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Twilight of the Idols



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Faithful translation

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Friedrich Nietzsche

Twilight of the Idols

Twilight of the Idols

or

How One Philosophizes with a Hammer.

Preface.

To maintain one's cheerfulness in the midst of a gloomy and exceedingly responsible affair is no small feat of - artistry: and yet, what would be more needful than cheerfulness? Nothing succeeds in which high spirits have no share. Only the excess of strength is the proof of strength. - A revaluation of all values, this question mark so black, so monstrous, that it casts shadows upon him who sets it down - such a destiny of a task compels one at every moment to run out into the sun, to shake off a heavy, all-too-heavy seriousness. Every means to this end is right, every "case" a stroke of luck. Above all, war. War has always been the great wisdom of all spirits that have grown too inward, too profound; even in the wound there still lies healing power. A saying whose origin I withhold from learned curiosity has long been my motto:

increscunt animi, virescit volnere virtus.

Another form of recovery, under certain circumstances still more desirable to me, is sounding out idols... There are more idols than realities in the world: that is my "evil eye" for this world, that is also my "evil ear"... To pose questions here for once with a hammer and, perhaps, to hear as answer that famous hollow sound which speaks of bloated entrails - what delight for one who has ears even behind his ears, - for me, an old psychologist and pied piper, before whom precisely that which would like to stay silent must become loud...

This writing too - the title betrays it - is above all a recreation, a sunspot, a sidestep into the idleness of a psychologist. Perhaps also a new war? And are new idols being sounded out?... This little writing is a great declaration of war; and as regards the sounding out of idols, this time they are not idols of the age but eternal idols, which are here

touched with a hammer as with a tuning fork, - there are no idols at all that are older, more convinced, more puffed up... Nor any more hollow... That does not prevent them from being the most believed in; nor, especially in the most noble case, does one by any means call them idols...

Turin, on the 30th of September 1888, on the day when the first book of the Revaluation of all Values was completed.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Maxims and Arrows.

1.

Idleness is the beginning of all psychology. What? could psychology be a — vice?

2.

Even the most courageous of us only rarely has the courage for what he actually knows...

3.

To live alone one must be an animal or a god — says Aristotle. The third case is missing: one must be both — a philosopher...

4.

"All truth is simple." — Is that not a lie twice over? —

5.

I want, once and for all, not to know many things. — Wisdom sets limits even to knowledge.

6.

It is in one's wild nature that one best recovers from one's unnaturalness, from one's spirituality...

7.

What? is man only a blunder of God's? Or God only a blunder of man's? —

8.

From the military school of life. — What does not kill me makes me stronger.

9.

Help yourself: then everyone else will help you too. Principle of neighbourly love.

10.

Let one commit no cowardice against one's own actions! let one not leave them in the lurch afterwards! — The bite of conscience is indecent.

11.

Can an ass be tragic? — That one should perish under a burden one can neither bear nor throw off?... The case of the philosopher.

12.

If one has one's why? of life, one can get along with almost any how? — Man does not strive for happiness; only the Englishman does that.

13.

Man created woman — out of what, though? Out of a rib of his God, — of his "ideal"...

14.

What? you are seeking? you would like to multiply yourself tenfold, a hundredfold? you are seeking followers? — Seek zeros.

15.

Posthumous men — I, for example — are understood worse than timely ones, but heard better. More strictly: we are never understood — and hence our authority...

16.

Among women. — "The truth? Oh, you do not know the truth! Is it not an outrage upon all our pudeurs?" —

17.

That is an artist such as I love artists, modest in his needs: he really wants only two things, his bread and his art, — panem et Circen...

18.

He who does not know how to put his will into things at least still puts a meaning into them: that is, he believes a will is already in them (principle of "faith").

19.

What? you chose virtue and the heaving bosom, and at the same time you look askance at the advantages of the unscrupulous? — But with virtue one renounces "advantages"... (for an anti-Semite's front door.)

20.

The perfect woman commits literature as she commits a little sin: by way of experiment, in passing, glancing round to see whether anyone notices, and so that someone notices...

21.

To put oneself into nothing but situations where one may have no sham virtues, where rather, like the tightrope walker on his rope, one either falls or stands — or gets away...

22.

"Wicked men have no songs." — How is it, then, that the Russians have songs?

23.

"German spirit": for eighteen years a contradictio in adjecto.

24.

By searching for beginnings one becomes a crab. The historian looks backwards; in the end he also believes backwards.

25.

Contentment protects even against catching cold. Has a woman who knew herself to be well dressed ever caught cold? — I am supposing the case that she was scarcely dressed at all.

26.

I mistrust all systematizers and get out of their way. The will to a system is a lack of integrity.

27.

Woman is thought deep — why? because one never gets to the bottom of her. Woman is not even shallow.

28.

If woman has manly virtues, she is enough to make one run away; and if she has no manly virtues, she runs away herself.

29.

"How much did conscience once have to bite on? what good teeth did it have? — And today? what is it lacking?" — A dentist's question.

30.

One seldom commits only a single rash act. In the first rash act one always does too much. Precisely for that reason one usually commits a second as well — and this time one does too little...

31.

The trodden worm curls up. That is clever. It thereby lessens the probability of being trodden on again. In the language of morality: humility. —

32.

There is a hatred of lying and dissembling that springs from a touchy sense of honour; there is a hatred of the very same kind that springs from cowardice, inasmuch as lying is forbidden by a divine commandment. Too cowardly to lie...

33.

How little is needed for happiness! The sound of a bagpipe. — Without music life would be an error. The German imagines even God singing songs.

34.

On ne peut penser et écrire qu'assis (G. Flaubert). — Now I have you, nihilist! Sitting still is the very sin against the Holy Spirit. Only thoughts reached by walking have any worth.

35.

There are times when we are like horses, we psychologists, and grow restless: we see our own shadow bobbing up and down before us. The psychologist must look away from himself in order to see at all.

36.

Do we immoralists do virtue harm? — Just as little as the anarchists do princes. Only since these have been shot at do they sit firmly on their thrones again. Moral: one must shoot at morality.

37.

You run on ahead? — Do you do so as a shepherd? or as an exception? A third case would be the runaway... First question of conscience.

38.

Are you genuine? or only an actor? A representative? or the very thing represented? — In the end you are perhaps merely an imitation of an actor... Second question of conscience.

39.

The disappointed one speaks. — I searched for great men; I only ever found the apes of their ideal.

40.

Are you one who looks on? or one who lends a hand? — or one who looks away, who steps aside?... Third question of conscience.

41.

Do you want to go along? or go ahead? or go your own way?... One must know what one wants and that one wants. Fourth question of conscience.

42.

Those were steps for me, I climbed up over them, — to do so I had to pass beyond them. But they thought I wanted to settle down and rest on them...

43.

What does it matter that I am proved right! I am far too much in the right. — And he who laughs best today will also laugh last.

44.

Formula of my happiness: a Yes, a No, a straight line, a goal...

The Problem of Socrates.

1.

Concerning life, the wisest men of every age have judged alike: it is worth nothing... Always and everywhere one has heard the same sound from their mouths, — a sound full of doubt, full of melancholy, full of weariness with life, full of resistance to life. Even Socrates said, as he died: "to live — that means to be sick a long time: I owe a cock to Asclepius the Saviour." Even Socrates had had enough of it. — What does that prove? What does that point to? — Formerly one would have said (— oh, it has been said, and loudly enough, and our pessimists foremost!): "Here at any rate something must be true! The consensus sapientium proves the truth." — Shall we still speak thus today? May we do so? "Here at any rate something must be sick" — that is our answer: these wisest men of all ages, one ought first to take a look at them from close up! Were they perhaps, one and all, no longer steady on their legs? belated? tottering? décadents? Does wisdom perhaps appear on earth as a raven, inspired by a faint whiff of carrion?...

2.

This irreverence, that the great wise men are types of decline, first dawned on me precisely in a case where scholarly and unscholarly prejudice stands most strongly against it: I recognized Socrates and Plato as symptoms of decay, as instruments of the Greek dissolution, as pseudo-Greek, as anti-Greek ("Birth of Tragedy" 1872). That consensus sapientium — this I grasped better and better — proves least of all that they were right in what they agreed upon: it proves rather that they themselves, these wisest men, agreed in some respect

physiologically, so as to stand in the same way negatively towards life, — to have to stand so. Judgments, value judgments concerning life, for or against, can in the end never be true: they have value only as symptoms, they come into consideration only as symptoms, — in themselves such judgments are stupidities. One must by all means stretch out one's fingers and make the attempt to grasp this astonishing finesse, that the value of life cannot be assessed. Not by one who is living, because such a one is a party to the dispute, indeed even its object, and not its judge; not by one who is dead, for another reason. — For a philosopher to see a problem in the value of life thus remains even an objection against him, a question mark set against his wisdom, an unwisdom. — What? and all these great wise men — they were not only décadents, they were not even wise? — But I return to the problem of Socrates.

3.

Socrates belonged, by his origins, to the lowest of the people: Socrates was rabble. One knows, one can even still see, how ugly he was. But ugliness, in itself an objection, is among Greeks almost a refutation. Was Socrates a Greek at all? Ugliness is often enough the expression of a crossed development, one thwarted by crossing. In the other case it appears as a declining development.

The anthropologists among the criminologists tell us that the typical criminal is ugly: monstrum in fronte, monstrum in animo. But the criminal is a décadent. Was Socrates a typical criminal? — At the very least this would not be contradicted by that famous verdict of a physiognomist which sounded so offensive to the friends of Socrates. A foreigner who understood faces, passing through Athens, told Socrates to his face that he was a monstrum, — that he harboured within him all evil vices and lusts. And Socrates merely answered: "You know me, sir!" —

4.

It is not only the admitted wildness and anarchy of his instincts that points to décadence in Socrates: the superfoetation of the logical points in the same direction, as does that rachitic malice which distinguishes him. Nor let us forget those auditory hallucinations which, as the "daimonion of Socrates", have been interpreted in a religious sense. Everything about him is exaggerated, buffo, caricature; everything is at the same time hidden, full of ulterior motives, subterranean. — I seek to comprehend from what idiosyncrasy that Socratic equation of reason = virtue = happiness derives: that most bizarre of all equations, which has, in particular, all the instincts of the older Hellenes against it.

5.

With Socrates Greek taste turns in favour of dialectics: what is really happening there? Above all, a noble taste is thereby vanquished; with dialectics the rabble comes out on top. Before Socrates, dialectical manners were rejected in good society: they were considered bad manners, they compromised one. The young were warned against them. Nor did one trust any such presenting of one's reasons. Honest things, like honest men, do not carry their reasons in their hands like that. It is indecent to show all five fingers. What must first be proved is of little worth. Wherever authority still belongs to good custom, wherever one does not "give reasons" but commands, the dialectician is a kind of buffoon: one laughs at him, one does not take him seriously. — Socrates was the buffoon who made himself be taken seriously: what really happened there? —

6.

One chooses dialectics only when one has no other means. One knows that one arouses mistrust with it, that it persuades little. Nothing is easier to wipe away than the effect of a dialectician: the experience of every assembly where speeches are made proves it. It can only be self-defence, in the hands of those who no longer have any other weapons. One must have to extort one's rights: until then one makes no use of it. The Jews were dialecticians for that reason; Reynard the Fox was one: what? and Socrates was one too? —

7.

— Is the irony of Socrates an expression of revolt? of rabble ressentiment? does he, as one of the oppressed, relish his own ferocity in the knife-thrusts of the syllogism? Does he take revenge on the noble ones whom he fascinates? — As a dialectician one holds a merciless instrument in one's hand; with it one can play the tyrant; one compromises by conquering. The dialectician leaves it to his opponent to prove that he is no idiot: he enrages, he at the same time renders helpless. The dialectician depotentiates the intellect of his opponent. — What? is dialectics only a form of revenge in Socrates?

8.

I have given to understand how Socrates could repel: it remains all the more to explain that he fascinated. — That he discovered a new kind of agon, that he was its first fencing master for the noble circles of Athens, is one thing. He fascinated by touching upon the agonal drive of the Hellenes, — he introduced a variation into the wrestling match between young men and youths. Socrates was also a great erotic.

9.

But Socrates divined still more. He saw behind his noble Athenians; he grasped that his case, his idiosyncrasy of a case, was already no exceptional case. The same kind of degeneration was quietly preparing itself everywhere: old Athens was coming to an end. - And Socrates understood that all the world had need of him, - of his remedy, his cure, his personal artifice of self-preservation... Everywhere the instincts were in anarchy; everywhere one was five paces from excess: the monstrum in animo was the general danger. "The drives want to play the tyrant; one must invent a counter-tyrant who is stronger"... When that physiognomist had revealed to Socrates who he was, a den of all evil desires, the great ironist let fall one more word that gives the key to him. "This is true," he said, "but I became master over them all." How did Socrates become master over himself? - His case was at bottom only the extreme case, only the most glaring instance of what was then beginning to become the general distress: that no one was master over himself any longer, that the instincts were turning against one another. He fascinated as this extreme case - his fear-inspiring ugliness proclaimed him to every eye: he fascinated, as goes without saying, still more strongly as an answer, as a solution, as the semblance of a cure for this case. -

10.

When one has need to make a tyrant of reason, as Socrates did, the danger cannot be small that something else will play the tyrant. Rationality was at that time divined as a saviour; neither Socrates nor his "invalids" were free to be rational or not, - it was de rigueur, it was their last remedy. The fanaticism with which all Greek reflection throws itself upon rationality betrays a state of emergency: one was in danger, one had only one choice: either to perish or - to be absurdly rational... The moralism of the Greek philosophers from Plato onward

is pathologically conditioned; so too their esteem for dialectics. Reason = virtue = happiness means merely: one must imitate Socrates and establish against the dark desires a permanent daylight - the daylight of reason. One must be clever, clear, bright at any price: every yielding to the instincts, to the unconscious, leads downward...

11.

I have given to understand by what means Socrates fascinated: he seemed to be a physician, a saviour. Is it necessary to point out further the error that lay in his faith in "rationality at any price"? - It is a self-deception on the part of philosophers and moralists to believe that they thereby already step out of décadence, that they wage war against it. Stepping out lies beyond their strength: what they choose as a remedy, as salvation, is itself only another expression of décadence - they alter its expression, they do not do away with it. Socrates was a misunderstanding; the whole morality of improvement, the Christian included, was a misunderstanding... The harshest daylight, rationality at any price, life bright, cold, cautious, conscious, without instinct, in resistance to the instincts, was itself only a sickness, another sickness - and by no means a way back to "virtue", to "health", to happiness... To have to fight the instincts - that is the formula for décadence: so long as life is ascending, happiness is equal to instinct. -

12.

- Did he himself still grasp this, this cleverest of all self-outwitters? Did he say this to himself at the last, in the wisdom of his courage for death?... Socrates wanted to die: - not Athens, he gave himself the cup of poison, he compelled Athens to the cup of poison... "Socrates is no physician," he spoke softly to himself: "death alone is the physician here... Socrates himself was only sick a long time..."

"Reason" in Philosophy.

1.

You ask me what all counts as idiosyncrasy in philosophers?... For example, their lack of historical sense, their hatred of the very notion of becoming, their Egypticism. They think they are doing a thing an honour when they dehistoricize it, sub specie aeterni, — when they make a mummy of it. Everything that philosophers have handled for millennia has been conceptual mummies; nothing real ever came out of their hands alive. They kill, they stuff, these gentlemen idolaters of concepts, when they worship, — they become a mortal danger to everything when they worship. Death, change, age, as well as procreation and growth, are for them objections, — refutations even. What is, does not become; what becomes, is not... Now they all believe, with desperation even, in that which is. But since they cannot get hold of it, they look for reasons why it is being withheld from them. "There must be an illusion, a deception at work, that we do not perceive that which is: where is the deceiver hiding?" — "We have him," they cry in bliss, "it is sensuality! These senses, which are so immoral in other respects as well, deceive us about the true world. Moral: break free from the deception of the senses, from becoming, from history, from the lie, — history is nothing but belief in the senses, belief in the lie. Moral: saying No to everything that lends credence to the senses, to the whole rest of mankind: that is all 'the people'. To be a philosopher, to be a mummy, to represent monotono-theism with the mimicry of a gravedigger! — And away above all with the body, that pitiable idée fixe of the senses! afflicted with every fault of logic there is, refuted, impossible even, although it is impudent enough to behave as if it were real!"...

