Beyond Good and Evil

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

1844–1900

Beyond Good and Evil

Jenseits von Gut und Böse

Translated from the German with AI (Claude) and edited



FORAGE
forage.com

Beyond Good and Evil · Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900)

Translated from the German with AI (Claude) and edited. Reading edition, Forage, October 2026. forage.com/nietzsche/beyond-good-and-evil

German text: the Digital Critical Edition (eKGWB) at Nietzsche Source (www.nietzsche-source.org/#eKGWB/JGB), based on the Colli–Montinari edition of the 1886 first edition. English: translated from the German with AI (Claude), then edited for accuracy and consistency. Not reviewed by a human specialist. Free to reuse under CC BY-SA 4.0. The small numbers set in the text are Nietzsche's section numbers. Where the original uses a term now considered offensive, a neutral term is shown in brackets instead.

The original text is in the public domain. This translation is free to share and adapt under the Creative Commons Attribution-ShareAlike 4.0 International license (CC BY-SA 4.0): creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/4.0

Set in Source Serif 4.

CONTENTS

Introduction vii

Preface 1

Part 1: On the prejudices of philosophers 5

Against "immediate certainties" 18

Part 2: The free spirit 27

The philosophers of the future 42

Part 3: The religious nature 47

Religion as a tool of the philosopher 59

Part 4: Epigrams and interludes 63

Part 5: On the natural history of morals 73

Part 6: We scholars 93

Philosophical laborers and true philosophers 107

Part 7: Our virtues 113

On woman 129

Part 8: Peoples and fatherlands 137

The Germans 141

The English and the French 151

Part 9: What is noble? 161

The instinct for rank 171

What is noble? 183

From High Mountains: Aftersong 191

INTRODUCTION

Beyond Good and Evil (1886) is Nietzsche's attempt to sum up his philosophy, subtitled "Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future." In 296 numbered sections, some a single sentence, some several pages, he attacks the prejudices of philosophers, the dogmas of religion and the morality of his time.

Its targets are the "will to truth" and the belief that our values are timeless. Against them Nietzsche sets the will to power, the distinction between master and slave morality, and the figure of the free spirit who can think beyond good and evil. It is funny, cruel, brilliant and deliberately provocative.

Each of its nine parts is on its own page, followed by the closing poem.

Preface

Vorrede
Nietzsche mocks dogmatic philosophy, Plato's pure spirit, and Christianity as Platonism for the people.

Pref. Supposing that truth is a woman —, what then? Is there not good reason to suspect that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, have understood women poorly? That the gruesome seriousness, the clumsy importunity with which they have been accustomed to approach truth until now were awkward and unseemly means for winning over a woman, of all people? What is certain is that she has not let herself be won:— and every kind of dogmatism today stands there dejected and disheartened. *If* it is still standing at all! For there are mockers who claim that it has fallen, that all dogmatism lies on the ground—more than that, that all dogmatism is breathing its last. Seriously speaking, there are good grounds for hoping that all dogmatizing in philosophy, however solemn, however final and definitive its airs, may have been nothing more than a noble childishness and amateurism; and the time is perhaps very near when people will grasp again and again *what* has actually been enough to lay the cornerstone for those sublime and unconditional philosophers' edifices the dogmatists have built until now,—some popular superstition from time immemorial (like the superstition of the soul, which, as the superstition of the subject and the ego, has not stopped making mischief even today), some play on words perhaps, a seduction on the part of grammar, or a reckless generalization from very narrow, very

personal, very human, all-too-human facts.[1] The philosophy of the dogmatists was, let us hope, only a promise across millennia: as astrology was in still earlier times—astrology, in whose service perhaps more labor, money, ingenuity and patience have been spent than on any real science so far:—to it and its "supra-terrestrial" claims we owe the grand style of architecture in Asia and Egypt. It seems that all great things, in order to inscribe themselves in the heart of humanity with eternal demands, must first roam the earth as monstrous and terrifying grotesques: dogmatic philosophy was such a grotesque—the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, for example, and Platonism in Europe.[2] Let us not be ungrateful to it, even though it must certainly be conceded that the worst, most tenacious and most dangerous of all errors so far has been a dogmatist's error: namely, Plato's invention of pure spirit and of the good in itself. But now that it has been overcome, now that Europe breathes freely again after this nightmare and may at least enjoy a healthier—sleep, we, *whose task is wakefulness itself*, are the heirs of all the strength that the struggle against this error has bred.[3] Admittedly, to speak of spirit and the good as Plato did meant standing truth on its head and denying *the perspectival*, the basic condition of all life, itself; indeed, one may ask, as a physician: "Where does such a disease in the loveliest growth of antiquity, in Plato, come from? Did the wicked Socrates corrupt him after all? Was Socrates the corrupter of youth after all? and did he deserve his hemlock?"—But the struggle against Plato, or, to put it more intelligibly and for "the people," the struggle against the Christian-ecclesiastical pressure of millennia—for Christianity is Platonism for "the people"—has created in Europe a magnificent tension of the spirit such as the earth has never known before: with a bow so taut one can now shoot at the most distant

1 "Human, all-too-human" echoes the title of Nietzsche's own book *Human, All Too Human* (1878).

2 Vedanta: the school of Hindu philosophy grounded in the Upanishads, teaching that the individual self is one with ultimate reality.

3 Plato (c. 428–348 BC), Athenian philosopher and pupil of Socrates, taught that the Forms, above all the Good, exist in themselves beyond the world of the senses.

targets.[4] Of course, the European experiences this tension as a state of distress; and twice already there have been attempts in the grand style to unbend the bow, once through Jesuitism, the second time through the democratic Enlightenment:—which, with the help of freedom of the press and newspaper reading, might indeed succeed in making the spirit no longer experience itself so easily as "distress"! (The Germans invented gunpowder —all due respect! but they evened the score—they invented the press.) But we, who are neither Jesuits nor democrats, nor even German enough, we *good Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits— we still have it, the whole distress of the spirit and the whole tension of its bow! And perhaps the arrow as well, the task, and, who knows? the *target*.....

Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine / June 1885.[5]

4 Socrates was condemned in Athens in 399 BC for corrupting the youth and executed by a draught of hemlock.

5 Sils-Maria: a village in the Swiss Alps where Nietzsche spent most summers from 1881 to 1888.

Part 1: On the prejudices of philosophers

Erstes Hauptstück: Von den Vorurtheilen der Philosophen
Nietzsche questions the will to truth and exposes the hidden drives and prejudices behind philosophical systems.

---

[1] The will to truth, which will yet tempt us into many a venture, that famous truthfulness of which all philosophers so far have spoken with reverence: what questions this will to truth has already put to us! What strange, wicked, questionable questions! That is already a long story,—and yet it seems as if it has barely begun? Is it any wonder if we finally grow suspicious, lose patience, turn around impatiently? If *we*, for our part, learn from this Sphinx to ask questions too? *Who* is it, really, that is asking us questions here? *What* in us really wants "truth"? — Indeed, we stopped for a long time before the question of the cause of this will,—until at last we came to a complete standstill before an even more fundamental question. We asked about the *value* of this will. Suppose we want truth: *why not rather* untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance?—The problem of the value of truth came and stood before us,—or was it we who came and stood before the problem? Which of us is Oedipus here? Which the Sphinx? It is a rendezvous, so it seems, of questions and question marks.—And would you believe it: in the end it almost seems to us as if the problem had never been posed until now,—as if we were the first to see it, to fix our eyes on it, to *dare* it?[1] For there is a risk in it, and perhaps there is none greater.

[2] "How *could* anything arise from its opposite? Truth from error, for example? Or the will to truth from the will to decep-

tion? Or the selfless act from self-interest? Or the pure, sunlike contemplation of the sage from covetousness? Such an origin is impossible; whoever dreams of it is a fool, or worse; the things of highest value must have another origin, *their own*,—they cannot be derived from this transitory, seductive, deceptive, paltry world, from this tangle of delusion and desire! Rather, in the womb of Being, in the imperishable, in the hidden god, in the 'thing in itself'—*there* their ground must lie, and nowhere else!"—This way of judging constitutes the typical prejudice by which the metaphysicians of all ages can be recognized; this kind of valuation stands in the background of all their logical procedures; out of this "faith" of theirs they strive for their "knowledge," for something that in the end is solemnly christened "the truth." The fundamental faith of the metaphysicians is *the faith in opposite values*. It has not occurred even to the most cautious among them to doubt right here at the threshold, where it was most needed: even when they had vowed to themselves "de omnibus dubitandum" [everything is to be doubted].[2] For one may doubt, first, whether there are any opposites at all, and second, whether those popular valuations and value-oppositions on which the metaphysicians have pressed their seal are not perhaps mere foreground valuations, merely provisional perspectives—perhaps from some corner besides, perhaps from below looking up, frog perspectives, as it were, to borrow an expression familiar to painters? For all the value that may belong to the true, the truthful, the selfless: it could be that a higher and more fundamental value for all life would have to be ascribed to appearance, to the will to deception, to self-interest and to desire. It could even be that *what* constitutes the value of those good and revered things consists precisely in their being insidiously related, bound up, entangled with those wicked, seemingly opposite things—perhaps even identical to them in

1 In Greek myth the Sphinx killed all who failed to answer her riddle, until Oedipus solved it.

2 "Everything is to be doubted" was the motto of the method of René Descartes (1596–1650).

essence. Perhaps!—But who is willing to trouble himself about such dangerous perhapses! For that one must wait for the arrival of a new species of philosophers, ones who have some other, reverse taste and inclination from those so far,—philosophers of the dangerous perhaps in every sense.—And in all seriousness: I see such new philosophers coming up over the horizon.

[3] After reading philosophers between the lines and watching their hands long enough, I say to myself: the greater part of conscious thinking must still be counted among the instinctive activities, and this even in the case of philosophical thinking; one must relearn here, as one has relearned about heredity and the "innate." Just as little as the act of birth matters in the whole process and progression of heredity, just so little is "consciousness" in any decisive sense *opposed* to the instinctive,—most of a philosopher's conscious thinking is secretly guided by his instincts and forced into particular channels. Behind all logic, too, and its apparent sovereignty of movement, there stand valuations, or to put it more plainly, physiological demands for the preservation of a particular kind of life. For example, that the definite is worth more than the indefinite, appearance less than "truth": for all their regulative importance for *us*, such valuations might still be mere foreground valuations, a particular kind of niaiserie [foolishness] such as may be needed precisely for the preservation of beings like us. Supposing, that is, that it is not precisely man who is the "measure of things".....[3]

[4] The falseness of a judgment is not yet, for us, an objection to a judgment; this is perhaps where our new language sounds strangest. The question is to what extent it promotes life, preserves life, preserves the species, perhaps even breeds the species; and we are fundamentally inclined to claim that the falsest judgments (to which the synthetic judgments a priori belong) are the most indispensable to us; that without accepting the fictions of logic, without measuring reality against the purely invented world of the unconditioned and self-identical, without

3 Alludes to the Greek sophist Protagoras (5th century BC): "Man is the measure of all things."

a constant falsification of the world by means of number, human beings could not live,—that renouncing false judgments would mean renouncing life, a negation of life.[4] To admit untruth as a condition of life: that, admittedly, means resisting our accustomed feelings of value in a dangerous way; and a philosophy that dares to do so places itself, by that alone, beyond good and evil.

[5] What provokes us to look at all philosophers half suspiciously, half mockingly, is not that we discover again and again how innocent they are—how often and how easily they blunder and go astray, in short, their childishness and childlikeness—but that they are not honest enough in their dealings: while all of them raise a great and virtuous clamor as soon as the problem of truthfulness is touched even remotely. They all pose as though they had discovered and arrived at their real opinions through the self-development of a cold, pure, divinely unconcerned dialectic (as distinct from mystics of every rank, who are more honest than they are, and more oafish—these talk of "inspiration"—): whereas at bottom a preconceived proposition, a notion, a "sudden intimation," most often a heart's desire that has been made abstract and sifted, is defended by them with reasons sought after the fact:—they are all advocates who do not want to be called that, and indeed mostly even wily spokesmen for their prejudices, which they christen "truths"—and *very* far from the courage of conscience that admits this, precisely this, to itself, very far from the good taste of courage that also lets this be known, whether to warn an enemy or a friend, or out of high spirits and to mock itself. The stiff and prim Tartuffery of old Kant, with which he lures us along the dialectical back roads that lead, or rather mislead, to his "categorical imperative"—this spectacle makes us fastidious ones smile, since we find no small amusement in watching closely the subtle tricks of old moralists and preachers of morals. Or, worse still, that hocus-pocus of

4 Synthetic judgments a priori: the term of Immanuel Kant (1724–1804) for judgments that extend our knowledge yet hold independently of experience, such as those of mathematics.

mathematical form with which Spinoza armored and masked his philosophy—ultimately "the love of *his* wisdom," to interpret the word correctly and fairly—as if in bronze, in order to intimidate from the outset the courage of any assailant who might dare to cast a glance at this invincible maiden and Pallas Athena:—how much personal timidity and vulnerability this masquerade of a reclusive invalid betrays![5]

[6] Gradually it has become clear to me what every great philosophy so far has been: namely, the personal confession of its author and a kind of involuntary and unwitting mémoires [memoir]; and likewise that the moral (or immoral) intentions in every philosophy made up the real germ of life from which the whole plant has grown each time. Indeed, to explain how a philosopher's most far-fetched metaphysical assertions actually came about, one does well (and wisely) always to ask first: what morality is it (is *he* —) aiming at? Accordingly, I do not believe that a "drive to knowledge" is the father of philosophy, but rather that another drive, here as elsewhere, has merely used knowledge (and misknowledge!) as a tool. But whoever looks at the basic drives of human beings to see how far they may have been at play precisely here as *inspiring* genii (or demons and goblins—) will find that they have all done philosophy at some time,—and that each one of them would only too gladly present precisely *itself* as the ultimate purpose of existence and as the rightful *master* of all the other drives. For every drive craves mastery: and as *such* it tries to philosophize. — Of course: with scholars, the truly scientific people, things may be different —"better," if you like —; with them there may really be something like a drive to knowledge, some small independent clockwork that, once well wound up, bravely goes to work *without* the scholar's other drives as a whole being essentially involved. The scholar's real "interests" therefore usually lie somewhere else entirely, perhaps in his family, or in earning money, or in polit-

5 Tartuffe is the pious hypocrite of Molière's comedy (1664). Baruch Spinoza (1632–1677) set out his *Ethics* (1677) in geometric form, with definitions, axioms and proofs.

ics; indeed it is almost a matter of indifference whether his little machine is set up at this spot in science or that, and whether the "promising" young worker makes himself into a good philologist or a mushroom expert or a chemist:—it does not *characterize* him that he becomes this or that. In the philosopher, by contrast, there is absolutely nothing impersonal; and his morality in particular bears decided and decisive witness to *who he is*—that is, to the order of rank in which the innermost drives of his nature stand in relation to one another.

7 How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more venomous than the joke Epicurus allowed himself at the expense of Plato and the Platonists: he called them Dionysiokolakes. Literally, and on the surface, this means "flatterers of Dionysius," that is, a tyrant's hangers-on and bootlickers; but on top of all that it also means "they are all *actors*, there is nothing genuine about them" (for Dionysokolax was a popular name for an actor). And the latter is the real malice that Epicurus fired at Plato: he was irritated by the grand manner, the self-staging that Plato and his pupils were so good at,—which Epicurus was not good at! he, the old schoolmaster from Samos, who sat tucked away in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books—who knows? perhaps out of rage and ambition against Plato?[6] — It took a hundred years for Greece to find out who this garden god Epicurus had been.—Did it find out? —

8 In every philosophy there comes a point where the philosopher's "conviction" steps onto the stage: or, to say it in the language of an old mystery play:

> adventavit asinus
> pulcher et fortissimus. [The ass has arrived,
> handsome and most strong.][7]

9 You want to *live* "according to nature"? Oh you noble Stoics, what a swindle of words! Imagine a being like nature, wasteful

6 Epicurus (341–270 BC) taught in his Garden at Athens. Plato visited the court of the tyrants Dionysius I and II of Syracuse; the name also puns on Dionysus, god of the theater.

beyond measure, indifferent beyond measure, without purposes or consideration, without mercy or justice, fertile and barren and uncertain all at once; imagine indifference itself as a power —how *could* you live according to this indifference? Living—is that not precisely wanting to be other than this nature is? Is living not valuing, preferring, being unjust, being limited, wanting to be different? And supposing your imperative "live according to nature" basically meant as much as "live according to life"—how could you *not* do so? Why make a principle of what you yourselves are and must be?[8] — In truth, it is quite otherwise: while you rapturously pretend to read the canon of your law out of nature, you want something the reverse, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to prescribe your morality, your ideal, to nature—even to nature—and to incorporate them into it; you demand that it be nature "according to the Stoa," and you would like to make all existence exist only in your own image—as a monstrous, eternal glorification and generalization of Stoicism! For all your love of truth, you force yourselves so long, so persistently, so hypnotically rigidly to see nature *falsely*, namely Stoically, that you can no longer see it any other way,—and some abysmal arrogance finally gives you the madman's hope as well that, *because* you know how to tyrannize yourselves —Stoicism is self-tyranny —, nature too will let itself be tyrannized: for is the Stoic not a *piece* of nature?..... But this is an old, eternal story: what happened back then with the Stoics still happens today, as soon as any philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world in its own image; it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most spiritual will to power, to the "creation of the world," to the causa prima [first cause].[9]

10 The zeal and subtlety, I would even say: the cunning, with which people everywhere in Europe today are tackling the prob-

7 From a Latin song of the medieval Feast of the Ass, a burlesque church festival.
8 The Stoics, a Greek and Roman philosophical school founded around 300 BC, taught that the good life is life in agreement with nature.
9 The will to power: Nietzsche's name for the basic drive of all life to grow and extend its strength, a central idea of this book.

lem "of the real and the apparent world" gives one pause and makes one prick up one's ears; and anyone who hears nothing in the background here but a "will to truth" certainly does not have the sharpest ears. In individual and rare cases such a will to truth may really be involved, some extravagant and adventurous courage, a metaphysician's ambition to hold a lost post, which in the end still prefers a handful of "certainty" to a whole cartload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be puritanical fanatics of conscience who would rather lie down to die on a certain nothing than on an uncertain something. But this is nihilism and the sign of a despairing soul, weary unto death: however brave the gestures of such a virtue may appear. With stronger, livelier thinkers who are still thirsty for life, however, things seem to be different: by taking sides *against* appearance and already pronouncing the word "perspectival" with arrogance, by rating the credibility of their own bodies about as low as the credibility of the visual evidence that says "the earth stands still," and thus, in apparent good humor, letting their surest possession slip from their hands (for what does one believe in more surely today than one's body?) — who knows whether at bottom they do not want to win back something that people once possessed even *more* surely, some part of the old estate of the faith of former times, perhaps "the immortal soul," perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas on which one could live better, that is, more vigorously and more cheerfully, than on "modern ideas"? There is *mistrust* of these modern ideas in this, there is disbelief in everything that was built yesterday and today; there is perhaps a slight admixture of weariness and scorn that can no longer stand the bric-à-brac of concepts of the most varied origin that so-called positivism brings to market nowadays; a disgust of the more fastidious taste at the fairground motley and patchwork of all these would-be philosophers of reality, in whom nothing is new and genuine except this motley.[10] In this, it seems to me, one should grant that these skeptical anti-realists and micro-

10 Positivism: the doctrine, associated with Auguste Comte (1798–1857), that genuine knowledge is limited to observable facts and the laws of science.

scopists of knowledge today are right: their instinct, which drives them away from *modern* reality, is unrefuted,—what do their retrograde back roads matter to us! What is essential about them is *not* that they want to go "back": but that they want to get —*away*. A little *more* strength, flight, courage, artistry: and they would want to go *beyond*,—and not back! —

[11] It seems to me that people everywhere are now trying to divert attention from the real influence Kant exerted on German philosophy, and in particular to slip cleverly past the value he granted himself. Kant was proud first and foremost of his table of categories; holding this table in his hands, he said: "This is the most difficult thing that could ever be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics."—Do take note of this "could be"! He was proud of having *discovered* a new faculty in man, the faculty for synthetic judgments a priori. Suppose he deceived himself in this: yet the development and rapid flowering of German philosophy depend on this pride and on the rivalry of all the younger men to discover something even prouder if possible—and in any case "new faculties"!—But let us reflect: it is high time. How are synthetic judgments a priori *possible*? Kant asked himself,—and what did he actually answer? *By virtue of a faculty:* but unfortunately not in three words, rather so laboriously, so venerably and with such an expenditure of German profundity and flourish that people failed to hear the comical niaiserie allemande [German foolishness] lurking in such an answer. People were even beside themselves over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its peak when Kant went on to discover a moral faculty in man as well:—for back then the Germans were still moral, and not yet in the least "realpolitical."—The honeymoon of German philosophy arrived; all the young theologians of the Tübingen seminary promptly went off into the bushes,—all of them searching for "faculties." And what did they not find—in that innocent, rich, still youthful period of the German spirit, into which Romanticism, the malicious fairy, blew and sang, back when people

could not yet tell "finding" from "inventing"![11] Above all, a faculty for the "supersensible": Schelling christened it intellectual intuition and thereby catered to the most heartfelt cravings of his Germans, whose cravings were at bottom pious ones. One can do this whole exuberant and rapturous movement—which was youth, however boldly it disguised itself in gray and senile concepts—no greater injustice than to take it seriously, let alone treat it with moral indignation; enough: people grew older,—the dream faded. A time came when people rubbed their foreheads: they are still rubbing them today. People had been dreaming: first and foremost—old Kant. "By virtue of a faculty"—he had said, or at least meant. But is that—an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather merely a repetition of the question?[12] How does opium make one sleep? "By virtue of a faculty," namely the virtus dormitiva [sleep-inducing power]—answers that physician in Molière,[13]

> quia est in eo virtus dormitiva,
> cujus est natura sensus assoupire. [because there is in it a sleep-inducing power,
> whose nature it is to lull the senses.]

But such answers belong in comedy, and it is finally time to replace the Kantian question "How are synthetic judgments a priori possible?" with another question, "Why is the belief in such judgments *necessary*?"—that is, to grasp that for the purpose of preserving beings of our kind, such judgments must be *believed* to be true; which is why, of course, they could still be *false* judgments! Or, to put it more plainly, and coarsely and thoroughly: synthetic judgments a priori should not "be possible" at all: we have no right to them; in our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Only, of course, the belief in their truth is

11 The Tübingen seminary (Stift), a Protestant college, trained Hegel, Schelling and Hölderlin.

12 Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph Schelling (1775–1854), leading philosopher of German Idealism and Romanticism.

13 In the mock medical examination that ends Molière's *The Imaginary Invalid* (1673).

necessary, as a foreground belief and visual evidence that belongs to the perspectival optics of life. — Finally, to recall the enormous effect that "German philosophy"—I hope people understand its right to quotation marks?—has had throughout Europe, let no one doubt that a certain virtus dormitiva played a part in it: among noble idlers, the virtuous, mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians and political obscurantists of all nations, people were delighted, thanks to German philosophy, to have an antidote to the still overpowering sensualism that had flowed over from the last century into this one, in short —"sensus assoupire" [to lull the senses].....[14]

[12] As for materialistic atomism: it is one of the best-refuted things there are; and perhaps no one among the learned in Europe today is still so unlearned as to attribute serious significance to it, except for convenient everyday use (namely as an abbreviation of our means of expression)—thanks above all to that Pole Boscovich, who, together with the Pole Copernicus, has so far been the greatest and most victorious opponent of visual evidence. For while Copernicus persuaded us to believe, against all the senses, that the earth does *not* stand fast, Boscovich taught us to renounce belief in the last thing on earth that "stood fast," belief in "substance," in "matter," in the atom as a remnant of earth, a little lump: it was the greatest triumph over the senses ever achieved on earth so far.[15] — But one must go still further and declare war—a merciless war to the knife—on the "atomistic need" as well, which, like that more famous "metaphysical need," still leads a dangerous afterlife in areas where no one suspects it:—first of all one must also finish off that other and more fateful atomism which Christianity has taught best and longest, *soul atomism*. Let this word be allowed to designate that belief which takes the soul as something indestructible, eternal, indivisible, as a monad, as an atomon [some-

14 Sensualism: the doctrine, prominent in 18th-century French philosophy, that all knowledge derives from sensation.

15 Ruđer Bošković (1711–1787), Jesuit physicist from Dubrovnik (not in fact Polish), who replaced solid atoms with point-centers of force.

thing uncuttable]: *this* belief must be thrown out of science![16] Between ourselves, it is not at all necessary to get rid of "the soul" itself in the process and renounce one of the oldest and most venerable hypotheses: as tends to happen to clumsy naturalists, who lose "the soul" as soon as they touch it. But the way is open to new versions and refinements of the soul hypothesis: and concepts like "mortal soul" and "soul as a multiplicity of subjects" and "soul as a social structure of the drives and affects" want the rights of citizenship in science from now on. By putting an end to the superstition that has so far proliferated around the idea of the soul with almost tropical luxuriance, the *new* psychologist has, of course, thrust himself out into a new wasteland, as it were, and a new mistrust—it may be that the older psychologists had an easier and merrier time of it —: but in the end he knows that precisely by doing so he is also condemned to *invent*—and, who knows? perhaps to *find*. —

[13] Physiologists should think twice before positing the drive to self-preservation as the cardinal drive of an organic being. Above all, a living thing wants to *discharge* its strength—life itself is will to power —: self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent *consequences* of this.—In short, here as everywhere, beware of *superfluous* teleological principles!—such as the drive to self-preservation is (we owe it to Spinoza's inconsistency—). For this is what method demands, which must essentially be economy of principles.

[14] It is dawning on perhaps five or six minds now that physics too is only an interpretation and arrangement of the world (to suit us! if I may say so) and *not* an explanation of the world: but insofar as it rests on belief in the senses, it counts as more, and for a long time to come must still count as more, namely as explanation. It has eyes and fingers on its side, it has visual evidence and palpability on its side: on an age with fundamentally plebeian tastes, this has an enchanting, persuasive, *convincing* effect,—after all, it instinctively follows the canon of truth of

16 The "metaphysical need" is a phrase of Arthur Schopenhauer (1788–1860) for humanity's innate craving for metaphysics.

eternally popular sensualism. What is clear, what "explains"? Only what can be seen and touched,—every problem must be pursued that far. Conversely: the magic of the Platonic way of thinking, which was a *noble* way of thinking, lay precisely in resistance *to* the evidence of the senses,—perhaps among people who even enjoyed stronger and more demanding senses than our contemporaries have, but who knew how to find a higher triumph in remaining master of these senses: and this by means of pale, cold, gray nets of concepts that they threw over the colorful whirl of the senses—the rabble of the senses, as Plato said. There was a different kind of *enjoyment* in this overpowering and interpreting of the world after Plato's manner than the one offered us by today's physicists, and likewise by the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the workers in physiology, with their principle of the "least possible force" and the greatest possible stupidity. "Where man has nothing more to see and grasp, he has nothing more to look for"—that is certainly a different imperative from the Platonic one, but it may be just the right imperative for a tough, hard-working generation of machinists and bridge-builders of the future, who have nothing but *crude* work to get done.

[15] To practice physiology with a good conscience, one must insist that the sense organs are *not* appearances in the sense of idealist philosophy: as such they could not be causes, after all! Sensualism, then, at least as a regulative hypothesis, not to say as a heuristic principle.—What? and others even say the external world is the work of our organs? But then our body, as a piece of this external world, would be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would be—the work of our organs! This, it seems to me, is a thorough reductio ad absurdum [reduction to absurdity]: supposing that the concept causa sui [cause of itself] is something thoroughly absurd. Consequently the external world is *not* the work of our organs —?

AGAINST "IMMEDIATE CERTAINTIES"

Nietzsche attacks "immediate certainties" like "I think," free will, and causality, and proposes the will to power.

16 There are still harmless self-observers who believe that there are "immediate certainties," for example "I think," or, as was Schopenhauer's superstition, "I will": as if knowing here got hold of its object purely and nakedly, as "thing in itself," and no falsification took place either on the side of the subject or on the side of the object. But I will repeat a hundred times that "immediate certainty," like "absolute knowledge" and "thing in itself," contains a contradictio in adjecto [contradiction in terms]: people really ought to free themselves from the seduction of words at last![17] The common people may believe that knowing is knowing all the way to the end; the philosopher must say to himself: "If I break down the process expressed in the sentence 'I think,' I get a series of bold assertions that are difficult, perhaps impossible, to justify—for example, that it is *I* who think, that there must be something at all that thinks, that thinking is an activity and effect on the part of a being that is conceived as a cause, that there is an 'I,' and finally that it is already settled what is to be designated as thinking,—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not already made up my mind about this, by what standard could I judge that what is happening right now is not perhaps 'willing' or 'feeling'?[18] In short, that "I think" presupposes that I *compare* my momentary state with other states of mine that I know, in order to establish what it is. Because of this reference back to other "knowledge," it has, for me at any rate, no immediate "certainty."—In place of the "immediate certainty" in which the people may believe in this case, the philosopher is thus handed a series of metaphysical questions, genuine ques-

17 "I think" alludes to Descartes's "I think, therefore I am"; for Schopenhauer the will is known directly from within as the essence of the world.

