Modern edition | Plain English

The Gay Science

Friedrich Nietzsche

Read and listen to this book on SUN.

Open the book page

sunapp.ai/books/the-gay-science-by-friedrich-nietzsche

Full text, credits and source notices follow.

SUN | sunapp.ai

FRIEDRICH
NIETZSCHE

The Gay Science



sun | *Intelligent Audio*



sunapp.ai/download

The Joyful Wisdom

Friedrich Nietzsche

Plain modern English

Plain-English adaptation by Blue Energy People, Inc. (SUN), using Claude Opus 5.5.

Based on the English translation by Paul V. Cohn, Thomas Common, Maude Dominica Petre.

Project Gutenberg ebook #52881

Contents

Editor's Note 6
Preface to the Second Edition 8
Book One 33
Book Two 82
Book Three 125
Book Four 179
Saint January 179
Book Five 229
We Who Are Not Afraid 229

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

The First Complete and Approved English Translation

EDITED BY DR OSCAR LEVY

[Picture]

VOLUME TEN

JOYFUL WISDOM

(the 'gay science' (joyful wisdom))

This is copy number ___ of the first printing of one thousand five hundred copies.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

THE JOYFUL WISDOM

(the 'gay science' (joyful wisdom))

TRANSLATED BY

THOMAS COMMON

WITH THE POEMS TRANSLATED BY

PAUL V. COHN

AND

MAUDE D. PETRE

I stay inside my own house. I don't attach my mind to other people's ideas, the way a gardener grafts a branch onto a different tree. And I laugh at every great thinker who never once could laugh at himself.

T. N. FOULIS

13 & 15 FREDERICK STREET

EDINBURGH & LONDON

1910

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Printed at the Darien Press, Edinburgh.

Editor's Note

"Joyful Wisdom" was written in 1882, just before "Zarathustra," and people are right to see it as one of Nietzsche's best books. Nietzsche was a poet as well as a philosopher, and his face is usually serious and stern. But in this book we see that face brighten and suddenly break into a lovely smile. The warmth and kindness that shine from him will surprise those quick judges of character who never guessed that behind the man who tears things down is a man who builds, and behind the man who mocks what is holy is someone who loves life. Later, in his book "Ecce Homo," Nietzsche looked back and judged his own works. There he rightly points out that the fourth part of this book, called "Sanctus Januarius" (Saint January), deserves special attention. He says: "The whole book is a gift from the Saint, and the poem at the start expresses my thanks for the most wonderful month of January I have ever lived through." The fifth part, "We Who Are Not Afraid," the added section "Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird," and the Preface were all added for the second edition in 1887.

Translating Nietzsche's poems has turned out to be a harder and more awkward problem than translating his prose. For one thing, it was hard to find translators who were good enough. We hope that problem has been solved by choosing Miss Petre and Mr Cohn. But there is another problem too: it has to be admitted that, even in the original German, the poems are not all equally good. Next to masterpieces like "To the Mistral" (a poem to a strong, cold wind), there are several verses that are worth fairly little. Still, the Editor did not feel it was right to pick and choose only some of them, because the plan was for this edition to be complete. The title of the opening set of rhyming

poems, "Joke, Trick and Revenge," was borrowed from the German writer Goethe.

Preface to the Second Edition

1.

This book may need more than one preface. And even then, it is still doubtful whether prefaces could bring anyone closer to the *experiences* in it, unless that person has lived through something similar. The book seems to be written in the language of the warm wind that melts the ice. There is playfulness in it, restlessness, contradiction, and changeable April weather. So you are reminded again and again that winter is close by, and just as often that winter has been *beaten*: a victory that is coming, that has to come, that has maybe already come.... Thankfulness keeps pouring out, as if the most unexpected thing had happened. It is the thankfulness of someone getting better after illness, because *getting better* was that most unexpected thing. "Joyful Wisdom": the title means a wild holiday party of a mind that has patiently stood up to a long, terrible pressure. It held out patiently, with great effort, without losing its cool, without giving in, but also without hope. And now, all of a sudden, that mind is flooded with hope: the hope of being healthy, the *drunken joy* of getting better after illness. No wonder, then, that a lot of unreasonable and silly things come out in the book. A lot of playful tenderness is spent even on problems that have prickly skins, and so are not the kind of thing you should stroke and coax. The whole book is really nothing but a big celebration after a long time of going without and being powerless. It is energy coming back and jumping around. It is a freshly woken belief in tomorrow and the day after tomorrow. It is a sudden feeling and sense of a future, of adventures close at hand, of seas that are open again, and of goals that are allowed again and can be believed in again. And look at everything that was now behind me!

There was this stretch of desert, of exhaustion, of disbelief, and of coldness right in the middle of my youth. There were grey hairs arriving at the wrong time. There was pain ruling over me like a tyrant, yet an even stronger tyrant was my pride, which refused to accept what pain leads to — and what pain leads to is comfort. There was my complete cutting myself off from others, as a defense against a contempt for humanity that had become sick and too sharp-sighted. There was my rule of allowing myself only what is bitter, sharp, and painful in knowledge, a rule laid down by the *disgust* that had slowly grown out of an unwise diet for the mind and too much pampering of it — and that diet is called Romanticism. Oh, who could truly understand all those feelings of mine! But anyone who could would surely forgive me everything. They would forgive more than a little foolishness, rowdiness, and "Joyful Wisdom" — for example, the handful of songs that are included with the book this time. In those songs a poet makes fun of all poets, in a way that is not easy to forgive. Sadly, it is not only the poets and their fine "lyrical feelings" that this man who is getting better needs to take his spite out on. Who knows what kind of victim he is looking for? Who knows what monster, perfect material for mockery, will tempt him before long? "The tragedy begins" — that is what it says at the end of this seriously silly book. People should watch out! Something unusually bad and wicked is announcing itself. "The mockery begins" — there is no doubt about it...

2.

——But let's leave Mr. Nietzsche alone. Why should anyone care that Mr. Nietzsche has gotten well again?... For a psychologist, there are few questions as fascinating as the ones about how health is connected to philosophy. And when the psychologist gets sick himself, he brings all his scientific curiosity along with him into his illness. After all, if you are a real person, you also have, by necessity, a philosophy

that fits your own personality. But there is an important difference here. In one person, it is his weaknesses and flaws that do the thinking. In another person, it is his wealth of strength and abilities. The first kind of person *needs* his philosophy. He uses it as a crutch, a calming pill, or a medicine; as a way to be saved, to be lifted up, or to escape from himself. For the second kind of person, philosophy is just a lovely luxury. At best, it is the deep pleasure of a winner's gratitude, a gratitude so big that in the end it has to write itself in giant letters across the sky of ideas. But in the other case, the more common one, when people in pain and trouble take up philosophy (as all sickly thinkers do, and maybe sickly thinkers are the majority in the history of philosophy), what happens to thinking itself when it is put under the *pressure* of illness? This is the important question for psychologists, and here you can actually experiment. We philosophers behave like a traveller who decides to wake up at a certain hour and then calmly lets himself fall asleep. If we become ill, we hand ourselves over to the illness for a while, body and soul. We close our eyes to ourselves, so to speak. And just as the traveller knows that something in him *does not* sleep, that something keeps counting the hours and will wake him up, we also know that when the critical moment comes, we will be awake. We know that something will then leap out and catch the mind *in the very act*. By that I mean catching it being weak, or slipping backward, or giving in, or being stubborn, or being foggy, or whatever else these unhealthy states are called. In times of good health, the mind's *pride* stands against all of these. (It's like the old rhyme says: "The proud spirit, the peacock, and the horse are the three proudest things on earth.") After questioning and testing yourself like this, you learn to look more sharply at everything that has been thought by philosophers so far. You can guess better than before where the random detours, side streets, resting spots, and *sunny* places of thought are—places where suffering thinkers are led, and led astray, precisely because they are suffering. You now know which way

the sick *body* and its needs secretly press, push, and tempt the mind: toward sunshine, stillness, gentleness, patience, medicine, and relief of any kind at all. Take every philosophy that values peace above war. Take every system of morals that defines happiness only as the absence of something. Take every theory of the universe or of nature that believes in a *finale*, some kind of final state. Take every strong artistic or religious longing for somewhere off to the side, somewhere beyond, somewhere outside, somewhere above. All of these make you entitled to ask whether illness was not the real force that drove the philosopher. Without realizing it, people dress up the needs of their bodies in the costume of the objective, the ideal, the purely spiritual, and they do this to an alarming degree. I have often asked myself whether philosophy so far has, on the whole, been nothing more than an interpretation of the body, and a *misunderstanding of the body*. Hidden behind the highest judgments about what is valuable, the ones that have ruled the history of thought until now, there are misunderstandings about the bodily makeup of individuals, of social classes, or of whole races. You can always treat these bold, wild leaps of theory about the universe, and especially their answers to the question of what life is *worth*, first of all as symptoms of certain kinds of bodies. Scientifically speaking, these statements that say yes or no to the world don't mean a single thing in themselves. And yet, as we said, they give historians and psychologists clues that are all the more valuable as symptoms of the body: of its good or bad condition, of its fullness, strength, and command over history; or else of its blockages, its exhaustion, and its poverty, its sense that the end is coming, its wish for the end. I still hope that someday a philosophical *doctor*, in a very special sense of the word, will appear. This would be someone who takes on the problem of the overall health of peoples, eras, races, and humanity as a whole. I hope he will have the courage to follow my suspicion all the way to its final conclusions, and dare to declare this: that in all philosophy so far, the question has never really been

about "truth" at all, but about something else, namely about health, the future, growth, power, life....

3.

You can probably guess that I would not want to say goodbye to that time of serious illness without being grateful. I am still getting benefits from it even now. I know very well how much my up-and-down health has given me an edge over people whose minds are simply sturdy. A philosopher who has traveled through many different states of health, and keeps traveling through them again and again, has also gone through just as many philosophies. He really cannot help it: every time, he turns his condition into the cleverest possible way of seeing and standing toward the world. This art of transforming things is exactly what philosophy is. We philosophers are not free to split the soul from the body, the way ordinary people do. And we are even less free to split the soul from the mind. We are not frogs that happen to think. We are not cold machines with chilly insides that just observe and record facts. Our thoughts have to keep being born to us out of our pain. And like mothers, we have to give them everything we have inside us: our blood, our heart, our fire, our joy, our passion, our aching, our conscience, our fate and our doom. For us, living means constantly turning everything we are, and everything we come across, into light and flame. We simply cannot do anything else. And when it comes to sickness, aren't we almost tempted to ask whether we could ever do without it at all? Only great pain finally sets the mind free. That is because pain teaches us strong suspicion, the kind that turns every U into an X[1]. And that means a real, proper X, the third letter from the end of the alphabet, the letter of the unknown.... Only great pain, the long, slow pain that takes its time, the kind that burns us slowly as if we were being roasted over damp green wood, forces us philosophers to go down into our deepest

depths. It forces us to strip away all trust, all good nature, all disguise, all gentleness and all ordinariness, which is where we may once have placed our humanity. I doubt that this kind of pain makes us "better." But I know that it makes us deeper. Maybe we learn to face it with our pride, our scorn and our willpower, like the Native American who, no matter how cruelly he is tortured, gets back at his torturer with his sharp, bitter words. Or maybe we escape from the pain into the Eastern idea of nothingness, which is called Nirvana: into a silent, numb, deaf giving-up of the self, forgetting the self and wiping the self out. Either way, after such long and dangerous training in controlling yourself, you come out as a different being. You come out with a few more question marks, and above all with the will to ask questions more than ever before: more deeply, more strictly, more harshly, more wickedly and more quietly than anyone has ever asked them until now. Your trust in life is gone. Life itself has become a problem. But don't imagine that this has necessarily turned you into a gloomy person always worrying about being sick! It is still possible to love life. You just love it in a different way. It is like loving a woman you are not sure about.... But for these more spiritual and more refined people, the charm of everything uncertain, the delight in the unknown X, is too strong. Again and again it spreads like a clear, warm glow over all the trouble that uncertainty brings, over all its dangers, and even over the jealousy of the lover. We know a new kind of happiness....

4.

Finally, so that the most important thing does not go unsaid: you come back out of such deep pits, out of such serious illness, and out of the illness of strong suspicion, and you come back newborn, like a snake that has shed its skin. You are more sensitive and more wicked. You have a finer taste for joy and a more delicate tongue for every

good thing. You are in a merrier mood, with a second innocence in joy, a more dangerous one than the first. You are more childlike, and at the same time a hundred times more refined than ever before. Oh, how disgusting pleasure seems to us now: that coarse, dull, gray pleasure, the way the pleasure-seekers usually understand it, our "cultured" classes, our rich people and our rulers! How spitefully we now listen to the great holiday noise, as "cultured people" and city folk let themselves be pushed into "enjoying the higher things" through art, books and music, with the help of strong drink! How the fake, stagey cry of passion now hurts our ears! How foreign to our taste all that romantic riot and sensual commotion has become, the things the cultured crowd loves so much, together with their longing for the grand, the lofty and the complicated! No: if we who are getting better after illness need any art at all, it is a different art. It is a mocking, light, quick-moving art, heavenly calm and heavenly clever, an art that blazes up like a clear flame into a sky without clouds! Above all, it is an art for artists, only for artists! At last we know better what this art needs first of all: cheerfulness, every kind of cheerfulness, my friends! And that is true for us as artists too. I would like to prove it. There is something we now know too well, we people of knowledge. Oh, how well we are now learning to forget and not to know, as artists do! And as for our future, you are not likely to find us following the footsteps of those young Egyptian men who sneak into temples at night, hug the statues, and want to unveil, uncover and drag into the light everything that is kept hidden for good reasons.[2] No, we have grown sick of this bad taste: this urge for truth at any cost, this "truth no matter what," this teenage madness in loving the truth. We are now too experienced for that, too serious, too joyful, too burned by life, too deep.... We no longer believe that truth stays truth once the veil is pulled off it. We have lived long enough to believe that. These days we think it is a matter of good manners not to be eager to see everything naked, or to be there for everything, or to understand and

"know" everything. A little girl once asked her mother, "Is it true that God is everywhere?" And then she said, "I think that's rude." That is a hint for philosophers! We should have more respect for the modesty with which nature has hidden herself behind riddles and colorful uncertainties. Maybe truth is a woman who has her reasons for not showing her reasons? Maybe, to put it in Greek, her name is Baubo, a bawdy Greek goddess figure?... Oh, those Greeks! They knew how to live. To do that, you have to bravely stay on the surface, on the fold and the skin. You have to worship how things seem, and believe in shapes, sounds and words, in the whole Mount Olympus of how things seem! Those Greeks were shallow on purpose, because they were deep! And aren't we coming back to exactly this point, we daredevils of the mind, who have climbed the highest and most dangerous peak of today's thinking, looked around from up there, and looked down from it? Aren't we, in exactly this way, Greeks? Worshippers of shapes, of sounds and of words? And for exactly that reason, artists?

RUTA, near GENOA

Autumn, 1886.

Footnote 1:

Literally, this means writing the Roman numeral X (ten) instead of the numeral V (five), which used to be written as U. So it means doubling a number unfairly: to exaggerate, to fool people, to cheat. (Translator's note.)

Footnote 2:

This points to Schiller's poem "The Veiled Image of Sais." (Translator's note.)

Joke, Trick and Revenge

A Prelude in Rhyme

1.

Invitation

Come on, friends, I beg you, take a chance and try the food I'm putting in front of you. You'll like it more tomorrow, and even more the day after. And if by then you still want more, my past success will inspire me, and from it I'll find fresh courage to serve you new treats.

2.

My Good Luck

I got tired of searching, so I taught myself how to find. Once the storm blew me backward, but now I simply follow wherever the wind is pushing.

3.

Not Afraid

Right where you're standing, dig, keep digging. Down below there's a well of fresh water. Let the people who walk around in the dark shout, "Down below—that's Hell!"

4.

A Conversation

The first speaker asks: "Was I sick? And is it over now? Tell me, which doctor took care of me? I don't remember feeling any pain!" The second speaker answers: "Now I know your trouble is over. Anyone who can forget is cured."

5.

To Good, Virtuous People

Our virtues should be light and quick on their feet. Like the lines of Homer's poetry, they should come easily—and go easily too.

6.

Wisdom About the World

Don't stay down on the flat ground, and don't climb the mountain too high. Stop halfway up—that's where you'll see the world best!

7.

Come With Me—Go With Yourself

You like the way I write and talk, so you want to follow me and walk in my footsteps? Then follow yourself, and never turn aside. That way—be careful!—you will be following me.

8.

Shedding My Skin for the Third Time

My skin is splitting and breaking open so I can be born again, and new desires come crowding in. I've already swallowed a lot, but the snake inside me is still hungry for more earth. Once again I crawl between stones and grass, hungry, along twisting paths, to eat the same food I ate before—earth, the food every snake loves!

9.

My Roses

My luck is good, and I'd like to make yours better too, because good luck always needs someone to share it with. Will you stop and pick my roses?

You'll often get stuck among rocks and thorns. You'll have to hide and bend down low, and suck your bleeding finger. Will you stop and pick my roses?

Because my good luck is a little bit nasty. It loves to tease and play mean tricks. Will you stop and pick my roses?

10.

The Scornful One

I waste and spill a lot of drops, and so you curse me for being so scornful. But anyone who fills his cup right to the top has to waste and spill a lot of drops. And still he doesn't think the wine is any worse for it.

11.

The Proverb Speaks

Harsh and gentle, fine and cheap, very rare and very common, dirty and clean, the go-between that carries messages between fools and wise men: I will be all of this, and I have been all of this—a dove, a snake, and a pig, I'd say!

12.

To Someone Who Loves the Light

So that your eyes and your senses don't wear out and grow dull, keep chasing the sun even when you're in the shade!

13.

For Dancers

The smoothest ice is paradise for anyone who dances well.

14.

The Brave Man

Choose a real feud, one with no cracks and no breaks, rather than a friendship that's been patched back together.

15.

Rust

You need some rust too—being sharp isn't enough! The crowd loves to shout, "He's too young!"

16.

Higher Still

"How will I get to the top?" There's no time to sit and think about that! Just start climbing!

17.

The Powerful Man Speaks

Never ask! Please, stop that whining! Take without asking—always take!

18.

Narrow Souls

I hate narrow souls as much as I hate the devil—souls where neither good nor evil can grow.

19.

A Seducer by Accident[3]

He fired off an empty word into the empty blue sky. But along the way it hit a woman, and it killed her.

20.

Something to Think About

Two pains at once are much easier to bear than just one. So now, do you dare to suffer?

21.

Against Pride

Brother, never be quick to puff yourself up, because a tiny little prick will make you burst!

22.

Man and Woman

"Grab the woman who wins your heart!" That's the man's motto. A woman doesn't grab—she steals.

23.

Explaining

If I try to explain my wisdom, I just get it more tangled up. I can't explain myself properly. But someone who boldly gets up and gets

going, following his own path without anyone's help, throws more light on what I really am!

24.

A Cure for Pessimism

Oh, those same old moody whims of yours, my friend! You say nothing tastes good to you anymore. I hear you ranting, spitting and wheezing, and my love and patience are about to run out! Get your courage together and follow me. Here's a fat toad! Now, don't flinch—swallow it whole, and don't stop to think about it! Then your upset stomach will be gone!

25.

A Request

I know many people's minds very well, but I can't tell what my own mind is like. I can't see it—my eye is too close—and I look false to myself. It would help me a lot if I could sit far away from myself. Not as far away as my enemy, but my closest friend is too close. Somewhere right in the middle between him and me! What am I asking for? Guess my riddle!

26.

My Cruelty

I have to climb a hundred stairs. I have to climb—and the herd says I'm cruel: "Do you think we're made of stone?" I have to climb a hundred stairs, but nobody wants to be the stairs.

27.

The Wanderer

The wanderer cries, "There's no more path! Only a deep drop and cold silence!" It's your own fault! You were too eager to leave the path! Now comes the test! Stay calm, and keep your eyes bright and clear! You'll be lost for sure if you let yourself be afraid.

28.

Encouragement for Beginners

Look at the baby, crawling around helplessly, while pigs grunt their pig-talk all around it. It cries all the time, nothing but crying. Will it ever learn to walk? Don't worry! Just wait. I promise you it will soon want to dance. And once this baby can stand on two legs, you'll find it standing on its head.

29.

The Planet of Selfishness

If I didn't keep spinning around myself, like a rolling barrel, I ask you, how could I follow so close behind the hot sun without burning up?

30.

The Neighbor

When my friend is too close, he spoils my joy. I'd like him high above me and far away. Otherwise, how can he become my star?

31.

The Saint in Disguise

So that we won't kill you for your happiness, you dress yourself up in the devil's tricks—the devil's cleverness and the devil's clothes. But it's

no use! Your face gives you away and shows everyone how holy you are.

32.

The Slave

The first speaker asks: "He stands there listening. Why is he in pain? What did he hear? Some song far away? Why is his heart torn apart with worry?" The second speaker answers: "Like everyone who once wore chains, he always hears the clinking—of the chain!"

33.

The Lonely One

I hate following, and I hate leading. Obey? No! Rule? No, definitely not! Do you want other people to be afraid of you? Then you have to frighten even yourself, because people only follow when fear leads them. I hate guiding even myself, and I hate fighting. Like the wild animals, I'll wander far out into the fields. I'll roam for a while, caught in the pleasant traps of going wrong, and then I'll coax myself back home—back home, and give in to my own temptation.

34.

Seneca and All His Kind

They write and write—it drives me crazy—their light, empty, "wise" nonsense, as if the rule were: first write, and only afterward think about philosophy.

35.

Ice

Yes! I make ice. Ice can help you digest. If you really had a lot to digest, oh, how much you would enjoy my ice!

36.

Writings from My Youth

Back then, the sound that hit my ear was the A and the final O of my wisdom, the beginning and the end of everything I knew. But now it doesn't ring like that anymore. The only sound I hear now is the endless "Ah!" and "Oh!" of my youth.[4]

37.

Looking Ahead

If you travel in that land over there, be very careful! And if you are clever, be twice as careful! They will smile at you and draw you in, and then they will tear you limb from limb. This is the land of fanatics, where clever people are rare!

38.

The Religious Believer Speaks

The believer says: "God loves us, because he made us and sent us here!" And you clever ones answer: "No, man made God!" Well then, the believer replies, God must love what he made with his own hands. So would he deny the very thing he made? I'm afraid I hear the limping hoof of the devil in your argument.

39.

In Summer

The old scripture says that we must always eat our bread by the sweat of our face. But if we listen to wise doctors, they tell us: "Don't eat anything while you're sweating." Now the Dog Star is blinking in the hot summer sky. What does it want? What is its blazing sign telling us? By the sweat of our face, so says the star's own scripture, we are meant to drink our wine!

40.

Without Envy

His face shows no envy at all, and so you praise him? He doesn't care. He doesn't even ask whether your crowd is clapping for him! He has the eyes of an eagle, made for looking far away. He doesn't see you at all. He sees only star after star!

41.

The Teaching of Heraclitus

Brothers, war is where happiness on earth begins! Gun smoke and the noise of battle are there when friendship is born! You know, friendship means three things: being family to each other when luck turns bad, being equals when facing the enemy, and being free when death is staring at you!

42.

The Motto of People Who Are Too Refined

"Better to stand up high on your tiptoes than crawl around on all fours! Better to peek through the keyhole than walk in through open doors!"

43.

Advice

So you've made up your mind to become famous? Here is what I think about that: you don't need fame. You have to learn to live without it!

44.

Going All the Way Down

Me, a researcher? No, that's not what I'm meant for. It's just that I'm very heavy. I'm such a lump! So I keep sinking and sinking through the water until I bump into the very bottom of the ocean.

45.

The Immortals

"Today is the right day for me, so I'm coming today." That is how people talk who are destined to last forever. The crowd shouts at them, "You've come too early!" or "You've come too late!" But what do the Immortals care about what the common crowd says?

46.

What Tired People Think

Tired people are afraid of the bright, burning sun and run from it. The only thing they care about trees for is the shade they give.

47.

Coming Down

Your scornful looks say, "He's sinking, he's falling." But the truth is, he is coming down to your level. His too-much-joy has turned into tiredness, and his too-much-light will end up in your darkness.

48.

Nature Made Silent[5]

A watch hangs around my neck on a chain made of hair. It is a sign of worry. For me, the stars no longer mark the hours. The sun and the shadows don't tell me the time as they used to. No rooster crows at my door to wake me. Nature doesn't tell the time anymore! Too many clocks have drowned out her voice, and the dull hum of rules and laws has muffled her sound.

49.

The Wise Man Speaks

The crowd finds me strange, and yet I am useful to the crowd. I keep following my own path, sometimes shining like the sun, sometimes dark like a cloud, but always passing high above the crowd!

50.

He Lost His Head...

She is clever now. How did that happen? People say a man lost his mind because of her. His head was wise before he got into this game, but then it went straight to the devil. No, wait, it went to the woman!

51.

A Religious Wish

"Oh, if only all the keys were lost! That would be better. Then the lock-pick could get into every keyhole!" Whoever thinks like this, you can be sure, is a lock-picker himself.

52.

Writing with My Feet

I don't write only with my hand. My foot wants to write too, my foot that likes to dance and leap. Steady, free and bold, it keeps marching on, sometimes across the fields, sometimes across the pages.

53.

"Human, All Too Human"...

When you look back at the past, you are shy and gloomy. But you trust the future whenever you trust yourself. So what are you? Are you an eagle among the nobler birds? Or are you like the owl, the favorite bird of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom?

54.

To My Reader

I wish you good teeth and a good stomach. Believe me, you'll need them! And if you've managed to get through my book, then surely you'll be able to put up with me in a good mood.

55.

The Realistic Painter

"True to nature, all of it!" That's how he starts. But who can ever get all of nature onto his canvas? Even the smallest piece of nature is

endless and has no limits. So he paints only what catches his fancy. And what catches his fancy? Whatever he is able to paint!

56.

The Vanity of Poets

Just give me glue, only glue. Don't worry, I'll find the wood myself! To take four lines of poetry that make no sense and give them sense, now that's an achievement I really admire!

57.

Good Taste in Choosing

If fate gave me the freedom to pick my exact spot, I would want to be right in the middle of Paradise. Or, even better, just outside its gate!

58.

The Crooked Nose

Your nostrils flare wide, and your nose rules proudly over the whole land. And so, you rhinoceros without a horn, you proud little man, you are always tipping forward! These two things go together: a stiff, upright pride and a crooked nose.

59.

The Pen Is Scratching...

My pen is scratching. Curse this pen! Am I doomed to nothing but scratching? So I grab the inkpot fiercely and write with floods of flowing ink. How wide and full the stream runs! What luck rewards my work! It's true, the writing isn't very easy to read. So what? Who reads the stuff I write anyway?

60.

Higher Spirits

This man is climbing upward, so let's praise him. But that other man, the one we love, always moves from up high. So let's raise him above even praise. He comes from above!

61.

The Doubter Speaks

Your life is half over. The hand of the clock keeps moving, and your soul shivers with fear. Your soul wandered to faraway shores, searching, and found nothing. And still you stay here!

Your life is half over. Hour after hour, it was nothing but pain and mistakes. Why stay? What more are you looking for? And the answer comes: "That's exactly what I'm looking for: the reasons why I'm here!"

62.

Here Is the Man (Ecce Homo)

Yes, I know where I come from and what I'm related to. Like a flame that is never put out and never satisfied, I burn myself up and glow. Everything I touch turns into light. Everything I leave behind turns into ashes and coal. Yes, I know it: I am a flame!

63.

The Morals of a Star[6]

You are destined to move through huge, faraway spaces. So what does darkness matter to a star?

Keep rolling on calmly and let time go by. Let sorrows pass you by, even while whole nations die!

Feeling sorry for others would only dim your light, the light that distant worlds will be glad to see.

You have just one law: be pure and bright!

Footnote 3:

Translated by Miss M. D. Petre.

Footnote 4:

A and O, which also sound like "Ah!" and "Oh!", of course refer to Alpha and Omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. (Translator's note.)

Footnote 5:

Translated by Miss M. D. Petre.

Footnote 6:

Translated by Miss M. D. Petre.

Book One

1.

The Teachers Who Tell Us Why We Exist. Whether I look at people kindly or unkindly, I always find every one of them busy with the same single task: doing whatever helps the human species survive. They certainly don't do this because they love the human species. They do it simply because nothing in them is older, stronger, more stubborn, or harder to beat than that instinct. That instinct is the very core of our kind and our herd. We are quick, with our usual short-sightedness, to sort the people around us into useful and harmful, into good and evil. But when we add things up across the board, and think about the whole question for longer, we start to distrust all this labeling and sorting, and in the end we drop it. Even the most harmful person may still be, when it comes to the survival of the species, the most useful of all. That's because he keeps alive, in himself or through his effect on others, certain drives without which humanity might long ago have grown weak or rotted away. Hatred, enjoying other people's trouble, greed, ambition, and everything else people call evil, all belong to the amazing system that keeps the species going. Yes, it is an expensive, wasteful, and on the whole very foolish system. But so far it has kept our species alive, as we can plainly see. My dear fellow human, my neighbor, I am no longer sure you even can live in a way that harms the species, and so live "unreasonably" and "badly." Whatever could have harmed the species probably died

out many thousands of years ago, and is now one of the things that not even God could make happen anymore. Follow your best desires or your worst ones, and above all, go ahead and ruin yourself! Either way, you are still probably helping and doing good for humanity in some way or other. Because of that, you may have people who praise you, and just as well people who mock you! But you will never find anyone who is truly fit to mock you, the individual, even at your best. You will never find anyone who could make your conscience feel its endless, buzzing, croaking misery in a way that matches the real truth! To laugh at yourself the way you would have to laugh if you were laughing from the deepest truth: so far, even the best people haven't had a strong enough sense of truth to do that, and the most gifted people have had far too little genius for it! Maybe there is still a future even for laughter! That future might come when the saying "The species is everything, the individual is nothing" has sunk deep into humanity, and when everyone can reach this final freedom and freedom from responsibility at any time. Maybe then laughter will have joined together with wisdom. Maybe then there will only be "joyful wisdom." For now, though, things are very different. For now, the comedy of life has not yet "become aware" of itself. For now, we are still in the age of tragedy, the age of moral codes and religions. What does it mean that new founders of moral codes and religions keep showing up? What does it mean that people keep appearing who stir up fights over what is morally good, who teach people to feel guilt, and who start religious wars? What do these heroes on the stage of life mean? Because so far, they have been the heroes of the play. Everything else, even though it was the only thing anyone could see at the time and was too close to see clearly, has served only to prepare the way for these heroes. It has served as stage machinery and scenery, or played the parts of their trusted friends and servants. (The poets, for example, have always been the servants of one moral code or another.) It's plain to see that these tragic actors are also working

for the good of the species, even though they may believe they are working for God and are God's messengers. They too help the species live on, because they help people believe in life. "Life is worth living," each of them cries out. "There is something important in this life. Life has something behind it and underneath it. Watch out!" That drive to keep the species going rules the noblest people and the lowest people alike. From time to time it bursts out dressed up as reason and as passion of the spirit. Then it surrounds itself with a dazzling parade of reasons, and tries with all its strength to make us forget that, deep down, it is only a drive, an instinct, foolishness, with nothing solid under it. Life should be loved, because...! People should help themselves and their neighbors, because...! And whatever all these "shoulds" and "becauses" mean now, and may come to mean in the future! There is something that always happens by itself, by necessity, with no plan behind it. The moral teacher wants it to look, from now on, as if it happens according to a plan, and wants it to speak to people as reason and as a final command. That is why the moralist steps forward as the teacher of a purpose behind life. That is why he invents a second, different life, and with this new device he lifts the old ordinary life off its old ordinary hinges. No! He doesn't want us to laugh at life at all, nor at ourselves, nor at him. To him, an individual is always an individual: something first and last and enormous. To him there are no species, no totals, no zeros. His inventions and his ideas of right and wrong may be as foolish and fanatical as you like. He may misunderstand the way nature works and deny the conditions it sets. In fact, every moral system so far has been so foolish and so against nature that humanity would have been destroyed by any one of them if it had taken full control. Even so, every time "the hero" stepped onto the stage, something new was gained. It was the terrifying opposite of laughter: many people shaken to their depths by the thought, "Yes, life is worth living! Yes, I deserve to live!" Life, and you, and I, and all of us together became interesting to ourselves again for

a while. It can't be denied that so far, in the long run, laughter and reason and nature have always won out over all the great teachers of purpose. In the end, the short tragedy always turned back into the endless comedy of life. And the "waves of countless laughter," to borrow the words of the Greek playwright Aeschylus, must in the end wash over even the greatest of these tragedies too. But despite all this laughter that sets things right, human nature as a whole has been changed by the constant return of these teachers of the purpose of life. Human nature now has one more need: the need for such teachers and such teachings about "purpose" to keep appearing again and again. Over time, humans have become an animal that dreams and imagines, an animal that has one more condition for staying alive than other animals do. Every so often, a human must believe that he knows why he exists. His species cannot thrive unless, now and then, it puts its trust in life! Without believing that there is reason in life! And again and again, the human race will declare once more that "there is something that really must not be laughed at." And the most far-seeing friend of humanity will add: "Not only laughter and joyful wisdom, but also the tragic, with all its grand lack of reason, are among the tools and necessities for keeping the species alive!" And so! And so! And so! Do you understand me, my brothers? Do you understand this new law of the tide going out and coming in? Our time will come too!

2.

Honesty in Thinking. I keep having the same experience over and over, and every time I fight against it all over again. Even though it is obvious to me, I don't want to believe it: most people do not have honesty in thinking. In fact, it often seems to me that if you ask for such a thing, you are as alone in the biggest cities as you would be in the desert. Everyone looks at you strangely and goes on using their

own scales, calling this thing good and that thing bad. Nobody blushes with shame when you point out that their weights are not the full amount. And nobody gets angry with you either. Maybe they just laugh at your doubt. What I mean is this: most people do not think it is shameful to believe this or that and to live by it, without first knowing the deepest and surest reasons for and against it, and without even bothering about those reasons afterwards. Even the most gifted men and the noblest women still belong to this "most people." But what do kindness, good manners and genius matter to me, if the person who has these good qualities is lazy in what he believes and how he judges? What do they matter if the longing for certainty does not rule him as his deepest wish and his greatest need? For that longing is what separates higher people from lower people! In certain religious people I have found a hatred of reason, and I have actually liked them for it. At least in this way their guilty conscience about thinking still showed itself! But to stand in the middle of this "harmony made of clashing things," as the Latin phrase puts it, and in the middle of all the amazing uncertainty and doubleness of life, and not to ask questions; not to shake with longing and joy at asking questions; not even to hate the person who asks them, but maybe even to make fun of him until you get bored of it: that is what I think is truly shameful. And this feeling, the urge to question, is the first thing I look for in everyone. Some foolishness or other always convinces me, again and again, that every person has this feeling simply because he is human. This is my own special kind of unfairness.

3.

Noble and Common. To common, low-minded people, all noble and generous feelings seem to be against one's own interest, and for that reason, above all, they seem unbelievable. When such people hear of these things, they blink and look as if they want to say: "There must

be some gain in it somewhere. You can't see through every wall." They are suspicious of the noble person, as if he were trying to get some advantage by sneaky, back-door ways. When they are completely convinced that there is no selfish aim and no reward behind it, they see the noble person as a kind of fool. They look down on him for being happy, and they laugh at the shine in his eyes. "How can anyone be glad to lose out? How can anyone walk into a loss with his eyes open? Noble feeling must go along with some sickness of the mind." That is what they think, and they look down on it, just as they look down on the joy a madman gets from the one idea he is obsessed with. What marks the common nature is that it always keeps its own advantage firmly in sight. This thought about its goal and its gain is even stronger than its strongest urges. Not to let its urges tempt it into doing things that don't pay off: that is its wisdom and its pride. Compared to the common nature, the higher nature is less reasonable. The noble, generous and self-sacrificing person really does give in to his urges, and in his best moments his reason switches off completely. Think of an animal that protects its young at the risk of its own life, or that follows its mate in the mating season even when this leads to death. It does not think about the risk or about dying. Its reason also stops working, because its joy in its young or in its mate, and its fear of losing that joy, take it over completely. It becomes more stupid than usual, just like the noble and generous person. Such a person has feelings of pleasure and pain so strong that his mind must either fall silent before them or become their servant. His heart then moves into his head, and from then on people talk about "passions." (Now and then, of course, you find the opposite of this, a kind of "reverse of passion." One example is the French writer Fontenelle. Someone once put a hand on his heart and said, "What you have there, my dearest friend, is also brain.") What the common person looks down on in the noble person is the unreason, or twisted reason, of passion. He looks down on it especially when it is aimed at things

whose value seems to him completely imaginary and random. He disapproves of someone who gives in to the craving of his stomach, but at least he understands the temptation that is in charge there. What he does not understand is, for example, how someone could gamble with his health and his good name out of love for knowledge. The taste of the higher nature turns to unusual things, things that usually don't touch people and seem to hold no sweetness. The higher nature has its own peculiar way of measuring value. On top of that, it usually believes that it does not have a peculiar way of measuring value in its odd tastes. Instead, it treats what it values and what it rejects as if these were the values and non-values everyone should accept. And so it becomes impossible to understand and impossible to deal with. Only very rarely does a higher nature have enough extra reason to understand ordinary people as they are and to deal with them. Most of the time it believes that its own passion is the hidden passion of everyone, and it is exactly this belief that fills it with fire and makes it speak so powerfully. So if these exceptional people do not see themselves as exceptions, how could they ever understand common natures and judge average people fairly? That is why they, too, talk about how foolish, impractical and full of fantasy mankind is. They are amazed at the madness of the world, and amazed that it will not see "the one thing it needs." This is the never-ending unfairness of noble natures.

4.

What Keeps the Human Race Going. Up to now, the strongest and most evil minds have pushed humanity forward the most. They always lit the sleeping passions on fire again, because every neat, orderly society puts the passions to sleep. They always woke people up again to comparing things, to arguing, to enjoying what is new, risky and never tried before. They forced people to set one opinion

against another, one dream plan against another. They did this with weapons, by knocking over boundary stones, and most of all by breaking what people held sacred. But they also did it with new religions and new moral codes! Every teacher and preacher of something new has the same kind of "wickedness" in him that gives a conqueror a terrible name. It just shows itself in a more refined way, and it does not set muscles moving right away (and that is exactly why it does not give him such a terrible name!). Still, the new is always and in every case the evil, because it wants to conquer, because it tries to knock over the old boundary stones and the old sacred things. Only the old counts as the good! The good people of every age are the ones who dig down to the roots of old ideas and make them grow fruit. They are farmers of the mind. But every field gets worn out in the end, and then the plough of evil always has to come through once more. Right now there is a theory of morals that is badly wrong at its core, yet very much praised, especially in England. According to it, our judgments of "good" and "evil" are just a pile-up of experiences about what is "useful" and "not useful." By this theory, what we call good helps keep the human race alive, and what we call evil harms it. But in reality, the evil drives are just as useful, just as necessary, and just as important for keeping the human race alive as the good ones. It is only that they do a different job.

5.

Duties With No Exceptions. Some people feel they need the strongest words and tones of voice, the most moving gestures and poses, just to have any effect at all. Think of revolutionary politicians, socialists, and preachers who call people to repent, whether Christian or not. For all of these, a half-success is not enough. All of them talk about "duties," and always about duties that allow no exceptions. Without such duties, they would have no right to all their grand, emotional drama, and

they know that very well! So they grab hold of moral philosophies that preach some kind of absolute command, or they swallow a good chunk of religion, as Mazzini did, for example. They want people to trust them completely. So first they need to trust themselves completely. They base this on some final command that cannot be argued with, something lofty in itself, and they would love to feel and announce that they are its servants and tools. These are the most natural opponents of moral enlightenment and doubt, and usually very powerful ones. But they are rare. On the other hand, there is always a very large group of such opponents wherever self-interest teaches people to obey, while their reputation and sense of honour seem to forbid it. Picture someone who feels shamed by the thought of being the tool of a prince, or of a party or a sect, or even of rich and powerful people. Say he is the descendant of a proud, old family. Yet he wants to be exactly that tool, or he has to be one, both in his own eyes and in front of the public. A person like that needs grand, emotional principles that he can point to at any time: principles of an absolute "you must," which he can bow to without shame, and which let him show the world that he bows. Every more refined kind of servant-like behaviour clings tightly to the absolute command. It is the deadly enemy of anyone who wants to take away the no-exceptions nature of duty. Good manners demand this of them, and not only good manners.

6.

Lost Dignity. Deep thinking has lost all the dignity it used to show on the outside. The formal, solemn manner of a thoughtful person has become a joke, and nobody would put up with an old-style wise man anymore. We think too quickly, on the go, while walking, and in the middle of all kinds of business, even when we are thinking about the most serious things. We need little preparation, and even little quiet.

It is as if each of us carried a machine in his head that never stops turning, and keeps working even in the worst conditions. In the past, you could see it in a person when, on some occasion, he wanted to think. Maybe that was the exception! You could see that he now wanted to become wiser and was gathering his mind around one thought. He put on a serious face for it, as if for a prayer, and stopped walking. In fact, he would stand still for hours in the street when the thought "came," whether he was standing on one leg or on two. That was how to be "worthy of the matter"!

7.

Something for Hard Workers. Anyone today who wants to make moral questions a subject of study has a huge amount of work ahead of them. Every kind of passion has to be thought about one at a time. Each one has to be followed on its own through different periods of history, through different peoples, and through great people and unimportant people alike. All the reasoning behind these passions, all the ways they judge and explain things, should be brought out into the light! Up to now, everything that has given color to life has had no history written about it. Where would you find a history of love, of greed, of envy, of conscience, of religious devotion, of cruelty? Even a history that compares laws across times and places, or punishments, has been completely missing so far. Has anyone ever studied the different ways the day is divided up, or what happens when fixed times are set for work, for celebration, and for rest? Do we know what effects different foods have on morals? Is there a philosophy of eating? (The endless arguing for and against vegetarianism proves that there is no such philosophy yet!) Has anyone gathered together what people have learned from living in communities, for example in monasteries? Has anyone laid out the back-and-forth logic of marriage and of friendship? The habits of scholars, of shopkeepers, of artists, and of

workers who make things with their hands—have any thinkers looked at them yet? There is so much to think about here! Everything that has been thought of until now as the "conditions of life" for human beings, and all the reason, passion, and superstition mixed into that thinking—has it been studied all the way to the end? Just watching the different levels of development that human urges have reached, and could still reach, under different moral climates would give too much work to even the hardest worker. Whole generations of scholars, working together one after another, would be needed to use up all the points of view and all the material this offers. The same goes for figuring out why moral climates differ in the first place. As one might ask: "Why does this sun of a basic moral judgment and highest standard of value shine here—and that other sun over there?" And then there is yet another new task: showing that all these reasons are mistaken, and working out the whole basic nature of the moral judgments people have made until now. Suppose all this work were finished. Then the most important question of all would step to the front: whether science is able to give people goals to act for, now that it has proved it can take goals away and destroy them. And then the time would come for a great process of experimenting, in which every kind of heroism could find satisfaction. It would be an experiment lasting for centuries, one that would make all the great efforts and sacrifices of past history look small. Science has not yet built its giant structures, like the huge walls the ancients said were built by the one-eyed giants called Cyclopes. But the time will come for that too.

8.

Virtues We Don't Know We Have. All the qualities a person is aware of in himself—especially when he assumes that the people around him can see them clearly too—grow and develop by completely different rules than the qualities he doesn't know about, or only half knows

about. Those hidden qualities are so delicate that they can hide even from the sharpest observer, as if they were hiding behind nothing at all. It is like the fine, delicate carvings on the scales of reptiles. It would be a mistake to think those patterns are there for decoration or for protection, because you can only see them with a microscope. In other words, you can only see them with an eye made artificially stronger, able to see far more than other similar animals can—and those animals are the only ones for whom the patterns might have been meant as decoration or protection! Our moral qualities that can be seen, and especially the moral qualities we believe can be seen, go their own way. And our invisible qualities that have the same names, which neither decorate us nor protect us in front of others, also go their own way. It is probably a completely different way, with lines and fine details and carvings that might perhaps please a God who had a divine microscope. For example, we have our hard work, our ambition, our sharpness of mind, and the whole world knows about them. But besides those, we probably also have, once again, our own hard work, our own ambition, our own sharpness of mind. And for these—our reptile scales—the microscope has not been invented yet! And here the people who believe in morality by instinct will say: "Bravo! At least he thinks unconscious virtues are possible—that's enough for us!" Oh, you creatures who are so easily satisfied!

9.

Our Eruptions. Countless things that humanity picked up in its early stages—but so weakly, in such an unformed, early state, that nobody could notice they had been picked up—suddenly burst out into the light much later, maybe after centuries have passed. In the meantime they have grown strong and fully developed. In some ages, this or that talent, or this or that virtue, seems to be completely missing, just as it is missing in some people. But let us just wait for the grandchildren

and the great-grandchildren, if we have time to wait. They bring their grandfathers' inner selves out into the sunlight—an inner self that the grandfathers themselves knew nothing about. In fact, the son often gives away his father's secrets; the father understands himself better once he has a son. We all have hidden gardens and plants growing inside us. Or, to use another picture, we are all volcanoes that are still growing, and each of us will have our hour of eruption. How near or how far away that is, nobody knows, of course—not even the good Lord.

10.

A Kind of Throwback. When I think about the rare people of any age, I like best to see them as new shoots that suddenly spring up from old cultures. They show how strong those past cultures still are. It is like a whole people and its civilisation throwing back to its ancestors. So there is still something in such people worth thinking about! Today they seem strange, rare and extraordinary. Whoever feels these forces inside himself has to look after them while facing a different world that pushes against him. He has to defend them, honour them, and raise them until they are fully grown. By doing this he either becomes a great man, or a disturbed and odd person, unless he simply breaks down early on. In the past, these rare qualities were normal, and so people thought of them as ordinary. They did not make anyone stand out. Maybe people even expected and took them for granted. Nobody could become great by having them, but then again, nobody was in danger of going mad and ending up alone because of them. Such leftover effects of old instincts show up mainly in the old, long-established families and social classes of a people. But where races, habits and values change too fast, a throwback like this is unlikely. The speed at which forces develop in a people matters just as much as tempo does in music. In our case, development has to move slowly, at

a walking pace, like the tempo of a spirit that is both passionate and slow. And the spirit of families that hold on to their traditions is certainly of that kind.

11.

Consciousness. Consciousness is the last and newest thing that living beings have developed. Because of that, it is also the most unfinished and the weakest of all these developments. Countless mistakes come from consciousness. As Homer puts it, "in spite of fate," these mistakes make an animal or a person break down sooner than they needed to. Our instincts work like a strong bond that keeps us alive. If that bond were not far more powerful than consciousness, it could not usually keep things in check. Then humanity would surely have collapsed, through bad judgement, through daydreaming with open eyes, through shallowness and believing things too easily, in short, through consciousness itself. Or rather, without the instincts, there would have been no humanity left long ago! Before any ability is fully formed and grown up, it is a danger to the body that has it. So it is all the better if, at that stage, it is kept firmly under control, like a subject under a tyrant! And consciousness is kept firmly under control in this way, not least by our pride in it! People think that consciousness is the very core of being human, the part of us that is lasting, eternal, final and most original! Consciousness is treated as something fixed, a set amount that is simply given! People deny that it grows or that it sometimes stops and starts! They take it to be the "unity of the body"! This silly overrating and misunderstanding of consciousness has turned out to be very useful. It has prevented consciousness from maturing too quickly. Because people believed they already had consciousness, they made very little effort to gain it, and even now things are no different! There is a completely new problem that is only just starting to dawn on human eyes, and it can hardly be seen clearly yet.

The problem is this: how to take knowledge into ourselves, into our very bodies, and make it instinctive. Only those people can see this problem who have understood that, until now, only our mistakes have become part of us, and that all our consciousness is tied to mistakes!

12.

The Goal of Science. What? The final goal of science is to give people as much pleasure as possible and as little pain as possible? But what if pleasure and pain are so closely tied together that whoever wants the greatest possible amount of one must also have the greatest possible amount of the other? What if whoever wants to feel "joy as high as heaven" must also be ready to be "sad enough to die"? And perhaps that is just how it is! The Stoics, at least, believed it was. And they were consistent when they chose to have as little pleasure as possible, so that life would give them as little pain as possible. (When someone uses the saying, "The good man is the happiest," it serves two purposes. It is a sign hung outside the school to attract ordinary people, and it is also a clever bit of hair-splitting for clever people.) Today, too, you still have a choice. You can pick the least possible pain, in short, no pain at all. And after all, socialists and politicians of every party could not honestly promise their people anything more than that. Or you can pick the greatest possible amount of pain, as the price for growing a rich wealth of fine pleasures and delights that have rarely been tasted before! If you choose the first, if you want to press down and shrink people's ability to feel pain, then fine, but you must also press down and shrink their ability to feel joy. In fact, science can help us reach either goal! Maybe so far science is best known for its power to take joy away from people, and to make them colder, stiffer like statues, and more Stoic. But it might also turn out to be the great bringer of pain! And then, perhaps, at the same time, its opposite

sun | *Intelligent Audio*



sunapp.ai/download

power would be discovered: its huge ability to make whole new worlds of joy shine out, like new stars in the sky!

13.