2.

With high reverence I set the name of Heraclitus aside. When the rest of the philosopher folk rejected the testimony of the senses because they showed plurality and change, he rejected their testimony because they showed things as if they had permanence and unity. Heraclitus too did the senses an injustice. They lie neither in the way the Eleatics believed, nor as he believed, — they do not lie at all. What we make of their testimony, that is what first puts the lie into it, for example the lie of unity, the lie of thinghood, of substance, of permanence... "Reason" is the cause of our falsifying the testimony of the senses. Insofar as the senses show becoming, passing away, change, they do not lie... But in this Heraclitus will be eternally right, that Being is an empty fiction. The "apparent" world is the only one: the true world is merely lied onto it...

3.

— And what fine instruments of observation we have in our senses! This nose, for example, of which no philosopher has yet spoken with veneration and gratitude, is for the time being even the most delicate instrument at our disposal: it is able to register minimal differences of motion that even the spectroscope does not register. We possess science today precisely to the extent that we have resolved to accept the testimony of the senses, — to the extent that we have learned to sharpen them further, to arm them, to think them through to the end. The rest is miscarriage and not-yet-science: that is to say, metaphysics, theology, psychology, epistemology. Or formal science, a doctrine of signs: such as logic and that applied logic, mathematics. In them reality does not appear at all, not even as a problem; just as little as the question of what value such a convention of signs as logic has at all. —

4.

The other idiosyncrasy of philosophers is no less dangerous: it consists in confusing the last and the first. They place that which comes at the end — unfortunately! for it ought not to come at all! — the "highest concepts", that is to say the most general, the emptiest concepts, the last smoke of evaporating reality, at the beginning as the beginning. This again is merely the expression of their way of venerating: the higher may not grow out of the lower, may not have grown at all... Moral: everything of the first rank must be causa sui. Origin from something else counts as an objection, as a casting of doubt upon value. All supreme values are of the first rank, all the highest concepts, that which is, the unconditioned, the good, the true, the perfect — all this cannot have become, and must consequently be causa sui. But all this cannot be unlike one another either, cannot be in contradiction with itself... Thus they arrive at their stupendous concept "God"... The last, thinnest, emptiest is posited as the first, as cause in itself, as ens realissimum... That mankind should have had to take seriously the brain-sicknesses of ailing cobweb-spinners! — And it has paid dearly for it!...

5.

— Let us, finally, set against this the different way in which we (— I say we out of politeness...) view the problem of error and appearance. Formerly one took alteration, change, becoming in general as proof of appearance, as a sign that something must be there which leads us astray. Today, conversely, precisely to the extent that the prejudice of reason compels us to posit unity, identity, permanence, substance, cause, thinghood, Being, we see ourselves in a sense entangled in error, necessitated to error; however certain we are, on the basis of a rigorous checking of the reckoning, that the error lies here. It is no different with this than with the movements of the great celestial

body: in their case error has our eye as its constant advocate, here it has our language. Language belongs by its origin to the age of the most rudimentary form of psychology: we enter a crude fetishism when we bring to consciousness the basic presuppositions of the metaphysics of language, in plain German: of reason. It sees doers and doing everywhere: it believes in will as cause in general; it believes in the "ego", in the ego as Being, in the ego as substance, and projects the belief in the ego-substance onto all things — only thereby does it create the concept "thing"... Being is everywhere thought in, foisted in, as cause; only from the conception "ego" does the concept "Being" follow, as something derived... At the beginning stands the great calamity of error, that the will is something that acts, — that will is a faculty... Today we know that it is merely a word... Very much later, in a world a thousand times more enlightened, the sureness, the subjective certainty in handling the categories of reason came to the philosophers' consciousness with surprise: they concluded that these could not stem from experience, — the whole of experience, after all, stands in contradiction to them. Whence, then, do they stem? — And in India as in Greece the same blunder was made: "we must once have been at home in a higher world (— instead of in a very much lower one: which would have been the truth!), we must have been divine, for we have reason!"... Indeed, nothing has hitherto had a more naive power of persuasion than the error of Being, as it was formulated, for example, by the Eleatics: for it has every word on its side, every sentence we speak! — Even the opponents of the Eleatics still succumbed to the seduction of their concept of Being: Democritus among others, when he invented his atom... "Reason" in language: oh what a deceitful old female she is! I fear we are not rid of God because we still believe in grammar...

6.

I shall be thanked if I compress so essential, so new an insight into four theses: thereby I make understanding easier, thereby I challenge contradiction.

First proposition. The grounds on which "this" world has been designated as apparent establish rather its reality, - another kind of reality is absolutely indemonstrable.

Second proposition. The marks which have been assigned to the "true Being" of things are the marks of non-Being, of nothingness, - the "true world" has been constructed out of contradiction to the actual world: an apparent world indeed, insofar as it is merely a moral-optical illusion.

Third proposition. To fable about an "other" world than this one has no sense at all, provided that an instinct of slander, belittlement and suspicion of life is not powerful in us: in the latter case we avenge ourselves on life with the phantasmagoria of an "other", a "better" life.

Fourth proposition. To divide the world into a "true" and an "apparent" one, whether in the manner of Christianity or in the manner of Kant (a cunning Christian, when all is said and done), is only a suggestion of décadence, - a symptom of declining life... That the artist esteems appearance more highly than reality is no objection to this proposition. For "appearance" here means reality once more, only in a selection, intensification, correction... The tragic artist is no pessimist, - it is precisely he who says Yes to everything questionable and terrible itself, he is Dionysian...

How the "True World" Finally Became a Fable.

History of an Error.

1. The true world attainable for the wise man, the pious man, the virtuous man, - he lives in it, he is it.

(Oldest form of the idea, relatively clever, simple, convincing. Paraphrase of the proposition "I, Plato, am the truth".)

2. The true world, unattainable for now, but promised to the wise man, the pious man, the virtuous man ("to the sinner who does penance").

(Progress of the idea: it becomes subtler, more insidious, more incomprehensible, - it becomes woman, it becomes Christian...)

3. The true world, unattainable, unprovable, unpromisable, but even as something merely thought a consolation, an obligation, an imperative.

(The old sun at bottom, but seen through mist and scepticism; the idea grown sublime, pale, Nordic, Königsbergian.)

4. The true world - unattainable? At any rate unattained. And as unattained also unknown. Consequently also not consoling, redeeming, obligating: to what could something unknown obligate us?...

(Grey morning. First yawn of reason. Cockcrow of positivism.)

5. The "true world" - an idea that is no longer of any use, no longer even obligating, - an idea become useless, superfluous, consequently a refuted idea: let us abolish it!

(Broad daylight; breakfast; return of bon sens and of cheerfulness; Plato's blush of shame; devilish uproar of all free spirits.)

6. The true world we have abolished: what world was left? The apparent one perhaps?... But no! Along with the true world we have also abolished the apparent one!

(Noon; moment of the shortest shadow; end of the longest error; zenith of mankind; INCIPIT ZARATHUSTRA.)

Morality as Anti-Nature.

1.

All passions have a time when they are merely fatal, when they drag their victim down with the weight of stupidity — and a later one, a very much later one, when they wed themselves to the spirit, when they "spiritualize" themselves. Formerly, because of the stupidity in passion, one waged war on passion itself: one conspired to annihilate it — all the old moral monsters are unanimous on this: "il faut tuer les passions." The most famous formula for it stands in the New Testament, in that Sermon on the Mount where, be it said in passing, things are by no means viewed from a height. There it is said, for example, with application to sexuality, "if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out": fortunately no Christian acts according to this precept. To annihilate the passions and desires merely in order to forestall their stupidity and the unpleasant consequences of their stupidity seems to us today itself merely an acute form of stupidity. We no longer admire the dentists who pull out teeth so that they will no longer ache... With some fairness, on the other hand, let it be conceded that on the soil out of which Christianity grew, the concept "spiritualization of passion" could not possibly have been conceived. The first Church, as is well known, fought against the "intelligent" in favour of the "poor in spirit": how could one expect from it an intelligent war against passion? — The Church combats passion by excision in every sense: its practice, its "cure", is castratism. It never asks: "how does one spiritualize, beautify, deify a desire?" — at all times it has laid the emphasis of discipline on extirpation (of sensuality, of pride, of the lust to rule, of avarice, of vengefulness). — But to attack the passions at the root

means to attack life at the root: the practice of the Church is hostile to life...

2.

The same means, castration, extirpation, is instinctively chosen in the struggle with a desire by those who are too weak of will, too degenerate, to be able to impose moderation upon themselves in it: by those natures that need la Trappe, to speak in a parable (and without a parable —), some definitive declaration of enmity, a chasm between themselves and a passion. Radical means are indispensable only to the degenerate; weakness of the will, or to speak more precisely, the inability not to react to a stimulus, is itself merely another form of degeneracy. Radical enmity, mortal enmity against sensuality, remains a thought-provoking symptom: it entitles one to conjectures about the overall condition of one so excessive. — That enmity, that hatred, moreover, reaches its peak only when such natures no longer have firmness enough even for the radical cure, for renouncing their "devil". Survey the whole history of priests and philosophers, artists included: the most venomous things against the senses have been said not by the impotent, nor by the ascetics, but by the impossible ascetics, by those who would have needed to be ascetics...

3.

The spiritualization of sensuality is called love: it is a great triumph over Christianity. Another triumph is our spiritualization of enmity. It consists in profoundly grasping the value of having enemies: in short, in acting and concluding the reverse of how one formerly acted and concluded. The Church at all times wanted the annihilation of its enemies: we, we immoralists and Antichristians, see our advantage in the Church's continuing to exist... In politics, too, enmity has now become more spiritual — much shrewder, much more thoughtful,

much more forbearing. Almost every party grasps that its interest in self-preservation lies in the opposing party's not losing its strength; the same holds for grand politics. A new creation in particular, such as the new Reich, needs enemies more than friends: only in opposition does it feel itself necessary, only in opposition does it become necessary... We behave no differently toward the "inner enemy": there too we have spiritualized enmity, there too we have grasped its value. One is fruitful only at the price of being rich in contradictions; one remains young only on the condition that the soul does not stretch itself out, does not long for peace... Nothing has become more alien to us than that desideratum of former times, the one of "peace of soul", the Christian desideratum; nothing arouses less envy in us than the moral cow and the fat happiness of a good conscience. One has renounced the great life when one renounces war... In many cases, to be sure, "peace of soul" is merely a misunderstanding — something else that simply does not know how to name itself more honestly. Without circumlocution or prejudice, a few cases. "Peace of soul" can be, for example, the gentle radiation of a rich animality into the moral (or religious) sphere. Or the beginning of weariness, the first shadow cast by evening, by every kind of evening. Or a sign that the air is damp, that south winds are approaching. Or unwitting gratitude for a good digestion (sometimes called "love of mankind"). Or the growing still of the convalescent, to whom all things taste new and who waits... Or the state that follows a strong gratification of our ruling passion, the well-being of a rare satiety. Or the senile weakness of our will, of our cravings, of our vices. Or laziness, persuaded by vanity to dress itself up morally. Or the arrival of a certainty, even a terrible certainty, after long tension and torment through uncertainty. Or the expression of ripeness and mastery in the midst of doing, creating, working, willing, calm breathing, "freedom of the will" attained... Twilight of the Idols: who knows? perhaps also only a kind of "peace of soul"...

4.

— I shall put a principle into a formula. Every naturalism in morality, that is, every healthy morality, is governed by an instinct of life — some commandment of life is fulfilled by a definite canon of "shalt" and "shalt not", some obstacle and hostility on the path of life is thereby cleared away. Anti-natural morality, that is, almost every morality that has hitherto been taught, revered and preached, turns, on the contrary, precisely against the instincts of life — it is a condemnation of these instincts, now secret, now loud and insolent. In saying "God looketh on the heart", it says No to both the lowest and the highest desires of life and takes God as the enemy of life... The saint in whom God is well pleased is the ideal castrato... Life is at an end where the "Kingdom of God" begins...

5.

Supposing that one has grasped the sacrilege of such a revolt against life, as it has become almost sacrosanct in Christian morality, then one has thereby, fortunately, grasped Something Else as well: the uselessness, illusoriness, absurdity, mendacity of such a revolt. A condemnation of life on the part of the living remains, in the end, only the symptom of a particular kind of life: the question whether rightly, whether wrongly, is not even raised by it. One would have to have a position outside of life, and on the other hand to know it as well as one, as many, as all who have lived it, in order to be permitted to touch the problem of the value of life at all: reasons enough to grasp that the problem is a problem inaccessible to us. When we speak of values, we speak under the inspiration, under the optics of life: life itself compels us to posit values, life itself values through us when we posit values... From this it follows that even that anti-nature of morality which conceives of God as the counter-concept and condemnation of life is only a value judgement of life - of which life? Of

which kind of life? - But I have already given the answer: of declining, of weakened, of weary, of condemned life. Morality as it has hitherto been understood - as it was last formulated by Schopenhauer as "denial of the will to life" - is the décadence instinct itself, which makes an imperative out of itself: it says: "perish" - it is the judgement of the condemned...

6.

Let us consider, finally, what naïveté it is altogether to say "man ought to be thus and thus!" Reality shows us an enchanting wealth of types, the luxuriance of a prodigal play and change of forms: and some wretched loafer of a moralist says to this: "no! man ought to be different"?... He even knows how he ought to be, this wretch and bigot, he paints himself on the wall and says to it "ecce homo!"... But even when the moralist turns merely to the individual and says to him: "you ought to be thus and thus!" he does not cease to make himself ridiculous. The individual is a piece of fatum, from the front and from behind, one law more, one necessity more for everything that is coming and will be. To say to him "change yourself" means demanding that everything change, even backwards... And indeed there have been consistent moralists, they wanted man different, namely virtuous, they wanted him in their own image, namely as a bigot: to that end they denied the world! No small madness! No modest kind of immodesty!... Morality, insofar as it condemns, in itself, not out of regard, considerations, intentions of life, is a specific error for which one ought to have no pity, a degenerate's idiosyncrasy which has wrought unspeakable harm!... We others, we immoralists, have on the contrary opened wide our hearts to every kind of understanding, comprehending, approving. We do not readily deny, we seek our honour in being affirmers. More and more our eyes have been opened to that economy which still needs and knows how to exploit all that which the holy

lunacy of the priest, of the sick reason in the priest, rejects, to that economy in the law of life which draws its advantage even from the repulsive species of the bigot, the priest, the virtuous man - what advantage? - But we ourselves, we immoralists, are the answer here... -

The Four Great Errors.

1.