18 A German pun: Erkennen ("knowing") heard as zu Ende kennen ("knowing to the end").

tions of conscience for the intellect, which run: "Where do I get the concept of thinking? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an I, and even of an I as cause, and finally of an I as the cause of thoughts?" Whoever ventures to answer these metaphysical questions straight away by appealing to a sort of *intuition* of knowledge, as does the man who says, "I think, and know that this at least is true, real, certain"—he will find a philosopher today ready with a smile and two question marks. "My dear sir," the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, "it is improbable that you are not mistaken; but why insist on truth at all?" —

17 As for the superstition of the logicians: I will never tire of underlining, again and again, one small, terse fact that these superstitious people are loath to admit—namely, that a thought comes when "it" wants, and not when "I" want; so that it is a *falsification* of the facts to say that the subject "I" is the condition of the predicate "think." It thinks: but that this "it" is precisely that famous old "I" is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, an assertion, and above all no "immediate certainty." In the end, even this "it thinks" goes too far: even this "it" contains an *interpretation* of the process and does not belong to the process itself. Here one reasons according to grammatical habit: "Thinking is an activity; every activity requires someone who is active; consequently —." Following roughly the same scheme, the older atomism looked, behind the "force" that acts, for that little lump of matter in which it resides and out of which it acts—the atom. More rigorous minds finally learned to get along without this "earthly residue," and perhaps someday people will grow used to getting along without that little "it" as well, even among the logicians (the "it" into which the honest old I has evaporated).[19]

18 It is certainly not the least charm of a theory that it can be refuted: that is precisely how it attracts subtler minds. It seems that the hundred-times-refuted theory of "free will" owes its sur-

19 "Earthly residue" (Erdenrest) echoes a line near the end of Goethe's Faust, Part Two.

vival to this charm alone —: again and again someone comes along who feels strong enough to refute it.

[19] Philosophers are in the habit of speaking of the will as if it were the best-known thing in the world; indeed, Schopenhauer gave us to understand that the will alone is truly known to us, known completely and entirely, known without subtraction or addition. But it strikes me again and again that in this case, too, Schopenhauer only did what philosophers usually do: he took over a *popular prejudice* and exaggerated it. Willing seems to me above all something *complicated*, something that is a unity only as a word—and it is precisely in this one word that the popular prejudice lurks, which has got the better of the philosophers' caution, never very great at the best of times. So let us for once be more cautious, let us be "unphilosophical"—let us say: in every act of willing there is, first, a plurality of feelings, namely the feeling of the state *away from* which, the feeling of the state *toward* which, the feeling of this "away" and "toward" themselves, and then an accompanying muscular feeling, which, even without our setting "arms and legs" in motion, starts to play through a kind of habit as soon as we "will." Just as feeling, and indeed many kinds of feeling, must be recognized as an ingredient of the will, so, secondly, must thinking: in every act of will there is a commanding thought—and let no one believe that this thought can be separated from the "willing," as if there would then still be some will left over! Thirdly, the will is not merely a complex of feeling and thinking, but above all an *affect*: specifically, the affect of command. What is called "freedom of the will" is essentially the affect of superiority with respect to the one who must obey: "I am free, 'he' must obey"—this consciousness is present in every will, and so is that tension of attention, that straight gaze that fixes on one thing alone, that unconditional valuation "now this and nothing else is needed," that inner certainty that obedience will follow, and whatever else belongs to the state of one who commands. A person who *wills*—commands something within himself that obeys, or that he believes obeys. But now notice what is the strangest thing

about the will—about this so manifold thing for which the people have only one word. Insofar as, in the given case, we are at the same time those who command *and* those who obey, and as those who obey know the feelings of compulsion, urging, pressure, resistance and motion that usually begin immediately after the act of will; and insofar as, on the other hand, we are in the habit of disregarding this duality, of deceiving ourselves about it, by means of the synthetic concept "I"—a whole chain of erroneous conclusions, and consequently of false valuations of the will itself, has attached itself to willing, so that the one who wills believes in good faith that willing *suffices* for action. Since in the vast majority of cases there has been willing only where the effect of the command—that is, obedience, that is, the action—could also be *expected*, the *appearance* has translated itself into the feeling that there is a *necessity of effect* here. In short, the one who wills believes with a fair degree of certainty that will and action are somehow one—he credits the success, the carrying out of the willing, to the will itself, and in doing so enjoys an increase of that feeling of power which all success brings with it. "Freedom of the will"—that is the word for that manifold state of pleasure of the one who wills, who commands and at the same time identifies himself with the one who carries out the command—who as such shares in the enjoyment of the triumph over resistance, but judges to himself that it was his will itself that really overcame the resistance. In this way the one who wills adds the feelings of pleasure of the executing, successful instruments—the serviceable "under-wills" or under-souls (for our body is nothing but a social structure of many souls)—to his feeling of pleasure as the one who commands. L'effet c'est moi [I am the effect]: what happens here is what happens in every well-built and happy commonwealth, namely that the ruling class identifies itself with the successes of the commonwealth.[20] All willing is simply a matter of commanding and obeying, on the basis, as I said, of a social structure of many "souls." This is why a philosopher should claim the right to regard willing as

20 A play on "L'état c'est moi" ("I am the state"), a saying attributed to Louis XIV.

such within the sphere of morality: morality, that is, understood as the doctrine of the relations of domination under which the phenomenon "life" arises. —

[20] That the individual philosophical concepts are nothing arbitrary, nothing that grows up on its own, but grow up in relation and kinship with one another; that, however suddenly and arbitrarily they seem to emerge in the history of thought, they nonetheless belong to a system just as much as all the members of the fauna of a continent do—this is finally betrayed by how unfailingly the most diverse philosophers fill in again and again a certain basic scheme of *possible* philosophies. Under an invisible spell, they run the same orbit once more, time after time. However independent of one another they may feel, with their critical or systematic will, something in them leads them, something drives them one after another in a definite order: precisely that innate systematic structure and kinship of concepts. Their thinking is in fact far less a discovering than a recognizing, a remembering, a return and homecoming to a remote, primordial, all-embracing household of the soul, out of which those concepts once grew:—to that extent, philosophizing is a kind of atavism of the highest order. The strange family resemblance of all Indian, Greek and German philosophizing is easy enough to explain. Precisely where there is a kinship of languages, it cannot be avoided that, thanks to the common philosophy of grammar—I mean thanks to the unconscious domination and guidance of the same grammatical functions—everything lies prepared from the outset for a similar development and sequence of philosophical systems; just as the path to certain other possibilities of interpreting the world seems, as it were, blocked off. Philosophers from the Ural-Altaic language area (where the concept of the subject is least developed) will in all probability look "into the world" differently and be found on other paths than Indo-Europeans or Muslims. The spell of certain grammatical functions is, in the last analysis, the spell of *physiological* value judgments and racial conditions.—So much

by way of rejecting Locke's superficiality regarding the origin of ideas.[21]

[21] The causa sui [cause of itself] is the best self-contradiction that has yet been devised, a sort of logical rape and perversion; but man's extravagant pride has managed to entangle itself deeply and terribly in precisely this nonsense. For the desire for "freedom of the will," in that superlative metaphysical sense which unfortunately still reigns in the heads of the half-educated—the desire to bear the whole and ultimate responsibility for one's actions oneself, and to relieve God, the world, ancestors, chance and society of it—is nothing less than the desire to be that very causa sui, and, with a more than Münchhausen-like audacity, to pull oneself up into existence by the hair, out of the swamp of nothingness.[22] Suppose someone thus sees through the boorish simplicity of this famous concept "free will" and strikes it from his mind: I then ask him to carry his "enlightenment" one step further and also strike from his mind the reverse of that non-concept "free will": I mean "unfree will," which amounts to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not wrongly *reify* "cause" and "effect," as the natural scientists do (and whoever, like them, naturalizes in his thinking today—), in keeping with the prevailing mechanistic blockheadedness, which has the cause push and shove until it "takes effect." One should use "cause" and "effect" only as pure *concepts*, that is, as conventional fictions for the purpose of designation and communication, *not* of explanation. In the "in-itself" there is nothing of "causal connections," of "necessity," of "psychological unfreedom"; there "the effect" does *not* "follow the cause," there no "law" rules. It is *we* alone who have invented causes, succession, reciprocity, relativity, compulsion, number, law, freedom, ground, purpose; and when we project this world of signs into things and mix it into them as if it existed "in itself," we are

21 John Locke (1632–1704), English philosopher who argued that all ideas derive from experience rather than being innate.

22 Baron Münchhausen, the tall-tale teller of German legend, claimed to have pulled himself and his horse out of a swamp by his own hair.

doing once again what we have always done, namely proceeding *mythologically*. "Unfree will" is mythology: in real life it is only a matter of *strong* and *weak* wills. — It is almost always a symptom of what is lacking in a thinker himself when he already senses something of compulsion, need, having-to-follow, pressure, unfreedom in every "causal connection" and "psychological necessity." It is revealing to feel precisely this way—the person gives himself away. And in general, if I have observed correctly, the "unfreedom of the will" is taken up as a problem from two entirely opposite sides, but always in a profoundly *personal* way. Some will not at any price give up their "responsibility," their faith in *themselves*, their personal claim to *their own* merit (the vain races belong here—); others, on the contrary, want to be responsible for nothing, to blame for nothing, and, out of an inner self-contempt, demand to be able to *shift the burden* of themselves somewhere else. These latter, when they write books, nowadays tend to take up the cause of criminals; a kind of socialist compassion is their most attractive disguise. And indeed, the fatalism of the weak-willed embellishes itself astonishingly when it knows how to present itself as "la religion de la souffrance humaine" [the religion of human suffering]: that is *its* "good taste."

[22] Forgive me, as an old philologist who cannot give up the malicious habit of putting his finger on bad arts of interpretation: but that "conformity of nature to law" of which you physicists speak so proudly, as if—— exists only thanks to your interpretation and bad "philology." It is no matter of fact, no "text," but only a naively humanitarian adjustment and distortion of meaning, with which you accommodate the democratic instincts of the modern soul all too well! "Everywhere equality before the law—nature is no different and no better off in this than we are": a charming ulterior motive, in which, once again, the plebeian hostility toward everything privileged and sovereign lies disguised, as well as a second and subtler atheism. "Ni dieu, ni maître" [Neither God nor master]—that is what you want too; and therefore "long live the law of nature!"—isn't it? But, as I

said, that is interpretation, not text; and someone might come along who, with the opposite intention and art of interpretation, could read out of the same nature, and with regard to the same phenomena, precisely the tyrannically ruthless and relentless enforcement of claims to power—an interpreter who would put before your eyes the absence of exceptions and the unconditional character of all "will to power" so vividly that almost every word, even the word "tyranny," would ultimately seem unusable, or already a weakening and softening metaphor—as too human. And who nonetheless ended by asserting the same thing about this world as you do, namely that it has a "necessary" and "calculable" course—but *not* because laws rule in it, but because laws are absolutely *lacking*, and every power draws its final consequence at every moment.[23] Supposing that this too is only interpretation—and you will be eager enough to make that objection?—well, so much the better. —

[23] All psychology so far has got stuck on moral prejudices and fears: it has not dared to venture into the depths. To grasp it as morphology and *the doctrine of the development of the will to power*, as I grasp it—no one has yet so much as brushed against this even in thought, insofar, that is, as one may recognize in what has been written so far a symptom of what has so far been kept silent. The force of moral prejudices has penetrated deep into the most spiritual world, the world that seems coldest and most free of presuppositions—and, as goes without saying, it has done so harmfully, obstructively, blindingly, distortingly. A proper physio-psychology has to contend with unconscious resistance in the heart of the investigator; it has "the heart" against it. Even a doctrine of the mutual dependence of the "good" and the "wicked" drives causes distress and disgust, as a subtler immorality, to a conscience that is still strong and hearty—still more so a doctrine that all good drives are derivable from the wicked ones. But suppose someone goes so far as to take the affects of hatred, envy, greed and the lust to rule as life-condi-

23 "Neither God nor master" was an anarchist and socialist slogan of the nineteenth century.

tioning affects, as something that must fundamentally and essentially be present in the overall household of life, and must therefore be heightened still further if life is to be heightened further—he suffers from such a direction of his judgment as from seasickness. And yet even this hypothesis is by no means the most painful and strangest in this immense and almost new realm of dangerous insights—and there are indeed a hundred good reasons why everyone who *can* should stay away from it! On the other hand: once one's ship has drifted here, well then! Onward! Grit your teeth! Open your eyes! Keep a firm hand on the helm!—we are sailing straight *over* morality and beyond it; in making our voyage and venturing there we may crush, we may grind to pieces what remains of our own morality—but what do *we* matter! Never yet has a *deeper world* of insight opened up to daring travelers and adventurers. And the psychologist who "makes sacrifices" in this way—it is *not* the sacrifizio dell'intelletto [sacrifice of the intellect], on the contrary!—will at least be entitled to demand in return that psychology be recognized once again as the queen of the sciences, which the other sciences exist to serve and prepare for. For psychology is now once again the path to the fundamental problems.[24]

24 "Sacrifice of the intellect" is a phrase associated with Ignatius of Loyola and Jesuit obedience.

Part 2: The free spirit

Zweites Hauptstück: Der freie Geist
Nietzsche praises independent free spirits, masks and solitude, and announces the philosophers of the future.

[24] O sancta simplicitas! [O holy simplicity!] In what strange simplification and falsification man lives! One can never stop marveling once one has acquired eyes for this marvel! How we have made everything around us bright and free and easy and simple! How we knew how to give our senses a free pass to everything superficial, and our thinking a godlike craving for wanton leaps and false inferences!—how we have managed from the very beginning to preserve our ignorance, in order to enjoy an almost inconceivable freedom, carelessness, heedlessness, boldness, cheerfulness of life—in order to enjoy life![1] And only on this now firm and granite foundation of ignorance could science rise up until now, the will to knowledge on the foundation of a far more powerful will, the will to not-knowing, to the uncertain, to the untrue! Not as its opposite, but—as its refinement! For even if *language*, here as elsewhere, cannot get beyond its clumsiness and keeps speaking of opposites where there are only degrees and many subtle gradations; even if the ingrained Tartuffery of morality, which now belongs to our invincible "flesh and blood," twists the very words in the mouths of us knowers: here and there we grasp it and laugh at how even the best science wants most of all to hold us fast in this *simplified*, thoroughly artificial, suitably invented, suitably falsified world

1 Words traditionally ascribed to Jan Hus at the stake, on seeing a peasant add wood to the fire.

—how, unwillingly willing, it loves error, because it, the living thing—loves life!

25 After so cheerful an opening, a serious word would like not to go unheard: it is addressed to the most serious. Take care, you philosophers and friends of knowledge, and beware of martyrdom! Of suffering "for the sake of truth"! Even of defending yourselves! It spoils all the innocence and fine neutrality of your conscience, it makes you stubborn against objections and red rags, it makes you stupid, brutish and bullish when, in the struggle against danger, slander, suspicion, expulsion and still cruder consequences of hostility, you end up having to pose as defenders of truth on earth:—as if "truth" were so harmless and clumsy a person that she needed defenders! and you of all people, you knights of the most sorrowful countenance, my dear loafers and cobweb-spinners of the spirit! In the end you know well enough that it must not matter whether *you* in particular turn out to be right, and also that no philosopher so far has turned out to be right, and that there may be a more praiseworthy truthfulness in every little question mark you place after your favorite words and pet doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves) than in all your solemn gestures and trump cards before accusers and law courts! Better step aside! Flee into hiding! And have your mask and your subtlety, so that you are mistaken for someone else! Or feared a little! And don't forget the garden, I beg you, the garden with the golden trellis![2] And have people around you who are like a garden—or like music over the waters in the evening, when the day is already becoming a memory:—choose the *good* solitude, the free, wanton, light solitude, which also gives you the right to remain good yourselves in some sense! How poisonous, how cunning, how bad every long war makes us that cannot be waged with open force! How *personal* a long fear makes us, a long watchfulness toward enemies, toward possible enemies! These outcasts of society, these long-persecuted, cruelly hunted ones—also the

2 Don Quixote, in Cervantes' novel, is called "the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance."

compulsory hermits, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos—always end up, even if under the most spiritual masquerade, and perhaps without knowing it themselves, as refined seekers of revenge and poisoners (just dig up the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology!)—not to mention the oafishness of moral indignation, which in a philosopher is the infallible sign that his philosophical sense of humor has run away from him.[3] The martyrdom of the philosopher, his "self-sacrifice for truth," forces into the light whatever of the agitator and the actor was lurking in him; and supposing one has so far watched him only with an artist's curiosity, then with regard to many a philosopher the dangerous wish may well be understandable to see him for once in his degeneration too (degenerated into a "martyr," into a screamer on stage and platform). Only, with such a wish, one must be clear about *what* one will in any case get to see: only a satyr play, only an epilogue farce, only the continued proof that the long, real tragedy *is over*—assuming that every philosophy was a long tragedy in its coming-to-be. —[4]

26 Every select human being instinctively strives for his citadel and his privacy, where he is *delivered* from the crowd, the many, the vast majority; where he may forget the rule "human being," being its exception:—with the one exception that he is driven straight toward this rule by a still stronger instinct, as a knower in the great and exceptional sense. Whoever, in dealing with people, does not occasionally shimmer in all the colors of distress, green and gray with disgust, weariness, sympathy, gloom and loneliness, is certainly not a person of higher taste. But supposing he does not take all this burden and displeasure upon himself voluntarily, supposing he forever avoids it and remains, as I said, quiet and proud, hidden in his citadel—well, then one thing is certain: he is not made, not predestined, for knowledge. For if he were, he would one day have to say to himself, "the devil take my good taste! but the rule is more interest-

3 Spinoza was expelled from Amsterdam's Jewish community in 1656; Giordano Bruno (1548–1600) was burned as a heretic in Rome.

4 In Athenian theater a comic satyr play followed a trilogy of tragedies.

ing than the exception—than I, the exception!"—and he would go *down*, and above all "in." The study of the *average* human being—long, serious, and requiring for this purpose much disguise, self-overcoming, familiarity, bad company (all company is bad company except with one's equals)—this forms a necessary part of the life story of every philosopher, perhaps the most unpleasant, the most malodorous, the part richest in disappointments. But if he is lucky, as befits a favorite child of knowledge, he will meet people who actually shorten and lighten his task—I mean so-called cynics, that is, those who simply recognize the animal, the commonness, the "rule" in themselves, and who still have enough spirituality and itch to have to talk about themselves and their kind *in front of witnesses*:—sometimes they even wallow in books as if in their own dung. Cynicism is the only form in which common souls come close to honesty; and the higher human being must open his ears to every cynicism, coarse or subtle, and congratulate himself every time the shameless buffoon or the scientific satyr speaks up right in front of him. There are even cases where enchantment mixes with the disgust: namely where, by a whim of nature, genius is bound to such an indiscreet goat and ape, as in the Abbé Galiani, the deepest, most sharp-sighted and perhaps also filthiest man of his century—he was far deeper than Voltaire, and consequently also a good deal more taciturn.[5] It happens more often, as I have suggested, that a scientific head sits on an ape's body, a subtle exceptional understanding on a common soul—no rare occurrence, especially among physicians and physiologists of morality. And wherever anyone speaks of man without bitterness, rather quite innocently, as a belly with two kinds of needs and a head with one; wherever someone sees, seeks and *wants* to see only hunger, sexual desire and vanity, as if these were the real and only motives of human actions; in short, wherever people speak "badly" of man—and not even *wickedly*—there the lover of know-

5 Ferdinando Galiani (1728–1787), Neapolitan economist and wit, famed in the Paris salons and for his letters. Voltaire (1694–1778), French writer and figurehead of the Enlightenment.

ledge should listen closely and diligently; he should keep his ears wherever people talk without indignation. For the indignant man, and whoever tears and lacerates himself with his own teeth (or, as a substitute, the world, or God, or society), may indeed stand higher, morally speaking, than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, more indifferent, less instructive case. And no one *lies* as much as the indignant man. —

[27] It is hard to be understood: especially when one thinks and lives gangasrotogati [flowing like the Ganges], among nothing but people who think and live otherwise, namely kurmagati [at the pace of the tortoise], or at best "at the gait of the frog," mandeikagati—I do everything I can, after all, to be hard to understand myself?—and one should be heartily grateful even for the goodwill toward some subtlety of interpretation. But as for "good friends," who are always too comfortable and believe that, precisely as friends, they have a right to comfort: one does well to grant them from the start some room to play and romp in misunderstanding:—that way one still has something to laugh about;—or else to get rid of them altogether, these good friends—and laugh as well![6]

[28] What is hardest to translate from one language into another is the tempo of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race—physiologically speaking, in the average tempo of its "metabolism." There are honestly meant translations that are almost falsifications, being involuntary vulgarizations of the original, merely because its bold and merry tempo could not be translated along with it, a tempo that leaps over, and helps one over, everything dangerous in things and words. The German is almost incapable of presto in his language: and so, as one may fairly conclude, also of many of the most delightful and daring nuances of free, free-spirited thought. Just as the buffoon and the satyr are foreign to him, in body and conscience, so Aristo-

6 The three terms are Sanskrit words for kinds of gait or tempo.

phanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him.[7] Everything ponderous, viscous, solemnly clumsy, all long-winded and boring genres of style have been developed among the Germans in superabundant variety—forgive me the fact that even Goethe's prose, with its mixture of stiffness and daintiness, is no exception, as a reflection of the "good old days" to which it belongs and as an expression of German taste at a time when there still was a "German taste": which was a rococo taste, in moribus et artibus [in manners and arts]. Lessing is an exception, thanks to his actor's nature, which understood a great deal and was good at a great deal: he who was not for nothing the translator of Bayle, and liked to take refuge near Diderot and Voltaire, and still more among the Roman writers of comedy:—in tempo, too, Lessing loved free-thinking, escape from Germany.[8] But how could the German language, even in the prose of a Lessing, imitate the tempo of Machiavelli, who in his *Prince* lets us breathe the dry, fine air of Florence and cannot help presenting the most serious matters in an unruly allegrissimo: perhaps not without a malicious artist's sense of the contrast he is risking—thoughts long, heavy, hard, dangerous, and a tempo of the gallop and of the very best, most wanton mood. Who, finally, would even dare a German translation of Petronius, who more than any great musician so far was the master of presto, in inventions, ideas, words? What do all the swamps of the sick, wicked world matter in the end, even of the "ancient world," if one has, like him, the feet of a wind, the rush and breath, the liberating scorn of a wind that makes everything healthy by making everything *run*! And as for Aristophanes, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake one *forgives* all of Greek culture for having existed—provided one has understood in all its depth *what* there needs forgiveness and transfiguration—I know of nothing that has made me dream more about *Plato's* secretiveness and sphinx

7 Aristophanes (c. 446–386 BC), Athenian comic playwright; Petronius (d. AD 66), Roman author of the comic novel Satyricon.

8 Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729–1781), German dramatist and critic; Pierre Bayle (1647–1706), French skeptic whose Dictionary Lessing helped translate.

nature than that happily preserved petit fait [little fact]: that under the pillow of his deathbed they found no "Bible," nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, Platonic—but Aristophanes. How could even a Plato have endured life—a Greek life, to which he said No —without an Aristophanes! —

[29] Being independent is a matter for very few:—it is a privilege of the strong. And whoever attempts it, even with the best right to it but without *having* to, proves that he is probably not only strong but daring to the point of recklessness. He enters a labyrinth, he multiplies a thousandfold the dangers that life brings with it anyway; not the least of which is that no one sees with his own eyes how and where he loses his way, becomes isolated and is torn to pieces by some cave-Minotaur of conscience. Supposing such a one perishes, it happens so far from people's understanding that they neither feel it nor feel for him: —and he can no longer go back! he can no longer go back even to people's pity!——

[30] Our highest insights must—and should!—sound like follies, in some circumstances like crimes, when they come without permission to the ears of those who are not suited and predestined for them. The exoteric and the esoteric, as philosophers used to distinguish them—among the Indians as among the Greeks, Persians and Muslims, in short wherever people believed in an order of rank and *not* in equality and equal rights —are distinguished from each other not so much in that the exoteric stands outside and sees, estimates, measures and judges from without, not from within: what is more essential is that he sees things from below looking up—whereas the esoteric sees them *from above looking down*! There are heights of the soul from which even tragedy ceases to have a tragic effect; and taking all the woe of the world together, who would dare to decide whether the sight of it would *necessarily* seduce and compel us to pity, and thus to a doubling of the woe?... What serves the higher type of human being as nourishment or refreshment must be almost poison to a very different and lesser type. The virtues of the common man would perhaps signify vices and weaknesses

in a philosopher; it could be that a human being of high type, supposing he degenerated and perished, would only thereby come into possession of qualities for which, in the lower world into which he had sunk, people would now find it necessary to venerate him like a saint. There are books that have an opposite value for soul and health depending on whether the lower soul, the lower vitality, or else the higher and more powerful one makes use of them: in the first case they are dangerous, crumbling, dissolving books; in the other, heralds' calls challenging the bravest to *their* bravery. Books for everybody are always foul-smelling books: the smell of small people clings to them. Where the people eat and drink, even where they worship, there is usually a stench. One should not go to church if one wants to breathe *clean* air.——

[31] When we are young we still revere and despise without that art of nuance which is life's best prize, and it is only fair that we pay dearly for having ambushed people and things in this way with Yes and No. Everything is so arranged that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the unconditional, is cruelly fooled and abused, until a person learns to put a little art into his feelings and would even rather risk the experiment with the artificial: as the true artists of life do. The angry and reverent streak peculiar to youth seems to give itself no rest until it has falsified people and things enough to be able to vent itself on them:—youth is in itself something falsifying and deceitful. Later, when the young soul, tortured by nothing but disappointments, finally turns back suspiciously against itself—still hot and wild, even in its suspicion and its pangs of conscience—how it rages at itself now, how impatiently it tears itself apart, how it takes revenge for its long self-delusion, as if that had been a willful blindness! In this transition one punishes oneself by mistrusting one's feelings; one tortures one's enthusiasm with doubt; indeed, one already feels a good conscience to be a danger, a kind of self-veiling and a flagging of subtler honesty; and above all, one takes sides, takes sides on principle, *against* "youth."—A decade later: and one understands that all this too was still—youth!

[32] Throughout the longest period of human history—it is called prehistory—the value or unvalue of an action was derived from its consequences. The action in itself was no more taken into account than its origin. Rather, much as in China even today a distinction or a disgrace reaches back from the child to the parents, it was the retroactive force of success or failure that led people to think well or badly of an action. Let us call this period the *premoral* period of humanity: the imperative "know yourself!" was still unknown then.[9] In the last ten millennia, by contrast, on a few large stretches of the earth, people have step by step come so far as to let the origin of an action, rather than its consequences, decide its value. This was a great event as a whole, a considerable refinement of vision and of standard, the unconscious after-effect of the rule of aristocratic values and of the belief in "origin"—the mark of a period that may be called, in the narrower sense, the *moral* one: with it the first attempt at self-knowledge was made. Origin instead of consequences: what a reversal of perspective! And surely a reversal reached only after long struggles and waverings! To be sure, precisely with this a fateful new superstition, a peculiar narrowness of interpretation, came to power: the origin of an action was interpreted in the most definite sense as origin in an *intention*; people became united in the belief that the value of an action lay in the value of its intention. The intention as the whole origin and prehistory of an action: under this prejudice people on earth have praised, blamed, judged, and also philosophized morally, almost up to the most recent times. — But might we not today have arrived at the necessity of deciding once again on a reversal and fundamental shift of values, thanks to a renewed self-reflection and deepening of man—might we not stand on the threshold of a period that would be designated, negatively and to begin with, as the *extra-moral* one: today, when at least among us immoralists the suspicion is stirring that the decisive value of an action lies precisely in what is *unintentional* about it, and that all its intentionality, everything about it that can be seen, known,

9 "Know yourself" was the maxim inscribed at the temple of Apollo at Delphi.

become "conscious," still belongs to its surface and skin—which, like every skin, reveals something but *conceals* still more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign and symptom that first needs interpreting—a sign, moreover, that means too many things and therefore, taken by itself, almost nothing; that morality in the sense it has had until now, the morality of intentions, has been a prejudice, a rashness, perhaps something provisional, a thing roughly on the order of astrology and alchemy, but in any case something that must be overcome. The overcoming of morality, in a certain sense even the self-overcoming of morality: let that be the name for that long secret labor which has been reserved for the subtlest and most honest, and also the most malicious, consciences of today, as living touchstones of the soul. —

33 It's no use: the feelings of devotion, of self-sacrifice for one's neighbor, the whole morality of self-renunciation must be mercilessly called to account and brought to trial—just like the aesthetics of "disinterested contemplation," under which the emasculation of art today seeks, seductively enough, to create a good conscience for itself. There is far too much magic and sugar in those feelings of "for others," of "*not* for me," for us not to need to become doubly suspicious here and ask: "might these not be—*seductions*?"—That they *please*—the one who has them, and the one who enjoys their fruits, and even the mere spectator—this is not yet an argument *for* them, but rather a call for caution. So let us be cautious![10]

34 Whatever philosophical standpoint one may adopt today: seen from any position, the *erroneousness* of the world in which we believe we live is the surest and firmest thing our eye can still get hold of. We find reason upon reason for it, reasons that would like to lure us into conjectures about a deceptive principle in the "essence of things." But whoever makes our thinking itself—that is, "the spirit"—responsible for the falseness of the world (an honorable way out, taken by every conscious or

10 "Disinterested contemplation" alludes to Kant's account of aesthetic judgment, taken up by Schopenhauer.

unconscious advocatus dei [God's advocate]); whoever takes this world, together with space, time, shape and motion, to be falsely *inferred*: such a person would at least have good cause finally to learn to mistrust all thinking itself. Hasn't it played the very worst of tricks on us so far? and what guarantee would there be that it would not go on doing what it has always done? In all seriousness: there is something touching and awe-inspiring in the innocence of thinkers, which allows them even today to step up before consciousness with the request that it give them *honest* answers: for example, whether it is "real," and why it actually keeps the external world so resolutely at arm's length, and other questions of that kind. The belief in "immediate certainties" is a *moral* naivety that does us philosophers credit: but—we are simply not supposed to be "*merely* moral" human beings! Morality aside, that belief is a stupidity that does us little credit! In civic life, ever-ready mistrust may count as a sign of "bad character" and consequently belong among the imprudences: here among us, beyond the civic world and its Yeses and Noes—what should prevent us from being imprudent and saying: the philosopher by now has a *right* to "bad character," as the being who has always been the most thoroughly fooled on earth so far—today he has the *duty* to mistrust, to squint most maliciously up out of every abyss of suspicion. — Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and turn of phrase: for I myself, of all people, learned long ago to think differently and to judge differently about deceiving and being deceived, and I keep at least a couple of jabs in the ribs ready for the blind rage with which philosophers resist being deceived. Why *not*? It is no more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance; it is in fact the most poorly proved assumption there is in the world. Let us at least admit this much: there would be no life at all if not on the basis of perspectival valuations and appearances; and if one wanted, with the virtuous enthusiasm and clumsiness of some philosophers, to abolish the "apparent world" altogether—well, supposing *you* could do that—then at least nothing would be left of your "truth" either! Indeed, what forces us to assume at all

that there is an essential opposition between "true" and "false"? Is it not enough to assume degrees of apparentness and, as it were, lighter and darker shadows and overall tones of appearance—different valeurs [tonal values], to speak the language of painters? Why shouldn't the world *that concerns us*—be a fiction? And if someone asks: "but doesn't a fiction require an author?"—might one not answer him flatly: *Why*? Might this "require" not itself be part of the fiction? Is it not permitted, by now, to be a little ironic toward the subject, as toward predicate and object? Might the philosopher not rise above faith in grammar? All due respect to governesses: but isn't it time philosophy renounced the faith of governesses? —

[35] Oh Voltaire! Oh humaneness! Oh idiocy! There is something peculiar about "truth," about the *search* for truth; and if a human being goes about it too humanly—"il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien" [he seeks the true only in order to do good]—I bet he finds nothing!