The Theory of the Feeling of Power. We use our power over other people either by doing them good or by doing them harm. That is all we really care about! We do harm to those on whom we need to make our power felt. That is because pain is a much sharper tool for this than pleasure. Pain always asks what caused it, while pleasure tends to stay wrapped up in itself and does not look back. We do good, and we are kind, to those who already depend on us in some way, that is, to people who are used to thinking of us as their reason for existing. We want to increase their power, because by doing so we increase our own. Or we want to show them how much they gain from being under our power. That way they become more satisfied with their place, more hostile to the enemies of our power, and more ready to fight them. If we make sacrifices while doing good or doing harm, that does not change the final worth of what we do. Even if we risk our lives for a cause, as martyrs do for their church, it is still a sacrifice made to our own hunger for power, or a way of holding on to our feeling of power. Think of someone in this situation who feels that he "owns the truth." How many things he is willing to give up just to keep that feeling! How much he will throw overboard, like cargo from a ship, just to keep himself "up," which really means above all the others who do not have the "truth"! It is true that the state we are in when we do harm is rarely as pleasant, as purely pleasant, as the state we are in when we are kind. Doing harm is a sign that we still do not have enough power, or it shows that we are in a bad mood about this lack in ourselves. It brings new dangers and doubts about the power we already have. It darkens our view of the future, like clouds on the horizon, with the threat of revenge, scorn, punishment and failure.

Perhaps only those who are most sensitive to the feeling of power, and most hungry for it, will prefer to stamp their power, like a seal pressed into wax, on someone who fights back. These are people who find it a burden and a bore to look at someone who has already been beaten and is now just there to receive their kindness. It comes down to how a person is used to flavouring his life, the way you season food. It is a matter of taste whether someone prefers to gain power slowly or suddenly, safely or in a risky and daring way. He always looks for one flavour or the other, depending on his personality. To proud people, an easy prize is something to look down on. They only get a pleasant feeling when they see people whose spirit is unbroken, people who could become their enemies. In the same way, they enjoy seeing anything that is hard to get. They are often harsh toward someone who is suffering, because that person is not worth their effort or their pride. But they are all the more polite toward their equals, since any fight or struggle with them would be full of honour, if a chance for one should ever come up. It was while enjoying the pleasant feelings of this point of view that the knights of old got used to treating each other with very fine politeness. Pity is the most pleasant feeling for those who do not have much pride and have no hope of great conquests. For them, an easy prize, and that is exactly what every sufferer is, is something delightful. People say that pity is the virtue of the woman of easy morals.

14.

What We Call Love. The greed to own things, and love: think how differently we feel about these two ideas! And yet they might be the same urge, just given two names. In one case, the urge is looked down on. That is the view of people who already own things. In them the urge has calmed down a bit, and now they are worried about keeping their "property" safe. In the other case, the urge is seen through the

eyes of people who are not satisfied and are still thirsty for more, and so they praise it as "good." Our love of our neighbour: isn't that just reaching for new property? And isn't the same true of our love of knowledge and of truth, and of all our hunger for new things in general? Little by little we get tired of the old things, the things we already safely own, and we reach out our hands again. Even the most beautiful landscape we live in for three months can no longer be sure of our love, and some faraway coast starts to stir up our greed. Most of the time, a thing we own seems to shrink just because we own it. Our pleasure in ourselves tries to keep itself going by always turning something new into part of ourselves. That is exactly what owning is. To grow tired of something we own is to grow tired of ourselves. (You can also suffer from having too much. Then even the wish to throw things away, or to share them out, can be given the honourable name of "love.") When we see someone suffering, we gladly use the chance it gives us to take hold of that person. The kind, caring person does this, for example. He also calls the new wish to own that wakes up in him "love," and he enjoys it, as if a new prize had just offered itself to him. But the love between the sexes shows most clearly that it is a drive to own. The lover wants complete, total ownership of the person he longs for, and to own her all by himself. He wants just as much power over her soul as over her body. He wants to be the only one she loves, and to live and rule inside her soul as the highest and most desired thing there. Think about what this means. It means shutting out the whole rest of the world from a precious thing, from a happiness and a pleasure. Think about how the lover aims to leave all his rivals poor and empty-handed, and would like to be the dragon guarding his pile of gold, the most thoughtless and selfish of all "conquerors" and users of others. And think, finally, how to the lover the whole rest of the world seems dull, colourless and worthless, and how he is ready to make any sacrifice, upset any plan, and put every other interest behind his own. When you think about all this, you are truly

surprised that this fierce greed to own, this unfairness of sexual love, has been praised and even worshipped like a god so much, in every age. You are surprised that people even drew from this love the idea that love is the opposite of selfishness, when it may be exactly the purest, most open form of selfishness. Clearly, the people who did not own and who still longed for things are the ones who decided how words are used. And of course there were always too many of them. It's true that people who were lucky enough to own a lot and to have their fill have now and then said something about love as a "raging demon." One example is Sophocles, the most lovable and most loved of all the people of Athens. But Eros, the god of love, always laughed at people who insulted him like this. They were always his very favourites. Of course, here and there on this earth there is a kind of next step after love. In it, the greedy longing of two people for each other has given way to a new desire, a new hunger: a shared, higher thirst for an ideal that stands above them both. But who knows this kind of love? Who has ever felt it? Its true name is friendship.

15.

Seen from Far Away. This mountain makes the whole area around it charming in every way and full of meaning. After we have told ourselves this for the hundredth time, we feel so grateful to the mountain, and so unreasonably fond of it, as the giver of all this charm, that we imagine it must be the most charming thing in the whole area. And so we climb it, and find out we were wrong. Suddenly the mountain itself, and the whole landscape around us and below us, seems to lose its magic. We had forgotten that a lot of greatness, like a lot of goodness, only wants to be seen from a certain distance, and only from below, never from above. Only that way does it have its effect. Maybe you know people near you who can only stand themselves, or find themselves attractive and lively, when they

look at themselves from a certain distance. Such people should be talked out of trying to know themselves.

16.

Across the Plank. When you deal with people who are ashamed of their feelings, you have to be able to hide what you really think. They suddenly turn against anyone who catches them in a moment of tender feeling, or of excited, overflowing emotion, as if that person had seen their secrets. If you want to be kind to them in such moments, you should make them laugh, or say something cool, playful and a bit wicked. That makes their feeling freeze over, and they are in control of themselves again. But I am giving you the lesson before the story. Once upon a time, our lives brought us so close together that nothing more seemed to stand in the way of our friendship and our being like brothers. There was only a small plank between us. Just as you were about to step onto it, I asked you: "Do you want to come across the plank to me?" But then you did not want to come anymore. And when I begged you again, you said nothing. Since then, mountains and rushing rivers, and everything else that separates people and makes them strangers, have come between us. Even if we wanted to reach each other now, we no longer could! But now, when you remember that small plank, you have no words left, only sobs and wonder.

17.

Giving Poverty a Reason. It's true that no trick can turn a poor, thin virtue into a rich, overflowing one. But we can explain its poverty in a graceful way, as something that had to be, so that looking at it no longer hurts us, and we don't pull angry faces at fate because of it. This is what a wise gardener does. He takes the tiny trickle of water in his garden and lets it flow from the arms of a statue of a fountain

nymph, and in that way he gives the poverty a reason. And who wouldn't need the nymphs, just like him!

18.

Ancient Pride. We no longer have the old flavor of nobility, because the old idea of the slave is missing from our feelings. A Greek born into a noble family felt that there were huge steps in between, and an enormous distance, separating his high position from the lowest level of all, the slave. The gap was so great that he could hardly even see the slave clearly. Even Plato no longer fully saw him. It is different for us. We are used to the teaching that all people are equal, even though we are not used to actual equality. A person who is not free to decide for himself and who has no free time is not something we look down on. Maybe there is too much of that kind of slavery in each of us, because of the way our society is set up and the way we work, which is completely different from how the ancients lived. The Greek philosopher went through life with a secret feeling that there were far more slaves than people thought. In other words, he felt that anyone who was not a philosopher was a slave. His pride swelled when he thought that even the most powerful people on earth had to be seen as slaves in this way. This kind of pride is also strange to us, and we could not feel it. For us, the word "slave" does not have its full weight, not even when we use it as a comparison.

19.

Evil. Look closely at the lives of the best and most creative people and nations. Then ask yourselves this. Can a tree that is meant to grow tall and proud toward the sky do without bad weather and storms? Isn't it true that dislike and resistance from the outside, and every kind of hatred, jealousy, stubbornness, distrust, harshness, greed and violence, are actually among the helpful conditions? Without them,

great growth, even growth in goodness, is hardly possible. The same poison that destroys a weaker person makes a strong person stronger. And the strong person does not even call it poison.

20.

The Dignity of Foolishness. Imagine going several thousand years further down the road that the last century started on! By then, people will act with the greatest care and good sense in everything they do. But for exactly that reason, good sense will have lost all its dignity. Of course, it will still be necessary to be sensible. But it will also be so normal and ordinary that people with more refined taste will feel this need as something cheap and common. And just as a world ruled by truth and science could make lying seem more valuable, a world ruled by good sense could bring a new kind of nobility into the spotlight. Being noble might then mean, perhaps, being able to do foolish things.

21.

To the Teachers of Unselfishness. We call a person's virtues "good." But we don't call them good because of what they do for that person. We call them good because of what we expect them to do for us and for society. So, all along, there has been very little unselfishness, very little "non-selfishness," in the way we praise virtues! If it were otherwise, people would surely have noticed something. Virtues like hard work, obedience, sexual purity, religious devotion and fairness are mostly harmful to the people who have them. That is because they are urges that rule inside a person too strongly and too fiercely. They don't want reason to keep them in balance with the person's other urges. If you have a virtue, a real, complete virtue (and not just some kind of leaning toward virtue!), then you are its victim! But that is exactly why your neighbour praises your virtue! People praise the

hard-working man even though his hard work damages his eyesight, or ruins the originality and freshness of his mind. People honour and mourn the young man who has "worn himself out with work." They do this because they have decided: "For society as a whole, losing even its best member is only a small sacrifice! It's a shame that this sacrifice has to happen! But it would be a much bigger shame if the person thought differently, and believed that keeping himself alive and growing was more important than his work in the service of society!" So people feel sorry about this young man, but not for his own sake. They feel sorry because society has lost a devoted tool, someone who didn't care about himself, a so-called "good man." Maybe people go on to ask whether it would have been better for society if he had worked with a little more care for himself and had lasted longer. In fact, they easily admit that this would have been an advantage. But they value another advantage as higher and longer-lasting: the fact that a sacrifice has been made, and that the attitude of the sacrificial animal has once again been openly approved. So when people praise the virtues, they are praising two things. On one side, they praise the way the virtues turn people into tools. On the other side, they praise the blind, ruling urge inside every virtue, the urge that refuses to be held back by what is good for the person as a whole. In short, what gets praised is the lack of reason in the virtues. Because of that lack of reason, a person lets himself be turned into just one working part of the whole. To praise the virtues is to praise something that harms the individual privately. It is to praise urges that rob a person of his noblest self-love, and of the power to take the best possible care of himself. Of course, when people teach virtuous habits and try to make them part of someone's life, they show off a whole set of results of virtue. These results make it look as if virtue and personal benefit go closely together. And there really is such a connection! Take blind, frantic hard work, for example. It is the typical virtue of a tool. People present it as the road to wealth and honour, and as the best cure for

boredom and for strong passions. But they keep quiet about its danger, its very great danger. Education works this way all through. Through a series of lures and rewards, it tries to push a person into a certain way of thinking and acting. Once that way becomes a habit, an urge and a passion, it rules inside him and over him. It works against what is truly best for him in the end, but it works "for the common good." How often I see that blind, frantic hard work really does bring wealth and honour. But at the same time it takes away the fine sensitivity of the senses, and only that sensitivity makes it possible to enjoy wealth and honour at all. So the main tool for fighting boredom and passion ends up dulling the senses, and it makes the mind stubborn and closed to new excitements! (Our age is the busiest of all ages. And yet it doesn't know how to make anything out of all its hard work and wealth, except more and more wealth and more and more hard work. It actually takes more genius to spend wealth well than to earn it! Well, we'll see what our "grandchildren" do!) If education succeeds, every virtue a person has becomes useful to the public, and a loss to that person when it comes to his own highest goal. The result is probably some stunting of his mind and his sense of beauty, or even an early death. One should look at the virtues of obedience, sexual purity, religious devotion and fairness one after another from this same point of view. Think about the praise given to the unselfish, self-sacrificing, virtuous person. He is the one who does not spend all his energy and reason on keeping himself alive, growing, rising higher, moving himself forward and increasing his power. Instead, he lives modestly and without thinking about himself, maybe even with indifference or a kind of mocking attitude toward himself. This praise, at any rate, did not come from a spirit of unselfishness! The "neighbour" praises unselfishness because he gains from it! If the neighbour were really "unselfish" himself, he would refuse this destruction of another person's power, this harm done for his own benefit. He would stop such tendencies before they even started. And above all, he would

show his unselfishness precisely by not giving it a good name! Here we can see the basic contradiction in the kind of morality that is so highly honoured right now: the reasons behind this morality go against its own main principle! The very thing this morality uses to prove itself is what disproves it, by its own standard of what is moral! Take the rule, "You must give yourself up and offer yourself as a sacrifice." To avoid contradicting its own morality, this rule could only be ordered by a being who gave up his own advantage by doing so. Such a being might even bring about his own destruction through the self-sacrifice he demanded from individuals. But as soon as the neighbour (or society) recommended putting others first because it was useful, the exact opposite rule came into use: "You must seek your own advantage, even at the cost of everyone else." So "you must" and "you must not" are preached in the same breath!

22.

The King's Schedule for the Day. The day is starting. Let us begin planning today's business and parties for our most gracious lord, who is still happily asleep right now. His Majesty has bad weather today. We will be careful not to call it bad. We will not talk about the weather at all. But we will handle today's business with a bit more ceremony than usual, and make the parties a bit more festive than they would otherwise need to be. His Majesty may even be ill. If so, at breakfast we will give him the latest good news from last night: Monsieur Montaigne has arrived, the man who knows how to joke so cheerfully about his own illness. He suffers from kidney stones. We will receive several persons. (Persons! What would that puffed-up old frog, who will be one of them, say if he heard that word? "I am no person," he would say, "I am always the thing itself.") And the reception will go on longer than anyone would like. That is a good enough reason to tell the story of the poet who wrote above his door: "Who-

ever comes in here does me an honour; whoever does not does me a favour." Now that really is saying something rude in a polite way! And maybe this poet has every right to be rude. People say his poems are better than the poet himself. Well, let him go on writing lots of them, and keep away from the world as much as he can. That, surely, is the meaning of his well-mannered rudeness! A prince, on the other hand, is always worth more than his "verse," even when... but what are we doing? We are gossiping, and the whole court thinks we have already been working hard and racking our brains. No light can be seen anywhere earlier than the one burning in our window. Listen! Wasn't that the bell? Oh, the devil! The day and the dance are starting, and we don't know our steps! So we will have to make it up as we go. Everyone in the world makes up their day as they go. Today, just this once, let us do what everyone else does! And with that, my wonderful morning dream disappeared, probably because of the loud strokes of the tower clock, which just then struck five o'clock with all the self-importance that clocks like that have. It seems to me that this time the god of dreams wanted to make fun of my habits. It is my habit to start the day by planning it carefully, so that it will be bearable for me. And it may be that I have often done this too formally, too much like a prince.

23.

The Signs of Corruption.—Let us look at the following signs of a certain state of society, a state that becomes necessary from time to time and that people call "corruption." As soon as corruption shows up anywhere, a colorful mix of superstition takes over. Next to it, the belief that a whole people used to share becomes pale and powerless. That is because superstition is a kind of second-rate free thinking. A person who gives himself over to it picks out certain rituals and sayings that he likes, and he allows himself the right to choose.

Compared with the religious man, the superstitious man is always much more of a "person," an individual. A superstitious society will be one with many individuals in it, and with a love of being an individual. Seen this way, superstition always looks like a step forward compared with belief. It is a sign that the mind is becoming more independent and is demanding its rights. The people who honor the old religion and the religious way of feeling then complain about corruption. Until now, they have also been the ones who decided how words are used, and they have given superstition a bad name, even among the freest thinkers. Let us learn that superstition is actually a sign of enlightenment.—Second, a society where corruption takes hold is blamed for being soft and weak. In such a society, people clearly value war less and enjoy it less. They now chase the comforts of life just as eagerly as they used to chase military glory and athletic honors. But people usually overlook something. The old energy and passion of the nation, which once shone so splendidly in war and in knightly contests, has now moved into countless private passions. It has only become harder to see. In fact, in times of "corruption," the amount and quality of the energy a people spends is probably greater than ever. Each person spends it freely, much more than was possible before. Back then, he was not rich enough to do so! And so it is exactly in times of "softness" that tragedy runs wild, both in public and at home. It is then that burning love and burning hatred are born, and the flame of knowledge shoots up toward the sky in a full blaze.—Third, as if to make up for the charges of superstition and softness, people usually say that such times of corruption are gentler. They say cruelty has gone down a lot compared with the older, more believing, and stronger times. But I can agree with this praise just as little as with that blame. I will only grant this much: cruelty now becomes more refined, and its older forms no longer suit people's taste. But hurting and torturing others with words and looks reaches its highest point in times of corruption. Only now is real wickedness created,

along with the enjoyment of wickedness. The people of a corrupt age are clever and love to spread slander. They know that there are other ways to murder someone besides the dagger and the ambush. They also know that anything that is well said gets believed.—Fourth, it is when "morals decay" that the beings we call tyrants first appear. They are the forerunners of the individual, like the first fruits that ripen early. Wait just a little longer, and this finest of all fruits will hang ripe and yellow on the tree of a people. And the tree existed only for the sake of such fruit! When the decay has reached its worst, and so has the fighting among all kinds of tyrants, there always comes a Caesar, the final tyrant. He ends the worn-out struggle for power by making that very exhaustion work for him. In his time, the individual is usually at his most mature, and so "culture" is at its highest and most fruitful. But this is not because of him or thanks to him, even though the most cultured people like to flatter their Caesar by pretending that they are his creation. The truth is that they need peace on the outside because on the inside they are restless and hard at work. In these times, bribery and betrayal are at their peak. This is because love of the self, which is only then discovered, is much stronger than love of the old, worn-out, overused "fatherland." And the need to protect oneself somehow against the terrible ups and downs of fortune opens even the nobler hands as soon as a richer and more powerful person is ready to put gold into them. There is so little certainty about the future then that people live only for the day. This state of mind makes it easy for every cheat to play his game. Of course, people only let themselves be misled and bribed "for now," and they keep the future and their virtue for themselves. As everyone knows, individuals, the people who live only for themselves, plan for the moment more than their opposites do, the people who live in groups like a herd. That is because individuals think of themselves as just as unpredictable as the future. In the same way, they gladly attach themselves to dictators. They believe they are capable of actions and

tricks that the masses will never understand or approve of. But the tyrant, or the Caesar, understands the rights of the individual even when the individual goes too far. He has an interest in speaking up for a bolder private morality, and even in lending it a hand. For he thinks of himself, and wants others to think of him, in the way Napoleon once put it in his classic style: "I have the right to answer everything people complain about me with an eternal 'This is how I am.' I stand apart from the whole world. I accept conditions from no one. I want people to go along with my whims too, and to treat it as a simple matter if I allow myself this or that amusement." That is what Napoleon once said to his wife when she had reasons to doubt that her husband was faithful.—Times of corruption are the seasons when the apples fall from the tree. By apples I mean the individuals: the ones who carry the seeds of the future, the pioneers who will settle new lands of the mind and build new kinds of national and social unions. "Corruption" is just an insulting name for a people's harvest time.

24.

Different Kinds of Unhappiness. — Some unhappy people are weak and, you might say, feminine. They have a talent for making life more beautiful and deeper. Other unhappy people are strong — the masculine ones, to keep using the same comparison — and they have a talent for making life better and safer. The first kind show their weakness and their feminine nature in several ways. They are happy to let themselves be fooled for a while. Now and then they may even settle for a little rapture and excitement. But on the whole they can never be satisfied, and they suffer because their unhappiness cannot be cured. On top of that, they support anyone who can cook up comforts that work like painkillers and sleeping drugs. For that very reason, they dislike people who think more of the doctor than of the priest. In this way they help real suffering to keep going! Yet if Europe had not had

more than enough unhappy people of this kind ever since the Middle Ages, then the remarkable ability of Europeans to keep changing and remaking themselves might never have come about at all. That is because the demands of the strong unhappy people are too crude, and really too modest, to hold out forever; in the end they can be calmed down. China is an example of a country where unhappiness on a large scale, and the ability to change, have been dead for many centuries. And the Socialists of Europe, and the people who worship the state, could easily bring things to the same Chinese condition and to a Chinese kind of "happiness" with their plans for making life better and safer. But first they would have to wipe out the sicklier, gentler, more feminine unhappiness and the Romanticism that are still very common among us. Europe is like a sick woman who owes her greatest thanks to the fact that she cannot be cured, and that her sufferings keep changing forever. These constant new situations, and these just as constant new dangers, pains, and makeshift fixes, have finally produced a sharpness and sensitivity of mind that is almost as good as genius — and in any case, it is the mother of all genius.

25.

Not Made for Knowledge. — There is a kind of half-blind humility that is not rare at all. When someone suffers from it, he is, once and for all, unfit to be a student of knowledge. This is what it looks like: the moment a man like this notices something striking, he turns on his heel, so to speak, and says to himself: "You've fooled yourself! Where was your head? This can't be true!" And then, instead of looking at it and listening to it more carefully, he gets out of its way as if he were scared, and tries to put it out of his mind as fast as he can. Because his basic rule goes like this: "I don't want to see anything that goes against the usual opinion about things! Was I made for discovering new truths? There are already too many of the old ones."

26.

What Is Living? — Living means constantly getting rid of whatever in us is about to die. Living means being cruel and merciless toward everything that becomes weak and old in us — and not only in us. So does living mean having no respect or tenderness for the dying, the miserable, and the old? Does it mean being a murderer all the time? — And yet old Moses said: "You shall not kill!"

27.

The Person Who Gives Things Up. — What does the person who gives things up actually do? He is reaching for a higher world. He wants to fly longer, farther, and higher than all the people who say yes to things. He throws away many things that would weigh down his flight, and some of them are not worthless, and are not unpleasant to him. He sacrifices them to his wish to rise higher. Now, this sacrificing, this throwing away, is exactly the part of him that people can see. That is why we call him the self-denier, and that is how he appears in front of us: wrapped in his monk's hood, like the very spirit of a rough penance shirt. But he is quite happy with this impression he makes on us. He wants to keep hidden from us his desire, his pride, and his plan to fly above us. — Yes! He is wiser than we thought, and so polite toward us — this yes-sayer! Because that is what he really is, just like us, even while he is giving things up.

28.

Doing Harm with Our Best Qualities. — Sometimes our strengths push us so far ahead that we can no longer stand our weaknesses, and we are destroyed by them. Maybe we even see this coming, and still we don't want it to be any other way. Then we become hard toward the parts of ourselves that would like to be spared, and our lack of

mercy is also our greatness. An experience like this, which in the end must cost us our life, is a picture of how great people affect others and their whole age. It is precisely with their best abilities — with what only they can do — that they destroy much that is weak, unsure, still growing, and still wanting. And in that way they do harm. In fact, it can happen that, all in all, they do nothing but harm. That is because their best is taken up, and gulped down so to speak, only by people who lose their good sense and their selfishness from it, as if from a drink that is too strong. These people get so drunk that they go breaking their arms and legs on all the wrong roads their drunkenness drives them down.

29.

Liars After the Fact. — In France, when people began to attack Aristotle's rule of unity in drama — and so others began to defend it — something could be seen once again that has been seen many times, though people never like to see it. People made up false reasons for themselves to explain why those rules ought to exist. They did this only so they would not have to admit to themselves that they had simply gotten used to those rules being in charge, and no longer wanted things to be different. And people do the same with every morality and religion that is in power, and they always have. The reasons and purposes behind a habit are only sneaked in later, when people start to attack the habit and ask for reasons and purposes. This is where the great dishonesty of conservatives in every age is hiding: they are liars after the fact.

30.

The Act Put On by Famous People. Famous people who actually need their fame, like all politicians, for example, no longer pick their friends and companions without a hidden motive. From one person

they want a share of the shine that his good qualities give off, like light reflected onto them. From another they want the scary power of certain shady traits he has, which everyone knows about. From yet another they borrow his reputation for being lazy and lying around in the sun, because it suits their own plans to look careless and idle for a while. That hides the fact that they are actually lying in wait, ready to pounce. They use the dreamers around them one moment, then the experts, then the deep thinkers, then the fussy know-it-alls, as if these people were their own real selves for the time being. But very soon they don't need them anymore! So the people around them, the outer shell of their lives, keep dying off, and yet everyone seems to push their way into that circle and wants to become one of its "characters." In this way they are like big cities. Their reputation keeps changing all the time, just like their character, because their changing tactics demand it. They show off, and put on display, sometimes this quality and sometimes that one, whether real or made up, as if on a stage. Their friends and companions, as we said, are part of these stage props. On the other hand, the goal they are aiming at has to stay all the more fixed, polished and shining in the distance. And even that sometimes needs its own act and its own theater.

31.

Trade and Nobility. Buying and selling is now seen as something ordinary, like knowing how to read and write. Everyone is now trained in it, even if he isn't a merchant, and he practices it every day. It's just like long ago, in the time of uncivilized people, when everyone was a hunter and practiced hunting day after day. Back then, hunting was something common. But in the end it became a special right of the powerful and the noble, and so it stopped being common and ordinary. It stopped being necessary and became a matter of taste and luxury. The same thing might happen to buying and selling one day. We

can imagine societies where there is no buying and selling, and where the need for this skill disappears completely. Then perhaps some individuals, who are less bound by the rules of how things generally work, will take up buying and selling as a luxury of feeling, something done for pleasure. Only then would trade become noble. And noble people might then busy themselves with trade just as gladly as they have so far busied themselves with war and politics. Meanwhile, how people value politics might have changed completely. Even now, politics is no longer seen as the proper business of a gentleman. And it's possible that one day it will be thought so low and cheap that it will be filed, like all party writing and newspaper writing, under the heading: "Selling out the mind."

32.

Unwanted Students. "What am I going to do with these two young men!" a philosopher cried out gloomily. He was someone who "corrupted" young people, the way Socrates was once accused of doing. "They are students I don't want. One of them can't say 'No,' and the other says 'Half and half' to everything. If they did understand my teaching, the first one would suffer too much. My way of thinking needs a fighting spirit, a willingness to cause pain, a joy in saying no, and a thick skin. He would collapse from open wounds and injuries on the inside. And the second one would pick the middle-of-the-road, average version of everything he stands for, and so turn the whole thing into something average. I'd like my enemy to have a student like that."

33.

Outside the Classroom. Someone says: "To prove that humans really are, after all, good-natured animals, let me remind you how gullible they have been for such a long time. Only now, very late, and after a

huge victory over themselves, have humans become distrustful animals. Yes! Humans are now more wicked than ever." The other person answers: "I don't understand. Why should humans now be more distrustful and more wicked?" And the first replies: "Because they now have science. Because they need to have it!"

34.

Hidden History. Every great person has a power that works backward in time. Because of him, all of history gets weighed again on the scales, and a thousand secrets of the past crawl out of their hiding places into his sunlight, the light he brings. There is no telling at all what history might turn out to be one day. Maybe the past is still undiscovered at its core! So many more of these backward-working powers are still needed!

35.

Heresy and Witchcraft. Thinking differently from what is normal is not so much the work of a better mind as the work of strong, wicked urges. These are urges that split things apart, cut people off, resist and rebel, love to make trouble, and enjoy doing harm. Heresy, which means going against the official beliefs, is the twin of witchcraft. And it is certainly just as far from being a simple, harmless thing, or something that deserves honor in itself. Heretics and sorcerers are two kinds of bad people. What they have in common is that they also feel wicked themselves. Their joy, which nothing can stop, is to attack and hurt whatever is in charge, whether that is people or opinions. The Reformation was a sort of second run of the spirit of the Middle Ages, at a time when that spirit no longer had a clear conscience. It produced both of these kinds of people in huge numbers.

36.

Last Words. You'll remember that the Emperor Augustus, that frightening man, who had such complete control over himself and could keep quiet as well as any wise Socrates, let slip something about himself in his last words. For the first time he dropped his mask. He hinted that he had been wearing a mask all along and putting on a show. He had played the part of the father of his country, and of wisdom on the throne, so well that people believed it was real! He said, in Latin: "Applaud, friends, the comedy is over!" The thought of the dying Nero, "What an artist dies with me!", was also the thought of the dying Augustus: an actor's vanity! An actor's chatter! And the exact opposite of the dying Socrates! But Tiberius died in silence. He was the most tormented of all people who tormented themselves. He was genuine, and not an actor! What might have gone through his head at the end? Perhaps this: "Life is one long death. I'm a fool for cutting short the lives of so many people! Was I made to be someone who does good to others? I should have given them eternal life, and then I could have watched them dying forever. I had such good eyes for that. What a spectator dies with me!" When he seemed to get his strength back once more after a long struggle with death, people thought it wise to smother him with pillows. So he died twice.

37.

Because of Three Mistakes. Over the last few centuries, science has moved forward for three reasons. First, people hoped that science would be the best way to understand God's goodness and wisdom. That was the main reason in the hearts of great Englishmen, like Newton. Second, people believed that knowledge was completely and always useful, and above all that goodness, knowledge, and happiness were tightly bound together. That was the main reason in the hearts of great Frenchmen, like Voltaire. Third, people thought that science

offered something unselfish, harmless, complete in itself, lovable, and truly innocent, something that the bad human urges had no part in at all. That was the main reason in the heart of Spinoza, who felt godlike because he was someone who knows. So science has moved forward because of three mistakes.

38.

Explosive People. When you think about how young men's energy is just waiting to burst out, you are not surprised to see them sign up for this cause or that one without being picky and without really choosing. What draws them is the sight of people getting excited about some cause, like the sight of a burning match. It is not the cause itself. That is why the cleverer people who lead others astray tempt such young men with the promise of an explosion. They do not push their cause with reasons. You do not win over these barrels of gunpowder with reasons!

39.

Changed Taste. A change in what people generally like matters more than a change in what they believe. Opinions, with all their proving, disproving, and clever dressing-up, are only signs that taste has changed. They are certainly not what people still so often say they are, which is the cause of the change in taste. So how does general taste change? It happens when certain individuals, powerful and influential people, declare without any shame, and force on others like tyrants, their own verdict: 'This is ridiculous, this is absurd.' In other words, they push the decisions of their own likes and dislikes. In doing so, they put pressure on many people. Out of that pressure, over time, a habit grows in even more people, and in the end it becomes something everyone has to follow. But the reason these individuals feel and 'taste' things differently usually comes from something unusual in the

way they live, what they eat, or how they digest. Maybe they have too much or too little of certain minerals in their blood and brain. In short, it comes from their body and physical nature. Still, they have the courage to admit what their body is like, and to listen even to its quietest, most delicate demands. Their judgments about beauty and about right and wrong are exactly those 'most delicate tones' of their body.

40.

Missing a Noble Bearing. Soldiers and their leaders always treat each other in a much more dignified way than workers and their bosses do. At least for now, every society built on the military still stands far above any so-called industrial society. Industrial society, in its present form, is on the whole the lowest kind of life there has ever been. What is at work here is simply the law of need: people want to live, so they have to sell themselves. But they look down on the man who takes advantage of their need and buys the worker. It is strange that people do not find it nearly as painful to obey powerful, frightening, even terrible individuals, such as tyrants and generals, as they do to obey such ordinary, dull people as the bosses of industry. In his employer, the worker usually sees nothing but a sly, bloodsucking dog of a man who makes a profit out of every need, and whose name, looks, character, and reputation mean nothing at all to him. Most likely, the factory owners and big business tycoons have so far been missing too much of the manners and qualities of a superior kind of people, the only things that make people interesting. If they had had the nobility of those born noble in their faces and the way they carry themselves, there might never have been socialism among the masses. For the masses are actually ready for any kind of slavery, as long as the higher class above them keeps showing that it truly and rightly is superior, and born to give orders, through its noble bearing! Even the most

ordinary man feels that nobility cannot be made up on the spot, and that it is his role to respect it as the result of many generations of breeding and training. But when there is no superior bearing, and when the factory owners with their red, fat hands are known to be so crude, the worker starts to think that it was only luck and chance that lifted one man above another. 'Well then,' he says to himself, 'let us take our turn at testing luck and chance! Let us take our turn at rolling the dice!' And that is how socialism begins.

41.

Against Regret. A thinker looks at his own actions as experiments. They are questions he asks to find out about one thing or another. To him, success and failure are first of all answers. But getting upset because something didn't work out, or feeling regret at all, he leaves to other people. He leaves it to those who act only because they are ordered to, and who expect a beating when their "kind" master is not happy with the result.

42.

Work and Boredom. Today, in civilized countries, almost everyone is the same when it comes to looking for work for the sake of the pay. For all of them, work is a means to an end, not the goal itself. Because of this, they are not very picky about what work they do, as long as it pays well. But there are still rarer people who would rather die than work without enjoying their work. These are fussy people, hard to please. A big profit does them no good unless the work itself is the greatest reward of all. Artists and thoughtful people of every kind belong to this rare type of human being. So do the idle people who spend their lives hunting and travelling, or chasing love affairs and adventures. All of them look for effort and hardship, but only as far as these come with pleasure. And if they have to, they will take on the

toughest and hardest work. Otherwise, though, they are firmly and stubbornly lazy, even if that laziness brings poverty, shame, and danger to their health and their lives. They are not as afraid of boredom as they are of work without pleasure. In fact, they need a lot of boredom if their own work is going to turn out well. For the thinker, and for every inventive mind, boredom is like the unpleasant calm at sea, when the soul is still and no wind blows. That calm comes before the happy voyage and the dancing breezes. He has to put up with it. He has to wait and let it work on him. And this is exactly what smaller minds cannot experience at all! Most people chase boredom away by any means they can, just as most people work without pleasure. Perhaps one thing that sets Asian peoples above Europeans is that they can rest longer and more deeply. Even their drugs work slowly and call for patience, unlike the nasty suddenness of the European poison, alcohol.

43.

What the Laws Give Away. People make a big mistake when they study a nation's criminal laws as if those laws showed the nation's character. The laws don't reveal what a people is. They reveal what seems foreign, strange, horrible, and outlandish to that people. Laws deal with the exceptions to the morality of habit and tradition. And the harshest punishments fall on actions that match the customs of the neighbouring peoples. For example, among the Wahhabis there are only two deadly sins: having a God other than the Wahhabi God, and smoking. They call smoking "the shameful kind of drinking." An Englishman was amazed when he learned this, and asked, "And what about murder and adultery?" The old chief answered, "Well, God is kind and merciful!" In the same way, the ancient Romans believed a woman could sin deadly in only two ways: by cheating on her husband, and by drinking wine. Old Cato claimed that the custom of rel-

atives kissing each other had only begun as a way to keep an eye on women about this. A kiss really meant checking: did her breath smell of wine? Wives caught drinking wine had actually been put to death. And surely this was not just because women who have been drinking sometimes forget completely how to say no. Above all, the Romans feared the wild, frenzied, wild and overflowing (Dionysian) spirit that sometimes came over the women of southern Europe in those days, when wine was still new in Europe. It came over them like a monstrous foreign force that undermined the very foundation of Roman feeling. To the Romans it seemed like treason against Rome, because it was foreignness itself.

44.

The Motive People Believe In. It may be important to know the real reasons why people have acted the way they have up to now. But perhaps it is even more important for a thinker to know which reasons people believed in. That is, what people assumed and imagined was the real driving force behind what they did. Because people's inner happiness and misery have always come from their belief in this or that reason, and not from whatever the real reason actually was! Everything about the real reason is only of second-rate interest.

45.

Epicurus. Yes, I am proud that I see the character of Epicurus differently from perhaps anyone else. Everything I hear and read about him lets me enjoy the happiness of the late afternoon of the ancient world. I picture his eye gazing out over a wide, pale sea, past the rocks on the shore where the sunlight rests. In that light, creatures big and small are playing, safe and calm, just like the light and like that eye itself. Only someone who suffered constantly could have invented such happiness. It is the happiness of an eye for which the sea of life

has grown calm. That eye can never get tired of looking at the surface of this sea, at its many-coloured, delicate, trembling skin. Never before had pleasure been so gentle and restrained.

46.

Our Amazement. There is a deep, basic satisfaction in the fact that science discovers things that stand firm, and that these things then become the base for new research. After all, it could easily have been otherwise. We are so sure that our judgments are uncertain and changeable, and that all human laws and ideas keep changing forever, that we are truly amazed at how stubbornly the results of science stay in place! In earlier times, people knew nothing about how changeable all human things are. The habit of morality kept alive the belief that a person's whole inner life was tied to iron necessity with chains that would last forever. Maybe back then people felt a similar thrill of amazement when they listened to tales and fairy stories. The marvellous did those people a lot of good, since they might well get tired now and then of what was regular and eternal. To leave the ground for once! To fly! To wander off! To be crazy! That was part of the paradise and the partying of earlier times. Our happiness, though, is like that of a shipwrecked man who has made it to shore. He stands with both feet on the old, solid ground, amazed that it does not rock.

47.

Holding Back Strong Feelings. Imagine people who keep forbidding any open show of strong feelings, treating that as something for "common" people, for rougher, middle-class, and peasant types. In other words, they don't want to crush the feelings themselves, only the way those feelings are spoken and shown. Even so, by doing this they end up getting exactly what they did not want: the feelings themselves get crushed, or at least weakened and changed. That is what happened at

the court of King Louis XIV of France (to give the clearest example), and to everyone who depended on that court. The generation that came after them had been trained to hide the expression of their feelings. As a result, they no longer had the strong feelings at all. In their place they had a pleasant, shallow, playful temperament. This generation was so completely unable to be rude that even when someone insulted or hurt them, they took it and paid it back only with polite words. Perhaps our own time is the most striking opposite of that period. Everywhere I look (in daily life, in the theatre, and not least in everything that gets written), I see people enjoying the rougher outbursts and gestures of strong feeling. What people want now is a certain fashion of looking passionate, but not the passion itself! Still, in the end the real passion will come about this way too. Our descendants will have a genuine wildness, not just a wildness and rudeness on the surface.

48.

Knowing What Suffering Is. Perhaps nothing separates people and ages from one another as much as how well they know suffering, both suffering of the soul and suffering of the body. As for bodily suffering, we people of today have not experienced enough of it ourselves. So, despite our weaknesses and illnesses, we are perhaps all clumsy beginners and dreamers compared with the people of the age of fear. That was the longest of all ages, a time when each person had to protect himself against violence, and to do that he had to be violent himself. Back then, a man went through a long training in bodily torture and hardship. He even found that a certain kind of cruelty toward himself, a deliberate use of pain, was something he needed in order to survive. Back then, people trained those around them to put up with pain. Back then, people were willing to cause pain, and they watched the most horrible things of this kind happen to others while feeling

nothing except concern for their own safety. When it comes to suffering of the soul, though, I now look at every person and ask myself: does he know it from his own experience, or only from descriptions? Does he still think he has to pretend to know it, maybe as a sign of being more cultured? Or, deep down, does he not believe in great sorrows of the soul at all, so that when someone mentions them, he thinks of them the same way he thinks of big bodily pains, like toothaches and stomach-aches? And that, it seems, is how it is with most people today. Because almost nobody has experience of either kind of pain, and because people rarely see someone suffering, an important result follows. People today hate pain far more than people did in earlier times, and they speak worse of it than ever. In fact, people nowadays can hardly stand even the thought of pain. They turn it into a matter of conscience and an accusation against life as a whole. When gloomy, pessimistic philosophies appear, that is not at all a sign of great and terrible misery. These question marks about whether life is worth living show up in times when life has already become so refined and easy that people see the unavoidable little mosquito bites of the soul and body as far too bloody and cruel. And since they have so little real experience of pain, they would now like to make painful general ideas look like the worst kind of suffering. There might actually be a cure for pessimistic philosophies and for the oversensitivity that seems to me to be the real "suffering of the present day." But perhaps this cure already sounds too cruel, and would itself be counted among the very signs that make people today conclude that "life is something bad." Well, here it is: the cure for "suffering" is suffering.

49.

Generosity and Related Qualities. There are some strange, seemingly contradictory things people do. For example, a good-natured person

may suddenly turn cold, a sad person may be full of humour, and above all there is generosity of spirit, when someone suddenly gives up revenge or gives up the pleasure of acting on envy. These things show up in people who have a powerful, impulsive force inside them, people who suddenly get their fill of something and suddenly feel disgust. They satisfy themselves so quickly and so violently that right away they feel full, turned off, and they run to the opposite taste. In this swing to the opposite, the storm of feeling releases itself: in one person through sudden coldness, in another through laughter, and in a third through tears and self-sacrifice. To me, the generous person, at least the kind who has always made the biggest impression, looks like this: he is a man with the strongest thirst for revenge. A chance to satisfy it appears right in front of him, and he already drinks it down in his imagination so fully, so completely, down to the last drop, that a huge, quick disgust follows this quick overindulgence. Now he rises "above himself," as people say, and forgives his enemy, and even blesses and honours him. But by forcing himself like this, by mocking his urge for revenge, which is still so strong, he is really just giving in to a new urge: the disgust, which has now become powerful. And he gives in to it just as impatiently and with just as little self-control as, a moment earlier, he used his imagination to grab the joy of revenge ahead of time and, so to speak, use it all up. There is just as much selfishness in generosity as in revenge, only a different kind of selfishness.

50.

The Argument of Being Alone. Even in the most conscientious people, the voice of conscience is weak compared with this feeling: "This or that goes against the good customs of your own social circle." A cold look or a twisted mouth from the people among whom, and for whom, you were brought up is still feared even by the strongest.

What is really feared there? Being alone! Being cut off is the argument that knocks down even the best arguments for a person or a cause! That is how the instinct to stay with the group speaks inside us.

51.

A Feel for Truth. I welcome every kind of doubt where I'm allowed to answer: "Let's test it!" But I don't want to hear any more about things and questions that can't be tested. That is where my "feel for truth" stops, because at that point courage no longer has any right to be there.

52.

What Others Know About Us. What we know about ourselves and keep in our memory is not as important for our happiness as people usually think. One day it suddenly hits us what others know about us (or think they know), and then we admit that this is the more powerful thing. We get along with our guilty conscience more easily than with our bad reputation.

53.

Where Goodness Begins. Sometimes an evil impulse is so refined and subtle that weak eyesight can no longer recognize it as evil. That is exactly the point where people set up the kingdom of goodness. And the feeling of having now crossed over into the kingdom of goodness switches on, all at once, all those impulses that the evil impulses had been threatening and holding back, such as the feelings of safety, of comfort, and of kindness. So the duller the eye, the further goodness seems to stretch! That is why ordinary people and children are always so cheerful! And that is why great thinkers are so gloomy and full of grief, a grief that is close to a guilty conscience.

54.

Being Aware of How Things Seem. With what I now know, I feel myself placed in a strange and new position toward the whole of existence. It is wonderful, and at the same time terrible and full of irony! I have discovered for myself that the old humanity and the old animal nature, in fact the whole ancient past and the past of every living, feeling creature, still goes on thinking, loving, hating, and reasoning inside me. I have suddenly woken up in the middle of this dream. But I have only woken up enough to know that I am dreaming, and that I must keep on dreaming so that I do not die, just as a sleepwalker must keep on dreaming so that he does not fall. So what does "how things seem" mean to me now? Truly, it is not the opposite of some hidden true essence. What could I possibly know about any essence at all, except the qualities of how it seems? Truly, it is not a dead mask that someone could put over some unknown thing, and could of course also take off again! For me, how things seem is the active, living thing itself. It mocks itself so far that it makes me feel there is nothing here but how things seem, a flickering ghost-light that leads travelers astray, a dance of spirits, and nothing more. It makes me feel that among all these dreamers, I too, the "thinker," dance my dance. It makes me feel that the thinker is a way to keep this earthly dance going longer, and so is one of the people who run the ceremony of existence. And it makes me feel that the grand consistency and connection of all the branches of knowledge may be, and may become, the best way of keeping the dream shared by everyone, of making all these dreamers fully understandable to one another, and so of making the dream last.

55.

The Highest Kind of Noble Character. So what makes a person "noble"? Certainly not that he makes sacrifices; even a wild pleasure-

seeker makes sacrifices. Certainly not that he usually follows his passions; some passions are disgusting. Certainly not that he does things for others without selfishness; perhaps selfishness has its strongest effect exactly in the noblest people. No, what makes a noble person is this: the passion that grips him is something unusual, and he does not even know that it is unusual. He uses a rare and one-of-a-kind measuring stick, almost a kind of madness. He feels heat in things that feel cold to everyone else. He senses values that no one has yet invented scales to weigh. He makes sacrifices on altars that are dedicated to an unknown God. He is brave without wanting honor. He is so full of himself, in a good way, that he overflows and gives to people and things around him. So up to now, what has made people noble is what is rare in them, together with their not knowing that it is rare. But here we should think about something. By this standard, everything ordinary, everyday, and necessary, in short, everything that has done the most to keep the human race alive and has usually been the rule among people until now, has been judged unreasonable and completely badmouthed, all in favor of the exceptions. To become the defender of the rule: that may perhaps be the final and most refined form in which noble character will show itself on earth.

56.

The Desire to Suffer. I think about the urge to do something, and how it keeps tickling and stirring up millions of young Europeans who cannot stand themselves and all their boredom. And I realize that there must be a desire in them to suffer something, so that their suffering can give them a worthy reason to act, to do something. They need distress! That explains the shouting of politicians. That explains the many fake, made-up, exaggerated "emergencies" of every possible kind, and the blind eagerness to believe in them. This young world wants something to arrive or show up from outside, and what it

wants is not happiness but misfortune. Their imagination is already busy ahead of time turning that misfortune into a monster, so that afterwards they can fight a monster. If these people who go looking for distress felt that they had the power to do themselves good, to do something for themselves from inside, they would also know how to create a distress of their own, truly their own, from inside. Then their inventions might be more refined, and their satisfactions might sound like good music. But as it is, they fill the world with their cries of distress, and so, far too often, they are the ones who bring the feeling of distress into the world in the first place! They do not know what to do with themselves, and so they paint the misfortune of others on the wall, the way one pictures a disaster that has not happened yet. They always need other people! And always more and more other people! Forgive me, my friends, I have dared to paint my happiness on the wall.

Footnote 7:

These are references to Clara's song in Goethe's play "Egmont." (Translator's note.)

Book Two

57.

To the Realists. You level-headed people, you feel you are protected against strong feelings and wild imagination. You would happily turn your emptiness into something to be proud of, like a decoration. You call yourselves realists. You hint that the world really is exactly the way it looks to you. You think that only in front of you does reality stand with its veil off, and that you yourselves might even be the best part of it. Oh, you dear statues of Sais, the old Egyptian temple where the veiled goddess stood! But even with the veil off, aren't you still very emotional and murky creatures, compared with a cold fish? Aren't you still far too much like an artist who is in love?[8] And what does "reality" mean to an artist in love! You still carry around the ways of judging things that were born out of the passions and crazes of earlier centuries! Hidden inside your sober calm, there is still a secret drunkenness that can never be wiped away! Take your love of "reality," for example. Oh, that is an old, primitive "love"! In every feeling, in everything your senses take in, there is a piece of this old love. And in the same way, there is also some kind of fantasy, prejudice, unreason, ignorance, fear, and whatever else has been mixed and woven into it. Look, there is that mountain! There is that cloud! What is "real" about them? Go on, you sober people, take away the illusion and everything human from them! Yes, if only you could do that! If only you could forget where you came from, your past, all your early

training, your whole history as human and as animal! There is no "reality" for us. And there is none for you either, you sober people. We are not nearly as different from each other as you think. And maybe our honest wish to get beyond drunkenness deserves just as much respect as your belief that you are completely unable to get drunk at all.

58.

Only as Creators! It has given me the most trouble, and it always will give me the most trouble, to see that far, far more depends on what things are called than on what they actually are. Think of a thing's reputation, its name and how it seems, its importance, the usual way it is measured and weighed. Each of these most often began as a mistake, as something random thrown over the thing like a piece of clothing. It had nothing to do with what the thing really is, or even with how it looks on the outside. But people believed in it, and that belief kept growing from one generation to the next. So little by little, these things grew onto the thing and into it, and became its very body. What a thing seems to be at the very start nearly always ends up becoming what it is, and it works as if it really were what it is! What a fool someone would be to think it was enough to point to where all this came from, to this foggy veil of illusion, in order to destroy what counts as the world, that is, so-called "reality"! Only as creators can we destroy anything! But let's not forget this: all it takes is to create new names, new values, and new likelihoods, and in the long run we will create new "things."

59.