The error of confusing cause and effect. - There is no more dangerous error than confusing the effect with the cause: I call it the real corruption of reason. Nevertheless this error belongs among the oldest and the youngest habits of mankind: it is even sanctified among us, it bears the name "religion", "morality". Every proposition that religion and morality formulate contains it; priests and moral lawgivers are the originators of that corruption of reason. - I take an example: everyone knows the book of the celebrated Cornaro, in which he recommends his meagre diet as a recipe for a long and happy life - a virtuous one, too. Few books have been so much read; even now it is printed in England every year in many thousands of copies. I do not doubt that scarcely any book (the Bible, as is only fair, excepted) has wrought so much mischief, has shortened so many lives, as this so well-meant curiosity. The reason for it: the confusion of the effect with the cause. The worthy Italian saw in his diet the cause of his long life: whereas the precondition of long life, the extraordinary slowness of the metabolism, the slight consumption, was the cause of his meagre diet. He was not free to eat little or much; his frugality was not a "free will": he became ill when he ate more. But whoever is not a carp does not merely do well to eat properly, he needs to. A scholar of our day, with his rapid consumption of nervous energy, would ruin himself with Cornaro's régime. Crede experto. -

2.

The most general formula that lies at the basis of every religion and morality runs: "Do this and this, refrain from this and this - and so

you will be happy! Otherwise..." Every morality, every religion is this imperative, - I call it the great original sin of reason, immortal unreason. In my mouth that formula is transformed into its reversal - first example of my "revaluation of all values": a well-constituted human being, a "happy one", must perform certain actions and instinctively shrinks from other actions; he carries the order which he physiologically represents into his relations with human beings and things. In a formula: his virtue is the effect of his happiness... Long life, a plentiful posterity, is not the reward of virtue; virtue is rather itself that slowing-down of the metabolism which, among other things, also brings in its train a long life, a plentiful posterity, in short Cornarism. - The Church and morality say: "a race, a people is ruined by vice and luxury." My restored reason says: when a people is perishing, degenerating physiologically, vice and luxury follow from it (that is, the need for ever stronger and more frequent stimuli, such as every exhausted nature knows). This young man grows prematurely pale and withered. His friends say: such and such an illness is to blame. I say: that he became ill, that he did not resist the illness, was already the effect of an impoverished life, of a hereditary exhaustion. The newspaper reader says: this party is ruining itself with such a mistake. My higher politics says: a party that makes such mistakes is finished - it no longer possesses the sureness of its instinct. Every mistake in every sense is the effect of degeneration of instinct, of disgregation of the will: one almost defines the bad thereby. All that is good is instinct - and, consequently, easy, necessary, free. Toil is an objection; the god is typically distinguished from the hero (in my language: light feet the first attribute of divinity).

3.

The error of a false causality. - In every age people have believed they knew what a cause is: but whence did we take our knowledge, more

precisely, our belief that we knew here? From the realm of the famous "inner facts", none of which has so far proved to be factual. We believed ourselves to be causal in the act of willing; there at least, we thought, we caught causality in the act. Nor did anyone doubt that all the antecedentia of an action, its causes, were to be sought in consciousness and would be found there again if one sought them - as "motives": otherwise one would not have been free to perform it, not responsible for it. Finally, who would have disputed that a thought is caused? that the ego causes the thought?... Of these three "inner facts", by which causality seemed to be guaranteed, the first and most convincing is that of the will as cause; the conception of a consciousness ("spirit") as cause, and later still that of the ego (the "subject") as cause, are merely born afterwards, after causality had been established by the will as given, as empirical fact... Meanwhile we have thought better of it. Today we no longer believe a word of all this. The "inner world" is full of phantoms and will-o'-the-wisps: the will is one of them. The will no longer moves anything, and consequently no longer explains anything either - it merely accompanies events, it can also be absent. The so-called "motive": another error. Merely a surface phenomenon of consciousness, an accompaniment of the deed, which conceals the antecedentia of a deed rather than representing them. And as for the ego! It has become a fable, a fiction, a play on words: it has altogether ceased to think, to feel and to will!... What follows from this? There are no spiritual causes at all! The whole supposed empirical evidence for them went to the devil! That is what follows! - And we had committed a pretty abuse of that "empirical evidence"; on the strength of it we had created the world as a world of causes, as a world of will, as a world of spirits. The oldest and longest psychology was at work here, it did nothing else whatever: all happening was to it a doing, all doing the effect of a will; the world became for it a multiplicity of doers, a doer (a "subject") was slipped underneath all happening. Man projected his three "inner facts", that in which he be-

lieved most firmly, the will, the spirit, the ego, out of himself, - he first drew the concept of Being out of the concept of the ego, he posited "things" as being in his own image, after his concept of the ego as cause. What wonder that later he always found in things only what he had put into them? - The thing itself, to say it once more, the concept of thing, merely a reflex of the belief in the ego as cause... And even your atom, my dear mechanists and physicists, how much error, how much rudimentary psychology still lingers in your atom! - Not to speak at all of the "thing in itself", the horrendum pudendum of the metaphysicians! The error of spirit as cause confused with reality! And made the measure of reality! And called God! -

4.

Error of imaginary causes. - To start from the dream: onto a particular sensation, for example one resulting from a distant cannon shot, a cause is subsequently foisted (often a whole little novel in which the dreamer himself is the main character). The sensation meanwhile persists, in a kind of resonance: it waits, as it were, until the causal drive permits it to step into the foreground, - now no longer as chance, but as "meaning". The cannon shot appears in a causal fashion, in an apparent reversal of time. What comes later, the motivation, is experienced first, often with a hundred details that pass by as in a lightning flash; the shot follows... What has happened? The ideas which a certain state produced were misunderstood as the cause of that state. - In fact we do just the same when awake. Most of our general feelings - every kind of inhibition, pressure, tension, explosion in the play and counterplay of the organs, as in particular the state of the nervus sympathicus - excite our causal drive: we want to have a reason for feeling thus and thus, - for feeling bad or for feeling good. It never suffices us simply to establish the mere fact that we feel thus and thus: we admit this fact only, - become conscious of it -, once we have

given it some kind of motivation. - Memory, which in such a case comes into activity without our knowledge, brings up earlier states of the same kind and the causal interpretations grown together with them, - not their causality. The belief, to be sure, that the ideas, the accompanying processes of consciousness, were the causes, is brought up along with them by memory. Thus there arises a habituation to a particular interpretation of causes which in truth inhibits and even precludes an investigation of the cause.

5.

Psychological explanation of this. - To trace something unknown back to something known relieves, soothes, satisfies, and gives besides a feeling of power. With the unknown, danger, unrest, care are given, - the first instinct goes toward getting rid of these painful states. First principle: any explanation is better than none. Because at bottom it is only a matter of wanting to be rid of oppressive ideas, one is not exactly strict about the means of getting rid of them: the first idea by which the unknown declares itself as known does one so much good that one "holds it to be true". Proof by pleasure ("by strength") as the criterion of truth. - The causal drive is thus conditioned and excited by the feeling of fear. The "Why?" is meant, if at all possible, not so much to yield the cause for its own sake as rather a kind of cause - a soothing, liberating, relieving cause. That something already known, experienced, inscribed in memory is posited as the cause is the first consequence of this need. The new, the unexperienced, the strange is excluded as a cause. - Thus it is not merely some kind of explanation that is sought as cause, but a selected and preferred kind of explanation, that kind by which the feeling of the strange, new, unexperienced has been most quickly, most frequently removed, - the most habitual explanations. - Consequence: one kind of positing of causes predominates more and more, concentrates itself into a system and

finally steps forth as dominant, that is to say, as simply excluding other causes and explanations. - The banker thinks at once of "business", the Christian of "sin", the girl of her love.

6.

The entire realm of morality and religion belongs under this concept of imaginary causes. - "Explanation" of unpleasant general feelings. They are conditioned by beings hostile to us (evil spirits: most famous case - the misunderstanding of hysterical women as witches). They are conditioned by actions that cannot be approved (the feeling of "sin", of "sinfulness", foisted onto a physiological malaise - one always finds reasons for being dissatisfied with oneself). They are conditioned as punishments, as a paying-off for something we ought not to have done, ought not to have been (generalized in impudent form by Schopenhauer into a proposition in which morality appears as what it is, as the veritable poisoner and slanderer of life: "every great pain, be it bodily, be it spiritual, declares what we deserve; for it could not come upon us if we did not deserve it." World as Will and Representation, 2, 666). They are conditioned as consequences of thoughtless actions that turned out badly (the affects, the senses posited as cause, as "guilty"; physiological distresses interpreted, with the help of other distresses, as "deserved"). - "Explanation" of pleasant general feelings. They are conditioned by trust in God. They are conditioned by the consciousness of good actions (the so-called "good conscience", a physiological state which at times looks deceptively like a happy digestion). They are conditioned by the successful outcome of undertakings (- naive fallacy: the successful outcome of an undertaking by no means produces pleasant general feelings in a hypochondriac or: in a Pascal). They are conditioned by faith, love, hope - the Christian virtues. - In truth all these supposed explanations are consequent states and, as it were, translations of feelings of pleasure or displeas-

ure into a false dialect: one is in a state to hope because the physiological basic feeling is once again strong and rich; one trusts God because the feeling of fullness and strength gives one rest. - Morality and religion belong wholly and entirely to the psychology of error: in every single case cause and effect are confused; or truth is confused with the effect of what is believed to be true; or a state of consciousness is confused with the causality of this state.

7.

Error of free will. - Today we no longer have any pity for the concept "free will": we know only too well what it is - the most disreputable piece of theologians' trickery there is, for the purpose of making mankind "responsible" in their sense, that is to say, of making it dependent upon them... I give here only the psychology of all making-responsible. - Wherever responsibilities are sought, it is usually the instinct of wanting to punish and to judge that is doing the seeking. Becoming has been stripped of its innocence when any being-thus-and-thus is traced back to will, to intentions, to acts of responsibility: the doctrine of the will was essentially invented for the purpose of punishment, that is to say, of wanting-to-find-guilty. The whole old psychology, the psychology of the will, has its presupposition in this, that its originators, the priests at the head of ancient communities, wanted to create for themselves a right to impose punishments - or wanted to create a right for God to do so... Men were thought of as "free" so that they could be judged, could be punished, - could become guilty: consequently every action had to be thought of as willed, the origin of every action as lying in consciousness (- whereby the most fundamental counterfeiting in psychologicis was made into the principle of psychology itself...) Today, when we have entered upon the reverse movement, when we immoralists above all are trying with all our strength to take the concept of guilt and the concept of punish-

ment out of the world again and to cleanse psychology, history, nature, the social institutions and sanctions of them, there is in our eyes no more radical opposition than that of the theologians, who continue, with the concept of the "moral world order", to infect the innocence of becoming with "punishment" and "guilt". Christianity is a metaphysics of the hangman...

8.

What alone can our teaching be? - That no one gives man his qualities, neither God, nor society, nor his parents and ancestors, nor he himself (- the nonsense of the notion last rejected here was taught by Kant as "intelligible freedom," perhaps already by Plato too). No one is responsible for his being here at all, for his being constituted thus and thus, for his being in these circumstances, in this environment. The fatality of his nature cannot be disentangled from the fatality of all that was and all that will be. He is not the consequence of a purpose of his own, of a will, of an aim; with him no attempt is being made to attain an "ideal of man" or an "ideal of happiness" or an "ideal of morality," - it is absurd to want to shove off his nature onto some purpose or other. We invented the concept "purpose": in reality purpose is lacking... One is necessary, one is a piece of fate, one belongs to the whole, one is in the whole, - there is nothing that could judge, measure, compare, condemn our Being, for that would mean judging, measuring, comparing, condemning the whole... But there is nothing besides the whole! - That no one is any longer held responsible, that the kind of Being may not be traced back to a causa prima, that the world is a unity neither as sensorium nor as "spirit," this alone is the great liberation, - with this alone is the innocence of becoming restored... The concept "God" has hitherto been the greatest objection to existence... We deny God, we deny responsibility in God: only thereby do we redeem the world. -

The "Improvers" of Mankind.

1.

My demand upon the philosopher is well known: that he place himself beyond good and evil, — that he have the illusion of moral judgment beneath him. This demand follows from an insight which I was the first to formulate: that there are no moral facts whatever. Moral judgment has this in common with religious judgment, that it believes in realities which are none. Morality is merely an interpretation of certain phenomena, more precisely, a misinterpretation. Moral judgment belongs, like religious judgment, to a stage of ignorance at which even the concept of the real, the distinction between the real and the imaginary, is still lacking: so that "truth", at such a stage, designates nothing but things which today we call "imaginings". To that extent moral judgment is never to be taken literally: as such it never contains anything but nonsense. But as semiotics it remains invaluable: it reveals, to the one who knows at least, the most valuable realities of cultures and inner worlds that did not know enough to "understand" themselves. Morality is merely sign-language, merely symptomatology: one must already know what it is about in order to derive profit from it.

2.

A first example, and quite provisional. At all times men have wanted to "improve" mankind: this above all was what was called morality. But beneath the same word the most utterly different tendencies lie hidden. Both the taming of the beast man and the breeding of a particular species of man have been called "improvement": only these zoological termini express realities — realities, to be sure, of which the

typical "improver", the priest, knows nothing — wants to know nothing... To call the taming of an animal its "improvement" is to our ears almost a joke. Whoever knows what goes on in menageries doubts that the beast is "improved" there. It is weakened, it is made less harmful, through the depressive affect of fear, through pain, through wounds, through hunger it becomes a sickly beast. — It is no different with the tamed man whom the priest has "improved". In the early Middle Ages, when the Church was indeed above all a menagerie, the finest specimens of the "blond beast" were hunted down everywhere, — the noble Teutons, for example, were "improved". But what did such an "improved" Teuton, seduced into the cloister, look like afterwards? Like a caricature of man, like a monstrosity: he had become a "sinner", he was stuck in a cage, he had been locked up among nothing but terrible concepts... There he lay now, sick, wretched, malevolent towards himself; full of hatred against the impulses to life, full of suspicion against everything that was still strong and happy. In short, a "Christian"... Physiologically speaking: in the struggle with the beast, making it sick can be the only means of making it weak. This the Church understood: it ruined man, it weakened him, — but it claimed to have "improved" him...

3.

Let us take the other case of so-called morality, the case of breeding a particular race and kind. The most magnificent example of this is furnished by Indian morality, sanctioned as religion in the form of the "Law of Manu". Here the task is set of breeding no fewer than four races at once: a priestly one, a warrior one, a race of traders and farmers, and finally a race of servants, the Sudras. Evidently we are no longer among animal-tamers here: a kind of man a hundred times milder and more reasonable is the precondition for even conceiving the plan of such a breeding. One breathes again, stepping out of the

Christian air of sickroom and dungeon into this healthier, higher, wider world. How paltry is the "New Testament" compared with Manu, how bad it smells! — But this organization too found it necessary to be terrible, — this time not in the struggle with the beast, but with its antithetical concept, the unbred man, the hotchpotch man, the Chandala. And again it had no other means of rendering him harmless, of making him weak, than to make him sick, — it was the struggle with the "great number". Perhaps there is nothing more contrary to our feelings than these protective measures of Indian morality. The third edict, for example (Avadana-Sastra 1), the one "concerning unclean vegetables", decrees that the only food permitted to the Chandala shall be garlic and onions, in consideration of the fact that holy scripture forbids giving them grain or fruits that bear grains, or water or fire. The same edict lays down that the water they need may be taken neither from rivers, nor from springs, nor from ponds, but only from the approaches to swamps and from holes made by the footprints of animals. Likewise they are forbidden to wash their clothes and to wash themselves, since the water granted them out of mercy may be used only to quench their thirst. Finally, a prohibition against Sudra women assisting Chandala women in childbirth, and likewise yet another against the latter assisting one another in it... — The success of such a sanitary police did not fail to appear: murderous epidemics, hideous venereal diseases, and thereupon in turn "the law of the knife", decreeing circumcision for male children and the removal of the labia minora for female children. — Manu himself says: "The Chandala are the fruit of adultery, incest and crime (— this the necessary consequence of the concept of breeding). For clothing they shall have only the rags of corpses, for vessels broken pots, for ornament old iron, for worship only the evil spirits; they shall wander without rest from one place to another. They are forbidden to write from left to right and to use the right hand for writing: the use of the right

hand and of left-to-right is reserved solely for the virtuous, for people of race." —

4.

