" stands for standing still in delight before a made-up, dreamed-up world, the world of *beautiful appearance*, which saves us from *becoming*, from constant change. On the other hand, the name of Dionysus is given to becoming when it is grasped actively and felt from the inside, out of the wild lust of the creator, who also knows the fury of the destroyer. These two experiences are opposed, and so are the *desires* underneath them. The first desire wants appearance to last *forever*. In front of it a person grows quiet, wants nothing, becomes smooth as a calm sea, healed, at peace with himself and with all of life. The second desire pushes toward becoming, toward the lust of making things become, that is, of creating and destroying. If becoming were felt and interpreted from the inside, it would be the endless creating of someone never satisfied, overflowing, stretched without end and driven on — a god who gets over the torment of being only by constantly changing and transforming. Appearance would be this god's temporary relief, reached again in every moment. The world would be a series of divine visions and releases in appearance. This artist's theory of the world stands against Schopenhauer's one-sided view. He knows how to value art only from the side of the person who receives it, not from the side of the artist. He values it because it brings freedom and release in the enjoyment of what is not real, as opposed to reality (this is the experience of someone who suffers from himself and his reality and is in despair). It is release in *form* and in form lasting

forever (as Plato may also have felt it, except that Plato also enjoyed, already in concepts, a victory over his far too sensitive and suffering nature). Against this is set the second fact: art seen from the experience of the artist, above all of the musician — the *torture* of having to create, as a *Dionysian drive*.

Tragic art, which is rich in both experiences, is described as making peace between Apollo and Dionysus. Through Dionysus, appearance is given the deepest meaning. And yet this appearance is denied, and denied with pleasure. This is aimed against Schopenhauer's teaching that *resignation*, giving up, is the tragic way of seeing the world.

Against Wagner's theory that music is the means and drama is the goal.

A longing for tragic myth (for "religion," and in fact a pessimistic religion) (like a closed bell jar in which growing things can thrive).

Distrust of science, even though its optimism, which brings relief for the moment, is strongly felt. "The cheerfulness of the theoretical man."

A deep disgust for Christianity. Why? It is blamed for the decline of the German character.

The world can be justified only through art and beauty. A deep suspicion of morality (it, too, belongs to the world of appearances).

Happiness in existing is only possible as happiness in *appearance*.

Happiness in becoming is only possible by *destroying* what is real in "existence," the beautiful appearance — by the pessimistic destruction of illusion.

Dionysian happiness reaches its peak in destroying even the most beautiful appearance.

111.

The problem of what art means: *what is* art *for*?

How did the *Greeks*, the people most full of life and the most well-made, relate to art?

A fact: tragedy belongs to their richest time of strength. Why?

A second fact: the need for beauty, and also the need to make the world logical, belongs to their time of decay.

Explaining both facts: — — —

A mistaken way of applying this to the present: I explained pessimism as the *result* of higher strength and fullness of life, which can afford the luxury of the tragic. In the same way I explained German music as the expression of a Dionysian overflow and originality. That means:

1)

I overrated the German character.

2)

I did not understand where the modern gloom comes from.

3)

I lacked an understanding, based on the history of culture, of where modern music comes from and of how *Romantic it is at its core*.

Leaving aside this mistaken application, the problem still stands: *what would music be like* if it did *not* come from Romanticism, but from something *Dionysian*?

112.

A Romantic is an artist whom a great dissatisfaction with himself makes creative — someone who looks away from himself and the people of his time, and looks back.

113.

I started out with a big theory about what music means, a theory that went beyond the physical world. But underneath it lay a *personal experience of the mind*, and back then I did not yet know how to give it a proper *historical* explanation. Lifting music up into the realm beyond the physical was an act of worship and thankfulness. In fact, all religious people up to now have done the same thing with what they lived through. Then came the other side of the coin: this very music I had worshipped had an undeniably *harmful* and destructive effect on me. And with that, my religious worship of it came to an end. At the same time, my eyes were opened to the modern craving *for* music. In history, this craving shows up at the same time as a growing craving for drugs that numb the senses. Even the so-called "artwork of the future" now looked to me like a refined way of feeding the need to be stirred up and then numbed. In it, every sense wants to get its share at once, including the idealistic, religious, over-moral nonsense. It struck me as a way of exciting the whole machinery of the nerves all at once. Then I understood what Romanticism really is: here, it is a *lack* in a certain kind of fertile person that has become the thing that creates. I also saw the play-acting in its methods, how fake and borrowed every single part of it is, the lack of honesty in its artistic training, and the bottomless *falseness* of this most modern art, which by its nature has to be theater. I saw that its so-called souls of heroes and gods could not possibly exist, because they are nervous, brutal and over-refined all at once, just like the most modern painters and poets in Paris. In short, I counted this art as part of modern "barbar-

ism." But none of this says anything about the *Dionysian*. Tragedy appears in times of the greatest richness and health, but it also appears in times when the nerves are worn out and over-excited. These call for opposite interpretations. With Wagner, it is telling how he gave even his Ring of the Nibelung a nihilistic ending, one that longs for rest and for things to be over.

114.

The work of art where it appears *without* an *artist*: for example as a body, or as an organization, like the Prussian officer corps or the Jesuit order. To what extent the artist is only an early stage. What does the "subject," the individual self, really mean?

The world as a work of art that gives birth to itself.

Is art the result of being *unsatisfied with what is real?* Or is it an expression of *thankfulness for happiness we have enjoyed?* In the first case it is *Romanticism*. In the second it is a halo of glory and a wild hymn of praise, in short, art that *raises things up to the level of the divine*. Raphael belongs here too, except that he had a certain falseness: he made a god out of the *appearance* of the Christian interpretation of the world. He was thankful for life in the places where it did *not* show itself as specifically Christian.

Under the *moral* interpretation, the world is unbearable. Christianity was an attempt to "overcome" the world with it, which means to say no to it. In practice, this mad attack, this crazy arrogance of human beings toward the world, ended up making people gloomier, smaller and poorer. Only the most average and harmless kind of person, the herd-like kind, got what it wanted out of this. You could even say it was *helped along* by it…

Homer as an artist who raises things to the divine; Rubens too. Music has never had one like that yet.

Turning the *great wrongdoer* into an ideal, having a feeling for his *greatness*, is Greek. Dragging the sinner down, slandering him and making him look contemptible is Jewish and Christian.

115.

"God is dead." The danger in worshipping God according to the Jewish and Christian pattern.

116.

That kind of knowing yourself which is modesty, because we are not something we made ourselves, but which is just as much thankfulness, because we "turned out well."

117.

The psychology of the need for science.

Art that comes from thankfulness, or from being unsatisfied.

The moral interpretation of the world ends in saying no to the world (a critique of Christianity).

The conflict between "improving" the human type and making it stronger.

The world can be interpreted in endless ways: every interpretation is a sign of either growth or going under.

The attempts made so far to get past the *moral* God (pantheism, the idea that God is everything, Hegel, and so on).

Oneness, the belief that everything is a single thing, is a need that comes from laziness and inertia. Having many interpretations is a sign of strength. We must *not try to deny* that the world is unsettling and full of riddles!

118.

1.

I.

Nihilism, with all its signs, is standing at the door.

II.

It cannot be avoided unless you understand what it rests on. What it rests on are ways of valuing things. It does *not* rest on social facts, because all of those only seem gloomy or hopeful once they have been given a certain *interpretation*, sometimes a pessimistic one, sometimes an optimistic one.

2.

III.

Where ways of valuing things come from, as a way of criticizing them.

3.

IV.

The ones who are turned the other way. Their psychology.

4.

V.

The hammer: meaning the teaching that forces a *decision*.

1.

The danger of all dangers.

2.

A critique of morality.

3.

We who are turned the other way.

4.

The hammer.

119.

"How far does art reach into the inside of the world? And are there artistic forces outside of the 'artist' too?" As people know, this question was my *starting point*. I said yes to the second question. And to the first I said: "The world itself is nothing but art." In a world like that, made of appearance, the absolute will to know, to reach truth and wisdom, seemed to me like a crime against the deepest basic will of the world, something against nature. And so it is only fair that the sharp point of "wisdom" turns *against* the wise man himself. You can see how unnatural wisdom is in the way it hates art. Wanting to know the truth exactly where appearance is what saves us — what a turning upside down that is, what an instinct pulling toward nothingness!