We Artists! When we love a woman, we easily start to hate nature. We remember all the unpleasant bodily functions that every woman has. We would rather not think about them at all. But if our soul ever touches on these things, it flinches impatiently and, as I said, looks at

nature with contempt. We feel hurt. Nature seems to be grabbing at what belongs to us, and with the dirtiest hands. Then we block our ears against all science of the body, and we secretly decide: "We will not hear anything about the fact that a human being is something more than soul and shape!" To all lovers, "the human being under the skin" is something disgusting and monstrous, an insult to God and to love. Well, the way a lover still feels about nature and bodily functions is the way every worshipper of God and his "holy almighty power" used to feel. In everything that astronomers, geologists, biologists and doctors said about nature, he saw a grab at his most precious possession, and so an attack, and a rude one at that! The "law of nature" sounded to him like an insult against God. In truth, he would have loved to see the whole working of the universe explained as moral choices and acts of free will. But since nobody could do him that favor, he hid nature and its machinery from himself as well as he could, and lived in a dream. Oh, those people of earlier times knew how to dream, and they didn't even need to fall asleep first! And we people of today still know how to do it far too well, for all our honest wish to be awake and live in daylight! All it takes is to love, to hate, to want something, or just to feel anything, and right away the spirit and the power of the dream come over us. With our eyes open and not caring about any danger, we climb the most dangerous paths, up to the roofs and towers of fantasy, without any dizziness, like people born to climb. We are sleepwalkers in broad daylight! We artists! We who hide what is natural! We who are moonstruck and struck by God! We dead-silent, tireless wanderers on heights that we don't see as heights at all, but as our flat ground, as our safe places!

60.

Women and Their Effect from a Distance. Do I still have ears? Am I nothing but ears, and nothing else at all? Here I stand in the middle

of the crashing waves, whose white foam shoots up like flames and splits apart right at my feet. From every side, things are howling, threatening, crying and screaming at me. Meanwhile, down in the deepest depths, the old earth-shaker, the god of the sea, sings his song, hollow like a roaring bull. He pounds out such an earthquake beat along with it that even the hearts of these battered, monster-like rocks tremble at the sound. Then, suddenly, as if born out of nothing, a great sailing ship appears at the entrance of this hellish maze of rocks, only a few dozen feet away. It glides by silently, like a ghost. Oh, this ghostly beauty! How it casts a spell on me! What? Has all the peace and quiet in the world come aboard this ship? Is my happiness itself sitting there in that quiet place? My happier self, a second self that has been made to last forever? Not dead yet, but not really alive anymore either? A ghost-like being, calm, watching, gliding, sweeping along, taking no side? Like the ship itself, which passes over the dark sea with its white sails like a huge butterfly! Yes! Passing over life itself! That's it! That would be it! But wait, has all the noise here turned me into a dreamer who sees visions? Every great noise makes a person imagine that happiness lies somewhere calm and far away. When a man is in the middle of his own uproar, in the middle of the crashing waves of his schemes and plans, he may see calm, enchanting beings glide past him. He longs for their happiness and their peaceful, hidden life. They are women. He almost believes that his better self lives there, with the women. He thinks that in those calm places even the loudest waves fall still as death, and that life itself becomes just a dream of life. But still! But still! My noble dreamer, even on the most beautiful sailing ship there is so much noise and rushing about, and sadly, so much small, pitiful rushing about! The magic and the strongest effect of women is, to use the language of philosophers, an effect from a distance, what they call in Latin 'actio in distans'. But for that to work, you need first and above all one thing: distance!

61.

In Honour of Friendship. The ancient world thought of friendship as the highest feeling of all. They ranked it even higher than the much-praised pride of the wise man who needs no one. In fact, they saw friendship as the only brotherhood of that pride, and an even holier one. This is very well shown by the story of the king of Macedonia who gave a large gift of money, a talent, to a Cynic philosopher in Athens, and the philosopher sent it back to him. "What?" said the king. "Doesn't he have a friend, then?" By this he meant to say: "I respect the pride of this wise and independent man. But I would have respected his humanity even more if the friend in him had won out over his pride. The philosopher has dropped in my opinion, because he showed that he did not know one of the two highest feelings. And in fact, it was the higher of the two!"

62.

Love. Love forgives even the passion of the person who is loved.

63.

Woman in Music. Why is it that warm, rainy winds bring a musical mood with them, and a delight in making up melodies? Aren't these the very same winds that fill the churches and give women romantic thoughts?

64.

Sceptics. I am afraid that women who have grown old are, deep down in the hidden corners of their hearts, more doubting than any man. They believe that the shallowness of life is what life really is at its core. To them, all virtue and all depth are just a cover over this "truth". It is a very welcome cover over something shameful, a 'pudendum', as

the Latin puts it. So for them it is a matter of decency and modesty, and nothing more!

65.

Devotion. There are noble women who are somewhat poor in spirit. To show their deepest devotion, they have nothing else to offer but their virtue and modesty, because that is the highest thing they own. And very often this gift is accepted without making the person who receives it feel as deeply in debt as the giver imagined. It is a very sad story!

66.

The Strength of the Weak. All women are skilled at exaggerating their weaknesses. In fact, they are inventive when it comes to weaknesses, so that they seem like delicate decorations that even a speck of dust could damage. Their very existence is meant to make a man realize how rough he is, and to work on his conscience. In this way they defend themselves against the strong and against every claim that "might makes right".

67.

Pretending to Be Someone Else. She loves him now, and ever since, she has been gazing out at the world with the calm trust of a cow. But oh no! What used to delight him was exactly that she seemed so moody and completely impossible to figure out! He already had rather too much steady, calm weather inside himself! Wouldn't she be wise to pretend to have her old character back? To pretend she doesn't care? Isn't it love itself that tells her to do just that? Long live the comedy! as the Latin saying 'Vivat comœdia' puts it.

68.

Will and Willingness. Someone brought a young man to a wise man and said, "Look, here is someone who is being ruined by women!" The wise man shook his head and smiled. "It is men," he called out, "who ruin women. And everything that women lack should be made up for and fixed in men. For man creates for himself his ideal picture of woman, and woman shapes herself to match this ideal." One of the people standing around said, "You are too soft-hearted toward women. You don't know them!" The wise man answered: "Man's nature is to will, to want and decide. Woman's nature is willingness, to go along. That is the law of the sexes, truly! And it is a hard law for woman! All human beings are innocent of the fact that they exist. But women are doubly innocent. Who could ever have enough soothing ointment and gentleness for them!" Another person in the crowd called out, "Forget about ointment! Forget about gentleness! We must educate women better!" "We must educate men better," said the wise man, and he signalled to the young man to follow him. The young man, however, did not follow him.

69.

The Ability to Take Revenge. If a person cannot defend himself, and so does not want to, we don't yet think he should be ashamed. But we look down on anyone, man or woman, who has neither the ability nor the willingness to take revenge. Could a woman ever win us over, or, as people say, "chain" us to her, if we did not believe that she knew how to use a dagger skilfully against us under certain conditions? Any kind of dagger, that is. Or to use it against herself, which in some cases might be the harshest revenge of all, the kind of revenge people call "Chinese revenge".

70.

The Women Who Rule the Masters. Sometimes in the theatre we hear a powerful, deep female voice, a contralto. When we do, it is as if a curtain suddenly lifts and shows us possibilities we usually do not believe in. All at once we are sure that somewhere in the world there may be women with high, heroic, royal souls. Such women would be able and ready to make grand protests, firm decisions and great sacrifices. They would be able and ready to rule over men, because in them the best part of a human being, something above being male or female, has taken on a living body. Of course, the theatre does not mean for such voices to give us this picture of women. Usually these voices are meant to play the ideal male lover, for example a Romeo. But from my experience, the theatre always gets this wrong, and so does the composer who expects such a voice to have that effect. People do not believe in these lovers. These voices still carry a hint of the mother and the housewife, and most of all when they sing of love.

71.

On Women's Purity. There is something truly amazing and strange about how upper-class women are brought up. In fact, there may be nothing more full of contradictions. Everyone agrees that these women should be raised knowing as little as possible about sex. Everyone agrees they should be taught to feel deep shame about such things, and to react with the greatest impatience and horror whenever the subject comes up. It is really only here that a woman's whole "honour" is at stake. In other matters, people would forgive them almost anything! But here they are supposed to stay ignorant right down to their bones. They are supposed to have no eyes, no ears, no words and no thoughts for this, which is called their "wickedness." Here, even knowing something is already treated as evil. And then what happens? With marriage they are thrown, as if struck by a ter-

rible bolt of lightning, into the reality and the knowledge of it. And this is done by the very man they love and respect most. They have to face love and shame at the same time, pulling against each other. Yes, they have to feel delight, surrender, duty, tenderness and fear, all at the unexpected closeness of God and animal, and who knows what else, all at once! In this way a knot is tied in the mind that has no equal anywhere. Even the wisest and most caring student of human nature cannot guess how this or that woman manages to solve this puzzle, or to live with the puzzle that its solution brings. He cannot guess what terrible, deep suspicions must wake up in the poor, shaken soul. And truly, he cannot guess how a woman's final view of life, and her final doubts, come to rest right here, like a ship dropping anchor. Afterwards comes the same deep silence as before. Often it is even a silence toward herself, a closing of her eyes to her own self. That is why young wives work so hard to seem shallow and carefree. The cleverest of them even pretend to be a little bold and cheeky. Wives easily feel their husbands to be a question mark hanging over their honour, and their children to be an excuse or a way of making up for it. They need children, and they want them in a completely different spirit from the way a husband wants them. In short, one cannot be gentle enough with women!

72.

Mothers. Animals think differently from humans about females. Among animals, the female is seen as the one who creates and produces. There is no father's love among them, but there is love for the young of a female one loves, and a growing used to them. In their young, the females find a way to satisfy their desire to be in charge. The young are a possession, a job to do, something the females fully understand and can chatter with. All of this together is a mother's love, and it can be compared to an artist's love for his work. Being

pregnant has made females gentler, more patient and hopeful, more timid, and more ready to give in. In the same way, being "pregnant" with ideas creates the character of thoughtful, reflective people, who are like women in character. They are the male mothers. Among animals, it is the male sex that is seen as the beautiful sex.

73.

A Saint's Cruelty. A man came to a saint, holding a newborn child in his hands. "What should I do with this child?" he asked. "It is miserable and deformed, and it does not even have enough life in it to die." The saint cried out in a terrible voice: "Kill it! Kill it, and then hold it in your arms for three days and three nights, so that it is burned into your memory. That way you will never again father a child when it is not the right time for you to do so." When the man heard this, he went away disappointed. And many people blamed the saint for advising cruelty, because he had told the man to kill the child. "But is it not more cruel to let it live?" the saint asked.

74.

The Ones Who Fail. Those poor women always fail who get nervous and unsure and talk too much in front of the man they love. For men are won over best by a certain quiet, calm and subtle kind of tenderness.

75.

The Third Sex. An old dancing teacher said: "A small man is a contradiction, but he is still a man. But a small woman seems to me to belong to a different sex altogether, compared with women of full size." And old Aristotle said that a small woman is never beautiful.

76.

The Greatest Danger. If there had not always been a large number of people who took pride in training their minds, in being "rational"—people who saw this as their duty and their virtue, and who felt hurt or ashamed by any wild fantasy or extreme thinking, people who loved "plain common sense"—then the human race would have died out long ago! The first signs of madness have always hung over humanity, and they still hang over it, as its greatest danger. By madness I mean this: our feelings, our seeing, and our hearing breaking loose and following their own whims; enjoying a mind that has no rules; taking delight in human unreason. The opposite of the world of the insane is not truth and certainty. The opposite is a belief that everyone shares and everyone must hold—in short, not being free to choose your own opinions. Up to now, the hardest work human beings have done has been to agree with each other about a great many things, and to force a law of agreement on themselves—no matter whether those things were true or false. This training of the mind is what has kept humanity alive. But the opposite urges are still so strong that we can speak about humanity's future with very little confidence. People's ideas about things keep shifting and moving, and perhaps in the future they will change more than ever. And it is always the finest minds themselves who fight against beliefs that everyone must hold—above all, the people who search for truth! The accepted belief, the belief of the whole world, keeps stirring up disgust and new longings in the cleverer minds. Even the slow pace it demands for all thinking—it makes everyone copy the tortoise, and treats that as the rule—drives the artists and poets to run away. In these impatient minds, a real joy in wild, feverish thinking breaks out, because that kind of frenzy moves at such a happy, fast pace! So we need virtuous minds—ah, let me use the plainest word possible—we need virtuous stupidity. We need calm, steady leaders for the slow

minds, so that the believers in the great shared belief can stay together and keep on dancing their dance. This is a need of the very highest importance, and it gives the orders here. We others are the exceptions and the danger—we will always need protection! Well, something can actually be said in favor of the exceptions, as long as they never want to become the rule.

77.

The Animal with a Clear Conscience. I know very well that there is something crude and common in everything that pleases Southern Europe. That goes for Italian opera, like the operas of Rossini and Bellini, and for the Spanish adventure novel, which we can most easily read in its French version, Gil Blas. But this crudeness does not bother me, any more than the crudeness you come across on a walk through the ruins of Pompeii, or even when reading any ancient book. Why is that? Is it because there is no shame here? Is it because the crude part always steps forward just as sure of itself as anything noble, lovely, or passionate in the same kind of music or novel? "The animal has its rights, just like a human, so let it run around freely. And you, my dear fellow human, are still this animal, in spite of everything!" That seems to me to be the lesson here, and the special nature of southern people. Bad taste has its rights just like good taste. It even has an advantage over good taste when it meets a great need, when it brings sure satisfaction, and when it works like a language everyone speaks—a mask and a pose that anyone can understand right away. Fine, refined taste, on the other hand, always has something searching and unsure about it. It is never completely certain that it understands. It is not popular now, and it never has been! The mask is popular, and it always will be! So let all this playing with masks run along in the melodies and endings of these operas, in the jumps and fun of their rhythms! That is just like life in ancient times!

What can you understand about the ancient world if you do not understand the joy people took in masks, and the clear conscience they had about every kind of masquerade? This was the bath that refreshed the ancient spirit. And perhaps this bath was even more necessary for the rare and lofty people of the ancient world than for the common ones. On the other hand, when a northern work—German music, for example—takes a crude turn, it hurts me more than I can say. There is shame in it. The artist has made himself smaller in his own eyes and could not even help blushing. We feel ashamed along with him. And it hurts us so much because we suspect he thought he had to lower himself for our sake.

78.

What We Should Be Grateful For. It is only the artists, and especially the artists of the theater, who have given people eyes and ears to see and hear, with some pleasure, what each person is inside, what he goes through, and what he is aiming for. Only they have taught us to value the hero hidden inside each of these ordinary people. They taught us the art of looking at ourselves from a distance, as heroes—simpler and more glorious, as if transformed. They taught us the art of "putting ourselves on stage" in front of our own eyes. Only in this way can we rise above some of the petty little details in ourselves! Without this art, we would be nothing but foreground. We would live completely under the spell of a viewpoint that makes whatever is nearest and most ordinary look enormous, as if it were reality itself. Perhaps there is a similar kind of merit in the religion that ordered us to look at every single person's sinfulness through a magnifying glass, and to turn the sinner into a great, immortal criminal. By placing eternal viewpoints around human beings, it taught them to see themselves from a distance—as something already past, something whole.

79.

The Charm of Imperfection. I see a poet here who, like so many people, charms us more through his flaws than through everything that turns out polished and perfectly shaped in his hands. In fact, he gets his success and his fame much more from his real limits than from his great talents. His work never fully expresses what he would really like to express, what he would like to have seen. He seems to have had a first taste of a vision, but never the vision itself. Yet an extraordinary longing for that vision has stayed in his soul. And from this longing he gets an equally extraordinary gift for speaking about longing and desire. With this gift he lifts his listeners above his work and above all "works." He gives them wings, so they rise higher than listeners have ever risen before, and he turns them into poets and seers themselves. Then they admire the man who brought them this happiness, as if he had led them straight to the vision of his holiest and deepest truths—as if he had reached his goal, had truly seen his vision, and had passed it on to them. It actually helps his fame that he has never really reached his goal.

80.

Art and Nature. The Greeks, or at least the people of Athens, loved to hear good talking. In fact, they had a strong hunger for it, and this set them apart from non-Greeks more than anything else. So they demanded good talking even from passion on the stage. They happily accepted how unnatural it is for characters to speak in verse. After all, in real life passion uses so few words! It is so silent and confused! Or if it does find words, it is so awkward and unreasonable and ashamed of itself! Thanks to the Greeks, all of us have now gotten used to this unnaturalness on the stage. In the same way, thanks to the Italians, we put up with another kind of unnaturalness, passion that sings, and we put up with it gladly. It has become a need for us, one that real life

cannot satisfy, to hear people talk well and in full detail in the hardest situations. Today it thrills us when the tragic hero still finds words, reasons, powerful gestures, and on the whole a bright and lively mind, at the very moments when life comes close to the edge of the abyss, where a real person usually loses his head, and certainly loses his fine language. This kind of turning away from nature is perhaps the most delicious meal for human pride. People love art in general because of it, because art expresses a lofty, heroic unnaturalness and a set of agreed-upon rules. People are right to complain about a playwright who does not turn everything into reason and speech, but always keeps back a bit of silence. In the same way, people are unhappy with an opera composer who cannot find a melody for the strongest emotion, but only gives us emotional, "natural" stammering and crying. Here nature has to be contradicted! Here the ordinary charm of illusion has to give way to a higher charm! The Greeks went far, very far in this direction, frighteningly far! They built the stage as narrow as possible and gave up all the effect of deep backgrounds. They made it impossible for the actor to use mime or move easily, and turned him into a solemn, stiff, masked scarecrow. In the same way they also took away the deep background of passion itself, and ordered it to follow a law of fine speech. In fact, they did everything they could to work against the raw effect of scenes meant to stir up pity and terror. They did not want pity and terror! I say this with all respect, with the greatest respect, to Aristotle. But he certainly did not hit the nail, let alone the nail on the head, when he talked about the final goal of Greek tragedy! Just look at the Greek tragic poets and ask what most stirred their hard work, their inventiveness, and their competition with each other. It was certainly not the aim of overpowering the audience with emotion! The Athenian went to the theater to hear fine talking! And it was Sophocles who achieved fine talking! Forgive me for saying something so against accepted belief! It is very different with serious opera. All its masters make it their job to keep their

characters from being understood. They all think: "A word caught here and there may help the listener who isn't paying attention. But on the whole, the situation must explain itself. The talking doesn't matter!" That is what they all think, and so they have all made fun of the words. Perhaps they only lacked the courage to show fully how deeply they despise words. With just a little more cheek, Rossini would have had the singers sing la-la-la-la the whole way through, and that might even have been the sensible thing to do! The characters in an opera are not meant to be believed "for their words," but for their sounds! That is the difference. That is the fine unnaturalness that people go to the opera for! Even the recitativo secco, the dry, half-spoken singing between songs, is not really meant to be heard as words and text. This kind of half-music is meant, first of all, to give the musical ear a little rest. It is a rest from melody, which is the highest pleasure of this art, and for that very reason the most tiring one. But very soon something else happens: the listener grows more and more impatient, pushes back more and more, and feels a new longing for full music, for melody. So how does the art of Richard Wagner look from this point of view? Is it perhaps the same? Or perhaps different? It often seemed to me as if you needed to learn both the words and the music of his works by heart before the performance. Because without that, so it seemed to me, you can hear neither the words nor even the music.

81.

Greek Taste. After a performance of the play Iphigenia, a certain mathematician asked, "What is beautiful about it? Nothing in it is proved!" Could the Greeks really have been so far from this kind of taste? In Sophocles, at least, "everything is proved."

82.

Un-Greek Wit. The Greeks were extremely logical and plain in all their thinking. They did not grow tired of it, at least during their long period of greatness. The French, on the other hand, often do grow tired of it. They are only too happy to take little side trips into the opposite of logic. In fact, they can only stand the spirit of logic when it shows its friendly politeness, its willingness to give way in company, by taking many such little side trips into its opposite. To them, logic seems as necessary as bread and water. But, like bread and water, it also seems like prison food as soon as it has to be taken pure and on its own. In polite society you must never want to be completely and only right, as pure logic demands. That is why there is a small dose of unreason in all French wit, what they call esprit. The Greeks had a much less developed sense for social life than the French have now or have had in the past. That is why there is so little esprit in even their cleverest men, so little wit even in their jokers, and so... oh dear! But people will not easily believe these views of mine, and I still have so many more like them weighing on my soul! "It is a great thing to stay silent," says the Roman poet Martial in Latin, Est res magna tacere, just as all talkative people do.

83.

Translations. You can measure how much of a sense of history a period has by looking at how it makes translations, and how it tries to take earlier times and their writings into itself. The French of Corneille's day, and even the French of the Revolution, took over ancient Rome in a way we would no longer dare to do, because our sense of history is stronger. And look at ancient Rome itself: how roughly, and at the same time how innocently, it grabbed everything fine and noble from the older world of ancient Greece! How the Romans translated those writings into their own Roman present! How

they wiped away, on purpose and without a care, the delicate dust on the butterfly's wings, the fragile feel of that one moment in time! That is how Horace now and then translated Alcaeus or Archilochus. That is how Propertius translated Callimachus and Philetas, who were poets as good as Theocritus, if we may judge. What did it matter to them that the real author had lived through this or that experience and had left signs of it in his poem? As poets, they disliked the curious, collector's attitude that comes before a true sense of history. As poets, they had no respect for the deeply personal details and names, or for anything special about a city, a coastline, or a century, such as its clothing and its outward look. Instead, they straight away put the present, and Rome, in its place. They seem to be asking us: "Shouldn't we make the old new for ourselves, and fit ourselves into it? Shouldn't we be allowed to breathe our own soul into this dead body? Because it really is dead, and how disgusting everything dead is!" They did not know the pleasure that a sense of history brings. The past and the foreign were painful to them, and, being Romans, they saw it as a reason to conquer it the Roman way. In fact, when they translated, they were conquering. They did not just leave out the historical details. No, they also added references to their own time. Above all, they crossed out the name of the poet and put their own name in its place. And they did not feel like thieves when they did it. They did it with the clearest conscience, the conscience of the Roman Empire itself.

84.

The Origin of Poetry. — Some people love the imaginative, fantastic side of human beings, and at the same time they teach that morality comes from instinct. They reach this conclusion: "Suppose it's true that usefulness has always been honored as the highest god. Then where in the whole world did poetry come from? Poetry puts speech

into rhythm, and that makes it harder, not easier, to say things plainly. And yet poetry has sprung up everywhere on earth, and it still does, as if it were making fun of every useful purpose! The wild, beautiful unreasonableness of poetry proves you wrong, you people who only care about usefulness! The wish to break free from usefulness somehow — that is exactly what has lifted human beings up. That is what inspired them to morality and to art!" Well, just this once I have to speak up for the usefulness people. They are right so rarely that it's sad! In the old days when poetry first came into being, people did have usefulness in mind, and a very important kind of usefulness. That was the time when rhythm was brought into speech. Rhythm is a force that rearranges every little part of a sentence, decides which words get chosen, gives the thought a new color, and makes it darker, stranger, and more distant. Of course, it was a usefulness based on superstition! People had noticed that someone could remember a line of verse better than ordinary speech without a beat. So they believed that a human prayer, if it had rhythm, would stick more deeply in the minds of the gods. People also thought that a rhythmic beat would let them be heard from farther away. A prayer with rhythm seemed to come closer to the ears of the gods. But most of all, people wanted the advantage of a basic kind of takeover that a person feels inside when hearing music. Rhythm is a kind of force. It creates a desire you can't resist — a desire to give in and join in. Not only do your feet fall into step, but your soul itself follows the beat. And, so people thought, probably the souls of the gods did too! So they tried to force the gods with rhythm and to gain power over them. They threw poetry around the gods like a magic lasso. There was an even more amazing idea, and it may have done more than anything else to give birth to poetry. Among the Pythagoreans, the followers of the Greek thinker Pythagoras, it showed up as a philosophical teaching and as a teaching trick. But long before there were any philosophers, people already accepted that music had the power to unload the emotions, to cleanse

the soul, and to calm the wildness of the spirit — what the Latin calls "ferocia animi." And this power came from the rhythm in music. When the soul lost its proper tension and balance, a person had to dance to the beat of the singer. That was the prescription in this kind of medicine. Using it, the musician Terpander calmed a riot, the thinker Empedocles calmed a madman, and Damon cured a young man sick with love. With it, people even treated the gods when they had gone mad and wanted revenge, in order to cure them. They did this first of all by pushing the frenzy and wildness of the gods' emotions to the very top — by making the furious ones completely mad, and making the vengeful ones drunk with revenge. All the wild, frenzied religious rituals try to release a god's ferocity all at once, turning it into an orgy, so that afterwards the god feels freer and calmer and leaves people in peace. The Greek word "melos," meaning song, comes from a root that means something soothing. That's not because the song itself is gentle, but because its after-effect makes you gentle. And it wasn't only religious songs. In the everyday songs of the most ancient times as well, the basic idea was that rhythm should have a magical effect — for example, when drawing water or rowing a boat. The song was meant to put a spell on the spirits that people believed were at work in those tasks. It made the spirits helpful, made them obey without choice, and turned them into human tools. And since every time a person does something he has reason to sing, every action depends on help from spirits. Magic songs and spells seem to be the original form of poetry. Later, verse was also used in oracles — the Greeks said the hexameter, a kind of poetic line, was invented at Delphi, where the famous oracle was. There too, the rhythm was meant to have a forcing effect. To make a prophecy originally meant — if I'm right about where the Greek word comes from — to settle something, to fix it. People thought they could fix the future by winning the god Apollo over to their side. In the oldest belief, Apollo was much more than just a god who sees what's coming. If the for-

mula was spoken with exactly the right words and the right rhythm, it fixed the future. But the formula was Apollo's invention, and since he was the god of rhythm, he could even control the goddesses of fate. So, looking at the whole picture and studying it: was there ever anything more useful to the ancient, superstitious kind of human being than rhythm? People could do everything with it. They could make work go along by magic. They could force a god to show up, stay close by, and listen to them. They could arrange the future the way they wanted. They could unload any kind of excess from their own souls — too much fear, madness, sympathy, or revenge — and not only from their own souls, but from the souls of the most evil spirits too. Without verse, a person was nothing. Through verse, a person became almost a god. A feeling that deep can never be completely pulled out by the roots. Even now, after thousands of years of hard work fighting such superstition, the very wisest among us sometimes gets fooled by rhythm — even if it's only that we feel a thought is truer when it comes in poetic form, arriving with a godlike little skip and hop. Isn't it really funny that the most serious philosophers, who are so careful about strict certainty in everything else, still quote lines of poetry to give their ideas strength and make them believable? And yet a truth is in more danger when a poet agrees with it than when a poet argues against it! Because, as Homer says, "The singers tell many lies!"

85.

The Good and the Beautiful. Artists are always praising things and making them look glorious. That is all they ever do. And what they praise are the situations and things that already have a good name, the ones that let a person feel good, or great, or drunk with joy, or cheerful, or pleased and wise. Artists pick out the things and situations whose value for human happiness is seen as safe and settled. Those are what they work with. They are always lying in wait to spot

such things, so they can carry them over into the world of art. What I mean is this: artists are not the ones who decide what happiness is, or who the happy people are. Instead, they always crowd close to the people who do decide, full of curiosity and longing, so they can use those judgments right away for their own benefit. Besides being impatient, they also have the big lungs of town criers and the quick feet of runners. So they are always among the first to praise something newly thought of as excellent. And often they seem to be the very ones who first called it good and valued it. But, as we said, this is a mistake. They are only faster and louder than the people who really set the values. And who are those people? They are the rich and those who have plenty of free time.

86.

The Theatre. Today has once again filled me with strong and lofty feelings. If I could have music and art this evening, I know very well what kind of music and art I would not want. I would not want the kind that tries to make its listeners drunk and to stir them up into a peak of strong, high emotion. That kind is made for people with ordinary souls, who in the evening do not feel like winners riding in a victory parade, but like tired mules that life has whipped a little too often. What would such people know about "higher moods" at all, if there were no tricks to throw them into ecstasy, no whip-cracks of ideals to drive them on? So they have the people who inspire them, just as they have their wines. But what do their drink and their drunkenness matter to me? Does someone who is truly inspired need wine? No. He looks with a kind of disgust at the means, and at the person, meant to create an effect here without any real reason for it. It is just a fake copy of the soul's high tide. What? You give the mole wings and proud daydreams just before he goes to sleep, before he crawls into his hole? You send him to the theatre and put big magnifying glasses

in front of his blind, tired eyes? People whose lives are not about real "action" but only about business sit in front of the stage and stare at strange beings for whom life is more than business? "This is proper," you say, "this is entertaining, this is what culture wants!" Well then! In that case I am often short on culture, because this sight often disgusts me. Anyone who has enough tragedy and comedy inside himself will surely prefer to stay away from the theatre. Or, as an exception, the whole affair, theatre and audience and playwright included, becomes for him a truly tragic and comic play of its own, so that the play on stage hardly matters by comparison. If someone is a bit like Faust or Manfred himself, what does he care about the Fausts and Manfreds of the stage? Though it certainly gives him something to think about that such characters are brought into the theatre at all. The strongest thoughts and passions, shown to people who are not capable of thought and passion, but only of getting drunk! And those great thoughts used just as a tool for that drunkenness! Theatre and music have become the Europeans' way of smoking hashish and chewing betel nut, which are drugs. Oh, who will tell us the whole history of drugs? It is almost the history of "culture," the so-called higher culture!

87.

The Conceit of Artists. I think artists often do not know what they are best at, because they are too vain. They have set their hearts on something grander than the small plants that can grow to perfection in their own soil, fresh, rare and beautiful. They look down on the true worth of their own garden and vineyard, and so what they love does not match what they truly understand. Take this musician, for example. More than anyone else, he has a gift for finding the sounds that belong to suffering, crushed and tortured souls, and he can even give a voice to animals that cannot speak. No one matches him in

painting the colours of late autumn, or the strangely moving happiness of a last, final, far too short pleasure. He knows a chord for those secret, eerie midnights of the soul, when cause and effect seem broken, and when at any moment something might come into being "out of nothing." He draws his material best from the lowest depths of human happiness. You could say he drinks from its emptied cup, where in the end, for better or worse, the bitterest and most sickening drops have mixed with the sweetest ones. He knows how a soul drags itself wearily along when it can no longer leap or fly, or even walk. He has the shy look of hidden pain, of understanding that brings no comfort, of saying goodbye without admitting it. Yes, like Orpheus, the legendary singer, he is the greatest singer of all secret misery. In fact he has added much to art that could not be expressed before, things not even thought worthy of art, things that words could only scare away and never catch: many small, almost microscopic details of the soul. Yes, he is the master of tiny things. But he does not want to be! His character prefers huge walls and bold, giant paintings! He does not see that his mind has a different taste and leaning, and likes to sit quietly in the corners of ruined houses. Hidden there, hidden even from himself, he paints his true masterpieces. They are all very short, often only one bar of music long. Only there does he become truly good, great and perfect, perhaps only there. But he does not know it! He is too vain to know it.

88.

Being Serious About the Truth. Serious about the truth! People mean such different things by these words! Think of the very same opinions, and ways of proving and testing things, that a thinker sees as silly and careless in himself, something he once gave in to and felt ashamed of. Those exact same opinions can make an artist, who comes across them and accepts them for a while, feel that the deepest

seriousness about truth has now taken hold of him. He feels it is admirable that, even though he is an artist, he also shows the most burning desire for the opposite of mere appearances. So it is possible for a person, through the very drama of his seriousness, to give away how shallowly and how little his mind has worked so far in the field of knowledge. And doesn't everything we think is important give us away? It shows where our motives lie, and where we have no motives at all.

89.

Now and Before. What good is all our skill in making works of art, if we have lost that higher art, the art of celebration? In the past, every work of art was set up along humanity's great road of celebration. Each one was a keepsake, a monument to high and happy moments. Today, people use works of art for something else. They try to lure the worn-out and the sick away from humanity's great road of suffering, just for a moment of careless pleasure. They hand them a little thrill and a little madness.

90.

Lights and Shadows. Different thinkers write different kinds of books. One writer gathers into his book all the rays of light he could quickly grab and carry home from an experience that lit him up. Another writer gives us only the shadows. He offers just the grey and black copies of something that, the day before, had risen up tall and bright inside his soul.

91.

A Word of Caution. As everyone knows, the Italian poet Alfieri told a great many lies when he told the story of his life to the amazed people

of his time. He lied because he was a harsh tyrant toward himself. You can see this, for example, in the way he invented his own style of language, and bullied himself into becoming a poet. In the end he found a stiff, grand, lofty shape, and he forced his life and his memories to fit into it. He must have suffered a lot doing that. For the same reason, I would not trust a story of Plato's life written by Plato himself. I would trust it no more than Rousseau's account of his own life, or Dante's book about his own young love, the New Life.

92.

Prose and Poetry. Notice this: the great masters of prose, of ordinary writing, have almost always been poets too. Sometimes they were open about it, and sometimes they wrote poems only in secret, for their private drawer. And the truth is, you can only write good prose with poetry in mind! Prose is a never-ending, polite war against poetry. All its charm comes from the way it keeps avoiding poetry and arguing against it. Every abstract idea wants to make fun of poetry and to be spoken in a mocking voice. All the dryness and coolness of prose is meant to drive poetry, that lovely goddess, into a lovely kind of despair. Often the two come close and make peace for a moment, and then prose suddenly pulls back and bursts out laughing. Often the curtain is pulled up and blinding light is let in, just while the goddess is enjoying her soft twilight and dim colours. Often the words are taken right out of her mouth and sung to a tune, while she covers her delicate little ears with her fine hands. And so there are a thousand pleasures in this war, even in the defeats. The unpoetic people, the so-called prose people, know nothing about any of this. That is why they only write and speak bad prose! War is the father of all good things, and it is also the father of good prose! In this century there have been four very unusual and truly poetic men who became masters of prose. This century is otherwise not suited to good prose,

because, as we have said, it lacks poetry. Leaving out Goethe, since the century that produced him has a fair claim to him, I consider only Giacomo Leopardi, Prosper Mérimée, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Walter Savage Landor, the author of Imaginary Conversations, worthy to be called masters of prose.

93.

But Then Why Do You Write?—A: I am not one of those people who do their thinking with a wet pen in their hand. And I am even less one of those who give themselves over completely to their feelings in front of an open bottle of ink, sitting in their chair and staring at the paper. Writing always annoys me and makes me feel embarrassed. Writing is something I have to do. Even talking about it in a comparison feels unpleasant to me. B: But then why do you write? A: Well, my dear sir, I'll tell you a secret: so far I have found no other way of getting rid of my thoughts. B: And why do you want to get rid of them? A: Why do I want to? Do I really want to? I have to.—B: Enough! Enough!

94.

Growing After Death.—Fontenelle put a few bold remarks about morality into his famous book, Dialogues of the Dead, a book that will never be forgotten. The people of his time thought these remarks were just strange puzzles and jokes from a clever mind that did not care much about rules. Even the best judges of taste and intelligence saw nothing more in them. In fact, Fontenelle himself may have seen nothing more in them. Then something unbelievable happens: these thoughts turn out to be true! Science proves them! The game becomes serious! And now we read those dialogues with a different feeling from the one Voltaire and Helvetius had when they read them. Without even meaning to, we place the man who wrote them in an-

other, much higher class of thinkers than they did.—Are we right? Are we wrong?

95.

Chamfort.—Chamfort understood people, and crowds of people, extremely well. So why did he take the side of the common crowd, instead of staying apart from it, calmly accepting things like a philosopher and protecting himself? I can't explain it, except in this way. There was an instinct in him that was stronger than his wisdom, and it had never been satisfied. It was a hatred of everyone who was noble by birth. Perhaps it was his mother's old hatred, which is all too easy to understand, and his love for her made that hatred sacred to him. It was an urge for revenge he had carried since he was a boy, waiting for the moment when he could take revenge for his mother. But then the way his life went, his great talent, and, sadly, most of all perhaps the blood of his father in his veins, had tempted him to place himself among the nobles and to think of himself as their equal—for many, many years! In the end, though, he could no longer stand the sight of himself, the 'old man' living under the old system of kings and nobles. He fell into a fierce passion of regret and self-punishment. And in this state, he put on the clothes of the common people as his own special kind of hair-shirt, the rough shirt people once wore to punish themselves for their sins! His guilty conscience came from having put off his revenge.—If Chamfort had been a bit more of a philosopher back then, the French Revolution would not have had its tragic cleverness and its sharpest sting. People would have seen it as a much more stupid business, and it would not have had such a tempting hold on people's minds. But Chamfort's hatred and revenge shaped a whole generation, and the most famous men went through his school. Just think of this: Mirabeau looked up to Chamfort as if he were a higher and older version of himself. Mirabeau expected to get pushes, warn-

ings, and harsh judgments from him, and he put up with them. And Mirabeau was a man of a completely different kind of greatness. He was the very first among the brilliant statesmen of the past and of today.—It's strange that even with such a friend and supporter—we still have Mirabeau's letters to Chamfort—this cleverest of all writers about human behavior has stayed unknown to the French. The same is true of Stendhal, who perhaps had the sharpest eyes and ears of any Frenchman of this century. Is it because Stendhal really had too much of the German and the Englishman in him for the people of Paris to put up with him? Chamfort, on the other hand, was a man who knew a great deal about the deep places and secret motives of the human soul. He was gloomy, suffering, and full of fire. He was a thinker who needed laughter as a medicine for life, and who almost gave himself up for lost on any day when he had not laughed. He seems much more like an Italian than a Frenchman, as if he were related by blood to Dante and Leopardi. Everyone knows Chamfort's last words. He said to Sieyès, in French: 'Ah, my friend, I am finally leaving this world, where the heart must either break or turn to bronze.' Those were surely not the words of a dying Frenchman.

96.

Two Speakers.—Here are two public speakers. The first one only fully understands his own argument when he lets himself be carried away by emotion. Only emotion pumps enough blood and heat into his brain to force his great intelligence to show itself. The second one also tries to do this now and then: to present his argument loudly, forcefully, and with spirit, with the help of emotion. But usually it goes badly. Very soon he starts speaking in an unclear and confused way. He exaggerates, he leaves things out, and he makes people suspect that his argument is not fair. In fact, he feels this suspicion himself. That explains why he suddenly switches to the coldest and

most off-putting tones, which make the listener doubt whether his passion was real. With him, emotion always drowns his mind, perhaps because his emotion is stronger than the first speaker's. But he is at his most powerful when he fights against the wild storm of his feelings and almost looks down on it. Only then does his mind come fully out of hiding. It is a mind that is logical, mocking, and playful, but still able to fill people with awe.

97.

Why Writers Talk Too Much.—There is a kind of wordiness that comes from anger. You often find it in Luther, and also in Schopenhauer. There is a wordiness that comes from having too large a supply of ready-made ideas and formulas, as in Kant. There is a wordiness that comes from enjoying endless new variations of the same idea: you find it in Montaigne. There is a wordiness of spiteful people: anyone who reads the writings of our time will think of two authors here. There is a wordiness that comes from loving beautiful words and ways of speaking: it is far from rare in Goethe's prose. And there is a wordiness that comes from simple pleasure in noise and in a jumble of feelings: for example, in Carlyle.

98.

In Honour of Shakespeare.—The best thing I could say to honour Shakespeare, the man himself, is this: he believed in Brutus, and he did not cast even a shadow of doubt on the kind of goodness that Brutus stands for! It was to Brutus that Shakespeare dedicated his best tragedy. That play is still called by the wrong name today. He dedicated it to Brutus, and to the most terrible core of high, noble morality. Independence of the soul!—that is what is really at stake here! No sacrifice can be too great for it. You must be able to sacrifice even your dearest friend to it, even if he is also the greatest of men,

the jewel of the world, a genius with no equal. You must do this if you truly love freedom, the freedom of great souls, and if that friend is a threat to this freedom. That is how Shakespeare must have felt! He raises Caesar so high, and that is the finest honour he could give to Brutus. Only in this way does he make his hero's inner struggle truly huge. And only in this way does he show how strong a soul must be to cut through such a knot!—And was it really political freedom that made the poet feel for Brutus, and made him take Brutus's side like a partner in the deed? Or was political freedom just a symbol for something that cannot be put into words? Are we perhaps looking at some dark event or experience in the poet's own soul, one that has stayed unknown, and that he was only willing to talk about through symbols? What is all of Hamlet's gloom compared with the gloom of Brutus!—and perhaps Shakespeare knew this too, the one as well as the other, from his own experience! Perhaps he too had his dark hour and his evil angel, just as Brutus did!—But whatever likenesses and secret connections of that kind there may have been, Shakespeare threw himself on the ground before the figure and the goodness of Brutus. He felt unworthy and like a stranger next to him. He left proof of this written in the tragedy itself. Twice he brings a poet into the play, and twice he pours on him such impatient and extreme scorn that it sounds like a cry—like a cry of scorn for himself. Brutus, even Brutus, loses his patience when the poet shows up, full of himself, overly dramatic, and pushy, the way poets usually are. Poets are people who seem full of the chance of greatness, even moral greatness, and yet they rarely manage even ordinary honesty when it comes to actually living their lives. "He may know the times, but I know his temper,—away with the jigging fool!"—Brutus shouts. In other words: he may understand what is going on in the world, but I understand his nature—get rid of this prancing fool! We can read this as coming straight from the soul of the poet who wrote it.

99.

The Followers of Schopenhauer. When civilized peoples come into contact with less developed peoples, you can see a pattern. The less developed culture usually starts by picking up the vices, weaknesses and excesses of the more advanced one. After that, it begins to feel a kind of charm drawn from it. And finally, by way of those borrowed vices and weaknesses, it also lets some of the truly valuable influence of the higher culture work into it, the way yeast works into dough. You can see this same pattern close to home, without traveling to distant lands, though here it is more refined, more a matter of the mind, and not so easy to spot. So what do the German followers of Schopenhauer usually take from their master first? I mean those followers who, standing next to his superior culture, must see themselves as rough enough to be charmed and seduced by him in a rough way, right at the start. Is it his hard, down-to-earth common sense, his love of clarity and reason, which often makes him seem so English and so unlike a German? Is it the strength of his honesty in thinking, which put up with a lifelong clash between what he was and what he wanted, and which forced him to contradict himself again and again in his writings, on almost every point? Is it his cleanness in matters of the Church and the Christian God? On that subject he was cleaner than any German philosopher before him, so that he lived and died "as a follower of Voltaire." Or is it his lasting teachings: that what we perceive is shaped by the mind, that the law of cause and effect is known to us before any experience, that the intellect is just a tool, and that the will is not free? No. None of this enchants them, and none of it feels enchanting to them. What does enchant them are Schopenhauer's mystical muddles and dodges. These are the passages where the down-to-earth thinker let himself be tempted and spoiled by the vain wish to be the one who solves the riddle of the world. There is his unprovable teaching of one single will. He says, "all

causes are merely occasions for the will to appear at this time and in this place," and "the will to live, whole and undivided, is present in every being, even the smallest, just as completely as in the total of everything that was, is, and will be." There is his denial of the individual. He says, "all lions are really only one lion," and "the fact that there are many individuals is only how things seem." He also says that development is only how things seem, and he calls Lamarck's view of evolution "a clever, absurd mistake." There is his fantasy about genius. He says, "when we contemplate beauty, the individual is no longer an individual, but a pure knower, without will, without pain, outside of time," and "the knower, by melting completely into the thing he is looking at, has become that thing itself." There is his nonsense about sympathy: he claims that sympathy breaks through the 'principle of individuation', the walls that separate one person from another, and that this breakthrough is the source of all morality. And there are claims like "dying is really the purpose of existence," and "we should not completely deny the possibility that a magical effect could come from a person who is already dead." These, and other wild exaggerations and vices of the philosopher like them, are always the first things people accept and turn into articles of faith. That is because vices and exaggerations are always the easiest things to copy, and they don't need long practice beforehand. But let us talk about the most famous living follower of Schopenhauer, Richard Wagner. What happened to him has already happened to many an artist: he got the meaning of the characters he created wrong, and he misunderstood the unspoken philosophy that belonged to his own art. Until the middle of his life, Wagner let himself be led astray by the influence of Hegel. He did the same thing again later, when he read Schopenhauer's teaching into his characters, as if it were hidden between the lines, and began to talk in terms like "will," "genius," and "sympathy." Still, it remains true that nothing goes more against Schopenhauer's spirit than what is truly Wagnerian in Wagner's heroes. I mean the

innocence of the highest selfishness, the belief that strong passion is good in itself, in a word, the Siegfried look on the faces of his heroes. Schopenhauer would probably have said, "All that has more of Spinoza in it than of me." So whatever good reasons Wagner may have had to look around for philosophers other than Schopenhauer, the spell this thinker cast over him made him blind, not only to all other philosophers, but even to science itself. More and more, his whole art tends to become the partner and completion of Schopenhauer's philosophy. And more and more firmly, it gives up the higher ambition of becoming the partner and completion of human knowledge and science. He is lured into this not only by all the mystical show and splendor of this philosophy, which would have lured even a con man like Cagliostro. The philosopher's particular airs and moods have been seducing him all along as well! For example, Wagner's anger about the decay of the German language comes from Schopenhauer. And even if we praise him for copying Schopenhauer here, we can't deny that Wagner's own writing style suffers quite a lot from all the swelling and bloated language whose sight used to make Schopenhauer so furious. Nor can we deny that, among the Wagnerians who write in German, the Wagner craze is starting to become as dangerous as only some kinds of Hegel craze once were. Wagner's hatred of the Jews comes from Schopenhauer too. He cannot be fair to them even about their greatest achievement: after all, weren't the Jews the ones who invented Christianity! Wagner's attempt to explain Christianity as a seed that blew away from Buddhism, and his effort to start a Buddhist age in Europe while for a time moving closer to Catholic-Christian phrases and feelings, both come from Schopenhauer. Wagner's preaching in favor of pity toward animals comes from Schopenhauer. As everyone knows, Schopenhauer's forerunner in this was Voltaire, who perhaps already knew, like those who came after him, how to disguise his hatred of certain people and things as pity for animals. At any rate, Wagner's hatred of science, which shows up in his preaching, was cer-

tainly not inspired by a spirit of generosity and kindness. Nor, as is plain enough, was it inspired by any real spirit or intelligence at all. In the end, though, it matters little what an artist's philosophy is, as long as it is only an add-on philosophy and does no harm to his art itself. We can't be careful enough not to turn against an artist because of an occasional costume he puts on, even if it is a very unlucky and arrogant one. Let us not forget that our dear artists are all something of actors, and they have to be. It would be hard for them to keep going for long without some playacting. Let us stay loyal to Wagner in what is true and original in him. And above all, let us, his followers, stay loyal to ourselves in what is true and original in us. Let us allow him his mental moods and fits. To be fair, let us instead think about what strange foods and necessities an art like his has a right to, so that it can live and grow! It doesn't matter that he is often wrong as a thinker. Justice and patience are not his business. It is enough that his life is right in his own eyes and keeps standing up for its right. His life calls out to each of us: "Be a man, and do not follow me, but yourself! Yourself!" Our life, too, should stand up for its right in our own eyes! We too should grow and bloom out of ourselves, free and fearless, in innocent selfishness! And so, when I think about such a man, these thoughts still ring in my ears today, just as they did before: "That passion is better than cold self-control or hypocrisy. That being straightforward, even in doing wrong, is better than losing yourself in trying to follow traditional morality. That the free person is just as capable of being good as of being evil, but that the person who has not freed himself is a disgrace to nature and has no share in happiness, whether in heaven or on earth. And finally, that everyone who wants to be free must become free through himself, and that freedom is never handed to anyone as a gift from heaven." (From 'Richard Wagner in Bayreuth', Volume I of this translation, pages 199 to 200.)

100.

Learning to Give Thanks and Honor. You have to learn the art of honoring people, just as you have to learn the art of looking down on them. Anyone who opens up new paths, and has led many people along them, finds out with surprise how clumsy and bad they all are at showing their thanks. In fact, gratitude is very rarely even able to put itself into words. Whenever people's gratitude wants to speak, it is always as if something gets stuck in their throats. So it only stammers and mumbles, and then goes quiet again. Watching how a thinker comes to see the effect of his ideas, and how they change people and shake them up, is almost like watching a comedy. Sometimes it seems as if the people his ideas have "operated on" feel deeply hurt by it. They feel their independence is under threat, and the only way they can prove they are still independent is by being rude in all sorts of ways. It takes whole generations just to come up with a polite, accepted way of saying thank you. Only very late does the time come when some real spirit and brilliance goes into gratitude. And then there is usually one person who receives the great flood of thanks. He is thanked not only for the good he himself has done, but mostly for what the people before him slowly piled up, like a treasure of the highest and best things.

101.

Voltaire. Wherever there has been a royal court, it has set the standard for how to speak well, and so it has also set the standard of style for writers. But court language is the language of the courtier, a man who has no profession. Even when he talks about science, he avoids all handy technical words, because they smell of a trade or a job. That is why, in countries shaped by court culture, technical words, and anything that gives away the specialist, count as a flaw in style. Today all royal courts have turned into cartoons of the past and the present.

So it surprises us to find that even Voltaire was extremely careful and fussy on this point, for example in his opinions about writers like Fontenelle and Montesquieu. All of us today have been set free from court taste, but Voltaire was the one who brought it to perfection!

102.

A Word for Language Scholars. People believe that some books are so precious and so royal that it is worth it for whole generations of scholars to work on them, just to keep these books accurate and understandable. The job of philology, the scholarly study of old texts, is to prove this belief right again and again. It takes for granted that there really are rare people, even if we cannot see them, who know how to make use of such precious books. These might be the people who write such books themselves, or who could write them. What I mean is this: philology rests on a noble belief. It believes that, for the sake of a few people who are always "still to come" and never actually here yet, a huge amount of painful and even dirty work has to be done in advance. All of this work is done, as the old Latin phrase puts it, "for the use of the Dauphin", that is, for a prince who has not yet arrived.

103.