[36] Suppose that nothing is "given" as real except our world of desires and passions, that we can get down or up to no other "reality" than just the reality of our drives—for thinking is only a relation of these drives to one another —: is it not permitted to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this given does not *suffice* for understanding, on the basis of what is of its own kind, the so-called mechanistic (or "material") world as well? I do not mean as a deception, an "appearance," a "representation" (in the Berkeleyan and Schopenhauerian sense), but as having the same rank of reality as our affect itself—as a more primitive form of the world of affects, in which everything still lies enclosed in a powerful unity that then branches off and takes shape in the organic process (and also, as is only fair, grows tender and weak —), as a kind of drive-life in which all organic functions, with self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, metabolism, are still synthetically bound up with one another—as a *pre-form* of life?—In the end it is not only permitted to make this attempt: the conscience of *method* com-

mands it.[11] Not to assume several kinds of causality until the attempt to make do with a single one has been pushed to its utmost limit (— to the point of nonsense, if I may say so): that is a morality of method which one may not evade today;—it follows "from its definition," as a mathematician would say. The question in the end is whether we really recognize the will as *efficacious*, whether we believe in the causality of the will: if we do—and at bottom our belief in *this* is just our belief in causality itself —, then we *must* make the attempt to posit will-causality hypothetically as the only one. "Will" can of course act only on "will"—and not on "matter" (not on "nerves," for example —): enough, one must venture the hypothesis that wherever "effects" are recognized, will may be acting on will—and that all mechanical occurrence, insofar as a force is active in it, may be just that: force of will, effect of will. — Suppose, finally, that we succeeded in explaining our entire drive-life as the development and ramification of One basic form of the will—namely, of the will to power, as *my* thesis has it —; suppose that all organic functions could be traced back to this will to power, and that in it one also found the solution to the problem of procreation and nourishment—it is One problem —: then one would have won the right to define *all* efficacious force unequivocally as: *will to power*. The world seen from within, the world defined and designated according to its "intelligible character"—it would be "will to power" and nothing else. —[12]

37 "What? Doesn't that mean, to put it in popular terms: God is refuted, but the devil is not —?" On the contrary! On the contrary, my friends! And, what the devil, who is forcing you to speak in popular terms! —

38 As happened most recently, in all the brightness of modern times, with the French Revolution—that gruesome farce, superfluous when judged at close range, into which, however, the

11 George Berkeley (1685–1753) held that to be is to be perceived; Schopenhauer called the world "will and representation."

12 "Intelligible character": Kant's term for a thing's nature as it is in itself rather than as it appears, adopted by Schopenhauer.

noble and enthusiastic spectators all over Europe interpreted their own indignations and enthusiasms from afar, so long and so passionately *that the text disappeared under the interpretation*: so a noble posterity might once again misunderstand the whole past, and perhaps only thereby make the sight of it bearable.—Or rather: hasn't this already happened? Weren't we ourselves—this "noble posterity"? And isn't it, precisely now, insofar as we grasp this—over?

[39] No one will readily consider a doctrine true merely because it makes people happy or makes them virtuous—except perhaps the lovely "idealists," who rave about the Good, the True and the Beautiful and let all kinds of colorful, clumsy and good-natured desirabilities swim about pell-mell in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. But people like to forget, even thoughtful spirits, that making unhappy and making evil are just as little counterarguments. Something might be true even though it was harmful and dangerous in the highest degree; indeed, it might even belong to the basic constitution of existence that one would perish from knowing it fully—so that the strength of a spirit would be measured by how much of the "truth" it could just barely endure, or, more plainly, to what degree it *would need* it diluted, veiled, sweetened, muffled, falsified. But there is no doubt that for discovering certain *parts* of the truth, the wicked and the unhappy are more favored and have a greater probability of success—not to speak of the wicked who are happy, a species the moralists keep quiet about. Perhaps harshness and cunning provide more favorable conditions for the emergence of the strong, independent spirit and philosopher than that gentle, fine, yielding good nature and art of taking things lightly which people value in a scholar, and rightly value. Provided, to say it first, that one does not narrow the concept "philosopher" to the philosopher who writes books—or even puts *his* philosophy into books!—A last trait for the portrait of the free-spirited philosopher is supplied by Stendhal, and for the sake of German taste I will not fail to underline it:—for it goes *against* German taste. "Pour être bon philosophe," says this last great psychologist, "il

faut être sec, clair, sans illusion. [To be a good philosopher, one must be dry, clear, without illusion.][13] Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractère requis pour faire des découvertes en philosophie, c'est-à-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est." [A banker who has made a fortune has part of the character required for making discoveries in philosophy, that is, for seeing clearly into what is.]

40 Everything deep loves the mask; the very deepest things even hate image and parable. Shouldn't the *opposite* alone be the proper disguise in which a god's shame would go about? A questionable question: it would be strange if some mystic had not already ventured something of the sort in private. There are events of so delicate a kind that one does well to bury them under some coarseness and make them unrecognizable; there are acts of love and of extravagant generosity after which nothing is more advisable than to take a stick and give the eyewitness a sound thrashing: that muddies his memory. Some know how to muddy and mistreat their own memory, so as to take revenge at least on this sole accomplice:—shame is inventive. It is not the worst things that we are most ashamed of: it is not only malice behind a mask—there is so much goodness in cunning. I could imagine that a person who had something precious and vulnerable to hide might roll through life coarse and round, like an old green, heavily hooped wine cask: the subtlety of his shame wants it so. A person whose shame has depth also meets his fates and delicate decisions on paths that few ever reach, and whose very existence his nearest and most intimate friends must not know about: his mortal danger is hidden from their eyes, and so is his regained security of life. Such a hidden one, who by instinct uses speech for silence and concealment and is inexhaustible in evading communication, *wants* and encourages a mask of himself to wander about in his place in the hearts and heads of his friends; and supposing he does not want it, one day his eyes will be opened to the fact that there is a mask of him

13 Stendhal (1783–1842), French novelist, author of *The Red and the Black*, whom Nietzsche admired as a psychologist.

there nonetheless—and that this is good. Every deep spirit needs a mask: more than that, around every deep spirit a mask keeps growing, thanks to the constantly false, that is, *shallow* interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives. —

41 One must give oneself one's own tests that one is destined for independence and for command; and do so at the right time. One should not avoid one's tests, even though they are perhaps the most dangerous game one can play, and are in the end only tests taken before ourselves as witness and before no other judge. Not to cling to a person: not even the most beloved—every person is a prison, and a corner too. Not to cling to a fatherland: not even the most suffering and needy—it is already less hard to untie one's heart from a victorious fatherland. Not to cling to a pity: not even if it concerned higher human beings into whose rare torment and helplessness chance has let us look. Not to cling to a science: not even if it lures us with the most precious finds, seemingly saved up just for *us*. Not to cling to one's own detachment, to that voluptuous remoteness and strangeness of the bird that flies ever higher in order to see ever more below it: —the danger of the one who flies. Not to cling to our own virtues and become as a whole the victim of some single part of us—our "hospitality," for example: this is the danger of dangers for high-natured and rich souls, who treat themselves lavishly, almost indifferently, and push the virtue of liberality to the point of vice. One must know how *to preserve oneself*: the strongest test of independence.

THE PHILOSOPHERS OF THE FUTURE

Nietzsche describes the coming philosophers as attempters and free spirits who will not be dogmatists.

42 A new species of philosophers is coming up: I venture to christen them with a name that is not without danger. As I divine them, as they let themselves be divined—for it belongs to their nature to *want* to remain riddles in some respect —, these philosophers of the future might have a right, perhaps also a

wrong, to be called *attempters*. This name itself is in the end only an attempt, and, if you like, a temptation.[14]

43 Are they new friends of "truth," these coming philosophers? Probably enough: for all philosophers so far have loved their truths. But they will certainly not be dogmatists. It must offend their pride, and their taste too, if their truth is supposed to be a truth for everyone as well—which has so far been the secret wish and ulterior motive of all dogmatic endeavors. "My judgment is *my* judgment: no one else easily has a right to it"—such a philosopher of the future may say. One must rid oneself of the bad taste of wanting to agree with many. "Good" is no longer good when your neighbor takes it into his mouth. And how could there even be a "common good"! The term contradicts itself: what can be common always has little value. In the end things must be as they are and always were: great things remain for the great, abysses for the deep, delicacies and thrills for the subtle, and, all in all and in short, everything rare for the rare. —

44 After all this, do I still need to say expressly that they too will be free, *very* free spirits, these philosophers of the future—just as surely as they will not be merely free spirits, but something more, higher, greater and fundamentally different, which does not want to be misjudged and mistaken for something else? But in saying this I feel—almost as much toward them as toward ourselves, we who are their heralds and forerunners, we free spirits!—the *obligation* to blow away together an old, stupid prejudice and misunderstanding that for all too long has made the concept "free spirit" opaque like a fog. In all the countries of Europe, and in America too, there is now something that misuses this name: a very narrow, confined, chained-up kind of spirits who want roughly the opposite of what lies in our intentions and instincts—not to mention that, with regard to those *new* philosophers who are coming up, they are bound to be all the more closed windows and bolted doors. They belong, in brief and in bad, among the *levelers*, these falsely so-called "free

14 German Versucher means both "attempter" (one who experiments) and "tempter"; Versuch is "attempt" and Versuchung "temptation."

spirits"—as eloquent, pen-pushing slaves of democratic taste and its "modern ideas": all of them people without solitude, without a solitude of their own, clumsy, decent fellows, who are not to be denied courage or respectable manners, except that they are simply unfree and ridiculously superficial, above all in their basic tendency to see in the forms of the old society as it has existed so far more or less the cause of *all* human misery and failure: whereby truth happily ends up standing on its head! What they would like to strive for with all their might is the universal green-pasture happiness of the herd, with security, safety, comfort and an easier life for everyone; their two most abundantly sung songs and doctrines are called "equality of rights" and "sympathy for all that suffers"—and suffering itself they take to be something that must be *abolished*. We opposite ones, who have opened an eye and a conscience for the question where and how the plant "man" has so far grown most vigorously upward, believe that this has happened each time under the opposite conditions: that for this to happen the dangerousness of his situation first had to grow to enormity, his power of invention and dissimulation (his "spirit" —) had to develop under long pressure and constraint into subtlety and daring, his will to life had to be intensified into an unconditional will to power:—we believe that harshness, violence, slavery, danger in the street and in the heart, concealment, stoicism, the tempter's art and devilry of every kind, that everything evil, terrible, tyrannical, predatory and snakelike in man serves the enhancement of the species "man" just as well as its opposite does:—indeed, we are not even saying enough when we say only this much, and in any case, with our speech and our silence at this point, we find ourselves at the *other* end of all modern ideology and herd desirability: as its antipodes, perhaps? Is it any wonder that we "free spirits" are not exactly the most communicative of spirits? that we do not wish to betray in every respect *what* a spirit can free itself from, and *where* it may then perhaps be driven? And as for the meaning of the dangerous formula "beyond good and evil," with which we at least guard ourselves against being mis-

taken for others: we *are* something other than "libres-penseurs," "liberi pensatori," "Freidenker" [freethinkers, in French, Italian and German], or whatever all these good advocates of "modern ideas" like to call themselves. At home in many countries of the spirit, or at least guests there; having slipped away again and again from the dull, pleasant corners in which prior loves and prior hates, youth, descent, the accident of people and books, or even the fatigues of wandering seemed to have us spellbound; full of malice against the lures of dependence that lie hidden in honors, or money, or offices, or enthusiasms of the senses; grateful even for hardship and changeable illness, because they have always freed us from some rule and its "prejudice"; grateful to the God, devil, sheep and worm in us; curious to the point of vice, investigators to the point of cruelty, with unhesitating fingers for the intangible, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible; ready for any craft that demands acumen and acute senses, ready for any venture thanks to a surplus of "free will"; with front souls and back souls whose ultimate intentions no one can easily see into, with foregrounds and backgrounds to whose end no foot may walk; hidden ones under cloaks of light; conquerors, though we look like heirs and spendthrifts; arrangers and collectors from morning till evening; misers of our riches and our crammed drawers; thrifty in learning and forgetting; inventive in schemas; sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls of work even in broad daylight; yes, when need be, even scarecrows—and today there is need: namely, insofar as we are the born, sworn, jealous friends of *solitude*, of our own deepest, most midnight, most noonday solitude:—that is the kind of human beings we are, we free spirits! and perhaps *you* too are something of this, you who are coming? you *new* philosophers? —

Part 3: The religious nature

Drittes Hauptstück: Das religiöse Wesen
Nietzsche analyzes the religious instinct, from Christian faith and asceticism to religion as a tool of rule.

[45] The human soul and its limits, the range of inner human experience reached so far, the heights, depths and distances of these experiences, the whole *previous* history of the soul and its still undrunk possibilities: that is the predestined hunting ground for a born psychologist and lover of the "great hunt." But how often must he say to himself in despair: "one man alone! alas, only one man alone! and this great forest, this primeval forest!" And so he wishes he had a few hundred hunting assistants and fine, learned tracking dogs that he could drive into the history of the human soul, to round up *his* game there. In vain: he learns again and again, thoroughly and bitterly, how hard it is to find assistants and dogs for all the things that most arouse his curiosity. The trouble with sending scholars out into new and dangerous hunting grounds, where courage, prudence and subtlety in every sense are needed, is that they cease to be of any use precisely where the "*great* hunt"—but also the great danger—begins:—precisely there they lose their tracker's eye and tracker's nose. For example, to divine and establish what kind of history the problem of *knowledge and conscience* has had so far in the soul of the homines religiosi [religious human beings], one would perhaps have to be as deep, as wounded, as monstrous oneself as Pascal's intellectual conscience was:—and then one would still need that wide-spanning heaven of bright, malicious spirituality that could survey this swarm of danger-

ous and painful experiences from above, order it, force it into formulas.—But who would do me this service! But who would have time to wait for such servants!—they obviously grow too rarely, they are so improbable in every age![1] In the end one must do everything *oneself* in order to know a few things oneself: that is, one has *a lot* to do!—But a curiosity of my kind simply remains the most agreeable of all vices—sorry! I meant to say: the love of truth has its reward in heaven, and even on earth. —

46 Faith as early Christianity demanded it, and not infrequently achieved it, in the midst of a skeptical, southern, free-spirited world that had a centuries-long struggle between schools of philosophy behind it and within it, plus the education in tolerance provided by the imperium Romanum [Roman Empire]—this faith is *not* that trusting, gruff subject's faith with which, say, a Luther or a Cromwell or some other northern barbarian of the spirit clung to their God and their Christianity; it is much closer to that faith of Pascal's, which looks horribly like a continual suicide of reason—a tough, long-lived, wormlike reason that cannot be killed all at once and with a single blow. Christian faith is from the beginning sacrifice: sacrifice of all freedom, all pride, all self-assurance of the spirit; at the same time enslavement and self-mockery, self-mutilation. There is cruelty and religious Phoenicianism in this faith, which is expected of a worn-down, many-layered and much-pampered conscience: its presupposition is that the subjugation of the spirit *hurts* indescribably, that the entire past and habit of such a spirit resists the absurdissimum [the height of absurdity] in whose shape "faith" confronts it. Modern people, dulled as they are to all Christian nomenclature, no longer feel the gruesome superlative that lay, for an ancient taste, in the paradox of the formula "God on the cross."[2] Never before and nowhere has there been an equal boldness in reversal, anything as terrible,

1 Blaise Pascal (1623–1662), French mathematician and Christian thinker, author of the *Pensées*.

2 "Phoenicianism": the Phoenicians and Carthaginians were notorious in antiquity for human sacrifice.

questioning and questionable as this formula: it promised a revaluation of all ancient values.—It is the East, the *deep* East, it is the Eastern slave who in this way took revenge on Rome and its noble and frivolous tolerance, on the Roman "catholicism" of faith:—and it was never faith but freedom from faith, that half-stoic and smiling unconcern with the seriousness of faith, that outraged the slaves in their masters, against their masters.[3] "Enlightenment" outrages: for the slave wants the unconditional, he understands only what is tyrannical, in morality too; he loves as he hates, without nuance, to the depths, to the point of pain, to the point of sickness—his great deal of *hidden* suffering rebels against the noble taste that seems to *deny* suffering. Skepticism about suffering, at bottom merely a pose of aristocratic morality, was not least among the causes of the last great slave revolt, which began with the French Revolution.

47 Wherever on earth the religious neurosis has appeared so far, we find it linked to three dangerous dietary prescriptions: solitude, fasting and sexual abstinence—but without its being possible to decide with certainty what is cause here and what effect, and *whether* there is any relation of cause and effect here at all. This last doubt is justified by the fact that among its most regular symptoms, in wild and tame peoples alike, is also the most sudden and extravagant voluptuousness, which then, just as suddenly, turns into a spasm of penance and a denial of world and will: both perhaps to be interpreted as masked epilepsy? But nowhere should one refrain from interpretations more: around no type has so much nonsense and superstition grown up so far; none seems so far to have interested people, even philosophers, more—it would be time, here of all places, to cool down a little, to learn caution, better still: to look away, *to go away*.—Even in the background of the most recent philosophy, Schopenhauer's, there stands, almost as the problem in itself, this gruesome question mark of religious crisis and awakening. How is denial of the will *possible*? how is the saint possible?—that really seems

3 "Catholicism" in its literal sense of universality: Rome's tolerant acceptance of all cults.

to have been the question with which Schopenhauer became a philosopher and began. And so it was a genuinely Schopenhauerian consequence that his most convinced follower (perhaps also his last, as far as Germany is concerned—), namely Richard Wagner, brought his own life's work to a close precisely here, and at the very end put that terrible and eternal type on the stage as Kundry, type vécu [a type lived through], in the flesh and to the life; at the very time when the psychiatrists of almost every country in Europe had occasion to study it up close, wherever the religious neurosis—or, as I call it, "the religious nature"—made its latest epidemic outbreak and parade as the "Salvation Army."[4] — But if we ask what it really was about the whole phenomenon of the saint that people of every kind and age, philosophers included, found so unrestrainedly interesting, the answer is beyond all doubt the appearance of the miraculous that clings to it—namely, the immediate *succession of opposites*, of states of the soul valued as moral opposites. Here, people believed, one could grasp with one's own hands how a "bad man" all at once became a "saint," a good man. Psychology up to now suffered shipwreck at this point: might that not have happened chiefly because it had placed itself under the rule of morality, because it *believed* in moral opposites of value itself, and saw these opposites into the text *and* the facts, read them in, *interpreted* them in?—What? The "miracle" merely an error of interpretation? A lack of philology? —

48 It seems that the Latin races belong far more inwardly to their Catholicism than the whole of Christianity belongs to us northerners; and that, consequently, unbelief means something entirely different in Catholic countries than in Protestant ones—namely, a kind of revolt against the spirit of the race, whereas with us it is rather a return to the spirit (or lack of spirit—) of the race. We northerners unquestionably descend from barbarian races, in our gift for religion as well: we are *poorly* gifted for it. The Celts may be excepted, which is also why they provided the

4 Richard Wagner (1813–1883), German composer, once Nietzsche's friend; Kundry is the penitent temptress in his last opera, *Parsifal* (1882).

best soil in the north for taking up the Christian infection:—in France the Christian ideal came into full bloom, as far as the pale sun of the north permitted. How strangely pious, to our taste, even these latest French skeptics still are, insofar as there is any Celtic blood in their ancestry! How Catholic, how un-German Auguste Comte's sociology smells to us, with its Roman logic of the instincts! How Jesuitical that amiable and clever cicerone of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, for all his hostility to the Jesuits! And Ernest Renan above all: how inaccessible the language of such a Renan sounds to us northerners—a man in whom, at every moment, some trifle of religious tension throws his soul off balance, a soul voluptuous in a refined sense and fond of bedding down in comfort! Just try repeating these beautiful sentences after him—and what malice and mischief immediately stir in answer in our probably less beautiful and harder, that is to say more German, soul![5] — "disons donc hardiment que la religion est un produit de l'homme normal, que l'homme est le plus dans le vrai quand il est le plus religieux et le plus assuré d'une destinée infinie.... C'est quand il est bon qu'il veut que la vertu corresponde à un ordre éternel, c'est quand il contemple les choses d'une manière désintéressée qu'il trouve la mort révoltante et absurde. Comment ne pas supposer que c'est dans ces moments-là, que l'homme voit le mieux?...." ["let us say boldly, then, that religion is a product of the normal human being, that man is most in the truth when he is most religious and most assured of an infinite destiny.... It is when he is good that he wants virtue to correspond to an eternal order; it is when he contemplates things disinterestedly that he finds death revolting and absurd. How can we not suppose that it is in these moments that man sees best?...."] These sentences are so *antipodal* to my ears and habits that when I came upon them, my first fury wrote in the margin: "la niaiserie religieuse par excellence!" [religious silliness par excellence!]—until my last fury

5 Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve (1804–1869) wrote a history of the Jansenist abbey of Port-Royal; Ernest Renan (1823–1892) was a historian of religion, author of a *Life of Jesus*.

actually grew fond of them, these sentences with their truth stood on its head! It is so charming, such a distinction, to have one's own antipodes!

[49] What is astonishing about the religiosity of the ancient Greeks is the unbounded abundance of gratitude that pours out of it:—it is a very noble kind of human being that stands *thus* before nature and before life!—Later, when the rabble gains the upper hand in Greece, *fear* overgrows religion as well; and Christianity was preparing itself. —

[50] The passion for God: there are peasant kinds, guileless and importunate, like Luther's—the whole of Protestantism lacks southern delicatezza [delicacy]. There is an Eastern being-beside-oneself in it, as in a slave undeservedly pardoned or elevated—in Augustine, for example, who lacks, offensively, all nobility of gesture and desire. There is a womanly tenderness and craving in it, which presses bashfully and unknowingly toward a unio mystica et physica [mystical and physical union]: as in Madame de Guyon. In many cases it appears, strangely enough, as a disguise for the puberty of a girl or a youth; here and there even as the hysteria of an aging unmarried woman, and also as her final ambition:—the Church has more than once canonized the woman in such a case.[6]

[51] Until now the most powerful human beings have always still bowed reverently before the saint, as the riddle of self-conquest and deliberate ultimate renunciation: why did they bow? They sensed in him—behind the question mark, as it were, of his frail and pitiful appearance—the superior force that wanted to test itself in such a conquest, the strength of will in which they recognized their own strength and delight in dominion, and knew how to honor it: they were honoring something in themselves when they honored the saint. Added to this, the sight of the saint aroused a suspicion in them: such an enormity of denial, of anti-nature, will not have been desired for nothing—so they said to themselves, and asked. Is there perhaps a reason for it, some very great danger, about which the ascetic, thanks to

6 Jeanne Guyon (1648–1717) was a French mystic of the Quietist movement.

his secret counselors and visitors, might be better informed? Enough: before him the powerful of the world learned a new fear; they sensed a new power, a strange, as yet unconquered enemy:—it was the "will to power" that compelled them to stop short before the saint. They had to ask him——

52 In the Jewish "Old Testament," the book of divine justice, there are human beings, things and speeches in so grand a style that Greek and Indian literature has nothing to set beside it. One stands in terror and reverence before these tremendous remnants of what man once was, and will have one's own sad thoughts about old Asia and its little jutting peninsula Europe, which would so very much like to stand, over against Asia, for the "progress of man." Of course: whoever is himself only a thin, tame domestic animal and knows only a domestic animal's needs (like our educated people of today, the Christians of "educated" Christianity included—) has no cause for wonder among those ruins, let alone for grief—taste for the Old Testament is a touchstone with respect to "great" and "small" —: perhaps he will still find the New Testament, the book of grace, rather more after his own heart (there is much in it of the proper tender, stuffy smell of pious pew-sitters and small souls). To have glued this New Testament—a kind of rococo of taste in every respect—together with the Old Testament into one book, as the "Bible," as "the book in itself": that is perhaps the greatest audacity and "sin against the spirit" that literary Europe has on its conscience.[7]

53 Why atheism today?—"The father" in God has been thoroughly refuted; so too "the judge," "the rewarder." Likewise his "free will": he does not hear—and if he did hear, he still would not know how to help. Worst of all: he seems incapable of communicating clearly: is he unclear?—This is what I have found out, from many conversations, by asking and listening, to be the causes of the decline of European theism; it seems to me that

7 The "sin against the Holy Spirit" is the one sin Jesus calls unforgivable (Matthew 12:31–32).

the religious instinct is indeed growing powerfully—but that it rejects precisely the theistic satisfaction with deep mistrust.

[54] What, at bottom, is all of modern philosophy doing? Since Descartes—and indeed more in defiance of him than on the strength of his precedent—all philosophers have been making an assassination attempt on the old concept of the soul, under the guise of a critique of the concepts of subject and predicate—that is to say, an assassination attempt on the fundamental presupposition of Christian doctrine. Modern philosophy, as an epistemological skepticism, is, covertly or openly, *anti-Christian*: although—to say it for subtler ears—by no means anti-religious. For formerly one believed in "the soul" as one believed in grammar and the grammatical subject: one said, "I" is the condition, "think" is the predicate and conditioned—thinking is an activity for which a subject *must* be thought of as the cause. Then people tried, with admirable tenacity and cunning, to see whether they could not get out of this net—whether perhaps the reverse was true: "think" the condition, "I" the conditioned; "I," then, only a synthesis that is *made* by thinking itself. *Kant* basically wanted to prove that the subject cannot be proved starting from the subject—nor can the object: the possibility of a *merely apparent existence* of the subject, that is, of "the soul," may not always have been foreign to him—that thought which, as the Vedanta philosophy, has already once been present on earth, and with tremendous power.

[55] There is a great ladder of religious cruelty, with many rungs; but three of them are the most important. Once, people sacrificed human beings to their god, perhaps precisely those they loved best—here belong the sacrifices of the firstborn in all prehistoric religions, and here too the sacrifice of the emperor Tiberius in the Mithras grotto on the island of Capri, that most horrifying of all Roman anachronisms. Then, in the moral epoch of mankind, people sacrificed to their god the strongest instincts they possessed, their "nature"; *this* festive joy gleams in the cruel gaze of the ascetic, the enraptured "anti-natural" man. Finally: what was still left to sacrifice? Did one not finally have

to sacrifice everything comforting, holy, healing, all hope, all faith in hidden harmony, in future bliss and justice?[8] did one not have to sacrifice God himself and, out of cruelty against oneself, worship the stone, stupidity, gravity, fate, nothingness? To sacrifice God for nothingness—this paradoxical mystery of the final cruelty was reserved for the generation that is just now coming up: all of us already know something of it. —

56 Whoever, like me, driven by some enigmatic desire, has long endeavored to think pessimism through to its depths and to redeem it from the half-Christian, half-German narrowness and simple-mindedness in which it has most recently presented itself to this century, namely in the form of Schopenhauer's philosophy; whoever has really, with an Asiatic and more-than-Asiatic eye, looked into and down into the most world-denying of all possible ways of thinking—beyond good and evil, and no longer, like the Buddha and Schopenhauer, under the spell and delusion of morality—has perhaps, by that very act and without really meaning to, opened his eyes to the opposite ideal: to the ideal of the most high-spirited, most alive and most world-affirming human being, who has not only come to terms and learned to get along with what was and is, but wants to have it again, *just as it was and is*, for all eternity, insatiably calling out da capo [from the beginning], not only to himself but to the whole piece and performance, and not only to a performance but, at bottom, to him who needs precisely this performance—and makes it necessary: because he needs himself again and again—and makes himself necessary—— What?[9] And this would not be—circulus vitiosus deus [the vicious circle as god]?