120.

Every religious cult fixes one *single* experience: a meeting with a god, an act of salvation in some sense. And it acts this out again and again.

A local legend about a place becomes the beginning of a drama, where poetry plays the part of the god.

121.

(38)

Play-acting

The colorful mix inside the modern person, and why it is attractive.

At bottom it is hiding and being fed up.

The literary writer.

The politician (in the "national swindle").

Play-acting in the arts.

A lack of honesty in early training and schooling (Fromentin).

The Romantics (too little philosophy and science, and far too much literature).

The novel writers (Walter Scott, but also those Nibelung monsters with the most nervous music).

The lyric poets.

Being "scientific."

Virtuoso performers (Jews).

The ideals of ordinary people, which have been left behind, but not yet *in front of the people*: the saint, the wise man, the prophet.

122.

(37)

On the history of how modern life grew dark.

The state's wanderers (civil servants and so on): without a "home." The decline of the family.

"The good person" as a sign of exhaustion.

Justice as will to power (breeding).

Lust and nervous illness.

Black music; where has the refreshing music gone?

The anarchist.

Contempt for people. Disgust.

The deepest distinction: is it hunger or is it overflowing abundance that becomes *creative*? Hunger produces the *ideals of Romanticism*.

Northern unnaturalness.

The need for alcohol among workers in their "hardship."

Philosophical nihilism.

123.

Christians have to believe in the *truthfulness of God*. Sadly, that means they also have to accept belief in the Bible and its "natural science" as part of the deal. They are absolutely *not allowed* to admit any truth that is only relative (or, to put it more plainly). Christianity breaks apart because its morality is *absolute*. Science has awakened doubt about the truthfulness of the Christian God, and *Christianity is dying of this doubt* (Pascal's deus absconditus, the hidden God).

124.

1.

The Birth of Tragedy.

An artist's metaphysics: a view of the deepest nature of the world, seen through the eyes of the artist.

2.

Thoughts Out of Season.

The educated philistine, the person who thinks he is cultured but isn't. The disgust.

Life and history: the basic problem.

The philosophical hermit. "Education."

The artist as a hermit. What there is to learn from Wagner.

3.

Human, All Too Human.

The free spirit.

4.

Mixed Opinions and Sayings.

The pessimist of the intellect.

(7)

Cause and effect. "Why am I the way I am?" It is a senseless idea to picture yourself as having freely chosen to exist, and even as having freely chosen to be exactly the way you are. Behind this lies a demand: there should have been some being who would have stopped a

creature like me, one who despises himself, from ever coming into existence. To feel that you yourself are an argument against God —

5.

The Wanderer and His Shadow.

Being alone, as a problem.

6.

Daybreak.

Morality as a pile of prejudices.

7.

The Cheerful Science.

Mockery of European moralizing.

A look ahead to getting past morality.

What would a person have to be like who lived beyond it?

Zarathustra - - -

Seven Prefaces.

An afterword

to seven published books.

125.

On the history of pessimism.

The darkening mood of modern times.

Play-acting.

126.

On point 2: A critique of the highest values.

On the history of slander.

How ideals are made.

Culture (and "making people more humane": the two work against each other).

Morality as an instinct of shame, as a disguise, a mask, an interpretation that is basically meant kindly.

(37)

Work in some judgments about the pessimists!

The people of India.

Pessimism as an instinct, and the will to pessimism: the main contrast.

The pessimist of the intellect.

The pessimist of

feeling.

The first one goes after what is illogical,

the second one goes after what is painful,

tracking it down.

All of these yardsticks are yardsticks only for moral reasons.

Or, like Plato, they even fear pleasure, which the Greeks called hēdonē, as

something that turns values around and leads people astray.

A.

What is truth?

B.

Justice.

C.

On the history of sympathy and fellow feeling.

D.

The "good person."

E.

The "higher person."

F.

The artist.

(36)

What is truth? (Laziness, or inertia; the guess that makes us feel satisfied; using up the least possible mental energy; and so on.)

127.

(2)

Nihilism is standing at the door. Where does this most uncanny of all guests come to us from? —

I.

1.

Starting point: it is a mistake to point to "social hardship," or to "physical decline," or even to corruption, as the cause of nihilism. All

of these can still be understood in completely different ways. No, nihilism is hidden inside one very particular interpretation: the Christian, moral one. This is the most decent, most compassionate age there has ever been. Hardship, whether of the soul, the body or the mind, is in itself not at all able to produce nihilism, that is, the complete rejection of value, of meaning, of anything being worth wanting.

2.

Christianity is going under because of its own morality, which cannot be separated from it. That morality turns against the Christian God. Christianity trained people to care deeply about truthfulness, and now this sense of truthfulness feels disgust at how false and full of lies the whole Christian way of explaining the world and history is. The belief "God is the truth" swings back the other way into the fanatical belief "Everything is false." A Buddhism of action…

3.

Doubt about morality is what decides everything. The moral interpretation of the world is collapsing. It no longer has anything to back it up, after it tried to escape into a world beyond. This ends in nihilism: "Nothing has any meaning." Enormous strength was spent on this one way of explaining the world, and it turned out not to work. That makes people suspect that maybe all ways of explaining the world are false. There is a Buddhist streak here, a longing for nothingness. (Indian Buddhism did not have a deeply moral development behind it. So in its nihilism there is only morality that was never overcome: existence seen as punishment, combined with existence seen as a mistake, so that the mistake itself is a punishment. That is a moral way of valuing things.) Then come the attempts by philosophers to get past the "moral God" (Hegel, and pantheism, the belief that God

and the world are one). The ideals of ordinary people are overcome: the wise man, the saint, the poet. "True," "beautiful" and "good" start to fight against each other — —

4.

Against "meaninglessness" on the one hand, and against moral judgments of value on the other. To what extent has all science and philosophy so far been ruled by moral judgments? And if we fight those, don't we end up making science our enemy too? Or turning against science altogether? A critique of Spinoza's philosophy. Christian judgments of value are still left over everywhere in the socialist and positivist systems of thought. What is missing is a critique of Christian morality.

5.

The nihilistic results of today's natural science, along with its attempts to slip away into a world beyond. In the end, the way science works leads it to break itself down, to turn against itself, to become anti-scientific. Ever since Copernicus, humanity has been rolling away from the center toward some unknown point x.

6.

The nihilistic results of political and economic thinking, where by now all "principles" are just play-acting: a whiff of mediocrity, of shabbiness, of dishonesty, and so on. Nationalism, anarchism, and so on. Punishment. What is missing is the class of people, the person, who could redeem things and justify them —

7.

The nihilistic results of history and of the "practical" historians, meaning the Romantics. The place of art: in the modern world it is completely unoriginal. Its darkening. Goethe's supposed godlike calm, like a god on Mount Olympus.

8.

Art and how it prepares the way for nihilism: Romanticism (the ending of Wagner's Ring of the Nibelung).

128.

I.

There is a basic contradiction between civilization and raising humanity higher. This is the time of the great noon, of the most terrifying brightening, when everything becomes clear: my kind of pessimism — a great starting point.

II.

Moral ways of valuing things, seen as a history of lies and of the art of slander, in the service of a will to power, the will of the herd, which rebels against the stronger people.

III.

The conditions for every raising of culture, which means making it possible to select a few at the cost of the many, are the conditions for all growth.

IV.

The fact that the world can mean many different things is a question of strength, a strength that looks at all things from the point of view of their growth. Christian moral judgments of value are a slave revolt and slave dishonesty, aimed against the aristocratic values of the ancient world.

How deep down into the nature of strength does art reach?

129.

The eternal return of all things.

Zarathustra's dances and

parades.

Part One: God's Funeral Feast.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1. God's Funeral Feast.

2. At the Great Noon.

3. "Where is the hand for this hammer?"

4. We Who Make Vows.

I.

The city of plague. He is warned, but he is not afraid and goes in, with his face covered. All kinds of pessimism march past. The fortune-teller explains the meaning of each parade. The craving for something different, then the craving to say No, and finally the craving for nothingness follow one after another.

At last Zarathustra gives the explanation: God is dead, and this is the cause of the greatest danger. What? It could also be the cause of the greatest courage!

II.

The friends appear.