German Music. German music, more than any other kind, has now become the music of all Europe. That is because the changes Europe went through because of the French Revolution have found their voice in German music alone. Only German music knows how to express the restless stirring of the crowds, that huge, man-made uproar, which does not even have to be very loud. Italian opera, by contrast, knows only choruses of servants or soldiers, but not "the people." There is something else too. In all German music you can sense a deep jealousy that the middle class feels toward the nobility. Above

all, it is a jealousy of wit and elegance, which were the marks of an old, courtly, knightly, and self-confident society. This is not music like that of the singer at the castle gate in Goethe's poem, whose song pleased the people "in the hall" and the king as well. Here no one says: "The knights looked on with warlike faces; the ladies looked on with shy eyes." In German music, even the Graces, the goddesses of charm and beauty, are not allowed in without a twinge of guilt. Only with Pleasantness, the Graces' country-cousin sister, does the German start to feel morally comfortable. And from there all the way up to his excited, learned, and often grumpy "sublime" style, the grand style of Beethoven, he feels more and more at ease. If we want to picture the kind of man who goes with this music, let us simply picture Beethoven standing next to Goethe, say, at their meeting in the town of Teplitz. Beethoven is like half-wildness next to culture, like the common crowd next to the nobility. He is the good-hearted man next to the man who is good, and more than just "good." He is the dreamer next to the artist, the man who needs comfort next to the man who is already comforted. He is the man who exaggerates and distrusts next to the man of reason. He is the odd one, the man who torments himself, the foolish, swept-away, happily unhappy, honestly unrestrained man, the showy and clumsy man. All in all, he is the "untamed man." That is how Goethe saw him and described him. And Goethe was the exceptional German, for whom no music of equal rank has been found yet! Finally, let us think about this question. Today, Germans more and more look down on melody, and their feel for melody is shrinking. Shouldn't we understand this as a kind of democratic bad manners, and as an after-effect of the Revolution? After all, melody takes such obvious pleasure in following rules, and it dislikes so strongly everything that is still developing, shapeless, and random. So it sounds like a note from Europe's old order, from before the Revolution, and like a temptation to lead people back to it.

104.

The Sound of the German Language. We know where the German came from that has been the shared written language of Germany for several centuries. The Germans had great respect for everything that came from the royal court. So, on purpose, they copied the style of the court's official offices in everything they had to write, especially in their letters, records, wills, and so on. To write in this official office style meant writing like the court and the government. People thought of it as something classier than the everyday language of the town they lived in. Little by little, people took the next step and began to speak the way they wrote. In this way they became even fancier in the forms of their words, in the words and phrases they chose, and in the end also in the tone of their voices. They put on a court tone when they spoke, and in the end this put-on manner became natural to them. Maybe nothing quite like this has ever happened anywhere else: the written style won out over ordinary talk, and the stiffness and showing-off of a whole people became the basis of a shared language, no longer a local dialect. I believe that German in the Middle Ages, and especially after the Middle Ages, sounded very countrified and crude. Over the last few centuries it has become somewhat more refined. This happened mainly because people felt they had to copy so many French, Italian, and Spanish sounds. The German and Austrian nobles did this most of all, because they were not at all satisfied with their own mother tongue. But even with all this practice, German must have sounded unbearably crude to the French writer Montaigne, and even to the French playwright Racine. Even today, when German travelers speak it among ordinary Italian people, it still sounds very rough, backwoodsy, and hoarse, as if it had been born in smoky rooms and remote, strange regions. Now I notice that something similar is happening today. A new striving for a classy tone is spreading among the people who used to admire the official office style. The Germans

are starting to get used to a strange kind of "magic of sound," which in the long run could become a real danger to the German language. For you would look in vain for uglier sounds anywhere in Europe. Something mocking, cold, uncaring, and careless in the voice: that is what sounds "noble" to Germans right now. And I hear people approving of this kind of nobleness in the voices of young government workers, teachers, women, and shopkeepers. In fact, even little girls are already copying this officers' German. For the officer, and in particular the Prussian officer, is the one who invented these tones. This same officer, as a soldier and as a professional, has a wonderful sense of modesty, which the Germans as a whole could well copy, German professors and musicians included! But as soon as he talks and moves, he is the most arrogant and clumsy figure in all of old Europe. No doubt he does not realize this himself! And the good Germans do not realize it either. They look up at him as a man from the highest and most select society, and they happily let him "set the tone" for them. And he really does set it for them! First of all, the sergeant-majors and lower officers copy his tone and make it even rougher. Just listen to the shouted orders that surround German cities on every side these days, when soldiers are drilling at all the city gates. What arrogance, what furious bossiness, and what mocking coldness speaks in all this noise! Could the Germans really be a musical people? One thing is certain: the Germans are making themselves sound like soldiers in the tone of their language. And it is likely that, once they are trained to speak like soldiers, they will end up writing like soldiers too. For getting used to certain tones goes deep into a person's character. People soon have the words and ways of speaking, and in the end the thoughts too, that fit these tones exactly! Maybe they already write in the officers' style. Maybe I just read too little of what is being written in Germany today to know. But one thing I know all the more surely: the public statements from Germany that also reach other countries are not inspired by German music. They are inspired by this new tone of tasteless ar-

rogance. In almost every speech by the leading German statesman, and even when he makes himself heard through the emperor, who speaks for him, there is a tone that a foreigner's ear rejects with disgust. But the Germans put up with it. They put up with themselves.

105.

The Germans as Artists. When a German really feels a passion for once, and not just, as usually happens, a mere leaning toward it, he acts exactly as passion makes him act, and does not think any more about how he is behaving. The truth, though, is that he then behaves very clumsily and in an ugly way, as if he had no rhythm and no melody at all. People watching him are hurt or touched by it, but nothing more, unless he rises up to the greatness and the rapture that some passions can reach. Then even the German becomes beautiful. German artists sense the point, the height, at which beauty starts to cast its charm even over Germans. This sense lifts them up to that height, to the very highest height, and to the wildest excesses of passion. So they have a real, deep longing to get past the ugliness and clumsiness, or at least to look past it, into a better, lighter, more southern, sunnier world. And so their wild jerks and spasms are often just signs that they would like to dance. They are like poor bears, inside whom hidden nymphs and satyrs, and sometimes even higher gods, are playing their games!

106.

Music as a Lawyer for Ideas. "I wish I had a master musician," said a man with new ideas to his follower, "so that he could learn my ideas from me and spread them further in his own language, the language of music. That way I could reach people's ears and hearts better. For with musical sounds you can lead people into any mistake and any

truth. Who could ever disprove a sound?" "So you would like people to think you cannot be disproved?" asked his follower. The man with new ideas answered: "I would like the seed to grow into a tree. For a teaching to become a tree, people have to believe in it for quite a long time. And for people to believe in it, they have to think it cannot be disproved. The tree needs storms and doubts and worms and nastiness, so that it can show what kind of tree it is and how strong its seed was. Let it die if it is not strong enough! But a seed can only ever be destroyed, never disproved!" When he had said this, his follower cried out eagerly: "But I believe in your cause! I think it is so strong that I will say everything against it, everything I still have in my heart." The man with new ideas laughed quietly to himself and wagged his finger at the follower as a playful warning. Then he said: "This kind of following is the best kind. But it is dangerous, and not every kind of teaching can survive it."

107.

Our Final Thanks to Art. Suppose we had never welcomed the arts, and never invented this kind of worship of what is untrue. Then the insight that science now gives us would be completely unbearable. That insight is that things in general are untrue and false, and that illusion and error are the very conditions that make it possible for thinking, feeling beings to exist at all. Honesty, on its own, would lead to disgust and suicide. But as things are, our honesty has a weight on the other side of the scale that helps us avoid those results. That weight is Art, which is our willing acceptance of illusion. We do not always stop our eyes from rounding things off and making them perfect in our imagination. And when we do that, it is no longer something forever imperfect that we carry across the river of Becoming, the river of constant change. Instead, we believe we are carrying a goddess, and we feel proud and innocent as we do this service. Seen

as something beautiful, as a work of art, life is still bearable to us. And Art gives us the eye and the hand, and above all the clear conscience, so that we are able to turn ourselves into that kind of beautiful thing. Every now and then we must take a rest from ourselves. We do this by stepping back and looking down on ourselves, and by laughing or crying over ourselves from the distance an artist keeps. We must find the hero hidden in our passion for knowledge, and we must also find the fool hidden there. Now and then we must enjoy our own foolishness, so that we can go on enjoying our wisdom! And precisely because, deep down, we are heavy and serious people, more like weights than human beings, nothing does us as much good as the jester's hat. We need it when we face ourselves. We need every kind of Art that is proud, soaring, dancing, mocking, childlike and blissful, so that we do not lose the free mastery over things that our ideal asks of us. For us, with our sensitive honesty, it would be a step backward to sink completely into morality. Because of the overly strict demands we set for ourselves here, we could actually turn into virtuous monsters and scarecrows. We must also be able to stand above morality. And we should not just stand there, stiff and in pain, like someone who is afraid every moment of slipping and falling. We should also be able to float and play above it! How could we do without Art for that? How could we do without the fool? And as long as you are still ashamed of yourselves in any way, you are not yet one of us!

Footnote 8:

This again points to Schiller's poem "The Veiled Image of Sais." (Translator's note.)

Book Three

108.

New Struggles. After the Buddha died, people went on showing his shadow in a cave for hundreds of years. It was a huge, frightening shadow. God is dead. But the way human beings are made, there may still be caves for thousands of years where people will show his shadow. And we? We still have to defeat his shadow too!

109.

Let Us Be Careful. Let us be careful not to think that the world is a living creature. Where would it spread out to? What would it feed on? How could it grow and get bigger? We know fairly well what living, organic things are. Are we really supposed to take something that is clearly secondary, late to arrive, rare and accidental, something we only see on the thin outer crust of the earth, and turn it into the basic, universal and eternal nature of everything? That is what people do when they call the universe an organism. That disgusts me. Now let us be careful not to believe that the universe is a machine. It was certainly not built to serve one single goal. Calling it a "machine" gives it far too much honor. Let us be careful not to assume that something as orderly as the circling movements of the stars near us is the normal thing everywhere in the universe. In fact, one look at the Milky Way makes you wonder whether there are many rougher and more conflicting movements out there, even stars that keep falling in straight

lines, and things like that. The star system we live in is an exception. This arrangement, and the fairly long stability that comes from it, made possible the exception of all exceptions: the birth of living things. The general nature of the world, on the other hand, is chaos, forever. That does not mean nothing is necessary. It means there is no order, no structure, no form, no beauty, no wisdom, and none of the other things our human sense of beauty gives names to. Judged by our reason, the bad throws of the dice are by far the usual case, and the exceptions are not some hidden goal. The whole universe is like a music box that keeps playing its tune forever, a tune that can never be called a real melody. And in the end, even the phrase "bad throw" is already treating the world as if it were human, and it carries blame with it. But how could we dare to blame or praise the universe! Let us be careful not to say that it is heartless or unreasonable, or the opposite. It is not perfect, not beautiful, not noble, and it does not try to be any of these things. It does not try to copy human beings at all! Our judgments about beauty and morality do not touch it in the slightest! It has no instinct to keep itself alive, in fact no instinct of any kind. It knows no law either. Let us be careful not to say that there are laws in nature. There are only things that must happen. There is no one who gives orders, no one who obeys, and no one who breaks the rules. Once you know there is no plan, you also know there is no chance. The word "chance" only makes sense in a world where there is a plan. Let us be careful not to say that death is the opposite of life. A living thing is just one kind of dead thing, and a very rare kind. Let us be careful not to think that the world is forever creating something new. There are no substances that last forever. The idea of "matter" is just another mistake, like the God of the Eleatics, the ancient Greek thinkers who believed in one unchanging being. But when will we be finished with all this watching out and being careful! When will all these leftover shadows of God stop darkening our view? When will we have stripped nature completely of

everything godlike! When will we be allowed to make ourselves natural again, by means of a nature that is pure, newly discovered, and newly set free?

110.

Where Knowledge Came From.—For huge stretches of time, the human mind produced nothing but mistakes. Some of those mistakes turned out to be useful and helped the human race survive. Whoever happened to hit upon them, or was born with them, fought the battle of life for himself and his children more successfully. Certain false beliefs were handed down from generation to generation, until in the end they became almost the shared property and basic equipment of the human race. Here are some examples: that there are things that last; that there are things that are exactly the same; that there are things, substances and bodies at all; that a thing is what it seems to be; that our will is free; that what is good for me is also good in itself, for everyone. Only very late did people come along who denied and doubted these ideas. Only very late did truth show up, and when it did, it was the weakest kind of knowledge. It seemed as if it were impossible to live with the truth. Our bodies were built for the very opposite. All their higher functions, what our senses perceive, and every kind of feeling in general, worked together with those basic errors that had been built into us since the earliest times. What is more, those false ideas became the very measuring sticks of knowledge. They were used to decide what counted as "true" and what counted as "false", across the whole field of pure logic. So the strength of an idea does not depend on how true it is. It depends on how old it is, how deeply it has become part of us, and whether we need it in order to live. Wherever life and knowledge seemed to clash, there was never a serious fight. In those places, denying and doubting were treated as madness. There were exceptional thinkers, like the Eleatics,

the ancient Greek philosophers of Elea, who in spite of all this put forward and defended the opposites of these natural errors. They believed that it was possible to actually live by those opposite ideas. It was they who invented the picture of the wise man as someone who never changes, who has no personal self, and whose insight covers everything. They imagined him as being one and everything at the same time, with a special ability for that reversed kind of knowledge. They believed that their knowledge was also the founding principle of life. But to be able to claim all this, they had to fool themselves about their own condition. They had to pretend that they had no personal self and that they stayed forever unchanged. They had to misunderstand what a philosopher as an individual person really is. They had to deny that drives and urges play any part in knowing things. And they had to picture reason as a completely free activity that starts all by itself. They kept their eyes shut to the fact that they, too, had arrived at their teachings by going against sound methods, or out of a longing for rest, or for having something all to themselves, or for ruling over others. In the end, a finer kind of honesty and doubt grew up and made such men impossible. It turned out that their lives and their judgments also depended on the ancient urges and basic errors shared by every creature that feels. This finer honesty and doubt appeared whenever two opposite rules both seemed to be workable for life, because both of them fitted with the basic errors. That is, it appeared wherever people could argue about whether something was more useful or less useful for life. It also appeared where new rules turned out to be, if not actually useful, then at least not harmful. These new rules were the expression of a mental urge to play a game, a game that was, like all games, innocent and happy. Little by little, the human brain filled up with such judgments and beliefs. And in this tangled ball of thread there arose bubbling unrest, conflict and a hunger for power. Not only usefulness and pleasure, but every kind of urge joined in the fight over "truths". The fight of ideas became a

business, an attraction, a calling, a duty, a matter of honour. In the end, knowing things and striving for the truth took their place as needs among other needs. From that moment on, not only believing and being convinced, but also testing, denying, mistrusting and contradicting became real forces. All the "evil" instincts were placed under knowledge and put to work in its service. They gained the respect of being allowed, honoured and useful, and finally even the look and innocence of being good. So knowledge became a part of life itself, and as life it became a power that kept on growing. Until at last, the things we had come to know and those ancient, basic errors crashed into each other. Both of them were life, both of them were power, and both of them lived in the same person. The thinker is now the creature in whom the urge for truth and those life-saving errors fight their first battle, now that the urge for truth has also proved that it, too, is a power that helps life survive. Compared with how important this battle is, everything else does not matter. Here the final question about what life needs in order to go on is being asked, and here, for the first time, someone tries to answer it by experiment. How far can truth become part of us, part of our very bodies and lives?—that is the question, and that is the experiment.

111.

Where Logic Came From.—Where did logic come from in people's heads? No doubt it came out of the illogical, which must at first have covered an enormous area. But countless creatures who reasoned differently from the way we do now died out, even though they may have been closer to the truth than we are! Take this example. Someone who could not spot things that were "alike" quickly enough, when it came to food or to animals that were dangerous to him, someone who drew conclusions too slowly, or was too careful in drawing them, had less chance of surviving than someone who, faced

with similar things, guessed straight away that they were the same. Yet this strong tendency to treat things that are similar as if they were equal is an illogical tendency, because nothing is truly equal in itself. And it was this very tendency that first laid the whole foundation of logic. In the same way, the idea of a "substance", a lasting thing, had to come into being, because logic cannot do without it, even though, strictly speaking, nothing real matches it. For that to happen, the constant change in things had to be overlooked and go unnoticed for a long time. The creatures that did not see clearly had an advantage over those that saw everything as "flowing" and changing. In itself, being very careful about drawing conclusions, and every leaning toward doubt, is a great danger to life. No living creature would have survived if the opposite leaning had not been trained with extraordinary effort: the leaning to say yes rather than hold back judgment, to get things wrong and make things up rather than wait, to agree rather than deny, to decide rather than to be right.—The way logical thinking and reasoning run in our modern brains matches a process, a struggle between urges. Each of these urges, taken alone, is very illogical and unfair. Usually we only notice the outcome of that struggle, because this ancient machinery now works inside us so quickly and so secretly.

112.

Cause and Effect. We call it "explaining," but the only thing we do better than earlier stages of knowledge and science is "describing." We describe things better, but we explain just as little as the people before us. Where the simple person and the researcher of older cultures saw only two things, "cause" and "effect," as they put it, we have found a long chain of many steps. We have sharpened our idea of how things come to be, but we still don't know what lies above and behind that idea. In every case, the chain of "causes" in front of us is much

more complete. We conclude that this and that must happen first so that something else can follow. But we haven't truly understood anything by doing that. For example, what makes each chemical process special still seems like a "miracle," just as before, and so does every kind of movement. Nobody has "explained" what a push or a force really is. How could we ever explain anything! We work only with things that don't actually exist: lines, surfaces, bodies, atoms, time cut into pieces, space cut into pieces. How can explaining ever be possible when we first turn everything into an idea, our own idea! It's enough to see science as the most exact way possible of making things human, of putting them into human terms. By describing things and the order they come in, we keep learning to describe ourselves more accurately. Cause and effect: there is probably never really a pair like that. In fact, what lies before us is one unbroken flow, and we cut a few pieces out of it. It's the same way we always see a movement as a series of separate points, so we don't really see the movement itself; we figure it out. The suddenness with which many effects happen fools us. But it's only sudden for us. In that sudden moment there is an endless number of processes that we miss. Imagine a mind that could see cause and effect as one unbroken flow, a mind that could see the stream of events not the way we see them, as things chopped up and broken apart at random. Such a mind would throw away the idea of cause and effect, and would deny that anything depends on anything else.

113.

The Theory of Poisons. So many things have to come together for scientific thinking to appear, and every one of the powers it needs had to be invented, practiced, and grown on its own first! But when these powers were on their own, they often had a very different effect than they have now, when they are held inside the limits of scientific

thinking and keep each other in check. Back then, they worked like poisons. Think of the urge to doubt, the urge to deny, the urge to wait, the urge to collect, and the urge to take things apart. Huge numbers of people were sacrificed, like mass offerings, before these urges learned to live side by side and to see themselves as parts of one organizing force inside one person! And we are still so far from the point where artistic powers and practical life wisdom will work together with scientific thinking. When that happens, a higher, living system will form. Compared to it, the scholar, the doctor, the artist, and the lawmaker, as we know them today, will look like sad old relics!

114.

How Far Morality Reaches. We build a new picture, and we see it right away with the help of all the old experiences we've had, always depending on how honest and fair we are. The only events there are, are moral events, even in the area of what our senses perceive.

115.

The Four Errors. Human beings have been raised and shaped by their mistakes. First, they always saw themselves as incomplete. Second, they gave themselves qualities that were only imagined. Third, they felt they stood in a false place compared to animals and nature. Fourth, they kept inventing new lists of values and, for a while, took them as eternal and absolute. So at one time this human drive or state came first, and at another time that one, and whichever came first was raised up and honored because of it. If you take away the effects of these four mistakes, you also take away humanity, human kindness, and "human dignity."

116.

Herd Instinct. Wherever we find a morality, we find a way of judging human drives and actions and ranking them. These judgments and rankings always express what a community or herd needs. Whatever helps the herd first, and second, and third, also becomes the official measure of what each individual is worth. Morality teaches the individual to become a working part of the herd, and to see value in himself only as such a part. The conditions needed to keep one community alive have been very different from those of another community, so there have been very different moralities. And since herds and communities, states and societies, will go through deep changes in the future, one can predict that there will still be very different moralities. Morality is the herd instinct inside the individual.

117.

The Herd's Pang of Conscience. In the longest and most distant ages of the human race, the pang of conscience was very different from today's. Nowadays a person only feels responsible for what he means to do and for what he actually does, and we take pride in ourselves. All our law professors start from this feeling of personal independence and the pleasure in it, as if this had been the source of rights from the very beginning. But through the longest stretch of human history, nothing was more terrible to a person than feeling independent. Being alone, feeling independent, neither obeying nor ruling, standing as a single individual: back then, that was no pleasure but a punishment. A person was sentenced "to be an individual." Thinking freely was seen as discomfort in human form. We feel laws and rules as a restraint and a loss, but people back then saw selfishness as something painful and truly evil. For a person to be himself, to judge his own worth by his own measure and weight, was very unpleasant to them then. Wanting such a thing would have been seen as mad-

ness, because every misery and terror was tied to being alone. In those times, "free will" had a guilty conscience right beside it. The less independently a person acted, the more his behavior showed the herd instinct instead of his own personal character, and the more moral he thought he was. Anything that harmed the herd, whether the individual meant it or not, gave him a pang of conscience, and gave one to his neighbor too, in fact to the whole herd! This is the area where our way of thinking has changed the most.

118.

Kindness. Is it a good and noble act when one cell turns itself into a working part of a stronger cell? It has no choice. And is it evil when the stronger cell takes in the other one and makes it part of itself? It has no choice either. It needs to happen, because the stronger cell needs plenty of fuel to make up for what it uses, and it is trying to renew itself. So when we look at kindness, we have to tell apart two instincts: the instinct to take something over, and the instinct to give yourself over. Which one is at work depends on whether it is the stronger or the weaker one who feels kind. In the stronger person, who wants to turn something into a part of himself, there is joy mixed with greed. In the weaker person, who would like to become a part of someone else, there is joy mixed with the wish to be wanted. The first case is basically pity: a pleasant stirring of the instinct to take over, which happens when we see someone weaker. But we should remember that "strong" and "weak" are only ever measured against each other.

119.

No Selflessness! In many people I see a huge urge, and a huge pleasure, in wanting to be a working part of someone else. They chase after it. They have a very sharp nose for exactly those positions where they

themselves could serve as such a part. Among these people are those women who turn themselves into exactly the part of a man that is weak in him. They become his wallet, or his politics, or his social life. Beings like this do best when they plug themselves into someone else's body and life, like an organ in a foreign body. If they cannot manage this, they get annoyed and irritated, and they eat themselves up from the inside.

120.

Health of the Soul. There is a favorite saying that mixes medicine and morals, first said by Ariston of Chios: "Virtue is the health of the soul." If we want to actually use it, we would at least have to change it to this: "Your virtue is the health of your soul." That is because there is no such thing as health in general, and every attempt to define it that way has failed badly. To figure out what health means even for your body, you need to know your goal, your horizon, your strengths, your drives, your mistakes, and above all the ideals and dreams of your soul. So there are countless kinds of bodily health. And the more we let the unique and one-of-a-kind person stand up and show himself again, and the more we unlearn the fixed belief that "all people are equal," the more our doctors will have to throw out the idea of a normal health, along with a normal diet and a normal way that illnesses run their course. Only then would it be time to think about the health and sickness of the soul, and to say that each person's own special virtue is the health of their soul. But of course, what looks like health in one person might look like the opposite of health in another. In the end, the big question might still be left unanswered: could we really get along without sickness, even for growing our virtue? Might our hunger for knowledge, and for knowing ourselves, actually need the sick soul just as much as the healthy one? In short: is the simple wish to be healthy perhaps just a prejudice, a kind of cowardice, and

maybe even an example of the most refined kind of backwardness and refusal to move forward?

121.

Life Proves Nothing. We have set up a world for ourselves that we can live in. We did it by assuming that there are bodies, lines, surfaces, causes and effects, motion and rest, shape and content. Without these beliefs, nobody today could manage to live! But even so, none of them has been proven. The fact that we live by something does not prove it is true. Mistakes might even be one of the things life needs in order to exist.

122.

The Streak of Moral Doubt in Christianity. Christianity, too, did a great deal to open people's eyes. It taught people to doubt their own goodness, and it did this in a very powerful and effective way. It accused people and made them bitter, but it did so with endless patience and cleverness. It destroyed, in every single person, the belief in his own virtues. It made the great virtuous heroes disappear from the earth forever. The ancient world had plenty of them: admired men who believed they were perfect, and who walked around with the proud bearing of a bullfighter. Now, having been trained in this Christian school of doubt, when we read the moral books of the ancient writers, like Seneca and Epictetus, we feel a pleasant sense of being above them. We feel full of secret understanding and sharp insight. It seems to us as if a child were lecturing an old man, or a pretty, gushing girl were lecturing La Rochefoucauld, the sharp-eyed French writer on human nature. We know better what virtue really is! But after all, we have turned that same doubt on everything religious as well: on sin, regret, grace, becoming holy, and so on. We have let that worm of doubt dig so deep that now we get the same feeling of being

cleverly above it all even when we read Christian books. We also know religious feelings better! And it is high time to understand them well and describe them well, because the devout believers of the old faith are dying out too. Let us save a picture of them and what kind of people they were, at least for the sake of knowledge.

123.

Knowledge Is More Than a Tool. Science would move forward even without this passion, and by this passion I mean the passion for knowledge. In fact, up to now science has grown and developed without it. Today, governments put their trust in science and are biased in its favor, just as the Church once was. This trust rests mainly on one fact: science has so rarely shown any total, all-consuming urge or drive. People see science not as a passion, but as a normal state of affairs and a respectable way of behaving. Often, a pleasant love of knowledge, which is simple curiosity, is enough to keep it going. A vain love of knowledge, which is wanting to look good, is also enough. So is plain habit, along with the hidden hope of winning honor and earning a living. For many people, it is even enough that they have too much free time and don't know what else to do with it, except keep on reading, collecting, sorting, observing and telling about things. Their so-called "scientific drive" is really just boredom. Pope Leo the Tenth once praised science, in a letter he wrote to a man named Beroaldus. He called it the finest decoration and the greatest pride of our life, a noble way to spend your time in good times and bad. And at the end he said: "Without it, everything people try to do would have no solid foundation. Even with it, our efforts are still changeable and unsafe enough!" But this rather doubting Pope, like every other churchman who praised science, kept his final opinion about it to himself. From his words we can tell that he ranked science above art, which is surprising enough for a man who loved art so

much. But it was only out of politeness that he didn't mention what he ranked far above all science: the "truth revealed by God" and the "eternal salvation of the soul." Compared to those, what did decoration, pride, entertainment and a secure life matter to him? Deep in his soul, Leo held back this verdict: "Science is something second-rate. It is not final, not absolute, and not something to be passionate about." That is the truly Christian verdict on science! In ancient times, too, science was given less dignity and value. Even among its most eager followers, the effort to become virtuous, to be a good person, came first. People thought they were giving knowledge the highest praise when they celebrated it as the best tool for becoming virtuous. It is something new in history that knowledge now claims to be more than just a tool.

124.

On the Endless Horizon. We have left the land and gone on board a ship! We have torn down the bridge behind us. No, more than that: we have torn down the land behind us! Well then, little ship, watch out! The ocean is all around you. It's true that it doesn't always roar. Sometimes it lies spread out like silk and gold, calm as a gentle daydream. But there will come times when you will feel that it is endless, and that nothing is more terrifying than endlessness. Oh, the poor bird that felt free, and now crashes against the walls of this cage! How sad it would be if you were struck with homesickness for the land, as if there had been more freedom there. And there is no "land" anymore!

125.

The Madman. Have you ever heard of the madman who lit a lantern on a bright morning, ran to the market square, and kept shouting, "I'm looking for God! I'm looking for God!"? Many of the people stand-

ing around there did not believe in God, so he gave them a good laugh. "What, has God gotten lost?" said one. "Has he wandered off like a child?" said another. "Or is he hiding? Is he scared of us? Has he gone on a sea voyage? Has he moved to another country?" The people shouted and laughed, all in an uproar. The madman leaped into the middle of them and pierced them with his stare. "Where has God gone?" he cried. "I'll tell you! We have killed him, you and I! We are all his murderers! But how did we do it? How could we drink up the whole sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What were we doing when we unchained this earth from its sun? Where is it moving now? Where are we moving? Away from every sun? Aren't we falling without end? Backward, sideways, forward, in every direction? Is there still an up and a down? Aren't we wandering as if through an endless nothing? Can't we feel empty space breathing on us? Hasn't it gotten colder? Isn't night closing in, darker and darker, all the time? Won't we have to light lanterns in the morning? Don't we hear the noise of the gravediggers who are burying God? Don't we smell God rotting? For even gods rot! God is dead! God stays dead! And we have killed him! How can we comfort ourselves, we the worst murderers of all? The holiest and mightiest thing the world has ever had has bled to death under our knives. Who will wipe this blood off us? What water could ever wash us clean? What ceremonies of cleansing, what sacred games will we have to invent? Isn't this deed far too huge for us? Won't we have to become gods ourselves, just to seem worthy of it? There has never been a greater event. And because of it, everyone born after us will belong to a higher history than all the history that came before!" Here the madman fell silent and looked at his listeners again. They were silent too, and stared at him in surprise. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, so that it smashed to pieces and went out. "I have come too early," he then said. "My time has not come yet. This tremendous event is still on its way, still traveling. It has not yet reached people's

ears. Lightning and thunder need time. The light of the stars needs time. Deeds need time to be seen and heard, even after they have been done. This deed is still farther away from them than the farthest star, and yet they have done it themselves!" It is also said that on that same day the madman forced his way into several churches and there sang a funeral mass for God, a "Requiem aeternam deo," meaning "eternal rest for God." When he was led out and asked to explain himself, he always answered: "What are these churches now, if not the tombs and monuments of God?"

126.

Mystical Explanations. People think mystical explanations are deep. The truth is that they aren't even shallow.

127.

A Leftover Effect of the Oldest Religion. The person who doesn't think things through believes that the Will is the only thing that makes things happen. He thinks willing is something simple, obviously there, not coming from anything else, and easy to understand all by itself. He is sure that when he does something, for example when he throws a punch, it is he who strikes, and that he struck because he wanted to strike. He sees no problem in this at all. The feeling of wanting is enough for him. It is enough to make him accept cause and effect, and also enough to make him believe he understands how cause and effect are connected. He knows nothing about the mechanics of what happens, about the many delicate processes that have to take place so that the punch can happen. He also knows nothing about how the Will by itself cannot carry out even the smallest part of those processes. To him, the Will is a force that works by magic. Believing that the Will causes things to happen is believing in forces that work by magic. In fact, at first, whenever humans saw

something happen, they believed a Will had caused it, and that there were beings with wills working behind the scenes. The idea of mechanical causes was very far from their minds. But because humans, for enormous stretches of time, believed only in persons (and not in matter, forces, things, and so on), the belief in cause and effect became a basic belief for them. They apply it everywhere whenever anything happens, and they still use it by instinct, as a leftover from the most distant past. The statements "There is no effect without a cause" and "Every effect points back to a cause" look like general versions of several narrower statements. These are: "Wherever something is done, there has been a will behind it." "Things can only be done to beings that have wills." "There is never a pure experience of activity that has no result; every experience stirs up the Will" (to act, to defend, to take revenge or pay back). But in the earliest days of humankind, the second set of statements and the first set were the same thing. The first set was not a generalization of the second; instead, the second set was the explanation of the first. Schopenhauer, by assuming that everything that exists is at bottom a kind of will, put an ancient, primitive mythology on the throne. He seems never to have tried to take the Will apart and examine it, because, like everybody else, he believed that all willing is simple and direct. In fact, willing is a mechanical process so skillfully practiced that it almost escapes the watching eye. Against Schopenhauer's statements, I set these: First, for a Will to arise, there has to be an idea of pleasure and pain. Second, whether a strong stimulation is felt as pleasure or as pain is up to the intellect, which interprets it. The intellect mostly does this without our being aware of it, and one and the same stimulation can be interpreted as either pleasure or pain. Third, only a thinking being has pleasure, displeasure and Will. The vast majority of living things have nothing of the sort.

128.

The Value of Prayer.—Prayer was invented for people who never have thoughts of their own. These are people who don't know what it means for the soul to rise up, or who don't notice when it happens. So what are such people supposed to do in holy places, and in all the important moments of life that call for calm and some sort of dignity? At the very least, they must not disturb anyone. So the founders of religions, the small ones and the great ones alike, have wisely given them the habit of prayer. Prayer is a long, mechanical job for the lips, combined with an effort of memory, and with a fixed, required position of the hands and feet—and the eyes too! Then, like the Tibetans, they can chew over their "om mane padme hum" again and again, countless times, the way a cow chews its cud. Or, as in the city of Benares, they can count off the name of God, "Ram-Ram-Ram," on their fingers, and so on, gracefully or not. Or they can honour the god Vishnu by calling him by his thousand names, or Allah by his ninety-nine. Or they can use prayer-wheels and rosary beads. The main thing is that they are kept busy at this work for a while and look reasonably decent. Their way of praying was designed to benefit the truly devout people, the ones who do have thoughts and a lifted-up spirit of their own. But even those people have tired hours, when a string of old, respected words and sounds and a mechanical, holy routine does them good. Still, let's suppose that these rare people—and in every religion the truly religious person is an exception—know how to help themselves. The poor in spirit do not know how. To forbid them their prayer-babbling would be to take their religion away from them, and Protestantism is making this clearer and clearer. All that religion wants from such people is that they should keep still: their eyes, their hands, their legs, and all their body parts. By doing that, they become better-looking for a while, and—more human-looking!

129.

The Conditions for God.—"God himself cannot survive without wise men," said Luther, and he was right. But "God can survive even less without unwise men"—good old Luther did not say that!

130.

A Dangerous Decision.—Christianity decided to see the world as ugly and bad, and that decision has made the world ugly and bad.

131.

Christianity and Suicide.—When Christianity began, many people had a huge longing to kill themselves, and Christianity used that longing as a tool to gain power. It allowed only two kinds of suicide. It gave those two the highest honour and attached the highest hopes to them, and it forbade all other kinds in a terrifying way. The two that were allowed were martyrdom, and the slow self-destruction of the ascetic, the person who denies himself everything.

132.

Against Christianity.—These days it is no longer our reason that rejects Christianity. It is our taste.

133.

Basic Truths.—Some assumptions are unavoidable, and humanity must keep coming back to them again and again. In the long run, such an assumption is more powerful than even the most firmly held belief in something untrue, like the Christian belief. "In the long run" means a hundred thousand years from now.

134.

Pessimists as Victims.—When a deep dislike of life takes over a people, what is showing up is the after-effect of a big mistake in diet that the people has been making for a long time. For example, the spread of Buddhism (not where it came from in the first place) depends to a large degree on the Indians eating far too much rice, almost nothing but rice, and on the general weakness and loss of energy that comes from that. Perhaps the unhappiness of modern Europe should be seen in the same way. It may have been caused by the fact that the world of our ancestors, the whole of the Middle Ages, was given to heavy drinking, because German tastes had influence across Europe. The Middle Ages, in other words, means the alcohol poisoning of Europe.—The German dislike of life (including the effect of the stale cellar air and the fumes from stoves in German homes) is basically an illness of cold weather.

135.

Where Sin Comes From.—Sin, as people feel it today wherever Christianity rules or once ruled, is a Jewish feeling and a Jewish invention. And since sin is the background of all Christian morality, Christianity has in fact tried to make the whole world "Jewish" in this respect. How far this has succeeded in Europe can be measured most exactly by how foreign ancient Greece still feels to us, even now, in our feelings. Ancient Greece was a world without the feeling of sin. And we still feel strange to it, despite all the honest efforts to get closer to it and become like it, which whole generations and many outstanding people have made. "God is kind to you only when you repent"—a Greek would either laugh at that or get angry. He would say, "Slaves might feel that way." This idea takes for granted a mighty being, an all-powerful being, and yet a being who wants revenge. His power is so great that nobody can hurt him in any way, except in one thing: his

honour. Every sin is a failure to show him respect, a "crime of insulting divine majesty"—and nothing more! Feeling sorry, lowering yourself, rolling in the dust: these are the first and last conditions for winning his favour. In other words, what matters is that his divine honour is restored! Sin might cause harm in other ways. It might spread a deep, wide evil that, like a disease, attacks and chokes one person after another. But this does not bother that honour-hungry ruler in heaven, who is pictured like an Eastern king. Sin is an offence against him, not against human beings! And to the people he favours, he also gives this same lack of concern about the natural results of sin. Here God and humanity are thought of as separate, as such complete opposites that it is impossible to sin against humans at all. Every action is to be judged only by its supernatural results, not by its natural effects. That is how the Jewish feeling would have it, because to that feeling everything natural seems worthless in itself. The Greeks, on the other hand, were more used to the idea that breaking the rules can also have dignity. Even stealing could, as with Prometheus, who stole fire from the gods. Even slaughtering cattle could, as an expression of wild jealousy, as with Ajax. The Greeks needed to give dignity to wrongdoing and to show that dignity in it, and so they invented tragedy. Tragedy is an art and a joy that, at its deepest core, has always stayed foreign to the Jew, despite all his gift for poetry and his love of the grand and lofty.

136.

The Chosen People. The Jews think of themselves as the chosen people among all nations. They believe this because they are the moral geniuses among the nations, since they are able to look down on the human side of themselves more than any other people. The Jews take a kind of pleasure in their divine king and holy one, much like the pleasure the French nobles took in King Louis XIV. Those

nobles had let their power and their right to rule themselves be taken away, and they had become people to be looked down on. So that they would not feel this, and so that they could forget it, they needed a royal splendor, a royal authority, and a fullness of power that nothing else could match, and that only the nobles were allowed to come near. Because of this special right, they lifted themselves up to the high level of the royal court. From that height they saw everything below them, and everything below looked worthless to them. In this way they got past every uneasy feeling of conscience. So, on purpose, they built the tower of the king's power higher and higher, up into the clouds, and then they set the final top stone of their own power on it.

137.

Said as a Parable. A Jesus Christ could only have appeared in a Jewish landscape. I mean a landscape where the dark and mighty thundercloud of an angry Jehovah hung overhead all the time. Only there could a rare, sudden flash of a single sunbeam, breaking through that terrible, endless daytime darkness that covered everything, be seen as a miracle of "love," as a ray of "grace" that no one had earned. Only there could Christ dream of his rainbow and of his ladder to heaven, on which God came down to people. Everywhere else, clear weather and sunshine were thought of as normal and ordinary.

138.

The Mistake of Christ. The founder of Christianity believed that nothing made people suffer as much as their sins. That was his mistake. It was the mistake of someone who felt he had no sin himself, and who had no experience of it. That is why his soul filled up with that amazing, dreamlike pity, a pity about a problem that, even among his own people, the very people who invented sin, was seldom a big prob-

lem! But later on, Christians figured out how to do their master justice: they made his mistake holy and turned it into a "truth."

139.

The Color of the Passions. People like the apostle Paul look at the passions, our strong feelings and desires, with a hostile eye. They only come to know the dirty, twisting and heartbreaking side of them. So their highest goal is to wipe out the passions completely. In the divine, they see a being that is totally cleansed of passion. The Greeks were very different from Paul and the Jews. They aimed their highest goal right at the passions. They loved them, raised them up, made them beautiful and turned them into gods. Clearly, when they were full of passion, they felt not only happier but also purer and more godlike than at other times. And now, what about the Christians? Did they want to become Jews in this way? Have they maybe actually become Jews!

140.

Too Jewish. If God had wanted people to love him, he would first have had to give up judging and handing out justice. A judge, even a kind and merciful judge, is not someone people love. The founder of Christianity showed too little of the finer feelings on this point, because he was a Jew.

141.

Too Eastern. What? A God who loves people, but only if they believe in him, and who throws terrible looks and threats at anyone who does not believe in this love! What? A love with conditions attached, as the feeling of an all-powerful God! A love that has not even managed to get control over its sense of honor and its touchy hunger for revenge!

How Eastern all that is! The saying, "If I love you, what business is that of yours?" is already enough of a criticism of the whole of Christianity.

142.

Incense. Buddha says: "Do not flatter the one who does you good!" Just repeat this saying in a Christian church, and right away it clears the air of all Christianity.

143.

The Greatest Use of Believing in Many Gods. For a single person to set up their own ideal, and to take from it their own laws, their own pleasures and their own rights: until now, that has perhaps been seen as the most monstrous of all the ways people can go wrong, and as worshipping false idols in itself. In fact, the few who dared to do it always needed to excuse themselves to themselves, usually like this: "Not me! Not me! It is a God, working through me!" It was in the amazing art and ability to create gods, in polytheism, the belief in many gods, that this urge was allowed to let itself out. It was there that this urge was cleaned up, perfected and made noble. Because at first it was an ordinary, unimportant urge, related to stubbornness, disobedience and envy. In the past, the law of every morality was to fight against this urge toward a personal ideal. Back then there was only one standard: "the human being." And every people believed that it had this one, final standard. But above themselves and outside themselves, in a faraway world above, a person could see many different standards. One God was not a denial of the other gods, or an insult to them! It was here that individual people were first allowed to exist. It was here that the rights of the individual were first respected. People invented gods, heroes and superhumans of every kind, and also beings beside humans and below humans: dwarfs, fairies, cen-

taurs, satyrs, demons, devils. This was a priceless first step toward justifying the selfishness and the self-rule of the individual. The freedom that one God was given in relation to the other gods was in the end given to the individual person, in relation to laws, customs and neighbors. Monotheism, the belief in one God, is the opposite. It comes rigidly from the idea that there is one normal human being, and so it believes in one normal God, next to whom there are only false, fake gods. Monotheism may have been the greatest danger to humankind in the past. Because of it, people were in danger of getting stuck too early, frozen in place, the way most other kinds of animals seem to have gotten stuck long ago. Those animals all believe in one normal animal and one ideal for their species, and they have turned their morality of habit and tradition completely into flesh and blood. In polytheism, a model was set up for people to think freely and in many different ways. It gave people the power to create new and personal eyes for themselves, always newer and more personal. So of all the animals, humans alone have no horizons and viewpoints that last forever.

144.

Religious Wars. Until now, the greatest step forward for ordinary people has been religious war. It proves that the masses have started to treat ideas about things with respect. Religious wars only happen when human thinking in general has been sharpened by the fine arguments between different religious groups. Then even the common people become fussy about details and treat small things as important. They actually believe that the "eternal saving of the soul" might depend on tiny differences between ideas.

145.

Danger of Vegetarians. When huge numbers of people live mostly on rice, it pushes them toward opium and other drugs that dull the mind. In the same way, when huge numbers of people live mostly on potatoes, it pushes them toward hard liquor. But it also does something quieter, with effects that show up later. It pushes people toward ways of thinking and feeling that work like a drug too, numbing and calming them. This fits with another fact. The people who spread these numbing ways of thinking and feeling, like those teachers in India, praise a diet of nothing but plants. They would like to make that diet a law for ordinary people. By doing so, they want to create and increase a need that they themselves are the ones able to satisfy.

146.

German Hopes. Let us not forget that the names of peoples are usually insults. For example, the name of the Tartars means "the dogs." The Chinese gave them that name. The word "Deutschen," meaning Germans, first meant "heathens," that is, people who were not Christian. This is what the Goths, after they became Christian, called the big mass of their related tribes who had not been baptized. You can see this in their translation of the Greek Bible, where the heathens are called by a word that in Greek means "the nations." (See Ulfilas, the bishop who made that translation.) Even now, the Germans might still turn their old insulting name into a name of honor in the end. They could do this by becoming the first nation in Europe that is not Christian. Schopenhauer, to the Germans' credit, thought they were very well suited for this. In that way the work of Luther would be finished. He was the one who taught them to stand against Rome and to say: "Here I stand! I cannot do otherwise!"

147.

Question and Answer. What is the very first thing that tribal peoples today take from Europeans? Hard liquor and Christianity, the two European drugs. And what destroys them the fastest? Those same European drugs.

148.

Where Reformations Start. At the time when the church was deeply corrupt, it was least corrupt of all in Germany. That is exactly why the Reformation started here. It was a sign that, in Germany, even the first beginnings of corruption felt too much to bear. Because, comparing peoples with each other, no people was ever more Christian than the Germans in Luther's time. Their Christian culture was just about to burst into full bloom, a hundred times more splendid than before. Only one more night was needed. But that one night brought the storm that ended everything.

149.

Why Reformations Fail. It shows how advanced Greek culture was, even in fairly early times, that attempts to set up new Greek religions often failed. It shows that, very early on, Greece must have had a great many people who were different from one another, and whose different troubles could not be cured by one single recipe of faith and hope. Pythagoras and Plato, maybe Empedocles too, and much earlier the passionate followers of Orpheus, all tried to found new religions. The first two had so many of the gifts needed to found a religion that we cannot be amazed enough that they failed. All they managed was to found small groups, or sects. Whenever an attempt to reform a whole people fails, and only sects spring up, you can conclude that this people already contains many different types of person. You can

conclude that it has started to free itself from the crude instincts of the herd and from the morality of habit and tradition. This is a very important in-between state, a moment of suspense. People usually look down on it and call it a decay of morals and corruption. But really it announces that the egg is ripening and the shell is starting to crack early. The fact that Luther's Reformation succeeded in the north is a sign that the north had stayed behind compared with the south of Europe. The north still had needs that were fairly much alike, all of the same color and kind. And Europe would never have become Christian at all if the culture of the old southern world had not slowly been made barbaric by too much mixing with the blood of German barbarians, and so lost its upper hand. The more widely and completely one person, or one person's idea, can have an effect, the more alike and the lower the mass of people being affected must be. When people push back, that shows that they have needs of their own pulling the other way, needs that also want to be satisfied and made real. And the reverse is true too. When strong and ambitious people only manage to have a limited effect, an effect on small sects, you can always conclude that the culture has truly risen to a higher level. This is also true for the separate arts and for the different fields of knowledge. Where there is ruling, there are masses. Where there are masses, slavery is needed. Where there is slavery, there are only a few true individuals, and the instincts and conscience of the herd are set against them.

150.

Criticism of Saints. To have a virtue, must you really want it in its most brutal form? That is what the Christian saints wanted and needed. They could only bear to live by thinking that, when people saw their virtue, every person might be gripped by contempt for themselves. A virtue that works like that, I call brutal.

151.

Where Religion Comes From. Schopenhauer says that our need to think about what lies beyond the physical world is what gave birth to religions. That is wrong. That need is only a later shoot that grew out of religions. While religious ideas ruled over us, we got used to the idea of "another world": a world behind this one, below it, or above it. When the religious illusion is destroyed, we feel an uncomfortable emptiness, as if something has been taken from us. Then, out of this feeling, "another world" grows up again. But now it is only a philosopher's world beyond the physical, and no longer a religious one. In the earliest times, though, what led people to believe in "another world" was not an urge or a need. It was a mistake in how they explained certain things in nature. It was a problem of understanding.

152.

The Greatest Change. The shine and the colours of all things have changed! We no longer really understand how people long ago thought about the most ordinary, everyday things. Take the day, for example, and waking up in the morning. Because they believed in dreams, being awake seemed to them to be lit in a different light. The same goes for life as a whole, with death reflected in it and with what death meant. Our "death" is a completely different death. Everything that happened had a different shine, because a God shone out through it. The same was true of every decision and every glimpse into the far future, because people had oracles and secret signs, and they believed in predicting what was to come. People thought about "truth" in a completely different way, because in the past a madman could be seen as the voice that truth spoke through. That idea makes us shudder, or laugh. Injustice also felt different, because people were afraid of punishment from God, and not only of being punished by law and shamed. What joy there was in an age when people believed in the

devil and the tempter! What passion there was when people saw demons lurking close by! What philosophy there was when doubt was seen as the most dangerous kind of sin, in fact as an insult to eternal love, as a lack of trust in everything good, high, pure and kind! We have given things new colours, and we keep painting over them all the time. But what have we managed to do so far, compared with the splendid colouring of that old master? I mean the people of ancient times.

153.

Man the Poet. The poet speaks: "I have written this tragedy of all tragedies completely on my own, as far as it is finished. I was the first to wind the tangles of morality around life, and I pulled them so tight that only a God could undo them. That is what Horace demands of a play! And already in the fourth act I have killed all the Gods, for the sake of morality! So what am I supposed to do now about the fifth act? Where will I find a tragic ending? Do I now have to think about a comic ending?"

154.

Life Is Not Equally Dangerous for Everyone. You have no idea what you are going through. You run through life as if you were drunk, and every now and then you fall down a flight of stairs. But thanks to being drunk, you still don't break any bones. Your muscles are too loose and your head too muddled to feel the stone steps as hard as the rest of us do! For us, life is a bigger danger. We are made of glass. Oh, if we should bump into anything! And everything is lost if we should fall!

155.

What We Lack. We love the greatness of Nature, and we are the ones who discovered it. That is because our minds lack human greatness. With the Greeks it was the other way round. Their feeling towards Nature was quite different from ours.

156.

The Most Influential Person. When one person stands up against the whole spirit of his age, stops it at the door, and makes it answer for itself, this must have an effect! It does not matter whether he wants to have an effect. The point is that he can.

157.

Mentiri, the Latin word for lying. Watch out! He is thinking it over, so he will have a lie ready right away. This is a stage that whole nations pass through as they become civilised. Just think about what the Romans meant by mentiri, a word that is linked to thinking!

158.