57 With the strength of a person's spiritual sight and insight, the distance around him grows, and with it, as it were, the space: his world becomes deeper, ever new stars, ever new riddles and images come into view. Perhaps everything on which the mind's eye has exercised its acuity and profundity was nothing but an occasion for that exercise, a matter of play,

8 Tiberius (42 BC–AD 37) spent his last years in seclusion on Capri.
9 An allusion to Nietzsche's thought of the eternal recurrence of all things.

something for children and childish heads. Perhaps the most solemn concepts, those that have caused the most fighting and suffering, the concepts "God" and "sin," will one day seem no more important to us than a child's toy and a child's pain seem to an old man—and perhaps "the old man" will then need another toy and another pain—still child enough, an eternal child!

58 Has anyone really noticed to what extent a genuinely religious life (both its favorite microscopic work of self-examination and that tender composure which calls itself "prayer" and is a constant readiness for the "coming of God") requires outward idleness, or semi-idleness—I mean idleness with a good conscience, inherited from of old, in the blood, to which the aristocratic feeling is not entirely foreign that work *disgraces*—that is, makes soul and body common? And that, consequently, modern industriousness—noisy, time-squeezing, proud of itself, stupidly proud—more than anything else educates and prepares people precisely for "unbelief"? Among those who, for example, now live apart from religion in Germany, I find people of many kinds and lineages of "free-thinking," but above all a majority of those in whom industriousness, from generation to generation, has dissolved the religious instincts: so that they no longer even know what religions are good for, and merely register their existence in the world, as it were, with a kind of dull astonishment. They already feel amply occupied, these worthy people, whether by their business or by their pleasures, not to mention the "fatherland" and the newspapers and "family duties": it seems they have no time at all left over for religion, especially since it remains unclear to them whether it involves a new business or a new pleasure—for surely, they tell themselves, one does not go to church merely to spoil one's good mood. They are not enemies of religious customs; if in certain cases participation in such customs is required, by the state, say, they do what is required, as one does so many things—with a patient and modest seriousness and without much curiosity or discomfort: —they simply live too far apart and outside to find it necessary

even to have a for and against in such matters. Among these indifferent ones today are the majority of German Protestants in the middle classes, particularly in the industrious great centers of trade and commerce; likewise the majority of industrious scholars and the whole university apparatus (the theologians excepted, whose existence and possibility there give the psychologist ever more and ever subtler riddles to solve). Pious or even merely churchgoing people seldom have any idea *how much* good will—one might say, willful will—it now takes for a German scholar to take the problem of religion seriously; by his whole trade (and, as I said, by the tradesmanlike industriousness to which his modern conscience obliges him) he inclines toward a superior, almost benevolent cheerfulness about religion, sometimes mixed with a slight disdain directed at the "uncleanliness" of mind that he presupposes wherever people still profess allegiance to the Church. Only with the help of history (thus *not* from his personal experience) does the scholar succeed in bringing himself to a reverent seriousness and a certain shy consideration toward religions; but even when he has raised his feeling as far as gratitude toward them, he personally has still not come a single step closer to what still exists as Church or piety: perhaps the reverse. The practical indifference to religious matters into which he was born and raised tends in him to be sublimated into a caution and cleanliness that shrinks from contact with religious people and things; and it may be precisely the depth of his tolerance and humanity that bids him evade the subtle predicament which tolerating itself brings with it. — Every age has its own divine kind of naïveté, for whose invention other ages may envy it:—and how much naïveté, venerable, childlike and boundlessly clumsy naïveté, lies in this scholar's belief in his own superiority, in the good conscience of his tolerance, in the unsuspecting, simple certainty with which his instinct treats the religious person as an inferior and lower type, beyond which he himself has grown—out, over, *up*—he, the presumptuous little dwarf and plebeian, the busy, nimble head- and hand-worker of "ideas," of "modern ideas"!

[59] Whoever has looked deeply into the world may well guess what wisdom lies in the fact that human beings are superficial. It is their preservative instinct that teaches them to be fleeting, light and false. Here and there one finds a passionate and exaggerated worship of "pure forms," among philosophers as among artists: let no one doubt that whoever *needs* the cult of the surface to that degree has at some point made an unfortunate reach *beneath* it. Perhaps there is even an order of rank among these burnt children, the born artists, who find the enjoyment of life only in the intention of *falsifying* its image (as if in a long-drawn-out revenge on life—): one could gauge the degree to which life has been spoiled for them by how far they wish to see its image falsified, thinned out, made otherworldly, deified—one could count the homines religiosi [religious people] among the artists, as their *highest* rank. It is the deep, suspicious fear of an incurable pessimism that forces whole millennia to sink their teeth into a religious interpretation of existence: the fear of that instinct which senses that one might get hold of the truth *too soon*, before man has become strong enough, hard enough, artist enough.... Piety, the "life in God," seen in this light, would appear as the subtlest and final spawn of *fear* of the truth, as the artist's worship of, and intoxication with, the most consistent of all falsifications, as the will to invert the truth, the will to untruth at any price. Perhaps until now there has been no stronger means of beautifying man himself than piety itself: through it man can become so much art, surface, play of colors, goodness, that one no longer suffers at the sight of him. —

[60] To love man *for God's sake*—that has so far been the noblest and most far-fetched feeling that human beings have attained. That love of man without some sanctifying ulterior motive is one stupidity and brutishness *more*; that the inclination to this love of man must first receive its measure, its refinement, its grain of salt and speck of ambergris from a higher inclination:—whoever the human being was who first felt and "experienced" this, however much his tongue may have stumbled as it tried to express such a delicacy, let him remain holy and venerable to us

for all time, as the human being who has so far flown highest and gone astray most beautifully!

RELIGION AS A TOOL OF THE PHILOSOPHER

Nietzsche asks how philosophers may use religion to shape people, and faults Christianity for preserving the weak.

61 The philosopher as *we* understand him, we free spirits—as the human being of the most comprehensive responsibility, who has the conscience for the overall development of man: this philosopher will make use of religions for his work of breeding and education, just as he will make use of whatever political and economic conditions obtain. The selecting, breeding influence—that is, an influence always as much destructive as creative and formative—which can be exercised with the help of religions is manifold and varied, depending on the kind of human beings placed under their spell and protection. For the strong and independent, those prepared and predestined to command, in whom the reason and art of a ruling race become flesh, religion is one more means of overcoming resistance, of being able to rule: a bond that binds rulers and subjects together and betrays and delivers to the former the consciences of the latter—what is hidden and innermost in them, which would gladly escape obedience. And if individual natures of such noble descent, through high spirituality, incline to a more withdrawn and contemplative life and reserve for themselves only the most refined kind of ruling (over chosen disciples or brothers of an order), then religion itself can be used as a means of securing peace from the noise and toil of *cruder* governing, and cleanness from the *necessary* dirt of all politics. This, for example, is how the Brahmins understood it: with the help of a religious organization they gave themselves the power to appoint the people's kings, while keeping themselves, and feeling themselves, apart and outside, as human beings with higher, more-than-royal tasks. Meanwhile religion also gives some of the ruled guidance and opportunity to prepare themselves for ruling and commanding one day—

namely, those slowly rising classes and estates in which, thanks to fortunate marriage customs, the strength and delight of the will, the will to self-mastery, is always on the increase:—religion offers them incentives and temptations enough to take the paths to higher spirituality, to test the feelings of great self-overcoming, of silence and solitude:—asceticism and Puritanism are almost indispensable means of education and ennoblement when a race wants to master its origins in the rabble and works its way up toward eventual rule. Finally, to ordinary human beings, the great majority, who exist for service and general utility and are *permitted* to exist only to that extent, religion gives an invaluable contentment with their situation and kind, manifold peace of heart, an ennobling of obedience, one more happiness and sorrow shared with their equals, and something of transfiguration and beautification, something of a justification of the whole everyday, the whole lowliness, the whole half-animal poverty of their souls. Religion and the religious significance of life shed sunshine on such perpetually harried people and make even the sight of themselves bearable to them; it works the way an Epicurean philosophy usually works on sufferers of a higher rank: refreshing, refining, as it were *making the most* of suffering, and in the end even sanctifying and justifying it. Perhaps nothing about Christianity and Buddhism is as venerable as their art of teaching even the lowliest to place themselves, through piety, in a higher, illusory order of things, and thereby to hold on to their contentment with the real order, within which they live hard enough lives—and precisely this hardness is necessary!

[62] In the end, of course—to present such religions with the bad counter-reckoning too, and to bring their uncanny dangerousness to light:—it is always paid for dearly and terribly when religions hold sway *not* as means of breeding and education in the philosopher's hand, but on their own and *sovereign*, when they want to be ultimate ends themselves and not means among other means. Among human beings, as among every other species of animal, there is a surplus of the failed, the sick, the

degenerating, the frail, the necessarily suffering; the successful cases are, among human beings too, always the exception—and indeed, given that man is the *animal not yet fixed*, the rare exception. But worse still: the higher the type of human being a person represents, the more the improbability grows that he will *turn out well*: chance, the law of nonsense in the whole economy of mankind, shows itself most terribly in its destructive effect on higher human beings, whose conditions of life are delicate, manifold and hard to calculate. Now how do the two greatest religions just named behave toward this *surplus* of failed cases? They seek to preserve, to keep alive whatever can possibly be kept; indeed, they take their side on principle, as religions *for sufferers*; they say that all those are right who suffer from life as from an illness, and would like to see to it that every other feeling about life is considered false and becomes impossible. However highly one may rate this sparing and preserving care—insofar as, along with all the others, it is and was extended also to the highest type of man, which has so far almost always been the most suffering type too—in the overall reckoning, the religions up to now, that is, the *sovereign* ones, are among the chief causes that have kept the type "man" on a lower rung: they preserved too much of *what ought to perish*. We have priceless things to thank them for; and who is rich enough in gratitude not to become poor before all that the "spiritual men" of Christianity, for example, have done for Europe until now! And yet, when they gave comfort to the suffering, courage to the oppressed and despairing, a staff and support to the dependent, and lured the inwardly shattered and those who had grown savage away from society into monasteries and penitentiaries of the soul: what else did they have to do in order to work, with a good conscience and on principle, at preserving everything sick and suffering—that is, in deed and in truth, at the *deterioration of the European race*? Stand all valuations *on their head—that* is what they had to do! And break the strong, infect great hopes with sickliness, cast suspicion on happiness in beauty, bend everything self-sovereign, manly, conquering, domineering—all the instincts proper

to the highest and best-formed type "man"—into uncertainty, anguish of conscience, self-destruction; indeed, invert the whole love of the earthly and of dominion over the earth into hatred of the earth and the earthly—*that* is the task the Church set itself, and had to set itself, until in its estimation "renouncing the world," "renouncing the senses" and "higher man" finally melted together into one feeling. Supposing one could survey, with the mocking and uninvolved eye of an Epicurean god, the strangely painful comedy of European Christianity, as coarse as it is subtle, I believe one would never stop marveling and laughing: does it not seem as if a single will has ruled over Europe for eighteen centuries—to make man into a *sublime miscarriage*? But whoever, with the opposite needs, no longer Epicurean but with some divine hammer in his hand, approached this almost willful degeneration and stunting of man that the Christian European is (Pascal, for example), would he not have to cry out with fury, with pity, with horror: "Oh you dolts, you presumptuous, pitying dolts, what have you done![10] Was that work for your hands! How you have botched and bungled my most beautiful stone! What liberties *you* took!"—What I mean is: Christianity has so far been the most fateful kind of self-presumption. Human beings not high and hard enough to be allowed to shape *man* as artists; human beings not strong and far-sighted enough to *let* the foreground law of thousandfold failure and perishing prevail, with sublime self-restraint; human beings not noble enough to see the abysmally different order of rank and chasm of rank between man and man:—*such* human beings, with their "equal before God," have so far held sway over the destiny of Europe, until at last a diminished, almost ridiculous species, a herd animal, something well-meaning, sickly and mediocre has been bred: the European of today....

10 Epicurus taught that the gods live in blissful indifference to human affairs.

Part 4: Epigrams and interludes

Viertes Hauptstück: Sprüche und Zwischenspiele
A collection of aphorisms on knowledge, love, women, morality and vanity.

---

63 Whoever is a teacher through and through takes all things seriously only in relation to his students—even himself.

64 "Knowledge for its own sake"—that is the last snare morality lays: with it one becomes completely entangled in morality once again.

65 The charm of knowledge would be slight if so much shame did not have to be overcome on the way to it.

65a One is most dishonest toward one's god: he is not *allowed* to sin!

66 The inclination to demean oneself, to let oneself be robbed, lied to and exploited, could be the shame of a god among human beings.

67 Love of one is a barbarism: for it is practiced at the expense of all others. Love of God too.

68 "I did that," says my memory. I cannot have done that—says my pride, and remains inexorable. Eventually—memory yields.

69 One has watched life badly if one has not also seen the hand that, ever so considerately—kills.

70 If one has character, one also has one's typical experience, which keeps coming back.

71 The sage as astronomer.—As long as you still feel the stars as something "above you," you still lack the eye of the knower.

72 It is not the strength but the duration of high feeling that makes high human beings.

[73] Whoever reaches his ideal by that very fact goes beyond it.

[73a] Many a peacock hides his peacock's tail from everyone's eyes—and calls it his pride.

[74] A person of genius is unbearable unless he possesses at least two further things as well: gratitude and cleanliness.

[75] The degree and kind of a person's sexuality reach up into the topmost summit of his spirit.

[76] In peaceful circumstances the warlike man falls upon himself.

[77] With one's principles one wants to tyrannize one's habits, or justify them, or honor them, or revile them, or hide them:—two people with the same principles probably want something fundamentally different with them.

[78] Whoever despises himself still respects himself as a despiser.

[79] A soul that knows it is loved but does not itself love betrays its sediment:—what lies at its bottom rises up.

[80] A thing that becomes clear ceases to concern us.—What did that god mean who advised: "know yourself"! Did it perhaps mean: "stop concerning yourself! become objective!"—And Socrates?—And the "scientific man"? —

[81] It is terrible to die of thirst at sea. Must you salt your truth so heavily that it no longer even—quenches thirst?

[82] "Pity for all"—would be hardness and tyranny toward *you*, my dear neighbor! —

[83] *Instinct.* — When the house is on fire, one forgets even lunch.—Yes: but one makes up for it afterward, on the ashes.

[84] Woman learns to hate to the degree that she—unlearns how to charm.

[85] The same affects in man and woman nevertheless differ in tempo: that is why man and woman never stop misunderstanding each other.

[86] Women themselves, behind all their personal vanity, still always have their impersonal contempt—for "woman."

[87] *Heart bound, spirit free.* — If one binds one's heart tightly and takes it captive, one can give one's spirit many liberties: I have

said this once before. But people do not believe me, unless they already know it.....

88 One begins to mistrust very clever people when they become embarrassed.

89 Terrible experiences give one cause to wonder whether the one who experiences them is not himself something terrible.

90 Heavy, melancholy people become lighter precisely through what makes others heavy, through hatred and love, and for a while they rise to their surface.

91 So cold, so icy, that one burns one's fingers on him! Every hand that touches him recoils in fright!—And precisely for that reason some take him to be red-hot.

92 Who has not at some time—sacrificed himself for the sake of his good reputation? —

93 In affability there is nothing of hatred for mankind, but for that very reason all too much contempt for mankind.

94 Maturity in a man: that means having rediscovered the seriousness one had as a child, at play.

95 To be ashamed of one's immorality: that is a step on the staircase at whose top one is also ashamed of one's morality.

96 One should part from life as Odysseus parted from Nausicaa—more in blessing than in love.[1]

97 What? A great man? All I ever see is the actor of his own ideal.

98 Train your conscience, and it will kiss you even as it bites.

99 The disappointed man speaks.—"I listened for an echo, and heard only praise —"

100 In front of ourselves we all pretend to be simpler than we are: that is how we rest from our fellow men.

101 Today a knower might easily feel himself to be God become animal.

102 Discovering that one's love is returned ought really to sober the lover about the beloved creature. "What? *it* is modest enough to love even you? Or stupid enough? Or—or —"

1 In Homer's *Odyssey* (Books 6–8), the young princess Nausicaa helps the shipwrecked Odysseus; he takes leave of her with a blessing.

[103] The danger in happiness.—"Now everything turns out for the best for me, from now on I love every fate:—who would like to be my fate?"

[104] Not their love of humanity, but the impotence of their love of humanity keeps the Christians of today from—burning us.

[105] To the free spirit, the "pious devotee of knowledge,"—pia fraus [pious fraud] is even more offensive to his taste (to *his* "piety") than impia fraus [impious fraud]. Hence his profound incomprehension of the Church, as belongs to the type "free spirit"—as *his* unfreedom.

[106] By means of music the passions enjoy themselves.

[107] Once the decision is made, to close one's ears even to the best counter-argument: sign of a strong character. Thus an occasional will to stupidity.

[108] There are no moral phenomena at all, only a moral interpretation of phenomena.....

[109] The criminal is often enough not equal to his deed: he belittles and slanders it.

[110] A criminal's lawyers are seldom artists enough to turn the beautiful terribleness of the deed to the advantage of the one who did it.

[111] Our vanity is hardest to wound precisely when our pride has just been wounded.

[112] Whoever feels predestined for seeing and not for believing finds all believers too noisy and pushy: he fends them off.

[113] "You want to win him over? Then act embarrassed in front of him —"

[114] The enormous expectation with regard to sexual love, and the shame in this expectation, spoils all perspectives for women from the start.

[115] Where love or hatred is not playing along, woman plays a mediocre game.

[116] The great epochs of our life come when we gain the courage to rechristen our evil as what is best in us.

[117] The will to overcome an affect is in the end only the will of another affect, or of several others.

118 There is an innocence of admiration: it belongs to the one to whom it has not yet occurred that he, too, might someday be admired.

119 Disgust at dirt can be so great that it keeps us from cleaning ourselves—from "justifying" ourselves.

120 Sensuality often rushes the growth of love, so that the root stays weak and is easily pulled out.

121 It is a subtle touch that God learned Greek when he wanted to become a writer—and that he did not learn it better.[2]

122 For some people, being pleased by praise is only a courtesy of the heart—and precisely the opposite of a vanity of the mind.

123 Concubinage, too, has been corrupted:—by marriage.

124 Whoever still exults at the stake is triumphing not over pain, but over feeling no pain where he expected it. A parable.

125 When we have to change our minds about someone, we hold the inconvenience he causes us hard against him.

126 A people is nature's detour for getting to six or seven great men.—Yes: and then for getting around them.

127 Science offends the modesty of all real women. It makes them feel as if someone wanted to peek under their skin—worse still! under their dress and finery.

128 The more abstract the truth you want to teach, the more you must first seduce the senses to it.

129 The devil has the widest perspectives on God, which is why he keeps so far away from him:—the devil, that is, as the oldest friend of knowledge.

130 What someone *is* begins to betray itself when his talent flags—when he stops showing what he *can do*. Talent, too, is finery; finery, too, is a hiding place.

131 The sexes deceive themselves about each other: that is because at bottom they honor and love only themselves (or their own ideal, to put it more pleasingly—). Thus man wants woman to be peaceable—but woman is *essentially* unpeaceable, like the

2 The New Testament was written in the everyday Greek of the Roman Empire, not in classical literary Greek.

cat, however well she has trained herself to keep up an appearance of peace.

[132] One is punished best for one's virtues.

[133] Whoever cannot find the way to *his* ideal lives more frivolously and impudently than the man without an ideal.

[134] From the senses first comes all credibility, all good conscience, all evident truth.

[135] Pharisaism is not a degeneration in the good man: a good dose of it is rather the condition of all being good.

[136] One man looks for a midwife for his thoughts, another for someone he can help: that is how a good conversation comes about.

[137] In dealing with scholars and artists one easily miscalculates in opposite directions: behind a remarkable scholar one not infrequently finds a mediocre person, and behind a mediocre artist often even—a very remarkable person.

[138] We do the same awake as in dreams: we first invent and make up the person we are dealing with—and immediately forget that we did.

[139] In revenge and in love woman is more barbarous than man.

[140] *Advice as a riddle.* — "If the band is not to break,—you must first bite down on it."

[141] The belly is the reason why man does not so easily take himself for a god.

[142] The chastest remark I have ever heard: "Dans le véritable amour c'est l'âme, qui enveloppe le corps." [In true love it is the soul that envelops the body.]

[143] Whatever we do best, our vanity would like to have regarded as precisely what is hardest for us. On the origin of many a morality.

[144] When a woman has scholarly inclinations, there is usually something wrong with her sexuality. Sterility alone predisposes to a certain masculinity of taste; for man, if you will pardon me, is "the sterile animal."

145 Comparing man and woman on the whole, one may say: woman would not have her genius for finery if she did not have the instinct for the *second* role.

146 Whoever fights monsters should see to it that he does not become a monster in the process. And if you gaze long into an abyss, the abyss also gazes into you.

147 From old Florentine tales—and from life besides: buona femmina e mala femmina vuol bastone [good woman and bad woman alike need the stick]. Sacchetti, Nov. 86.[3]

148 To seduce one's neighbor into a good opinion and afterward to believe devoutly in this opinion of one's neighbor: who can match women at this trick? —

149 What an age feels to be evil is usually an untimely echo of what was once felt to be good—the atavism of an older ideal.

150 Around the hero everything becomes tragedy, around the demigod everything becomes satyr play; and around God everything becomes—what? perhaps "world"? —

151 Having a talent is not enough: one must also have your permission for it—eh? my friends?

152 "Where the tree of knowledge stands, there is always paradise": so speak the oldest and the youngest serpents.

153 Whatever is done out of love always happens beyond good and evil.

154 Objection, the leap to the side, cheerful mistrust, the love of mockery are signs of health: everything unconditional belongs to pathology.

155 The sense of the tragic waxes and wanes with sensuality.

156 Madness is something rare in individuals—but in groups, parties, nations, ages it is the rule.

157 The thought of suicide is a powerful comfort: it gets one through many a bad night.

158 To our strongest drive, the tyrant in us, not only our reason submits but our conscience as well.

3 Franco Sacchetti (c. 1335–1400), Florentine author of a collection of some three hundred short tales, the *Trecentonovelle*.

159 One *must* repay, good and ill: but why precisely to the person who did us good or ill?

160 One no longer loves one's knowledge enough once one communicates it.

161 Poets are shameless toward their experiences: they exploit them.

162 "Our neighbor is not the one who lives next door, but the one next door to him"—so thinks every people.

163 Love brings to light the lofty and hidden qualities of a lover —what is rare and exceptional in him: to that extent it easily deceives about what is the rule in him.

164 Jesus said to his Jews: "The law was for servants—love God as I love him, as his son! What do we sons of God care about morality!" —

165 *In view of every party.* — A shepherd always needs a bellwether as well—or else he must now and then be a sheep himself.

166 One may well lie with one's mouth; but with the face one pulls while doing it one still tells the truth.

167 In hard people, tenderness is a matter of shame—and something precious.

168 Christianity gave Eros poison to drink:—he did not die of it, to be sure, but he degenerated—into vice.

169 Talking a great deal about oneself can also be a way of hiding oneself.

170 There is more importunity in praise than in blame.

171 Pity in a man of knowledge is almost laughable, like delicate hands on a Cyclops.

172 Out of love of humanity one sometimes embraces just anybody (because one cannot embrace everybody): but that is precisely what one must not let the anybody know.....

173 One does not hate as long as one still holds in low esteem, but only when one esteems as equal or higher.

174 You utilitarians, you too love everything utile [useful] only as a *vehicle* for your inclinations—do you too really find the noise of its wheels unbearable?

175 In the end one loves one's desire, and not what is desired.

176 Other people's vanity goes against our taste only when it goes against our vanity.

177 About what "truthfulness" is, perhaps no one has yet been truthful enough.

178 Clever people are not believed when they commit follies: what a loss of human rights!

179 The consequences of our actions seize us by the scruff of the neck, quite indifferent to the fact that we have meanwhile "improved."

180 There is an innocence in lying that is the sign of good faith in a cause.

181 It is inhuman to bless where one is cursed.

182 The familiarity of a superior embitters, because it may not be returned. —

183 "Not that you lied to me, but that I no longer believe you— that is what has shaken me." —

184 There is an exuberance of goodness that looks like malice.

185 "I don't like him."—Why?—"I am no match for him."—Has anyone ever answered like that?

Part 5: On the natural history of morals

Fünftes Hauptstück: Zur Naturgeschichte der Moral
Nietzsche outlines a typology of morals, contrasting herd morality with the rare, independent individual.

186 Moral feeling in Europe today is as refined, late, manifold, irritable and subtle as the "science of morals" that goes with it is still young, inexpert, clumsy and coarse-fingered:—an attractive contrast, which sometimes becomes visible and incarnate in the very person of a moralist. Even the phrase "science of morals" is, in view of what it designates, far too arrogant and against *good* taste: which always tends to be a foretaste of more modest words. In all strictness, one ought to admit to oneself *what* is still needed here for a long time to come, *what* alone is justified for the present: namely, the collection of material, the conceptual grasp and ordering of an immense realm of delicate feelings of value and distinctions of value, which live, grow, beget and perish—and, perhaps, attempts to make vivid the recurring and more frequent forms of this living crystallization—as preparation for a *typology* of morals. To be sure: so far people have not been so modest. The philosophers, one and all, with a stiff seriousness that makes one laugh, demanded of themselves something far higher, more ambitious, more solemn as soon as they took up morality as a science: they wanted to *ground* morality—and every philosopher so far has believed he had grounded it; morality itself, however, was taken as "given." How remote from their clumsy pride lay that task of description, which seemed so unremarkable and was left lying in dust and mold, although even the finest hands and senses could hardly be fine enough for

it! Precisely because the moral philosophers knew the moral facta [facts] only crudely, in an arbitrary selection or a chance abridgment—as the morality of their surroundings, say, of their class, their church, the spirit of their age, their climate and region—precisely because they were poorly informed about peoples, ages, pasts, and had little curiosity about them, they never even caught sight of the real problems of morality:—for these all emerge only when *many* moralities are compared. In all "science of morals" so far, strange as it may sound, the problem of morality itself was still *missing*: missing was the very suspicion that there was anything problematic here. What the philosophers called "the grounding of morality" and demanded of themselves was, seen in the right light, only a learned form of good *faith* in the prevailing morality, a new means of its *expression*, and thus itself a fact within a particular morality—indeed, in the last analysis, a kind of denial that this morality *may* be taken as a problem:—and in any case the opposite of an examination, dissection, questioning, vivisection of this very faith. Listen, for example, to the almost venerable innocence with which even Schopenhauer still presents his own task, and draw your conclusions about the scientific standing of a "science" whose latest masters still talk like children and little old women: —"the principle," he says (p. 136 of the Basic Problems of Ethics), "the axiom on whose content all moralists are *actually* agreed: neminem laede, immo omnes, quantum potes, juva [harm no one; rather, help everyone as much as you can]—that is *actually* the proposition that all teachers of morals labor to ground.... the *actual* foundation of ethics, which has been sought for thousands of years like the philosopher's stone."—The difficulty of grounding the proposition quoted may indeed be great—as is well known, Schopenhauer did not succeed at it either —; and whoever has once felt thoroughly how tastelessly false and sentimental this proposition is, in a world whose essence is will to power —, may care to be reminded that Schopenhauer, although a pessimist, *actually*—played the flute.... Every day, after dinner:

read his biographer on the subject.[1] And, by the way, a question: a pessimist, a denier of God and the world, who *comes to a halt* before morality—who says Yes to morality and plays the flute, to the laede-neminem morality: what? is that really—a pessimist?

187 Quite apart from the value of such assertions as "there is a categorical imperative in us," one can still always ask: what does such an assertion tell us about the one who asserts it? There are moralities meant to justify their author before others; other moralities are meant to calm him and make him content with himself; with others he wants to crucify and humble himself; with others he wants to take revenge, with others to hide himself, with others to transfigure himself and set himself up and away, on the heights and in the distance; this morality serves its author to forget, that one to make himself, or something about himself, forgotten; many a moralist would like to exercise power and creative caprice on humanity; many another, perhaps Kant among them, gives us to understand with his morality: "What is worthy of respect in me is that I can obey—and with you it *ought* to be no different than with me!"—in short, moralities too are only a *sign language of the affects*.

188 Every morality is, in contrast to laisser aller [letting oneself go], a piece of tyranny against "nature," and against "reason" too: but that is not yet an objection to it, unless one were in turn to decree, from some morality or other, that every kind of tyranny and unreason is forbidden. What is essential and inestimable in every morality is that it is a long constraint: to understand Stoicism or Port-Royal or Puritanism, one might recall the constraint under which every language so far has attained strength and freedom—the constraint of meter, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. How much trouble the poets and orators of every people have given themselves![2] — not excepting some prose writers of today, in whose ear dwells an inexorable conscience

1 Schopenhauer's prize essay "On the Basis of Morality," published in *The Two Basic Problems of Ethics* (1841). His biographer Wilhelm Gwinner records his daily flute-playing.