The joy that those who are going under feel in the

perfect: those who are leaving.

The friends give an account of themselves.

Festive processions. The deciding moment, the great noon.

The great offering of thanks and mourning for the dead God.

III.

The new task.

The means for the task.

The friends leave him.

For the fortune-teller, the death of God is the most terrible thing that could happen. For Zarathustra, it is the happiest and most hopeful thing.

Zarathustra dies.

IV. We Who Make Vows

130.

The thing we call "the artist" is still the easiest to see through. From there, look across at the basic instincts of power, of nature, and so on! And of religion and morality too!

"Play," the useless, as the ideal of someone overflowing with strength, as something "childlike." The "childlikeness" of God: a child at play, as the Greeks put it, pais paizōn.

131.

Plan of the First Book.

It is slowly dawning on us that there is a clash between the world we worship and the world we live in, the world that we ourselves are. What is left is either to get rid of the things we worship, or to get rid of ourselves. The second choice is nihilism.

1.

Nihilism is on its way, both in theory and in practice. People explain where it comes from in the wrong way.

(Pessimism and its different kinds: these come before nihilism, like a warm-up, though they don't have to lead to it.)

The North is gaining the upper hand over the South.

2.

Christianity is being destroyed by its own morality. "God is the truth." "God is love." "The just God." Then comes the biggest event of all: "God is dead." People sense it, but only dimly. In Germany there was an attempt to turn Christianity into a kind of secret higher knowledge, called gnosis. That attempt ended up causing the deepest distrust. What people felt most strongly about it was that it was dishonest, for example in reaction against the philosopher Schelling.

3.

Morality no longer has anything behind it to back it up, so it can't hold itself up anymore. In the end, people drop the habit of explaining everything in moral terms. (Even so, our feelings everywhere are still full of echoes of the old Christian way of judging what is good and bad.)

4.

But until now, value itself rested on moral judgments, above all the value of philosophy! (That is, the value of the "will to truth.")

The ideals that ordinary people looked up to, "the wise man," "the prophet," "the saint," have fallen.

5.

There is a nihilistic streak in the natural sciences. (The idea that things have no meaning.) There is the belief that everything is just cause and effect, and that the world is just a machine. The idea that nature follows "laws" is only an in-between stage, a leftover from older beliefs.

6.

The same goes for politics. Nobody believes anymore that they truly have the right on their side. The innocence is gone. Lying rules, along with doing whatever serves the moment.

7.

The same goes for the economy. Slavery has been abolished, and so there is no longer a class of people whose existence makes everything worthwhile, no class that justifies the rest. Anarchism is on the rise. And people ask: "Education?" as if that were the answer.

8.

The same goes for history. There is fatalism, the belief that everything is fixed in advance. There is Darwinism. The last attempts to read reason and godliness into history have failed. People get sentimental about the past. Nobody could bear to read a true life story! (Here too we find the idea that there is only appearance: a person's character is just a mask, and there are no facts.)

9.

The same goes for art. There is Romanticism, and there is the backlash against it, which is disgust at the Romantic ideals and lies. Then

there are the pure "artists," who don't care what a work is about, only how it is made. This last group is moral, in the sense that it has a sense of greater truthfulness, but it is pessimistic.

(There is the psychology of the priest who hears confessions, and the psychology of the Puritan. These are two forms of Romanticism in how people look at the human soul. But even the backlash against them, the attempt to look at "the human being" purely as an artist would, still doesn't dare to take up the opposite way of valuing things!)

10.

The whole European system of human goals and efforts feels partly "meaningless" and partly already "immoral." A new kind of Buddhism is likely to arise. This is the greatest danger. "How do truthfulness, love, and justice relate to the real world?" Not at all!

The Signs

European nihilism.

Its cause: the values we have held until now have lost their value.

The word "pessimism" is unclear. People who are doing badly and people who are doing too well have both been pessimists.

How nihilism, Romanticism, and positivism are related. (Positivism, the belief that only facts from science count, is a backlash against Romanticism, the work of Romantics who were let down.)

"Back to nature" and the stages it went through. Behind it lies the trusting, all-is-well attitude of Christianity. (You can already roughly see this in Spinoza, who said "God, or nature," as if they were the same thing!)

Rousseau, and science after Romantic idealism.

Spinoza's thinking was extremely influential. First: it was an attempt to be satisfied with the world as it is.

Second:

It naively claimed that happiness depends on knowledge. (This shows a will to be optimistic, and that gives away someone who is suffering deeply.)

Third:

It was an attempt to get rid of the moral order of the world, in order to keep "God," a world that exists before reason does…

"When human beings stop thinking of themselves as evil, they stop being evil." Good and evil are only interpretations. They are not facts at all, not something that exists in itself. We can find out where this kind of interpretation comes from. And by doing that, we can try to slowly free ourselves from the deep-rooted urge to explain everything in moral terms.

For the Second Book

Where our moral ways of valuing things come from, and how to judge them. These two questions are not the same, as people casually assume. (That assumption is itself already the result of a moral judgment: "Something that came about in such and such a way isn't worth much, because it has an immoral origin.")

What standard should we use to measure the value of our moral ways of valuing things? A critical look at the words "improvement," "perfection," and "raising up."

The basic fact that people overlook: there is a conflict between "becoming more moral" and raising up and strengthening the human type.

The human being as part of nature. The "will to power."

For the Third Book

The will to power.

What kind of people would be needed to carry out this turning of values upside down in themselves.

The ranking of people as a ranking of power. War and danger are needed for any rank to hold on to the conditions it lives by. The great example is the human being in nature: the weakest but cleverest creature makes itself master and brings the stupider forces under its control.

For the Fourth Book

The greatest battle: for this we need a new weapon.

The hammer: to bring about a terrible decision, to force Europe to face the consequence and decide whether its will to go under truly "wants" that.

Preventing everything from becoming average. Better to go under than that!

132.

(36)

There is an assumption that, deep down, things work in a moral way, so that human reason turns out to be right. This is a trusting, simple-hearted, good-citizen assumption. It is an aftereffect of the belief that God is truthful, with God thought of as the creator of all things. Our concepts are then seen as an inheritance from some earlier life in another world beyond this one.

A tool can't judge how fit it is for its job. In the same way, the intellect can't decide for itself where its limits are, or whether it is well made or badly made.

"Knowing" means tracing something back to something else. By its very nature it is an endless going backward. What makes it stop, whether at a supposed first cause, or at something absolute, and so on, is laziness and tiredness.

No matter how well you understand the conditions under which something comes into being, that doesn't mean you understand the thing itself at all. Consider this whispered into the ears of our historians.

133.

Against the wish to reconcile everything and keep the peace. Every attempt at monism, the idea that everything is really one single thing, belongs here too.

134.

(39)

How artists work on ordinary people and the masses: Balzac, Victor Hugo, Richard Wagner.

135.

"Error is simpler than truth."

136.

One of those "striking" arguments that ends up striking the person who uses it.

137.

Signposts for Thinking

A Help

for a Serious Study

of My Writings

Basic Principles. On the

Theory of the Feeling of Power

How We See Through Psychology

A Critique of Religions

On Training the Mind

What Is Questionable About the Virtues

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The Problem of the Artist

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What Is Greek?

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Beyond Good and Evil

Prelude

to a Philosophy of the Future

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

New, Easier-to-Understand Edition

Volume Two

With an Appendix: Signposts for Thinking

A Help for the Serious Study of My Writings

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On the Belief in Cause and Effect

It's obvious that things as they are in themselves can't be related to each other as cause and effect. Neither can one appearance be the cause of another appearance. It follows that the idea of "cause and effect" can't be used in a philosophy that believes in things in themselves and in appearances. These are Kant's mistakes… In fact, if you work it out psychologically, the idea of "cause and effect" comes only from a way of thinking that believes that everywhere, and only, one will acts on another will. It is a way of thinking that believes only in living things, and at bottom only in "souls," not in things. In the view of the world as a machine, which is just logic applied to space and time, this idea shrinks down to a mathematical formula. And with a formula, as we have to point out again and again, nothing is ever understood. Something is only labeled, written down.