These ordinances are instructive enough: in them we have for once Aryan humanity, quite pure, quite original, — we learn that the concept "pure blood" is the opposite of a harmless concept. On the other hand it becomes clear in which people the hatred, the Chandala-hatred against this "humanity" has immortalized itself, where it has become religion, where it has become genius... From this point of view the Gospels are a document of the first rank; still more the Book of Enoch. — Christianity, from Jewish roots and comprehensible only as a growth of this soil, represents the counter-movement against every morality of breeding, of race, of privilege: — it is the anti-Aryan religion par excellence: Christianity the revaluation of all Aryan values, the victory of Chandala values, the gospel preached to the poor, to the lowly, the total insurrection of everything trodden down, wretched, ill-constituted, hard done by, against "race", — undying Chandala revenge as the religion of love...

5.

The morality of breeding and the morality of taming are, in the means by which they assert themselves, entirely worthy of one another: we may set it down as the supreme principle that, in order to make morality, one must have the unconditional will to its opposite. This is the great, the uncanny problem which I have pursued the longest: the psychology of the "improvers" of mankind. A small and at bottom modest fact, that of the so-called pia fraus, gave me my first access to this problem: the pia fraus, the inheritance of all philosophers and priests who "improved" mankind. Neither Manu, nor Plato, nor Confucius, nor the Jewish and Christian teachers ever doubted their right

to lie. They did not doubt quite other rights either... Expressed in a formula, one might say: all the means by which mankind was hitherto supposed to be made moral were fundamentally immoral. —

What the Germans Lack.

1.

Among Germans today it is not enough to have spirit: one must also take it upon oneself, presume to take liberties of spirit...

Perhaps I know the Germans; perhaps I may even tell them a few truths myself. The new Germany represents a great quantum of inherited and drilled-in competence, so that for a while it may even spend its accumulated treasure of strength lavishly. It is not a high culture that has become master along with it, still less a delicate taste, a noble "beauty" of the instincts; but manlier virtues than any other country of Europe can show. Much good courage and respect for oneself, much assurance in dealings with others, in the reciprocity of duties, much industriousness, much endurance — and an inherited moderation that has more need of the spur than of the brake. I add that here people still obey without obedience humiliating them... And no one despises his opponent...

One sees that it is my wish to be just to the Germans: I would not want to be untrue to myself in this — so I must also make my objection to them. One pays dearly for coming to power: power makes stupid... The Germans — once they were called the nation of thinkers: do they still think at all today? — The Germans are bored with the spirit now, the Germans mistrust the spirit now, politics swallows up all seriousness for truly spiritual things — "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles": I fear that was the end of German philosophy... "Are there German philosophers? are there German poets? are there good German books?" people ask me abroad. I blush; but with the bravery that is mine even in desperate cases, I answer: "Yes, Bismarck!" — Could I

even confess what books are read today?... Accursed instinct of mediocrity! —

2.

— What the German spirit might be — who has not already had his melancholy thoughts about that! But this nation has made itself stupid of its own free will, for nearly a thousand years: nowhere have the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity, been more viciously abused. Lately even a third has been added, which by itself alone can put an end to all fine and bold agility of spirit: music, our constipated, constipating German music. — How much sullen heaviness, lameness, dampness, dressing-gown, how much beer there is in German intelligence! How is it really possible that young men who consecrate their existence to the most spiritual goals do not feel within themselves the first instinct of spirituality, the spirit's instinct of self-preservation — and drink beer?... The alcoholism of the learned youth is perhaps not yet a question mark with regard to their learnedness — one can even be a great scholar without any spirit — but in every other respect it remains a problem. — Where would one not find it, the gentle degeneration that beer produces in the spirit! Once, in a case that became almost famous, I laid my finger on such a degeneration — the degeneration of our first German free spirit, the clever David Strauss, into the author of a beer-bench gospel and a "new faith"... Not for nothing had he made his vow in verse to the "lovely brunette" — faithful unto death...

3.

— I spoke of the German spirit: that it is growing coarser, that it is becoming shallow. Is that enough? — At bottom it is something quite different that frightens me: how German seriousness, German depth, German passion in spiritual things are going more and more down-

hill. The pathos has changed, not merely the intellectuality. — Here and there I come into contact with German universities: what an air prevails among their scholars, what a barren, what a self-satisfied and lukewarm spirituality! It would be a profound misunderstanding if one wished to raise German science against me here — and besides, a proof that one has not read a word of mine. For seventeen years I have not tired of bringing to light the despiritualizing influence of our present-day scientific enterprise. The hard helotry to which the tremendous range of the sciences condemns every individual today is a chief reason why fuller, richer, more deeply endowed natures no longer find an education and educators suited to them. Our culture suffers from nothing more than from the superabundance of presumptuous loafers and fragments of humanity; our universities are, against their will, the real hothouses for this kind of instinct-atrophy of the spirit. And all of Europe already has an inkling of it — great politics deceives no one... Germany is coming more and more to be regarded as Europe's flatland. — I am still looking for a German with whom I could be serious in my own way — how much more for one with whom I might be cheerful! Twilight of the Idols: ah, who would understand today from what seriousness a hermit is here recovering! — Cheerfulness is the most incomprehensible thing about us...

4.

Let us make a reckoning: it is not only obvious that German culture is in decline; there is no lack of sufficient reason for it, either. In the end no one can spend more than he has — that holds for individuals, it holds for nations. If one spends oneself on power, on great politics, on economics, world commerce, parliamentarism, military interests — if one gives away in that direction the quantum of understanding, seriousness, will, self-overcoming that one is, then it is lacking in the other direction. Culture and the state — let us not deceive ourselves

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about this — are antagonists: the "culture-state" is merely a modern idea. The one lives off the other, the one thrives at the expense of the other. All great ages of culture are ages of political decline: what is great in the sense of culture was unpolitical, even anti-political. — Goethe's heart opened at the phenomenon of Napoleon — it closed at the "Wars of Liberation"... At the very moment when Germany comes up as a great power, France gains a changed importance as a cultural power. Already today much new seriousness, much new passion of the spirit has migrated to Paris; the question of pessimism, for example, the Wagner question, almost all psychological and artistic questions are weighed there incomparably more finely and thoroughly than in Germany — the Germans are themselves incapable of this kind of seriousness. — In the history of European culture the rise of the "Reich" means one thing above all: a shift of the center of gravity. It is already known everywhere: in the main thing — and that remains culture — the Germans no longer come into consideration. People ask: have you even a single spirit to show who counts for Europe? as your Goethe, your Hegel, your Heinrich Heine, your Schopenhauer counted? — That there is no longer a single German philosopher — of that the astonishment knows no end. —

5.

The whole of higher education in Germany has lost sight of the main thing: the end as well as the means to the end. That education, cultivation itself is the end — and not the "Reich" —, that for this end one needs educators — and not grammar-school teachers and university scholars — this was forgotten... Educators are needed who are themselves educated, superior, noble spirits, proven at every moment, proven by word and by silence, ripe cultures grown sweet, — not the learned louts whom grammar school and university today set before the young as "higher wet-nurses". The educators are lacking, the ex-

ceptions of exceptions excepted, the first precondition of education: hence the decline of German culture. — One of those rarest of exceptions is my venerable friend Jakob Burckhardt in Basel: to him first of all Basel owes its pre-eminence in humanity. — What the "higher schools" of Germany actually achieve is a brutal drilling, aimed at making a countless multitude of young men usable, exploitable for the service of the state, with the least possible loss of time. "Higher education" and countless multitude — these contradict each other from the outset. All higher education belongs only to the exception: one must be privileged to have a right to so high a privilege. All great, all beautiful things can never be common property: pulchrum est paucorum hominum. — What brings about the decline of German culture? That "higher education" is no longer a prerogative — the democratism of a "universal" "education" that has become common... Not to forget that military privileges positively compel the over-attendance of the higher schools, that is to say, their ruin. — No one in present-day Germany is any longer free to give his children a noble education: our "higher" schools are one and all set up for the most equivocal mediocrity, with their teachers, their curricula, their aims of instruction. And everywhere an indecent haste prevails, as though something had been missed if the young man at twenty-three is not yet "finished", does not yet know the answer to the "main question": which calling? — A higher kind of man, if I may say so, does not love "callings", precisely because he knows himself called... He has time, he takes his time, he does not even think of becoming "finished", — at thirty one is, in the sense of high culture, a beginner, a child. — Our overcrowded grammar schools, our overburdened grammar-school teachers who have been made stupid, are a scandal: to take these conditions under one's protection, as the professors of Heidelberg recently did, one may perhaps have motives, — reasons for it there are none.

6.

— So as not to fall out of character, which is Yes-saying and has to do with contradiction and criticism only indirectly, only involuntarily, I shall set down at once the three tasks for whose sake one needs educators. One must learn to see, one must learn to think, one must learn to speak and write: the goal in all three is a noble culture. — Learning to see — accustoming the eye to calm, to patience, to letting things come to it; postponing judgment, learning to go around the individual case from all sides and to take it in whole. That is the first preliminary schooling for spirituality: not to react at once to a stimulus, but to gain control of the inhibiting, the shutting-off instincts. Learning to see, as I understand it, is almost what the unphilosophical way of speaking calls a strong will: the essential thing in it is precisely not to "will", to be able to suspend decision. All unspirituality, all vulgarity rests on the inability to resist a stimulus — one must react, one follows every impulse. In many cases such a compulsion is already morbidity, decline, a symptom of exhaustion, — almost everything that unphilosophical crudeness designates with the name "vice" is merely that physiological inability not to react. — A practical application of having learned to see: as a learner one will in general have become slow, mistrustful, reluctant. One will at first let what is strange and new of every kind approach with a hostile calm, — one will draw back one's hand from it. Standing open with all doors, lying servilely on one's belly before every little fact, being ever ready to leap, to place oneself into, to plunge oneself into others and other things, in short the famous modern "objectivity" is bad taste, is ignoble par excellence. —

7.

Learning to think: in our schools one no longer has any notion of it. Even in the universities, even among the actual scholars of philo-

sophy, logic as theory, as practice, as craft, is beginning to die out. Read German books: not the remotest recollection any longer that thinking requires a technique, a curriculum, a will to mastery, — that thinking wants to be learned as dancing wants to be learned, as a kind of dancing... Who among Germans still knows from experience that subtle shudder which light feet in things of the spirit send streaming into every muscle! — The stiff clumsiness of the spiritual gesture, the heavy hand in grasping — that is German to such a degree that abroad it is mistaken for the German character as such. The German has no fingers for nuances... That the Germans have even endured their philosophers, above all that most deformed conceptual cripple there has ever been, the great Kant, gives no small notion of German grace. — For one cannot subtract dancing in every form from a noble education, being able to dance with the feet, with concepts, with words; need I still say that one must be able to do it with the pen as well, — that one must learn to write? — But at this point I would become a complete riddle to German readers...

Skirmishes of an Untimely Man.

1.

My impossible ones. - Seneca: or the toreador of virtue. - Rousseau: or the return to nature in impuris naturalibus. - Schiller: or the moral trumpeter of Säckingen. - Dante: or the hyena that writes poetry in graves. - Kant: or cant as intelligible character. - Victor Hugo: or the lighthouse on the sea of nonsense. - Liszt: or the school of fluency - in chasing women. - George Sand: or lactea ubertas, in plain English: the milch cow with "beautiful style". - Michelet: or the enthusiasm that takes off its coat... Carlyle: or pessimism as an undigested lunch thrown back up. - John Stuart Mill: or offensive clarity. - Les frères de Goncourt: or the two Ajaxes in battle with Homer. Music by Offenbach. - Zola: or the delight in stinking. -

2.

Renan. - Theology, or the corruption of reason by "original sin" (Christianity). Witness Renan, who, as soon as he ventures a Yes or No of a more general kind, misses the mark with painful regularity. He would like, for example, to bind la science and la noblesse into one: but la science belongs to democracy, that is surely plain as the hand before one's face. He wishes, with no small ambition, to represent an aristocratism of the spirit: but at the same time he lies on his knees before its counter-doctrine, the évangile des humbles, and not only on his knees... What good is all free-spiritedness, modernity, mockery and wryneck suppleness, if in one's entrails one has remained a Christian, a Catholic, and even a priest! Renan has his inventiveness, just like a Jesuit and father confessor, in seduction; his spirituality does not lack the broad smirk of the cleric, - like all priests, he becomes dangerous

only when he loves. No one equals him in worshipping in a manner perilous to life... This spirit of Renan's, a spirit that enervates, is one more calamity for poor, sick, will-sick France. -

3.

Sainte-Beuve. - Nothing of the man in him; full of a petty spite against all manly spirits. Wanders about, delicate, curious, bored, eavesdropping, - a female at bottom, with a female's vindictiveness and a female's sensuality. As a psychologist a genius of médisance; inexhaustibly rich in means for it; no one knows better how to mix poison with praise. Plebeian in the lowest instincts and akin to the ressentiment of Rousseau: consequently a Romantic - for beneath all romantisme the instinct of Rousseau grunts and lusts for revenge. A revolutionary, but still tolerably held in check by fear. Without freedom before everything that has strength (public opinion, the Academy, the court, even Port Royal). Embittered against everything great in men and things, against everything that believes in itself. Poet and half-woman enough to feel greatness still as power; constantly cringing, like that famous worm, because he constantly feels himself trodden upon. As a critic without standard, footing, or backbone, with the tongue of the cosmopolitan libertin for many things, but without the courage even to admit his libertinage. As a historian without philosophy, without the power of the philosophical gaze, - hence refusing the task of judging in all the main matters, holding up "objectivity" as a mask. He behaves differently toward all things in which a refined, well-worn taste is the highest court: there he really has the courage to be himself, the delight in himself, - there he is a master. - In some respects a prefiguration of Baudelaire. -

4.

The imitatio Christi belongs among the books which I cannot hold in my hands without a physiological resistance: it exhales a parfum of the Eternal-Feminine, for which one must already be a Frenchman - or a Wagnerian... This saint has a way of speaking of love that makes even Parisian women curious. - I am told that that cleverest of Jesuits, A. Comte, who wished to lead his Frenchmen to Rome by the detour of science, drew his inspiration from this book. I believe it: "the religion of the heart"...

5.

G. Eliot. - They are rid of the Christian God and now believe all the more that they must hold fast to Christian morality: that is an English consistency, we will not hold it against the little moral females à la Eliot. In England, for every small emancipation from theology one must restore oneself to honour in fear-inspiring fashion as a moral fanatic. That is the penance one pays there. - For the rest of us it is otherwise. When one gives up the Christian faith, one pulls the right to Christian morality out from under one's feet. That morality is by no means self-evident: one must bring this point to light again and again, in defiance of the English blockheads. Christianity is a system, a view of things thought out together and whole. If one breaks out of it a principal concept, faith in God, one thereby breaks the whole as well: one no longer has anything necessary between one's fingers. Christianity presupposes that man does not know, cannot know, what is good for him and what is evil: he believes in God, who alone knows it. Christian morality is a command; its origin is transcendent; it is beyond all criticism, all right to criticism; it has truth only if God is the truth, - it stands and falls with faith in God. - If the English really believe that they know of their own accord, "intuitively", what is good and evil, if they consequently suppose that they no longer need Chris-

tianity as the guarantee of morality, this is itself merely the consequence of the dominion of the Christian value judgment and an expression of the strength and depth of that dominion: such that the origin of English morality has been forgotten, such that the highly conditional character of its right to existence is no longer felt. For the Englishman morality is not yet a problem...

6.