An Awkward Habit. Finding everything deep is an awkward habit. It makes you strain your eyes all the time, so that in the end you always find more than you want to.

159.

Every Virtue Has Its Time. Someone who refuses to bend nowadays is often sorry for being honest. That is because refusing to bend is the virtue of a different time from the time when honesty is the main virtue.

160.

How We Deal with Virtues. You can also lose your dignity and act like a flatterer towards a virtue.

161.

To Those Who Admire Our Times. The priest who has run away from the church and the criminal who has been let out of prison keep pulling faces. What they want is a face that shows no past. But have you ever seen people who know that their faces show the future? People who are so polite to you, who admire "the age", that they put on a face that shows no future?

162.

Selfishness. Selfishness is the law of perspective in our feelings. Just as in a picture, what is near looks big and important, while in the distance everything seems smaller and less important.

163.

After a Great Victory. The best thing about a great victory is that it takes away the winner's fear of losing. "Why shouldn't I be beaten for once?" he says to himself. "I am rich enough now to bear it."

164.

Those Who Look for Rest. I can tell the minds that are looking for rest by the many dark things they surround themselves with. People who want to sleep make their rooms dark, or crawl into caves. This is a clue for those who don't know what they are really looking for most, and would like to know!

165.

The Happiness of Giving Something Up. If you have gone completely without something for a long time, and then you come across it again by chance, you will almost believe you have discovered it. And how happy every discoverer is! Let us be wiser than the snakes that lie too long in the same patch of sunshine.

166.

Always in Our Own Company. Everything in nature and history that is like me speaks to me, praises me, pushes me forward and comforts me. Other things I don't hear, or I forget them straight away. We are always only in our own company.

167.

Hating People and Loving People. We only talk about being sick of people when we can no longer digest them, but our stomach is still full of them. Hating people comes from loving people far too eagerly, from a kind of "cannibalism", gobbling them up. But who ever told you to swallow people like oysters, my Prince Hamlet!

168.

About a Sick Man. — "Things are going badly for him!" — What's wrong? — "He suffers from a hunger to be praised, and he can't find anything to feed it." — That's impossible to believe! The whole world honors him. People respect him not only in what they do but in what they say! — "True, but he's hard of hearing when it comes to praise. When a friend praises him, it sounds to him as if the friend is really praising himself. When an enemy praises him, it sounds as if the enemy wants to be praised for doing it. And finally, when anyone else praises him — and there aren't many of those left, he's so famous! —

he's insulted, because these people want him neither as a friend nor as an enemy. He usually says: 'Why should I care about people who can still act as if they were perfectly fair and above it all toward me!'"

169.

Open Enemies. — Being brave when facing an enemy is a thing all its own. A person can have that kind of bravery and still be a coward and an indecisive fool. That was what Napoleon thought about Murat, the "bravest man" he knew. From this it follows that some people absolutely need open, declared enemies if they are going to reach their own kind of virtue, their own manliness, their own good spirits.

170.

Going With the Crowd. — Up to now he has gone along with the crowd and sung its praises. But one day he will turn against it! He follows the crowd because he believes his laziness will benefit from it. He hasn't learned yet that the crowd isn't lazy enough for him! That it always pushes forward! That it never lets anyone stand still! — And he loves standing still so much!

171.

Fame. — When many people's gratitude toward one person throws off all shame, that is how fame is born.

172.

The Spoiler of Taste. — A says: "You spoil people's taste — everyone says so!" B answers: "Of course! I spoil everyone's taste for his own party, his own side. No party forgives me for that."

173.

Being Deep and Seeming Deep. — Someone who knows he is deep tries hard to be clear. Someone who wants the crowd to think he is deep tries hard to be murky and hard to understand. The crowd thinks anything is deep if it can't see the bottom. The crowd is so timid, and it is so unwilling to step into the water.

174.

Standing Apart. — Parliamentary government means the public is allowed to choose between five main political opinions. This wins the favor of the many people who would love to seem independent and individual, and who like to fight for their opinions. But in the end, it makes no difference whether one opinion is forced on the herd or whether it is allowed five. — Whoever steps away from the five public opinions and stands apart always has the whole herd against him.

175.

About Persuasive Speaking. — What has been the most persuasive speaker so far? The roll of the drum. And as long as kings have drums under their command, they will always be the best speakers and the best leaders of the people.

176.

Feeling Sorry. — Poor ruling princes! All their rights are suddenly turning into mere claims, and all those claims at once sound like empty pretending! And if they so much as say "we" or "my people," wicked old Europe starts laughing. Truly, a head master of ceremonies of the modern world wouldn't bother much with ceremony for them. Maybe he would order that "kings rank after the newly rich" — in French, "les souverains rangent aux parvenus."

177.

On "Matters of Education." — In Germany, one important way of educating higher people is missing: namely, the laughter of higher people. In Germany, such people do not laugh.

178.

For Moral Enlightenment. — The Germans need to be talked out of believing in their Mephistopheles, the devil of the Faust story — and out of their Faust too. These two figures are two moral prejudices against the value of knowledge.

179.

Thoughts. — Thoughts are the shadows of our feelings. But they are always darker, emptier and simpler than the feelings that cast them.

180.

The Good Times for Free Spirits. — Free spirits take liberties even with science — and for now they are allowed to, as long as the Church is still around! In that sense, these are good times for them.

181.

Following and Leading. — A says: "Of these two, one will always follow and the other will always lead, no matter how their lives turn out. And yet the follower is better than the leader in virtue and in mind." B answers: "And yet? And yet? You say that for other people, not for me, not for us! It happens according to the rule" — in Latin, "Fit secundum regulam."

182.

In Solitude. — When you live alone, you don't speak too loudly, and you don't write too loudly either. You're afraid of the hollow echo coming back — the criticism of the nymph Echo. — And every voice sounds different when you are alone!

183.

The Music of the Best Future. — For me, the greatest musician would be the one who knew only the sadness of the deepest happiness, and no other sadness. So far, there has never been such a musician.

184.

Justice. — I'd rather let myself be robbed than have scarecrows standing all around me — that's my taste. And in every case it is simply a matter of taste, and nothing more!

185.

Poor. — He is poor now. But not because everything was taken from him. It's because he threw everything away. What does he care? He's used to finding new things. — It's the poor who misunderstand his poverty, which he chose for himself.

186.

Guilty Conscience. — Everything he does now is excellent and proper — and yet with all of it he has a guilty conscience. Because his real task is to do the exceptional.

187.

Offensive Ways of Speaking. — This artist offends me by the way he expresses his ideas, even though his ideas are excellent. He spreads them out so much, pushes them so hard, and uses such crude speech-making tricks, as if he were talking to a mob. Whenever we spend some time with his art, we always feel as if we're "in bad company."

188.

Work. — How close work and workers now stand, even to the most leisurely of us! A king politely saying "We are all workers" would have sounded mocking and indecent, even back in the days of Louis XIV.

189.

The Thinker. — He is a thinker. That means he knows how to take things as simpler than they really are.

190.

Against People Who Praise. — A says: "You are only ever praised by your equals!" B answers: "Yes! And whoever praises you is saying: 'You are my equal!'"

191.

Against Many a Defense. — The most treacherous way to harm a cause is to defend it on purpose with false arguments.

192.

The Good-Natured. — What makes good-natured people, whose faces shine with kindness, different from others? They feel completely at ease when they meet someone new, and they quickly fall for that per-

son. So they wish the person well, and their first opinion is: "I like him." With them, a series of things follows one after another: the wish to make the person their own (they don't worry much about what the person is really worth), quickly making the person their own, joy in owning him, and doing things to help the person they now possess.

193.

Kant's Joke. Kant tried to prove that "everybody" was right, and he did it in a way that shocked "everybody." That was his secret joke. He wrote against the experts and in favor of the beliefs ordinary people already held. But he wrote for the experts, not for ordinary people.

194.

The "Open-hearted" Man. That man probably always acts for hidden reasons. After all, he always has reasons ready to share on the tip of his tongue, and almost held out in his open hand.

195.

Laughable! Look! Look! He runs away from people. But they follow him anyway, because he is running ahead of them. They are such a herd-like crowd!

196.

The Limits of Our Hearing. We only hear the questions we are able to find an answer to.

197.

So Be Careful! There is nothing we love passing on to others more than the seal of secrecy, along with whatever is sealed under it.

198.

The Proud Man's Annoyance. The proud man is annoyed even with the people who help him move forward. He glares angrily at the horses pulling his carriage!

199.

Generosity. When rich people are generous, it is often just a kind of shyness or fear.

200.

Laughing. To laugh means to enjoy mischief, but with a clear conscience.

201.

About Applause. There is always some kind of noise in applause, even when you are applauding yourself.

202.

A Big Spender. He is not yet poor in the way a rich man is poor once he has counted all his treasure. He throws his mind and talents around as carelessly as Nature does, which wastes everything without thinking.

203.

"This Man Is Black" (a dark character). Usually he has no thoughts at all. But once in a while, as an exception, bad thoughts come to him.

204.

Beggars and Good Manners. "It isn't rude to knock on a door with a stone when there's no doorbell." That is what all beggars and needy people think. But nobody else thinks they are right.

205.

Need. People assume that need is what causes things. But in truth, need is often just the result of those things themselves.

206.

During the Rain. It is raining, and I think of the poor people who are now crowded together with all their many worries, which they never learned to hide. So all of them are ready, even eager, to hurt one another. That way they give themselves a sad sort of comfort, even in bad weather. This, and only this, is what the poverty of the poor really is!

207.

The Envious Man. That man is envious. It would be better if he did not have children. He would be envious of them, because he can no longer be a child himself.

208.

A Great Man! Just because someone is "a great man," we have no right to assume he is a man at all. Maybe he is only a boy, or a chameleon who changes into every age, or a girl under a magic spell.

209.

A Way of Asking for Reasons. There is a way of asking us for our reasons that not only makes us forget our best reasons, but also fills us with spite and disgust toward reasoning in general. It is a way of questioning that leaves us stunned and stupid, and really it is a trick used by bullying, tyrant-like people!

210.

Don't Overdo Hard Work. You should not try hard to be even more hardworking than your father was. That would make you sick.

211.

Secret Enemies. Being able to keep a secret enemy is a luxury. Even the morals of the most high-minded people can rarely afford it.

212.

Don't Be Fooled. His mind has bad manners. It is hasty and always stutters with impatience. So you would hardly guess that it lives inside a soul that breathes deeply and has a big, broad chest.

213.

The Way to Happiness. A wise man asked a fool for the way to happiness. The fool answered right away, as if he had been asked for directions to the next town: "Admire yourself, and live on the street!" "Wait," cried the wise man, "you ask too much. It is enough to admire yourself!" The fool replied: "But how can you keep admiring all the time without also looking down on others all the time?"

214.

Faith Saves. Being good brings happiness and a blessed feeling only to people who strongly believe in their own goodness. It does not bring it to more refined souls, whose goodness consists of deeply distrusting themselves and all goodness. So in the end, here too it is "faith that saves"! And please notice: it is not goodness that saves!

215.

The Ideal and the Material. You have a noble ideal in front of you. But are you yourself a stone noble enough that such a godlike statue could be carved out of you? And if not, isn't all your work just crude, clumsy carving? An insult to your own ideal!

216.

Danger in the Voice. When someone talks in a very loud voice, he is almost unable to think about delicate, subtle matters.

217.

Cause and Effect. Before something happens, we believe in different causes than we do after it has happened.

218.

What I Dislike. I do not like people who have to explode like bombs to make an impression. When you are near them, you are always in danger of suddenly going deaf, or losing something even worse.

219.

The Purpose of Punishment. The purpose of punishment is to improve the person who does the punishing. That is the final argument of those who defend punishment.

220.

Sacrifice. The victims see sacrifice and the act of sacrificing differently from the onlookers. But the victims have never been allowed to give their opinion.

221.

Consideration. Fathers and sons treat each other with much more care and consideration than mothers and daughters do.

222.

The Poet and the Liar. The poet sees the liar as his foster brother, whose share of milk he drank up. Because of that, the liar has stayed miserable and has never even gotten as far as having a clear conscience.

223.

When One Sense Stands In for Another. "We also have eyes so that we can hear with them," said an old priest who heard confessions and had gone deaf. "And among the blind, the one with the longest ears is king."

224.

What the Animals Think. I am afraid the animals see humans as creatures like themselves, but ones in serious danger because they

have lost their healthy animal common sense. Maybe they see humans as the ridiculous animal, the laughing animal, the crying animal, the unlucky animal.

225.

Being Natural. "Evil has always made the biggest impression! And Nature is evil! So let's be natural!" That is how people secretly reason when they are desperate to make a big impression. And far too often, these people are counted among the great.

226.

Distrustful People and How They Talk. We say the strongest things simply, as long as the people around us believe in our strength. Being around such people teaches us to speak plainly and simply. Distrustful people, on the other hand, speak forcefully. They make everything sound forceful.

227.

Wrong Conclusion, Wrong Conclusion. He cannot control himself. So that woman concludes that he will be easy to control, and she casts out her fishing lines to catch him. Poor thing! Before long, she will be his slave.

228.

Against Middlemen. Someone who tries to find a middle ground between two strong-minded thinkers is rightly called mediocre. He does not have the eye to see what is one of a kind. Making things look alike and treating them as equal are signs of weak eyesight.

229.

Stubbornness and Loyalty. Out of pure stubbornness, he clings to a cause even after it has become obvious how doubtful it is. But he calls that his "loyalty."

230.

Not Keeping Quiet. Nothing about him really wins people over, and he never quite seems believable. That comes from the fact that he has never kept quiet about any good deed he has done.

231.

The "Slowcoaches." People who are slow to understand things believe that being slow is part of what knowing is.

232.

Dreaming. Either you don't dream at all, or you dream in an interesting way. You have to learn to be awake in the same way: either not at all, or in an interesting way.

233.

The Most Dangerous Way of Seeing Things. What I do right now, or fail to do, matters just as much for everything that is still to come as the greatest event in the past. When you look at the huge chain of effects that every action sets off, all actions become equally great and equally small.

234.

Comforting Words from a Musician. The musician says: "Your life doesn't reach people's ears. To them, you seem to live a silent life. All

the fine details of your melody, all the loving decisions you make when you follow others or lead the way, are hidden from them. It's true that you don't march through the streets with a military band. But that doesn't give these good people the right to say that your life has no music in it. Whoever has ears, let them hear."

235.

Mind and Character. Many people grow to the full height of their character, but their mind isn't suited to living up at that height. And with many others, it's the other way around.

236.

Moving the Crowd. If someone wants to stir up the crowd, doesn't he have to put on a stage show of himself? Doesn't he first have to turn himself into something so obvious that it's almost ridiculous, and then present his whole personality and his cause in that cheapened, simplified form?

237.

The Polite Man. People say, "He is so polite!" Yes, he always carries a treat in his pocket to calm down Cerberus, the monstrous guard dog of the underworld. And he is so timid that he thinks everyone is Cerberus, even you and me. That is what his "politeness" really is.

238.

Free of Envy. He doesn't envy anyone at all, but he deserves no credit for that. The reason is that he wants to conquer a land that no one has ever owned, and that hardly anyone has even seen.

239.

The Gloomy Person. Just one gloomy person is enough to fill a whole household with constant bad mood, like a sky always covered in clouds. And it takes a miracle for a household not to have such a person! Happiness doesn't spread nearly as easily as a disease does. Why is that?

240.

At the Seashore. I wouldn't build myself a house. In fact, part of my happiness is not owning a house! But if I had to build one, I would build it the way many of the ancient Romans did, reaching right out into the sea. I would like to share a few secrets with that beautiful monster, the sea.

241.

Work and Artist. This artist is ambitious, and nothing more. In the end, though, his work is only a magnifying glass, which he holds out to everyone who looks his way.

242.

To Each His Own. However greedy I am for knowledge, I cannot take anything from things except what already belongs to me. What belongs to others stays in the things. So how could a person ever be a thief or a robber here!

243.

Where "Good" and "Bad" Come From. Only someone who can feel "this is not good" will come up with a way to make it better.

244.

Thoughts and Words. We cannot even put our own thoughts fully into words.

245.

Praise by Choosing. The artist chooses what he will make art about. That is his way of praising it.

246.

Mathematics. We want to bring the precision and strictness of mathematics into all the sciences, as far as that can possibly be done. We do not do this because we believe it will let us truly grasp things. We do it in order to claim and state our human relationship to things. Mathematics is only a tool for reaching general, final human knowledge.

247.

Habits. Every habit makes our hands cleverer and our cleverness clumsier.

248.

Books. What is a book worth if it never carries us away, beyond all books!

249.

The Sigh of the Seeker of Knowledge. "Oh, my greed! In this soul there is no unselfishness at all. There is only a self that wants everything. Through many different people, it would love to see as if with its own eyes and grab as if with its own hands. It is a self that

wants to bring back even the whole past, and does not want to lose anything that could in any way belong to it! Oh, this burning flame of my greed! Oh, if only I could be reborn in a hundred different people!" Whoever has not felt this sigh for himself does not know the passion of the seeker of knowledge either.

250.

Guilt. The smartest judges of the witches, and even the witches themselves, were sure that the witches were guilty of witchcraft. And yet that guilt was not really there. It is the same with all guilt.

251.

Sufferers Who Are Misunderstood. Great people suffer in a different way than their admirers imagine. What hurts them most are the low, petty feelings of certain bad moments. In short, they suffer most from doubting their own greatness. They do not suffer most from the sacrifices and the martyrdom that their work demands of them. As long as Prometheus feels for human beings and sacrifices himself for them, he is happy and proud of himself. But once he becomes jealous of Zeus, and of the worship that humans give to Zeus, then Prometheus suffers!

252.

Better to Be in Debt. "Better to stay in debt than to pay with money that does not carry our own stamp!" That is what our independent, self-ruling nature prefers.

253.

Always at Home. One day we reach our goal, and then we point with pride to the long journeys we made to get there. In truth, we never

noticed that we were traveling. We had gotten used to thinking that we were at home wherever we were.

254.

Against Embarrassment. Someone who is always fully busy is free of all embarrassment.

255.

Imitators. The first person, A, asks: "What? You don't want anyone to imitate you?" The second person, B, answers: "I don't want people to copy what I do, following after me. I want each person to set something up in front of himself, as a model for himself, just as I do." A replies: "So then what?"

256.

Skin-Deep. All deep people find their happiness in acting, just for once, like a flying fish, playing on the tops of the waves. They think that the best thing about things is their surface, their skin, if you will forgive the word.

257.

From Experience. People often do not know how rich they are until experience teaches them which rich men even steal from them.

258.

Those Who Deny Chance. No conqueror believes in luck.

259.

From Paradise. "Good and Evil are God's prejudices," said the serpent.

260.

One Times One. One person alone is always wrong, but with two, truth begins. One person alone cannot prove he is right, but two together can no longer be proved wrong.

261.

Originality. What is originality? It is to see something that has no name yet, that cannot even be named yet, even though it is right in front of everyone's eyes. The way most people are made, a thing only becomes visible to them once it has a name. And original people have mostly also been the ones who gave things their names.

262.

From the Viewpoint of Eternity. The first person, A, says: "You keep pulling away from the living, faster and faster. Soon they will cross you off their lists!" The second person, B, answers: "That is the only way to share in the special privilege of the dead." A asks: "What privilege?" B answers: "Not having to die anymore."

263.

Without Vanity. When we love someone, we want our faults to stay hidden. This is not out of vanity, but so that the person we love will not be hurt by them. In fact, the lover would like to seem like a god, and that is not out of vanity either.

264.

What We Do. What we do is never understood. It is only praised or blamed.

265.

The Final Doubt. But what, in the end, are human truths? They are the mistakes humans make that can never be proved wrong.

266.

Where Cruelty Is Needed. A great person is cruel to his own second-rate virtues and opinions.

267.

With a High Goal. A person with a high goal stands above even justice, not just above his own actions and the people who judge him.

268.

What Makes Someone a Hero? Facing your greatest suffering and your highest hope at the same time.

269.

What Do You Believe In? In this: that the weight and value of all things must be decided all over again.

270.

What Does Your Conscience Say? "Become who you are."

271.

Where Are Your Greatest Dangers? In pity.

272.

What Do You Love in Others? My hopes.

273.

Whom Do You Call Bad? The person who always wants to make others feel ashamed.

274.

What Do You Think Is Most Humane? Sparing someone from shame.

275.

What Is the Sign That You Have Become Free? No longer being ashamed of yourself.

Footnote 9:

This means that true love does not expect to be loved back. (Translator's note.)

Book Four

Saint January

You who, with sharp and fiery spears, break the ice that holds the river of my soul, until it rushes forward with a roar, full of glorious hope, to pour into the sea: it is brighter to look at and purer than ever, and it is free, even though it is held by your sweet guiding force. And so my soul praises your wonderful work, January, you beautiful saint!

Genoa, January 1882.

276.

For the New Year. I am still alive, I am still thinking. I must keep living, because I must keep thinking. In Latin: "I am, so I think: I think, so I am." Today everyone feels free to say what they wish for and what their favourite thought is. Well, I also want to say what I have wished for myself today, and what thought first came into my mind this year. It is a thought that should be the foundation of all the rest of my life, its promise, and the thing that makes it sweet! I want to learn, more and more, to see what is necessary in things as something beautiful. In that way I will be one of those people who make things beautiful. Love of fate: let that be my love from now on! I do not want to fight against what is ugly. I do not want to accuse anyone.

I do not even want to accuse the people who accuse. Looking away: let that be the only way I ever say no! And all in all, to sum it up: from now on, I want to be, at every moment, only someone who says yes to life!

277.

A Personal Guiding Hand. There comes a certain high point in life when we face our hardest test. By then we may feel completely free. We may have firmly denied that there is any guiding mind or goodness behind the beautiful chaos of life. And yet at this point we are once again in great danger of letting our minds be chained. This is because now, for the first time, the idea of a personal Providence, a god who looks after each of us, comes to us with all its persuasive power. It has the best possible argument on its side: it simply seems to be true. For now it looks obvious that everything that happens to us always turns out for the best. Every day and every hour seems eager to do nothing but prove this idea again and again. Whatever happens, it seems to fit: good or bad weather, losing a friend, an illness, someone spreading lies about us, a letter that never arrives, a twisted ankle, a glance into a shop window, an argument against us, opening a book, a dream, being fooled. Right away, or soon after, each of these shows itself to be something that "had to happen." Each one seems full of deep meaning and usefulness, and useful exactly for us! Could there be a more dangerous temptation? It tempts us to give up believing in the gods of Epicurus, those carefree gods who do not know or care about us. Instead it tempts us to believe in some fussy, small-minded god who personally knows every little hair on our heads and is not disgusted to do us the most miserable little favours. Well, despite all this, I say: we want to leave the gods alone, and the helpful guardian spirits too. We would rather be satisfied with thinking that our own skill, both practical and in our thinking, at explain-

ing events and arranging them to suit us, has now reached its peak. But we also do not want to think too highly of this clever skill of ours. Sometimes the wonderful harmony that comes from playing our instrument surprises us too much. It sounds too good for us to dare to give ourselves the credit. In fact, every now and then someone plays along with us: dear old Chance. Now and then he guides our hand, and then our foolish hand can make music so fine that not even the wisest Providence could invent anything better.

278.

The Thought of Death. It gives me a kind of sad happiness to live in the middle of this tangle of streets, of needs, of voices. How much enjoyment, impatience and desire, how much thirsty life and life-drunkenness shows itself here every moment! And yet soon it will all be so silent for all these shouting, lively, life-loving people! Behind each one of them stands his shadow, his dark travelling companion! It always feels like the last moment before an emigrant ship sails away. People have more to say to each other than ever, time is running out, and behind all the noise the ocean waits impatiently in its lonely silence, so greedy and so sure of its prey! And all of them, every one, believe that the past was nothing, or hardly anything, and that the near future is everything. That is why there is all this rushing, this shouting, this deafening themselves and trying to outdo themselves! Everyone wants to be first in this future. And yet death, and the stillness of death, are the only things in this future that are certain and shared by everyone! How strange that this one thing, the only thing that is certain and shared by all, has almost no effect on people. How strange that they are further from anything else from seeing themselves as brothers and sisters in death! It makes me happy to see that people do not want to think about death at all! I would gladly do

something to make the thought of life a hundred times more worth their attention.

279.

Friendship Like Distant Stars. We were friends, and we have become strangers to each other. But that is how it should be, and we do not want to hide it or blur it, as if we had to be ashamed of it. We are two ships, and each has its own destination and its own course. Of course, our paths may cross, and we may celebrate together as we used to. Back then, the proud ships lay quietly in the same harbour, in the same sunshine, so that you might have thought they had already arrived, and that they had always shared the same destination. But then the overwhelming force of our life's work pushed us apart again, into different seas and different parts of the world. Perhaps we will never see each other again. Or perhaps we will meet, but not recognise each other; the different seas and suns have changed us! That we had to become strangers to each other is a law we must obey. But exactly because of that, we will become more sacred to each other! Exactly because of that, the memory of our old friendship will become holier! There is probably some huge, invisible curve, a path like a star's orbit, in which our routes and goals, so very different, can be understood as small stages along one single way. Let us lift ourselves up to this thought! But our life is too short, and our eyes see too little, for us to be more than friends in the sense of that grand possibility. And so we will believe in our friendship like distant stars, even if here on earth we have to be enemies to each other.

280.

Buildings for Thinkers. Someday, and probably very soon, people will need to realize what our big cities are especially missing. They are missing quiet, roomy, wide-open places where people can think.

These would be places with long, tall rows of covered columns to walk under in bad weather, or on days that are too sunny. No noise of carts or of people shouting would reach them there. And a finer sense of good manners would forbid loud praying, even for the priest. They would be buildings and spots that, taken all together, would show how grand it is to be alone with yourself and away from the world. The time is over when the Church owned all the thinking, when the quiet, thoughtful life always had to be a religious life first of all. Everything the Church has built shows this idea. I don't see how we could be happy with its buildings, even if they were stripped of their religious use. These buildings speak in a voice that is far too emotional and too one-sided. They are houses of God and showy places for talking with the supernatural, so we who don't believe in God can't think our own thoughts in them. We want to see ourselves turned into stone and plants. When we wander through these halls and gardens, we want to feel as if we are taking a walk inside ourselves.

281.

Knowing How to End Things. You can tell the very greatest masters because they know perfectly how to find the ending, both for the whole work and for each part of it. That could be the end of a tune or of a thought, or the fifth and final act of a tragic play, or of a government's business. The second-rate masters always get restless as the end comes near. They seldom slope down into the sea with such proud, calm balance as, for example, the mountain ridge at Portofino does, right where the Bay of Genoa sings its song to its close.

282.

The Way of Walking. There are habits of the mind that show where even great minds come from: the common people, or people who are half-common. What gives them away most of all is the way their

thoughts walk and step. They simply can't walk properly. This is how it was even with Napoleon. To his deep embarrassment, he could not walk in a proper, royal way when he really needed to, such as in grand crowning parades and other events like that. Even there, he always looked like just the leader of a marching column of soldiers. He was proud and rough at the same time, and very aware of himself the whole time. It is rather funny to see those writers who make the long, folded robes of their fancy sentences swish around them. What they are really trying to do is hide their feet.

283.

Pioneers. I welcome every sign that a tougher, more fighting age is starting, an age that will, above all, make heroism respected again! This age has to clear the way for an even higher age, and it has to build up the strength that the later age will need someday. That later age will bring heroism into the search for knowledge. It will fight wars for the sake of ideas and what follows from them. For that goal, we now need many brave pioneers. But they can't come out of nothing, and they can't come out of the sand and mud of today's civilization and big-city culture either. We need people who are quiet, who live alone, and who are firm in their decisions. They know how to be satisfied and how to keep going at work that no one sees. By their very nature, they look in everything for what needs to be overcome in it. Cheerfulness, patience, simplicity, and scorn for the big vanities are just as much a part of them as being generous when they win, and being forgiving toward the small vanities of everyone they have beaten. They judge all winners sharply and on their own, and they see how much luck played a part in winning victory and fame. They have their own holidays, their own working days, and their own times of sadness. They are used to giving orders with total confidence, and they are just as ready to obey when needed. They are proud either

way, and either way they are serving their own goals. These people live with more risk, they create more, and they are happier! Believe me! The secret to getting the most out of life, both in what you create and in how much you enjoy it, is to live dangerously! Build your cities on the side of Mount Vesuvius, the volcano! Send your ships into seas no one has explored! Live at war with your equals and with yourselves! You who seek knowledge, be robbers and raiders for as long as you can't be rulers and owners! Soon the time will be over when you can be happy living like shy deer hiding in the woods. In the end, knowledge will reach out her hand for what belongs to her. She means to rule and to own, and you will rule and own with her!

284.

Believing in Yourself. In general, few people believe in themselves. And of those few, some have this belief as a kind of useful blindness, a partial dimming of their mind. Just think what they would notice if they could see all the way to the bottom of themselves! The others have to earn this belief for themselves first. Everything good, smart, or great that they do is, first of all, an argument against the doubter who lives inside them. The real question is how to convince or win over this inner doubter, and that takes almost a genius. These people are deeply unhappy with themselves.

285.

Higher Still! A voice says: "You will never pray again, never worship again, never again rest in endless trust. You refuse to stop and lay down your thoughts in front of a final wisdom, a final goodness, a final power. You have no steady protector and friend in all your many kinds of loneliness. You live without a view of a mountain with snow on its top and fire in its heart, no lasting thing high above you to look up to. There is no longer anyone to reward you, or anyone to fix you

up and add the finishing touch. There is no longer any reason behind what happens, or any love in what will happen to you. There is no longer any resting place for your tired heart, where it only has to find and no longer has to search. You are against any kind of final peace. You want war and peace to come back again and again forever. You who give things up, will you give up all of these things? Who will give you the strength to do it? No one has ever had this strength yet!" There is a lake that one day refused to keep flowing out. It built up a dam at the spot where it used to flow away. Since then, this lake has kept rising higher and higher. Maybe the very act of giving things up will also give us the strength to bear giving them up. Maybe from that point on, humans will keep rising higher and higher, once they no longer pour themselves out into a God.

286.

A Side Note. Here are hopes. But what will you see and hear of them if you haven't felt a flash, a glow, and the dawn of a new day in your own souls? I can only hint at things. I can't do more than that! To make stones move, to turn animals into humans, is that what you want me to do? Sadly, if you are still stones and animals, then first go and find your Orpheus, the singer of the old myth whose music could move even stones and wild beasts!

287.

Loving Not to Know. "My thoughts," the wanderer said to his shadow, "should show me where I stand. But they should not give away to me where I am going. I love not knowing the future. I don't want to ruin things by being impatient, or by tasting promised things before their time."

288.

High Moods. It seems to me that most people do not believe in high, uplifted moods, except for a moment, or for a quarter of an hour at most. The only exceptions are the few who know from experience that such strong, lofty feelings can last longer. But to be a person who lives completely inside one single lofty feeling, the living form of one single high mood, has so far been only a dream and a charming possibility. History does not yet give us any reliable example of it. Still, one day history could produce such people too. That would happen once a great many helpful conditions have been created and set in place, conditions that today even the luckiest chance cannot bring together. Perhaps the very state that has so far come into our souls only as a rare exception, and that we sometimes feel with horror, could be the normal state of those future souls. It would be a constant movement between high and low, a constant feeling of high and low. It would be like always climbing up steps, and at the same time resting as if on clouds.

289.

All Aboard! Think about what happens to a person when they have a complete philosophical reason for the way they live and think. It works on them like a sun that warms them, blesses them, and makes them grow, a sun shining especially for them. It makes them free from caring about praise and blame. It makes them complete in themselves, rich, and generous in handing out happiness and kindness. It keeps turning bad into good, it makes all their energies bloom and ripen, and it stops the big and small weeds of bitterness and unhappiness from growing. When you think about all this, you finally cry out, almost begging: Oh, if only many new suns like this were created! The bad person, the unlucky person, and the unusual person should each have their own philosophy, their own rights, and their own sunshine!

What they need is not our sympathy! We must unlearn this proud, self-important idea, even though people have learned it for so long and used nothing else. We should not set up a priest to hear their confessions, someone to drive out their demons, or someone to forgive them! What is needed is a new kind of justice! And a new answer! And new philosophers! The moral world is round too, just like the earth! The moral world also has people living on its opposite side! And those people on the other side also have a right to exist! There is still another world to discover, and more than one! All aboard, you philosophers!

290.

The One Thing That Matters. To shape your character like an artwork: that is a great and rare art! Some people look over everything their nature has, both its strengths and its weaknesses, and then shape all of it into a clever plan. They keep at it until everything looks artistic and sensible, and even the weaknesses are a pleasure to look at. Such people are practicing this wonderful art. In one place, a lot of new habit, a kind of second nature, has been added. In another place, part of their original nature has been removed. In both cases, it took long practice and daily work. In one place, the ugly parts that cannot be removed have been hidden. In another place, they have been reinterpreted so that they seem grand and noble. Much of what is vague and refuses to take a clear shape has been kept back and used for the background, like distant views in a painting. It is meant to hint at things far away and too big to measure. In the end, when the work is finished, you can see that it was the pressure of one single taste that organized and shaped it, all of it or part of it. Whether that taste was good or bad matters less than people think. It is enough that it was a taste! It is the strong, commanding natures who feel their finest joy in this kind of pressure, in being held in and made perfect under their

own law. Their fierce, violent will calms down when they see nature that has been trained, conquered, and made to serve. Even when they have palaces to build and gardens to plan, they don't like to let nature run free. It is the opposite with weak characters, who have no power over themselves and hate the limits of style. They feel that if this hated pressure were put on them, it would surely make them common and crude. They become slaves as soon as they serve anyone, so they hate serving. Such minds, and they may be minds of the very highest rank, are always busy shaping or explaining themselves and their surroundings as free nature: wild, random, fantastic, messy, and surprising. And it is good for them to do this, because only in this way can they be pleased with themselves! For one thing matters: that a person should reach a point where they are satisfied with themselves, even if only through some story or trick. Only then is a person at all bearable to look at! Someone who is unhappy with themselves is always ready to take revenge for it. The rest of us will be their victims, even if only by having to put up with their ugly appearance all the time. Because looking at what is ugly makes a person mean and sad.

291.

Genoa. I have spent a long time looking at this city, at its villas and gardens, and at the wide ring of hills and slopes where people live. In the end I have to say that what I see are faces from past generations. This whole area is scattered with the images of bold men who ruled as they pleased. They lived, and they wanted to go on living. Their houses say so, because they built and decorated them to last for centuries, not just for the moment. They were friendly toward life, even if they were often unfriendly toward themselves. I can always picture the builder. I see him looking at everything built around him, near and far, and also at the city, the sea, and the line of mountains. I see power and conquest in the way he looks. He wants to fit all of it into

his own plan, and in the end to make it his property by making it part of that plan. The whole area is covered with this magnificent, never-satisfied selfishness, the desire to own things and use them. When these men went abroad, they recognized no borders, and in their thirst for something new they set a New World beside the old one. In the same way, at home, everyone rose up against everyone else. Each man found some way to show that he was better, and to put his own limitless self between him and his neighbor. Each man won his home for himself all over again, by overpowering it with his ideas about building, and by turning it into a delightful sight for his family line. When we think about how cities are built in the north, we are impressed by the law there, and by the general love of rules and obedience. From that we can guess that those builders had a strong leaning toward equality and toward giving in. Here, though, around every corner you find a man standing on his own. He knows the sea, he knows adventure, and he knows the East. He dislikes the law and he dislikes his neighbor, as if it bored him to deal with them. He looks over everything that is already old and settled with jealous eyes. With an amazing, cunning imagination, he would like, at least in his mind, to set all of it up again, to put his hand on it, and to give it his own meaning. Even if only for a short sunny afternoon, when for once his hungry and gloomy soul feels full, and when nothing strange, only what belongs to him, shows itself to his eyes.

292.

To the Preachers of Morality. I don't intend to preach about morals myself. But to those who do, I would give this advice. If what you really want is to strip the best things and the best ways of living of all their honor and value, then keep talking about them the way you always have! Put them at the top of your moral teaching. Talk from morning till night about the happiness that comes from being good,

about peace of soul, about doing what is right, and about how reward and punishment are built into the nature of things. If you keep going like this, all these good things will end up becoming popular, with their own slogans shouted in the street. But then all the gold on their surface will be rubbed off, and worse than that: all the gold inside them will have turned into lead. Honestly, you have mastered alchemy in reverse, the art of making the most precious things worthless! For once, try a different recipe, so that you stop achieving the opposite of what you are aiming for. Deny those good things. Take away the crowd's applause for them and stop them from spreading. Make them once again the hidden, private purity of lonely souls. Say that morality is something forbidden! Maybe that way you will win over to these things the only kind of people who really count, and I mean the heroic ones. But for that, there has to be something frightening about these things, not something disgusting, as there has been until now! Today, when it comes to morality, couldn't we be tempted to say what Master Eckhart said: "I pray God to free me from God!"

293.

Our Atmosphere. We know this well. Think of someone who only glances at science now and then, as if he were out for a stroll, the way women do, and sadly, the way many artists do too. To him, science feels dizzying and frightening. He sees how strict its service is, how it never gives an inch in small things or in big ones, and how quickly it weighs things up, judges them, and condemns them. What frightens him most is that here the hardest work is demanded, and the best work is done without any reward of praise or honor. It is more like being among soldiers: you hear almost nothing but blame and sharp scolding. That is because doing well is the normal rule here, and doing badly is the exception. And the rule, here as everywhere, does not speak; it stays silent. This "strictness of science" is like the

manners and politeness of the best society: it scares people who are new to it. But the person who is used to it does not want to live anywhere except in this clear, see-through, powerful air, full of electricity, this manly air. Anywhere else, the air is not clean and fresh enough for him. He suspects that there, his best skill would neither really help anyone else nor give him any joy. He fears that half his life would slip through his fingers because of misunderstandings, and that he would always need to be careful, to hide things, and to hold his tongue. All of that would be nothing but great and pointless losses of strength! But in this sharp, clear element he has all his strength: here he can fly! Why should he go back down into those muddy waters, where he has to swim and wade and get his wings dirty? No! Down there it is too hard for us to live! We cannot help having been born for the open air, the pure air. We are rivals of the ray of light, and what we would like best is to ride, as light does, on the tiny particles of the sky, not away from the sun, but toward the sun! But we cannot do that. So we want to do the one thing that is in our power: to bring light to the earth. We want to be "the light of the earth!" That is what we have our wings for, and our speed, and our strictness. That is why we are manly, and even frightening, like fire. Let those people fear us who do not know how to warm themselves and brighten their lives through us!

294.

Against the People Who Look Down on Nature. I find them unpleasant, those people who turn every natural desire straight away into a sickness, something ugly, or even shameful. It is they who have tricked us into believing that human desires and drives are evil. It is they who are to blame for how unfair we are to our own nature, and to all of nature! There are plenty of people who could follow their drives gracefully and without worry. But they don't, because they are

afraid of that imaginary "evil thing" in nature! That is why so little nobility is found among people. The sign of nobility will always be this: to have no fear of yourself, to expect nothing shameful from yourself, to fly without hesitating wherever you are driven to go—we birds who were born free! Wherever we go, there will always be freedom and sunshine around us.

295.

Short-Lived Habits. I love short-lived habits. I think they are a priceless way of getting to know many things and many situations, right down to the bottom of how sweet and how bitter they are. My whole nature is built for short-lived habits, even in what my body needs to stay healthy, and in general, as far as I can tell, in everything from the lowest matters to the highest. Each time, I believe that this one will finally satisfy me forever. (A short-lived habit also has that belief which belongs to passion, the belief that it will last forever. People should envy me for having found this out and seen it clearly.) And then the habit feeds me at midday and in the evening, and it spreads a deep contentment around me and inside me, so that I don't long for anything else. I don't need to compare, or look down on things, or hate. But one day the habit has had its time. The good thing leaves me. It doesn't leave as something that now disgusts me, but peacefully, as if it were satisfied with me, just as I am with it. It is as if we each had reason to thank the other, and so we shook hands and said goodbye. And already the new habit is waiting at the door. And with it comes my belief, once again—what an unbreakable fool and wise man I am!—that this new habit will be the right one, the final right one. That is how it goes with me when it comes to food, thoughts, people, cities, poems, music, teachings, the way I plan my day, and the way I live. On the other hand, I hate permanent habits. When things turn out in such a way that permanent habits seem bound to

grow out of them, I feel as if a tyrant had moved in next door, and as if the very air I breathe had grown thick and heavy. That can happen, for example, through holding an official job, through always being with the same people, through living in one fixed home, or through having health that never changes. In fact, from the bottom of my soul I am grateful to all my misery and sickness, and to everything that is imperfect in me, because these things leave me a hundred back doors through which I can escape from permanent habits. Of course, the most unbearable thing, the truly terrible thing, would be a life with no habits at all, a life that always forced me to make things up on the spot. That would be my exile, my Siberia.

296.

A Fixed Reputation. In the past, having a fixed reputation was extremely useful. And wherever society is still ruled by the herd instinct, it is still best for each person to make his character and his work look as if they never change, even when in reality they do. "You can count on him, he stays the same"—in every dangerous stage of society, that is the praise that means the most. Society is pleased to feel that it always has a reliable tool ready to use: in the goodness of this person, in the ambition of that person, and in the thinking and passion of a third. It gives the highest honours to this tool-like nature, this staying true to oneself, this never changing in opinions, in efforts, and even in faults. This way of valuing people has ruled everywhere, side by side with the morality of habit and tradition, and it still does. It trains people to be "characters," and it gives a bad name to all changing, all learning anew, and all transforming oneself. However great the advantages of this way of thinking may be in other ways, it is, in any case, the way of judging that does the most harm to knowledge. For it condemns and disgraces exactly what a person who seeks knowledge must be willing to do: to declare himself, without hesitat-

ing, against his own earlier opinions, and in general to distrust everything in himself that wants to become fixed. The thinker's attitude, since it does not fit with a "fixed reputation," is seen as dishonourable, while opinions that have turned to stone get all the honour. We still have to live under the ban of such rules today! How hard it is to live when you feel that the judgment of many thousands of years surrounds you and stands against you. It is likely that for many thousands of years, knowledge suffered from a guilty conscience, and that there must have been a great deal of self-contempt and secret misery in the lives of the greatest minds.

297.

The Ability to Contradict. Everyone knows these days that being able to put up with contradiction is a strong sign of culture. Some people even know that the higher person goes looking for opposition and stirs it up, so that it will give him a clue to his own biases, which he did not know about until then. But the ability to contradict, to reach a clear conscience while standing against what is usual, what is traditional, and what is held sacred—that is more than both of the abilities just mentioned. That is the truly great, new, and amazing thing in our culture, the greatest of all steps for a mind that has set itself free. Who knows that?

298.

A Sigh. I caught this idea along the way, and I quickly grabbed the nearest, poorest words to hold on to it, so that it wouldn't fly away again. And now it has died inside these dry words, and it hangs there and flaps about in them. And now, when I look at it, I hardly understand how I could have felt such happiness when I caught this bird.

299.

What We Should Learn from Artists. — What ways do we have to make things beautiful, attractive, and desirable when they are not? And I suspect that, in themselves, things never are! Here we can learn something from doctors. For example, they water down what is bitter, or they put wine and sugar into the mixing bowl. But we can learn even more from artists, who are actually always busy coming up with tricks and inventions like these. Step back from things until you no longer see much of them, until you even have to imagine things into them just to see them at all. Or look at them from the side, as if they were in a frame. Or place them so that they partly hide themselves and only let you see them from certain angles. Or look at them through colored glass, or in the light of the sunset. Or give them a surface or a skin that you can't see all the way through. We should learn all of this from artists, and on top of that, we should be wiser than they are. Because this fine skill of theirs usually stops where art stops and real life begins. But we want to be the poets of our own lives, and first of all in the smallest and most everyday things.

300.

A Warm-Up for Science. — So do you really think the sciences would ever have started and grown if sorcerers, alchemists, astrologers, and witches had not come first? Those people, with their promises and their hints of what was coming, first had to create a thirst, a hunger, and a taste for hidden and forbidden powers. Yes, far more had to be promised than could ever come true, just so that something could come true in the world of knowledge. Perhaps all of religion, too, will look to some far-off future age like practice and a warm-up, in the same way that this warm-up and preparation for science now shows itself to us, even though it was not at all done or seen that way at the time. Perhaps religion was the special means that let individual people

enjoy, just once, the complete self-satisfaction of a God, and all of a God's power to save himself. Really! one might ask: would people ever have learned to follow the trail of their hunger and thirst back to themselves, and to draw fullness and satisfaction out of themselves, without that religious schooling and that early history? Did Prometheus, the Greek hero who stole fire from the gods, first have to imagine that he had stolen the light, and that he was being punished for the theft, so that in the end he could discover that he had created the light himself, simply because he had longed for it? And that not only humans, but God too, had been made by his own hands, as clay shaped in his hands? Were they all just creations of the creator? Just like the illusion, the theft, the Caucasus mountain where he was chained, the vulture that tore at him, and the whole tragic Prometheus story that every thinker lives through!

301.

The Illusion of People Who Only Watch and Think. — Higher people are different from lower ones because they see and hear vastly more, and they do it thoughtfully. And this is exactly what makes humans different from animals, and higher animals different from lower ones. The world keeps getting fuller for anyone who grows to the full height of being human. More and more interesting fishing hooks are thrown out to catch him. The number of things that excite him keeps growing, and so do the kinds of pleasure and pain he feels. The higher person always becomes both happier and unhappier at the same time. But an illusion follows him the whole way. He thinks he has been placed in front of the great show and concert of life as someone who just watches and listens. He calls his nature a 'thinking and watching' nature, and so he misses the fact that he himself is also a real creator, a poet who keeps writing life as it goes. Yes, he is very different from the actor in this drama, the so-called practical person. But he is even

more different from someone who just sits in front of the stage and watches. Of course he has the power to watch and reflect, the 'vis contemplativa', and the habit of going back over his work, which belongs to him as a poet. But at the same time, and above all, he has the power to create, the 'vis creativa', which the practical person, the doer, does not have, no matter what appearances and popular belief say. It is we, we who think and feel, who really and constantly make something that does not yet exist: the whole, ever-growing world of values, colors, weights, viewpoints, levels, yeses and noes. This work of ours is constantly learned, practiced, and turned into flesh and reality, and even into everyday things, by the so-called practical people, who are, as we said, our actors. Whatever has value in today's world does not have it in itself, by its own nature. Nature is always worthless. No, a value was once given to it, handed to it as a gift, and it was we who gave it! We alone have created the world that matters to human beings! But this is exactly the knowledge we lack. And when we grasp it for a moment, we forget it the next. We thinking people misunderstand our highest power and rate ourselves too low. We are not as proud or as happy as we could be.

302.

The Danger for the Happiest People. — Imagine having sharp senses and fine taste. Imagine being used to the choicest things, the best things of the mind, as your normal, everyday food. Imagine being blessed with a strong, bold, daring soul. Imagine going through life with a calm eye and a steady step, always ready for the worst as if it were a party, and full of longing for undiscovered worlds and seas, people and gods. Imagine listening to all joyful music as if, there, perhaps, brave men, soldiers and sailors, were taking a short rest and enjoying themselves, and in the deepest pleasure of the moment were overcome by tears and by the whole rich, dark sadness that comes

with happiness. Who would not want all this as his own, as the way he lives! This was the happiness of Homer! It was the state of the man who invented the gods for the Greeks, or rather, who invented his own gods for himself! But let's not hide the fact that with this happiness of Homer in your soul, you are more open to suffering than any other creature under the sun! And only at this price do we buy the most precious pearl that the waves of life have ever washed up on the shore! Whoever owns it always becomes more sensitive to pain, and in the end too sensitive. In the end, a little annoyance and disgust were enough to make Homer sick of life. He could not solve a silly little riddle that some young fishermen asked him! Yes, little riddles are the danger for the happiest people!

303.

Two Happy People. This man is still young, but he truly understands how to make life up as he goes along, the way a musician improvises. He amazes even the sharpest observers. He seems never to make a mistake, even though he is always playing the riskiest games. He reminds you of the great masters of musical improvisation. Listeners would love to believe that their hands are perfect and godlike and can never go wrong. Yet now and then these masters do make mistakes, as every human being can. But they are skilled and inventive. In an instant they are always ready to fit even the most accidental note into the shape of the music, whether it came from a slip of the finger or a passing mood. And they bring that accident to life, giving it a fine meaning and a soul. Now here is a completely different man. Everything he intends and plans ends up failing in the long run. The things he has set his heart on from time to time have already brought him to the edge of the cliff several times, right to the brink of ruin. And if he has escaped so far, he certainly has not got away with just a black eye. Do you think he is unhappy about it? Long ago he decided

not to treat his own wishes and plans as so important. He says to himself: "If this does not work out for me, maybe that will. And all in all, I am not sure I don't owe more thanks to my failures than to my successes. Am I made to be stubborn, charging ahead like a bull with its horns? What gives my life its value and its meaning, for me, lies somewhere else. I know more about life because I have so often come close to losing it. And for exactly that reason, I have more life than any of you!"

304.