When certain events always follow one another in the same order, that doesn't prove there is a "law." It shows a relation of power between two or more forces. To say, "But it's exactly this relation that stays the same!" means nothing more than, "One and the same force can't also be a different force." What we have here is not one thing after another, but things woven into each other: a process in which the moments that follow each other do not cause each other as causes and effects…

We split the "doing" from the "doer." We split what happens from some thing that makes it happen. We split the process from some thing that is not a process, but lasting: a substance, an object, a body, a soul, and so on. We try to understand what happens as a kind of shifting around and changing of places by things that "are," by things that stay. This old mythology is what fixed the belief in "cause and effect" in place, after that belief had taken on a solid form in the grammar of our language.

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There are two old claims. One says: "like can only be known by like." The other says: "like can only be known by unlike." People already fought over these two claims for centuries back in ancient times. Today, if we use a stricter and more careful idea of what knowing means, we can answer both of them like this: *nothing can be known at all*. And the reason is exactly this: like cannot know like, and like cannot be known by unlike either.

141.

These splits we make: between the doing and the doer, between acting and being acted on, between being and becoming, between cause and effect

even believing in change already means believing in *something* that "changes."

Reason is the philosophy of *what things look like on the outside*

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When we say one thing follows another "regularly," that is only a picture we use. It talks *as if* some rule were being obeyed here. It is not a fact. The same goes for saying things follow "laws." We find a formula to describe a kind of sequence that keeps coming back. But that does *not mean we have discovered a "law"*, and even less a force that makes these sequences keep happening. The fact that something *always* happens in such and such a way gets explained as if some being always acted that way because it obeys a law or a lawgiver. In that picture, if there were no "law," the being would be free to act differently. But that very "this way and no other way" could come from the being itself. It would not behave this way because it first looked at a law. It would behave this way because that is simply what it is like. All this means is: something cannot also be something else. It cannot do this one moment and something different the next. It is neither free nor unfree. It is just this way and that way. *The mistake lies in inventing a subject and putting it into things*

143.

Suppose the world had one fixed amount of force. Then it is obvious that any shift of power at any one place affects the whole system. So besides cause and effect happening *one after another*, there would also be a dependence of things *side by side and together*.

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Pascal thought this: even if no one could prove the Christian faith wrong, there is still the *terrifying* possibility that it might be true. Because of that, he thought being a Christian was the smartest choice of all. Today things look different, and this shows how much of its terror Christianity has lost. Now people try other ways to defend it. They say that even if it were a mistake, you would still enjoy the great benefit and pleasure of that mistake your whole life long. So it seems this faith is supposed to be kept alive mainly because it *calms people down*. That means it is kept not out of fear of a threatening possibility, but out of fear of a life that has no charm. This turn toward pleasure, this proof based on *enjoyment*, is a sign of decline. It replaces the proof based on *strength*, on the part of the Christian idea that shakes people up, on *fear*. In fact, with this new interpretation, Christianity is getting close to exhaustion. People are happy with a Christianity that works like a *drug*, a painkiller. They do it because they lack the strength to search, to fight, to take risks, to want to stand alone. They also lack the strength for Pascal's way: for deep, brooding self-contempt, for believing that humans are unworthy, for the fear of someone who "may be damned." But a Christianity that is mainly meant to calm sick nerves does *not need* that terrifying answer of a "God on the cross" at all. And that is why, quietly, Buddhism is gaining ground everywhere in Europe.

145.

The interpretation of an event as *either* doing *or* being done to (so that every doing is also a being done to) says this: every change, every becoming different, needs someone who causes it and someone *on whom* the "change" is made.

146.

We can draw a perfect comparison here. On one side, there is the way countless experiences get simplified and squeezed together into general statements. On the other side, there is the way a seed cell forms, carrying the whole past inside it in shortened form. In the same way, we can compare two more things. One is how an artist builds a whole "system" out of fertile basic ideas. The other is how a living body comes into being, as a kind of thinking-out and thinking-further, as a *remembering* of all the life that came before it, a making-present-again of the past, a turning of it into a body.

In short: the *visible* life of living bodies and the *invisible* creative work of the soul and of thinking run side by side, in parallel. You can show most clearly that these two sides run in parallel when you look at a "work of art." And here is a question: to what extent can thinking, drawing conclusions, and everything logical be seen as the *outer side*, as a symptom of something happening much deeper and more inside?

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"Goal" 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 being done to"

("thing in itself" and "how it appears") as interpretation

and to what extent are they maybe *necessary* interpretations? (as

ones that "keep us alive")

148.

The will to power *interprets*. *When an organ in a body forms, that is an act of interpretation*. The will to power draws borders, sets degrees, marks differences in power. Mere differences in power could not yet feel themselves as such. There has to be some something that wants to grow, and that judges every other something that wants to grow by how much it is worth. *In that* they are alike — — In truth, *interpretation is itself a tool for becoming master over something*. *(The process of living things depends on constant interpreting* .

149.

A "thing in itself" is just as wrong an idea as a "meaning in itself" or a "sense in itself." There is no "fact in itself." *Instead, a meaning always has to be put into something first, so that there can be a "fact" at all*

Asking "what is that?" means giving something a meaning, as seen from the point of view of something else. The "*essence,*" the "*true nature*"

of a thing, depends on a point of view, and it already assumes there are many viewers. Underneath it is always the question: "what is that for *me*?" (for us, for everything that lives, and so on)

A thing would only be fully described once every being had asked about it, "what is that?", and had answered. Suppose even one single being is missing, with its own relations and its own point of view toward all things: then the thing is still not "defined."

150.

In short, the true nature of a thing is also just an *opinion* about the "thing." Or rather: "*it counts as*" is the real "*it is*", the only "it is."

151.

We must not ask: "*who* is doing the interpreting?" Rather, interpreting itself, as a form of the will to power, exists. It exists as a feeling, a drive, but not as a fixed "being." It exists as a *process*, a *becoming*.

152.

"Things" come into existence entirely through those who imagine, think, want, and invent. That goes for the very idea of a "thing," and for all its qualities too. Even "the subject," the self, is something made like this, a "thing" like all the others. It is a simplification. It gives a name to the *force* that sets things up, invents, and thinks, as if it were separate from each single act of setting up, inventing, and thinking. So it names the *ability* as separate from every single act. Basically, it bundles together the doing with all the doing we can still expect (the doing plus the likelihood of similar doing)

153.

Note. From the world we know, a kind, humane God cannot be *proven*. Today you can be pushed and forced to admit that much. But what conclusion do you draw from it? One option: he cannot be proven *by us*, which means doubt about what we can know. But all of you *fear* the other conclusion: "from the world we know, a completely different God could be *proven*, one who at the very least is *not* kind and humane" — — and so, to put it plainly, you hold on tight to your God and invent a world for him that is *not known to us*.

154.

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Against the scientific prejudice. The biggest fairy tale of all is the one about knowledge. People want to know what *things in themselves* are really like, apart from us. But look: there are no things in themselves! And even if there were such a thing, something existing purely in itself, something with no conditions attached, then for exactly that reason it *could not be known*! Something with no conditions cannot be known, because if it could, it would *not* be free of conditions after all! Knowing, you see, always means "putting yourself into some kind of relationship with something." A person who wants to "know" in this way wants the thing he is trying to know to have nothing to do with him. He even wants it to have nothing to do with anyone at all. But there are two problems here. First, there is a contradiction between *wanting* to know something and demanding that it should have nothing to do with you. If it has nothing to do with you, why bother knowing it? Second, something that has nothing to do with anyone at all simply *does not exist*, and so it cannot be known either. To know means "to put yourself into a relationship with something": to feel yourself shaped and conditioned by something, and between us... So

in every case, knowing is a matter of *pinning down, naming, and becoming aware of relationships and conditions*. It is *not* a matter of *digging down* to the true nature of beings, of things, of "things in themselves."

155.

A deep dislike of settling down, once and for all, in any one overall view of the world. The charm of ways of thinking that pull in opposite directions. Not letting anyone take away the thrill of the world's puzzling, riddle-like nature.

156.

For the chapter on "*The Artist*" (as the one who shapes things, who gives them value, who takes possession of them)

Our languages are like echoes of the *very oldest acts of taking possession of things*, done by people who were rulers and thinkers at the same time. Every word that was ever coined, like a coin stamped in a mint, came with an unspoken order running alongside it: "From now on, this thing *shall* be called this!"

157.