George Sand. - I read the first lettres d'un voyageur: like everything that stems from Rousseau, false, contrived, bellows, exaggerated. I cannot endure this gaudy wallpaper style; any more than the rabble's ambition for generous feelings. The worst, to be sure, remains the female coquetry with masculinities, with the manners of ill-bred boys. - How cold she must have been through it all, this insufferable artist! She wound herself up like a clock - and wrote... Cold, like Hugo, like Balzac, like all the Romantics as soon as they wrote poetry! And how self-satisfied she may have lain there meanwhile, this fertile scribbling cow, who had something German about her in the bad sense, like Rousseau himself, her master, and who in any case was possible only with the decline of French taste! - But Renan reveres her...

7.

Morality for psychologists. - Do not go in for colportage psychology! Never observe for the sake of observing! That produces a false optics, a squint, something forced and exaggerating. Experiencing as wanting-to-experience - that does not succeed. One must not look at oneself in the midst of an experience; every glance there becomes an "evil eye". A born psychologist guards himself by instinct against seeing for the sake of seeing; the same holds of the born painter. He never works "from nature", - he leaves it to his instinct, to his camera obscura, to sift through and express the "case", "nature", the "experienced"... Only

the general comes to his consciousness, the conclusion, the result: he does not know that arbitrary abstracting from the individual case. - What comes of it if one does otherwise? If, for example, one goes in for colportage psychology, large and small, after the manner of the Parisian romanciers? That lies in wait, as it were, for reality, that brings home a handful of curiosities every evening... But just look at what finally comes of it - a heap of blotches, a mosaic at best, in any case something added together, restless, garish in colour. The worst in this is achieved by the Goncourts: they do not put three sentences together that do not simply hurt the eye, the psychologist's eye. - Nature, estimated artistically, is no model. It exaggerates, it distorts, it leaves gaps. Nature is chance. Study "from nature" seems to me a bad sign: it betrays submission, weakness, fatalism, - this lying-in-the-dust before petits faits is unworthy of a whole artist. Seeing what is - that belongs to another species of spirits, the anti-artistic, the factual. One must know who one is...

8.

Toward a psychology of the artist. - For there to be art, for there to be any sort of aesthetic doing and seeing, one physiological precondition is indispensable: intoxication. Intoxication must first have heightened the excitability of the whole machine: before that no art comes about. All kinds of intoxication, however differently conditioned, have the power to do this: above all the intoxication of sexual excitement, this oldest and most original form of intoxication. Likewise the intoxication that comes in the train of all great desires, all strong affects; the intoxication of the feast, of the contest, of the bravura piece, of victory, of all extreme movement; the intoxication of cruelty; the intoxication in destruction; the intoxication under certain meteorological influences, for example the intoxication of spring; or under the influence of narcotics; finally the intoxication of the will, the intoxica-

tion of an overcharged and swollen will. - What is essential in intoxication is the feeling of increased strength and fullness. Out of this feeling one gives to things, one compels them to take from us, one violates them, - this process is called idealizing. Let us rid ourselves here of a prejudice: idealizing does not consist, as is commonly believed, in a subtracting or deducting of the petty, the incidental. A tremendous driving-out of the principal features is rather what is decisive, so that the others vanish in the process.

9.

In this state one enriches everything out of one's own fullness: whatever one sees, whatever one wills, one sees it swollen, pressing, strong, overladen with strength. The man in this state transforms things until they mirror his power, - until they are reflections of his perfection. This having to transform into the perfect is - art. Even everything that he is not becomes for him nonetheless a delight in himself; in art man enjoys himself as perfection. - It would be permissible to imagine an opposite state, a specific anti-artistry of instinct, - a way of being that would impoverish all things, thin them out, make them consumptive. And in fact history is rich in such anti-artists, in such starvelings of life: who of necessity must still take things to themselves, consume them, make them leaner. This is the case, for example, of the genuine Christian, of Pascal for example: a Christian who would at the same time be an artist does not occur... Let no one be childish and object Raphael to me, or some homoeopathic Christians of the nineteenth century: Raphael said Yes, Raphael did Yes, consequently Raphael was no Christian...

10.

What is the meaning of the antithetical concepts I introduced into aesthetics, Apollonian and Dionysian, both conceived as kinds of in-

toxication? - Apollonian intoxication keeps above all the eye excited, so that it acquires the power of vision. The painter, the sculptor, the epic poet are visionaries par excellence. In the Dionysian state, by contrast, the entire system of affects is excited and heightened: so that it discharges all its means of expression at once and drives out simultaneously the power of representing, imitating, transfiguring, transforming, every kind of mimicry and play-acting. What is essential remains the ease of metamorphosis, the incapacity not to react (- similar to certain hysterics, who also enter into any role at the slightest hint). It is impossible for the Dionysian man not to understand any suggestion whatever; he overlooks no sign of affect, he has the highest degree of the understanding and divining instinct, just as he possesses the highest degree of the art of communication. He enters into every skin, into every affect: he transforms himself constantly. - Music, as we understand it today, is likewise a total excitement and discharge of the affects, but nevertheless only the remnant of a much fuller world of expression of the affect, a mere residuum of Dionysian histrionism. To make music possible as a separate art, a number of senses, above all the muscular sense, have been immobilized (relatively at least: for to a certain degree all rhythm still speaks to our muscles): so that man no longer bodily imitates and represents at once everything he feels. Nevertheless that is the genuinely Dionysian normal state, in any case the original state; music is the slowly attained specialization of it at the expense of the most closely related faculties.

11.

The actor, the mime, the dancer, the musician, the lyric poet are fundamentally related in their instincts and in themselves one, but gradually specialized and separated from one another - even to the point of contradiction. The lyric poet remained united longest with the musi-

cian; the actor with the dancer. - The architect represents neither a Dionysian nor an Apollonian state: here it is the great act of will, the will that moves mountains, the intoxication of the great will, that craves art. The most powerful men have always inspired the architects; the architect has always been under the suggestion of power. In the edifice pride, victory over gravity, the will to power are to make themselves visible; architecture is a kind of eloquence of power in forms, now persuading, even flattering, now merely commanding. The highest feeling of power and security finds expression in what has grand style. Power that no longer needs any proof; that disdains to please; that answers with difficulty; that feels no witness around it; that lives without consciousness that there is any opposition to it; that rests in itself, fatalistic, a law among laws: that is what speaks of itself as grand style. -

12.

I read the life of Thomas Carlyle, this farce in spite of knowledge and will, this heroic-moral interpretation of dyspeptic conditions. - Carlyle, a man of strong words and attitudes, a rhetor out of necessity, constantly agitated by the craving for a strong faith and by the feeling of being incapable of it (- in this a typical Romantic!). The craving for a strong faith is no proof of a strong faith, rather the opposite. If one has it, one may permit oneself the beautiful luxury of scepticism: one is secure enough, firm enough, bound enough for it. Carlyle stupefies something in himself through the fortissimo of his veneration for men of strong faith and through his rage against the less simple-minded: he needs noise. A constant passionate dishonesty towards himself - that is his proprium; by virtue of it he is and remains interesting. - To be sure, in England he is admired precisely for his honesty... Well, that is English; and considering that the English are the people of perfect cant, even fair, and not merely comprehensible. At

bottom Carlyle is an English atheist who seeks his honour in not being one.

13.

Emerson. - Far more enlightened, more roving, more manifold, more refined than Carlyle, above all happier... One who instinctively nourishes himself solely on ambrosia, who leaves behind what is indigestible in things. Compared with Carlyle, a man of taste. - Carlyle, who loved him very much, nevertheless said of him: "he does not give us enough to chew on": which may rightly be said, but not to Emerson's disadvantage. - Emerson has that kindly and witty cheerfulness which discourages all seriousness; he simply does not know how old he already is and how young he is yet to be, - he could say of himself, in a phrase of Lope de Vega's: "yo me sucedo a mi mismo". His spirit always finds reasons to be contented and even grateful; and at times he touches upon the cheerful transcendence of that worthy gentleman who returned from an amorous rendezvous tamquam re bene gesta. "Ut desint vires," he said gratefully, "tamen est laudanda voluptas." -

14.

Anti-Darwin. - As for the famous struggle for life, it seems to me for the present more asserted than proved. It occurs, but as an exception; the overall aspect of life is not distress, not hunger, but rather wealth, luxuriance, even absurd squandering, - where there is struggle, the struggle is for power... One should not confuse Malthus with nature. - Supposing, however, that this struggle exists - and indeed it does occur -, it unfortunately turns out the reverse of what Darwin's school desires, of what one might perhaps be permitted to desire along with it: namely, to the disadvantage of the strong, the privileged, the fortunate exceptions. Species do not grow in perfection: the weak again and again become master over the strong, - that is because they

are the great number, they are also cleverer... Darwin forgot spirit (- that is English!), the weak have more spirit... One must need spirit in order to acquire spirit, - one loses it when one no longer needs it. Whoever has strength dispenses with spirit (- "let it go!" they think today in Germany - "the Reich must still remain to us"...). By spirit, as one sees, I understand caution, patience, cunning, dissimulation, great self-mastery, and everything that is mimicry (to this last belongs a large part of so-called virtue).

15.

Casuistry of psychologists. - This man is a judge of men: for what purpose does he actually study men? He wants to snatch little advantages over them, or great ones too, - he is a politician!... That other one there is also a judge of men: and you say he wants nothing by it for himself, that he is a great "impersonal" one. Look more sharply! Perhaps he even wants a worse advantage: to feel superior to men, to be permitted to look down on them, no longer to be mistaken for one of them. This "impersonal" one is a despiser of men: and the first is the more humane species, whatever appearances may say. He at least places himself on an equal footing, he places himself among them...

16.

The psychological tact of the Germans seems to me called into question by a whole series of cases, a list of which my modesty prevents me from presenting. In one case I shall not lack a great occasion to substantiate my thesis: I hold it against the Germans that they were mistaken about Kant and his "philosophy of back doors", as I call it, - that was not the type of intellectual integrity. - The other thing I do not care to hear is a notorious "and": the Germans say "Goethe and Schiller", - I fear they say "Schiller and Goethe"... Do people not yet know this Schiller? - There are even worse "ands"; with my own ears I

have heard, admittedly only among university professors, "Schopenhauer and Hartmann"

17.

The most spiritual men, provided they are the most courageous, also experience by far the most painful tragedies: but precisely for that reason they honour life, because it sets against them its greatest hostility.

18.

On the "intellectual conscience". - Nothing seems to me rarer today than genuine hypocrisy. I strongly suspect that the gentle air of our culture does not agree with this plant. Hypocrisy belongs to the ages of strong faith: when, even under the compulsion to display another faith, one did not let go of the faith one had. Today one lets it go; or, what is still more usual, one acquires a second faith in addition, - in either case one remains honest. Without doubt a very much greater number of convictions is possible today than formerly: possible, that is to say permitted, that is to say harmless. From this arises tolerance towards oneself. - Tolerance towards oneself permits several convictions: these themselves live together amicably, - they take care, like all the world today, not to compromise themselves. How does one compromise oneself today? When one has consistency. When one goes in a straight line. When one is less than fivefold ambiguous. When one is genuine... My fear is great that modern man is simply too comfortable for certain vices: so that these are actually dying out. All evil that is conditioned by a strong will - and perhaps there is nothing evil without strength of will - degenerates, in our lukewarm air, into virtue... The few hypocrites I have come to know were imitating hypocrisy: like almost every tenth man nowadays, they were actors. -

19.

Beautiful and ugly. - Nothing is more conditional, let us say more limited, than our feeling for the beautiful. Whoever would think of it detached from man's pleasure in man would at once lose the ground beneath his feet. The "beautiful in itself" is merely a word, not even a concept. In the beautiful, man posits himself as the measure of perfection; in select cases he worships himself in it. A species cannot do otherwise than say Yes to itself alone in this manner. Its lowest instinct, that of self-preservation and self-expansion, still radiates forth in such sublimities. Man believes the world itself to be overloaded with beauty, - he forgets himself as its cause. He alone has bestowed beauty upon it, alas! only a very human, all-too-human beauty.... At bottom man mirrors himself in things, he holds everything beautiful that throws back his image to him: the judgment "beautiful" is the vanity of his species.... For a little suspicion may whisper this question into the sceptic's ear: is the world really beautified by the fact that man, of all creatures, takes it to be beautiful? He has humanized it: that is all. But nothing, absolutely nothing, guarantees us that man, of all creatures, should furnish the model of the beautiful. Who knows how he appears in the eyes of a higher judge of taste? Perhaps audacious? perhaps even amusing? perhaps a little arbitrary?... "O Dionysus, divine one, why do you pull me by the ears?" Ariadne once asked her philosophical lover during one of those famous dialogues on Naxos. "I find a kind of humour in your ears, Ariadne: why are they not longer still?"

20.

Nothing is beautiful, only man is beautiful: upon this naïveté rests all aesthetics, it is its first truth. Let us at once add its second: nothing is ugly but degenerating man, - and with that the realm of aesthetic judgment is bounded. - Reckoned physiologically, everything ugly

weakens and saddens man. It reminds him of decay, danger, impotence; he actually loses strength in its presence. One can measure the effect of the ugly with a dynamometer. Wherever man is depressed at all, he scents the nearness of something "ugly". His feeling of power, his will to power, his courage, his pride - this falls with the ugly, this rises with the beautiful... In the one case as in the other we draw a conclusion: the premises for it are heaped up in tremendous abundance in instinct. The ugly is understood as a sign and symptom of degeneration: whatever reminds us in the remotest way of degeneration produces in us the judgment "ugly". Every token of exhaustion, of heaviness, of age, of weariness, every kind of unfreedom, as cramp, as paralysis, above all the smell, the colour, the form of dissolution, of putrefaction, be it even in the ultimate thinning-out into a symbol - all this calls forth the same reaction, the value judgment "ugly". A hatred leaps forth here: whom does man hate here? But there is no doubt: the decline of his type. He hates here out of the deepest instinct of the species; in this hatred there is shuddering, caution, depth, far-sightedness, - it is the deepest hatred there is. It is for its sake that art is deep...

21.

Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer, the last German who is worth considering (who is a European event like Goethe, like Hegel, like Heinrich Heine, and not merely a local, a "national" one), is for a psychologist a case of the first rank: namely, as a malicious and inspired attempt to bring into the field, in favour of a nihilistic total devaluation of life, precisely the counter-instances, the great self-affirmations of the "will to life", the forms of exuberance of life. He has interpreted, one after another, art, heroism, genius, beauty, great sympathy, knowledge, the will to truth, tragedy as consequent phenomena of the "negation" or of the need for negation of the "will" - the greatest psychological coun-

terfeiting in history, Christianity excepted. Looked at more closely, he is in this merely the heir of the Christian interpretation: only that he knew how to approve even what Christianity had rejected, the great cultural facts of mankind, still in a Christian, that is to say nihilistic, sense (- namely as paths to "redemption", as preliminary forms of "redemption", as stimulants of the need for "redemption"...)

22.

I take a single case. Schopenhauer speaks of beauty with a melancholy ardour, - why, in the last analysis? Because he sees in it a bridge upon which one gets further, or acquires a thirst to get further... For him it is redemption from the "will" for moments at a time - it lures toward redemption forever... In particular he praises it as redeemer from the "focal point of the will", from sexuality, - in beauty he sees the procreative drive negated... Strange saint! Someone contradicts you, and I fear it is nature. Why is there beauty at all in tone, colour, fragrance, rhythmic movement in nature? What drives beauty forth?- Fortunately a philosopher contradicts him too. No lesser authority than that of the divine Plato (- so Schopenhauer himself calls him) upholds another proposition: that all beauty incites to procreation, - that precisely this is the proprium of its effect, from the most sensual up to the most spiritual...

23.