2 Port-Royal: the convent near Paris that in the 17th century was the center of Jansenism, an austere movement of Catholic piety and learning.

—"for the sake of a folly," as utilitarian blockheads say, who think themselves clever for it,—"out of submission to arbitrary laws," as the anarchists say, who fancy themselves "free" for it, even free-spirited. The strange fact, however, is that everything there is or has been on earth of freedom, subtlety, boldness, dance and masterly assurance, whether in thinking itself, or in governing, or in speaking and persuading, in the arts as well as in morals, has developed only by virtue of the "tyranny of such arbitrary laws"; and in all seriousness, the probability is not small that precisely this is "nature" and "natural"—and *not* that laisser aller! Every artist knows how far from the feeling of letting himself go his "most natural" state is—the free ordering, placing, disposing, shaping in moments of "inspiration"—and how strictly and subtly he obeys, precisely then, thousandfold laws which, precisely because of their hardness and precision, mock all formulation in concepts (even the firmest concept, held up against them, has something floating, manifold, ambiguous about it—). The essential thing, "in heaven and on earth," as it seems, is, to say it once more, that there be long *obedience* in one direction: out of this there always comes, and always has come, in the long run, something for whose sake it is worth living on earth—for example virtue, art, music, dance, reason, spirituality—something transfiguring, refined, mad and divine. The long unfreedom of the spirit, the mistrustful constraint on the communicability of thoughts, the discipline thinkers imposed on themselves to think within the guidelines of church and court, or under Aristotelian presuppositions, the long spiritual will to interpret everything that happens according to a Christian scheme and to rediscover and justify the Christian God in every accident—all this violence, arbitrariness, hardness, horror, anti-rationality has proved to be the means by which the European spirit was bred to its strength, its ruthless curiosity and subtle agility: granted that in the process an irreplaceable amount of strength and spirit also had to be crushed, stifled and ruined (for here as everywhere "nature" shows itself as it is, in all its prodigal and *indifferent* magnificence, which is

outrageous, but noble). That for thousands of years European thinkers thought only in order to prove something—today, conversely, any thinker who "wants to prove something" is suspect to us —, that it was always settled for them in advance what *was supposed* to come out as the result of their most rigorous reflection, rather as it once was with Asian astrology, or as it still is today with the harmless Christian-moral interpretation of one's own nearest personal experiences "to the glory of God" and "for the salvation of the soul":—this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this rigorous and grandiose stupidity has *educated* the spirit; slavery, it seems, in the cruder and in the subtler sense, is the indispensable means of spiritual discipline and breeding as well. Look at any morality in this light: it is the "nature" in it that teaches one to hate laisser aller, all-too-great freedom, and that implants the need for limited horizons, for the nearest tasks—that teaches the *narrowing of perspective*, and thus in a certain sense stupidity, as a condition of life and growth. "You shall obey, someone or other, and for a long time: *otherwise* you will perish and lose your last respect for yourself"—this seems to me to be nature's moral imperative, which is admittedly neither "categorical," as old Kant demanded of it (hence the "otherwise"—), nor addressed to the individual (what does nature care about the individual!), but rather to peoples, races, ages, classes, and above all to the whole animal "man," to *man*.

189 Industrious races find it a great hardship to endure idleness: it was a masterstroke of *English* instinct to make Sunday so holy and so boring that the Englishman, without noticing, starts to hanker again for his weekdays and working days:—as a kind of cleverly invented, cleverly inserted *fast*, of a sort that can also be observed in abundance in the ancient world (though, as is only fair among southern peoples, not exactly with regard to work—). There must be fasts of many kinds; and wherever powerful drives and habits rule, lawgivers must take care to insert leap days on which such a drive is put in chains and learns once again to go hungry. Seen from a higher vantage point, whole generations and eras, when they appear afflicted

with some moral fanaticism or other, look like such inserted periods of constraint and fasting, during which a drive learns to cower and prostrate itself, but also to *purify* and *sharpen* itself; certain philosophical sects, too (for example the Stoa in the midst of Hellenistic culture, with its air grown lascivious and overladen with aphrodisiac scents), permit this kind of interpretation.—This also offers a hint toward explaining that paradox: why it was precisely in the most Christian period of Europe, and only under the pressure of Christian value judgments at all, that the sex drive sublimated itself into love (amour-passion [passionate love]).[3]

190 There is something in Plato's morality that does not really belong to Plato but is merely found in his philosophy—in spite of Plato, one might say: namely Socratism, for which he was really too noble. "No one wants to do himself harm, therefore everything bad happens involuntarily. For the bad man does himself harm: he would not do this if he knew that the bad is bad. Accordingly the bad man is bad only through an error; take away his error, and you necessarily make him—good."—This way of reasoning smells of the *rabble*, which sees in bad conduct only its unpleasant consequences and really judges "it is *stupid* to act badly"; while it simply takes "good" to be identical with "useful and pleasant." With every utilitarianism in morals one may guess at this same origin from the outset and follow one's nose: one will seldom go astray. — Plato did everything he could to read something subtle and noble into his teacher's proposition—above all, himself —, he, the most audacious of all interpreters, who took the whole Socrates only as a popular theme and folk song from the streets, in order to vary it into the infinite and the impossible: namely into all his own masks and multiplicities. Speaking in jest, and in Homeric style at that: what is the Platonic Socrates, if not

3 "Amour-passion": Stendhal's term, in *On Love* (1822), for the highest form of romantic love.

πρόσθε Πλάτων ὄπιθέν τε Πλάτων μέσση τε Χίμαιρα. [Plato in front, Plato behind, and Chimera in the middle.][4]

191 The old theological problem of "faith" and "knowledge"—or, more clearly, of instinct and reason—that is, the question whether, in the evaluation of things, instinct deserves more authority than rationality, which wants evaluation and action to follow reasons, a "Why?", that is, purposiveness and utility—this is still that old moral problem which first appeared in the person of Socrates and divided minds long before Christianity. Socrates himself, it is true, with the taste of his talent—that of a superior dialectician—had at first sided with reason; and in truth, what did he do his whole life long but laugh at the awkward incapacity of his noble Athenians, who were men of instinct, like all noble men, and could never give a satisfactory account of the reasons for their actions? In the end, however, silently and secretly, he laughed at himself too: in himself, before his subtler conscience and self-examination, he found the same difficulty and incapacity. But why, he told himself, should one on that account break free of the instincts! One must help them, and reason *too*, to their rights—one must follow the instincts, but persuade reason to come to their aid with good reasons. This was the real *falseness* of that great, mysterious ironist; he got his conscience to content itself with a kind of self-outwitting: at bottom he had seen through the irrational element in moral judgment.—Plato, more innocent in such things and without the craftiness of the plebeian, wanted, with the expenditure of all his strength—the greatest strength any philosopher so far has had to expend! — to prove to himself that reason and instinct of their own accord move toward a single goal, toward the good, toward "God"; and since Plato all theologians and philosophers have followed the same track—that is, in matters of morality it is instinct, or as the Christians call it, "faith," or as I call it, "the herd," that has won so far. Unless one were to except Descartes, the father of rationalism (and con-

4 A parody of Homer's description of the Chimera (*Iliad* 6.181): "lion in front, serpent behind, and goat in the middle."

sequently grandfather of the Revolution), who granted authority to reason alone: but reason is only an instrument, and Descartes was superficial.

192 Whoever has traced the history of a single science finds in its development a guiding thread for understanding the oldest and most common processes of all "knowing and cognition": there as here, it is the premature hypotheses, the fictions, the good stupid will to "believe," the lack of mistrust and patience that develop first—our senses learn late, and never learn fully, to be subtle, faithful, cautious organs of knowledge. Our eye finds it more comfortable, when given an occasion, to reproduce an image it has often produced before than to hold fast within itself what is divergent and new in an impression: the latter requires more strength, more "morality." Hearing something new is painful and hard for the ear; foreign music we hear badly. When we hear another language, we involuntarily try to shape the sounds we hear into words that sound more familiar and homely to us: thus, for example, the German of old, on hearing arcubalista, made it into the word Armbrust. The new finds our senses, too, hostile and reluctant; and in general, even in the "simplest" processes of sensation, the affects *rule*—fear, love, hatred, including the passive affects of laziness.[5] — Just as little as a reader today reads off every single word (let alone syllable) on a page—rather, out of twenty words he picks about five at random and "guesses" the meaning that presumably goes with these five words —, just as little do we see a tree exactly and completely, with respect to leaves, branches, color, shape; it is so very much easier for us to fantasize an approximate tree. Even in the midst of the strangest experiences we still do the same: we make up the greater part of the experience and can hardly be forced *not* to watch some event as its "inventor." All this means: we are, fundamentally and from time immemorial—*accustomed to lying*. Or, to put it more virtuously and hypocritically, in short, more pleasantly: one is much more of an artist than one knows.—In a lively con-

5 Latin arcuballista ("bow-catapult") became German Armbrust ("crossbow"), reshaped as if made of Arm ("arm") and Brust ("breast").

versation I often see the face of the person I am talking to so clearly and so finely defined before me, according to the thought he expresses or that I believe I have evoked in him, that this degree of clarity far exceeds the *power* of my eyesight:—the subtle play of the muscles and of the expression of the eyes *must* therefore have been invented and added by me. Probably the person was making a completely different face, or none at all.

193 Quidquid luce fuit, tenebris agit [what was by daylight lives on in the dark]: but the reverse holds too. What we experience in dreams, provided we experience it often, belongs in the end just as much to the overall household of our soul as anything "really" experienced: by virtue of it we are richer or poorer, have one need more or one fewer, and in the end, in broad daylight, and even in the most cheerful moments of our waking spirit, we are kept a little on the leading strings of our dream habits.[6] Suppose someone has often flown in his dreams and at last, as soon as he dreams, becomes conscious of a power and art of flying as his privilege, and as his own most personal, enviable happiness: such a person, who believes he can carry out every kind of curve and angle with the lightest impulse, who knows the feeling of a certain divine levity, an "upward" without strain and constraint, a "downward" without condescension and humiliation—without *heaviness*!—how could a man with such dream experiences and dream habits not find, in the end, that for his waking day too the word "happiness" has a different color and definition! how could he not long for happiness—*differently*? "Soaring," as poets describe it, must seem to him, compared with that "flying," already too earthbound, too muscular, too violent, already too "heavy."

194 The difference between people shows itself not only in the difference between their tables of goods—that is, in their holding different goods to be worth striving for, and in their disagreeing with one another about the more and less of value, about the order of rank of commonly recognized goods:—it shows itself even more in what counts for them as really *having*

6 A line from a Latin poem on dreams attributed to Petronius (1st century AD).

and *possessing* a good. With regard to a woman, for example, the more modest man considers control over her body and sexual gratification a sufficient and satisfying sign of having, of possessing; another, with his more suspicious and more demanding thirst for possession, sees the "question mark," the merely apparent nature of such having, and wants subtler tests, above all to know whether the woman not only gives herself to him but also gives up for his sake what she has or would like to have —: only *then* does she count for him as "possessed." A third, however, has not come to the end of his mistrust and his desire to have even here; he asks himself whether the woman, when she gives up everything for him, is not perhaps doing so for a phantom of him: he wants first to be known thoroughly, indeed to his very depths, in order to be loved at all; he dares to let himself be seen through —. Only then does he feel his beloved to be fully in his possession, when she no longer deceives herself about him, when she loves him for his devilry and hidden insatiability just as much as for his goodness, patience and spirituality. One man would like to possess a people: and all the higher arts of a Cagliostro and a Catiline suit him for this purpose.[7] Another, with a subtler thirst for possession, says to himself: "One may not deceive where one wants to possess" —; he is irritated and impatient at the idea that a mask of himself rules over the heart of the people: "So I must *let* myself be known, and, first of all, know myself!" Among helpful and charitable people one almost regularly finds that clumsy cunning which first refashions the person to be helped to suit itself: as if, for example, he "deserved" help, longed for precisely *their* help, and would show himself deeply grateful, devoted and submissive to them for all their help—with these fancies they dispose of the needy as of a piece of property, just as it is out of a desire for property in general that they are charitable and helpful people. One finds them jealous if one crosses them in their helping or gets there before them. Parents involuntarily make of their child something like

7 Cagliostro (1743–1795), Italian adventurer and celebrated impostor; Catiline (d. 62 BC), Roman aristocrat who conspired to seize power in 63 BC.

themselves—they call that "upbringing" —; no mother doubts, at the bottom of her heart, that in her child she has given birth to a piece of property; no father disputes his own right to subject it to *his* concepts and valuations. Indeed, in former times it seemed fair to fathers to dispose as they saw fit over the life and death of the newborn (as among the ancient Germans). And like the father, so even now the teacher, the social class, the priest, the prince see in every new human being an unproblematic opportunity for new possession. From which it follows.....

195 The Jews—a people "born for slavery," as Tacitus and the whole ancient world say; "the chosen people among the peoples," as they themselves say and believe—the Jews brought off that miracle of an inversion of values thanks to which life on earth acquired a new and dangerous charm for a couple of millennia:—their prophets fused "rich," "godless," "evil," "violent," "sensual" into one, and were the first to mint the word "world" into a term of disgrace. In this inversion of values (which includes using the word for "poor" as a synonym for "holy" and "friend") lies the significance of the Jewish people: with them begins the *slave revolt in morality*.[8]

196 There are countless dark bodies to be *inferred* near the sun —ones we shall never see. That, between ourselves, is a parable; and a moral psychologist reads the whole script of the stars only as a language of parables and signs in which a great deal can be left unsaid.

197 One thoroughly misunderstands the beast of prey and the human being of prey (Cesare Borgia, for example), one misunderstands "nature," as long as one still looks for something "morbid" at the root of these healthiest of all tropical monsters and growths, or even for a "hell" innate in them —: as almost all moralists have done so far. It seems that moralists harbor a hatred of the jungle and the tropics? And that the "tropical human being" must be discredited at any price, whether as a

8 The phrase "born for slavery" is Cicero's (*On the Consular Provinces* 10), said of Jews and Syrians; Tacitus (c. AD 56–120) wrote of the Jews with contempt in his *Histories* (Book 5).

sickness and degeneration of humanity or as his own hell and self-torment? But why? In favor of the "temperate zones"? In favor of temperate people? Of the "moral"? Of the mediocre?—This for the chapter "Morality as Timidity." —[9]

198 All these moralities that address themselves to the individual person, for the sake of his "happiness," as they say—what are they but recommendations for conduct in proportion to the degree of *danger* in which the individual person lives with himself; recipes against his passions, his good and bad inclinations insofar as these have the will to power and would like to play the master; little and large prudences and artifices, reeking of the musty back-corner smell of old home remedies and old wives' wisdom; all of them baroque and unreasonable in form—because they address themselves to "everyone," because they generalize where generalizing is not permitted —; all of them speaking unconditionally, taking themselves unconditionally; all of them seasoned not merely with a single grain of salt—rather, bearable only, and sometimes even seductive, once they learn to smell overseasoned and dangerous, above all "of the other world": All of that, measured intellectually, is worth little and is far from being "science," let alone "wisdom"; it is, rather, to say it again and to say it three times, cleverness, cleverness, cleverness, mixed with stupidity, stupidity, stupidity—whether it be that indifference and statue-like coldness toward the hot-headed folly of the affects which the Stoics advised and administered as a cure; or that no-more-laughing and no-more-weeping of Spinoza, his so naively advocated destruction of the affects by analyzing and vivisecting them; or that toning down of the affects to a harmless mean at which they may be satisfied, the Aristotelianism of morality; even morality as enjoyment of the affects in a deliberately diluted and spiritualized form through the symbolism of art, say as music, or as love of God and of man for God's sake—for in religion the passions have civil rights again, provided that.....; finally, even that obliging and

9 Cesare Borgia (1475–1507), ruthless Italian prince and son of Pope Alexander VI, whom Machiavelli held up as a model ruler.

wanton surrender to the affects, as Hafiz and Goethe taught it, that bold letting-go of the reins, that spiritual-bodily licentia morum [license in morals] in the exceptional case of wise old eccentrics and drunkards, for whom there is "not much danger in it any more."[10] This too for the chapter "Morality as Timidity."

199 Inasmuch as at all times, for as long as there have been human beings, there have also been human herds (clans, communities, tribes, peoples, states, churches), and always a great many who obey in proportion to the small number who command—considering, then, that obedience has so far been practiced and bred best and longest among human beings, one may fairly assume that on average everyone now has an innate need for it, as a kind of *formal conscience* that commands: "you shall do something or other unconditionally, refrain from something or other unconditionally"—in short, "you shall." This need seeks to satisfy itself and to fill its form with a content; in doing so, in keeping with its strength, impatience and tension, it grabs with little discrimination, like a crude appetite, and accepts whatever any commander at all—parents, teachers, laws, class prejudices, public opinion—shouts into its ear. The strange limitedness of human development, its hesitancy, its tediousness, its frequent backsliding and turning in circles, rests on the fact that the herd instinct of obedience is inherited best, and at the expense of the art of commanding. If one imagines this instinct advancing to its ultimate excesses, then in the end there are simply no commanders and independent people left; or they suffer inwardly from a bad conscience and first need to deceive themselves in order to be able to command: namely, as if they too were only obeying. This state of affairs actually exists in Europe today: I call it the moral hypocrisy of those who command. They know no other way of protecting themselves from their bad conscience than by posing as executors of older or higher commands (those of the ancestors, of the constitution, of justice, of

10 Spinoza (1632–1677) wrote that he had tried not to laugh at, weep over or detest human actions, but to understand them. Hafiz (c. 1325–1390), Persian poet of wine and love, whom Goethe emulated in his West-Eastern Divan.

the laws, or even of God), or even by borrowing herd maxims from the herd's way of thinking—for instance as "first servants of their people" or as "instruments of the common good."[11] On the other hand, the herd man in Europe today gives himself the air of being the only permissible kind of human being, and glorifies the qualities that make him tame, easy to get along with and useful to the herd as the truly human virtues: that is, public spirit, benevolence, consideration, industry, moderation, modesty, leniency, pity. But for the cases where one believes one cannot do without leaders and bellwethers, people today are making attempt after attempt to replace commanders by adding together clever herd men: all representative constitutions, for example, have this origin. What a blessing, what a release from a pressure that is becoming unbearable, the appearance of someone who commands unconditionally is, despite everything, for these herd-animal Europeans—to this the effect produced by the appearance of Napoleon bore the last great testimony:—the history of Napoleon's effect is almost the history of the higher happiness that this whole century attained in its most valuable human beings and moments.

200 The human being of an age of dissolution that throws the races together, who as such carries in his body the inheritance of a manifold descent—that is, opposed and often not merely opposed drives and standards of value, which fight with one another and seldom give each other rest—such a human being of late cultures and refracted lights will on average be a weaker human being: his most fundamental desire is that the war which he *is* should at last come to an end; happiness appears to him, in keeping with a sedative (for example Epicurean or Christian) medicine and way of thinking, chiefly as the happiness of resting, of being undisturbed, of satiety, of final unity, as the "Sabbath of Sabbaths," to speak with the holy rhetorician Augustine,

11 An echo of Frederick the Great of Prussia, who called himself the "first servant of the state."

who was himself such a human being.[12] — But if opposition and war in such a nature act as one *more* stimulus and thrill of life —, and if, on the other hand, in addition to its powerful and irreconcilable drives, genuine mastery and subtlety in waging war against itself—that is, self-control, self-outwitting—have also been inherited and bred into it: then there arise those magical, ungraspable and unimaginable ones, those enigmatic human beings predestined for victory and seduction, whose most beautiful expression is Alcibiades and Caesar (— to whom I would gladly add that *first* European after my taste, the Hohenstaufen Frederick the Second), and among artists perhaps Leonardo da Vinci. They appear in precisely the same ages in which that weaker type, with its longing for rest, comes to the fore: the two types belong together and spring from the same causes.[13]

201 As long as the utility that reigns in moral value judgments is solely herd utility, as long as one's gaze is turned only to the preservation of the community, and the immoral is sought precisely and exclusively in what seems dangerous to the community's survival, there can as yet be no "morality of love of one's neighbor." Suppose that even there some constant small practice of consideration, pity, fairness, gentleness, mutual assistance is already found; suppose that even in this state of society all those drives are already active that are later designated by honorific names, as "virtues," and in the end almost coincide with the concept of "morality": in that period they do not yet belong at all to the realm of moral valuations—they are still *extra-moral*. An act of pity, for example, was called neither good nor evil, neither moral nor immoral, in the best Roman period; and if it was praised, this praise was still perfectly compatible with a kind of grudging disdain—namely as soon as it was set beside any action that served the advancement of the whole, the res publica [commonwealth]. In the end "love of one's

12 Augustine (AD 354–430), Church Father, was a professional teacher of rhetoric before his conversion.

13 Alcibiades (c. 450–404 BC), brilliant and unscrupulous Athenian statesman and general. Frederick II (1194–1250), Holy Roman Emperor, famed for his learning and religious skepticism.

neighbor" is always something secondary, partly conventional and arbitrary-for-show, compared with *fear of one's neighbor*. Once the structure of society as a whole seems established and secured against external dangers, it is this fear of one's neighbor that again creates new perspectives of moral valuation. Certain strong and dangerous drives, such as enterprise, foolhardiness, vengefulness, cunning, rapacity, lust for power, which until then had not only to be honored for the common good—under names other than the ones just chosen, of course—but also fostered and bred (because they were constantly needed against the enemies of the whole when the whole was in danger), are now felt with double force in their dangerousness—now that the outlets for them are lacking—and step by step are branded as immoral and abandoned to slander. Now the opposite drives and inclinations come into moral honor; the herd instinct, step by step, draws its conclusion. How much or how little danger to the community, danger to equality, lies in an opinion, in a condition and affect, in a will, in a talent—that is now the moral perspective: here too, fear is once again the mother of morality. On the highest and strongest drives, when they break out passionately and drive the individual far up and out beyond the average and the lowlands of the herd conscience, the community's self-confidence goes to ruin; its faith in itself, its backbone as it were, breaks: consequently it is precisely these drives that will best be branded and slandered. Lofty, independent spirituality, the will to stand alone, even great reason are felt as a danger; everything that lifts the individual above the herd and frightens the neighbor is henceforth called *evil*; the fair-minded, modest, conforming, equalizing disposition, the *mediocrity* of desires, attains moral names and honors. Finally, under very peaceful conditions, there is less and less occasion and need to train one's feelings to severity and hardness; and now every severity, even in justice, begins to trouble consciences; a lofty and hard nobility and self-responsibility is almost offensive and arouses mistrust; "the lamb," and still more "the sheep," gains in respect. There is a point of morbid softening and over-tenderness in the

history of society at which it takes the side even of the one who harms it, the *criminal*—and does so seriously and honestly. Punishing: that seems to it somehow unfair—what is certain is that the idea of "punishment" and "having to punish" hurts it, frightens it. "Isn't it enough to make him *harmless*? Why punish as well? Punishing is itself terrible!"—with this question herd morality, the morality of timidity, draws its ultimate consequence. Supposing one could abolish danger altogether, the grounds for fear, one would have abolished this morality along with it: it would no longer be necessary, it would no longer *consider itself* necessary! — Whoever examines the conscience of today's European will always have to pull the same imperative out of a thousand moral folds and hiding places, the imperative of herd timidity: "we want there some day to be *nothing more to fear*!" Some day—the will and the way *there* is today called "progress" everywhere in Europe.

[202] Let us say it again right away, what we have already said a hundred times: for ears today are not well disposed toward such truths—toward *our* truths. We know well enough how insulting it sounds when anyone counts human beings among the animals at all, plainly and without metaphor; but it will be counted against us almost as a *fault* that, precisely with regard to the people of "modern ideas," we constantly use the expressions "herd," "herd instincts" and the like. It can't be helped! We cannot do otherwise: for precisely here lies our new insight. We found that in all its principal moral judgments Europe has become unanimous, including the countries where Europe's influence holds sway: evidently people in Europe *know* what Socrates thought he did not know, and what that famous old serpent once promised to teach—today people "know" what good and evil are. Now it must sound harsh and grate on the ear when we insist on it again and again: what here believes it knows, what here glorifies itself with its praise and blame and calls itself good, is the instinct of the herd animal man—which has broken through, gained the upper hand and predominance over other instincts, and is doing so more and more, in step with the

growing physiological approximation and assimilation of which it is the symptom.[14] *Morality in Europe today is herd-animal morality*:—that is, as we understand things, only one kind of human morality, beside which, before which, after which many other moralities, above all *higher* ones, are possible or ought to be. But this morality resists such a "possibility," such an "ought," with all its might: it says stubbornly and inexorably, "I am morality itself, and nothing besides is morality!"—indeed, with the help of a religion that indulged and flattered the most sublime herd-animal desires, things have come to the point where we find an ever more visible expression of this morality even in political and social institutions: the *democratic* movement is the heir of the Christian one. But that its tempo is still much too slow and sleepy for the more impatient, for the sick and the addicts of this instinct, is attested by the ever more frenzied howling, the ever more undisguised baring of teeth of the anarchist dogs who now roam the alleys of European culture: seemingly in opposition to the peaceably industrious democrats and revolutionary ideologues, still more to the oafish philosophasters and brotherhood enthusiasts who call themselves socialists and want the "free society," but in truth at one with them all in their thorough and instinctive hostility toward every form of society other than that of the *autonomous* herd (to the point of rejecting even the concepts "master" and "servant"—ni dieu ni maître [neither God nor master] runs a socialist formula —); at one in their tenacious resistance to every special claim, every special right and privilege (which means, in the final analysis, against *every* right: for when all are equal, no one needs "rights" any more —); at one in their mistrust of punitive justice (as if it were an outrage against the weaker, an injustice against the *necessary* consequence of all earlier society —); but equally at one in the religion of pity, in fellow-feeling wherever there is feeling, living, suffering (down to the animal, up to "God":—the extravagance of a "pity for God" belongs in a democratic age —); at one, all of them, in the outcry

14 The serpent in Eden promised that those who ate the forbidden fruit would be "as gods, knowing good and evil" (Genesis 3:5).

and impatience of pity, in mortal hatred of suffering as such, in the almost feminine incapacity to remain a spectator of it, to *let* someone suffer; at one in the involuntary gloom and softening under whose spell Europe seems threatened by a new Buddhism; at one in faith in the morality of *mutual* pity, as if it were morality in itself, the height, the *attained* height of man, the sole hope of the future, the consolation of those living now, the great absolution from all the guilt of the past:—at one, all of them, in faith in the community as the *redeemer*, that is, in the herd, in "themselves".....

203 We, who are of another faith —, we, to whom the democratic movement counts not merely as a form of decay of political organization but as a form of decay, namely of diminution, of man, as his mediocritization and the lowering of his value: where must we reach with our hopes?—Toward *new philosophers*, there is no other choice; toward spirits strong and original enough to give the impetus to opposed valuations and to revalue, to reverse "eternal values"; toward forerunners, toward human beings of the future who in the present tie the knot and the constraint that force the will of millennia onto *new* paths. To teach man the future of man as his *will*, as dependent on a human will, and to prepare great ventures and collective experiments in discipline and breeding, so as to put an end to that gruesome rule of nonsense and chance that has so far been called "history"—the nonsense of the "greatest number" is only its latest form —: for this, some day, a new kind of philosophers and commanders will be needed, beside whose image everything on earth that has existed in the way of hidden, terrible and benevolent spirits might look pale and dwarfed. It is the image of such leaders that hovers before *our* eyes:—may I say it aloud, you free spirits?[15] The circumstances that one would have partly to create, partly to exploit, for them to come into being; the probable paths and trials by which a soul would grow to such a height and power as to feel the *compulsion* to

15 The "greatest number" echoes the utilitarian formula of Jeremy Bentham, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

these tasks; a revaluation of values under whose new pressure and hammer a conscience would be steeled, a heart turned to bronze, so that it could bear the weight of such a responsibility; on the other hand, the necessity of such leaders, the terrifying danger that they might fail to appear, or turn out badly and degenerate—these are *our* real worries and glooms, you know that, don't you, you free spirits? these are the heavy, distant thoughts and storms that pass across the sky of *our* life. There are few pains as acute as having once seen, guessed, felt with, how an extraordinary human being went off course and degenerated: but whoever has the rare eye for the overall danger that "man" himself is *degenerating*, whoever, like us, has recognized the monstrous contingency that has so far played its game with the future of man—a game in which no hand, and not even a "finger of God," took part! — whoever divines the doom that lies hidden in the idiotic guilelessness and blind trustfulness of "modern ideas," still more in the whole of Christian-European morality: he suffers from an anxiety beyond all comparison—for he grasps at a single glance all that could still be *bred from man*, given a favorable accumulation and intensification of forces and tasks; he knows with all the knowledge of his conscience how unexhausted man still is for the greatest possibilities, and how often the type man has already stood facing mysterious decisions and new paths:—he knows still better, from his most painful memory, on what wretched things a being of the highest rank in the making has usually broken so far, broken off, sunk, become wretched. The *overall degeneration of man*, down to what today appears to the socialist oafs and shallow-pates as their "man of the future"—as their ideal!—this degeneration and diminution of man into the perfect herd animal (or, as they say, into the man of the "free society"), this animalization of man into the dwarf animal of equal rights and claims, is *possible*, there is no doubt about it! Whoever has once thought this possibility through to the end knows one disgust more than other people do—and perhaps also a new *task*!....