Could it be that all *amounts* are really signs of *kinds*, that every difference in quantity points to a difference in quality? Greater power goes along with a different kind of awareness, feeling, and desire, and a different way of seeing things from one's own point of view. Growth itself is a longing *to be more*. Out of a certain quality, a certain "what it is like," there grows the longing for a greater quantity. In a world made up only of quantities, everything would be dead, stiff, and motionless. Trying to boil all qualities down to quantities is nonsense. What we actually find is that the one stands alongside the other, that they mirror each other, like an analogy...

158.

A psychological history of the idea of the "subject," the "I" who does things. The body, the physical thing, the "whole" that the eye puts together, all lead us to separate an action from someone who does the action. Then this doer, this cause behind the action, was imagined in finer and finer ways, until in the end all that was left of it was the "subject."

159.

Has anyone ever actually observed a force? No. What we observe are effects, and we translate them into a completely foreign language. But the regular way one thing follows another has spoiled us so much that we *no longer wonder at how strange it all is*.

160.

Today, the task is to give this book an entrance, a preface. The book stands open, yet it still asks for a key to unlock it. So the first thing I should do is explain why, back then, I was *afraid* of writing a preface.

161.

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For the *Preface*.

I was deeply suspicious of the fixed doctrines about how knowledge works. I liked to look out of one window, then another, and I was careful not to settle down in any of them, because I thought they were harmful. And in the end: is it likely that a tool *can* judge how fit it is for its own job?? What I paid attention to instead was this: no skepticism or fixed doctrine about knowledge has ever come about without some hidden motive behind it. Such a position is only of second-rate

value once you consider *what* basically *forced* people into it. Even the will to be certain, if it is not the will that says "first of all I want to live"... My basic insight: Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer alike, the skeptical attitude that holds back from judging, the attitude that turns everything into history, and the pessimistic attitude, all have *moral* roots. I saw no one who had dared to make a *critique of our moral feelings about value*. And as for the few attempts to work out a history of how these feelings came about, such as those of the English and German followers of Darwin, I soon turned my back on them. How can we explain Spinoza's position, his denial and rejection of moral judgments of value? (Was it *one* consequence of a theodicy, of trying to justify God in the face of evil?)

162.

In my earlier writings, people will notice a willing openness to horizons that are left unclosed. They will notice a certain clever caution toward firm beliefs, and a distrust of the spells and the tricks played on one's conscience that every strong faith brings with it. Partly, people may see in this the carefulness of a burned child, of an idealist who has been let down and deceived. But more important, it seems to me, is the instinct of an Epicurean, a lover of riddles, who does not want the puzzling nature of things to be taken from him cheaply. And most important of all, in the end, is an artistic disgust at the big, virtuous words that allow no exceptions. It is a taste that fights back against all square, blocky opposites, that *wants* a good amount of uncertainty in things, and that does away with sharp opposites: the taste of a friend of in-between colors, of shadows, of afternoon light, and of endless seas.

163.

Common mistakes of the historians of morality:

1.

They point out that different peoples have different moral values, and from this they conclude that no moral values are binding at all. Or else they claim that peoples, or at least the civilized ones, agree about certain moral matters, and from this they conclude that these morals must be binding on us too! Both of these are equally naive.

2.

They criticize what a people believes about its own morality, such as where it came from, what authority backs it up, and how sensible it is. Then they think they have criticized the morality itself. But that morality has simply grown over with these weeds of unreason, and pulling at the weeds is not the same as judging the plant.

3.

They themselves live under the rule of a morality without knowing it. Deep down, all they really do is help their own belief in that morality to win. Their reasons only prove what they themselves want: that this or that should be believed, and that this or that simply must be true.

The historians of morality we have had so far do not amount to much. They usually stand under the command of a morality themselves, and deep down all they do is spread its propaganda. Their usual mistake is this: they criticize the foolish beliefs a people holds about its morality, that is, about where it came from, what authority backs it up, and how sensible it is. And by doing that, they think they have criticized the morality itself, which has only grown over with these weeds of unreason. But the worth of a command that says "you shall" does not depend on what people think about that command. In the same way,

the worth of a medicine does not depend on whether I think about medicine like a scientist or like an old woman full of folk remedies.

Or else they claim that peoples agree, or at least the tame peoples agree, about certain moral matters, and from this they conclude that these morals are binding without exception, even on you and me. Both of these are equally big pieces of naivety.

164.

Picture a mind made strong by wars and victories, a mind for which conquest, adventure, danger and even pain have become things it needs. Picture someone used to sharp, high mountain air, to winter journeys, to ice and mountains in every sense of the words. Picture a kind of lofty wickedness and a final, playful urge for revenge. For there is revenge in it, revenge on life itself, when someone who suffers badly takes life under his protection. This book may need more than just one preface. It is hard to understand for many reasons. That is not because its author was clumsy, and even less because he meant badly. It is because of the final playful mischief of someone who suffered badly, and who kept making fun of an ideal that ordinary people believe in, an ideal which he himself had perhaps reached in that very condition.

And maybe I have a right to speak about these conditions, because I did not just watch them from the outside.

I have no doubt about it. It was the condition of the wise man, as ordinary people imagine him, that I lived through back then, looking down on it with an ironic sense of being above myself. It was the gentle barrenness and self-satisfaction of the wise man as people imagine him. It was the standing apart and beyond of the person who "only wants to know things purely." It was the whole lofty self-gratification of a mind that has lost the good will to act, to beget, to create in

any sense. Who can feel with me the strange happiness of the time when this book was written! The lofty wickedness of a soul that...

My taste today likes something different. It likes the person of great love and great contempt, whose overflowing strength drives him out of every "standing apart" and every "beyond," right into the middle of the world. It likes the person whom being alone forces to create beings who are like himself. It likes a person who wants to carry a terrible responsibility, who is chained to his problem like a prisoner to his task.

This book is hard to understand, and it needs more than just one preface. What may be hardest of all to grasp in it is the irony of a contrast. On one side is its subject: taking moral values apart and unpicking them thread by thread. On the other side is its tone: the highest, mildest, wisest calm. Someone who was suffering badly, someone who had turned away from life, took delight in that calm tone as if it were his last playful mischief.

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For the Preface to "Daybreak"

An attempt to think about morality without being under its spell, while staying suspicious of how its beautiful gestures and looks try to trick us.

A world we can worship, a world that fits our urge to adore something, a world that keeps proving itself again and again by guiding each single person and everything as a whole: this is the Christian view that all of us come from.

We have grown sharper, more suspicious, and more scientific. We have also developed a more highly bred instinct for truthfulness,

which once again came from Christian influences. Because of all this, we are less and less allowed to accept this interpretation.

The cleverest way out was Kant's critical philosophy. The intellect denied itself the right to interpret the world in that Christian sense, and also the right to reject that interpretation. People settled for filling the gap with something else: with even more trust and faith, with giving up any hope of proving their faith, and with an ideal that is beyond understanding and above everything, namely God.

Then there was Hegel's way out, which followed Plato. It was partly romanticism and a turning back, but at the same time it was a sign of the sense of history, a new strength. In this view, "mind" itself is the ideal, which reveals itself and makes itself real. In the "process," in "becoming," more and more of this ideal we believe in shows itself. So the ideal makes itself real, and faith looks toward the future, where it will be able to worship as its noble need demands. In short,

1)

God cannot be known or proven by us. That is the hidden meaning behind the movement in the theory of knowledge.

2)

God can be proven, but as something that is still becoming, and we are part of it, precisely through our urge toward the ideal. That is the hidden meaning behind the movement that explains everything through history.

But this same sense of history, when it crossed over into the history of nature, has...

You can see that the criticism has never been aimed at the ideal itself. It was only aimed at the question of where the resistance to the ideal

comes from, why the ideal has not been reached yet, or why it cannot be proven in small things and big things.

In what way has the ideal of the wise man been basically moral up to now?

It makes the greatest difference whether you feel this emergency as a real emergency out of passion, out of longing, or whether you only just manage to reach it as a problem with the very tip of your thinking and a certain power of historical imagination...

Away from religious and philosophical thinking, we find the same thing. Utilitarianism, along with socialism and democracy, criticizes where our moral ways of valuing things come from, but it still believes in them, just like the Christian does. That is naive, as if morality would still be left over once the God who gives it authority is gone. A "beyond," a world above this one, is absolutely necessary if belief in morality is to be kept alive.