Plato goes further. He says, with an innocence for which one must be a Greek and not a "Christian", that there would be no Platonic philosophy at all if there were not such beautiful youths in Athens: it is the sight of them that first plunges the philosopher's soul into an erotic frenzy and leaves it no rest until it has sunk the seed of all lofty things into so beautiful a soil. Another strange saint! - one does not trust one's ears, even supposing one trusts Plato. At the least one guesses

that philosophy was done differently in Athens, above all in public. Nothing is less Greek than the conceptual cobweb-spinning of a hermit, amor intellectualis dei after the fashion of Spinoza. Philosophy after the fashion of Plato might rather be defined as an erotic contest, as a further development and internalization of the old agonal gymnastics and its presuppositions... What finally grew out of this philosophical eroticism of Plato's? A new art form of the Greek agon, dialectics. - I further recall, against Schopenhauer and in honour of Plato, that the whole higher culture and literature of classical France, too, grew up on the soil of sexual interest. Everywhere in it one may look for gallantry, the senses, sexual rivalry, "woman", - one will never look in vain...

24.

L'art pour l'art. – The struggle against purpose in art is always the struggle against the moralizing tendency in art, against its subordination to morality. L'art pour l'art means: "the devil take morality!" – But even this enmity still betrays the overpowering force of the prejudice. When one has excluded from art the purpose of moral preaching and of improving mankind, it by no means follows that art is altogether purposeless, aimless, senseless, in short l'art pour l'art – a worm biting its own tail. "Better no purpose at all than a moral purpose!" – so speaks mere passion. A psychologist, on the other hand, asks: what does all art do? does it not praise? does it not glorify? does it not select? does it not bring into prominence? With all this it strengthens or weakens certain valuations... Is this merely incidental? an accident? Something in which the artist's instinct would have no part at all? Or rather: is it not the very precondition for the artist's being able to...? Is his deepest instinct directed toward art, or is it not rather directed toward the meaning of art, life? toward a desirability of life? – Art is the great stimulant to life: how could one understand it as purpose-

less, as aimless, as l'art pour l'art? – One question remains: art also brings to light much that is ugly, hard, questionable in life – does it not thereby seem to spoil life for us? – And indeed, there have been philosophers who lent it this meaning: "to break free of the will" was what Schopenhauer taught as the overall aim of art, "to dispose toward resignation" was what he revered as the great usefulness of tragedy. – But this – I have already intimated it – is the optics of the pessimist and the "evil eye" –: one must appeal to the artists themselves. What does the tragic artist communicate of himself? Is it not precisely the state without fear before the fearful and questionable that he shows? – This state itself is a high desirability; whoever knows it honours it with the highest honours. He communicates it, he must communicate it, provided that he is an artist, a genius of communication. Courage and freedom of feeling before a mighty foe, before a sublime calamity, before a problem that awakens horror – this victorious state is what the tragic artist selects, what he glorifies. Before tragedy the warlike in our soul celebrates its Saturnalia; whoever is accustomed to suffering, whoever seeks out suffering, the heroic man extols his existence by means of tragedy – to him alone does the tragedian proffer the draught of this sweetest cruelty. –

25.

To make do with people, to keep open house with one's heart – that is liberal, but it is merely liberal. One recognizes the hearts that are capable of noble hospitality by their many curtained windows and closed shutters: they keep their best rooms empty. Why so? – Because they are expecting guests with whom one does not "make do".

26.

We no longer esteem ourselves enough when we communicate ourselves. Our real experiences are not in the least talkative. They

could not communicate themselves even if they wished to. That is because they lack the word. What we have words for, we have already left behind. In all speaking there lies a grain of contempt. Language, it seems, was invented only for what is average, middling, communicable. With language the speaker already vulgarizes himself. – From a morality for deaf-mutes and other philosophers.

27.

"This portrait is enchantingly fair!"... The literary woman, unsatisfied, agitated, desolate in heart and entrails, forever listening with painful curiosity for the imperative that whispers from the depths of her organism "aut liberi aut libri": the literary woman, cultivated enough to understand the voice of nature even when it speaks Latin, and on the other hand vain enough and goose enough to speak French to herself in secret as well: "je me verrai, je me lirai, je m'extasierai et je dirai: Possible, que j'aie eu tant d'esprit?"

28.

The "impersonal" have their say. – "Nothing comes easier to us than being wise, patient, superior. We drip with the oil of indulgence and sympathy, we are absurdly just, we forgive everything. For that very reason we ought to keep ourselves somewhat stricter; for that very reason we ought, from time to time, to breed ourselves a little affect, a little vice of affect. It may come hard to us; and among ourselves we perhaps laugh at the spectacle we thereby present. But what is to be done! We have no other kind of self-overcoming left: this is our asceticism, our penance"... Becoming personal – the virtue of the "impersonal"...

29.

From a doctoral examination. – "What is the task of all higher education?" – To make a machine out of man. – "What is the means to this?" – He must learn to be bored. – "How is that achieved?" – Through the concept of duty. – "Who is his model in this?" – The philologist: he teaches one to slog like an ox. – "Who is the perfect man?" – The civil servant. – "Which philosophy provides the highest formula for the civil servant?" – Kant's: the civil servant as thing in itself set up as judge over the civil servant as appearance. –

30.

The right to stupidity. – The weary, slowly breathing worker who looks on good-naturedly, who lets things go as they go: this typical figure, whom one now encounters, in the age of labour (and of the "Reich"! –), in all classes of society, today lays claim to art for himself precisely, including the book, above all the newspaper – and how much more to beautiful nature, to Italy... The man of the evening, with the "wild drives now fallen asleep" of which Faust speaks, needs his summer retreat, his seaside bath, his glaciers, his Bayreuth... In such ages art has a right to pure folly – as a kind of holiday for spirit, wit and feeling. Wagner understood that. Pure folly restores...

31.

Another problem of diet. – The means by which Julius Caesar defended himself against sickliness and headache: tremendous marches, the simplest way of life, uninterrupted sojourn in the open air, constant exertions – these are, broadly speaking, the measures of preservation and protection in general against the extreme vulnerability of that subtle machine, working under the highest pressure, which is called genius. –

32.

The immoralist speaks. - Nothing is more against a philosopher's taste than man, insofar as he wishes... If he sees man only in his doing, if he sees this bravest, craftiest, most enduring of animals astray even in labyrinthine predicaments, how admirable man appears to him! He even encourages him... But the philosopher despises the wishing man, the "desirable" man as well - and altogether all desirabilities, all the ideals of man. If a philosopher could be a nihilist, he would be one, because he finds nothingness behind all the ideals of man. Or not even nothingness, - but only the worthless, the absurd, the sick, the cowardly, the weary, every kind of dregs from the drained cup of his life... Man, who as reality is so worthy of reverence, how is it that he deserves no respect insofar as he wishes? Must he atone for being so capable as reality? Must he balance out his doing, the strain of head and will in all doing, with a stretching of the limbs in the imaginary and the absurd? - The history of his desirabilities has hitherto been the partie honteuse of man: one should beware of reading in it too long. What justifies man is his reality, - it will justify him eternally. How much more is the real man worth, compared with any merely wished-for, dreamed-up, stinking and lying fabrication of a man? with any ideal man?... And only the ideal man goes against the philosopher's taste.

33.

Natural value of egoism. - Selfishness is worth just as much as he who has it is worth physiologically: it can be worth a great deal, it can be worthless and contemptible. Every individual may be looked at with regard to whether he represents the ascending or the descending line of life. With a decision on that, one also has a canon for what his selfishness is worth. If he represents the ascent of the line, then his value is in fact extraordinary, - and for the sake of life as a whole,

which takes a step further with him, the care for preserving him, for creating his optimum of conditions, may even be extreme. The single one, the "individual", as people and philosopher have understood it hitherto, is indeed an error: he is nothing by himself, no atom, no "link in the chain", nothing merely inherited from former times, - he is the whole single line of man up to and including himself... If he represents the descending development, decay, chronic degeneration, sickness (- sicknesses are, broadly speaking, already consequences of decay, not its causes), then little value attaches to him, and the most elementary fairness demands that he take away as little as possible from the well-constituted. He is merely their parasite...

34.

Christian and anarchist. - When the anarchist, as the mouthpiece of declining strata of society, demands with a fine indignation "right", "justice", "equal rights", he is merely under the pressure of his own lack of culture, which cannot grasp why he actually suffers, - in what he is poor, in life... A causal drive is powerful in him: someone must be to blame for his feeling bad... The "fine indignation" itself already does him good, too; it is a pleasure for all poor devils to rail, - it gives a little intoxication of power. Even complaint, complaining, can give life a charm for whose sake one endures it: there is a subtler dose of revenge in every complaint; one reproaches those who are different with one's feeling bad, under certain circumstances even with one's badness, as if it were an injustice, an illicit privilege. "If I am a canaille, you ought to be one too": on this logic one makes revolution. - Complaining is never any good: it stems from weakness. Whether one ascribes one's feeling bad to others or to oneself - the former is what the socialist does, the latter, for example, the Christian -, makes no real difference. What is common to both, let us also say what is unworthy in it, is that someone is supposed to be to blame for one's

suffering - in short, that the sufferer prescribes for himself the honey of revenge against his suffering. The objects of this need for revenge, as a need for pleasure, are occasional causes: the sufferer finds causes everywhere for cooling his petty revenge, - if he is a Christian, to say it once more, he finds them in himself... The Christian and the anarchist - both are décadents. - But even when the Christian condemns, slanders, besmirches the "world", he does so from the same instinct from which the socialist worker condemns, slanders, besmirches society: the "Last Judgment" itself is still the sweet consolation of revenge - the revolution, such as the socialist worker also awaits, only conceived as somewhat more distant... The "beyond" itself - why a beyond, if it were not a means of besmirching the here and now?...

35.

Critique of décadence morality. An "altruistic" morality, a morality in which selfishness withers -, remains under all circumstances a bad sign. This holds for the individual, it holds especially for peoples. The best is lacking when selfishness begins to be lacking. Instinctively to choose what is harmful to oneself, to be lured by "disinterested" motives, provides almost the formula for décadence. "Not to seek one's own advantage" - that is merely the moral fig leaf for an entirely different, namely physiological, actuality: "I no longer know how to find my advantage" Disgregation of the instincts! - It is all over with man when he becomes altruistic. - Instead of saying naively, "I am no longer worth anything", the moral lie in the mouth of the décadent says: "Nothing is worth anything, - life is worth nothing"... Such a judgment remains in the end a great danger, it is contagious, - over the whole morbid soil of society it soon proliferates into a tropical vegetation of concepts, now as religion (Christianity), now as philosophy (Schopenhauerism). Under certain circumstances such a pois-

on-tree vegetation, grown out of putrefaction, poisons life with its vapours far and wide, for millennia...

36.

Morality for physicians. - The sick man is a parasite of society. In a certain state it is indecent to go on living any longer. To go on vegetating in cowardly dependence on physicians and their practices, after the meaning of life, the right to life, has been lost, ought to draw down upon itself the profound contempt of society. The physicians, in their turn, would have to be the mediators of this contempt, - not prescriptions, but every day a fresh dose of disgust with their patient... To create a new responsibility, that of the physician, for all cases where the highest interest of life, of ascending life, demands the most ruthless pressing down and thrusting aside of degenerating life - for example, for the right to procreate, for the right to be born, for the right to live... To die proudly when it is no longer possible to live proudly. Death, freely chosen, death at the right time, with clarity and joyfulness, accomplished in the midst of children and witnesses: so that a real leave-taking is still possible, while he who takes his leave is still there, and likewise a real appraisal of what has been achieved and willed, a summing-up of life - all in contrast to the pitiable and horrible comedy which Christianity has made of the hour of death. One should never forget it of Christianity that it has abused the weakness of the dying for the violation of conscience, that it has abused the very manner of death for value judgments upon man and his past! - Here it is a matter, in defiance of all the cowardices of prejudice, above all of establishing the correct, that is to say physiological, appraisal of so-called natural death: which in the end is itself only an "unnatural" one, a suicide. One never perishes through anyone but oneself. Only it is death under the most contemptible conditions, an unfree death, a death at the wrong time, a coward's death. One

ought, out of love for life -, to will death differently, freely, consciously, without accident, without ambush... Finally a piece of advice for the gentlemen pessimists and other décadents. It is not in our power to prevent our being born: but we can rectify this mistake - for at times it is a mistake. When one does away with oneself one does the most estimable thing there is: one almost thereby deserves to live... Society, what am I saying! Life itself derives more advantage from it than from any sort of "life" in renunciation, anaemia and other virtue -, one has freed the others from the sight of oneself, one has freed life of an objection... Pessimism, pur, vert, proves itself only through the self-refutation of the gentlemen pessimists: one must go a step further in its logic, not merely deny life with "Will and Representation", as Schopenhauer did -, one must first of all deny Schopenhauer... Pessimism, be it said in passing, contagious as it is, nevertheless does not increase the morbidity of an age, of a generation as a whole: it is its expression. One falls victim to it as one falls victim to cholera: one must already be morbidly enough predisposed for it. Pessimism itself does not make a single décadent more; I recall the finding of statistics that the years in which cholera rages do not differ from other years in the total figure of deaths.

37.

Whether we have become more moral. - Against my concept "beyond good and evil" the whole ferocity of moral stupefaction, which, as is well known, counts in Germany as morality itself -, has, as was to be expected, thrown itself into the fray: I could tell pretty stories about it. Above all I was given to reconsider the "undeniable superiority" of our age in moral judgment, the progress we have really made here: a Cesare Borgia, compared with us, was by no means to be set up as a "higher man", as a kind of overman, as I do... A Swiss editor, of the "Bund", went so far, not without expressing his respect for the cour-

age of such a venture, as to "understand" the meaning of my work to be that with it I was proposing the abolition of all decent feelings. Much obliged! - I take the liberty, by way of answer, of raising the question whether we have really become more moral. That all the world believes so is already an objection to it... We modern men, very tender, very vulnerable and giving and taking a hundred considerations, do in fact imagine that this tender humanity which we represent, this attained unanimity in forbearance, in readiness to help, in mutual trust, is a positive advance, that with it we are far beyond the men of the Renaissance. But every age thinks so, must think so. Certain it is that we could not place ourselves in Renaissance conditions, not even think ourselves into them: our nerves would not endure that reality, not to speak of our muscles. With this incapacity, however, no progress is proved, but only a different, a later constitution, a weaker, tenderer, more vulnerable one, out of which a morality rich in considerations necessarily engenders itself. If we think away our tenderness and lateness, our physiological ageing, then our morality of "humanization" too would at once lose its value - in itself no morality has value -: it would make us feel contempt for ourselves. Let us, on the other hand, not doubt that we moderns, with our thickly padded humanity, which will on no account knock itself against any stone, would furnish the contemporaries of Cesare Borgia with a comedy to laugh themselves to death at. In truth, we are beyond measure involuntarily comical with our modern "virtues"... The decrease of the hostile and mistrust-arousing instincts - and that would indeed be our "progress" - represents only one of the consequences of the general decrease in vitality: it costs a hundred times more effort, more caution, to carry through so conditional, so late an existence. There one helps one another, there everyone is to a certain degree an invalid and everyone a nurse. That is then called "virtue" -: among men who still knew life otherwise, fuller, more lavish, more overflowing, it would have been called something else, "cowardice" perhaps, "wretchedness", "old

wives' morality"... Our softening of manners - that is my proposition, that is, if you will, my innovation - is a consequence of decline; the hardness and terribleness of custom can, conversely, be a consequence of a surplus of life: for then much may also be dared, much challenged, much also squandered. What was once the spice of life would be poison for us... To be indifferent - that too is a form of strength - for that we are likewise too old, too late: our morality of fellow-feeling, against which I was the first to give warning, that which one might call l'impressionisme morale, is one more expression of the physiological over-excitability which is proper to everything décadent. That movement which tried, with Schopenhauer's morality of pity, to present itself scientifically - a very unfortunate attempt! - is the real décadence movement in morality; as such it is deeply related to Christian morality. Strong ages, noble cultures see in pity, in "love of one's neighbour", in the lack of self and of self-feeling something contemptible. - Ages are to be measured by their positive forces - and by that measure the so lavish and so fateful age of the Renaissance turns out to be the last great age, and we, we moderns with our anxious care for ourselves and love of our neighbour, with our virtues of work, of modesty, of lawfulness, of scientific spirit - accumulating, economical, machine-like - turn out to be a weak age... Our virtues are conditioned, are called forth by our weakness... "Equality", a certain actual assimilation which merely finds expression in the theory of "equal rights", belongs essentially to decline: the chasm between man and man, rank and rank, the multiplicity of types, the will to be oneself, to stand out, that which I call the pathos of distance, is proper to every strong age. The tensile strength, the span between the extremes grows ever smaller today, - the extremes themselves finally blur into likeness... All our political theories and constitutions of state, the "German Reich" by no means excepted, are consequences, necessary consequences of decline; the unconscious effect of décadence has become master even in the ideals of individual sciences. My objection

to the whole of sociology in England and France remains that it knows from experience only the forms of decay of society and quite innocently takes its own instincts of decay as the norm of sociological judgment of value. Declining life, the decrease of all organizing power, that is to say of the power that separates, tears open chasms, subordinates and superordinates, formulates itself in the sociology of today as the ideal... Our socialists are décadents, but Mr. Herbert Spencer too is a décadent, - he sees in the victory of altruism something desirable!...