By Doing, We Let Things Go. On the whole, I dislike all those moral systems that say: "Don't do this! Give it up! Conquer yourself!" On the other hand, I like the moral systems that push me to do something. They make me do it again and again from morning to night, dream about it at night, and think of nothing else except doing it well, as well as only I can! When someone lives like that, the things that don't belong to such a life drop away from him one after another. He feels no hatred or dislike about it. He watches this thing leave him today and that thing tomorrow, like the yellow leaves that every stronger gust of wind tears from a tree. Or he doesn't even notice that they are leaving him, because his eyes are fixed so firmly on his goal, and usually looking forward, not to the side, behind, or down. "What we do should decide what we leave undone. By doing, we leave things undone." That is what pleases me. That is my firm principle. But I don't intend to work, with my eyes open, at making myself poorer. I don't like any of the negative virtues, the ones whose whole point is saying no and giving things up.

305.

Self-Control. Some moral teachers command people, above all else, to take complete control of themselves. By doing this they create a

strange weakness in a person. He becomes constantly touchy about all his natural urges and desires, as if he had a kind of itch. From then on, whatever drives him, pulls him, tempts him, or pushes him, whether from inside or outside, always seems to this sensitive person like a threat to his self-control. He is no longer free to trust himself to any instinct or to let himself soar freely. Instead he always stands on guard, armed against himself, with a sharp, suspicious eye. He is the everlasting guard of his own fortress, a job he gave himself. Yes, he can be great in that role! But how unbearable he has now become to other people. How hard he is even for himself to put up with. How poor he has become, and how cut off from the finest surprises of his soul! Yes, cut off even from learning anything more! Because we have to be able to lose ourselves sometimes if we want to learn something about what we don't already have inside us.

306.

The Stoic and the Epicurean. The Epicurean picks the situations, the people, and even the events that suit his extremely sensitive, thoughtful nature. He gives up all the rest, which means by far the greater part of life's experiences, because it would be too strong and too heavy a meal for him. The Stoic, on the other hand, trains himself to swallow stones and bugs, splinters of glass and scorpions, without feeling any disgust. He wants his stomach to end up not caring about anything that the accidents of life throw into it. He reminds you of the Arab religious group called the Assaua, whom the French got to know in Algiers. And like those people who seem to feel nothing, the Stoic likes to have an invited audience watching him show off how little he feels. That is exactly what the Epicurean is happy to do without. After all, the Epicurean has his "garden," his quiet private retreat! Stoicism may be a very good idea for people whose fate keeps changing without warning, for those who live in violent times and

depend on sudden, unpredictable people. But anyone who expects that fate will let him spin "a long thread," meaning live a long, steady life, would do well to arrange his life the Epicurean way. All people devoted to the work of the mind have done this until now! For them it would be a huge loss to give up their fine sensitivity and get in exchange the hard, stoic skin covered with hedgehog spines.

307.

In Favour of Criticism. Something now looks to you like a mistake, though you used to love it as a truth, or at least as something likely to be true. You push it away and imagine that your reason has won a victory. But maybe that mistake, back when you were still a different person, was just as necessary to you as all your present "truths." And you are always becoming a different person. It was like a skin that covered and hid from you many things you were not yet allowed to see. It was your new life, not your reason, that killed that opinion for you. You don't need it anymore. So now it falls apart by itself, and the nonsense in it crawls out into the light like a worm. When we criticize, it is not something random or impersonal. Very often, at least, it is proof that there are lively, active forces inside us that are shedding a skin, the way a snake does. We say no, and we have to say no, because something in us wants to live and say yes to itself. It is something we perhaps don't know yet, and can't see yet! So much for my case in favour of criticism.

308.

The Story of Each Day. What makes up the story of each of your days? Look at the habits your day is built from. Do they come from countless small acts of cowardice and laziness? Or do they come from your courage and your inventive mind? These two cases are very different, yet people might praise you just the same for either one. And you

might be just as useful to them in one case as in the other. But praise, usefulness and being respected may be enough for someone whose only wish is to have a clear conscience. They are not enough for you, though. You are the "searcher of hearts," the one who tests what lies deep inside, and you are aware of your conscience itself and question it!

309.

From the Seventh Solitude. One day the wanderer shut a door behind him, stood still, and cried. Then he said: "Oh, this urge and pull toward what is true, what is real, what is not just how things seem, what is certain! How I hate it! Why does this gloomy, passionate master, who drives me like a slave, follow me of all people? I would like to rest, but it won't let me. Aren't there so many things tempting me to stay! Everywhere I find enchanted gardens, like the magic garden of the sorceress Armida in the old poem. And so there will always be new partings and new bitterness in my heart! I must step forward on my tired, wounded foot. And because I feel that I have to do this, I often look back angrily at the most beautiful things that could not hold me there. I am angry at them precisely because they could not hold me!"

310.

Will and Wave. How eagerly this wave rushes in, as if it had to reach something! How it creeps, with frightening speed, into the deepest corners of the rocky cliff! It seems to want to get there before someone else. It seems that something is hidden there, something valuable, very valuable. And now it pulls back a little more slowly, still white with excitement. Is it disappointed? Has it found what it was looking for? Is it only pretending to be disappointed? But already another wave is coming, even more eager and wild than the first one,

and its soul too seems full of secrets and of a longing to hunt for treasure. That is how the waves live, and that is how we live, we who have a will! I won't say more. But what's this? You don't trust me? You are angry with me, you beautiful monsters? Are you afraid I will give away your whole secret? Fine! Go ahead and be angry with me. Raise your green, dangerous bodies as high as you can. Build a wall between me and the sun, just as you are doing now! Truly, nothing is left of the world now except green twilight and green flashes of lightning. Do what you like, you wild, playful creatures. Roar with joy and mischief, or dive under again, pour your emeralds down into the deep, and throw your endless white locks of foam and spray over them. It makes no difference to me. Everything suits you so well, and I am so pleased with you for all of it. How could I betray you! Because, listen to this and remember it: I know you and your secret. I know your kind! You and I really are of the same kind! You and I really share one secret!

311.

Broken Lights. We are not always brave. And when we are tired, people like us sometimes complain like this: "It is so hard to hurt people. Oh, why does it have to be necessary! What good is it to live hidden away, if we don't want to keep to ourselves the things that upset others? Wouldn't it be wiser to live among the noisy crowd, and make it up to individual people for the wrongs that are done, and have to be done, against humanity as a whole? To be foolish with fools, vain with the vain, excited with the excited? Wouldn't that be sensible, when we differ from them so enormously in the big things? When I hear about people being spiteful toward me, isn't my first feeling one of satisfaction? I seem to say to them: 'It is right that it should be this way! I am so out of tune with you, and I have so much truth on my side. So from now on, go ahead and have fun at my expense as often as you can! Here are my flaws and my mistakes. Here

are my illusions, my bad taste, my confusion, my tears, my vanity, the way I hide away like an owl, my contradictions! Here is something for you to laugh at! So laugh, and enjoy yourselves! I don't object to the law and nature of things, which says that flaws and mistakes should give people pleasure!' Of course, there were once 'more glorious' times. Back then, as soon as someone had an idea, even one that was only a little bit new, he would think he was so indispensable that he had to go out into the street with it and shout to everyone: 'Look! The kingdom of heaven is near!' But if I were missing, I would not miss myself. None of us is indispensable!" As we said, though, we don't think like this when we are brave. When we are brave, we don't think about it at all.

312.

My Dog. I have given my suffering a name. I call it "dog." It is just as loyal as any other dog, just as pushy and shameless, just as amusing, and just as clever. And I can boss it around and take out my bad moods on it, the way other people do with their dogs, their servants, and their wives.

313.

No Picture of a Martyr. I will follow the example of the painter Raphael and stop painting pictures of martyrs. There are plenty of grand and noble things in the world, so there is no need to look for grandness where it is tied up with cruelty. Besides, it would not satisfy my ambition at all if I tried to become a grand and noble executioner.

314.

New Pets. I want to keep my lion and my eagle close to me, so that they always give me hints and early warnings about how strong or how weak I am. Today, must I look down on them and be afraid of them? And will the time come again when they look up to me and tremble?

315.

The Last Hour. Storms are my danger. Will I have my own storm, one that destroys me, the way Oliver Cromwell died in a storm? Or will I go out like a candle flame that the wind never blew out, but that simply grew tired and worn out with itself, a light that burned all the way down? Or, in the end, will I blow myself out, so that I do not just burn out?

316.

People Who Can Sense the Future. You cannot imagine how badly people who sense the future suffer. You think they have simply been given a lovely "gift," and you wish you had it too. But let me explain what I mean with a comparison. Think how much animals may suffer from the electricity in the air and in the clouds! Some animals, as we can see, are able to predict the weather. Apes are one example, and you can watch this happen even in Europe, not just in zoos but on the Rock of Gibraltar. But it never occurs to us that it is their suffering that does the predicting for them! Here is what happens. A cloud is coming that nobody can see yet. Under its influence, strong positive electricity in the air suddenly turns into negative electricity, and the weather is about to change. Then these animals act as if an enemy were coming toward them. They get ready to defend themselves or to run away, and usually they hide. They do not think of the bad weather

as weather. They think of it as an enemy whose hand they can already feel on them!

317.

Looking Back. While we are living through some period of our life, we rarely notice how intense and emotional it really is. Instead we always think it is the only possible and sensible way for us to live from now on. To use the words the Greeks used to tell these things apart, we think it is all ethos, meaning our lasting character, and not pathos, meaning a passing passion. Today a few notes of music brought back to my mind a certain winter, a certain house, and a life of complete loneliness. They also brought back the feelings I lived with then. Back then, I believed I could live in that state forever. But now I understand that it was all pathos and passion, something like this music, which is painfully bold and truly comforting. Nobody is meant to feel such feelings for years, much less forever. Otherwise a person would become too "airy" and unearthly for this planet.

318.

The Wisdom in Pain. There is just as much wisdom in pain as there is in pleasure. Like pleasure, pain is one of the best ways a species has of protecting itself. If that were not true, pain would have disappeared long ago. The fact that pain hurts is no argument against it, because hurting is exactly what pain is. When I feel pain, I hear the ship's captain giving his order: "Take in the sails!" Man is a bold sailor, and he must have learned to set his sails in a thousand different ways. Otherwise he could not have sailed for long, because the ocean would soon have swallowed him. We also have to know how to live with less energy. As soon as pain gives its warning signal, it is time to slow down. Some great danger, some storm, is coming, and we are wise to "catch" as little wind as we can. It is true, though, that there are some

people who hear the exact opposite order when severe pain is coming. They never look prouder, more warlike, or happier than when the storm is building up. In fact, pain itself gives them their greatest moments! These are the heroic people, the great bringers of pain to mankind. They are the few, rare ones who need the same defense that pain in general needs. And truly, that defense should not be denied them! They are forces of the greatest importance for keeping the human race alive and moving it forward, if only because they stand against comfortable, self-satisfied ease and do not hide how disgusted they are by that kind of happiness.

319.

As Explainers of What Happens to Us. Founders of religions, and people like them, have always lacked one kind of honesty. They have never treated their experiences as a matter for honesty in thinking. They never asked: "What did I really experience? What actually happened inside me and around me? Was my mind clear enough? Was my will firmly set against every trick my senses might play on me, and was it brave in fighting off wild fantasies?" None of them ever asked these questions, and even today none of the good religious people ask them. Instead, they actually crave things that go against reason, and they do not want to work too hard to satisfy that craving. So they experience "miracles" and "being born again," and they hear the voices of angels! But we are different. We crave reason. We want to examine our experiences as carefully as a scientist examines an experiment, hour by hour and day by day! We want to be our own experiments, and the subjects of our own experiments.

320.

On Meeting Again. A says: "Do I understand you correctly? You are looking for something? Here, in the middle of the real world as it is

now, where is your own special place, your own guiding star? Where can you lie down in the sun, so that you too can have more than enough well-being, so that your life can prove it was worth living? You seem to be saying that everyone should do that for himself, and should put out of his mind all the talk about big general ideas, and all worry about other people and society!" B answers: "I want more than that. I am not someone who searches. I want to create my own sun for myself."

321.

A New Precaution. Let's stop thinking so much about punishing people, blaming them, and trying to make them better! We will rarely be able to change another person. And if we do manage to change him, something else may happen too, maybe without our noticing: he may have changed us! Instead, let's make sure that our own influence on everything that is still to come is greater and heavier than his influence. Let's not fight him head-on! All blaming, punishing, and wanting to improve others is exactly that kind of head-on fight. Instead, let's lift ourselves up even higher! Let's keep painting our own example in brighter and brighter colours! Let our light make the other person fade into the shadows! No! We don't want to become darker ourselves because of him, the way everyone who punishes and complains does. Let's rather step aside! Let's look the other way!

322.

A Comparison. The thinkers in whom all the stars move around in neat, repeating circles are not the deepest thinkers. Someone who looks inside himself as if he were looking into a huge universe, and who carries whole Milky Ways inside him, also knows how messy and irregular all Milky Ways are. They lead right into the chaos and the maze of existence itself.

323.

Good Luck in Fate. Fate gives us its highest honour when it has made us fight for a while on the side of our enemies. That way, we are set up in advance for a great victory.

324.

In the Middle of Life. No! Life has not let me down! In fact, every year I find it richer, more worth wanting, and more mysterious. This began on the day the great liberator broke my chains. That liberator was a thought: the thought that life could be an experiment for the person who thinks, and not a duty, not a doom, not a trick! And knowledge itself may mean something different to other people. For example, it may be a comfortable bed to rest in, or the road to such a bed, or a kind of entertainment, or a way to laze about. But for me, knowledge is a world of dangers and victories, where even heroic feelings have a stage to fight on and a floor to dance on. "Life as a way to gain knowledge": if you hold this idea in your heart, you can not only be brave, you can even live happily and laugh happily! And who could know how to laugh well and live well if he did not first understand the full meaning of war and victory?

325.

What Greatness Needs. Who can achieve anything great if he does not feel in himself the strength and the will to cause great pain? Being able to suffer is a small thing. In that area, weak women and even slaves often become true masters. But to cause great suffering, to hear the cries of that suffering, and still not be destroyed by your own inner torment and doubt: that is great. That is part of greatness.

326.

Doctors of the Soul, and Pain. All preachers of morality, and all theologians too, share a bad habit. They all try to convince people that they are very sick, and that they need a harsh, final, total cure. And because humanity as a whole has listened far too eagerly to these teachers for centuries, people have actually started to believe the superstition that the human race is in terrible shape. So now people are much too quick to sigh. They find nothing good in life anymore and pull gloomy faces at each other, as if life were truly very hard to bear. But in reality, they are extremely sure of their lives and in love with them. And they are full of countless clever schemes and tricks for pushing away anything unpleasant and for pulling the thorn out of pain and bad luck. It seems to me that people always exaggerate when they talk about pain and bad luck, as if exaggerating here were simply good manners. On the other hand, people stay silent on purpose about how many ways there are to ease pain. For example: numbing it, or a frantic rush of thoughts, or a calm resting position, or good and bad memories, plans, and hopes. There are also many kinds of pride and sympathy for others that work almost like painkillers. And when pain is at its very worst, we simply faint on our own. We know very well how to pour sweetness onto our bitterness, especially the bitterness of the soul. We find a cure in our own courage and nobility, and also in the more noble kind of daze that comes from giving in and accepting things. A loss hardly stays a loss for more than an hour. Somehow, at that very same moment, a gift from heaven always lands in our lap. For example, a new kind of strength, or even just a new chance to use our strength! Think of all the things the preachers of morality have imagined about the inner "misery" of wicked people! Think of the lies they have told us about how unhappy passionate people are! Yes, "lying" is the right word here. They knew perfectly well how overflowing with happiness this kind of person is, but they

kept as quiet as the dead about it. That is because it proved their theory wrong, the theory that says happiness only comes from destroying the passions and silencing the will! And finally, about the prescription all these doctors of the soul give, their advice to take a harsh, total cure, we may be allowed to ask a question. Is our life really so painful and heavy that we would be better off trading it for the Stoic way of life, where you stay cold and unmoved, as if turned to stone? We do not feel miserable enough to have to be sick in the Stoic way!

327.

Taking Things Seriously. For most people, the mind is a clumsy, murky, creaking machine that is hard to get started. When they work this machine and try to think well, they call it "taking something seriously." Oh, how heavy good thinking must be for them! That lovely animal, the human being, seems to lose his good mood whenever he thinks well. He becomes "serious"! And "where there is laughing and cheerfulness, the thinking can't be worth anything": that is what this serious animal's prejudice says against all Joyful Wisdom. Well then! Let's show that it is just a prejudice!

328.

Doing Harm to Stupidity.—One thing is certain. People have preached, with great stubbornness and conviction, that selfishness is wrong and deserves blame. On the whole, this belief has harmed selfishness (and it did so to help the herd instinct, as I will say a hundred times over!). Above all, it took away selfishness's clear conscience, and it told us to look at selfishness as the real cause of all unhappiness. "Your selfishness is the poison of your life"—that was the sermon people heard for thousands of years. As we have said, it harmed selfishness. It robbed it of much of its spirit, much of its

cheerfulness, much of its cleverness, and much of its beauty. It made selfishness dull, twisted it out of shape, and poisoned it!—The philosophers of the ancient world, on the other hand, taught that there was a different main cause of evil. Starting with Socrates, these thinkers never got tired of preaching this: "Your thoughtlessness and your stupidity, the way you live by rules without thinking, and the way you bow to what your neighbour thinks—these are the reasons you so rarely find happiness. We thinkers, simply because we think, are the happiest people alive." Let us not decide here whether this sermon against stupidity was more sensible than the sermon against selfishness. But one thing is certain: it took away stupidity's clear conscience. These philosophers did harm to stupidity.

329.

Leisure and Idleness.—The way Americans chase after gold has something savage about it, a wildness that seems to run in the blood of the land's native peoples. And the breathless rush of their work—the typical vice of the New World—is already starting to infect old Europe. It is making Europe savage too, and spreading over it a strange lack of real thought. People are now ashamed to rest. Even thinking something over for a long time almost gives them a guilty feeling. Thinking is done with a stopwatch, just as people eat dinner with their eyes glued to the financial news. We live like people who are always "afraid of missing a chance." "Better to do anything at all than nothing"—this rule, too, is a rope that can strangle all culture and all finer taste. In this rush of busy workers, all graceful form plainly disappears. And in the same way, the very feeling for form disappears too: the ear and the eye for the rhythm and melody of movement. The proof is the clumsy bluntness that people now expect everywhere when someone wants to be honest with others. You see it with friends, women, relatives, children, teachers, students, leaders and princes. Nobody has the time

or the energy anymore for ceremony, for polite and roundabout manners, for any wit in conversation, or for any calm leisure at all. That is because a life spent hunting for profit forces a person to use up his mind, even to the point of exhaustion, on constant pretending, outsmarting others, or getting there before them. The true virtue today is to do something faster than someone else. And so there are only a few rare hours when honest, open company with others is allowed. But in those hours people are tired. They don't just want to "let themselves go"; they want to sprawl out and stretch their legs in an awkward, sloppy way. The way people write letters today fits the age perfectly. Their style and spirit will always be the true "sign of the times." If there is still any pleasure left in social life and in art, it is the kind of pleasure that overworked slaves make for themselves. Oh, how stingy our educated and uneducated classes are with "joy"! Oh, how suspicious people are growing of every kind of pleasure! Work is winning more and more of the clear conscience over to its side. The wish for pleasure already calls itself a "need for recreation," and is even starting to feel ashamed of itself. "I owe it to my health," people say when someone catches them at a picnic. In fact, it may soon come to the point where nobody can give in to the wish for the contemplative life —that is, going on outings with one's thoughts and friends—without feeling self-contempt and a guilty conscience.—Well! In earlier times it was exactly the other way around: it was "action" that had the guilty conscience. A man from a good family hid the fact that he worked, when need forced him to labour. The slave worked weighed down by the feeling that he was doing something shameful: "doing" itself was seen as shameful. "Only in leisure and in war are there nobility and honour"—that was what the old prejudice proclaimed!

330.

Applause.—The thinker does not need applause or people clapping their hands for him, as long as he can be sure that he is clapping for himself. That self-applause, though, he cannot do without. Are there people who could do without even that, and without any kind of applause at all? I doubt it. Even about the wisest people, the Roman historian Tacitus—who never speaks badly of the wise—says: "the longing for glory is the last thing that even the wise ever shed." And for him, that means: they never shed it.

331.

Better Deaf than Deafened.—In the past, a person wanted to have a calling. But that is no longer enough today, because the market has become too big. Now you have to bawl and shout. The result is that even people with good voices shout each other down, and the best goods are sold by people who have shouted themselves hoarse. Without loud market-place shouting and hoarse voices, there is no such thing as genius anymore.—It is certainly a bad time for the thinker. He has to learn to find his quiet in between two noises. He has to pretend to be deaf until in the end he really becomes deaf. Until he has learned this, he is in danger of dying from impatience and headaches.

332.

The Evil Hour.—Perhaps every philosopher has had a bad hour, when he thought: "What do I matter, if people don't believe my poor arguments?"—And then some spiteful bird flew past him and chirped: "What do you matter? What do you matter?"

333.

What Does Knowing Mean?—Spinoza says, in Latin, "Do not laugh, do not cry, do not hate, but understand!" He says it simply and grandly, as he usually does. But what is this "understanding" in the end, if not just the shape in which those other three things reach us all at the same moment? Isn't it the result of different and opposing urges: the urge to mock, the urge to mourn, and the urge to curse? Before we can know anything, each of these urges must first put forward its own one-sided view of the thing or event. After that, these one-sided views fight it out. Out of that fight, now and then, comes a compromise, a calming down, an admission that all three sides have some right on their side. It is a kind of fairness and agreement, because thanks to this fairness and agreement, all those urges can go on existing and keep their rights toward each other. We only become aware of the final scenes of making peace and settling the bill at the end of these long processes. Because of that, we think that "understanding" is something peaceful, fair and good, something that is basically the opposite of our urges. But really it is only a certain relationship between the urges. For a very long time, people thought that conscious thinking was the only real thinking. Only now are we starting to see the truth: most of our mental activity happens without our knowing it or feeling it. Still, I believe that the urges fighting each other in there know very well how to make themselves felt by each other, and how to hurt each other. The sudden, violent tiredness that hits all thinkers may come from this. It is the tiredness of a battlefield. Yes, perhaps inside us, where all this struggling goes on, there is a lot of hidden heroism. But there is certainly nothing godlike there, nothing that rests forever calm within itself, as Spinoza believed. Conscious thinking, and especially the thinking of philosophers, is the weakest kind of thinking. For that reason it is also the gentlest

and quietest kind. And so it is exactly the philosopher who is most easily fooled about what knowledge really is.

334.

One Must Learn to Love.—This is what happens to us with music. First we have to learn how to listen at all, to listen properly, and to pick out a theme or a melody. We have to separate it out and set limits around it, as if it were a living thing on its own. Then we have to make an effort and show goodwill so that we can put up with it, even though it seems strange to us. We need patience with the way it looks and expresses itself, and we need to go easy on what is odd about it. In the end a moment comes when we are used to it. We start to expect it. We realize that we would miss it if it were gone. And from then on its magic and charm work on us more and more, and they don't stop until we have become its humble lovers, swept away by it, who want it, and want it again, and ask nothing better from the world. But this doesn't only happen with music. This is exactly how we have learned to love everything we now love. In the end we are always rewarded for our goodwill, our patience, our fairness and our gentleness toward what is unfamiliar. The unfamiliar thing slowly takes off its veil and shows itself to us as a new beauty that words cannot describe. That is how it thanks us for welcoming it as a guest. Anyone who loves himself must also have learned it this way. There is no other way. Love, too, has to be learned.

335.

Three Cheers for Physics! How many people really know how to observe? And among the few who do, how many observe themselves? "Everyone is furthest away from himself." All those who try to look deep into the human heart know this, and it makes them uncomfortable. And the saying "Know yourself," when a god says it to a human being,

is almost a mockery. But the best proof that self-observation is in such a hopeless state is the way *almost everybody* talks about what makes an action moral. They speak so quickly, so willingly, so sure of themselves, and so much, with that look, that smile, and that pleasant eagerness! Everyone seems ready to tell you: "Why, my dear sir, that is exactly *my* subject! You are asking the one person who *has the right* to answer, because this happens to be the thing I know best of all. So here it is: when a person decides that '*this is right*,' and then concludes that '*so it must be done*,' and then actually *does* what he has seen to be right and called necessary, then his action is *moral*!" But, my friend, you are talking to me about three actions, not one. Your deciding that "this is right" is itself an action. Couldn't that decision be judged as moral or immoral too? *Why* do you think that this, and exactly this, is right? "Because my conscience tells me so. Conscience never speaks immorally. In fact, it is conscience that decides in the first place what counts as moral!" But why do you *listen* to the voice of your conscience? And how far are you justified in treating its judgment as true and never wrong? This *belief* of yours, isn't there another conscience that should check it? Have you never heard of honesty in thinking? A conscience standing behind your "conscience"? Your decision that "this is right" has a history before it. It comes out of your urges, your likes and dislikes, the things you have lived through and the things you have never lived through. You have to ask, "*How* did this decision come about?" And then the next question: "*What* really pushes me to listen to it?" You can obey its command like a brave soldier who hears an order from his officer. Or like a woman who loves the man giving the orders. Or like a flatterer and a coward who is afraid of the commander. Or like a fool who goes along because he has nothing to say against it. In short, there are a hundred different ways to listen to your conscience. But the fact *that* you hear one judgment or another as the voice of conscience, and so the fact *that* you feel something is right, may have a simple cause. Maybe you have never thought about

yourself, and since childhood you have blindly accepted whatever you were told was *right*. Or maybe, up to now, doing what you call your duty has brought you food and honors. It is "right" to you because it seems to be what *you* need in order to exist. (And that you have a *right* to exist seems to you beyond any argument!) The *firmness* of your moral judgment might just prove that you are a poor, small person, or that you have no real self of your own. Your "moral strength" might come from your stubbornness, or from your inability to see new ideals! To put it briefly: if you had thought more sharply, looked more carefully, and learned more, you would no longer call this or that your "duty" and your "conscience" in every situation. Once you knew *how moral judgments have always come into being*, you would grow tired of these grand, emotional words, just as you have already grown tired of other grand, emotional words like "sin," "salvation," and "redemption." And now, my friend, please don't talk to me about the "categorical imperative" (Kant's idea of a duty that commands absolutely, with no exceptions)! That word tickles my ear, and I have to laugh, even though you are standing right here being so serious. It reminds me of old Kant. He had *sneakily helped himself* to the "thing in itself" (the idea of what things really are, apart from how we see them), which is also a very silly business! And as a punishment, he was tricked by the categorical imperative. With that idea in his heart, he *wandered back* to "God," "the soul," "freedom," and "immortality," like a fox wandering back into its cage. And it had been *his own* strength and cleverness that had *broken open* that cage in the first place! What? You admire the categorical imperative inside you? This "firmness" of your so-called moral judgment? This absolute feeling that "the way I think about this, everyone must think"? Admire your *selfishness* in it instead! And admire how blind, petty, and small that selfishness is! Because it is selfish to treat *your own* judgment as a law for everyone. And it is a blind, petty, small kind of selfishness, because it shows that you have not yet discovered yourself. You have not yet created an ideal for

yourself that is personal, completely your own. Such an ideal could never belong to anyone else, let alone to all people, to everyone! Anyone who still thinks that "everyone would have to act this way in this situation" has not yet taken even half a dozen steps toward knowing himself. Otherwise he would know that there are no similar actions, and there can't be. He would know that every action ever done was done in a completely unique way that can never be copied, and that the same will be true of every future action. He would know that all rules of behavior (even the most secret and subtle rules of every moral system so far) only touch the rough outside of things. Yes, with such rules you can make actions look equal, *but only look equal*. He would know that, whether you look ahead or look back, *every* action is and stays something you cannot see into. He would know that our ideas of what is "good," "noble," and "great" can never be proven by our actions, because no action can truly be known. And he would know that our opinions, our judgments, and our lists of values are surely among the strongest levers in the machinery that drives our actions, but that in each single case we still cannot trace the law by which that machinery works. So let us *limit* ourselves to cleaning up our opinions and judgments, and to *building new lists of values that are our own*. But we will stop brooding over the "moral worth of our actions"! Yes, my friends! When it comes to all the moral chatter people make about each other, it is time to be sick of it! Sitting in moral judgment over others should go against our taste! Let's leave this nonsense and this bad taste to those who have nothing better to do than drag the past a little further along through time, and who are never themselves the present. That means: let's leave it to the many, to the majority! We, however, *want to become who we are*: new, unique, beyond comparison, people who make laws for ourselves and create ourselves! And to do that, we must become the best students and discoverers of all the laws and all the things that must be in the world. We must be *physicists* in order to be *creators* in this sense. Until now,

all values and ideals have been built on *ignorance* of physics, or have *contradicted* it. So, three cheers for physics! And even louder cheers for the thing that *drives* us toward it: our honesty.

336.

Nature's Stinginess. Why has nature been so stingy with people? Why hasn't she let human beings shine, one person brightly and another person dimly, according to how much light they carry inside them? Why don't great people stand out as clearly as the sun does when it rises and sets? If they did, life among people would be so much less confusing and uncertain!

337.

The "Humanity" of the Future. When I look at our own time as if I were someone far in the future looking back, the most striking thing I see in people today is a strange quality they have, which is both a strength and a sickness. It is called "the historical sense," meaning the habit of seeing everything in terms of history. It is a leaning toward something completely new and unfamiliar in the story of humankind. Think of it as a tiny seed. If this seed were given several hundred years or more, it might finally grow into an amazing plant, with an equally amazing scent, and because of it our old earth might become a nicer place to live than it has ever been. We modern people are only just starting to build, link by link, the chain of a very powerful feeling that belongs to the future. We hardly know what we are doing. To us it almost seems as if this were not about a new feeling at all, but about all the old feelings dying out. That is because the historical sense is still something so thin and cold. Many people are struck by it the way they are struck by a frost, and it leaves them poorer and colder than before. Others see it as a sign that old age is quietly creeping up. To them our planet is like a sad, sick person who, to

forget how ill he is now, writes the story of his youth. And in fact, this is one side of the new feeling. Imagine someone who knows how to see the whole history of humankind as his own personal history. In that huge, all-including view, he feels every kind of grief at once. He feels the grief of the sick person who thinks about being healthy. He feels the grief of the old man remembering the dream of his youth. He feels the grief of the lover whose beloved has been taken from him, of the martyr whose ideal has been destroyed, and of the hero on the evening after a battle that settled nothing, a battle that left him wounded and cost him a friend. But now imagine carrying this enormous load of every kind of grief, being strong enough to carry it, and still being the hero who, as the second day of battle begins, greets the dawn and greets his own happiness. He would be like someone who can see centuries stretching out ahead of him and behind him. He would be the heir of everything noble and of all the great minds of the past, and, as the noblest of them, the heir who is duty-bound to take over from all the old nobles. And at the same time he would be the first of a new kind of nobility, one never seen before and never even dreamed of. Imagine taking all of this into one's soul: the oldest things and the newest things, all of humanity's losses, hopes, conquests and victories. Imagine finally holding all of it in one single soul and gathering it into one single feeling. That would surely bring a happiness that human beings have never known before. It would be a god's happiness, full of power and love, full of tears and laughter. It would be a happiness like the evening sun, which keeps giving away its endless riches and pours them into the sea. And like the sun, this happiness would feel richest of all when even the poorest fisherman is rowing with golden oars, lit up by its light. This godlike feeling might then be given a name: humanity!

338.

The Will to Suffer, and the People Who Feel Sorry for Others. Is it good for you to put feeling sorry for others above everything else? And is it good for the people who suffer when you do? But let's leave the first question unanswered for a moment. The things that make us suffer most deeply and most personally are almost impossible for anyone else to understand or reach. In this, we stay hidden even from the person sitting next to us at the same table. Still, wherever people do notice that we are suffering, they understand our suffering in a shallow way. It is part of the very nature of pity to strip a stranger's suffering of what makes it truly personal. Our so-called "helpers" end up lowering our worth and our own will more than our enemies do. In most of the kindness shown to unlucky people, there is something shocking: the careless, thoughtless way the kind person plays the part of fate. He knows nothing about all the inner effects and tangled results that make something a misfortune for me, or for you! The whole way my soul runs, and how a "misfortune" rearranges it; new springs of strength and new needs rising up; old wounds closing; whole stretches of the past being thrown off—none of these things that may come with misfortune ever cross the mind of the dear sympathizer. He wants to rescue, and he never stops to think that misfortune may be something a person truly needs. He does not see that fear, hardship, being poor, sleepless nights, adventures, risks and mistakes are just as necessary to me and to you as their opposites. To put it in a mystical way: the road to your own heaven always passes through the strange pleasures of your own hell. No, he knows nothing about that. The "religion of compassion" (or "of the heart") tells him to help, and he believes he has helped best when he has helped fastest! You followers of this religion: suppose you really feel the same way about yourselves as you feel about others. Suppose you can't stand your own suffering even for an hour, and you are always

trying to head off every possible misfortune. Suppose you see suffering and pain in general as evil, as hateful, as something that should be wiped out, as stains on life. Well then, besides your religion of compassion, you carry another religion in your heart, and it may even be the mother of the first one: the religion of comfort. Oh, how little you know about human happiness, you comfortable, good-natured people! Happiness and misfortune are brother and sister. They are twins who grow tall together—or, as in your case, stay small together! But now let's go back to the first question. How can a person possibly stick to his own path at all? Some cry or other keeps calling us off to the side. Our eyes hardly land on anything without our feeling that we must drop our own business for a moment and rush to help. I know there are hundreds of respectable, praiseworthy ways to lead me off my course—and honestly, they are the most "moral" ways there are! In fact, today's preachers of the morality of pity go so far as to suggest that this, and only this, is moral: to wander that far from our own course and run to help our neighbor. I am just as sure that if I only let myself look at one case of real suffering, I too am lost! If a suffering friend said to me, "Look, I'm going to die soon—just promise you'll die with me," I might promise it. In the same way—and I'm choosing bad examples here on purpose, for good reasons—seeing a small mountain people fighting for its freedom would bring me to the point of offering them my hand and my life. Indeed, there is even a secret temptation in all this stirring of pity and all these calls for help. Our "own way" is too hard and too demanding, and too far from the love and thanks of other people. So we run away from it, and from our own most personal conscience, and we're not at all sorry to do so. We look for safety in other people's consciences, and we take shelter in the lovely temple of the "religion of pity." Whenever a war breaks out, a certain secret delight always breaks out with it, and it happens precisely among the noblest kind of people. They rush with joy to meet the new danger of death, because they believe that by sacrificing

themselves for their country, they have at last been given the permission they have long been looking for: permission to dodge their own goal. For them, war is a roundabout way to suicide—but a roundabout way with a clear conscience. And though I keep quiet about some things here, I will not keep quiet about my own morality. It says to me: Live hidden, so that you can live for yourself. Live without knowing what your age thinks is most important! Put at least three centuries' worth of skin between yourself and today! Let the uproar of today, the noise of wars and revolutions, be only a faint murmur to you! You will want to help too, but only those whose suffering you fully understand, because they share one sorrow and one hope with you—your friends. And you will help them only in the way you help yourself. I want to make them braver, tougher, simpler, more joyful! I want to teach them something that very few people understand today, and the preachers of sharing in sorrow understand least of all: namely, sharing in joy!

339.

Life Is a Woman. To see the very highest beauties in a work, all the knowledge and goodwill in the world are not enough. You need the rarest stroke of good luck: for the veil of clouds to drift away from the mountaintops for once, and for the sun to shine on them. We must not only be standing in exactly the right spot to see this. Our own soul must also have pulled the veil off its own heights. It must need something outside itself, some picture or comparison, to lean on, so that it can stay in control of itself. But all these things so rarely come together at the same time that I'm inclined to believe this: the highest peak of everything good—whether a work, a deed, a person, or nature—has so far stayed hidden and wrapped up for most people, even for the best of them. And whatever does unveil itself to us unveils itself only once. The Greeks actually prayed, "Everything beautiful, twice

and three times!" Ah, they had good reason to call on the gods, because ungodly reality either gives us nothing beautiful at all, or gives it only once! What I mean is that the world is overflowing with beautiful things, and yet it is poor, very poor, in beautiful moments—in moments when those beautiful things are unveiled. But perhaps this is the greatest charm of life: it drapes over itself a gold-embroidered veil of lovely possibilities, promising, holding back, shy, teasing, warm, tempting. Yes, life is a woman!

340.

The Dying Socrates. I admire the courage and wisdom of Socrates in everything he did, in everything he said, and in everything he chose not to say. He was the teasing, loving demon of Athens, a kind of ratcatcher who could make the most arrogant young men shake and cry. He was not only the wisest chatterbox who ever lived, but he was just as great when he kept quiet. I wish he had also kept quiet in the last moment of his life. Perhaps then he would have belonged to an even higher class of minds. Maybe it was death, or the poison, or religious feeling, or spite—but something loosened his tongue at that moment, and he said: "Oh Crito, I owe a rooster to Asclepius." (Asclepius was the god of healing, and people offered him a rooster when they were cured.) For anyone who knows how to listen, this ridiculous and terrible "last word" means: "Oh Crito, life is a long sickness!" Can it be true? A man like him, who had lived cheerfully, and who seemed to everyone like a brave soldier, was really a pessimist! He had only put on a good face toward life, and all along he had hidden his final verdict, his deepest feeling! Socrates, of all people, had suffered from life! And he also took his revenge for it, with that hidden, frightening phrase, both pious and insulting to the gods at once! Did even a Socrates need to take revenge? Was there one grain too little of generos-

ity of spirit in his overflowing goodness? Ah, my friends! We must go beyond even the Greeks!

341.

The heaviest weight. Imagine that one day or one night a demon crept after you into your loneliest moment of loneliness and said to you: "This life, exactly as you are living it now, and as you have lived it so far, you will have to live once more, and countless times after that. There will be nothing new in it. Every pain and every joy, every thought and every sigh, and everything in your life, too small or too great to put into words, will come back to you, all in the same order and the same sequence. Even this spider, and this moonlight between the trees, and this very moment, and I myself will come back. The endless hourglass of life will be turned over again and again, and you along with it, you tiny speck of dust!" Wouldn't you throw yourself to the ground, grind your teeth, and curse the demon who spoke like that? Or have you ever lived through one tremendous moment when you would answer him: "You are a god, and I have never heard anything more divine!" If that thought took hold of you, just as you are now, it would change you, and perhaps it would crush you. In everything you did, you would face the question: "Do you want this once more, and countless times after that?" And that question would lie on all your actions like the heaviest weight! Or else, how much would you have to come to love yourself and life, so that you would long for nothing more deeply than for this final, eternal approval and seal?

342.

The tragedy begins. When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the Lake of Urmi and went up into the mountains. There he enjoyed his own mind and his solitude, and for ten years he did

not grow tired of it. But at last his heart changed. One morning he got up with the rosy dawn, stepped out in front of the sun, and spoke to it like this: "You great star! What would your happiness be if you did not have those you shine for? For ten years you have climbed up here to my cave. You would have grown tired of your light and of the journey if it had not been for me, my eagle, and my snake. But we waited for you every morning, took from you what you had too much of, and blessed you for it. Look! I am tired of my wisdom, like a bee that has gathered too much honey. I need hands reaching out to take it. I want to give it away and share it, until the wise become happy in their foolishness once again, and the poor become happy in their riches. That is why I must go down into the depths, as you do in the evening, when you sink behind the sea and bring light to the world below, you richest of stars! Like you, I must go down, as people call it, the people I am going down to. So bless me, you calm eye, who can look even at the greatest happiness without envy! Bless this cup that is about to overflow, so that the water may pour out of it golden, and carry the reflection of your joy everywhere! Look! This cup wants to become empty again, and Zarathustra wants to become a man again." And this is how Zarathustra's going down began.

Footnote 10:

In Aristotle, the difference between "ethos" and "pathos" is, roughly, the difference between a person's inner character and the outside circumstances that happen to them. —P. V. C.

Book Five

We Who Are Not Afraid

"Body of mine, are you shaking? You would shake far more if you knew where I am taking you." — Turenne.

343.

What Our Cheerfulness Means. — The most important thing that has happened in recent times is that "God is dead." In other words, believing in the Christian God has stopped being something people can honestly believe. This event is already starting to throw its first shadows over Europe. At least a few people have eyes sharp enough and sensitive enough, and a suspicious enough way of looking, to see this drama. To them it seems as if some sun has set, as if some old, deep trust has turned into doubt. To them, our old world must look darker every day, more suspicious, stranger and more "old." But on the whole, you could say that the event itself is far too huge, too distant, and too far beyond what most people can grasp, for anyone to think that even the news of it has reached them yet. And even fewer people actually know what has really happened, and what must now all fall down because this belief has been dug out from underneath. So much was built on this belief, so much leaned on it, and so much had grown into it and become part of it. Take, for example, our whole European morality. A long, enormous, unbroken process of crumbling, destruc-

tion, ruin and collapse is now about to happen. Who today understands it well enough to feel forced to stand up as the teacher and announcer of such a terrifying chain of consequences? Who will be the prophet of a time of darkness and eclipse, probably like nothing that has ever happened on earth before? ... Think of us. We are born solvers of riddles. We stand waiting, as if on mountains, placed between today and tomorrow, and caught in the clash between the two. We are the first and the too-early children of the coming century. The shadows that must soon wrap around Europe should already have come into our view, more than anyone's. So how is it that even we look ahead to this dark time without really feeling its sorrow, and without any personal worry or fear? Is it perhaps because we are still too caught up in the immediate effects of the event? And could it be that these effects, at least for us, are the opposite of what you would expect? Not sad and gloomy at all, but more like a new kind of light that is hard to describe: happiness, relief, liveliness, encouragement, and the start of a new day? ... And in fact, we philosophers and "free spirits" feel as if a new dawn is shining on us when we hear the news that the "old God is dead." Our hearts overflow with thankfulness, amazement, hopeful hunches and expectation. At last the horizon seems open again, even if it is not bright. At last our ships can set out to sea again, whatever the dangers. Anyone who seeks knowledge is once again allowed to take any risk. The sea, our sea, lies open in front of us again. Maybe there has never before been such an "open sea." —

344.

How Far Even We Are Still Religious. People say, and they are right, that firm beliefs have no rights of their own in the world of science. A firm belief is only let into the world of knowledge, and given some value there, when it humbly agrees to act like a mere guess: a starting

point for testing things, or a useful made-up rule to guide our work. Even then it must always stay under watch, guarded by the police of our distrust. But look at this more closely. Doesn't it mean that a belief can only get into science once it stops being a firm belief? Doesn't the training of the scientific mind only begin when a person no longer holds any firm beliefs at all? That is probably true. But we still have to ask something else. In order for this training to begin, doesn't there already have to be a belief? And not just any belief, but one so commanding and so total that all other beliefs are sacrificed to it? You can see that science, too, rests on a belief. There is no science at all that starts with no assumptions. The question of whether truth is necessary must not only be answered with a yes ahead of time. It must be answered yes so strongly that it turns into this principle, belief, or conviction: "Nothing is more necessary than truth, and compared with it, everything else is only second best." So what is this total urge for truth at any cost? Is it the wish not to let ourselves be fooled? Or is it the wish not to fool others? The urge for truth at any cost could also be understood in that second way, as long as the general rule "I will not deceive" includes the special case "I will not deceive myself." But why not deceive? Why not let yourself be fooled? Notice that the reasons for these two things are of completely different kinds. You don't want to be fooled yourself because you assume that being fooled is harmful, dangerous, or deadly. In that sense, science would be one long exercise in being careful, planning ahead, and being practical. But you could fairly argue against this. What? Is refusing to be fooled really less harmful, less dangerous, less deadly? What do you know about the nature of life, in all its forms, that lets you decide whether total distrust or total trust gives the bigger advantage? And if both are needed, a lot of trust and also a lot of distrust, then where would science get its total belief, the conviction it rests on, that truth matters more than anything else, more even than any other belief? That conviction could never have come about if truth

and untruth had both kept proving useful, which is exactly what happens. So the belief in science, which clearly exists today, cannot have come from this kind of practical calculation of what is useful. It must have come about in spite of the fact that the urge for truth at any cost, "truth whatever it costs," keeps being shown to be useless and dangerous. "Whatever it costs": sadly, we understand that all too well, after we have sacrificed and slaughtered one belief after another on this altar! So the urge for truth at any cost does not mean "I will not let myself be fooled." It means, and there is no other choice, "I will not deceive, not even myself." And with that, we have arrived in the world of morality. Because just ask yourself honestly: "Why won't you deceive?" Ask it especially when it seems, and it does seem this way, that life is built around how things seem, which means around error, trickery, pretending, illusion, and fooling yourself. And ask it when, on the other hand, it is a plain fact that the greatest kind of life has always shown itself among the most shameless tricksters, the cunning people of many turns, like the Greek hero Odysseus. Wanting never to deceive might, to put it gently, be a bit like Don Quixote, a little bit of excited madness. But it might also be something worse: a destructive principle that is the enemy of life. The urge for truth at any cost might secretly be a wish to die. So the question "Why does science exist?" leads back to the moral problem: what is the point of morality at all, if life, nature, and history are not moral? There is no doubt that the truly honest person, honest in the bold and extreme way that the belief in science requires, is saying yes to a world different from the world of life, nature, and history. And as long as he says yes to this "other world," what then? Doesn't that mean he has to say no to its opposite, this world, our world? Now you will understand what I am getting at. Our belief in science always rests on a belief that goes beyond the physical world. Even we thinkers of today, who have no god and reject such beyond-the-world ideas, still light our fire from a huge blaze that was started by a belief thousands of years old. That is

the Christian belief, which was also Plato's belief, that God is truth and that truth is divine. But what if this belief itself keeps becoming harder to trust? What if nothing proves to be divine anymore, except error, blindness, and lies? What if God himself turns out to be our longest-lasting lie?

345.

Morality as a Problem. A weakness in someone's personality takes its revenge everywhere. A personality that is worn out, thin, wiped away, that denies and rejects itself, is no longer good for anything worthwhile. It is least of all good for philosophy. "Selflessness" is worth nothing, either in heaven or on earth. The great problems all demand great love, and only strong, well-rounded, secure minds, people who stand on solid ground, are fit to deal with them. It makes a huge difference whether a thinker has a personal connection to his problems, so that his fate, his need, and even his highest happiness are bound up in them, or whether he deals with them only impersonally, meaning he can only feel and grab at them with the feelers of cold, nosy thinking. In that second case, I promise you, nothing will come of it. Because the great problems, even if they let themselves be grasped at all, will not let themselves be held by toads and weaklings. That has always been their taste. It is a taste they share with all proud, spirited women. How is it that I have not yet met anyone, not even in books, who seems to have approached morality in this way, as someone who saw morality as a problem, and saw this problem as his own personal need, pain, pleasure, and passion? Clearly, up until now, morality has not been a problem at all. Instead, it has been the very ground where people have come together after all their distrust, arguments, and disagreements. It has been the holy place of peace, where thinkers could rest, even from themselves, catch their breath, and recover. I see no one who has dared to criticize the way we judge moral worth. In this

area, I even miss the efforts of scientific curiosity, and the picky, searching imagination of psychologists and historians, which usually senses a problem early and catches it in mid-flight, without really knowing what it has caught. With difficulty, I have found a few scraps of information that could help tell the history of where these feelings and value judgments came from. (That is something different from criticizing them, and also different from a history of systems of ethics.) In one particular case, I did everything I could to encourage someone's interest and talent for this kind of history. It was useless, or so it seems to me now. There is little to learn from the historians of morality, especially the English ones. They themselves are usually, without suspecting it at all, under the influence of one particular morality, and without realizing it they act as its shield-carriers and followers. Perhaps they are still sincerely repeating the popular superstition of Christian Europe: that what marks an action as moral is giving things up, denying yourself, sacrificing yourself, or feeling with and suffering with others. The usual mistake in their starting assumptions is this. They insist that human beings, at least civilized ones, agree on certain moral rules, and from that they conclude that these rules are absolutely binding, even on you and me. Or, the other way around, once it dawns on them that different peoples must necessarily judge morality differently, they conclude that no morality at all is binding. Both conclusions are equally childish and foolish. The mistake of the more clever ones among them is different. They discover and criticize a people's probably foolish opinions about its own morality, or humanity's opinions about human morality in general. So they write about where morality came from, how religion backs it up, the superstition of free will, and things like that, and they think that by doing this they have criticized morality itself. But the worth of a command, "You shall," is still basically different from such opinions about it, and does not depend on them. It has to be separated from the weeds of error that may have grown all over it. In the same way,

the worth of a medicine to a sick person has nothing to do with whether he has a scientific opinion about medicine or just thinks about it the way an old granny would. A morality could even have grown out of a mistake, but knowing that would not even touch the question of what it is worth. So no one has ever yet tested the value of that most famous of all medicines, the one called morality. And to do that, the first thing you need to do is to question it. Well, that is exactly our job.

346.