The basic problem: where does this all-powerful force of belief come from? Of belief in morality?

This belief also gives itself away by the fact that even the basic conditions of life are wrongly interpreted in favor of morality, even though we know about the animal world and the plant world.

"Self-preservation": the Darwinist way of looking at things, trying to make peace between selfless principles and selfish principles.

(Criticism of selfishness, for example by La Rochefoucauld.)

My attempt is to understand moral judgments as symptoms and as sign languages. In them, the body's processes of thriving or failing show themselves, and so does an awareness of what is needed to survive and to grow. This way of interpreting has about as much value as astrology. They are prejudices whispered to us by instincts, like a

prompter whispering lines to an actor. These instincts belong to races, to communities, and to different stages of life such as youth or withering old age, and so on.

Applied to Christian European morality in particular: our moral judgments are signs of decay, signs of no longer believing in life. They are preparing the way for pessimism.

What does it mean that we have read a contradiction into existence? This is of decisive importance: behind all our other ways of valuing things, those moral ways of valuing things stand in command. Suppose they fall away. What will we measure by then? And what worth will knowledge and everything else have then???

My main claim: there are no moral events, only a moral interpretation of these events. And this interpretation itself does not come from morality; its origin lies outside morality.

166.

Preface to "The Cheerful Science"

A celebration before a great undertaking, at a time when you can finally feel your strength coming back to you: just as Buddha gave himself over to worldly pleasures for ten days after he had found his main teaching.

General mockery of all the moralizing going on today. A preparation for Zarathustra's innocent, ironic attitude toward all holy things. (This is an innocent kind of superiority: playing with what is holy.)

(42)

On the misunderstanding of "cheerfulness." It is a short-term release from long tension. It is high spirits, a wild holiday festival, like the old Roman Saturnalia, of a mind that is devoting itself to long and terrify-

ing decisions and getting ready for them. It is the "fool" dressed up as "science."

Perhaps this book needs more than one preface. People have understood nothing at all about its "cheerful science." Even about the title...

People have understood nothing at all about this "cheerful science." They did not even understand the title, although at least many scholars, about its meaning in the old language of Provence...

The triumphant state of mind that this book came out of is hard to understand. But I myself had come out of a different state.

It was an awareness of disgust with everything that lay behind me. Together with it went a lofty wish to be grateful, even for that "behind me." And that wish was not too far from feeling I had the right to a long revenge.

It was a piece of gray, ice-cold old age, stuck into my life at the very worst place. The tyranny of pain was outdone by the tyranny of pride, a pride that refuses to accept the conclusions that pain pushes on you. Being alone was a way of defending myself against a sick, all-seeing contempt for people, and so I loved and enjoyed it as a kind of rescue. On the other hand, there was a longing for the most bitter, the harshest, the most painful kinds of knowledge.

One of the things I will never forget is that people congratulated me more sincerely on this book than on any other. They even hinted to me how healthy such a way of thinking was.

Nothing offends people so deeply as letting them notice how high and strict the demands are that you make on yourself.

Nothing offends people so deeply, and nothing cuts you off from them so completely, as letting them notice something of the high standards and strictness with which you treat yourself. Oh, how friendly and

loving the whole world becomes toward us as soon as we act like everyone else and "let ourselves go" like everyone else!

One of the things I will never forget is that people gave me more congratulations for this book of "the cheerful science" than for all my other books put together. Suddenly they had made peace with me. They became friendly and loving again. Everyone saw it as a recovery, a return, a homecoming, a turning back to myself. What they really meant was a return to "everyone else."

Apart from a few scholars whose vanity was hurt by the word "science" (they let me know that this might be "cheerful," but it certainly was not "science"), everyone took this book as a return to "everyone else," and because of it they were friendly and loving toward me. And afterward I worked out how nothing offends people most deeply and turns them most completely against us...

Note: At the end, perhaps people will also listen to a few cheeky songs, in which a poet makes fun of poets and their beautiful, sentimental feelings.

Note!! Zarathustra, who in a holy way meets all holy things with courage and mockery, and who walks his road toward what is most forbidden and most evil with innocence...

167.

Denying cause and effect. This is so that we do not blame everything for every single thing, and so that we keep short the thread that something hangs on. "Chance" really exists.

168.

The direction in which morality develops. Everyone wishes that no teaching and no way of valuing things should win out except one in

which he himself comes off well. So the basic drive of the weak and the average in every age is to make the stronger ones weaker and to drag them down. Their main weapon is moral judgment. The way the stronger person behaves toward the weaker one is branded as shameful. The higher states that the stronger person reaches are given ugly names.

The fight of the many against the few, of the ordinary against the rare, of the weak against the strong.

One of the cleverest breaks in this fight is when the chosen ones, the refined ones, the ones who demand more, presented themselves as the weak and pushed away the cruder tools of power.

169.

(34)

It might seem as if I had dodged the question of certainty. The opposite is true. By asking what the test for certainty is, I was checking what weight things have actually been measured by so far. And I found that the question of certainty is itself a dependent question, a question of second rank.

170.

(44)

What is missing is the knowledge and awareness of how many turnarounds moral judgment has already gone through, and how many times, in the deepest sense, "evil" has really been renamed "good." I pointed to one of these shifts with the contrast between "the morality of custom" and...

Conscience too has changed its territory: there once was a guilty conscience of the herd.

How far our conscience, too, even with its apparent personal responsibility, is still the conscience of the herd.

171.

(43)

A guilty conscience, like every kind of resentment, is missing in people who have a great overflow of strength. (Examples: Mirabeau, Benvenuto Cellini, Cardano.)

172.

"Being": we have no other idea of it than "living." So how can something dead "be"?

173.

On "art for art's sake," compare Doudan's Thoughts, page 10, on how the worship of colors corrupts.

Scherer, volume 8, page 292.

174.

We find nothing in things except what we ourselves once put into them. Is this children's game, which I would not want to look down on, what is called "science"? On the contrary: let us keep on with both. Both take good courage. Some have the courage to find things again, and the others, we others, have the courage to put things in!

In the end, a human being finds nothing in things except what he himself has put into them. Finding it again is called science. Putting it in is called art, religion, love, pride. In both of these, even if they should turn out to be children's games...

175.

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Note: Against the teaching that we are shaped by our surroundings and by outside causes. The inner strength is far, far stronger. Much of what looks like influence from outside is only that inner strength adapting itself from within. Exactly the same surroundings can be read and used in opposite ways: there are no facts. A genius is not explained by the conditions he grew up in.

176.

What makes up the strong human being of the twentieth century:

177.

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Popular ideals, for example Francis of Assisi: denying that souls have a ranking, saying that all are equal before God.

178.

It is a good idea to take "right," "wrong," and so on in a certain narrow, middle-class sense, as in the saying "do right and fear no one." That means: do your duty according to a certain rough pattern inside which a community holds together.

179.

Preface

Starting from an idea of life (life not as a wish to keep itself going, but as a wish to grow), I have given an overview of the basic instinct behind our political, intellectual, and social movement in Europe.

What have I perhaps given an idea of?

1) That behind the most basic differences between philosophies there is a certain sameness of belief: they are unconsciously steered by hidden moral motives, or to say it more clearly, by popular ideals. And that therefore the moral problem goes deeper than the problem of how we know things.

2) That at some point we need to turn our way of looking around, so as to bring into the light the prejudice of morality and of all popular ideals. Every kind of "free spirit," which means every kind of immoral one, can be used for this.

3) That Christianity, as an ideal of the common people, through its morality ends up harming the stronger, higher, manly types and favors a herd kind of human being. That it prepares the way for democratic thinking.

4) That science marches forward hand in hand with the movement for equality, that it is democracy, and that all the virtues of the scholar reject the ranking of people.

5) that democratic Europe is only heading toward a refined breeding of slavery, a slavery that has to be commanded by a strong race in order to be able to stand itself

6) that an aristocracy only comes into being under hard, long pressure (rule over the earth)

180.