38.

My conception of freedom. - The value of a thing sometimes lies not in what one attains with it, but in what one pays for it, - what it costs us. I give an example. Liberal institutions cease to be liberal as soon as they are attained: afterwards there are no worse and more thorough injurers of freedom than liberal institutions. One knows, after all, what they bring about: they undermine the will to power, they are the levelling of mountain and valley exalted into morality, they make small, cowardly and pleasure-seeking, - with them the herd animal triumphs every time. Liberalism: in plain German, herd-animalization... These same institutions produce quite other effects so long as they are still being fought for; they then in fact promote freedom in a mighty way. Looked at more closely, it is war that produces these effects, the war for liberal institutions, which, as war, allows the illiberal instincts to endure. And war educates for freedom. For what is freedom! That one has the will to self-responsibility. That one holds fast to the distance which separates us. That one becomes more indifferent to hardship, severity, privation, even to life. That one is ready to sacrifice human beings to one's cause, oneself not excepted. Freedom means that the manly instincts, the instincts that delight in war and victory, hold dominion over other instincts, for example over

those of "happiness". The man who has become free, and how much more the spirit that has become free, tramples underfoot the contemptible sort of well-being dreamed of by shopkeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats. The free man is a warrior. - By what is freedom measured, in individuals as in peoples? By the resistance which must be overcome, by the effort it costs to stay on top. The highest type of free men would have to be sought where the highest resistance is constantly being overcome: five steps from tyranny, close to the threshold of the danger of servitude. This is psychologically true if by "tyrants" one here understands inexorable and terrible instincts which provoke against themselves the maximum of authority and discipline - finest type Julius Caesar -; it is also politically true, one need only make one's way through history. The peoples that were worth something, that became worth something, never became so under liberal institutions: great danger made something of them that deserves reverence, danger, which first teaches us to know our resources, our virtues, our arms and armour, our spirit, - which compels us to be strong... First principle: one must need to be strong: otherwise one never becomes so. - Those great hothouses for the strong, for the strongest kind of man there has ever been, the aristocratic commonwealths after the fashion of Rome and Venice, understood freedom in precisely the sense in which I understand the word freedom: as something one has and does not have, something one wills, something one conquers...

39.

Critique of modernity. - Our institutions are no longer good for anything: on this all are of one mind. But that is not their fault, it is ours. Once all the instincts from which institutions grow have been lost to us, institutions as such are lost to us, because we are no longer good enough for them. Democratism has at all times been the declining

form of the organizing power: already in "Human, All Too Human" 1, 318 I characterized modern democracy, together with its half-measures such as the "German Reich", as the form in which the state decays. For there to be institutions, there must be a kind of will, instinct, imperative, anti-liberal to the point of malice: the will to tradition, to authority, to responsibility for centuries to come, to the solidarity of chains of generations forwards and backwards in infinitum. If this will is present, something like the imperium Romanum is founded: or like Russia, the only power today that has endurance in its body, that can wait, that can still promise something, - Russia, the antithetical concept to the pitiable European petty-statism and nervousness, which with the founding of the German Reich has entered a critical condition... The whole West no longer has those instincts from which institutions grow, from which a future grows: perhaps nothing goes so much against the grain of its "modern spirit". One lives for today, one lives very fast, - one lives very irresponsibly: precisely this is called "freedom". What makes institutions institutions is despised, hated, rejected: one believes oneself in danger of a new slavery wherever the word "authority" is so much as uttered. So far does décadence go in the value-instinct of our politicians, of our political parties: they instinctively prefer what dissolves, what hastens the end... Witness modern marriage. All reason has evidently vanished from modern marriage: yet this furnishes no objection to marriage, but to modernity. The reason of marriage - it lay in the sole legal responsibility of the man: thereby marriage had ballast, whereas today it limps on both legs. The reason of marriage - it lay in its indissolubility in principle: thereby it acquired an accent which knew how to make itself heard against the accident of feeling, passion and the moment. It lay likewise in the responsibility of the families for the choice of spouses. With the growing indulgence in favour of the love-match, one has positively eliminated the foundation of marriage, that which first makes an institution of it. One never, never founds an in-

stitution on an idiosyncrasy; one does not, as has been said, found marriage on "love", - one founds it on the sexual drive, on the drive to property (wife and child as property), on the drive to dominion, which constantly organizes for itself the smallest structure of dominion, the family, which needs children and heirs in order to hold fast, physiologically too, an attained measure of power, influence, wealth, in order to prepare long tasks, solidarity of instinct between centuries. Marriage as an institution already comprehends within itself the affirmation of the greatest, the most enduring form of organization: if society itself cannot vouch for itself as a whole unto the most distant generations, then marriage has no meaning whatever. - Modern marriage has lost its meaning, - consequently it is being abolished. -

40.

The labour question. — The stupidity, at bottom the degeneration of instinct, which is today the cause of all stupidities, lies in the fact that there is a labour question at all. About certain things one does not ask questions: first imperative of instinct. — I simply cannot see what one means to do with the European worker now that one has first made a question of him. He is far too well off not to ask for more step by step, to ask more immodestly. In the end he has the great number on his side. The hope is utterly gone that a modest and self-sufficient kind of man, a Chinese type, might here develop into an estate: and that would have made sense, that would have been nothing short of a necessity. What has been done? — Everything to destroy even the precondition for it in the bud, — the instincts by virtue of which a worker becomes possible as an estate, becomes possible to himself, have been ruined root and branch through the most irresponsible thoughtlessness. The worker has been made fit for military service, he has been given the right of association, the political vote: is it any wonder if the worker already feels his existence today as a state of

distress (expressed morally, as an injustice —)? But what does one want? I ask again. If one wills an end, one must also will the means: if one wants slaves, one is a fool to educate them to be masters. —

41.

"Freedom, which I do not mean..." In times such as these, to be left to one's instincts is one more fatality. These instincts contradict, disturb, destroy one another; I have already defined the modern as physiological self-contradiction. The reason of education would require that under an iron pressure at least one of these instinct-systems be paralysed, in order to allow another to gather strength, to grow strong, to become master. Today one would first have to make the individual possible by pruning him: possible, that is to say whole... The reverse happens: the claim to independence, to free development, to laisser aller is pressed most hotly precisely by those for whom no rein would be too strict — this holds in politicis, this holds in art. But that is a symptom of décadence: our modern concept of "freedom" is one more proof of the degeneration of instinct. —

42.

Where faith is needed. — Nothing is rarer among moralists and saints than integrity; perhaps they say the opposite, perhaps they even believe it. For when a faith is more useful, more effective, more convincing than conscious hypocrisy, then hypocrisy, by instinct, forthwith becomes innocence: first principle for the understanding of great saints. With the philosophers too, another kind of saint, the whole trade entails that they admit only certain truths: namely those for which their trade has public sanction, — in Kantian terms, truths of practical reason. They know what they have to prove; in that they are practical, — they recognize one another by their agreeing about "the

truths." — "Thou shalt not lie" — in plain German: beware, my dear Sir Philosopher, of telling the truth...

43.

Whispered into the ear of the conservatives. — What was not known formerly, what is known today, could be known —: a regression, a turning back in any sense or degree whatsoever, is not possible at all. We physiologists at least know that. But all priests and moralists have believed in it, — they wanted to bring mankind back, to screw it back, to an earlier measure of virtue. Morality was always a Procrustean bed. Even the politicians have imitated the preachers of virtue in this: there are still parties today that dream as their goal of the crab's walk of all things. But no one is free to be a crab. It is no use: one must go forward, that is to say step by step further into décadence (— this my definition of modern "progress"...). One can check this development and, by checking it, dam up the degeneration itself, gather it, make it more vehement and more sudden: more one cannot do. —

44.

My concept of genius. — Great men, like great ages, are explosives in which a tremendous force is stored up; their precondition is always, historically and physiologically, that for a long time there has been gathering, heaping up, saving and hoarding toward them, — that for a long time no explosion took place. Once the tension in the mass has grown too great, the most accidental stimulus suffices to call the "genius," the "deed," the great destiny into the world. What do surroundings matter then, or the age, or the "spirit of the age," or "public opinion"! — Take the case of Napoleon. The France of the Revolution, and still more that of the pre-Revolution, would have brought forth out of itself the type opposite to Napoleon's: and indeed it did bring it forth. And because Napoleon was different, the heir of a stronger,

longer, older civilization than the one that was going up in steam and splinters in France, he became master here, he alone was master here. Great men are necessary, the age in which they appear is accidental; that they almost always become master over it lies only in this, that they are stronger, that they are older, that there has been longer gathering toward them. Between a genius and his age there is a relation as between strong and weak, and also as between old and young: the age is always relatively much younger, thinner, less of age, less sure, more childish. — That in France today people think very differently about this (in Germany too: but that does not matter), that there the theory of the milieu, a veritable neurotic's theory, has become sacrosanct and almost scientific and finds believers even among the physiologists, that "does not smell good," that gives one sad thoughts. — In England too it is understood no differently, but no one will grieve over that. Only two ways stand open to the Englishman for coming to terms with the genius and the "great man": either democratically, after the manner of Buckle, or religiously, after the manner of Carlyle. — The danger that lies in great men and ages is extraordinary; exhaustion of every kind, sterility, follows hard upon their heels. The great man is an end; the great age, the Renaissance for example, is an end. The genius — in work, in deed — is necessarily a squanderer: that he spends himself is his greatness... The instinct of self-preservation is, as it were, suspended; the overpowering pressure of the outflowing forces forbids him any such care and caution. This is called "self-sacrifice"; his "heroism" is praised in it, his indifference to his own welfare, his devotion to an idea, a great cause, a fatherland: all misunderstandings... He flows out, he overflows, he uses himself up, he does not spare himself, — fatally, disastrously, involuntarily, as a river's bursting its banks is involuntary. But because one owes much to such explosives, one has also given them much in return, for example a kind of higher morality... For that is the way of human gratitude: it misunderstands its benefactors. —

45.

The criminal and what is related to him. - The criminal type is the type of the strong human being under unfavourable conditions, a strong human being made sick. What he lacks is the wilderness, a certain freer and more dangerous nature and form of existence, in which everything that is weapon and defence in the instinct of the strong human being exists by right. His virtues have been put under a ban by society; his liveliest drives, which he brought along with him, soon grow together with the depressive affects, with suspicion, fear, dishonour. But this is almost the recipe for physiological degeneration. Whoever must do in secret what he can do best, what he would most like to do, with long tension, caution, cunning, becomes anaemic; and because he only ever reaps danger, persecution, calamity from his instincts, his feeling, too, turns against these instincts - he feels them fatalistically. It is society, our tame, mediocre, castrated society, in which a natural human being, who comes from the mountains or from the adventures of the sea, necessarily degenerates into a criminal. Or almost necessarily: for there are cases where such a human being proves stronger than society: the Corsican Napoleon is the most famous case. For the problem before us here, the testimony of Dostoevsky is of importance - of Dostoevsky, the only psychologist, incidentally, from whom I had something to learn: he is among the most beautiful strokes of fortune in my life, even more so than the discovery of Stendhal. This profound human being, who was ten times right to hold the superficial Germans in low esteem, experienced the Siberian convicts in whose midst he lived for a long time, all of them hardened criminals for whom there was no longer any way back to society, very differently than he himself had expected - roughly as though carved from the best, hardest and most valuable wood that grows anywhere on Russian soil. Let us generalize the case of the criminal: let us imagine natures who, for whatever reason, lack public

approval, who know that they are not felt to be beneficial, useful, - that Chandala feeling that one is not regarded as an equal, but as an outcast, unworthy, defiling. All such natures have the colour of the subterranean upon their thoughts and actions; in them everything turns paler than in those upon whose existence the daylight rests. But almost all forms of existence that we distinguish today once lived in this half-sepulchral air: the scientific character, the artist, the genius, the free spirit, the actor, the merchant, the great discoverer... As long as the priest was regarded as the highest type, every valuable kind of human being was devalued... The time is coming - I promise it - when he will be regarded as the lowest, as our Chandala, as the most mendacious, as the most indecent kind of human being... I draw attention to how, even now, under the mildest regime of custom that has ever ruled on earth, at least in Europe, every deviation, every long, all-too-long sojourn below, every unusual, opaque form of existence brings one close to that type which the criminal perfects. All innovators of the spirit bear for a time the pallid and fatalistic mark of the Chandala upon their brow: not because they are felt to be so, but because they themselves feel the terrible chasm that separates them from everything traditional and held in honour. Almost every genius knows, as one of his developments, the "Catilinarian existence", a feeling of hatred, revenge and revolt against everything that already is, that no longer becomes... Catiline - the pre-existent form of every Caesar. -

46.

Here the view is open. - It may be loftiness of soul when a philosopher keeps silent; it may be love when he contradicts himself; a courtesy of the knower is possible which lies. It has been said, not without subtlety: il est indigne des grands coeurs de répandre le trouble, qu'ils ressentent: only one must add that not to be afraid of the most un-

worthy can likewise be greatness of soul. A woman who loves sacrifices her honour; a knower who "loves" sacrifices perhaps his humanity; a god who loved became a Jew...

47.

Beauty no accident. - The beauty of a race or family too, their grace and kindness in every gesture, is worked for: like genius, it is the end result of the accumulated labour of generations. One must have made great sacrifices to good taste, one must have done much for its sake, refrained from much - the seventeenth century of France is admirable in both respects -, one must have had in it a principle of selection, for company, place, dress, sexual gratification, one must have preferred beauty to advantage, to habit, to opinion, to indolence. Supreme guideline: one must not "let oneself go" even before oneself. - Good things are costly beyond measure: and the law always holds that whoever has them is someone other than whoever acquires them. Everything good is inheritance: what is not inherited is imperfect, is a beginning... In Athens at the time of Cicero, who expresses his surprise at it, the men and youths were far superior to the women in beauty: but what labour and exertion in the service of beauty had the male sex there demanded of itself for centuries! - For one must not mistake the method here: a mere discipline of feelings and thoughts is almost nil (- here lies the great misunderstanding of German education, which is wholly illusory): one must first persuade the body. The strict maintenance of significant and select gestures, an obligation to live only with people who do not "let themselves go", suffices completely to become significant and select: in two, three generations everything is already internalized. It is decisive for the lot of a people and of mankind that culture be begun in the right place - not in the "soul" (as was the fateful superstition of priests and half-priests): the right place is the body, gesture, diet, physiology, the rest follows from

that... That is why the Greeks remain the first cultural event of history - they knew, they did, what was needful; Christianity, which despised the body, has so far been the greatest misfortune of mankind. -

48.