Our Question Mark. But you don't understand it? To be honest, you will have to make an effort to understand us. We are looking for words; maybe we are also looking for people who will listen. Who are we, after all? If we simply wanted to call ourselves by the old names, like atheists, unbelievers, or even immoralists, we still would not feel that those words describe us. We have gone through all three of those stages, and we are too far along for most people to imagine our state of mind. Even you, my curious friends, cannot imagine what it is like for us now. No! We no longer have the bitterness and the passion of someone who has just broken free, someone who has to turn his unbelief into a new belief, a goal, and even a reason to suffer like a martyr! We have soaked in one conviction until we are full of it, and we have grown cold and hard in it. That conviction is this: things in this world are not arranged by God at all. They do not even run in a sensible, kind, or fair way by human standards. We know that the world we live in is godless, without morals, and "inhuman." For far too long we have explained it to ourselves in a false and lying way. We explained it the way our worship wanted it to be, which means the way we needed it to be. For human beings are animals that worship! But they are also animals that distrust. And the surest thing our distrust has finally managed to grasp is this: the world is not worth

what we believed it was worth. The more distrust, the more philosophy! But we are careful not to say that the world is worth less. Right now it seems completely ridiculous to us when people claim to invent values that are higher than the values of the real world. That is exactly the point we have turned back from. We see it as a wild mistake, born of human vanity and foolishness, a mistake that for a long time nobody recognized as a mistake. This mistake showed up most recently in modern Pessimism, the belief that life is bad. It showed up earlier and more strongly in the teaching of Buddha. Christianity contains it too. There it is less clear and more two-sided, to be sure, but it is no less tempting because of that. Think of the whole attitude of "man against the world": man as the force that says no to the world, man as the measure of what things are worth, man as the judge of the world, who in the end puts existence itself on his scales and decides it weighs too little. We have finally seen how outrageously rude and arrogant this attitude is, and it has disgusted us. Now we laugh when we see "Man and World" set side by side, kept apart by the grand arrogance of the little word "and"! But wait, what does this mean? By laughing like this, haven't we just taken another step toward looking down on humanity? And so haven't we also taken another step toward Pessimism, toward looking down on the only existence we are able to know? Haven't we opened ourselves up to a suspicion? The suspicion is that there is a clash between two worlds. One is the world where we have felt at home so far with the things we worship, the things that maybe make us able to put up with life at all. The other is the world that we ourselves are. It is a merciless, deep-rooted, utterly profound suspicion about ourselves. It keeps getting a more and more troubling grip on us Europeans. And it could easily force the next generation to face a terrible choice: "Either get rid of the things you worship, or get rid of yourselves!" The second choice would be Nihilism, the belief that nothing has any meaning or value. But wouldn't the first choice also be Nihilism? This is our question mark.

347.

Believers and Their Need to Believe. How much faith a person needs in order to thrive, and how many "fixed opinions" he needs that he doesn't want anyone to shake, because he hangs on to them to keep himself steady: this is a measure of his strength (or, to put it more plainly, of his weakness). It seems to me that most people in old Europe still need Christianity today, and that is why people still believe in it. Because that is what human beings are like: you could prove a religious teaching wrong to someone a thousand times, but as long as he needed it, he would accept it as "true" again and again. This fits the famous "proof of power" that the Bible talks about, where something counts as true because it gives people strength. Some people still need metaphysics, that is, big ideas about what lies beyond the world we can see. But there is also the impatient longing for certainty that many people today pour into science and hard facts. It is the longing to get hold of something solid, no matter what. And because this longing is so eager, the actual work of making sure the certainty is real is done slowly and carelessly. Even this is still the longing for something to hold on to, something to lean on. In short, it is the instinct of weakness. This instinct may not actually create religions, metaphysics, and all kinds of firm beliefs, but it does keep them alive. In fact, around all these fact-based, scientific systems hangs a kind of smoky cloud of gloom and pessimism. There is something tired about it, a sense that fate decides everything, a feeling of disappointment, and a fear of being disappointed again. Or else there is open hostility, bad temper, a rebellious anger that wants to tear everything down, and every other sign or disguise of feeling weak. Look how easily the cleverest people of our time get lost in miserable little corners and side streets. For example, they get lost in blind patriotism, which I call "Vaterländerei" or fatherland-worship. In France it is called "chauvinisme," and in Germany it is called being

"deutsch," truly German. Or they get lost in small-minded beliefs about art, like the Parisian "naturalism." That style only puts in the spotlight and lays bare the side of nature that makes you feel disgusted and amazed at the same time. These days they like to call that side "la vérité vraie," the real truth. Or they get lost in the kind of Nihilism found in St Petersburg, which means believing in unbelief, even to the point of dying as a martyr for it. All of this shows, always and above all, a need for belief, for support, for a backbone, for something to prop you up. Belief is wanted most of all, and needed most urgently, where there is a lack of will. Because the will, understood as the feeling of giving commands, is the mark of someone who rules himself and has power. In other words, the less a person knows how to give orders, the more desperately he wants someone who gives orders, and gives them strictly. That might be a God, a prince, a social class, a doctor, a priest who hears confession, a fixed teaching, or the conscience of a political party. From this, one might perhaps conclude that the two great world religions, Buddhism and Christianity, may have arisen, and especially spread so fast, because of an unusual sickness of the will. And in truth, that is how it was. Both religions found a longing for a command, for a "You shall," a longing that the sickness of the will had blown up to enormous size, a longing so strong it bordered on despair. Both religions taught fanaticism, that is, extreme and blind devotion, in times when people's willpower had gone slack. In this way they gave countless people something to lean on, a new chance to use their will, and a pleasure in wanting things. Because in fact fanaticism is the only kind of "willpower" that weak and undecided people can be stirred up to. It works like hypnotizing the whole system of senses and thinking, so that one single point of view and one single feeling get overfed and swell up, and then that one view and feeling takes over everything. The Christian calls this his faith. When a person comes to the deep conviction that he needs to be told what to do, he becomes "a believer." On the other hand, you

could imagine a joy and a power in deciding for yourself, a freedom of will, by which a mind could say goodbye to every belief and to every wish for certainty. Such a mind would be used to holding itself up on thin threads and mere possibilities, and even to dancing at the very edge of a cliff. A mind like that would be the free spirit in the truest and fullest sense.

348.

Where Scholars Come From. In Europe, the scholar grows out of every rank and every kind of social background, like a plant that does not need any special soil. Because of this, he belongs, by his very nature and without choosing it, to the side of democratic thinking. But this background gives itself away. Suppose you have trained your eye, at least a little, to spot in a scholarly book or scientific paper the scholar's own mental quirks. All scholars have such quirks. If you catch these quirks off guard, you will nearly always get a glimpse, behind them, of the "earlier history" of the scholar and his family, and especially of the kinds of jobs and work they did. Take the moment when the feeling comes out: "That is finally proved, I am done with it now." Usually it is the ancestor, living on in the scholar's blood and instincts, who approves of the "finished job" from the little corner where he sees things. The belief in the proof only shows what a hard-working family has, for ages, considered "good work." Here is an example. Think of the sons of record keepers and office clerks of every kind. Their fathers' main task was always to sort all sorts of material, put it into drawers, and generally arrange it into a system. When these sons become scholars, they tend to think a problem is almost solved once they have put it into a system. There are philosophers who, deep down, are nothing but system-making brains. For them, the outward form of their father's job has become the very heart of the matter. A talent for sorting things into classes, for drawing up

tables of categories, gives something away. It is not for nothing that a person is the child of his parents. The son of a lawyer will also have to be a lawyer when he does research. His first concern is to win his case. His second concern, perhaps, is to be right. You can recognise the sons of Protestant ministers and schoolteachers by the innocent confidence with which, as scholars, they assume their case is already proved once they have simply presented it firmly and warmly. They are completely used to people believing in them. That was part of their fathers' "trade"! A Jew, on the other hand, because of his business surroundings and the history of his people, is the least used of all to people believing him. Look at Jewish scholars on this point. They all put great weight on logic, that is, on forcing people to agree by giving reasons. They know they must win by this means, even when prejudice against their people and their class is working against them, even where people do not want to believe them. For in fact, nothing is more democratic than logic. It plays no favourites, and it even treats a crooked nose as straight. (By the way, we may point out that when it comes to logical thinking and to cleaner habits of mind, Europe owes the Jews quite a lot. This is true above all of the Germans, who are a sadly unreasonable people and who, even today, always need to have their "heads washed" first of all, that is, to be set straight. Wherever the Jews have gained influence, they have taught people to analyse more finely, to argue more sharply, and to write more clearly and cleanly. Their task has always been to bring a people "to reason.")

349.

Where Scholars Come From, Once More. Seeking only to keep yourself alive is a sign of being in distress, or of a limit placed on the true, basic instinct of life. That basic instinct aims at growing in power, and for that purpose it quite often puts self-preservation at risk and even

sacrifices it. We should take it as a telling sign when certain philosophers, such as Spinoza, who was sick with tuberculosis, saw the main feature of life in the so-called instinct to preserve oneself, and could not help seeing it that way. They were simply people in a state of distress. Our modern natural sciences have tangled themselves up a great deal with Spinoza's teaching. In the end they did so most crudely in Darwinism, with its unbelievably one-sided doctrine of the "struggle for existence." This is probably because of where most of the people who study nature come from. In this respect they belong to the common people. Their ancestors were poor and humble folk who knew all too well, from direct experience, how hard it is to make a living. Hanging over the whole of English Darwinism is something like the stuffy, suffocating air of overcrowded England, something like the smell of humble people who are in need and in tight spots. But anyone who studies nature ought to climb out of his small human corner. In nature, it is not distress that rules, but abundance, even a wastefulness so great that it seems foolish. The struggle for existence is only an exception, a temporary limit on the will to live. Everywhere, the struggle, whether big or small, is about getting the upper hand, about growing and spreading out, about power. It follows the drive for power, which is exactly the same thing as the will to live.

350.

In Honour of Religious People. The fight against the church means many things. But one thing it surely is: the fight of the more ordinary, cheerful, trusting, shallow kind of people against the rule of the more serious, deeper, more thoughtful kind. These deeper people are also the more spiteful and suspicious ones. For a long time they have doubted whether life is worth anything, and so they also brood over whether they themselves are worth anything. The ordinary instinct of the common people, with its love of pleasure and fun and its "good

heart," rebels against them. The whole Roman Catholic Church is built on a Southern suspicion about human nature, a suspicion that people in the North have always misunderstood. Through this suspicion, southern Europe took over the inheritance of the deep East, of mysterious and ancient Asia, with its thoughtful, inward-looking spirit. Protestantism was an uprising of the common people in favour of the simple, the respectable, and the shallow. The North has always been more good-natured and more shallow than the South. But it was the French Revolution that first handed power completely and officially to the "good man." By that he means the sheep, the donkey, the goose, and everything that is hopelessly shallow, loud-mouthed, and ready for the madhouse of "modern ideas."

351.

In Honour of Priestly Types. I think philosophers have always felt very far away from what the people, in every class of society today, think of as wisdom. That kind of wisdom is a careful, cow-like calm, a pious, country-priest kind of meekness. It lies in the meadow and stares at life, seriously and slowly, like a cow chewing its cud. Probably philosophers feel this way because they have never really had the taste of the "people," or of the country priest, for that kind of wisdom. Philosophers will also perhaps be the last to admit that the people ought to understand something of what is furthest from them. That is, something of the great passion of the thinker. The thinker lives, and has to live, all the time inside the storm cloud of the highest problems and the heaviest responsibilities. So the thinker is not staring at life at all, and certainly not calmly, safely, or from a distance. When the people form their own picture of a "wise man," they honour a completely different type of person. And they are a thousand times right to give their highest praise and honour to exactly that type: the gentle, serious, simple, pure, priestly types and those like them. They are the

ones who deserve the praise when the people honour wisdom. And who should the people ever have more reason to thank than these men? These men belong to the people and come from their ranks, but they are set apart, chosen, and sacrificed for the people's good. They themselves believe they are sacrificed to God. In front of them, the people can pour out their hearts without being punished. Through them, the people can get rid of their secrets, their worries, and even worse things. For the person who "opens up" gets rid of himself, and the person who has "confessed" forgets. There is a great need here. Just as a city needs sewers and clean, flushing water, so the soul needs a way to wash away its spiritual dirt. Fast-flowing streams of love are needed, and strong, humble, pure hearts who prepare and sacrifice themselves for this service, a kind of hidden, non-public health department. For it really is a sacrifice: the priest is, and remains, a human sacrifice. The people see these sacrificed, silent, serious men of "faith" as "wise," meaning men who have become wise, men who are "reliable" compared to the people's own unreliability. Who would want to take away from the people that way of speaking and that kind of honour? But, to be fair to the other side, philosophers still count the priest as one of the "people," and do not see him as a wise man. Above all, this is because philosophers themselves do not believe in "wise men." They can already smell "the people" in that very belief and superstition. In Greece, it was modesty that invented the word "philosopher," which means "lover of wisdom." It left the proud, arrogant title of "wise man" to the play-actors of the mind. And this was the modesty of such monsters of pride and self-praise as Pythagoras and Plato.

352.

Why We Can Hardly Do Without Morality. A naked man is usually a shameful sight. I mean us European men, and certainly not European

women! Imagine the happiest group of people at a dinner table. Suppose a magician played a trick on them and suddenly they found themselves stripped of all their clothes. I believe that not only would all the fun disappear, but even the biggest appetite would be lost. It seems that we Europeans simply cannot do without the costume we call clothing. But then, shouldn't the costume of "moral men" have just as good reasons behind it? I mean hiding behind moral rules and ideas of decency, and the whole friendly cover-up of our behaviour under ideas like duty, virtue, public feeling, honour, and unselfishness. I don't mean that we need to hide human wickedness and nastiness, in short, the evil wild beast inside us. Quite the opposite. My idea is that it is exactly as tame animals that we are a shameful sight and need a moral costume. The "inner man" in Europe is nowhere near evil enough to "show himself" as he is, or to look beautiful that way. The European dresses himself up in morality because he has become a sick, sickly, crippled animal. He has good reasons for being "tame," because he is almost a failed birth, an unfinished, weak, and clumsy thing. It is not the fierce beast of prey that needs a moral disguise. It is the herd animal, with its deep ordinariness, its anxiety, and its boredom. Let us admit it: morality dresses up the European. It gives him a grander, more important, more eye-catching look, even a "divine" look.

353.

The Origin of Religions. — What founders of religions really invent comes down to two things. First, they set up a fixed way of living and a set of everyday habits. This works as a training of the will (in Latin, "disciplina voluntatis"), and at the same time it chases away boredom. Second, they give that very way of living a meaning, an explanation that makes it seem lit up with the highest value. From then on, it becomes something good that people fight for, and in some situations

even die for. In truth, the second of these inventions is the more important one. The first, the way of living, has usually existed already. But it existed alongside other ways of living, and it did not yet know how much value it held. The importance and the originality of a religion's founder usually shows in this: he sees that way of living, he picks it out, and he is the first to guess what it can be used for and how it can be explained. Take Jesus (or Paul), for example. He found around him the life of ordinary people in a Roman province, a humble, decent, downtrodden life. He gave it a meaning. He filled it with the highest importance and value. And by doing that, he also gave those people the courage to look down on every other way of living. He gave them the calm, fierce devotion you see in the Moravians, a quiet Christian group. He gave them a secret, hidden self-confidence that keeps growing until, in the end, it is ready "to overcome the world" — and by "the world" this means Rome and the upper classes all across the empire. Buddha, in the same way, found the same type of person. In fact, he found this type scattered through every class and social rank of a people who were good and kind, and above all harmless, because they were lazy. And because they were lazy, they also lived simply, with almost no needs. He understood that this type of person, with all its natural heaviness and resistance to moving (in Latin, "vis inertiae"), was bound to slide into a belief that promises a way to escape the return of earthly suffering — and by suffering this means work and activity in general. This "understanding" was his genius. The founder of a religion knows, with a sure, unerring grasp of human nature, a certain average type of soul — people who have not yet realized that they are alike and belong together. He is the one who brings them together. That is why founding a religion always turns into a long ceremony in which people recognize one another.

354.

The "Spirit of the Species."—We only run into the problem of consciousness (or, to put it more exactly, the problem of becoming aware of ourselves) once we start to see how much we could actually do without it. And it is physiology and zoology, the sciences of the body and of animals, that have now brought us to the start of seeing this. It took them two hundred years to catch up with a hint that the philosopher Leibniz had dropped long before. The fact is, we could think, feel, want things, and remember. We could also "act" in every sense of the word. And yet none of this would need to "come into consciousness," as people say, using a figure of speech. All of life would be possible without life seeing itself, so to speak, in a mirror. In fact, even now, by far the biggest part of our life still goes on without this mirroring. That is true even of our thinking, our feeling, and our wanting, however painful that may sound to an old-fashioned philosopher. So what is consciousness for at all, if it is mostly unnecessary? Here is my answer, if you will listen to it, along with a guess that may sound a bit wild. It seems to me that how sharp and how strong a person's consciousness is (or an animal's) always matches how well that person can communicate. And how well someone can communicate, in turn, matches how much they need to communicate. But don't take this to mean that the single person who is a master at communicating and making his needs known must also be the one who depends most on others for those needs. Still, I think it does work this way for whole peoples and long chains of generations. Where need and hardship have forced people for a long time to communicate with each other and to understand one another quickly and precisely, they end up with an extra store of the power and skill of communication. It is like a fortune that has slowly piled up and is now waiting for an heir to come along and spend it wastefully. The so-called artists are these heirs, and so are the speakers, the preachers, and the writers. All of

them come at the end of a long family line. They are always "born late," in the best sense of the phrase, and, as I said, they are by their very nature big spenders. If this observation is right, I can go a step further and guess that consciousness in general developed only under the pressure of the need to communicate. From the very start, it was necessary and useful only between one person and another, especially between those who give orders and those who obey them. And it developed only as far as it was useful. Consciousness is really just a network that links people to each other. Only as that kind of link did it have to develop. People who lived alone, like hermits or wild beasts, would not have needed it. The very fact that our actions, thoughts, feelings, and movements come into our awareness, at least some of them, is the result of a terrible, long-lasting "must" that has ruled over human fate. Humans were the most endangered of animals, so they needed help and protection. They needed others like them. They had to be able to express their distress, and they had to know how to make themselves understood. And for all this, they first of all needed "consciousness." That is, they needed to "know" for themselves what they were missing, to "know" how they felt, and to "know" what they were thinking. Because, let me say it once more, humans, like every living creature, are thinking all the time, but they do not know it. The thinking that becomes aware of itself is only the tiniest part of it. We could even say it is the most surface-level part, the worst part. That is because only this conscious thinking happens in words, which means in signs made for communication. And this reveals where consciousness came from. In short, the growth of language and the growth of consciousness go hand in hand. By consciousness here I don't mean reason itself, but reason becoming aware of itself. Let's also accept that it is not only speech that acts as a bridge between people. Looks, touches, and gestures do too. We have become aware of what our senses take in, and we have become able to pin these impressions down and, in a way, place them outside ourselves. This ability has

grown in step with the growing need to share them with others through signs. The person who invents signs is also the person who is more and more sharply aware of himself. Humans learned to be aware of themselves only as social animals. They are still learning it, and more and more so. As you can see, my idea is this: consciousness does not really belong to a person's life as an individual. It belongs instead to the social side of human nature, the side that lives in groups. It follows that consciousness is finely developed only where it is useful to the community and the group. And so each of us, however hard we try to understand ourselves as individuals and to "know ourselves," will only ever bring into awareness what is not individual in us, namely our "averageness." Our own thinking is constantly, so to speak, outvoted by the nature of consciousness, by the bossy "spirit of the species" that lives inside it. Our thinking gets translated back into the point of view of the herd. Deep down, our actions are completely personal, one of a kind, and totally individual, beyond any comparison. There is no doubt about that. But as soon as we translate them into consciousness, they no longer look that way.... This is what I mean by the idea that we only ever see how things seem, and always from a certain point of view. The nature of animal consciousness means that the world we can become aware of is only a surface world, a world of symbols, a world made general and common. Everything that becomes conscious becomes, for that very reason, shallow, thin, and fairly stupid. It turns into a generalization, a symbol, a mark of the herd. Whenever consciousness grows, it always brings with it a huge, deep-rooted distortion, falsifying, flattening, and generalizing. In the end, growing consciousness is a danger. And anyone who lives among the most self-aware Europeans even knows that it is a disease. As you might guess, I am not talking here about the contrast between the subject and the object, between the one who knows and the thing known. I leave that distinction to the theorists of knowledge who are still caught in the traps of grammar, which is really just everyday

metaphysics. Even less am I talking about the contrast between the "thing in itself" and how things seem. We do not "know" enough to even have the right to make that distinction. In fact, we have no organ at all for knowing, or for "truth." We "know" (or believe, or imagine) exactly as much as is useful to the human herd, to the species. And even what we call "usefulness" here is, in the end, only a belief, an imagining. It may be the very stupidest and deadliest mistake of all, the one that will one day destroy us.

355.

Where Our Idea of "Knowing" Comes From. — I got this explanation from ordinary people on the street. I heard someone say that "he knew me." So I asked myself: What do ordinary people really mean by knowing? What are they after when they look for "knowledge"? Nothing more than this: they want to trace something strange back to something they already know. And we philosophers — have we really meant anything more than that by knowledge? The known means what we are used to, so that we no longer wonder at it. It means the everyday, any kind of rule we have grown used to, anything and everything where we feel at home. So what? Is our need to know really just this need for the familiar? Is it the wish to find, in everything strange, unusual or doubtful, something that no longer makes us uneasy? Could it be that it is our instinct of fear that orders us to know? Could it be that the joy of the person who figures things out is really just joy at feeling safe again?... One philosopher thought the world was "known" once he had traced it back to the "idea." But wasn't that only because the "idea" was so known, so familiar to him? Because he was so much less afraid of the "idea"? Oh, how modest these knowers are! Just look at their principles, and at how they solve the riddle of the world in this way! When they find something in things, among things or behind things that is, sadly, very familiar to

us — for example, our multiplication table, or our logic, or our wanting and wishing — how happy they are right away! For "what is known is understood": on that they all agree. Even the most careful among them think that the known is at least easier to understand than the strange. For example, they think the right method is to start from the "inner world," from "the facts of consciousness," because that is the world we know better! That is the biggest mistake of all! The known is what we are used to. And what we are used to is the hardest thing of all to "understand" — that is, to see as a problem, to see as strange, distant, "outside of us."... The natural sciences are much more certain than psychology and than the study of the parts of the mind — which one could almost call the "unnatural" sciences. And their great certainty comes exactly from this: they take what is strange as their subject. Whereas wanting to take what is not strange as a subject at all seems almost contradictory and absurd....

356.

How Europe Will Keep Becoming "More Artistic"—Even today, the need to earn a living still forces almost every European man into a fixed role, his so-called job or calling. This is true even now, in our in-between time, when so many other things have stopped forcing anything on us. Some men have the freedom, or what looks like freedom, to choose this role for themselves, but most have it chosen for them. The result is strange enough. As they grow older, almost all Europeans mix themselves up with their role. They become the victims of their own "good acting." They have forgotten how much luck, mood and random choice pushed them when their "calling" was decided, and how many other roles they could perhaps have played. Because now it is too late! If we look more closely, we see that their characters have actually grown out of their role: their nature has grown out of something that was really an act, a kind of art. There

were times when people believed, with complete confidence and even with religious devotion, that they were born and destined for this exact trade, for that exact way of making a living. They refused to admit that luck, or an accidental role, or random choice had anything to do with it. With the help of this belief, social ranks, guilds, and trades passed down from father to son managed to raise those amazing, broad towers of society that marked the Middle Ages. At least one thing can be said in their favor: they could last a long time (and lasting is one of the most valuable things on earth!). But there are times that are the complete opposite: the truly democratic times. In these times, people forget this belief more and more, and a kind of bold, cheeky belief and a totally opposite way of seeing things takes over. It is the Athenian belief, first seen in the age of Pericles, and the American belief of today, which more and more wants to become a European belief too. In this view, each person is sure that he can do almost anything, that he can play almost any role. Everyone experiments on himself, makes things up as he goes, tries again, tries with delight. In this way, all nature stops being nature and becomes art, a kind of performance.... The Greeks took up this belief in roles, an artist's belief if you like, and, as everyone knows, they went through a strange change, step by step, and not one worth copying in every way: they became real actors. And as actors they charmed and conquered the whole world, and in the end they even conquered the conqueror of the world. For it was the little Greek actor, the Graeculus histrio, who conquered Rome, and not Greek culture, as simple-minded people like to say.... But what I fear, and what is plain to see right now if we are willing to see it, is that we modern people are already well along the same road. Whenever a person begins to discover in what way he is playing a role, and how far he can be an actor, he becomes an actor.... Then a whole new range of human types springs up, like new plants and animals, types that cannot grow in steadier, more limited times, or that are kept "at the bottom," banned and suspected of

being shameful. Then the most interesting and the craziest periods of history always appear, periods in which "actors," all kinds of actors, are the real masters. And exactly because of this, another kind of person is harmed more and more, and in the end made impossible. Above all, this means the great "architects," the builders. The power to build is now being paralysed. The courage that makes plans for the far future is losing heart. There begins to be a shortage of geniuses who can organize. Who would now dare to start projects that would need thousands of years to be finished? The basic belief is dying out, the belief that let people calculate the future, promise it, plan for it, and give their lives as a sacrifice to it. That belief was this: that a person has value and meaning only insofar as he is a stone in a great building. And for that, he first of all has to be solid, he has to be a "stone."... Above all, not an actor! In short (and sadly, this fact will be kept quiet for quite a long time yet!), what from now on will no longer be built, and can no longer be built, is a society in the old sense of the word. To build that structure, everything is missing, above all the material. None of us are material for a society anymore: that is a truth that fits our time! It makes no difference to me that, meanwhile, the most short-sighted, perhaps the most honest, and certainly the loudest kind of people today, our friends the Socialists, believe, hope, dream, and above all shout and scribble almost the opposite. In fact, you can already read their slogan for the future, "free society," on every table and wall. Free society? Oh, really! Really! But tell me, gentlemen, do you actually know what you would build it out of? Out of wooden iron! Out of the famous wooden iron, something that cannot exist! And not even out of wooden....

357.

The Old Question: "*What Is German?*"—Let us list, one by one, the real gains in philosophical thinking that we owe to German minds. Can

these gains, in any fair sense, also be credited to the whole German people? Can we say they are also the work of the "German soul," or at least a sign of it? I mean in the way we usually think of Plato's obsession with ideas, his almost religious madness for form, as something that came from the "Greek soul" and shows us what it was like. Or is the opposite maybe true? Were these gains so personal, so much an exception to the spirit of the people, as, for example, Goethe's paganism was, which he held with a clear conscience? Or like Bismarck's cunning, Machiavelli-style politics, also held with a clear conscience, his so-called "practical politics" in Germany? Did our philosophers perhaps even go against what the "German soul" *needed?* In short, were the German philosophers really philosophical *Germans?* I can think of three cases. First, there is *Leibniz's* brilliant insight, which put him ahead not only of Descartes but of everyone who had done philosophy before him. His insight was that consciousness is only something extra that happens to go along with our mental pictures, and *not* a necessary, essential part of them. So what we call consciousness is only one state of our mental and inner world (maybe even a sick state), and it is *far from being that whole world itself*. Is there anything German in this idea, whose depth has still not been fully explored? Is there any reason to think that someone from a Latin people, like the French or Italians, would not easily have come upon this turning-upside-down of how things seem? For that is what it is: a turning upside down. Second, let us remember the huge question mark that *Kant* put after the idea of cause and effect. He did not doubt that the idea was valid, the way Hume did. On the contrary, he began carefully to mark out the area where this idea makes sense at all (and we still have not finished marking out these limits). Third, let us take *Hegel's* amazing stroke of genius. He did not let any rules of logic or any fussiness hold him back when he dared to teach that the ideas of different kinds of things grow *out of one another*. With this theory, the thinkers of Europe were made ready for the last great scientific move-

ment, Darwinism. For without Hegel there would have been no Darwin. Is there anything German in this new idea of Hegel's, which first brought the all-important idea of evolution into science? Yes, without doubt we feel that in all three cases something of ourselves has been "discovered" and guessed. We are grateful for it, and surprised at the same time. Each of these three ideas is a thoughtful piece of Germans confessing, understanding, and knowing themselves. We feel, like Leibniz, that "our inner world is far richer, wider, and more hidden." As Germans we doubt, like Kant, whether scientific knowledge of nature is finally valid, and in general we doubt anything that *can* be known by way of cause and effect. What *can be known* now seems to us to be worth *less*. We Germans would still have been followers of Hegel even if there had never been a Hegel. That is because we, unlike all the Latin peoples, by instinct give deeper meaning and higher value to becoming, to growth and change, than to what simply "is." We hardly believe at all that the idea of "being" is valid. This is even more so because we are not willing to admit that our human logic is logic itself, the only kind of logic there is. We would rather convince ourselves that it is only one special case, and perhaps one of the strangest and most stupid. A fourth question would be whether *Schopenhauer*, with his pessimism, had to be a German. His pessimism is really the question of *what existence is worth*. I think not. There was an event *after* which this question was certain to come up, so certain that an astronomer of the soul could have worked out the day and the hour. That event was the decline of belief in the Christian God, the victory of scientific atheism. It is an event that belongs to all of Europe, and all peoples will have their share of the work and the honour. In fact, it is exactly the Germans, the ones who lived at the same time as Schopenhauer, who must be blamed for holding back this victory of atheism the longest and putting it most in danger. Hegel above all was the great slower-down of it. He did this through his grand attempt to convince us that existence is divine, using at the

very end our "sixth sense," the "sense of history." As a philosopher, Schopenhauer was the *first* open and unbending atheist that we Germans have had. This was the real reason behind his hatred of Hegel. To him, it was obvious, clear as day, and beyond argument that existence is not divine. He always lost his philosophical calm and flew into a rage when he saw anyone hesitating and beating around the bush on this point. This is where his deep honesty of character shows itself. Complete, honest atheism is exactly the *starting condition* for the question he asked. His atheism was a final victory of the European conscience, won with great effort. It was the most fruitful result of two thousand years of training in truthfulness, a training that in the end can no longer put up with the *lie* of believing in a God.... We can see what has really defeated the Christian God. It was Christian morality itself: the idea of truthfulness, taken more and more strictly; the fine-tuned conscience trained by Christian confession, which was turned and refined into the scientific conscience, into honesty of mind at any price. To look at nature as if it proved that a God is good and cares for us; to read history in honour of a divine reason, as constant proof of a moral order in the world and a moral final goal; to explain our own life experiences the way pious people have explained them for long enough, as if everything were arranged or hinted at by Providence, something planned and sent to save our souls: all of that is now *over*. Our conscience is *against* it. All the sharper consciences see it as shameful and dishonourable, as lying, as softness, weakness, and cowardice. It is because of this strictness, if because of anything, that we are *good* Europeans, the heirs of Europe's longest and bravest victory over itself. When we reject the Christian way of explaining things in this way, and condemn its "meaning" as a fake, we are at once faced, in a striking way, with *Schopenhauer's* question: *Does existence have any meaning at all?* It is a question that will take a couple of centuries just to be fully heard in all its depth. Schopenhauer's own answer to this question was, if you will forgive me for saying so, an early, immature

answer, a mere compromise. He stopped and got stuck in the very same Christian, self-denying moral views that had been *given notice to leave* together with the belief in God.... But he *asked* the question, as a good European, as we have said, and *not* as a German. Or did the Germans at least show, by the way they grabbed onto Schopenhauer's question, that they had an inner connection with him, that they were ready for his problem and *needed* it? It is true that since Schopenhauer's time people have been thinking and publishing about his problem even in Germany, and late enough it was! But that is not nearly enough to let us decide that there is a closer connection. On the contrary, one could point out how strangely *clumsy* this pessimism after Schopenhauer has been. Germans clearly do not act there as if they were in their element. I am not talking here about Eduard von Hartmann at all. In fact, I still have my old suspicion that he is *too clever* for us. What I mean is that, as a complete trickster from the very beginning, he was perhaps not only making fun of German pessimism. And in the end he might well "leave behind" for the Germans, as his legacy, the truth about how far a person could fool the Germans themselves in an age of shady get-rich-quick companies. But then, should we count it to the Germans' honour to have the old spinning top, Bahnsen, who spent his whole life spinning happily around his own realistic, argumentative misery and his "personal bad luck"? Was *that* German? (By the way, I recommend his writings for the same purpose I have used them for myself: as food against pessimism, especially because of his *elegantia psychologica*, his elegant psychology, which, it seems to me, could loosen up even the most blocked-up body and soul.) Or would it be right to count amateurs and old maids like Mainländer, that sickly-sweet preacher of virginity, among the true Germans? After all, he was probably a Jew (all Jews become sickly-sweet when they preach morals). Neither Bahnsen, nor Mainländer, nor even Eduard von Hartmann, gives us a firm answer to the question of whether Schopenhauer's pessimism was not just an

exception among Germans but a *German* event. By his pessimism I mean his frightened look into a world without God, a world that has become stupid, blind, crazy and full of questions; his *honourable* fright. Meanwhile, everything else that stands out in front, like our brave politics and our cheerful flag-waving nationalism, shows very clearly the opposite. That nationalism sees everything from a rather unphilosophical point of view: "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles*," "Germany, Germany, above everything,"[12] and so it looks at everything only from the point of view of one species, namely the German *species*. No! The Germans of today are *not* pessimists! And Schopenhauer was a pessimist, I say it once more, as a good European, and *not* as a German.

358.

The Peasant Revolt of the Mind. — We Europeans are looking out over a huge world of ruins. Some things still stand tall, while others are rotting and gloomy. But most things are already lying on the ground, and they look striking enough — where have there ever been finer ruins? — overgrown with weeds, big and small. This city of decay is the Church: we can see that the religious organization of Christianity has been shaken down to its deepest foundations. Belief in God has been overthrown, and belief in the Christian ideal of self-denial is now fighting its final battle. A work as long-lasting and solidly built as Christianity — it was the last great building project of the Romans! — of course could not be torn down all at once. Every kind of earthquake had to shake it. Every kind of mind that pokes holes, digs, gnaws and rots things had to help in the work of destroying it. But the strangest thing is this: the people who worked hardest to keep and protect Christianity were exactly the ones who did the most to destroy it — the Germans. It seems the Germans do not understand what a Church really is. Are they not clever enough in spirit,

or not suspicious enough, to understand it? In any case, the structure of the Church rests on a southern kind of freedom and open-mindedness. It also rests on a southern distrust of nature, of people, and of the mind. It rests on a knowledge of human beings, an experience of human beings, that is completely different from what the north has had. The Lutheran Reformation, through and through, was the anger of simple people against something "complicated." To put it carefully, it was a crude, honest misunderstanding, and much of it can be forgiven. People did not understand the way a Church that had won its battles expressed itself, and they saw only corruption. They misunderstood its noble doubt — the luxury of doubting and tolerating that every winning, self-confident power allows itself.... These days people easily forget that, when it came to all the big questions about power, Luther was poorly gifted. He was disastrously short-sighted, shallow and careless. Above all, as a man who came from the common people, he had none of the inherited qualities of a ruling class, and none of the instincts for power. So his work, which was meant to restore what the Romans had built, became — without his wanting it or knowing it — just the beginning of a work of destruction. With honest rage, he unpicked and ripped apart the very places where the old spider had spun its web the longest and most carefully. He put the holy books into everyone's hands. Because of that, they finally ended up in the hands of the language scholars — that is, the people who destroy every belief that is based on books. He tore down the idea of "the Church" when he rejected the belief that the Church Councils were inspired by God. For the idea of "the Church" only keeps its power as long as people assume that the inspiring spirit which founded the Church still lives in it, still builds it, and still keeps on building its house. He gave priests back the right to have sex. But three-quarters of the respect that ordinary people (and above all ordinary women) are able to feel rests on the belief that a man who is exceptional in this area will also be exceptional in other areas. It is exactly here that

the popular belief in something more than human inside a person — in a miracle, in God the savior living inside a man — has its subtlest and sneakiest supporter. Once Luther had given the priest a wife, he had to take away from him private confession, where people whisper their sins into the priest's ear. That made sense psychologically. But by doing so he practically got rid of the Christian priest himself, whose deepest usefulness has always been that he was a holy ear, a silent well, and a grave where secrets were buried. "Every man his own priest" — behind slogans like that, with their peasant cunning, Luther was hiding the deepest hatred of "higher people" and of the rule of "higher people," as the Church had imagined them. Luther rejected an ideal that he did not know how to reach, while he seemed to be fighting and hating only the way it had decayed. In fact, he — the monk who could not manage to be a monk — rejected the rule of religious men. So, inside the order of the Church, he brought about exactly the same thing that he fought against so impatiently in the order of society — namely, a "peasant uprising." — As for everything that later grew out of his Reformation, good and bad, which can almost be added up by now — who would be naive enough to praise or blame Luther just because of these results? He is innocent of all of it; he did not know what he was doing. The skill of making the European mind shallower, especially in the north — or more good-natured, if people would rather hear it described with a moral word — certainly took a clever step forward with the Lutheran Reformation. In the same way, other things grew out of it: the restlessness and unease of the mind, its thirst for independence, its belief that it has a right to freedom, and its "naturalness." If people want, in the end, to give the Reformation credit for preparing and encouraging what we now honor as "modern science," then of course they must also add something. They must add that it also helped bring about the decline of the modern scholar, with his lack of respect, of modesty and of depth. And they must add that it is also responsible for all the naive openness and

plain talk in matters of knowledge — in short, for the common, mob-like quality of the mind that is typical of the last two hundred years, and from which even pessimism, so far, has not saved us at all. "Modern ideas" also belong to this peasant uprising of the north against the cooler, more double-sided, more suspicious mind of the south — the mind that built its greatest monument in the Christian Church. In the end, let us not forget what a Church is, especially compared with any "State": a Church is, above all, a system of authority that gives the highest rank to the most spiritual people. And it believes in the power of the spirit so strongly that it forbids all cruder tools of authority. For this reason alone, the Church is, in every situation, a nobler institution than the State. —

359.

Revenge on Intelligence, and Other Hidden Roots of Morality. Morality: where do you think its most dangerous and most bitter defenders are found? Here, for example, is a badly made man. He does not have enough intelligence to enjoy it, but he has just enough education to know that he lacks it. He is bored, fed up, and he despises himself. On top of that, sadly, some inherited wealth has cheated him out of his last comfort: the "blessing of work," the chance to forget himself in the "day's job." He is deeply ashamed of being alive, and perhaps he also hides a few vices. And on the other hand, he keeps spoiling himself more and more, through books he has no business reading, or through company that is cleverer than he can handle, and this makes him vain and touchy. Such a man is poisoned through and through. For beings who are badly made like this, intelligence becomes poison, education becomes poison, owning things becomes poison, being alone becomes poison. In the end he falls into a constant state of revenge and a constant itch for revenge.... Now, what do you think he needs, absolutely needs, so that in his own eyes he can look superior

to people who are smarter than he is, and so that he can enjoy the pleasure of total revenge, at least in his imagination? It is always morality that he needs. You can bet on it. Always the big moral words, always the grand-sounding words: justice, wisdom, holiness, virtue. Always the calm, unshaken poses of the Stoics. (How well that kind of calm hides what a person does not actually have!) Always the cloak of wise silence, of friendliness, of gentleness, and whatever else you call the cloak of the idealist, which the hopeless self-haters, and also the hopelessly vain, wear as they walk around. Please do not misunderstand me. Out of these born enemies of the mind there sometimes comes that rare kind of human being whom ordinary people honour as a saint or a wise man. It is from men like these that those amazing giants of morality appear, the ones who cause a stir and make history. Saint Augustine was one of these men. Fear of the intellect, revenge on the intellect: oh, how often these vices, which push people so hard, have become the root of virtues! Yes, even the root of virtue itself! And let us ask this question among ourselves. Even the philosopher's claim to be wise, which has been made now and then here and there on earth, the craziest and most shameless claim of all: has it not always been, in India as much as in Greece, above all a way of hiding? Sometimes, perhaps, from the point of view of teaching, which makes so many lies seem sacred, it has been a kind and careful concern for people who are still growing and developing, for students who often need to be protected from themselves by believing in a person, that is, by means of a mistake. But in most cases it is a hiding place for a philosopher, something he hides behind for protection, because he is worn out, old, cold, or hardened. It is like a feeling that the end is coming, like the clever instinct animals have before they die: they go off alone, keep still, choose to be by themselves, crawl into caves, and become wise.... What? Wisdom, a way for the philosopher to hide from... intelligence?

360.

Two Kinds of Causes That Get Mixed Up. I think one of my most important steps forward is that I have learned to tell apart two things: the cause of acting at all, and the cause of acting in one particular way, say, in this direction, with this goal. The first kind of cause is an amount of stored-up energy that is waiting to be used somehow, for some purpose. The second kind of cause, on the other hand, is something quite unimportant compared to the first. Most of the time it is a small accident, and it decides the one particular way in which that stored-up energy "goes off." It is like the match compared to the barrel of gunpowder. Among these small accidents, these matches, I count all the so-called "goals," and even more so the so-called "jobs" and "careers" people have. Compared to the huge amount of energy that, as we said, is pushing to be used up in any way at all, these goals are fairly optional, random, and almost beside the point. People usually look at it differently. Because of a very old mistake, we are used to seeing the driving force in the goal itself (the aim, the calling, and so on). But the goal is only the steering force. People have mixed up the person at the wheel with the steam that drives the ship. And the goal is not even always the one at the wheel, the steering force.... Isn't the "goal," the "purpose," quite often just an excuse to make things look better, one more way that pride blinds itself? Pride does not want anyone to say that the ship is simply following the current it happened to drift into. It wants to say that the ship "wants" to go that way, when really it goes that way because it has to. Yes, the ship has a direction, sure enough, but it does not have anyone steering it. We still need a careful critique of the whole idea of "purpose."

361.

The Problem of the Actor. The problem of the actor has bothered me longer than any other. I was unsure, and sometimes I still am, wheth-

er this might be the right angle from which to get hold of the dangerous idea of the "artist", an idea that people have so far treated far too gently, in a way that can't be excused. Think of these things: being false while keeping a clear conscience about it; a delight in pretending that bursts out as a kind of power, pushing aside, flooding over, and sometimes even wiping out what we call a person's "character"; a deep inner longing to play a role, to wear a mask, to put on how things seem; and a huge extra ability to adapt in every possible way, an ability so large it can no longer be satisfied just by serving the most immediate and narrow practical needs. Perhaps all of this does not belong only to the actor himself? Such an instinct would grow most easily in families from the lower classes. These are people who have had to spend their lives completely dependent on others, under pressures and restrictions that kept changing. To fit in with their situation, and to keep adapting to new circumstances, they had to pass themselves off again and again as different people. In this way they slowly trained themselves to turn their coat with every wind, as the saying goes, until they almost became the coat itself. They became masters of a living, bodily art: the endless game of hide-and-seek that, among animals, we call mimicry. In the end this ability, saved up and passed down from generation to generation, becomes bossy, unreasonable and impossible to control. As an instinct, it starts to give orders to the other instincts, and it gives birth to the actor, the "artist". First come the buffoon, the comic old man of the stage, the slapstick joker, the fool and the clown, and also the classic figure of the clever servant, like Gil Blas in the famous novel. In such types we find the forerunners of the artist, and often enough even of the "genius". In higher levels of society too, a similar kind of person grows up under a similar kind of pressure. Only there, the acting instinct is mostly kept tightly under control by another instinct, for example among "diplomats". Apart from that, I would think a good diplomat could always become a good stage actor, as long as his dignity "al-

lowed" it. Now as for the Jews, who are the most adaptable people of all: following this line of thinking, we would expect to find among them, from the very beginning, an institution of world-historical importance for raising actors, a true breeding ground for actors. And in fact the question is very fitting right now: what good actor today is not a Jew? The Jew, too, as a born writer and as the real ruler of the European press, uses this power on the basis of his talent for acting. For the writer is at heart an actor: he plays the part of the "expert", of the "specialist". Finally, women. If we look at the whole history of women, weren't they forced, first and above all, to be actresses? Listen to doctors who have hypnotized women. Or, in the end, love them, and let yourself be "hypnotized" by them. What always comes out? That they are "putting on airs", even at the moment when they "give themselves". Woman is so artistic...

362.

My Belief That Europe Is Becoming More Manly. We owe it to Napoleon, and not at all to the French Revolution, that several warlike centuries, unlike anything in past history, may now follow one after another. The French Revolution, after all, aimed at the "brotherhood" of nations and at a flowery exchange of kindnesses between people in general. In short, thanks to Napoleon we have entered the classic age of war: war that is both scientific and of the whole people, on the biggest possible scale in its means, its talents and its discipline. All the thousands of years to come will look back on it with envy and awe, as a perfect piece of work. For the national movement, which this military glory grows out of, is only the backlash against Napoleon, and it would not exist without him. So one day people will be able to give him the credit for this: that in Europe the man has once again won out over the merchant and the narrow-minded, small-town type. Perhaps he has even won out over "woman", who has been

spoiled by Christianity, by the overblown spirit of the eighteenth century, and even more by "modern ideas". Napoleon saw modern ideas, and so civilization itself, as something like a personal enemy. Through this hostility he proved to be one of the greatest people to carry on the work of the Renaissance. He brought back to the surface a whole solid block of the ancient character, maybe the most decisive block of all, the block of granite, hard and unbreakable. And who knows? Maybe this block of ancient character will in the end win out over the national movement, and will have to become, in a positive sense, the heir of Napoleon and carry on his work. As everyone knows, Napoleon wanted one Europe, a single Europe that would be the ruler of the world.

363.

How Each Sex Has Its Own Bias About Love. I am willing to give a lot of ground to the common belief that one man should have one wife. Even so, I will never agree that we should talk about equal rights when it comes to the love of a man and a woman. There are no such equal rights. The reason is that a man and a woman mean something different when they say the word love. And it is part of how love works in both sexes that neither one expects the other to have the same feeling, the same idea of "love." What a woman means by love is clear enough. She means giving herself up completely, body and soul, and not just being devoted. She gives herself without any reason, without holding anything back. In fact, she feels shame and terror at the thought of a devotion that comes with fine print or conditions attached. Because her love has no conditions, it is really a kind of faith. A woman has no other faith. A man, when he loves a woman, wants exactly this kind of love from her. So, when it comes to himself, he is as far as anyone can be from loving the way a woman loves. Suppose there are also men who know this need to give themselves up

completely. Well, then they are really not men. A man who loves like a woman turns himself into a slave. But a woman who loves like a woman becomes an even more complete woman. A woman's passion, which gives up all her own rights without conditions, actually depends on the other side not feeling the same thing. It depends on the man not having the same strong feeling, the same wish to give himself up. Because if both of them gave themselves up out of love, what would be left? I don't know. Perhaps a fear of emptiness, like nature's fear of a vacuum? A woman wants to be taken and accepted as someone's possession. She wants to melt into the ideas of "owning" and "being owned." So she wants someone who takes. She wants someone who does not offer himself and give himself away. Instead, she wants him to become richer in "himself," through the extra power, happiness and faith that she herself gives him. The woman gives herself, and the man takes her. I do not think anyone will get past this natural difference with some social agreement, or even with the very best wish to be fair. It would be nice not to keep staring at the harsh, frightening, puzzling and unmoral parts of this conflict. But love, seen as something complete, great and full, is nature. And as nature, it is forever something "unmoral," outside of right and wrong. So faithfulness is part of a woman's love. It follows from what her love is. With a man, faithfulness may easily come about because of his love, perhaps out of gratitude, or because of his personal taste, or what people call a natural attraction. But it is not at the heart of his love. In fact, it is so far from the heart of it that one could almost say there is a natural conflict in a man between love and faithfulness. His love is simply a desire to own, not a giving up and giving away. And the desire to own comes to an end every time the thing is owned. In fact, what keeps a man's love going is his more subtle and jealous thirst to own. He is rarely convinced, and only slowly, that he truly has this "possession." In that case his love may even grow after the woman has given herself

to him. He does not easily admit that a woman has nothing more to "give up" to him.

364.

The Hermit Speaks. The art of getting along with people mostly comes down to one skill, which takes long practice. It is the skill of accepting a meal, and eating a meal, from a kitchen you do not trust. If you come to the table as hungry as a wolf, everything is easy. As Mephistopheles says, "the worst company still gives you experience." But you never have that wolf's hunger when you need it! Oh, how hard our fellow humans are to digest! First rule: gather up your courage, the way you would in a disaster. Grab hold boldly, admire yourself while you do it, bite down on your dislike, and force down your disgust. Second rule: "improve" the other person, for example by praising him, so that he starts to sweat out his smugness. Or grab hold of a tuft of his good or "interesting" qualities and pull on it until you have pulled out his whole virtue, and you can hide him under its folds like a cloak. Third rule: hypnotize yourself. Fix your eyes on the person you are dealing with, as if staring at a glass doorknob. Keep at it until you stop feeling pleasure or pain about him, and you quietly fall asleep without anyone noticing, go stiff, and hold a fixed pose. This is a household remedy used in marriage and in friendship. It is well tested and valued as something no one can do without, but no one has yet described it scientifically. Its proper name is patience.

365.

The Hermit Speaks Once More. We too spend time with "people." We too humbly put on the clothes people know us by, the clothes in which they respect us and look for us. And in this way we mix in society, that is, among people who are in disguise but do not want to be called that. Like all careful people at a masked ball, we politely turn

away any curiosity that goes beyond our "clothes." But there are other ways and tricks for "moving about" among people and spending time with them. For example, you can do it as a ghost. This is very useful when you want to scare people and get rid of them easily. Here is an example. Someone reaches out to grab us and cannot get hold of us. That frightens him. Or we come in through a closed door. Or we appear when the lights have gone out. Or after we are dead. That last one is the favorite trick of people who only come alive after death. ("What?" one of them once said impatiently. "Do you think we would enjoy putting up with this strangeness, this coldness, this deathly stillness all around us? All this underground, hidden, dim, undiscovered loneliness, which we call our life, and which could just as well be called death? We could not bear it if we did not know what will grow out of us. We know that only after our death will we reach our real life and become alive, oh! very much alive! We are the people who only come alive after death!")

366.