Maybe there are a few people in Europe, and in Germany too, who can reach the problem of this book. They reach it not only with their curiosity, and not only with the feelers of a spoiled intelligence, their ability to guess, to put themselves into things and imitate them, and above all their "sense of history". They reach it with the passion of

someone who is truly missing something. Their soul is high enough to understand my idea of the "free spirit" as a way of expressing something, as a kind of delicacy, or, if you like, as a kind of modesty. These people will not complain that I am hard to understand.

There are many things I have not found it necessary to speak against. It goes without saying that I find the "man of letters" disgusting, that I find all of today's political parties disgusting, and that I treat the socialist with more than just pity. The two most noble types of human being I have met in real life were these. The first was the perfect Christian. I count it as an honor that I come from a family that took its Christianity seriously in every sense. The second was the perfect artist of the Romantic ideal, and I found him far below the Christian level. It is obvious that once you have turned your back on these types, because they are not enough for you, you will not easily be satisfied by any other kind of person today. In that sense I am sentenced to being alone, even though I can very well imagine a kind of people I would enjoy. My patient and gentle disgust at how pleased with themselves our big-city people are, who dress themselves up with education, and our scholars — — —

181.

(42)

Plato's irony, which knows how to protect, or at least hide, an extremely delicate set of feelings and senses and a heart that is easily hurt. That godlike, Olympian manner of Goethe, who wrote poems about his sufferings in order to get rid of them. In the same way Stendhal, Mérimée —

182.

(10)

For something to last longer than one single person, so that a work can survive, perhaps a work that one person created, every possible kind of limit, one-sidedness and so on has to be put on the individual. By what means? It makes this easier if people feel love, respect and gratitude toward the person who created the work. Or if they feel that their ancestors fought for it. Or if they feel that their descendants will only be safe if they protect that work, for example the city-state, which the Greeks called the polis. Morality is basically the tool for making something last, going over the heads of individuals, or rather by making individuals into slaves. Of course, looking from below upward will give you very different words than looking from above downward.

A structure of power: how is it kept alive? By many generations sacrificing themselves to it, that is — — —

183.

For the Introduction

Think of someone who has lived with a great question mark as if it were his fate, and whose days and nights were used up in nothing but lonely conversations with himself and lonely decisions. For such a person, other people's opinions about the same problem are a kind of noise. He fights against it and covers his ears. What's more, it seems to him pushy, unauthorized and shameless, coming from people who, he believes, have no right to such a problem, because they did not discover it. But there are hours when he distrusts himself, when he distrusts his own right and privilege. In those hours the lonely lover, and that is what a philosopher is, wants to hear everything that is said about his problem, and everything that is kept silent about it. Maybe in doing so he guesses that the world is full of jealous lovers like him. He guesses that everything loud, noisy and public, the whole surface

of politics, everyday life, the noisy fair and "the times", seems to have been invented only so that everyone who is a hermit and a philosopher today can hide behind it, as if in their very own place of being alone. They are all busy with one thing, all in love with one thing, all jealous over one thing: precisely his problem. "Nothing else at all is being thought today, wherever any thinking happens," he finally tells himself. "Everything turns around this very question mark. What seemed to be kept for me alone, the whole age is chasing after. Deep down nothing else is going on at all. As for me — but what do I matter!"

184.

(47)

Only late do I become aware of how far doubt about morality has gone. By what do I recognize myself again?

Determinism: we are not responsible for what we are

Phenomenalism: we know nothing about a "thing in itself", that is, about things as they really are apart from how they appear to us

My problem: What harm has humanity suffered so far, both from morality and from actually living morally? Harm to the mind, and so on.

my disgust at the wise man as someone who only watches

my higher idea of the "artist"

185.

(47)

"We Immoralists"

a real

Criticism of the moral ideal

—

of the good person, the saint, the wise man

—

on the slandering of the so-called evil qualities

—

what is the meaning of the different moral interpretations?

—

what is the danger of the interpretation that rules in Europe right now?

—

what is the standard by which things can be measured? ("will to power")

186.

Don't think for a moment that I am going to ask you to take the same risk! Or even to be alone in the same way. Because whoever walks his own paths meets nobody. That comes with having "your own paths". Nobody comes along to "help" him, and he has to deal by himself with every danger, accident, nastiness and bad weather that happens to him. His path is simply his, for himself alone. And now and then he is also annoyed by this hard, merciless "for himself". Part of it, for example, is that even his good friends do not always see and know where he is actually going and where he actually wants to get to. Sometimes they ask themselves: what? is he even moving? does he have — a path at all?…

— Here I am trying to give a hint about the path I have taken to those who, in spite of everything, have stayed friendly toward me so far. So it seems wise to start by saying on which paths people have sometimes looked for me, and even believed they had found me. People tend to mistake me for someone else. I admit it. I also admit that it would have done me a great favor if someone else had defended me against these mix-ups and drawn a clear line around who I am. But, as I said, I have to come to my own rescue. Why else would you walk "your own paths"?

against metaphysics, against Romanticism, artistic, pessimistic, skeptical, historical

An artistic way of looking at the world

one that is against metaphysics — yes, but an artistic one —

a pessimistic, Buddhist one —

a skeptical one —

a scientific one — but not a positivist one, not one that only accepts bare facts

187.

— and the calmed sky shines with light spread everywhere —

188.

Schopenhauer believed that the history of all moral phenomena could be simplified to one thing: that pity, or compassion, could be found as the root of every moral tendency so far. Only a thinker could reach such a level of nonsense and naivety who was stripped of all feeling for history. In the strangest way, he had even slipped past that strong

training in history which the Germans went through from Herder to Hegel.

189.

The question of where our ways of valuing things and our lists of what is good come from is not at all the same as criticizing them, though people often believe it is. It is true that discovering that something has a shameful origin makes it feel less valuable, and prepares a critical mood and attitude toward it.

190.

(47)

What are our ways of valuing things, and our moral lists of what counts as good, actually worth? *What comes out of it when they are in charge?* For whom? Compared to what? — Answer: for life. But *what is life*? So here we need a new, sharper definition of the idea of "life." My formula for it is this: life is will to power.

What does valuing things even mean? Does it point back, or down, to some other world beyond this one? That is what Kant still believed (Kant came before the great movement of historical thinking). In short: *where did* valuing *come from*? Or did it not "come from" anywhere at all? Answer: moral valuing is an *interpretation*, a way of reading things. And the interpretation itself is a *symptom*, a sign, of certain states of the body, and also of a certain mental level of the judgments that rule at the time. *Who is doing the interpreting?* — Our passions.

191.

Here is my claim: we must put moral ways of valuing things on trial and criticize them. When a moral feeling pushes us to act, we must stop it in its tracks with the question: why? This demand for a "Why?", this

demand to criticize morality, is itself *our present form of morality*, a refined sense of honesty. Our honesty, our will not to fool *ourselves*, must show its own papers and justify itself: "why *not* fool ourselves?" — But before what court? — The will not to let ourselves be fooled comes from somewhere else. It is a caution against being overpowered and used. It is life's instinct for self-defense.

These are *my* demands on you — and they may sound bad enough in your ears —: you should put moral ways of valuing things on trial and criticize them. A moral feeling pushes you here to obey and *not* to criticize; you should stop it in its tracks with the question: "why obey?" You should see this demand for a "Why?", this demand to criticize morality, as your *present* form of morality itself, as the most refined kind of uprightness, one that does honor to you and to your time.

192.

The feeling "you must!", and the uneasiness we feel when we go against it — the question is: "Who is giving the order here? Whose anger are we afraid of?"

193.

(7)

We have a bad habit: we take a reminder sign, a shorthand formula, as if it were a real thing, and finally even as a *cause*. For example, we say of lightning: "it flashes," as if there were an "it" doing the flashing. Or think of the little word "I." We take a certain angle from which we see things and then set it up as the *cause of the seeing itself*: that was the clever trick behind inventing the "subject," the "I"!

194.

(23)

Stendhal wrote: "How many miles would I not walk on foot, and how many days in prison would I not put up with, just to hear *Don Juan* or The Secret Marriage! And I don't know what else I would make that kind of effort for." He was 56 years old at the time.

195.

(41)

Hegel: the side of him that ordinary people liked was his teaching about war and great men. The winner is in the right: he stands for the progress of humanity.

An attempt to prove from history that morality rules the world.

Kant: a kingdom of moral values that is hidden from us, invisible, and yet real.