Part 6: We scholars

Sechstes Hauptstück: Wir Gelehrten
Nietzsche argues that scholars and skeptics serve the true philosopher, who creates new values.

[204] At the risk that moralizing will here too turn out to be what it always was—namely an undaunted montrer ses plaies [displaying one's wounds], as Balzac has it —, I want to venture to oppose an unseemly and harmful shift in rank which today, quite unnoticed and as if with the best of consciences, threatens to establish itself between science and philosophy. I mean that one must have a right, on the basis of one's *experience*—experience, it seems to me, always means bad experience?—to have a say in such a higher question of rank: so as not to talk like the blind about color, or like women and artists *against* science ("oh, this wicked science!" sigh their instinct and their shame, "it always *finds things out*!" —).[1] The declaration of independence of the man of science, his emancipation from philosophy, is one of the subtler after-effects of democratic ways and mischief: the self-glorification and self-exaltation of the scholar is today everywhere in full bloom and in its finest springtime—which is not to say that in this case self-praise smells sweet. "Free from all masters!"—that is what the instinct of the rabble wants here too; and now that science has most successfully fended off theology, whose "handmaid" it was for too long, it is out, in full arrogance and folly, to lay down laws for philosophy and for once to play the "master" itself—what am I saying! to play the *philosopher*. My

1 Honoré de Balzac (1799–1850), French novelist.

memory—the memory of a man of science, if you please![2] — teems with naive displays of arrogance about philosophy and philosophers that I have heard from young natural scientists and old physicians (not to mention the most cultivated and most conceited of all scholars, the philologists and schoolmasters, who are both by profession —). Sometimes it was the specialist and street-corner loafer who instinctively resisted all synthetic tasks and abilities as such; sometimes the diligent worker who had caught a whiff of otium [leisure] and of noble luxuriousness in the philosopher's household of the soul, and felt wronged and belittled by it. Sometimes it was that color blindness of the utilitarian, who sees nothing in philosophy but a series of *refuted* systems and an extravagant expense that "benefits" no one. Sometimes it was fear of mysticism in disguise and of a redrawing of the boundaries of knowledge that leapt out; sometimes contempt for individual philosophers, which had involuntarily generalized itself into contempt for philosophy. Most often of all, finally, I found in young scholars, behind their arrogant disdain for philosophy, the bad after-effect of a philosopher himself, whom they had indeed on the whole ceased to obey, without, however, having escaped the spell of his dismissive valuations of other philosophers:—with the result of a general ill humor toward all philosophy. (Such, for example, seems to me to be the after-effect of Schopenhauer on the most recent Germany:—with his unintelligent rage against Hegel he managed to break the whole last generation of Germans out of their connection with German culture, a culture which, all things considered, was a height and divinatory subtlety of the *historical sense*: but at precisely this point Schopenhauer himself was poor, unreceptive, un-German to the point of genius.) Taken on the whole, it may above all have been the human, all-too-human, in short the paltriness of the recent philosophers themselves, that has most thoroughly damaged reverence for philosophy and opened the gates to the instinct of the rabble. Let us admit to

2 Medieval thinkers called philosophy the "handmaid of theology" (ancilla theologiae).

ourselves how completely our modern world lacks the whole type of the Heraclituses, Platos, Empedocleses, and whatever else all these royal and magnificent hermits of the spirit were called; and with what good right, in the face of such representatives of philosophy as, thanks to fashion, are today as much on top as they are down and out—in Germany, for example, the two lions of Berlin, the anarchist Eugen Dühring and the amalgamist Eduard von Hartmann—a decent man of science *may* feel that he is of a better kind and descent.[3] It is in particular the sight of those hodgepodge philosophers who call themselves "philosophers of reality" or "positivists" that is capable of casting a dangerous mistrust into the soul of a young, ambitious scholar: at best they are scholars and specialists themselves, that is plain as day!—they are all of them defeated men, *brought back* under the dominion of science, who at some point wanted *more* of themselves without having a right to this "more" and its responsibility—and who now, respectably, grimly, vengefully, represent in word and deed *unbelief* in philosophy's task of mastery and its right to rule. After all: how could it be otherwise![4] Science flourishes today and wears its good conscience all over its face, while what the whole of recent philosophy has gradually sunk to, this remnant of philosophy today, arouses mistrust and ill humor against itself, if not mockery and pity. Philosophy reduced to "theory of knowledge," in fact no more than a timid epochism and doctrine of abstinence: a philosophy that never gets across the threshold at all and scrupulously *denies* itself the right to enter—that is philosophy at its last gasp, an end, an agony, something that arouses pity. How could such a philosophy—*rule*![5]

205 The dangers to the philosopher's development are in truth so manifold today that one might doubt whether this fruit can

3 Eugen Dühring (1833–1921), positivist philosopher and economist. Eduard von Hartmann (1842–1906), author of the best-selling Philosophy of the Unconscious, which blended Hegel and Schopenhauer.

4 "Philosophy of reality" (Wirklichkeitsphilosophie) was Dühring's name for his own system.

still ripen at all. The scope and the towering edifice of the sciences have grown enormous, and with them the probability that the philosopher will grow weary while still a learner, or will let himself be held fast somewhere and "specialize": so that he never reaches his height at all, that is, the vantage point for overview, circumspection, *looking down*. Or he gets up there too late, when his best time and strength are already past; or damaged, coarsened, degenerated, so that his view, his overall value judgment, means little any more. Precisely the subtlety of his intellectual conscience may make him hesitate and linger on the way; he fears the temptation to become a dilettante, a creature of a thousand feet and a thousand feelers; he knows too well that one who has lost respect for himself no longer commands, no longer *leads*, even as a knower: unless he wanted to become a great actor, a philosophical Cagliostro and pied piper of spirits, in short a seducer. This is in the end a question of taste: if not indeed a question of conscience. Added to this, doubling the philosopher's difficulty once again, is the fact that he demands of himself a judgment, a Yes or No, not about the sciences but about life and the value of life—that he learns only reluctantly to believe he has a right or even a duty to this judgment, and must seek his way to that right and that belief only out of the most far-reaching—perhaps the most disturbing, most destructive—experiences, and often hesitating, doubting, falling silent. Indeed, the crowd has long mistaken and misjudged the philosopher, whether for the man of science and ideal scholar, or for the religiously exalted, desensualized, "de-worlded" enthusiast and drunkard of God; and if one even hears someone praised today for living "wisely" or "like a philosopher," it means hardly more than "prudently and on the sidelines." Wisdom: to the rabble this seems to be a kind of flight, a means and a trick for getting oneself nicely out of a bad game; but the genuine philosopher—so it seems to *us*, my friends?—lives "unphilosophically" and "unwisely," above all *imprudently*, and feels the burden and

5 "Epochism" is Nietzsche's coinage from epochē, the ancient skeptics' suspension of judgment.

duty of a hundred experiments and temptations of life:—he constantly risks *himself*, he plays *the* bad game.....

206 Compared with a genius, that is, with a being that either *begets* or *gives birth*, both words taken in their widest sense —, the scholar, the scientific average man, always has something of the aging unmarried woman about him: for like her he has no understanding of the two most valuable functions of human beings. Indeed, to both of them, scholars and aging unmarried women, respectability is conceded as a kind of compensation—in these cases one underlines the respectability—and one feels the same admixture of annoyance at being compelled to make this concession. Let us look more closely: what is the scientific man? First of all, an ignoble kind of human being, with the virtues of an ignoble—that is, non-ruling, non-authoritative and also not self-sufficient—kind of human being: he has industriousness, patient willingness to fall into rank and file, evenness and moderation in ability and need; he has the instinct for his own kind and for what his own kind needs—for instance, that bit of independence and green pasture without which there is no peace in work, that claim to honor and recognition (which presupposes first and foremost being known, being knowable —), that sunshine of a good name, that constant seal of approval on his value and usefulness with which the inner *mistrust* that lies at the bottom of the hearts of all dependent people and herd animals must be overcome again and again. The scholar also has, as is only fair, the diseases and bad habits of an ignoble kind: he is rich in petty envy and has a lynx's eye for what is low in natures to whose heights he cannot climb. He is confiding, but only like someone who lets himself go but not *flow*; and precisely before the human being of the great stream he stands all the colder and more closed—his eye is then like a smooth, unwilling lake on which no delight, no sympathy ripples any more. The worst and most dangerous thing a scholar is capable of comes to him from the instinct of mediocrity of his kind: from that Jesuitism of mediocrity which instinctively works for the destruction of the uncommon human being and seeks to

break every taut bow or—better still! — to slacken it. To slacken it, that is, with consideration, with a gentle hand, of course —, to *slacken* it with confiding pity: that is the real art of Jesuitism, which has always known how to introduce itself as the religion of pity. —

207 However gratefully one may welcome the *objective* spirit—and who has not at some point been sick to death of everything subjective and its accursed ipsissimosity!—in the end one must also learn to be cautious about one's gratitude, and put a stop to the exaggeration with which the de-selfing and depersonalization of the spirit has lately been celebrated as if it were an end in itself, as redemption and transfiguration: as tends to happen especially within the pessimist school, which for its part has good reasons to pay the highest honors to "disinterested knowing."[6] The objective man, who no longer curses and rails as the pessimist does, the *ideal* scholar, in whom the scientific instinct, after a thousand complete and partial failures, for once comes to bud and full bloom, is certainly one of the most precious instruments there are: but he belongs in the hand of someone more powerful. He is only an instrument, let us say: he is a *mirror*—he is no "end in himself." The objective man is in fact a mirror: accustomed to submitting before everything that wants to be known, with no other pleasure than the one that knowing, "mirroring," provides—he waits until something comes, and then spreads himself out delicately, so that even light footsteps and the gliding past of ghostly beings are not lost on his surface and skin. Whatever "person" is still left in him seems to him accidental, often arbitrary, still more often a nuisance: so completely has he become a passage and reflection of alien forms and events. He recollects "himself" with effort, and not seldom wrongly; he easily mistakes himself for someone else, he misjudges his own needs, and here alone he is crude and careless. Perhaps he is tormented by his health, or by the pettiness and

6 "Ipsissimosity" is Nietzsche's coinage from the Latin ipsissimus, "one's very own self." The "pessimist school" is Schopenhauer's, which prized will-less, disinterested contemplation.

stuffy parlor air of wife and friend, or by the lack of companions and company—indeed, he forces himself to reflect on his torment: in vain! Already his thought wanders off to the *more general* case, and tomorrow he knows as little as he knew yesterday how he is to be helped. He has lost seriousness about himself, and also the time for it: he is cheerful, *not* for lack of distress but for lack of fingers and handles to take hold of *his* distress. His habitual readiness to meet every thing and every experience halfway, the sunny, uninhibited hospitality with which he accepts everything that comes his way, his kind of indiscriminate goodwill, of dangerous unconcern about Yes and No: alas, there are cases enough where he has to pay for these virtues of his!—and as a human being in general he all too easily becomes the caput mortuum [dead residue] of these virtues. If one wants love and hatred from him—I mean love and hatred as God, woman and animal understand them —: he will do what he can and give what he can.[7] But one should not be surprised if it is not much—if precisely here he shows himself false, fragile, questionable and rotten. His love is willed, his hatred artificial and rather un tour de force [a feat of skill], a little vanity and exaggeration. He is genuine only insofar as he is permitted to be objective: only in his cheerful totalism is he still "nature" and "natural." His mirroring soul, forever smoothing itself over, no longer knows how to affirm, no longer how to deny; he does not command; nor does he destroy. "Je ne méprise presque rien" [I despise almost nothing]—he says with Leibniz: let no one fail to hear, or underrate, that presque [almost]![8] Nor is he a model human being; he goes ahead of no one, nor behind; he places himself altogether too far off to have any reason to take sides between good and evil. If he has so long been confused with the *philosopher*, with the Caesarian breeder and strongman of culture, then he has been paid far too high an honor, and what is

7 "Caput mortuum" (Latin, "dead head") was the alchemists' term for the worthless residue left after distillation.

8 Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz (1646–1716), German philosopher and mathematician, who wrote this line in French.

most essential about him has been overlooked—he is an instrument, something of a slave, if certainly the most sublime kind of slave, but in himself nothing—presque rien [almost nothing]! The objective man is an instrument, a precious measuring instrument and mirror-artwork, easily damaged and clouded, which ought to be spared and honored; but he is no goal, no outcome and no ascent, no complementary human being in whom the *rest* of existence is justified, no conclusion—and still less a beginning, a begetting and first cause, nothing robust, powerful, standing on its own, that wants to be master: rather only a delicate, thin-blown, fine, pliable mold, which must first wait for some content and substance in order to "shape itself" by it—as a rule a man without substance and content, a "selfless" man. Consequently nothing for women either, in parenthesi [by the way]. —

208 When a philosopher today gives it to be understood that he is not a skeptic—I hope this was heard in the portrait of the objective spirit just given?—everybody hears it with displeasure; people eye him with some apprehension, they would like to ask so much, ask… indeed, among timid eavesdroppers, of whom there are plenty now, he is from then on called dangerous. It is as if, in his rejection of skepticism, they heard some evil, threatening noise in the distance, as if a new explosive were being tested somewhere, a dynamite of the spirit, perhaps a newly discovered Russian nihiline, a pessimism bonae voluntatis [of good will] that does not merely say No, will No, but—dreadful thought!—*does* No.[9] Against this kind of "good will"—a will to the real, active negation of life—there is today, as everyone admits, no better sleeping pill and sedative than skepticism, the gentle, sweet, lulling poppy of skepticism; and Hamlet himself is now prescribed by the doctors of the day against the "spirit" and its rumbling underground. "Aren't all our ears already full of nasty noises?" says the skeptic, as a friend of quiet and almost as a

9 "Nihiline" is a mock chemical name coined from "nihilism," alluding to the Russian nihilists, whose bombings culminated in the assassination of Tsar Alexander II (1881).

kind of security police. "This subterranean No is dreadful! Quiet at last, you pessimistic moles!" For the skeptic, that tender creature, is all too easily frightened; his conscience is trained to flinch at every No, indeed even at a resolute, hard Yes, and to feel something like a bite. Yes! and No![10] — that goes against his morality; conversely, he loves to celebrate his virtue with noble abstention, for instance by saying with Montaigne: "What do I know?" Or with Socrates: "I know that I know nothing." Or: "Here I don't trust myself, here no door stands open to me." Or: "Supposing it did stand open, why go straight in!" Or: "What use are all these hasty hypotheses? Making no hypotheses at all might well be a mark of good taste. Must you absolutely straighten out something crooked right away? Absolutely stuff every hole with some kind of oakum? Isn't there time for that? Doesn't time have time? Oh, you devils, can't you *wait* at all?[11] The uncertain too has its charms, the Sphinx too is a Circe, Circe too was a philosopher."—Thus a skeptic consoles himself; and it is true that he needs some consolation. For skepticism is the most spiritual expression of a certain many-sided physiological condition which in ordinary language is called nervous debility and sickliness; it arises every time races or classes long separated from one another are crossed decisively and suddenly. In the new generation, which has, as it were, inherited different standards and values in its blood, everything is unrest, disturbance, doubt, experiment; the best forces act as inhibitions, the virtues themselves do not allow one another to grow and become strong, in body and soul there is a lack of balance, of a center of gravity, of perpendicular assurance. But what becomes most deeply sick and degenerates in such people of mixed descent is the *will*: they no longer know independence in decision, the bold feeling of pleasure in willing—they doubt the "freedom of the will" even in their dreams. Our Europe of today, the scene

10 Allusion to the ghost (German "Geist") in *Hamlet* that cries from under the stage, which Hamlet hails as "old mole" (Act 1, scene 5).

11 "Que sais-je?" ("What do I know?") was the motto of the French essayist Michel de Montaigne (1533–1592).

of a senselessly sudden experiment in radical mixing of classes and *consequently* of races, is therefore skeptical in all its heights and depths, now with that nimble skepticism which leaps impatiently and greedily from branch to branch, now gloomy like a cloud overloaded with question marks—and often sick to death of its will! Paralysis of the will: where today does one not find the impaired sitting about! And often dressed up besides! How seductively dressed up! There are the most splendid costumes of pomp and falsehood for this sickness; and that, for example, most of what sets itself out in the shop windows today as "objectivity," "scientific spirit," "l'art pour l'art" [art for art's sake], "pure will-less knowing," is only dressed-up skepticism and paralysis of the will—for this diagnosis of the European sickness I will vouch.—The sickness of the will is unevenly spread across Europe: it appears greatest and most varied where culture has been at home longest; it disappears to the degree that "the barbarian" still—or again—asserts his rights under the baggy garment of Western civilization. Accordingly, in present-day France, as can be inferred as easily as it is palpable, the will is most gravely ill; and France, which has always had a masterly skill in turning even the most disastrous turns of its spirit into something charming and seductive, today truly displays its cultural preponderance over Europe as the school and showcase of all the spells of skepticism. The strength to will, and indeed to go on willing one thing for a long time, is somewhat greater already in Germany, and in the German north again greater than in the German middle; considerably greater in England, Spain and Corsica, bound up in the one with phlegm, in the others with hard skulls—not to speak of Italy, which is too young to know yet what it wants, and must first prove whether it can will—but greatest and most astonishing of all in that immense intermediate empire where Europe, as it were, flows back into Asia: in Russia. There the strength to will has long been laid by and stored up; there the will—uncertain whether as a will to negation or to affirmation—waits menacingly to be released, to borrow their pet word from today's physicists. It may take not only

wars in India and entanglements in Asia to relieve Europe of its greatest danger, but internal upheavals, the shattering of the empire into small bodies, and above all the introduction of parliamentary imbecility, together with the obligation for everyone to read his newspaper with breakfast.[12] I do not say this as one who wishes it: the opposite would be more to my heart—I mean such an increase in Russia's menace that Europe would have to resolve to become equally menacing, namely *to acquire a single will*, by means of a new caste ruling over Europe, a long, terrible will of its own that could set itself goals across millennia:—so that the long-spun comedy of its petty-state politics, and its dynastic as well as democratic splintering of the will, might finally come to an end. The time for petty politics is over: the very next century will bring the struggle for dominion over the earth—the *compulsion* to great politics.

209 To what extent the new warlike age that we Europeans have evidently entered may perhaps also favor the development of another and stronger kind of skepticism—on this I would like for the present to express myself only through a parable, which friends of German history will readily understand. That unscrupulous enthusiast for handsome, very tall grenadiers who, as King of Prussia, gave life to a military and skeptical genius—and thereby, at bottom, to that new type of German which has just now risen victorious—the questionable, mad father of Frederick the Great, himself had on one point the grip and the lucky claw of genius: he knew what was lacking in Germany at that time, and which lack was a hundred times more alarming and urgent than, say, the lack of education and social form—his aversion to the young Frederick came from the anxiety of a deep instinct. *Men were lacking*; and he suspected, to his bitterest chagrin, that his own son was not man enough. In this he deceived himself: but who in his place would not have deceived himself?[13] He saw

12 Allusion to the Anglo-Russian rivalry over Central Asia and the approaches to India (the "Great Game"), acute at the time of writing.

13 Frederick William I of Prussia (reigned 1713–1740), who collected unusually tall soldiers for his "Potsdam Giants" regiment and treated his son, the future Frederick II, with notorious harshness.

his son falling prey to atheism, to esprit [wit], to the pleasure-loving frivolity of clever Frenchmen:—he saw in the background the great bloodsucker, the spider skepticism; he suspected the incurable misery of a heart that is no longer hard enough for evil or for good, of a broken will that no longer commands, that no longer *can* command. But meanwhile there grew up in his son that more dangerous and harder new kind of skepticism—who knows *how much* it was fostered precisely by his father's hatred and by the icy melancholy of a will made solitary?—the skepticism of daring manliness, which is most closely akin to the genius for war and conquest, and which made its first entry into Germany in the figure of the great Frederick. This skepticism despises and nevertheless seizes; it undermines and takes possession; it does not believe, but does not lose itself in doing so; it gives the spirit dangerous freedom, but it keeps the heart strict; it is the *German* form of skepticism, which, as a continued Fridericianism heightened into the most spiritual, brought Europe for a good long time under the dominion of the German spirit and its critical and historical mistrust. Thanks to the invincibly strong and tenacious manly character of the great German philologists and critical historians (who, rightly seen, were all of them also artists of destruction and dissolution), a *new* concept of the German spirit gradually established itself, in spite of all the Romanticism in music and philosophy, in which the bent toward manly skepticism came decisively to the fore: whether, for example, as fearlessness of gaze, as courage and hardness of the dissecting hand, as a tenacious will to dangerous voyages of discovery, to spiritualized North Pole expeditions under desolate and dangerous skies. There may be good reasons why warm-blooded and superficial humanitarians cross themselves before precisely this spirit: cet esprit fataliste, ironique, méphistophélique [this fatalistic, ironic, Mephistophelean spirit], Michelet calls it, not without a shudder.[14] But if one wants to appreciate how distinctive this fear of the "man" in the German spirit is—the spirit by which Europe was awakened

14 Jules Michelet (1798–1874), French historian.

from its "dogmatic slumber"—one should recall the former concept that had to be overcome by it, and how it is not so long ago that a masculinized woman could dare, in unbridled presumption, to commend the Germans to Europe's sympathy as gentle, good-hearted, weak-willed and poetic dolts. Let people at last understand deeply enough Napoleon's astonishment when he got to see Goethe: it betrays what people had for centuries imagined "the German spirit" to be. "Voilà un homme!" [There is a man!]—that was meant to say: "Why, that is a *man*! And I had expected only a German!" —[15]

210 Supposing, then, that some trait in the picture of the philosophers of the future raises the question whether they may not have to be skeptics in the sense just indicated, this would still designate only something about them—and *not* they themselves. With equal right they might let themselves be called critics; and they will certainly be men of experiments. By the name I ventured to christen them with, I have already expressly underlined attempting and the pleasure in attempting: was this because, as critics in body and soul, they love to make use of experiment in a new, perhaps wider, perhaps more dangerous sense?[16] Must they, in their passion for knowledge, go further with daring and painful experiments than the soft-hearted and pampered taste of a democratic century can approve?—There is no doubt: these coming ones will be least able to do without those serious and not altogether harmless qualities that set the critic apart from the skeptic—I mean certainty of standards of value, the deliberate handling of a unity of method, shrewd courage, standing alone and being able to answer for oneself; indeed, they admit to themselves a *pleasure* in saying No and in dissecting, and a certain level-headed cruelty that knows how to guide the knife surely and finely, even when the heart bleeds. They will be *harder* (and perhaps not always only toward themselves) than

15 "Dogmatic slumber" is Kant's phrase for the state from which Hume woke him; the woman is Madame de Staël, whose *De l'Allemagne* (1813) portrayed the Germans as dreamy and gentle. Napoleon met Goethe at Erfurt in 1808.

16 In aphorism 42 Nietzsche named them "Versucher," meaning both "attempters" and "tempters."

humane people might wish; they will not get involved with "truth" so that it may "please" them or "elevate" and "inspire" them:—rather, they will have little faith that *truth*, of all things, brings such delights for the feelings with it. They will smile, these rigorous spirits, if someone were to say in their presence: "That thought elevates me: how could it not be true?" Or: "That work enchants me: how could it not be beautiful?" Or: "That artist makes me greater: how could he not be great?"—they perhaps have ready not merely a smile but a genuine disgust for everything so rapturous, idealistic, feminine, hermaphroditic; and whoever knew how to follow them into the secret chambers of their hearts would hardly find there the intention of reconciling "Christian feelings" with "classical taste," and perhaps even with "modern parliamentarism" (as such conciliatoriness is said to occur, in our very uncertain and consequently very conciliatory century, even among philosophers). Critical discipline and every habit that makes for cleanliness and rigor in matters of the spirit—these philosophers of the future will not only demand them of themselves: they might even display them as their own kind of ornament—yet for all that they still do not want to be called critics. It seems to them no small disgrace inflicted on philosophy when people decree, as they so like to do today: "Philosophy itself is critique and critical science—and nothing whatever besides!" This estimate of philosophy may enjoy the applause of all the positivists of France and Germany (— and it is possible that it would even have flattered the heart and taste of *Kant*: remember the titles of his main works —): our new philosophers will nevertheless say: critics are instruments of the philosopher, and for that very reason, as instruments, they are far from being philosophers themselves! Even the great Chinese of Königsberg was only a great critic. —[17]

17 Kant, author of the three *Critiques*, lived all his life in Königsberg; "Chinese" mocks his mandarin-like devotion to duty and order.

PHILOSOPHICAL LABORERS AND TRUE PHILOSOPHERS

Nietzsche distinguishes scholars who systematize existing values from true philosophers, who command and create values.

211 I insist that people finally stop confusing philosophical laborers, and men of science in general, with philosophers—that precisely here one should strictly give "to each his own," and not too much to the former, nor far too little to the latter. It may be necessary for the education of the genuine philosopher that he himself has once stood on all those steps on which his servants, the scientific laborers of philosophy, remain standing—*must* remain standing; he himself must perhaps have been critic and skeptic and dogmatist and historian and, besides, poet and collector and traveler and solver of riddles and moralist and seer and "free spirit" and almost everything, in order to pass through the whole range of human values and feelings of value and to *be able* to look with many kinds of eyes and consciences, from the heights into every distance, from the depths up to every height, from the corner into every expanse. But all these are only preconditions of his task: the task itself demands something else—it requires that he *create values*. Those philosophical laborers after the noble model of Kant and Hegel have to establish some great body of given valuations—that is, former *positings* of value, creations of value that have become dominant and for a time are called "truths"—and to press them into formulas, whether in the realm of the *logical* or of the *political* (moral) or of the *artistic*. It is up to these researchers to make everything that has happened and been valued so far surveyable, thinkable, graspable, manageable, to abbreviate everything long, even "time" itself, and to *overpower* the entire past: an immense and wonderful task, in whose service every refined pride, every tenacious will can surely find satisfaction. *But genuine philosophers are commanders and legislators:* they say "thus it *shall* be!", they are the ones who first determine the Whither? and the What for? of man, and in doing so they have at their disposal the preliminary work of all

philosophical laborers, all overpowerers of the past—they reach for the future with a creative hand, and everything that is and was becomes for them a means, an instrument, a hammer. Their "knowing" is *creating*, their creating is a legislating, their will to truth is—*will to power*.—Are there such philosophers today? Have there ever been such philosophers? *Must* there not be such philosophers?....

212 It seems to me more and more that the philosopher, being a *necessary* human being of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow, has always found himself, and always *had* to find himself, in contradiction with his today: his enemy was each time the ideal of today. Until now all these extraordinary promoters of humanity whom one calls philosophers, and who rarely felt themselves to be friends of wisdom but rather unpleasant fools and dangerous question marks—have found their task, their hard, unwanted, inescapable task, but finally the greatness of their task, in being the bad conscience of their time. By setting the vivisector's knife to the breast of the very *virtues of the age*, they betrayed what their own secret was: to know of a *new* greatness of man, of a new, untrodden path to his enhancement. Each time they exposed how much hypocrisy, complacency, letting oneself go and letting oneself fall, how much lying lay hidden under the most honored type of their contemporary morality, how much virtue had *outlived itself*; each time they said: "We must go there, out there, where *you* are least at home today." Faced with a world of "modern ideas," which would like to confine everyone to a corner and a "specialty," a philosopher—if there could be philosophers today—would be compelled to locate the greatness of man, the concept "greatness," precisely in his range and multiplicity, in his wholeness in manifoldness: he would even determine value and rank by how much and how many things one could bear and take upon oneself, how *far* one could extend one's responsibility. Today the taste of the age and the virtue of the age weaken and thin out the will; nothing is so much in keeping with the times as weakness of will: so in the philosopher's ideal it is precisely strength of will, hardness, and

the capacity for long resolutions that must belong to the concept "greatness"—with just as good a right as the opposite doctrine, and the ideal of a dim, renouncing, humble, selfless humanity, suited an opposite age, one that, like the sixteenth century, suffered from its dammed-up energy of will and from the wildest torrents and storm floods of selfishness. In the time of Socrates, among nothing but men of wearied instinct, among conservative old Athenians who let themselves go—"for the sake of happiness," as they said, for the sake of pleasure, as they acted—and who all the while still mouthed the old, splendid words to which their lives had long since given them no right, *irony* was perhaps needed for greatness of soul: that Socratic, malicious assurance of the old physician and man of the rabble who cut ruthlessly into his own flesh as into the flesh and heart of the "noble," with a look that said plainly enough: "Don't pretend in front of me! Here—we are equals!" Today, conversely, when in Europe the herd animal alone attains honors and hands out honors, when "equal rights" could all too easily turn into equal wrongs—I mean, into a common war on everything rare, strange, privileged, on the higher human being, the higher soul, the higher duty, the higher responsibility, the creative fullness of power and mastery—today being noble, wanting to be by oneself, being able to be different, standing alone and having to live on one's own terms belong to the concept "greatness"; and the philosopher will betray something of his own ideal when he posits: "He shall be the greatest who can be the loneliest, the most hidden, the most deviant, the human being beyond good and evil, the master of his virtues, the one overrich in will; this is precisely what shall be called *greatness*: being capable of as much multiplicity as wholeness, as much breadth as fullness." And to ask once more: is—greatness *possible* today?