On Seeing a Scholarly Book. We are not the kind of people who only get our thoughts from books, or only start thinking when a book pushes us to. Our habit is to think out in the open air: walking, jumping, climbing, or dancing, and best of all on lonely mountains or close to the sea, where even the paths seem to be deep in thought. The first question we ask about the worth of a book, a person, or a piece of music is this: Can it walk? Or even better: Can it dance? We do not read much, but we are not worse readers because of it. Oh, how quickly we can guess how someone came up with his thoughts! We can tell if he was sitting in front of an ink bottle, with his belly squashed and his head bent over the paper. And oh, how quickly we are finished with his book then! His blocked-up bowels give him away, you can bet on it, just as the stuffy air of the room, the low

ceiling of the room, and the smallness of the room give him away. These were my feelings as I was closing an honest, scholarly book. I was thankful, very thankful, but I was also relieved. In a scholar's book there is almost always something heavy and weighed-down. Somewhere the "specialist" shows through: his eagerness, his seriousness, his anger, the way he thinks far too much of the little corner where he sits and spins his web, and his hunched back. Every specialist has his hunched back. A scholarly book also always reflects a soul that has been bent out of shape, because every trade bends a person out of shape. Look again at the friends we spent our youth with, once they have taken hold of their field of study. Sadly, the opposite has always happened! Sadly, it is now their field that has taken hold of them, and it fills and owns them forever! They have grown into their little corner. They are crumpled up until you can hardly recognize them. They are cramped, they have lost their balance, they are thin and bony and sharp-edged everywhere, and nicely rounded in only one spot. When we find them like this, we are moved, and we say nothing. Every trade, even if it stands on a floor of gold, also has a ceiling of lead above it. That ceiling presses and presses down on the soul, until the soul is squeezed into a strange and twisted shape. Nothing can be changed about this. We should not imagine that any clever trick of education could ever prevent this kind of deformity. On earth, every kind of perfection is bought at a high price, and maybe everything here costs too much. You become an expert in your field only by also becoming a victim of your field. But you want it to be different, don't you, my dear fellow people of today? You want it "more reasonable," and above all more comfortable. Very well! But then you will right away get something different. Instead of the craftsman and the expert, you will get the man of letters: the clever, all-round, "many-sided" writer. True, he has no hunched back, if you don't count the bow he makes in front of you, like a shop clerk selling ideas or a "porter" carrying culture around. This writer really is nothing, but

he "stands in" for almost everything. He plays the part of the expert and "represents" him. And, very modestly, he also makes sure that he gets paid, honored, and praised in that role. No, my scholarly friends! I bless you, even because of your hunched backs! I bless you also because, like me, you look down on these writers and on the people who feed off culture like parasites! And because you do not know how to sell your mind like goods in a shop! And because you have so many opinions that cannot be measured in money! And because you do not pretend to be anything that you are not! Because your only wish is to become masters of your craft. Because you respect every kind of mastery and skill, and you reject with the harshest scorn everything in writing and the arts that is fake, half-real, dressed up, showy, crowd-pleasing, or theatrical. You reject everything that does not win you over with truly genuine discipline and real training, everything that cannot pass your test! (Even genius does not help someone get past such a flaw, however well genius may be able to hide it. You understand this once you have looked closely at our most gifted painters and musicians. Almost all of them, without exception, can fake that genuine quality afterward. Using clever tricks of style, quick fixes, and even rules and principles, they can give themselves the look of solid training and education, so that this is how things seem. But of course, they do not fool themselves by doing this, and it does not make their guilty consciences fall silent for good. For you know well enough, don't you, that all great modern artists suffer from guilty consciences?)

367.

How to Tell Works of Art Apart, First of All. Everything that is thought up, written in verse, painted, or set to music, and even everything that is built or sculpted, belongs to one of two kinds. Either it is art made for oneself alone, like talking to yourself, or it is

art made in front of witnesses. The second kind also includes art that only looks like it is made alone, the art that comes from believing in God, all the poetry of prayer. That is because a religious person is never truly alone. We, the people without God, were the first to come up with the idea of being alone. In the whole way an artist sees things, I know of no deeper difference than this one. Does he look at the work of art growing under his hands (which means looking at "himself") through the eyes of a witness? Or has he "forgotten the world"? Forgetting the world is the key to all art made for oneself alone. That kind of art is built on forgetting. It is the music of forgetting.

368.

The Cynic Speaks. My objections to Wagner's music are objections of the body. So why should I start by dressing them up in fancy words about beauty and taste? My point is this: I can no longer breathe freely once this music starts working on me. My foot gets angry at it right away and rebels. My foot needs a beat, dancing, and marching. Above all, it wants from music the delight you find in good walking, striding, leaping, and dancing. But don't my stomach, my heart, my blood, and my guts also protest? Don't I become hoarse without noticing, when I am under its spell? And then I ask myself what my body really wants from music in general. I believe it wants relief. It wants all its animal workings to speed up, driven by light, bold, free, self-confident rhythms. It wants life, which feels as hard as brass and as heavy as lead, to be covered in gold by golden, good, tender harmonies. My sadness would like to rest its head in the hidden corners and deep places of perfection. That is why I need music. What do I care about drama! What do I care about its fits of moral excitement, which the "common people" enjoy so much! What do I care about all the actor's play-acting and trickery!... You will have guessed by now that,

deep down, I am against the theatre. But Wagner, on the other hand, was deep down a man of the stage and an actor. He was the most passionate worshipper of play-actors who ever lived, even among musicians!... And let me say in passing: Wagner's theory was that "drama is the goal, and music is only the means to reach it." But what he actually did, from start to finish, showed the opposite: "the pose is the goal, and drama and even music can never be anything but means to reach that." For him, music was a way to explain, strengthen, and heighten dramatic poses and the actor's appeal to the senses. And Wagner's drama was just a chance to strike a number of dramatic poses! Along with all his other instincts, Wagner had the bossy instinct of a great actor, in all things and everywhere, and, as I said, also as a musician. I once explained this, with some effort, to a die-hard fan of Wagner, and I had reasons to add: "Please be a little more honest with yourself. We are not in the theatre now. In the theatre, we are honest only as a crowd. As individuals, we lie, we even lie to ourselves. We leave ourselves at home when we go to the theatre. There we give up the right to our own voice and our own choices, to our own taste, and even to the courage we have and use inside our own four walls, toward God and other people. Nobody brings his finest taste in art into the theatre with him, not even the artist who works for the theatre. There, you are the common people, the audience, the herd, a woman, a self-righteous hypocrite, a voting animal, a democrat, a neighbour, a fellow human being. There, even the most personal conscience gives in to the flattening charm of 'the great crowd.' There, stupidity spreads like wild behaviour and like a disease. There the neighbour is in charge, there you become a neighbour...." (I forgot to mention what my so-called enlightened Wagner fan said in reply to my objections about the body: "So the truth is that you are just not healthy enough for our music?")

369.

Opposites Side by Side in Us. Shouldn't we artists admit to ourselves that there is a strange mismatch inside us? On one side there is our taste, and on the other side our power to create. These two stay apart in an unusual way, keep apart, and grow separately. I mean that they go through old age, youth, ripeness, softness, and rot at completely different stages and speeds. So, for example, a musician could spend his whole life creating things that go against everything his ear and heart value, enjoy, and prefer, spoiled as they are by so much listening. And he would not even have to notice the contradiction! Experience shows, almost painfully often, that a person's taste can easily grow beyond the taste of his creative power, without that power being frozen or slowed down in what it produces. But the opposite can also happen to some degree, and this is what I especially want artists to notice. Think of a man who produces all the time, a man who is a "mother" in the grand sense of the word. He no longer knows or hears about anything except his mind getting pregnant and giving birth. He has no time at all to think about himself and his work or to compare them with anything. He no longer cares to use his taste. He simply forgets it and lets it stand, lie, or fall as it may. Perhaps such a man ends up producing works that he is then not at all able to judge. So he says and thinks foolish things about them and about himself. To me, this seems almost the normal state of artists who create a lot. Nobody understands a child worse than its parents do. And this rule even applies, to take a huge example, to the whole world of Greek poetry and art, which was never "aware" of what it had done....

370.

What Is Romanticism? Some people, at least among my friends, may remember that at first I attacked the modern world with some big mistakes and exaggerations, but at least I did it with hope in my

heart. I saw the philosophical pessimism of the nineteenth century, and who knows what personal experiences led me to this, as a sign of something better. I thought it showed a stronger power of thought, a bolder courage, and a fuller, more victorious richness of life than the eighteenth century had shown. That was the age of Hume, Kant, Condillac, and the thinkers who based everything on the senses. So the tragic way of seeing things seemed to me to be a special luxury of our culture. It was its most precious, noble, and dangerous way of spending itself freely. But I also thought that, since our culture was overflowing with wealth, this luxury was justified. In the same way, I explained German music to myself as the voice of a wild and overflowing (Dionysian) power in the German soul. I thought I could hear an earthquake in it. I thought an ancient force, locked up for ages, was finally breaking free, and that it did not care whether everything that usually calls itself culture was shaken by it. Clearly, back then I misunderstood the true nature of both philosophical pessimism and German music. What they really were, at heart, was Romanticism. So what is Romanticism? Every art and every philosophy can be seen as a tool for healing and helping life, life that is growing and struggling. They always assume that there is suffering, and people who suffer. But there are two kinds of people who suffer. On one side are those who suffer from having too much life, from overflowing energy. They need wild and overflowing (Dionysian) art, and they need a tragic view of life and a deep look into it. On the other side are those who suffer from having too little life, from weakened energy. They look for rest, quiet, calm seas, and a way to escape from themselves through art or knowledge. Or else they look for drunkenness, fits, confusion, and madness. All Romanticism in art and in knowledge answers this double craving of the second group. Schopenhauer and Wagner answered it, and still answer it. I name them because they are the most famous and most clear-cut romantics, and back then I misunderstood them. But, as anyone can fairly admit, my misunderstanding

was not to their disadvantage. Now take the being who is richest in overflowing life, the wild and overflowing (Dionysian) god, or the Dionysian human. He can allow himself not only to watch terrible and doubtful things, but even to do the frightening deed itself. He can allow himself all the luxury of destroying, breaking apart, and saying no. For him, evil, nonsense, and ugliness seem to be allowed, as if he had a license for them. That is because he has such an overflowing abundance of creative, life-giving power that he can turn any desert into a rich, blooming orchard. On the other hand, the person who suffers most, the person poorest in life and energy, would most need gentleness, peace, and kindness in thinking and in acting. If possible, he would need a God who is especially the God of the sick, a "Savior." In the same way, he would need logic, the idea that life can be understood in a neat, abstract way, because logic calms people down and gives them confidence. In short, he would need a certain warm narrowness that chases away fear, a kind of comfortable prison inside hopeful, optimistic limits. This is how I slowly began to understand Epicurus, who is the opposite of someone with strong, life-loving pessimism. In a similar way I came to understand the "Christian," who is really just a kind of Epicurean, and who, like him, is basically a romantic. And my eyes have grown sharper and sharper at following the hardest and most tricky way of reasoning backward, the one where most mistakes have been made. This is reasoning from the work back to the person who made it, from the deed back to the person who did it, from the ideal back to the person who needs that ideal, and from every way of thinking and judging back to the urgent need that lies behind it. When it comes to all questions of art and beauty, I now use this basic distinction. In every single case I ask: "Was it hunger that became creative here, or was it overflowing abundance?" At first, a different distinction might seem better, because it is much easier to notice. That would be to ask whether the creating comes from a wish for things to stay fixed, to last forever, to

simply be, or from a wish for destruction, for change, for the new, for the future, for becoming. But if you look more closely, both of these wishes turn out to have two possible meanings. And they can be explained exactly by the first distinction I gave, the one about hunger or abundance, which I think is rightly the better one. The wish for destruction, change, and becoming can be the sign of overflowing power, full of the future. My term for this, of course, is the word "Dionysian," meaning wild and overflowing. But it can also be the hatred felt by people who are badly made, poor, and unlucky. Their hatred destroys, and has to destroy, because anything that lasts, in fact everything that lasts, everything that simply exists, irritates and provokes them. To understand this feeling, we only need to take a close look at our anarchists. The wish for things to last forever also has two possible meanings. On the one hand, it can come from gratitude and love. Art that comes from this will always be art that lifts things up to the level of the gods. It might be wildly joyful and full of praise, as with Rubens. It might be divinely mocking, as with Hafiz. Or it might be clear and kind-hearted, as with Goethe, spreading a brightness and glory like Homer's over everything. In this case I speak of calm and radiant (Apollonian) art. But on the other hand, the wish for things to last can also be the bullying will of someone who suffers badly, who struggles or is tortured. Such a person wants to stamp his own most personal, individual, and narrow traits, the very oddities of his suffering, onto others as a law they must obey. It is as if he takes revenge on everything by pressing, forcing, and branding his own image onto it, the image of his own torture. This second kind is weary, suffering pessimism in its most extreme form. It shows up as Schopenhauer's philosophy of the will, or as Wagner's music. Weary, suffering pessimism is the last great event in the fate of our civilization. (That there could be a completely different kind of pessimism, a classical pessimism, is a feeling and a vision that belongs to me. It cannot be separated from me; it is my very own, the most personal thing I have. The

only problem is that the word "classical" sounds bad to my ears. It has been used far too much, and it has become too vague and too hard to tell apart from other things. So I call that pessimism of the future, because it is coming, I can see it coming, strong, life-loving pessimism.)

371.

We Who Can't Be Understood. Have we ever complained to each other about being misunderstood, judged wrongly, and mixed up with other people? About being lied about, heard wrong, or not heard at all? That is simply our fate, and sadly it will be for a long time yet! Let's be modest and say until 1901. But it is also what sets us apart. We would not respect ourselves enough if we wanted it any other way. People mix us up with others, and here is why: we ourselves keep growing. We change all the time. We shed our old bark like a tree, we still shed our skin every spring like a snake, and we keep getting younger, taller, and stronger, as people of the future. We push our roots more and more powerfully down into the depths, down into evil. And at the same time we reach up to the sky more and more lovingly and widely, and we soak up its light more and more eagerly with all our branches and leaves. We grow like trees. That is hard to understand, just like all life is! We don't grow in one spot but everywhere. We don't grow in just one direction, but up and out, and also in and down. Our strength pushes out into the trunk, the branches, and the roots all at once. We are no longer really free to do anything on its own, or to be anything on its own.... That is our fate, as we said: we grow taller. And even if that turns out to be our disaster, since the higher we grow, the closer we live to the lightning, well, we honor it all the same. It is the thing we don't want to share with others or hand over to others. It is the fate of everything that rises high. It is our fate....

372.

Why We Are Not Idealists. In the past, philosophers were afraid of the senses, of seeing, hearing, touching and feeling. Have we maybe forgotten that fear far too much? Right now, all of us who stand for the present and the future in philosophy are people who live through the senses. Not in our theories, though, but in what we actually do, in practice.... Those earlier philosophers, on the other hand, believed that the senses would lure them out of their own world, the cold kingdom of "ideas," and pull them onto a dangerous southern island. There, they feared, their philosopher's virtues would melt away like snow in the sun. "Wax in your ears" was almost a rule you had to follow back then if you wanted to do philosophy. That's what the sailors did in the old Greek story so they wouldn't hear the deadly singing of the Sirens. A true philosopher no longer listened to life, as far as life is music. He said no to the music of life. It is an old superstition among philosophers that all music is the Sirens' music, a song that leads you to your doom. Today we would tend to judge the exact opposite way, which could be just as wrong in itself. We would see ideas, with their cold, pale, bloodless look, as more dangerous tempters than the senses, and not even in spite of that look. Ideas have always lived on the philosopher's "blood." They always ate up his senses, and, believe me, his "heart" too. Those old philosophers had no heart. Doing philosophy was always a kind of vampire feeding. When you look at a figure like Spinoza, don't you get a deeply puzzling and unsettling feeling? Don't you see the drama playing out there: the face growing paler and paler, the spirit being shown off in a more and more idealized way? Don't you picture some bloodsucker that has stayed hidden for a long time in the background? It starts with the senses, and in the end it keeps or leaves nothing behind but bones and their rattling. By bones I mean categories, formulas, and words. Forgive me for saying it, but what remains of Spinoza, his "in-

tellectual love of God," is just rattling and nothing else! What is love, what is God, once every drop of blood has been drained out of them?... To sum up: all philosophical idealism so far has been something like an illness. The exception is a case like Plato, where it was the caution of someone with too much health, a dangerous overflow of health. It was the fear of senses that were too powerful, and the wisdom of a wise follower of Socrates. Maybe the truth is that we modern people are just not healthy enough to need Plato's idealism? And we don't fear the senses because——.

373.

"Science" as Prejudice. The rules of social rank have a consequence. Scholars belong to the middle class of the mind, so they are shut out from even catching sight of the truly great problems and question marks. Besides, their courage does not reach that far, and neither does their view. Above all, there is the need that turns them into researchers: their built-in expectation and wish that things should be arranged in some particular way. Their fears and hopes are calmed and settled too quickly. Take the fussy Englishman Herbert Spencer, for example. He gets excited in his own way and draws a line of hope, a horizon of what he would like to see: the final peace between "selfishness and selflessness" that he dreams about. That very thing almost makes people like us feel sick. A humanity whose final outlook was Spencer's outlook would seem to us to deserve contempt, even to deserve wiping out! But here is the interesting fact. Spencer has to take as his highest hope something that others see, and may well see, as merely an unpleasant possibility. That fact is a question mark Spencer could never have predicted. It is just the same with the belief that so many materialist scientists are happy with today. They believe in a world that is supposed to match human thinking and human values, and to be measured by them. They believe in a "world of truth" that we

might finally reach with the help of our small, boxy, four-cornered human reason! What? Do we really want existence cut down like that, into a sum on a counting chart, a calculation for mathematicians who never leave their rooms? Above all, we should not try to strip existence of its double-sided, uncertain nature. Good taste forbids it, gentlemen: the taste that feels respect for everything beyond your horizon! You think that the only right way to explain the world is the one that keeps you in your position, the one that lets research and work go on "scientifically" in your sense (and by that you really mean mechanically, don't you?). You want an explanation that accepts counting, calculating, weighing, seeing and touching, and nothing else. That idea is crude and naive, if it is not actually madness and stupidity. Isn't the opposite quite likely? Isn't it likely that the most shallow and outward features of existence, its most obvious quality, its outside, its body, are the things we can grasp first? Perhaps they are the only things we can grasp at all? So a "scientific" explanation of the world, as you understand it, might still be one of the stupidest of all possible explanations, meaning the one most empty of meaning. I say this privately to my friends the mechanists, who nowadays like to chum around with philosophers. They firmly believe that mechanics teaches the first and last laws, and that all existence must be built on those laws as if on a ground floor. But a world that is mechanical at its core would be a world that is meaningless at its core! Suppose we judged how valuable a piece of music is by how much of it could be counted, calculated or put into formulas. How ridiculous such a "scientific" judgment of music would be! What would we have grasped, understood or noticed in it? Nothing, absolutely nothing of what is really the "music" in it!

374.

Our New "Infinite." How far does the point-of-view nature of existence go? Does existence have any other nature at all? Doesn't an existence without explanation, without "sense," simply turn into "nonsense"? And on the other hand, isn't all existence, at its core, an existence that explains and interprets? Rightly and properly, these questions cannot be settled, not even by the most careful and strictly honest study and self-examination of the mind. The reason is that in this study the human mind cannot help seeing itself through its own points of view, and only through them. We cannot see around our own corner. It is hopeless curiosity to want to know what other kinds of minds and points of view there might be. For example, could some kind of being experience time backwards, or forwards and backwards in turns? That would give a different direction to life and a different idea of cause and effect. But I think that today, at least, we are far from the laughable arrogance of announcing, from our little corner, that only points of view from that corner can be valid. On the contrary, the world has once again become "infinite" for us, in the sense that we cannot rule out the possibility that it holds infinite interpretations. Once again the great terror grabs hold of us. But who would want to rush off and make a god again, in the old way, out of this monster of an unknown world? And perhaps, from now on, worship the unknown thing as the "unknown person"? Ah! This unknown holds too many ungodly possible interpretations, too much devilry, stupidity and foolishness in interpreting. And that includes our own human, all too human interpretation, which we already know...

375.

Why We Seem to Be Epicureans. We modern people are careful about final beliefs. Our distrust lies in ambush, watching for the spells and tricks of conscience that come with every strong belief, every absolute

yes and no. How can this be explained? Perhaps you can see in it a good deal of the caution of the "burnt child," the idealist who has been let down. But you can also see in it another, better element. It is the joyful curiosity of someone who used to hang around in a corner. His corner drove him to despair, and now he delights and revels in the opposite of it: in what has no limits, in "the open air itself." This is how an almost Epicurean taste for knowledge grows in us, a calm, pleasure-loving way of knowing that does not easily forget how questionable things are. Along with it comes a dislike of pompous moral phrases and poses, a taste that rejects all crude, blocky contrasts and is proudly aware of its usual holding back. Because this too is part of our pride: this easy pulling on the reins as we charge headlong after certainty, this self-control of the rider in his wildest gallop. For now, just as in the old days, we have mad, fiery horses under us. And if we hold back, the last thing that makes us hold back is the danger...

376.

Our Slow Periods. This is how artists feel, and all people who make "works," the motherly kind of people. At every chapter of their lives, and every work makes a chapter, they always believe they have already reached the goal itself. They would always calmly accept death, feeling: "We are ripe for it." This is not a sign of being worn out. It is more like a kind of autumn sunshine and gentleness that the work itself, the ripening of the work, always leaves behind in the person who made it. Then the pace of life slows down. It grows thick and flows like honey, into long pauses, into the belief in the one long pause...

377.

We Who Have No Home. Among the Europeans of today, there are some people who can call themselves homeless, and for them this is both a mark of distinction and an honour. It is especially for them that

my secret wisdom and my 'gay science' (joyful wisdom) are meant; they are the ones who should take it to heart. Their life is hard, and their hope is uncertain. It takes real cleverness to come up with any comfort for them. But what good does comfort do! We are children of the future, so how could we ever feel at home in the present? We are against every ideal that might make us feel at home in this weak, broken-down time, which is only a passing stage between one age and the next. And as for the so-called "realities" of this time, we do not believe they will last. The ice that still holds us up has grown very thin. The warm wind that melts the ice is blowing. We ourselves, we who have no home, are a force that breaks the ice, along with all the other "realities" that are far too thin.... We do not try to "preserve" anything, and we would not want to go back to any earlier age. We are not "liberal" at all. We do not work for "progress." We do not even need to block our ears against the songs of the marketplace and the sirens of the future, the way sailors once blocked their ears against the sirens' song. Their song of "equal rights," "free society," and "no more masters or slaves" does not tempt us at all! We do not think it would be a good thing at all if a kingdom of justice and peace were set up on earth. We think that, whatever happened, it would turn out to be a kingdom of the deepest dullness and averageness, a world where everyone is the same, like an endless, unchanging empire. We are glad about every person who, like us, loves danger, war and adventure, who does not make deals, and who does not let himself be captured, calmed down and kept small. We count ourselves among the conquerors. We think hard about the need for a new order of things, even for a new kind of slavery. For every time the human type is made stronger and raised higher, a new kind of slavery comes along with it. With all this, isn't it obvious that we must feel uncomfortable in an age that boasts of being the kindest, gentlest and fairest age the sun has ever shone on? It is a shame that, the moment we hear these fine words, the thoughts in the back of our minds become even more unpleasant.

In those words we see only the sign, or the disguise, of deep weakness, tiredness, old age and fading strength! Why should we care what kind of cheap glitter a sick person uses to dress up his weakness? He can show it off as his virtue if he likes. There is no doubt at all that weakness makes people gentle. Alas, it makes them so gentle, so fair, so harmless, so "humane"! Then there is "the religion of feeling sorry for others," which people would like to talk us into. Yes, we know well enough the hysterical little men and women who need this religion right now as a cloak to hide behind and as decoration! We are not humanitarians. We would not dare to talk about our "love of mankind." A person like us is not a good enough actor for that! Or perhaps not enough of a follower of Saint-Simon, the French dreamer of a better society, not French enough. A person would need to have an overflowing, French-style excess of passionate feeling and lovesick impatience even to approach mankind honourably with his lust.... Mankind! Was there ever an uglier old woman among all the old women? Unless perhaps it is "the Truth" itself, but that is a question for philosophers. No, we do not love Mankind! On the other hand, though, we are not nearly "German" enough, in the way the word "German" is used today, to preach nationalism and hatred of other races. Nor can we enjoy that national itch in the heart and that poisoning of the blood which now cut off the nations of Europe from one another, as if each one were shut away in quarantine. We are too open-minded for that, too contrary, too picky. We also know too much, and we have "travelled" too much. We would much rather live up on mountains, apart from everyone and "out of step with our time," in centuries past or centuries to come. We do this just to spare ourselves the silent rage we know we would feel if we had to watch a kind of politics that makes the German nation barren by making it vain. And it is a small-minded, petty kind of politics too. Won't this system have to place itself between two deadly hatreds, so that what it has built does not fall apart at once? Won't it be forced to want

Europe to stay split into small states forever?... We who have no home are, as "modern people," too varied and mixed in our race and family background. So we feel little temptation to join in the fake racial self-worship and shameless self-indulgence that are now being shown off in Germany as signs of true German feeling. These strike us as doubly false and unfitting in a people who pride themselves on their "sense of history." In a word, and let this be our word of honour, we are good Europeans. We are the heirs of Europe: rich heirs, overly wealthy heirs, but also heirs who carry heavy debts from thousands of years of European thought. As such heirs, we have also outgrown Christianity, and we turn away from it. And we turn away precisely because we grew out of it, because our ancestors were Christians who never bent in their Christian honesty, who gladly gave up their property and their positions, their blood and their homeland, for the sake of their faith. We do the same. But for what? For our unbelief? For every kind of unbelief? No, you know better than that, my friends! The hidden Yes inside you is stronger than all the Noes and Maybes that you and your age are sick of. And when you must set out to sea, you emigrants, what drives you to it is, once again, a faith!...

378.

"And Once More Grow Clear." We are the generous ones, rich in spirit. We stand at the sides of the streets like open fountains, and we would not stop anyone from drinking from us. But sadly, we do not know how to protect ourselves when we would like to. We have no way to stop ourselves from being made muddy and dark. We have no way to stop the times we live in from throwing their "latest trendy rubbish" into us. We cannot stop dirty birds from dropping their droppings into us, or boys from throwing in their junk, or tired travellers who stop to rest from dumping their troubles, big and small, into us. But we do what we have always done. We take whatever is thrown

into us and sink it down into our depths, because we are deep, and we do not forget. And then we grow clear once more.

379.

The Fool Butts In. This book was not written by someone who hates people. Hating people costs too much these days. To hate humankind the way people used to, like Timon of Athens did, completely, with no exceptions, with your whole heart, out of pure love of hating, you would have to give up looking down on people. And we owe so much to looking down on people: so much fine pleasure, so much patience, even so much kindness! Besides, it is what makes us "God's chosen ones." A refined kind of scorn is our taste and our special right, our art, maybe even our virtue, we who are the most modern of all modern people! Hatred, on the other hand, makes people equal. It puts them face to face with each other. There is honour in hatred. And finally, there is fear in hatred, quite a lot of fear. But we who are not afraid, we who are the most thoughtful people of our time, know our advantage well enough. We can live without fear, as the most thoughtful people of this age. People will not easily cut off our heads, lock us up, or send us away. They will not even ban or burn our books. This age loves the mind. It loves us and needs us, even when we have to let it know that we are artists at looking down on people. Even when we tell it that spending time with people is something of a horror to us. Even when we admit that, for all our gentleness, patience, humanity and politeness, we cannot talk our nose out of disliking it when people come too close. Even when we say that we love nature more, the less human her ways are. And even when we say that we love art when it is the artist running away from people, or the artist making fun of people, or the artist making fun of himself.

380.

"The Wanderer" Speaks. Suppose you want, just once, to see our European morality from a distance, so you can compare it with other moralities from the past or the future. Then you have to do what a traveller does when he wants to know how tall the towers of a city are: he leaves the city. "Thoughts about moral prejudices" must not turn into just prejudices about prejudices. To avoid that, they require a place to stand outside of morality, some kind of world beyond good and evil, which you have to rise up to, climb to, or fly to. In this case, at least, it means a place beyond our own good and evil. It means breaking free from all of "Europe," meaning all the values we treat as sacred, which have become part of our very flesh and blood. Wanting to get outside like this, or up high above it, may be a kind of madness, a strangely unreasonable "you must." Even we thinkers have our odd habits where our will is not really free. The real question is whether you actually can get there. That may depend on many different things. Mostly it is a question of how light or how heavy we are, the question of our own "weight." You have to be very light to push your urge to know so far away, beyond your own time, as it were. You have to be light to grow eyes that can look across thousands of years, and to keep a clear, pure sky in those eyes as well! You must have freed yourself from many things that weigh down us Europeans of today, things that crush us, block us, hold us down and make us heavy. A person who belongs to such a "Beyond," who wants even to catch sight of the highest values of his time, must first "overcome" his own time inside himself. That is the test of his strength. And so he must overcome not only his time, but also his old dislike of and opposition to his time, the suffering his time has caused him, his being out of step with his time, and his Romanticism.

381.

The Question of Being Understood. When you write, you don't only want to be understood. You also want, just as surely, not to be understood. If someone finds a book hard to understand, that is in no way a mark against it. Maybe that was exactly what the author intended. Maybe he did not want to be understood by just "anyone." A fine mind with fine taste, when it wants to share its thoughts, always picks its listeners. And by picking them, it also shuts the gate on "the others." That is where all the more subtle rules of style come from. They keep people away, they create distance, they block "entry" (that is, understanding, as we said). At the same time, they open the ears of those whose hearing is tuned to the same notes. And just between us, speaking about my own case: I don't want either my ignorance or my lively temperament to stop you, my friends, from understanding me. I certainly don't want my liveliness to do that, even though it pushes me to get to a point quickly, so that I get there at all. Because I think the best way to handle deep problems is like a cold bath: quickly in, quickly out. People say that this way you don't get into the depths, you don't go deep enough down. But that is a superstition of people who are afraid of water, the enemies of cold water. They speak without having tried it. Oh, the great cold makes you quick! And let me ask, while I'm at it: is it really true that something has been misunderstood and missed just because it was only touched on in passing, glanced at, lit up for a flash? Do you absolutely have to sit on it first? Do you have to brood over it like a hen on an egg? "Hatching it day and night," as Newton said about himself? At least there are some truths that are especially shy and touchy. You can only catch them suddenly and in no other way. You must either take them by surprise or leave them alone. Finally, my shortness has yet another value. On the questions that occupy my mind, I have to say a great deal in a few words, so that it may be heard in even fewer. Because as

someone who rejects morality, you have to be careful not to spoil innocence. I mean the donkeys and old maids of both sexes, who get nothing out of life except their innocence. Besides, my writings are meant to fill them with excitement, to lift them up, to encourage them to be virtuous. I can't think of anything funnier than watching excited old donkeys and old maids being stirred by sweet feelings of virtue. "And that I have seen," said Zarathustra. So much for shortness. Things are worse when it comes to my ignorance, which I don't hide from myself. There are hours when I am ashamed of it. Of course, there are also hours when I am ashamed of this shame. Maybe all of us philosophers are in a bad position right now when it comes to knowledge. Science is growing, and the most learned among us are about to discover that we know too little. But it would be even worse if it were the other way around, if we knew too much. Our duty is, and stays, first of all not to get confused about who we are. We are different from scholars, even though it can't be denied that, among other things, we are also learned. We have different needs, a different way of growing, a different digestion. We need more, and we also need less. There is no rule for how much food a mind needs. But if its taste leans toward independence, toward quick coming and going, toward travel, and maybe toward adventure that only the fastest are fit for, then it would rather live free on simple food than be unfree and overstuffed. A good dancer doesn't want fat from his food. He wants the greatest flexibility and strength. And I don't know of anything the spirit of a philosopher would rather be than a good dancer. For dance is his ideal, and also his art, and in the end also his only form of worship, his "service to God."...

382.

Great Health. We are the new ones, the ones without names, the ones who are hard to understand. We are the first-born of a future that no

one has tried yet. And for a new goal we also need a new means: a new kind of health. It has to be stronger, sharper, tougher, bolder and more cheerful than any health that came before. Think of someone whose soul longs to live through the whole range of values and wishes that people have recognized so far. He wants to sail around every coast of this ideal 'Mediterranean Sea.' Through his own most personal adventures, he wants to know how it feels to be a conqueror and a discoverer of the ideal. He also wants to know what it is like to be an artist, a saint, a lawmaker, a wise man, a scholar, a devout believer, a prophet, and an old-style godly rebel against the official church. Such a person needs one thing above all for this: great health. This is a health that you do not just have. You keep gaining it, and you must keep gaining it, because you keep giving it up again, and you must give it up! And now we have been on the road like this for a long time. We are explorers sailing toward new ideals, more brave than careful, perhaps. We have often been shipwrecked and have come to grief. And yet, as I said, we are healthier than people would like to admit. We are dangerously healthy, and we always become healthy again. It seems as if, as a reward for all this, a country still undiscovered lies before us. No one has ever seen its borders. It lies beyond every land and every corner of the ideal known so far. It is a world so overflowing with beauty, strangeness, doubt, terror and godliness that both our curiosity and our hunger to own it have gotten out of control. Sadly, nothing will satisfy us anymore! After such glimpses, and with such a craving in our conscience and our mind, how could we still be happy with the person of today? It is a pity, but it cannot be helped: we look at the worthiest goals and hopes of today's people with barely hidden amusement, and maybe we no longer look at them at all. Another ideal runs ahead of us. It is strange and tempting and full of danger. We would not want to talk anyone into it, because we do not easily admit that anyone has a right to it. It is the ideal of a spirit who plays innocently with everything that has

so far been called holy, good, untouchable and divine. By 'innocently' I mean without meaning to, simply because it overflows with richness and power. For such a spirit, even the highest idea that ordinary people have sensibly used to measure value would already mean danger, ruin and being brought low. Or at least it would mean slackness, blindness, or forgetting oneself for a while. It is the ideal of a well-being and kindness that is human and yet beyond human. It may often look inhuman. For example, it may look inhuman when you set it next to all the seriousness that has ever existed on earth, next to all the solemn ways people have carried themselves, spoken, sounded, looked, behaved and lived. Next to those, it seems like their truest parody, without even trying. And yet perhaps it is exactly with this ideal that the great seriousness only starts. The real question mark is put in place. The fate of the soul changes. The hand of the clock moves forward. And the tragedy begins...

383.

Epilogue. I am slowly, slowly finishing painting this dark question mark. I still feel like reminding my readers of the virtues of reading well, and oh, how forgotten and unknown those virtues are! But just then the most wicked, cheerful, goblin-like laughter rings out all around me. The spirits of my own book jump on me, pull me by the ears, and tell me to behave. 'We can't stand it anymore!' they shout at me. 'Away, away with this music as black as a raven! Isn't it bright morning all around us? Isn't there green, soft ground and grass, the perfect place for dancing? Was there ever a better time to be happy? Who will sing us a song? A morning song, so sunny, so light and so winged that it will not chase away our bad moods, but will invite them to join in the singing and dancing. Even a simple country bagpipe would be better than these weird sounds, these toad croaks, these voices from the grave, these whistles of a groundhog, which you

have treated us to so far out in your wilderness, Mr Hermit and Musician of the Future! No! Not tunes like that! Let's start playing something nicer and more joyful!' So that is what you want, my impatient friends? Fine! Who wouldn't gladly go along with your wishes? My bagpipe is ready, and so is my voice. It may sound a little rough, so take it as it is! Don't forget we are up in the mountains! But at least what you hear will be new. And if you don't understand it, if you misunderstand the singer, what does it matter? That has always been 'The Singer's Curse.'[14] All the more clearly you can hear his music and his tune, and all the better you can dance to his piping. Would you like to do that?...

Footnote 11:

In German, the phrase 'Kopf zu waschen,' which literally means 'to wash someone's head,' also means 'to give someone a good telling-off.' (Translator's note.)

Footnote 12:

'Germany, Germany, above all': the first line of the German national anthem. (Translator's note.)

Footnote 13:

This points to the German saying 'Handwerk hat einen goldenen Boden,' which means 'a trade has a floor of gold,' that is, a skilled trade always earns you a living. (Translator's note.)

Footnote 14:

This is the title of a well-known poem by the German poet Uhland. (Translator's note.)

Appendix

Songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird

To Goethe[15]

'The Everlasting' is only a label you made up. And God, the one who tricks us, is just a story that poets tell.

All our plans get wrecked by the blind turning of the wheel of the world. The gloomy person calls this 'Doom.' The fool calls it 'a game.'

The game of the world rules over everything. It mixes up what is false with what is true. The one who is forever fooling around makes us play along too!

The Poet's Call

I was sitting under a shady tree, resting and enjoying myself after a long stretch of hard work. Then I heard a tapping sound, 'tap-tap, tap-tap,' beating sweetly in a steady rhythm. At first I frowned, and my face went stiff. But after a while the sound caught hold of my mind. It made me start talking like a poet, keeping perfect time with the tapping.

I kept on making up verses without stopping, and the bird followed every syllable, hopping daintily in time with me! I burst out laughing without any rhythm at all! 'What, you're a poet? You, a poet? Is your brain really that scrambled?' 'Yes, yes, good sir, you are a poet,' chirped the woodpecker, making fun of me.

What draws me into these woods? The chance to give some thief a beating? A wise saying, a picture? Ha! In a flash my rhyme jumps on it and grabs it! Everything that creeps or crawls, the poet cleverly

weaves on the loom of his words. 'Yes, yes, good sir, you are a poet,' chirped the woodpecker, making fun of me.

I think a verse is like an arrow. Look how it shakes, stabs and stings when it is shot straight, with no mercy at all, into the snake's most precious parts! You miserable creatures, you die at the poet's hand, or you stagger around like men who have had too much to drink. 'Yes, yes, good sir, you are a poet,' chirped the woodpecker, making fun of me.

So the nasty verses go rushing along. The words are like drunks, and what a clattering and banging they make! In the end the whole crowd of them, line after line, is hanging on the chain of the rhythm. Does your poet really have a cruel heart? Are there devils who enjoy watching the slaughter? "Yes, yes, good sir, you are a poet," the woodpecker chirped, making fun of me.

So you're laughing at me, bird, with your sneering little manners? Is my head really in such a bad state? And my heart, you say, is in even worse shape? Watch out! My anger is something to be afraid of! And yet, even when he's angry, the poet still makes rhymes about you and sings with the same delight. "Yes, yes, good sir, you are a poet," the woodpecker chirped, making fun of me.

In the South [16]

I swing on a branch, and I rest my tired arms and legs in a nest. It's a bird's rocking home, and I sit in it as his guest, in the South!

I look out at the sleeping sea, at the purple sail of a boat, at the harbor and the tall, steep tower, and at the rocks sticking up out of the deep water, in the South!

I couldn't stay any longer, crawling along in the slow German way. So I called to the birds, and I told the wind to lift me up and carry me away to the South!

No reasons for me, thank you. Where they end up is too dull and too obvious. Give me instead a pair of wings and a breeze, with courage and health and an easy mind, and games that chase sickness away, from the South!

Wise thoughts can move along without making a sound. But I have songs that I can't sing by myself. So, little birds, please gather around me, and listen to what I have found in the South!

*

"You birds are cheerful lovers, unfaithful and carefree. You spend the day playing and having fun. Meanwhile, up in the North, I shudder to say it, I worshipped a woman who was ugly and gray. Her name was Truth, or so I heard people say. But I left her there, and I flew away to the South!"

Beppa, the Holy Girl

As long as my face is pretty, I'll make being holy my business. Because God, you know, loves girls, and most of all the pretty ones. And if that poor little monk over there wants to live with me, well, God will surely forgive him, just like he forgives lots of other little monks.

I don't want some gray old devil of a priest, but a young one, with burning cheeks, who, even when he's sick from partying, can still get jealous and scold me. I have nothing to do with graybeards, and he hates old men too. Look here, and see the wisdom of God, the one who arranged the world!

The Church knows all about life, and she judges people by their hearts and faces. She'll forgive me! Who wouldn't be kind to me? I talk with a sweet little lisp, I curtsy, I say "good day," and with each new slip-up I wash away the old ones!

Praise be to this God who became a man, and to his reward. He loves all pretty girls, and in his own heart he can forgive the very sin he put there. As long as my face is pretty, I'll stay holy. When old age has killed my charms, then Satan can take my hand!

The Mystery Boat

Last night, when everything was asleep, and there was hardly a breeze moving down the lane, I lay awake and restless. I couldn't get to sleep, not from my pillows, not from poppy medicine, and not even from a clear conscience, which is the surest sleeping drug of all.

I started giving up on any thought of rest. I got up and walked along the beach. There, in the warm, moonlit air, I found a man and a boat on the sand. Both of them were sleepy, and sleepily the boat set out to sea.

Maybe an hour or two went by. Or was it a year? Then all my thoughts and feelings disappeared, swallowed up in a deep trance of huge not-caring. Bottomless, terrifying depths opened up, and then the vision was gone.

Morning came. The boat lay still, with no wind, resting on the purple water. "What happened?" everyone screamed out the question. "Was there blood?" Nothing had happened! We had slept on the rolling waves, oh, so well!

A Confession of Love

(during which, however, the poet fell into a hole).

Oh, how amazing! There he flies, cutting through the sky with wings that don't even move. What power pushes him and tells him to rise? What holds him back? Where is he going, and what path is he on?

Like the stars and like endless time, he now lives up high, in places that life has given up on. He doesn't even look down on envy itself. Just watching him soar would be a high flight of its own!

Oh albatross, great bird, you keep carrying me higher and higher through the blue sky! I thought of her, and I was moved to endless tears. Yes, I truly love her!

Song of a Goatherd, in the Style of the Old Greek Poet Theocritus

Here I lie with a sore stomach, while armies of bugs crawl toward me. Over there are lights and fun and noise! What's that sound? They're dancing!

She chattered that she'd sneak out and meet me right at this moment. I've waited like a loyal dog, and not a single sign of her to greet me!

She promised, and she even made the sign of the cross. Could her promises be empty? Or does she chase after every man who flirts with her, like the goats I herd?

Where did you get your silk dress, my girl? Ah, you'd like to act proud. But maybe you've turned out to be a loose woman, with some naughty goat-man of the woods!

After waiting so long, the lovesick guy is filled with anger and poison. It's just like on a hot, sticky night, when poisonous mushrooms spring up everywhere.

Love is pinching me hard, in a devilish mood, and tormenting my backside. Honestly, I can't eat a thing. Goodbye, onion dinner!

The moon is sinking down toward the sea. The stars are pale and don't shine anymore. Dawn is coming, gloomy and gray. Let Death come! I don't care!

"Souls That Can't Make Up Their Minds"

Souls that can't make up their minds make me burn with white-hot anger! All their glory is just annoyance, and all their praise is really just disgust and shame at themselves!

Because I dodge their attempts to get close, and I won't grab the leash they want to lead me by, they'd like to wither me with bittersweet looks and sting me with hopeless jealousy.

Let them shake with cruel curses and sneer all day long! However much they look for me, their eyes will always wander off, unable to find me!

The Fool's Problem

Ah, the things I scribbled on boards and walls, with a foolish heart and foolish handwriting, I only meant to decorate them!

And yet you say, "This is disgusting fool's work! The boards and walls need to be scrubbed clean, so that not a trace is left to shock our eyes!"

Well, I'll help you as much as I can, because sponge and broom are my job, both as a critic and as a man who washes with water.

But when I look over the finished work, I'm glad to see every learned owl, every know-it-all scholar, dirtying the boards and walls with their "wisdom."

Rhyme as a Cure

(or, Comfort for Sick Poets).

Time, you witch, from your wet lips you drool all over me. Hour after hour drips down too slowly, and for nothing. In a fit of madness I shout, "Curse that gaping hole! Curse Eternity!"

The world is made of brass, like a burning metal bull that can't hear anyone crying. The dagger of pain, which has wings, pierces my armor and writes on my bones: "The world has no guts and no heart. So why whip her for her sins with the lash of anger?"

Now pour poppies on my brain, Fever, pour poison! You've been testing my hand and my forehead for too long. What are you asking? "What reward gets paid?" A curse on you, you nasty woman, and on your contempt!

No, I take it back. It's cold, and I can hear the rain begging to come in. Fever, I'll be softer with you and show some tact. Here's gold, a coin. Look how it shines! Should I smile at you with blessings and call you "good luck"?

The door swings wide open, and raindrops are sprinkled all over my bed. The light has blown out, and my troubles pile up! I'll bet that anyone who doesn't have a hundred rhymes ready in these miserable times would simply fall to pieces!

MY HAPPINESS.

Once again, Saint Mark, I see your pigeons. The square lies quiet, still sleepy in the morning. In the soft, cool air I make up lazy little songs and send them flying up to the sky like a flock of young pigeons. Then I call my little helpers back, so I can tie new rhymes onto their willing wings. My happiness! My happiness!

Calm roof of the sky, blue and smooth as silk, you guard that holy building over there with your shimmering haze! I love you, building. I fear you. I'll even admit I envy you, and I would gladly suck the soul right out of you! "Should I give the prize back?" Don't ask, you great open field where human eyes can graze! My happiness! My happiness!

Stern bell tower, you shoot straight up out of the ground like a leaping lion, winning without any effort. You fill the square with your deep, ringing bells. If this square were written in French, would you be its sharp accent mark, its "accent aigu"? If I were set into the earth for ages, like you, I know what net of silk I would.... My happiness! My happiness!

Go away, music! First let the darker shadows come, and grow, and melt into the soft brown night! It's too early for your ringing, before the dome sparkles in rosy glory, decked out in gold. While it's still daytime, there's time for walking around, mumbling to myself alone, and hammering out rhymes. My happiness! My happiness!

COLUMBUS BROUGHT BACK TO LIFE.

That's where I'll travel, that's my plan. I'll trust myself and my own firm grip. Out where the ocean opens up wide and blue, I'll steer my ship from Genoa.

The world shows me new things, one after another. At noon, time and space seem to die away. Only your huge eye is watching me, you terrifying Infinity!

SILS-MARIA.

Here I sat, waiting and waiting, but waiting for nothing at all! I was beyond all good and evil. Sometimes the light turned everything

into joy, sometimes dark shadows did. Everything was free time. Everything was lake, everything was noon, everything was time without any goal and without any measure.

Then, dear friend, suddenly one became two, and Zarathustra walked out of my overflowing mind....

A DANCING SONG TO THE MISTRAL WIND.[17]

Mistral wind, rushing wildly, jumping past the clouds, wiping out worries, sweeping the sky clean, you are my friend! Surely the same mother gave birth to both of us. Surely the same fate made us a pair, partners heading for the same goal.

From the rocky cliffs I cheerfully greet you. I run fast to meet you, dancing while you whistle and sing. Look how you leap across the ocean, with nothing in your way, free to move, faster than any boat or any wings!

Your whistle rang through my dreams. I jumped down the rocky steps to the golden wall of the sea. I saw you hurry by, fast and magnificent, like a strong, winning river crashing down in a waterfall.

I saw you racing across the sky, driving your horses wildly. I saw the chariot you flew in. I saw the whip spinning and trembling, while the hand holding it shook, pushing the horses on again and again.

I saw you swing yourself out of your chariot, so that you could leap down even faster, like an arrow shooting straight into the deep pits below, the way a sunbeam falls and kisses roses in the glow of morning.

Dance, oh, dance on every edge: on the tops of the waves, on cliffs, on mountain ledges, always finding new dances! Let what we know be

our joy. Let our art be play and madness. Everything that is joyful will be true!

As we pass by, let's grab the most beautiful flower from every garden, with some leaves to make a crown. Then, like traveling musicians dancing happily, saints and witches skipping along together, let's dance back and forth.

Anyone who joins us has to move as fast as the wind. We won't have anyone sickly, crippled, or withered in our crew. Away with the fakers and the preachers, the proper, respectable people and the boring teachers. Sweep them out of our blue sky.

Sweep away every sad, sour face. Whip the dust into the faces of the gloomy, the sick, and the cold-hearted! Chase them out of our windy places. This fresh, bracing wind is not for them. It's for people with bold faces.

Away with those who ruin the joy of the earth. Blow away every cloud of sadness until we can see our sky clear. Let me hold your hand, best of friends, until my joy roars like a storm! You are the freest of all free spirits!

When you leave, take something to remember the joy you've woken up in us. Take our crown of flowers and throw it far away. Toss it up and never catch it. Keep spinning it on ahead of you, until it reaches the farthest star.

Footnote 15:

This poem makes fun of the "Mystic Chorus" that ends the second part of Goethe's play "Faust." Bayard Taylor translated that passage from "Faust" like this:

"Everything that passes away is only sent to us as a symbol. Here, what the earth could not complete becomes real. Here, what cannot be described is done. The spirit of Woman leads us upward and onward!"

Footnote 16:

Translated by Miss M. D. Petre. Included with permission from the editor of the magazine the Nation, where it was published on April 17, 1909.

Footnote 17:

Translated by Miss M. D. Petre. Included with permission from the editor of the magazine the Nation, where it was published on May 15, 1909.

FOOTNOTES:

Note from the Person Who Typed Up This Text

The original spelling and punctuation have been kept.

Differences in hyphens and in how compound words are written have been left as they were.

In the plain-text version, words and phrases in italics are shown by putting underscores around them.

End of Project Gutenberg's Joyful Wisdom, by Friedrich Nietzsche

sun | *Intelligent Audio*



sunapp.ai/download