Progress in my sense. - I too speak of a "return to nature", although it is really not a going back but a coming up - up into lofty, free, even terrible nature and naturalness, such as plays, may play, with great tasks .. To put it in a parable: Napoleon was a piece of "return to nature" as I understand it (for example in rebus tacticis, still more, as military men know, in matters of strategy). - But Rousseau - where did he actually want to go back to? Rousseau, this first modern man, idealist and canaille in one person; who needed moral "dignity" in order to endure the sight of himself; sick with unbridled vanity and unbridled self-contempt. This monstrosity too, which has encamped itself on the threshold of the new age, wanted a "return to nature" - where, to ask once more, did Rousseau want to go back to? - I hate Rousseau even in the Revolution: it is the world-historical expression of this doubleness of idealist and canaille. The bloody farce with which this Revolution played itself out, its "immorality", concerns me little: what I hate is its Rousseauian morality - the so-called "truths" of the Revolution, through which it still has its effect and persuades everything shallow and mediocre over to its side. The doctrine of equality!... But there is no more poisonous poison: for it seems to be preached by justice itself, whereas it is the end of justice... "Equal to the equal, unequal to the unequal - that would be the true speech of justice: and, what follows from it, never make the unequal equal." - That things went so horribly and bloodily around that doctrine of equality has lent this "modern idea" par excellence a kind of glory and fiery glow, so that the Revolution as a spectacle has seduced even the

noblest spirits. That is, in the end, no reason to respect it more. - I see only one who felt it as it must be felt, with disgust - Goethe...

49.

Goethe - not a German event but a European one: a magnificent attempt to overcome the eighteenth century through a return to nature, through a coming up to the naturalness of the Renaissance, a kind of self-overcoming on the part of that century. - He bore its strongest instincts within himself: sentimentality, nature-idolatry, the anti-historical, the idealistic, the unreal and revolutionary (- the latter is only a form of the unreal). He called to his aid history, natural science, antiquity, likewise Spinoza, above all practical activity; he surrounded himself with nothing but closed horizons; he did not detach himself from life, he placed himself in the midst of it; he was not faint-hearted and took as much as possible upon himself, above himself, into himself. What he wanted was totality; he fought against the sundering of reason, sensuality, feeling, will (- preached in the most repellent scholasticism by Kant, Goethe's antipode), he disciplined himself to wholeness, he created himself... Goethe was, in the midst of an age of unreal disposition, a convinced realist: he said Yes to everything that was akin to him in this respect, - he had no greater experience than that ens realissimum called Napoleon. Goethe conceived a strong, highly cultivated human being, skilled in all bodily things, holding himself in check, reverent towards himself, who may dare to allow himself the whole range and wealth of naturalness, who is strong enough for this freedom; the man of tolerance, not out of weakness but out of strength, because he knows how to turn to his own advantage even that from which the average nature would perish; the man for whom there is nothing forbidden any longer, except weakness, whether it be called vice or virtue... Such a spirit, become free, stands in the midst of the universe with a joyful and trusting

fatalism, in the faith that only the individual is reprehensible, that in the whole everything is redeemed and affirmed - he no longer negates... But such a faith is the highest of all possible faiths: I have baptized it with the name of Dionysus. -

50.

One could say that in a certain sense the nineteenth century also strove for all that Goethe strove for as a person: a universality in understanding, in approving, a letting-come-close of everything whatsoever, an audacious realism, a reverence for everything factual. How is it that the total result is not a Goethe but a chaos, a nihilistic sighing, a not-knowing-which-way-to-turn, an instinct of weariness which in praxi continually drives one to reach back to the eighteenth century? (- for example as romanticism of feeling, as altruism and hyper-sentimentality, as feminism in taste, as socialism in politics.) Is not the nineteenth century, especially at its close, merely an intensified, coarsened eighteenth century, that is to say a century of décadence? So that Goethe would have been, not merely for Germany but for all of Europe, merely an incident, a beautiful in-vain? - But one misunderstands great human beings if one regards them from the wretched perspective of public utility. That one does not know how to draw any use from them - that itself perhaps belongs to greatness...

51.

Goethe is the last German before whom I feel reverence: he would have felt three things that I feel, - we also understand each other about the "cross"... I am often asked why on earth I write in German: nowhere am I read worse than in the fatherland. But who knows, after all, whether I even wish to be read today? - To create things on which time tries its teeth in vain; in form, in substance, to strive for a little immortality - I have never yet been modest enough to demand less of

myself. The aphorism, the maxim, in which I am the first master among Germans, are the forms of "eternity"; my ambition is to say in ten sentences what everyone else says in a book, - what everyone else does not say in a book...

I have given mankind the deepest book it possesses, my Zarathustra: shortly I shall give it the most independent. -

What I Owe to the Ancients.

1.

In conclusion, a word about that world to which I have sought ways of access, to which I have perhaps found a new access — the ancient world. My taste, which may be the opposite of a tolerant taste, is here too far from saying Yes wholesale: it does not like to say Yes at all, would rather say No, and likes best of all to say nothing whatever... That holds of whole cultures, it holds of books — it holds also of places and landscapes. At bottom it is a very small number of ancient books that count in my life; the most famous are not among them. My sense for style, for the epigram as style, awoke almost instantly upon contact with Sallust. I have not forgotten the astonishment of my revered teacher Corssen when he had to give his worst Latin pupil the very highest mark — I was done with it at a single stroke. Compressed, severe, with as much substance as possible at the bottom, a cold malice toward the "beautiful word," toward the "beautiful feeling" as well — in this I divined myself. One will recognize in me, right up into my Zarathustra, a very serious ambition for Roman style, for the "aere perennius" in style. — It went no differently with me at my first contact with Horace. To this day no poet has given me the same artistic rapture that a Horatian ode gave me from the very beginning. In certain languages what is achieved here cannot even be willed. This mosaic of words, in which every word, as sound, as place, as concept, pours out its force to the right and to the left and over the whole, this minimum in the extent and number of signs, this maximum thereby attained in the energy of the signs — all this is Roman and, if one will believe me, noble par excellence. All the rest of poetry becomes, by

comparison, something too popular — a mere garrulousness of feeling...

2.

To the Greeks I owe no impressions of anything like comparable strength; and, to say it straight out, they cannot be to us what the Romans are. One does not learn from the Greeks — their manner is too foreign, it is also too fluid, to have an imperative, a "classical" effect. Who would ever have learned to write from a Greek! Who would ever have learned it without the Romans!... Let no one object Plato to me. In relation to Plato I am a thorough sceptic, and have always been incapable of joining in the admiration of Plato the artist that is customary among scholars. In the end I have here the most refined judges of taste among the ancients themselves on my side. Plato, it seems to me, throws all the forms of style into confusion; he is thereby a first décadent of style: he has something similar on his conscience to the Cynics, who invented the satura Menippea. That the Platonic dialogue, this horribly self-satisfied and childish kind of dialectics, could work as a charm — for that one must never have read good Frenchmen — Fontenelle, for example. Plato is boring. — In the end my mistrust of Plato goes deep: I find him so strayed from all the fundamental instincts of the Hellenes, so moralized, so pre-existently Christian — he already has the concept "good" as the highest concept — that for the whole phenomenon of Plato I would rather use the harsh phrase "higher swindle," or, if one prefers to hear it, idealism — than any other. Dearly has it been paid for that this Athenian went to school with the Egyptians (— or with the Jews in Egypt?...). In the great fatality of Christianity, Plato is that ambiguity and fascination called the "ideal" which made it possible for the nobler natures of antiquity to misunderstand themselves and to step onto the bridge that led to the "Cross"... And how much Plato there still is in the

concept "Church," in the structure, system, practice of the Church! — My recreation, my preference, my cure from all Platonism has at all times been Thucydides. Thucydides and, perhaps, Machiavelli's principe are most closely related to me myself by the unconditional will to deceive oneself about nothing and to see reason in reality — not in "reason," still less in "morality"... From the pitiful glossing of the Greeks into the ideal, which the "classically educated" youth carries off into life as the reward for his grammar-school drilling, nothing cures so thoroughly as Thucydides. One must turn him over line by line and read his hidden thoughts as clearly as his words: there are few thinkers so rich in hidden thoughts. In him the culture of the Sophists, that is to say the culture of the realists, attains its perfect expression: this inestimable movement in the midst of the moral and ideal swindle of the Socratic schools that was just then breaking out everywhere. Greek philosophy as the décadence of the Greek instinct; Thucydides as the great sum, the last revelation of that strong, severe, hard matter-of-factness which lay in the instinct of the older Hellene. Courage in the face of reality is in the end what distinguishes such natures as Thucydides and Plato: Plato is a coward in the face of reality — consequently he flees into the ideal; Thucydides has himself under control, consequently he also keeps things under control...

3.

To sniff out "beautiful souls," "golden means" and other perfections in the Greeks, to admire in them, say, their calm in greatness, their ideal disposition, their noble simplicity — from this "noble simplicity," a niaiserie allemande when all is said and done, I was protected by the psychologist I carried within me. I saw their strongest instinct, the will to power, I saw them tremble before the untamable force of this drive — I saw all their institutions grow out of protective measures, in order to make themselves safe from one another against their inner

explosive material. The tremendous tension within then discharged itself in terrible and ruthless hostility toward the outside: the city-states tore one another to pieces so that the citizens of each one might find peace from themselves. It was necessary to be strong: danger was close at hand — it lurked everywhere. The magnificently supple physicality, the daring realism and immoralism that belongs to the Hellene, was a necessity, not a "nature." It came only afterward; it was not there from the beginning. And with festivals and arts too, one wanted nothing other than to feel on top, to show oneself on top: they are means of glorifying oneself, under certain circumstances of making oneself feared... To judge the Greeks in the German manner by their philosophers, to use, say, the Philistine respectability of the Socratic schools for disclosures about what is fundamentally Hellenic!... The philosophers are, after all, the décadents of Hellenism, the counter-movement against the old, the noble taste (— against the agonal instinct, against the polis, against the value of race, against the authority of tradition). The Socratic virtues were preached because the Greeks had lost them: irritable, fearful, inconstant, comedians every one of them, they had a few reasons too many to let morality be preached to them. Not that it would have helped at all: but big words and attitudes suit décadents so well...

4.

I was the first who, for the understanding of the older Hellenic instinct, still rich and even overflowing, took seriously that wonderful phenomenon which bears the name of Dionysus: it is explicable solely in terms of an excess of strength. Whoever pursues the Greeks, like that most profound connoisseur of their culture now living, like Jakob Burckhardt in Basel, knew at once that something had thereby been achieved: Burckhardt inserted into his "Culture of the Greeks" a special section on the phenomenon in question. If one wants the oppos-

ite, one need only look at the almost cheering poverty of instinct of the German philologists whenever they come near the Dionysian. The famous Lobeck above all, who crawled into this world of mysterious states with the venerable assurance of a worm dried out between books, and persuaded himself that he was being scientific when he was frivolous and childish to the point of nausea, - Lobeck, with every display of erudition, gave us to understand that there was really nothing to all these curiosities. In fact, the priests may well have imparted to the participants in such orgies a few things not without value, for instance, that wine excites desire, that man in certain circumstances lives on fruits, that plants bloom in spring and wither in autumn. As regards that so disconcerting wealth of rites, symbols and myths of orgiastic origin with which the ancient world is quite literally overgrown, Lobeck finds in it an occasion to become yet one degree more witty. "The Greeks," he says, Aglaophamus I, 672, "when they had nothing else to do, laughed, leapt, raved about, or, since man sometimes has a desire for that too, they sat down, wept and lamented. Others then came along later and sought after all some reason for this striking behaviour; and thus, to explain those customs, there arose those countless festival legends and myths. On the other hand, it was believed that those droll goings-on which happened to take place on the feast days belonged necessarily to the festival celebration as well, and they were retained as an indispensable part of divine worship." - This is contemptible chatter; no one will take a Lobeck seriously for a moment. We are touched quite otherwise when we examine the concept "Greek" which Winckelmann and Goethe formed for themselves, and find it incompatible with that element out of which Dionysian art grows, - with orgiasm. I do not in fact doubt that Goethe would have excluded something of the kind on principle from the possibilities of the Greek soul. Consequently Goethe did not understand the Greeks. For it is only in the Dionysian mysteries, in the psychology of the Dionysian state, that the fundamental fact of the

Hellenic instinct expresses itself - its "will to life". What did the Hellene guarantee himself with these mysteries? Eternal life, the eternal return of life; the future promised and consecrated in the past; the triumphant Yes to life beyond death and change; true life as the collective continuation of life through procreation, through the mysteries of sexuality. For the Greeks, therefore, the sexual symbol was the venerable symbol as such, the real profundity within the whole of ancient piety. Every single element in the act of procreation, of pregnancy, of birth awakened the highest and most solemn feelings. In the doctrine of the mysteries pain is pronounced holy: the "pangs of the woman in labour" sanctify pain in general, - all becoming and growing, all that guarantees the future, presupposes pain... In order that there may be the eternal joy of creating, in order that the will to life may eternally affirm itself, there must also eternally be the "agony of the woman in labour"... All this is meant by the word Dionysus: I know of no higher symbolism than this Greek symbolism, that of the Dionysia. In it the deepest instinct of life, the instinct for the future of life, for the eternity of life, is felt religiously, - the very way to life, procreation, as the holy way... It was only Christianity, with its ressentiment against life at bottom, that made something unclean of sexuality: it threw filth upon the beginning, upon the precondition of our life...

5.

The psychology of orgiasm as an overflowing feeling of life and strength, within which even pain still acts as a stimulus, gave me the key to the concept of the tragic feeling, which has been misunderstood both by Aristotle and, in particular, by our pessimists. Tragedy is so far from proving anything about the pessimism of the Hellenes in Schopenhauer's sense that it must rather be regarded as its decisive repudiation and counter-instance. Saying Yes to life even in its

strangest and hardest problems; the will to life, rejoicing in its own inexhaustibility through the sacrifice of its highest types - that is what I called Dionysian, that is what I divined as the bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. Not in order to be rid of terror and pity, not in order to purge oneself of a dangerous affect through its vehement discharge - so Aristotle understood it -: but in order, beyond terror and pity, to be oneself the eternal joy of becoming, - that joy which also includes within itself the joy in destroying... And with this I touch again the place from which I once set out - "The Birth of Tragedy" was my first revaluation of all values: with this I set myself back again upon the soil out of which my willing, my ability grows - I, the last disciple of the philosopher Dionysus, - I, the teacher of the eternal recurrence...

The Hammer Speaks.

Thus Spoke Zarathustra - 3, 90.

"Why so hard! - said the kitchen coal once to the diamond: are we not, then, close kin?"

Why so soft? Oh my brothers, thus do I ask you: are you not, then - my brothers?

Why so soft, so yielding and giving way? Why is there so much denial, so much self-denial in your hearts? so little destiny in your gaze?

And if you will not be destinies and inexorable ones: how could you one day - conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not flash and cut and cut to pieces: how could you one day - create with me?

For all creators are hard. And it must seem bliss to you to press your hand upon millennia as upon wax, -

- bliss to write upon the will of millennia as upon bronze, - harder than bronze, nobler than bronze. Only the wholly hard is the noblest of all.

This new tablet, oh my brothers, I set over you: become hard! - -

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