213 What a philosopher is, is hard to learn because it cannot be taught: one must "know" it from experience—or one should have the pride *not* to know it. But the fact that nowadays everybody talks about things of which they *cannot* have any experience holds most of all, and worst of all, for the philosopher and

philosophical states:—very few know them, are permitted to know them, and all popular opinions about them are false. Thus, for example, that genuinely philosophical combination of a bold, exuberant spirituality that runs presto and a dialectical rigor and necessity that never takes a false step is unknown to most thinkers and scholars from their own experience, and therefore, should anyone try to speak of it in front of them, unbelievable. They imagine every necessity as a plight, as a painful having-to-follow and being-compelled; and thinking itself counts for them as something slow, hesitant, almost as toil, and often enough as "worthy of the *sweat* of the noble"—but not at all as something light, divine, and closely akin to dancing and high spirits! "Thinking" and taking a matter "seriously," "heavily"—for them these belong together: that alone is how they have "experienced" it —.[18] Artists may have a keener nose here: they who know only too well that precisely when they no longer do anything "arbitrarily" and do everything of necessity, their feeling of freedom, subtlety, full power, of creative positing, disposing, shaping reaches its peak—in short, that necessity and "freedom of the will" are then one in them. In the end there is an order of rank among states of the soul, to which the order of rank among problems corresponds; and the highest problems mercilessly repel everyone who dares approach them without being predestined for their solution by the height and power of his spirituality. What use is it when nimble all-purpose minds or clumsy, worthy mechanics and empiricists, as so often happens today, push their way with their plebeian ambition into their vicinity and, as it were, into this "court of courts"! But coarse feet may never tread on such carpets: that has already been seen to in the primal law of things; the doors stay shut to these intruders, even if they bang their heads against them and batter them to bits! For every high world one must be born; to put it more plainly, one must be *bred* for it: one has a right to philosophy—taking the word in the grand sense—only thanks to one's

18 "Worthy of the sweat of the noble" quotes Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock's ode "Der Zürchersee" (1750).

descent; the ancestors, the "blood," decide here too. Many generations must have prepared the way for the emergence of the philosopher; each of his virtues must have been separately acquired, cultivated, passed down, incorporated—and not only the bold, light, delicate gait and course of his thoughts, but above all the readiness for great responsibilities, the loftiness of commanding glances and glances downward, the feeling of being set apart from the crowd and its duties and virtues, the affable protection and defense of whatever is misunderstood and slandered, be it god, be it devil, the delight and practice in the great justice, the art of commanding, the breadth of will, the slow eye that seldom admires, seldom looks up, seldom loves....

Part 7: Our virtues

Siebentes Hauptstück: Unsere Tugenden
Nietzsche examines modern European virtues, including honesty, pity, cruelty, and views on women.

214 Our virtues?—It is probable that we too still have our virtues, although in fairness they will not be those guileless, square-built virtues for whose sake we hold our grandfathers in honor, but also keep them a little at arm's length. We Europeans of the day after tomorrow, we firstborn of the twentieth century—with all our dangerous curiosity, our multiplicity and art of disguise, our mellow and, as it were, sweetened cruelty in spirit and senses—we will presumably, *if* we should have virtues, have only those that have learned to get along best with our most secret and heartfelt inclinations, with our most ardent needs: well then, let us look for them in our labyrinths!—where, as is well known, so many things get lost, so many things are lost for good. And is there anything more beautiful than *searching* for one's own virtues? Doesn't this almost amount already to *believing* in one's own virtue? But this "believing in one's virtue"—isn't it at bottom the same thing that was once called one's "good conscience," that venerable long-tailed pigtail of a concept which our grandfathers hung behind their heads, and often enough behind their understanding too? It seems, then, however little we may otherwise think ourselves old-fashioned and grandfatherly-respectable, that in one thing we are nevertheless the worthy grandsons of these grandfathers, we last Europeans with

a good conscience: we too still wear their pigtail.—Ah! If you knew how soon, how very soon—things will be different!.....[1]

215 Just as in the realm of the stars there are sometimes two suns that determine the orbit of one planet, just as in certain cases suns of different colors shine around a single planet, now with red light, now with green, and then again striking it at the same time and flooding it with many colors: so we modern human beings, thanks to the complicated mechanics of our "starry sky," are determined by *different* moralities; our actions shine alternately in different colors, they are seldom unambiguous—and there are cases enough in which we perform *many-colored* actions.

216 Love one's enemies? I believe this has been well learned: it happens today a thousandfold, in small ways and large; indeed, at times something higher and more sublime already happens—we learn to *despise* when we love, and precisely when we love best:—but all this unconsciously, without noise, without pomp, with that modesty and concealment of goodness which forbids the mouth the solemn word and the formula of virtue. Morality as a pose—offends our taste today. This too is progress: just as it was our fathers' progress that religion as a pose finally offended their taste, including hostility and Voltairean bitterness toward religion (and everything that once belonged to the gestural language of the free-thinker). It is the music in our conscience, the dance in our spirit, with which all Puritan litanies, all moral sermonizing and upright philistinism refuse to chime.

217 Beware of those who set great store by being credited with moral tact and subtlety in moral discrimination! They never forgive us once they have blundered in front of us (or even *against* us)—they inevitably become our instinctive slanderers and detractors, even while they remain our "friends."—Blessed are the forgetful: for they "get over" even their own stupidities.

218 The psychologists of France—and where else are there still psychologists today?—have still not exhausted their bitter and

1 The "Zopf" (pigtail) of eighteenth-century wigs was a German byword for antiquated pedantry.

manifold pleasure in the bêtise bourgeoise [bourgeois stupidity], just as if..... enough, it gives something away about them. Flaubert, for example, the worthy citizen of Rouen, in the end saw, heard and tasted nothing else: it was his kind of self-torment and subtler cruelty.[2] Now, for a change—for it is getting boring—I recommend something else to delight in: the unconscious cunning with which all good, fat, worthy spirits of mediocrity conduct themselves toward higher spirits and their tasks, that subtle, intricately crocheted, Jesuitical cunning which is a thousand times subtler than the understanding and taste of this middle class in its best moments—subtler even than the understanding of its victims —: yet another proof that "instinct" is the most intelligent of all the kinds of intelligence discovered so far. In short, study, you psychologists, the philosophy of the "rule" in its struggle with the "exception": there you have a spectacle good enough for gods and divine malice! Or, more plainly still: practice vivisection on the "good man," on the "homo bonae voluntatis" [man of good will]..... on *yourselves*!

219 Moral judging and condemning is the favorite revenge of the spiritually limited on those who are less so; it is also a kind of compensation for having been poorly endowed by nature, and at last an opportunity to acquire spirit and to *become* refined:—malice spiritualized. Deep in their hearts it does them good that there is a standard before which even those overflowing with the goods and privileges of the spirit stand equal to them:—they fight for "the equality of all before God" and for that purpose almost *need* the belief in God. Among them are the most vigorous opponents of atheism. Anyone who told them "a high spirituality is beyond all comparison with the decency and respectability of a merely moral person" would drive them into a rage:—I shall take care not to do it. Instead, I would like to flatter them with my proposition that a high spirituality itself exists only as the last offspring of moral qualities; that it is a synthesis of all those states attributed to the "merely moral" person, after

2 Gustave Flaubert (1821–1880), French novelist, who collected bourgeois stupidities in his *Dictionary of Received Ideas* and *Bouvard et Pécuchet*.

they have been acquired one by one, through long discipline and practice, perhaps over whole chains of generations; that high spirituality is precisely the spiritualization of justice and of that kindly severity which knows itself charged with upholding the *order of rank* in the world, among things themselves—and not only among people.

220 Given the praise of the "disinterested" that is so popular just now, one must—perhaps not without some danger—make oneself conscious of *what* the people actually take an interest in, and what in general the things are that the common man cares about thoroughly and deeply: the educated included, even the scholars, and, unless everything deceives us, almost the philosophers too. The fact that emerges is that by far the greater part of what interests and stirs more refined and fastidious tastes, every higher nature, seems utterly "uninteresting" to the average person:—if he nevertheless notices devotion to such things, he calls it "désintéressé" [disinterested] and wonders how it is possible to act "disinterestedly." There have been philosophers who knew how to give this popular wonderment a seductive, mystical, otherworldly expression (— perhaps because they did not know the higher nature from experience? —) instead of setting out the naked and downright cheap truth that the "disinterested" act is a *very* interesting and interested act, provided that..... "And love?"—What! Even an act done out of love is supposed to be "unegoistic"? You dolts —! "And the praise of self-sacrifice?"—But whoever has really made sacrifices knows that he wanted something for it and got it—perhaps something of himself for something of himself—that he gave here in order to have more there, perhaps in order to be more at all, or at least to feel himself "more." But this is a realm of questions and answers in which a more fastidious spirit does not care to linger: so badly does truth here already need to stifle her yawns when she has to answer. In the end she is a woman: one should not do violence to her.

221 It happens, said a moralistic pedant and stickler for trifles, that I honor and single out an unselfish person: not, however,

because he is unselfish, but because he seems to me to have a right to benefit another person at his own expense. Enough: the question is always who *he* is and who *the other* is. In someone destined and made for command, for example, self-denial and modest self-effacement would be not a virtue but the waste of a virtue: so it seems to me. Every unegoistic morality that takes itself as unconditional and addresses itself to everyone sins not only against taste: it is an incitement to sins of omission, one seduction *more* under the mask of philanthropy—and precisely a seduction and injury of the higher, rarer, privileged ones. Moralities must be forced to bow first of all before the *order of rank*; their presumption must be laid on their conscience—until at last they come to a clear understanding with one another that it is *immoral* to say: "what is right for one is fair for the other."—So, my moralistic pedant and bonhomme [good-natured fellow]: did he really deserve to be laughed at for exhorting the moralities to morality in this way? But one should not be too much in the right if one wants to have the laughers on *one's own* side; a grain of wrong even belongs to good taste.

222 Wherever pity is preached today—and, if you listen closely, no other religion is preached anymore—let the psychologist open his ears: through all the vanity, through all the noise peculiar to these preachers (as to all preachers), he will hear a hoarse, groaning, genuine note of *self-contempt*. It belongs to that darkening and uglification of Europe which has now been growing for a century (and whose first symptoms are already on record in a thoughtful letter from Galiani to Madame d'Épinay): *if it is not its cause!* The man of "modern ideas," that proud ape, is unrestrainedly dissatisfied with himself: this much is certain. He suffers: and his vanity wants him only to "suffer with".....[3]

223 The hybrid European—a tolerably ugly plebeian, all in all—absolutely needs a costume: he needs history as a storeroom of costumes. To be sure, he notices that none of them really fits him—he changes and changes. Look at the nineteenth century

3 Louise d'Épinay (1726–1783) kept a Paris salon. The last line plays on the German *Mitleid*, "pity," literally "suffering-with."

with an eye to these rapid preferences and changes of stylistic masquerade; look also at the moments of despair because "nothing suits" us —. It is no use parading as romantic or classical or Christian or Florentine or baroque or "national," in moribus et artibus [in manners and in the arts]: it "doesn't suit"! But the "spirit," especially the "historical spirit," finds its advantage even in this despair: again and again a new piece of the past or of foreign lands is tried out, put on, taken off, packed away, and above all *studied*:—we are the first age to have really studied "costumes," I mean moralities, articles of faith, artistic tastes and religions; prepared as no age ever was for a carnival in the grand style, for the most spiritual Mardi Gras laughter and high spirits, for the transcendental height of the highest nonsense and the Aristophanic mockery of the world. Perhaps it is precisely here that we will yet discover the realm of our *invention*, that realm where we too can still be original, say as parodists of world history and God's buffoons—perhaps, even if nothing else of today has a future, precisely our *laughter* still has a future!

224 The *historical sense* (or the capacity to guess quickly the order of rank of the valuations by which a people, a society, a human being has lived; the "divinatory instinct" for the relations among these valuations, for the relation of the authority of values to the authority of the forces at work): this historical sense, which we Europeans claim as our special distinction, has come to us in the wake of the enchanting and mad *semi-barbarism* into which Europe has been plunged by the democratic mingling of classes and races—only the nineteenth century knows this sense, as its sixth sense. Thanks to that mixture, the past of every form and way of life, of cultures that formerly lay right next to or on top of one another, streams into us "modern souls"; our instincts now run back in every direction; we ourselves are a kind of chaos —: in the end, as I said, "the spirit" finds its advantage in it. Through our semi-barbarism in body and desire we have secret access everywhere, such as no noble age ever possessed; above all, access to the labyrinth of unfinished cultures and to every semi-barbarism that has ever exis-

ted on earth. And insofar as the most considerable part of human culture so far has been precisely semi-barbarism, "historical sense" means almost the sense and instinct for everything, the taste and tongue for everything: by which it at once reveals itself as an *ignoble* sense. We enjoy Homer again, for example: perhaps it is our happiest advantage that we know how to relish Homer, whom the people of a noble culture (say, the French of the seventeenth century, like Saint-Évremond, who reproaches him for his esprit vaste [sprawling mind], and even Voltaire, their last echo) do not and did not so easily know how to make their own—whom they scarcely permitted themselves to enjoy.[4] The very definite Yes and No of their palate, their readily aroused disgust, their hesitant reserve toward everything foreign, their dread of the bad taste even of lively curiosity, and in general that unwillingness of every noble and self-sufficient culture to admit to itself a new craving, a dissatisfaction with its own, an admiration for the foreign: all this sets them against, and disposes them unfavorably toward, even the best things in the world that are not their property or *could* not become their prey—and no sense is more incomprehensible to such people than precisely the historical sense and its submissive plebeian curiosity. It is no different with Shakespeare, that astonishing Spanish-Moorish-Saxon synthesis of tastes, over whom an ancient Athenian of Aeschylus' circle would have laughed himself half to death, or fumed: but we—accept precisely this wild motley, this jumble of the most delicate, the coarsest and the most artificial, with a secret familiarity and warmth; we enjoy him as the refinement of art reserved precisely for us, and we let ourselves be as little disturbed by the repulsive fumes and the nearness of the English rabble in which Shakespeare's art and taste live as we are, say, on the Chiaia in Naples: where we go our way with all our senses, enchanted and willing, however strongly the sewers of the rabble's quarters

4 Charles de Saint-Évremond (1613–1703), French essayist and critic of classical taste.

hang in the air.[5] We people of the "historical sense": as such we have our virtues, that cannot be disputed—we are unassuming, selfless, modest, brave, full of self-overcoming, full of devotion, very grateful, very patient, very accommodating:—with all that, we are perhaps not very "tasteful." Let us finally admit it to ourselves: what we people of the "historical sense" find hardest to grasp, to feel, to taste again, to love again, what at bottom finds us prejudiced and almost hostile, is precisely the perfect and ultimately ripe in every culture and art, what is truly noble in works and in people, their moment of smooth sea and halcyon self-sufficiency, the golden and cold quality shown by all things that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of the historical sense stands in necessary opposition to *good* taste, at least to the very best taste; and precisely the small, brief and supreme strokes of good fortune and transfigurations of human life, as they flash up here and there, are what we can recreate in ourselves only poorly, only hesitantly, only by force: those moments and marvels when a great force stopped of its own accord before the measureless and unbounded —, when an abundance of subtle pleasure was savored in suddenly curbing and petrifying itself, in standing firm and taking a firm stand on ground that was still trembling. *Measure* is foreign to us, let us admit it; our thrill is precisely the thrill of the infinite, the unmeasured. Like the rider on a horse snorting forward, we let the reins drop before the infinite, we modern people, we semi-barbarians—and are in *our* bliss only where we are also most—*in danger*.

225 Whether hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism or eudaemonism: all these ways of thinking that measure the value of things by *pleasure* and *pain*, that is, by accompanying states and side issues, are foreground ways of thinking and naïveties, on which anyone who is conscious of *formative* powers and an artist's conscience will look down not without mockery, and not without pity either. Pity for *you*! that, of course, is not pity as you mean it: it is not pity for social "distress," for "society" and

5 The Riviera di Chiaia, Naples' elegant seafront promenade.

its sick and unfortunate, for the vicious and the broken from the start who lie on the ground all around us; still less is it pity for grumbling, oppressed, rebellious slave strata who strive for mastery—they call it "freedom." *Our* pity is a higher, more far-sighted pity:—we see how *man* is growing smaller, how *you* make him smaller!—and there are moments when we watch precisely *your* pity with indescribable anxiety, when we defend ourselves against this pity —, when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any frivolity. You want, if possible—and there is no crazier "if possible"—*to abolish suffering*; and we?—it seems that *we* would rather have it even higher and worse than it ever was! Well-being as you understand it—that is no goal; to us it looks like an *end*! A condition that soon makes man ridiculous and contemptible—that makes one *wish* for his downfall! The discipline of suffering, of *great* suffering—do you not know that it is *this* discipline alone that has created all the elevations of man so far? That tension of the soul in misfortune which breeds its strength, its shudders at the sight of great destruction, its inventiveness and bravery in bearing, enduring, interpreting and exploiting misfortune, and whatever depth, mystery, mask, spirit, cunning and greatness has ever been granted to it:—was it not granted to it through suffering, through the discipline of great suffering? In man, *creature* and *creator* are united: in man there is material, fragment, excess, clay, filth, nonsense, chaos; but in man there is also creator, sculptor, hammer-hardness, spectator-divinity and seventh day:—do you understand this contrast? And that *your* pity is for the "creature in man," for what must be formed, broken, forged, torn, burned, annealed, refined—for what necessarily must *suffer* and *should* suffer? And *our* pity—do you not grasp for whom our *reversed* pity is meant, when it defends itself against your pity as against the worst of all pampering and weaknesses?—Pity, then, *against* pity!—But, to say it once more, there are higher problems than all problems of pleasure and pain and pity; and every philosophy that amounts to nothing but these is a naïvety. —

226 *We immoralists!*—This world that concerns *us*, in which *we* have to fear and to love, this almost invisible, inaudible world of subtle commanding, subtle obeying, a world of the "almost" in every respect, ticklish, insidious, prickly, tender: yes, it is well defended against clumsy spectators and familiar curiosity! We are spun into a strict net and shirt of duties and *cannot* get out —; in precisely this we are "people of duty," we too! Sometimes, it is true, we do dance in our "chains" and between our "swords"; more often, it is no less true, we gnash our teeth under them and are impatient with all the secret hardness of our destiny. But do what we will: the dolts and appearances say against us, "these are people *without* duty"—we always have the dolts and appearances against us!

227 Honesty—supposing that this is our virtue, from which we cannot get free, we free spirits—well, we will work at it with all our malice and love and not tire of "perfecting" ourselves in *our* virtue, the only one we have left: may its glow one day linger like a gilded, blue, mocking evening light over this aging culture and its dull, gloomy seriousness! And if our honesty should nevertheless grow tired one day, and sigh, and stretch its limbs, and find us too hard, and want to have it better, easier, gentler, like an agreeable vice: let us remain *hard*, we last Stoics! and let us send to its aid whatever devilry we have in us—our disgust at the clumsy and approximate, our "nitimur in vetitum" [we strive for the forbidden], our adventurer's courage, our sharp-witted and fastidious curiosity, our subtlest, most disguised, most spiritual will to power and world-overcoming, which roams and swarms avidly about all the realms of the future—let us come to the aid of our "God" with all our "devils"! It is likely that we will be misjudged and mistaken for others on that account: what does it matter! People will say: "Their 'honesty'—that is their devilry, and nothing more!" What does it matter! And even if they were right! Have not all gods so far been devils of this kind, grown holy and rebaptized? And what, in the end, do we know about ourselves? And what the spirit that leads us wants to be *called*?[6]

6 The Latin tag is from Ovid, *Amores* 3.4.

(it is a matter of names.) And how many spirits we harbor? Our honesty, we free spirits—let us see to it that it does not become our vanity, our finery and pomp, our limit, our stupidity! Every virtue tends toward stupidity, every stupidity toward virtue; "stupid to the point of holiness," they say in Russia—let us see to it that we do not end up, out of honesty, becoming saints and bores! Is life not a hundred times too short to be—bored in it? One would have to believe in eternal life in order to....

228 Forgive me the discovery that all moral philosophy so far has been boring and has belonged among the sleeping pills—and that nothing has damaged "virtue" more in my eyes than this *boringness* of its advocates; though I would not thereby wish to have failed to recognize their general usefulness. It matters a great deal that as few people as possible think about morality—consequently it matters a *very* great deal that morality should not one day become interesting! But have no fear! Things still stand today as they always have: I see no one in Europe who has (or *gives*) any notion that thinking about morality could be carried on dangerously, insidiously, seductively—that *fatality* might lie in it! Look, for example, at the tireless, inevitable English utilitarians, how clumsily and honorably they tread in the footsteps of Bentham, walking this way, walking that way (a Homeric simile says it more plainly), just as he himself already walked in the footsteps of the honorable Helvétius (no, he was no dangerous man, this Helvétius!). No new thought, nothing like a subtler turn or fold of an old thought, not even a real history of what was thought before: an *impossible* literature on the whole, unless one knows how to pickle it for oneself in a little malice.[7] For into these moralists too (whom one must by all means read with ulterior thoughts, if one *must* read them —) there has crept that old English vice called *cant*, which is *moral Tartuffery*, this time hidden under the new form of scientific method; nor is there any lack of secret resistance to pangs of

7 Jeremy Bentham (1748–1832), founder of English utilitarianism; Claude-Adrien Helvétius (1715–1771), French Enlightenment philosopher who grounded morality in self-interest.

conscience, from which a race of former Puritans will naturally suffer in all its scientific dealings with morality. (Is a moralist not the opposite of a Puritan? That is, as a thinker who takes morality as questionable, as deserving a question mark, in short as a problem? Should moralizing not be—immoral?) In the end they all want *English* morality to be proved right: inasmuch as precisely this best serves mankind, or "the general utility," or "the happiness of the greatest number"—no![8] the happiness of *England*; with all their might they would like to prove to themselves that the pursuit of *English* happiness, I mean of comfort and fashion (and, at the very top, a seat in Parliament), is at the same time the right path of virtue; indeed, that whatever virtue there has been in the world so far has consisted precisely in such a pursuit. Not one of all these ponderous herd animals with their uneasy consciences (who undertake to champion the cause of egoism as the cause of the general welfare —) wants to know or smell anything of the fact that the "general welfare" is no ideal, no goal, no concept graspable in any way, but only an emetic—that what is fair for one *cannot* by any means be fair for another, that the demand for one morality for all is detrimental precisely to the higher human beings; in short, that there is an *order of rank* between human being and human being, and consequently also between morality and morality. They are a modest and thoroughly mediocre kind of human being, these utilitarian Englishmen, and, as I said: insofar as they are boring, one cannot think highly enough of their utility. One ought even to *encourage* them: as has been attempted, in part, with the following rhymes.

Hail to you, good barrow-pushers,
Always "the longer, the better,"
Ever stiffer in head and knee,
Uninspired and unamusing,
Indestructibly mediocre,
Sans genie et sans esprit [without genius and without wit]!

8 *Cant* is English in the original: pious, hypocritical talk.

229 In those late ages that may be proud of their humaneness there remains so much fear, so much *superstitious* fear of the "wild, cruel beast"—whose mastering is precisely what those more humane ages take pride in—that even palpable truths remain unspoken for centuries, as if by agreement, because they look as though they would help that wild beast, finally killed off, back to life. Perhaps I am risking something when I let such a truth slip out: let others catch it again and give it so much "milk of pious thinking" to drink that it lies quiet and forgotten in its old corner.[9] — We should learn anew about cruelty and open our eyes; we should at last learn impatience, so that such immodest, fat errors no longer strut about virtuously and brazenly as have been fattened up, for example, by philosophers old and new on the subject of tragedy. Almost everything we call "higher culture" rests on the spiritualization and deepening of *cruelty*—this is my proposition; that "wild beast" has not been killed off at all; it lives, it flourishes, it has only—become divine. What makes up the painful voluptuousness of tragedy is cruelty; what has a pleasant effect in so-called tragic pity, indeed at bottom in everything sublime, up to the highest and most delicate shudders of metaphysics, gets its sweetness solely from the admixed ingredient of cruelty. What the Roman enjoys in the arena, the Christian in the raptures of the cross, the Spaniard at the sight of the stake or the bullfight, the Japanese of today who crowds into the tragic theater, the Paris suburban worker who is homesick for bloody revolutions, the female Wagnerite who, her will unhinged, lets *Tristan and Isolde* "wash over her"—what all of these enjoy and seek to drink in with mysterious ardor are the spiced potions of the great Circe "Cruelty." Here, to be sure, one must chase away the clumsy psychology of former times, which could teach about cruelty only that it arose at the sight of the suffering of *others*: there is an abundant, overabundant enjoyment of one's own suffering too, of making oneself suffer—and wherever a human being lets himself be talked into self-denial

9 A quotation from Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell* (Act IV), where Tell says the milk of pious thinking in him has turned to poison.

in the *religious* sense, or into self-mutilation, as among the Phoenicians and ascetics, or in general into desensualization, mortification of the flesh, contrition, into Puritan spasms of penance, into vivisection of conscience and into Pascal's sacrifizio dell'intelletto [sacrifice of the intellect], he is secretly lured and driven forward by his cruelty, by those dangerous shudders of cruelty turned *against oneself*. Finally, consider that even the seeker after knowledge, in forcing his spirit to know *against* the inclination of the spirit and often enough against the wishes of his heart—that is, to say No where he would like to affirm, love, worship—acts as an artist and transfigurer of cruelty; every taking of things deeply and thoroughly is already a violation, a wanting-to-hurt the fundamental will of the spirit, which incessantly strives toward appearance and surfaces—in every will to know there is already a drop of cruelty.

230 Perhaps what I have said here about a "fundamental will of the spirit" will not be understood straight away: allow me an explanation.—That commanding something which the people call "the spirit" wants to be master in and around itself and to feel itself master: it has the will from multiplicity to simplicity, a binding, taming, domineering and truly masterful will. In this its needs and capacities are the same as those the physiologists posit for everything that lives, grows and multiplies. The power of the spirit to appropriate what is foreign reveals itself in a strong inclination to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to overlook or push away what is wholly contradictory: just as it arbitrarily underlines, emphasizes and falsifies to suit itself certain features and lines in what is foreign, in every piece of "external world." Its aim in this is the incorporation of new "experiences," the filing of new things into old rows—growth, in other words; more precisely, the *feeling* of growth, the feeling of increased strength. This same will is served by an apparently opposite drive of the spirit: a suddenly erupting decision for ignorance, for arbitrary closure, a shutting of its windows, an inner saying No to this or that thing, a refusal to let things come near, a kind of defensive posture against much that

is knowable, a contentment with the dark, with the closing horizon, a saying Yes to ignorance and approving of it: all this being necessary according to the degree of its appropriating power, its "digestive power," to speak figuratively—and in fact "the spirit" resembles nothing so much as a stomach. Here too belongs the occasional will of the spirit to let itself be deceived, perhaps with a mischievous suspicion that things are *not* thus and so, that one is merely letting them pass as thus and so; a delight in all uncertainty and ambiguity, a jubilant self-enjoyment in the arbitrary narrowness and secrecy of a nook, in the all-too-near, in the foreground, in the enlarged, diminished, displaced, beautified; a self-enjoyment in the arbitrariness of all these expressions of power. Finally, here belongs that not entirely harmless readiness of the spirit to deceive other spirits and to dissemble before them, that constant pressure and urge of a creating, shaping, changeable force: in this the spirit enjoys the multiplicity of its masks and its cunning; it also enjoys the feeling of its security in them—for it is precisely through its Protean arts that it is best defended and hidden! — *This* will to appearance, to simplification, to the mask, to the cloak, in short to the surface—for every surface is a cloak—is *countered* by that sublime inclination of the seeker after knowledge that takes things, and *wants* to take them, deeply, many-sidedly, thoroughly: as a kind of cruelty of the intellectual conscience and taste, which every brave thinker will acknowledge in himself, provided that, as is fitting, he has hardened and sharpened his eye for himself long enough and is accustomed to strict discipline, and to strict words as well. He will say, "There is something cruel in the inclination of my spirit":—let the virtuous and amiable try to talk him out of it! Indeed, it would sound nicer if, instead of cruelty, people said of us, murmured of us, praised in us something like an "extravagant honesty"—us free, *very* free spirits:—and perhaps *that* is really how our—posthumous fame will sound one day? Meanwhile—for there is time enough until then—we ourselves would probably be the least inclined to deck ourselves out in such moral word-tinsel and fringes: our whole

work so far spoils precisely this taste and its cheerful luxuriance for us. They are beautiful, glittering, jingling, festive words: honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, heroism of the truthful—there is something about them that makes one's pride swell. But we hermits and marmots have long since persuaded ourselves, in all the secrecy of a hermit's conscience, that this dignified verbal pomp, too, belongs to the old lying finery, junk and gold dust of unconscious human vanity, and that even under such flattering color and overpainting the terrible basic text homo natura [man as nature] must once again be made out. To translate man back into nature, that is; to become master over the many vain and effusive interpretations and secondary meanings that have so far been scrawled and painted over that eternal basic text homo natura; to see to it that man henceforth stands before man as he already stands today, hardened in the discipline of science, before the *rest* of nature, with fearless Oedipus eyes and stopped-up Odysseus ears, deaf to the lures of old metaphysical bird-catchers who have piped at him all too long: "You are more! You are higher! You are of another origin!"—that may be a strange and mad task, but it is a *task*—who would deny that! Why did we choose it, this mad task? Or, to ask it differently: "Why knowledge at all?"—Everyone will ask us that. And we, pressed in this way, we who have already asked ourselves the very same thing hundreds of times, we have found and find no better answer....