Hegel: a development you can trace, in which the kingdom of morality becomes visible.

We do not want to be fooled, neither in Kant's way nor in Hegel's way. Unlike them, we no longer *believe* in morality, and so we have no need to build philosophies *so that* morality can stay in the right. Neither Kant's critical philosophy nor the historical way of thinking attracts us *for that reason*. — Well then, what does attract us to them?

196.

We homeless ones — yes! But we want to make use of the *advantages* of our situation. Far from being destroyed by it, we want to enjoy the free air and the strong, full light that it gives us.

197.

Unbelievers and godless people, yes! — but without the bitterness and passion of someone who has been torn away from his faith and then turns his unbelief into a new faith, a purpose, often even a martyrdom. We have been hardened and have grown cool, because we see that the world does not run in a godly way at all, and not even by a reasonable, merciful, human standard. We know it: the world we live in is immoral, ungodly, inhuman. For far too long we interpreted it in the light of our worship. The world is not worth what we believed it was. And the last thin spider's thread of comfort, the one Schopenhauer spun, has been torn by us. His comfort was this: the meaning of all of history is that it finally sees through its own meaninglessness and grows sick of itself. This growing tired of existence, this will to stop wanting anything, this breaking of one's own will and one's own well-being, selflessness (as the expression of this turned-around will) — this, and nothing else, is what Schopenhauer wanted to see honored with the highest honor. He called it morality. He declared that all selfless action — — — He even believed he could secure the value of art, because he wanted to see the calm, uninvolved states that art creates as preparations for that complete breaking away and that full, sickened disgust.

— But would we really be *pessimists* when we look at an immoral world? No, because we do not believe in morality — — We believe that mercy, justice, pity and lawfulness are hugely *overrated*, and that their opposites have been slandered. We believe that in both of these, in the overrating and in the slandering, in the whole setup of a *moral ideal* and a moral yardstick, there lay a huge danger for human beings. But let us not forget the good harvest either: the refinement of *interpretation*, of cutting open the soul with moral questions, and the bite of a guilty conscience, pushed human *falseness* to its highest point and made human beings clever and full of wit.

In itself, a religion has nothing to do with morality. But the two religions that grew out of the Jewish religion are both *at their core* moral religions. They give rules about how people *should* live, and they make people listen to their demands with reward and punishment.

198.

The age of Bismarck (the age when the Germans were made stupid).

On such swampy ground, as you would expect, the true swamp plants grow well too, for example the antisemites.

199.

— To be nationalist in the way and to the degree that public opinion now demands would, it seems to me, be not just in bad taste for us people of the mind. It would be dishonest. It would mean deliberately numbing what we know better and what our conscience tells us.

200.

In the same way, we are no longer Christians. We have outgrown Christianity, not because we lived too far away from it, but because we lived too close to it, and even more because we grew *out of* it. It is our own stricter and more demanding sense of devotion that today *forbids* us to still be Christians —

201.

Once, long ago, I wrote the word "out of step with the times" on my books. How much youth, how much lack of experience, how much narrow small-corner thinking that word shows! Today I understand that with this kind of complaint, enthusiasm and dissatisfaction, I was in fact one of the most modern of the moderns.

202.

Kant: "the mere idea of a possible science, which people try to approach along many different roads, until the single footpath, badly overgrown by the senses, is cleared" —

203.

And even today, philosophers give the strongest proof, without knowing it, of how far this authority of morality reaches. They have their great wish to be independent. They have their habits, or even their principles, of doubting everything. They even have their bad habit of always arguing against others, of wanting something new at any price, of looking down on everyone from every height. And yet what becomes of them as soon as they start thinking about "you shall" and "you shall not"? At once there is nothing more humble on earth. Morality is like Circe, the witch from the old Greek story who turned men into animals: she has just breathed on them and put them under her spell! All these proud people, all these who walk alone! Now, all of a sudden, they are lambs. Now they want to be a herd. First of all, every one of them wants to share his "you shall" and "you shall not" with everybody else. That is the first sign that they have given up their independence. And how do they decide whether a moral rule is a real one? They all agree on this: the rule must apply to everyone, and it must not depend on who the person is. This is what I call "herd." After that, of course, they go separate ways, because each one wants to serve morality with his own best strength. Most of them hit on the idea of "giving morality a foundation," as people say. That means making morality a sister of reason, bringing the two into agreement, if possible until they are one and the same. The more refined ones do the opposite. They see the fact that morality cannot be founded on anything as a sign of its rank and its special right, a rank higher than reason. Others will want to explain where morality came from in his-

tory. For example, they follow the Darwinists, who invented a cheap home remedy for bad historians: "first usefulness and force, then habit, finally instinct, and even pleasure." Still others knock down these explanations and deny that morality can be explained by history at all. They also do this to honor its rank, its higher kind and higher purpose. But all of them agree on the main point: "Morality is there. Morality is a given!" They all believe, honestly, without being aware of it, and without any crack in their faith, in the value of what they call morality. That means they are under its authority. Yes! The value of morality! Will anyone allow someone to speak up here who has doubts about exactly this value? Someone who cares about where morality came from, whether it can be explained, whether it is possible or impossible in terms of the human mind, only because of this one question about its value?

204.

Book Five: We Who Are Turned Around

Our New "Freedom"

Against the People's Ideal Heroes

How Deep Do Art and Falseness Go into the Nature of Being?

Why We Are No Longer Christians

Why We Are Against Nationalism

Pessimism and the Dionysian Way

Our Distrust of Logic

Art for Art's Sake

The Narrow Limits of All Thinking in Terms of Purposes

Against the Belief That Cause and Effect Decide Everything

Against the Theory That Surroundings Shape Us: Mask and Character. On the Idea That We Only Know Appearances

Against Romanticism

The Idea of Slavery, Meaning: Turning People into Tools

How Cheerfulness Is Misunderstood

What Creates the Ranking of People

A Critique of Modern Philosophy: It Starts from the Wrong Place, as if There Were "Facts of Consciousness," and as if Looking at Ourselves Did Not Also Show Us Only Appearances

205.

There is no such thing as a selfishness that stays within its own bounds and does not reach out and grab. So the "allowed" selfishness you talk about, the kind that is "morally neither good nor bad," does not exist at all.

A person always builds up his own self "at the cost of others." Life always lives at the expense of other life. Whoever does not understand this has not yet taken the first step toward honesty within himself.

206.

(48)

What a feeling of freedom there is in feeling the way we freed minds feel: that we are not strapped into a system of "purposes"! And also that the ideas of "reward" and "punishment" are not built into the nature of existence! And also that good and bad actions are not good and bad in themselves. We can only call them good and bad from one point of view: what helps certain kinds of human communities keep

themselves alive! And also that our adding up of pleasure and pain has no meaning for the universe, let alone any meaning beyond the physical world! There is a kind of pessimism that offers to put the pleasure and pain of existence itself on the scales and weigh them. It shuts itself up, by its own choice, in the prison and narrow view of the time before Copernicus, when people thought the earth was the center of everything. Such a pessimism would be something backward, a relapse into old errors, unless it is just a bad joke by a man from Berlin (the pessimism of Eduard von Hartmann

207.

Beginning

Ending

In what way this self-destruction of morality is still a piece of morality's own strength. We Europeans have in us the blood of people who died for their faith. We took morality terribly seriously, and there is nothing we have not sacrificed to it at some point. On the other hand, our mind's fine sharpness was reached mostly by cutting open our own conscience while it was still alive, the way scientists cut open living animals. We do not yet know where we are being driven, now that we have torn ourselves away from our old ground like this. But this ground itself bred into us the strength that is now driving us out into the distance, into adventure. That strength is pushing us out into places with no shore, untested, undiscovered. We have no choice left. We must be conquerors, since we no longer have any land where we feel at home, any land we would want to "preserve." No, my friends, you know better than that! The hidden Yes inside you is stronger than all the Nos and Maybes that you, like your age, are sick with and addicted to. And if you must go out to sea, you emigrants, then it is a faith that forces you to do it —

208.

Not being able to finish with Christianity

209.

It is a matter of honor for my friends to work for my name, my reputation, and my safety in the world, and to build me a castle where I am protected from being crudely misunderstood. I myself no longer want to lift a finger for it.

210.

The perfect, reliable working of the instincts that keep us in order

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