[231] Learning transforms us; it does what all nourishment does, which also does not merely "maintain" —: as the physiologist knows. But at the bottom of us, right "down there," there is of course something unteachable, a granite of spiritual fate, of predetermined decision and answer to predetermined, selected questions. In every cardinal problem an unchangeable "this is me" speaks; about man and woman, for example, a thinker cannot relearn but only learn to the end—only discover to the end what is "settled" in him on the matter. Early on one finds certain solutions to problems that inspire strong belief precisely in *us*; perhaps one calls them one's "convictions" from then on. Later—

one sees in them only footprints toward self-knowledge, signposts to the problem that we *are*—more correctly, to the great stupidity that we are, to our spiritual fate, to the *unteachable* right "down there."—After this abundant courtesy, such as I have just committed against myself, I shall perhaps sooner be permitted to speak out a few truths about "woman in herself": assuming that it is now known from the outset how very much these are only—*my* truths.

ON WOMAN

Nietzsche sets out his views on women and opposes the movement for women's emancipation.

232 — Woman wants to become independent: and to that end she is beginning to enlighten men about "woman in herself"—*that* is among the worst advances in the general *uglification* of Europe. For what must these clumsy attempts at female scientific method and self-exposure not bring to light! Woman has so much reason for shame; in woman there is so much that is pedantic, superficial, schoolmistressy, petty-presumptuous, petty-unbridled and petty-immodest concealed—just study her dealings with children!—which at bottom has so far been best held back and tamed by *fear* of man. Woe when the "eternally boring in woman"—she is rich in it!—is allowed to venture forth! [10] when she begins to unlearn, thoroughly and on principle, her cleverness and art—the art of grace, of play, of chasing away cares, of relieving and taking lightly—when she unlearns her fine knack for agreeable desires! Already female voices are being raised which, by holy Aristophanes! inspire terror; there are threats, with medical explicitness, of what woman first and last *wants* from man. Is it not in the worst taste when woman sets about becoming scientific in this way? Until now, fortunately, enlightening was men's business, men's gift—one kept it "among ourselves"; and in the end, with everything women

10 "Eternally boring" parodies the "Eternal-Feminine" of the closing lines of Goethe's *Faust*, echoed again below.

write about "woman," one may reserve a healthy suspicion as to whether woman really *wants* enlightenment about herself—and *can* want it..... If a woman is not looking for new finery for herself in this—I do think adorning oneself belongs to the Eternal-Feminine?—well then, she wants to inspire fear of herself:—perhaps she wants mastery. But she does not *want* truth: what does woman care about truth! From the very beginning nothing has been more alien, repugnant, hostile to woman than truth—her great art is the lie, her highest concern is appearance and beauty. Let us admit it, we men: we honor and love precisely *this* art and *this* instinct in woman: we who have a hard time of it and, for our relief, like to keep company with beings under whose hands, glances and tender follies our seriousness, our gravity and depth appear to us almost as a folly. Finally, I pose the question: has a woman herself ever conceded depth to a woman's head, or justice to a woman's heart? And is it not true that, taken all in all, "woman" has so far been most despised by woman herself—and not at all by us?—We men wish that woman would not go on compromising herself through enlightenment: just as it was man's care and consideration for woman when the Church decreed: mulier taceat in ecclesia! [let woman keep silent in church] It was for woman's benefit when Napoleon gave the all-too-eloquent Madame de Staël to understand: mulier taceat in politicis! [let woman keep silent in politics]—and I think it is a true friend of women who calls out to women today: mulier taceat de muliere! [let woman keep silent about woman][11]

233 It betrays a corruption of the instincts—quite apart from betraying bad taste—when a woman appeals precisely to Madame Roland or Madame de Staël or Monsieur George Sand, as though that proved something in *favor* of "woman in herself." Among men, those named are the three *comic* women in themselves—nothing more!—and precisely the best involuntary *coun-*

11 The first phrase adapts Paul, 1 Corinthians 14:34.

terarguments against emancipation and female self-glorification.[12]

234 Stupidity in the kitchen; woman as cook; the dreadful thoughtlessness with which the feeding of the family and of the master of the house is managed! Woman does not understand what food *means*: and she wants to be the cook! If woman were a thinking creature, then, having been the cook for thousands of years, she would surely have had to discover the greatest physiological facts, and likewise to take possession of the art of medicine! Through bad cooks—through the complete absence of reason in the kitchen—human development has been delayed longest and impaired worst: even today things are little better. A lecture for young ladies of good family.

235 There are turns and throws of the mind, there are maxims, a small handful of words, in which a whole culture, a whole society suddenly crystallizes. Among them is that passing remark of Madame de Lambert to her son: "mon ami, ne vous permettez jamais que de folies, qui vous feront grand plaisir" [my friend, never allow yourself any follies except those that will give you great pleasure]—incidentally the most motherly and the wisest word ever addressed to a son.[13]

236 What Dante and Goethe believed about woman—the former when he sang "ella guardava suso, ed io in lei" [she gazed upward, and I at her], the latter when he translated it as "the Eternal-Feminine draws us *upward*" —: I do not doubt that every nobler woman will resist this belief, for she believes precisely *that* of the Eternal-Masculine…[14]

237 *Seven little sayings of women.*

When boredom's longest hours take flight, a man comes crawling into sight![15]

Age, alas! and learning too lend even feeble virtue strength.

12 Madame Roland (1754–1793), political hostess of the French Revolution, guillotined; George Sand, pen name of the French novelist Aurore Dupin (1804–1876).
13 Anne-Thérèse de Lambert (1647–1733), French writer and salon hostess, author of advice to her son and daughter.
14 Dante, *Paradiso* 2.22, of Beatrice; the closing line of Goethe's *Faust*, Part Two.
15 "Längste Weile" (longest while) plays on Langeweile, "boredom."

Black attire and keeping mum make every woman look—clever.

Whom do I thank when fortune smiles? God!—and my dressmaker.

Young: a cave-house decked with flowers. Old: out comes a dragon.

Noble name, a shapely leg, a man as well: oh, were *he* mine!

Few words, much meaning—thin ice for the she-ass!

Until now women have been treated by men like birds that have strayed down to them from some height or other: as something finer, more vulnerable, wilder, stranger, sweeter, more soulful—but as something that must be caged so that it does not fly away.

238 To go wrong on the fundamental problem of "man and woman," to deny here the most abysmal antagonism and the necessity of an eternally hostile tension, to dream here perhaps of equal rights, equal education, equal claims and obligations: that is a *typical* sign of shallow-headedness. A thinker who has proved shallow at this dangerous spot—shallow in instinct!—may be regarded as suspect altogether, more than that, as betrayed, as found out: he will probably be too "short" for all the fundamental questions of life, of future life too, and unable to get down into *any* depth. A man, on the other hand, who has depth, in his spirit as in his desires, including that depth of benevolence which is capable of severity and hardness and is easily mistaken for them, can only ever think about woman *in the Eastern way*: he must conceive of woman as a possession, as property that can be locked away, as something predestined for service and fulfilled in it. He must take his stand here on the tremendous reason of Asia, on Asia's superiority of instinct: as the Greeks once did, those best heirs and pupils of Asia, who, as is well known, from Homer to the age of Pericles, with *increasing* culture and breadth of power, also became step by step *stricter* toward woman—in short, more Eastern. *How* necessary, *how* logical, *how* humanly desirable even this was: let each reflect on that for himself!

239 In no age has the weaker sex been treated with such respect by men as in ours—this belongs to the democratic inclination and basic taste, just like disrespect for old age —: is it any wonder that this respect is promptly abused once more? They want more, they learn to demand, in the end they find that tribute of respect almost offensive, they would prefer competition for rights, indeed outright struggle: in short, woman is losing her modesty. Let us add at once that she is losing her taste too. She is unlearning how to *fear* man: but the woman who "unlearns fear" gives up her most womanly instincts. That woman ventures forward when what inspires fear in man—let us say more precisely, when the *man* in man—is no longer wanted and bred, is fair enough, and understandable enough; what is harder to understand is that precisely thereby—woman degenerates. This is happening today: let us not deceive ourselves about it! Wherever the industrial spirit has triumphed over the military and aristocratic spirit, woman now strives for the economic and legal independence of a clerk: "woman as clerk" stands at the gate of the modern society now taking shape. As she thus seizes new rights, aspires to become "master," and inscribes the "progress" of woman on her flags and pennants, the very opposite is taking place with terrible clarity: *woman is going backward*. Since the French Revolution the influence of woman in Europe has become *smaller* in proportion as her rights and claims have grown; and the "emancipation of woman," insofar as it is demanded and promoted by women themselves (and not only by shallow-headed men), thus turns out to be a remarkable symptom of the increasing weakening and dulling of the most womanly instincts. There is *stupidity* in this movement, an almost masculine stupidity, of which a well-constituted woman —who is always a clever woman—would have to be thoroughly ashamed. To lose the scent for the ground on which victory is surest; to neglect practice in her own proper art of weapons; to let herself go in front of man, perhaps even "to the point of a book," where formerly she kept herself in discipline and in a fine, cunning humility; to work with virtuous audacity against

man's faith in a fundamentally different ideal *veiled* in woman, in some Eternal- and Necessary-Feminine; to talk man emphatically and garrulously out of the idea that woman must be kept, cared for, protected, and spared like a gentler, strangely wild, and often pleasant domestic animal; the clumsy and indignant rummaging together of everything slavish and serflike that woman's position in the previous order of society has had and still has (as though slavery were a counterargument and not rather a condition of every higher culture, of every elevation of culture):—what does all this mean, if not a crumbling of the female instincts, a de-feminization? To be sure, there are enough idiotic friends and corrupters of women among the learned asses of the male sex who advise woman to de-feminize herself in this way and to imitate all the stupidities from which "man" in Europe, European "manliness," is sick—who would like to lower woman to the level of "general education," even to reading newspapers and talking politics. Here and there people even want to make freethinkers and literary folk out of women: as though a woman without piety were not something utterly repugnant or ludicrous to a profound and godless man —; almost everywhere their nerves are being ruined with the most morbid and dangerous of all kinds of music (our latest German music), and they are made more hysterical every day and less fit for their first and last calling, to bear strong children. People want in general to "cultivate" her still further and, as they say, to make the "weaker sex" *strong* through culture: as though history did not teach as insistently as possible that the "cultivation" of human beings and their weakening—namely the weakening, splintering, and sickening of *willpower*—have always kept pace with each other, and that the most powerful and influential women in the world (most recently Napoleon's mother) owed their power and their ascendancy over men precisely to their willpower—and not to schoolmasters! What inspires respect in woman, and often enough fear, is her *nature*, which is more "natural" than man's: her genuine, predatory, cunning suppleness, her tiger's claw under the glove, her naïveté in egoism, her

ineducability and inner wildness, the incomprehensible, vast, roaming quality of her desires and virtues..... What, for all the fear, arouses pity for this dangerous and beautiful cat "woman" is that she appears more suffering, more vulnerable, more in need of love, and more condemned to disappointment than any other animal. Fear and pity: with these feelings man has stood before woman until now, always with one foot already in tragedy, which tears apart even as it enraptures —. What? And is this now to come to an end? And the *disenchantment* of woman is under way? Is woman slowly being turned into a bore? O Europe! Europe! We know the horned beast that always attracted you most, from which danger threatens you again and again! Your old fable could once more become "history"—once more an immense stupidity could master you and carry you off! And no god hidden beneath it, no! only an "idea," a "modern idea"!.....[16]

16 In Greek myth Zeus, in the form of a bull, carried off the princess Europa.

Part 8: Peoples and fatherlands

Achtes Hauptstück: Völker und Vaterländer
Nietzsche examines the Germans, English, French and Jews, and envisions a united Europe.

240 I heard, once again for the first time—Richard Wagner's overture to the *Mastersingers*: this is magnificent, overloaded, heavy, late art, an art proud enough to assume, as the condition of its being understood, that two centuries of music are still alive:—it does the Germans honor that such pride did not miscalculate! What saps and forces, what seasons and climes are not mixed here! It strikes us now as archaic, now as strange, tart, and overyoung; it is as arbitrary as it is pompously conventional; it is not infrequently roguish, still more often coarse and crude—it has fire and courage and at the same time the loose, sallow skin of fruits that ripen too late.[1] It flows broad and full: and suddenly a moment of inexplicable hesitation, as it were a gap that opens between cause and effect, a pressure that makes us dream, almost a nightmare—but already the old stream of well-being spreads and widens again, of the most manifold well-being, of old and new happiness, *very much* including the artist's happiness in himself, which he has no wish to hide, his astonished, happy awareness of his mastery of the means he uses here—new, newly acquired, untried artistic means, as he seems to let slip to us. All in all, no beauty, no south, nothing of the fine southern brightness of the sky, nothing of grace, no dance, hardly a will to logic; even a certain clumsiness, which is under-

1 Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg (1868), Wagner's comic opera about a guild of master singers.

lined besides, as though the artist wanted to tell us: "it is part of my intention"; a cumbersome drapery, something arbitrarily barbaric and solemn, a flutter of learned and venerable preciosities and laces; something German, in the best and worst sense of the word, something manifold, formless, and inexhaustible in the German manner; a certain German powerfulness and overfullness of soul, which is not afraid to hide beneath the refinements of decay—which perhaps feels most at home only there; a real, genuine emblem of the German soul, which is at once young and superannuated, overripe and still overrich in future. This kind of music best expresses what I think of the Germans: they are of the day before yesterday and of the day after tomorrow—*they have as yet no today*.

241 We "good Europeans": we too have hours when we allow ourselves a hearty fatherlandishness, a plunge and relapse into old loves and narrownesses—I have just given a sample of it—hours of national surges, patriotic palpitations, and all sorts of other archaic floods of feeling. More ponderous spirits than we are may need longer stretches of time to finish with what in us is confined to hours and plays itself out within hours: some half a year, others half a lifetime, depending on the speed and strength with which they digest and "metabolize." Indeed, I could imagine dull, hesitant races that, even in our fast-moving Europe, would need half-centuries to overcome such atavistic fits of fatherlandishness and soil-clinging and to return to reason, that is to say, to "good Europeanism." And while I am digressing on this possibility, I happen to become the ear-witness of a conversation between two old "patriots"—both of them evidently hard of hearing, and so they spoke all the louder. "*He* thinks as much of philosophy, and knows as much about it, as a peasant or a fraternity student," said the one: "he is still innocent. But what does that matter today! This is the age of the masses: they lie on their bellies before everything massive. And so too in politicis [in politics].[2] A statesman who piles up for them a new Tower of

2 "He" is evidently Bismarck. Corpsstudent: a member of a German student dueling fraternity.

Babel, some monster of empire and power, they call "great":— what does it matter that we more cautious and reserved ones do not yet, for the time being, abandon the old faith that it is only the great thought that gives greatness to a deed or a cause. Suppose a statesman were to put his people in the position of having henceforth to pursue "great politics," for which it is by nature poorly endowed and prepared, so that it would have to sacrifice its old and secure virtues for the sake of a new and dubious mediocrity—suppose a statesman condemned his people to "politicking" altogether, when until now it had had better things to do and to think about, and in the depths of its soul could not rid itself of a cautious disgust at the restlessness, emptiness, and noisy, quarrelsome deviltry of the truly politicking peoples:— suppose such a statesman goaded the slumbering passions and cravings of his people, made its former shyness and pleasure in standing on the sidelines into a stain, its fondness for the foreign and its secret infinity into a fault, devalued its most heartfelt inclinations, turned its conscience inside out, made its spirit narrow and its taste "national"—what! a statesman who did all this, for which his people would have to atone for all its future, if it has a future—such a statesman would be *great*?" "Undoubtedly!" the other old patriot answered him vehemently, "otherwise he would not have been *able* to do it! Perhaps it was mad to want such a thing? But perhaps everything great was at first merely mad!"—"Abuse of words!" his interlocutor shouted back: "strong! strong! strong and mad! *Not* great!"—The old men had visibly grown heated as they shouted their "truths" into each other's faces like this; but I, in my happiness and my beyond, considered how soon a stronger one will become master over the strong; and also that there is a compensation for the spiritual shallowing of one people, namely through the deepening of another. —

242 Call it "civilization" or "humanization" or "progress"— whatever is now taken to distinguish Europeans; or call it simply, without praise or blame, by a political formula, Europe's *democratic* movement: behind all the moral and political fore-

grounds pointed to by such formulas, a tremendous *physiological* process is taking place and gathering ever more momentum—the process of Europeans becoming alike, their growing detachment from the conditions under which races bound to climate and class arise, their increasing independence from every *definite* milieu that would like, for centuries, to inscribe itself on soul and body with the same demands—in other words, the slow emergence of an essentially supranational and nomadic kind of human being which, physiologically speaking, possesses as its typical distinction a maximum of the art and power of adaptation. This process of the *European in the making*, which can be slowed in tempo by great relapses, but perhaps gains and grows in vehemence and depth precisely through them—the still raging storm and stress of "national feeling" belongs here, and likewise the anarchism just now coming up —: this process will probably lead to results on which its naive promoters and eulogists, the apostles of "modern ideas," would least like to count. The same new conditions under which, on average, a leveling and mediocritizing of man will develop—a useful, industrious, variously serviceable and handy herd animal man—are in the highest degree suited to giving rise to exceptional human beings of the most dangerous and attractive quality. For while that power of adaptation, which keeps trying out ever-changing conditions and begins a new labor with every generation, almost with every decade, makes the *powerfulness* of the type quite impossible; while the overall impression of such future Europeans will probably be that of manifold, garrulous, weak-willed, and extremely employable workers who *need* a master, one who commands, as they need their daily bread; while, therefore, the democratization of Europe amounts to the production of a type prepared for *slavery* in the subtlest sense: the *strong* human being, in the single and exceptional case, will have to turn out stronger and richer than he has perhaps ever turned out before—thanks to the unprejudiced character of his schooling, thanks to the tremendous variety of practice, art, and mask. I meant to say: the democratization of Europe is at the

same time an involuntary arrangement for the breeding of *tyrants*—taking the word in every sense, including the most spiritual.

243 I hear with pleasure that our sun is engaged in rapid motion toward the constellation of *Hercules*: and I hope that man on this earth will follow the sun's example in this. And we in the lead, we good Europeans! —[3]

THE GERMANS

Nietzsche examines German depth, German music and nationalism, and calls for uniting Europe under new rulers.

244 There was a time when people were accustomed to call the Germans "deep" as a mark of distinction: now that the most successful type of the new Germanness hungers for quite different honors, and perhaps misses "dash" in everything that has depth, it is almost timely and patriotic to doubt whether we did not deceive ourselves with that praise in the past: in short, whether German depth is not at bottom something different and worse—and something which, thank God, we are about to get rid of successfully. Let us therefore attempt to relearn what German depth is: all that is needed is a little vivisection of the German soul.[4] — The German soul is above all manifold, of varied origins, more put together and piled up than actually built: that is due to its descent. A German who made bold to assert "two souls, alas, dwell in my breast" would badly miss the truth—more precisely, would fall short of the truth by many souls. As a people of the most monstrous mixing and stirring together of races, perhaps even with a preponderance of the pre-Aryan element, as the "people of the middle" in every sense, the Germans are more incomprehensible, more comprehensive, more contradictory, more unknown, more incalculable, more surprising, even more frightening than other peoples are to themselves:—

3 Nineteenth-century astronomers had found that the solar system moves toward a point in the constellation Hercules.

4 Schneidigkeit: crisp, swaggering smartness, associated with the Prussian officer.

they elude *definition* and are thereby already the despair of the French. It is characteristic of the Germans that among them the question "what is German?" never dies out.[5] Kotzebue certainly knew his Germans well enough: "we are recognized," they cheered him—but *Sand* too believed he knew them. Jean Paul knew what he was doing when he declared himself furiously against Fichte's mendacious but patriotic flatteries and exaggerations—but it is probable that Goethe thought differently about the Germans than Jean Paul did, even if he agreed with him about Fichte. What did Goethe really think about the Germans?—he never spoke clearly about many things around him and all his life knew the art of subtle silence:—he probably had good reasons for it.[6] What is certain is that it was not "the Wars of Liberation" that made him look up more joyfully, any more than the French Revolution—the event for whose sake he *rethought* his Faust, indeed the whole problem of "man," was the appearance of Napoleon. There are sayings of Goethe's in which, as if from abroad, he passes judgment with impatient harshness on what the Germans count as their pride: the famous German Gemüt he once defines as "indulgence toward the weaknesses of others and one's own." Is he wrong in this?—it is characteristic of the Germans that one is seldom entirely wrong about them.[7] The German soul has passages and side passages in it; there are caves, hiding places, dungeons in it; its disorder has much of the charm of the mysterious; the German knows the secret paths to chaos. And as each thing loves its likeness, so the German loves clouds and everything that is unclear, becoming, twilit, damp, and veiled: the uncertain, unformed, shifting, growing of every kind he feels to be "deep." The German himself *is* not, he *becomes*, he "develops." "Development" is therefore the truly German find and coup in the great realm of philosophical formulas:

5 The quotation is from Goethe's Faust, Part One.

6 The popular playwright August von Kotzebue was murdered in 1819 by the nationalist student Karl Ludwig Sand. Jean Paul (1763–1825), novelist; Fichte's patriotic Addresses to the German Nation appeared in 1808.

7 Wars of Liberation: the German campaigns against Napoleon, 1813–1815. Gemüt: warmth and depth of feeling, a cherished German self-image.

—a ruling concept which, in league with German beer and German music, is working to Germanize all of Europe. Foreigners stand astonished and attracted before the riddles that the contradictory nature at the bottom of the German soul sets them (which Hegel reduced to a system and Richard Wagner, most recently, set to music). "Good-natured and spiteful"—such a juxtaposition, absurd with respect to any other people, is unfortunately justified all too often in Germany: just live for a while among Swabians! The ponderousness of the German scholar, his social insipidity, gets along frighteningly well with an inner tightrope-dancing and nimble audacity before which all the gods have already learned what fear is. If you want the "German soul" demonstrated ad oculos [before your eyes], just look into German taste, into German arts and customs: what boorish indifference to "taste"! How the noblest and the commonest stand side by side here! How disorderly and rich this whole household of the soul is! The German *drags* his soul along; he drags along everything he experiences. He digests his experiences badly, he is never "done" with them; German depth is often only a heavy, sluggish "digestion." And just as all the chronically ill, all dyspeptics, have a liking for comfort, so the German loves "openness" and "honest uprightness": how *comfortable* it is to be open and upright!—Today this trustful, obliging, cards-on-the-table quality of German *honesty* is perhaps the most dangerous and most felicitous disguise the German knows how to wear: it is his true Mephistophelean art; with it he can still "go far"! The German lets himself go, and meanwhile gazes out with faithful, blue, empty German eyes—and at once foreigners mistake him for his dressing gown!—I meant to say: whatever "German depth" may be—just between ourselves, perhaps we allow ourselves to laugh at it?—we do well to go on honoring its appearance and good name, and not to sell off our old reputation as a people of depth too cheaply for Prussian "dash" and Berlin wit and sand. It is clever for a people to get itself considered, to *let* itself be considered, deep, clumsy, good-natured,

honest, unclever: it might even—be deep![8] Finally: one should do honor to one's name—not for nothing is one called the "tiusche" people, the deceiver people...[9]

245 The "good old" time is gone; in Mozart it sang its last:—how fortunate *we* are that his rococo still speaks to us, that his "good society," his tender raptures, his childlike delight in chinoiserie and curlicues, his courtesy of the heart, his longing for the graceful, the amorous, the dancing, the tearful, his faith in the south may still appeal to some *remnant* in us! Ah, some day that will all be over!—but who can doubt that the understanding and relishing of Beethoven will be over even sooner!—he who was, after all, only the final chord of a transition and break in style, and *not*, like Mozart, the final chord of a great European taste that lasted for centuries. Beethoven is the in-between event of an old, crumbling soul that is constantly breaking and a future, overyoung soul that is constantly *coming*; over his music lies that twilight of eternal loss and eternal extravagant hope—the same light in which Europe lay bathed when it had dreamed with Rousseau, when it had danced around the Revolution's tree of liberty, and finally had almost knelt in worship before Napoleon. But how quickly *this* feeling is fading now, how hard even the *knowledge* of this feeling is today—how strange the language of those Rousseaus, Schillers, Shelleys, Byrons sounds to our ears, in whom *together* Europe's destiny found its way into words—the same destiny that in Beethoven knew how to sing! — What came afterward in German music belongs to Romanticism, that is, to a movement that, reckoned historically, was even shorter, even more fleeting, even more superficial than that great interlude, that transition of Europe from Rousseau to Napoleon and to the rise of democracy. Weber: but what are Freischütz and Oberon to *us* today! Or Marschner's Hans Heiling and Vampyr! Or even Wagner's Tannhäuser! That is music that has died away,

8 Berlin stands on the sandy plain of Brandenburg; "sand" perhaps also hints at throwing sand in people's eyes.

9 Tiusche, from Old High German diutisc, is an old form of deutsch ("German"); Nietzsche puns on täuschen, "to deceive."

though not yet been forgotten. All this Romantic music, moreover, was not noble enough, not music enough, to be right anywhere but in the theater and before the crowd; from the start it was second-rank music, which counted for little among real musicians.[10] It was otherwise with Felix Mendelssohn, that halcyon master who, for the sake of his lighter, purer, happier soul, was quickly revered and just as quickly forgotten: as the lovely *intermezzo* of German music. But as for Robert Schumann, who took things hard and from the beginning was also taken hard—he is the last to have founded a school —: is it not considered among us today a piece of good fortune, a relief, a liberation, that precisely this Schumannesque Romanticism has been overcome? Schumann, fleeing into the "Saxon Switzerland" of his soul, of a nature half like Werther, half like Jean Paul, certainly not like Beethoven! certainly not like Byron![11] — his Manfred music is a blunder and a misunderstanding to the point of injustice—Schumann, with his taste, which was at bottom a *small* taste (namely a dangerous propensity, doubly dangerous among Germans, for quiet lyricism and drunkenness of feeling), constantly stepping aside, shyly drawing off and withdrawing, a noble softling who wallowed in nothing but anonymous bliss and woe, a kind of girl and noli me tangere [touch me not] from the start: this Schumann was already merely a *German* event in music, no longer a European one, as Beethoven was, as, to an even greater extent, Mozart had been—with him German music was threatened by its greatest danger, that of losing *the voice for the soul of Europe* and sinking into mere fatherlandishness. —[12]

246 — What torture books written in German are for anyone who has the *third* ear! How reluctantly he stands beside the slowly turning swamp of sounds without resonance, of rhythms without dance, which among Germans is called a "book"! And

10 Carl Maria von Weber (1786–1826) and Heinrich Marschner (1795–1861), German composers of Romantic opera.

11 Saxon Switzerland: a picturesque sandstone upland near Dresden. Werther is the lovesick hero of Goethe's early novel.

12 Schumann wrote incidental music (1848–49) for Byron's dramatic poem Manfred.

then the German who *reads* books! How lazily, how grudgingly, how badly he reads! How many Germans know, and demand of themselves to know, that there is *art* in every good sentence—art that wants to be guessed, insofar as the sentence wants to be understood! A misunderstanding about its tempo, for example: and the sentence itself is misunderstood! That one must not be in doubt about the rhythmically decisive syllables, that one feels the breaking of an all-too-strict symmetry as intended and as a charm, that one lends a fine and patient ear to every staccato, every rubato, that one divines the sense in the sequence of vowels and diphthongs, and how delicately and richly they can color and recolor one another as they follow in turn: who among book-reading Germans is willing enough to acknowledge such duties and demands and to listen for so much art and intention in language? In the end one simply "has no ear for it": and so the strongest contrasts of style go unheard, and the subtlest artistry is *squandered* as if on the deaf. — These were my thoughts when I noticed how two masters in the art of prose were clumsily and unsuspectingly confused with each other: one from whom the words drip down hesitantly and coldly, as from the ceiling of a damp cave—he counts on their muffled sound and echo—and another who handles his language like a flexible rapier and feels, from his arm down to his toe, the dangerous delight of the quivering, oversharp blade that wants to bite, hiss, cut. —

[247] How little German style has to do with sound and with the ears is shown by the fact that precisely our good musicians write badly. The German does not read aloud, not for the ear, but merely with the eyes: he has put his ears away in the drawer. Ancient man, when he read—it happened rarely enough—read something aloud to himself, and in a loud voice at that; people were surprised when someone read quietly and secretly wondered about the reasons. In a loud voice: that is to say, with all the swellings, inflections, sudden shifts of tone and changes of tempo in which the ancient *public* world took its delight. In those days the laws of written style were the same as those of spoken style; and the laws of the latter depended partly on the

astonishing training and refined needs of the ear and larynx, partly on the strength, endurance, and power of the ancient lung. A period, in the ancients' sense, is above all a physiological whole, inasmuch as it is held together by a single breath. Such periods as occur in Demosthenes, in Cicero, swelling twice and sinking twice, and all within a single breath: these are delights for *ancient* people, who knew from their own training how to value the virtue in them, the rarity and difficulty of delivering such a period:—*we* really have no right to the *great* period, we moderns, we short-winded ones in every sense![13] These ancients were, after all, every one of them amateurs in oratory themselves, hence connoisseurs, hence critics—and so they drove their orators to the utmost; in the same way as, in the last century, when all Italian men and women knew how to sing, vocal virtuosity (and with it the art of melody too —) reached its height among them. In Germany, however, there was (until very recently, when a sort of platform eloquence has begun, shyly and clumsily enough, to stir its young wings) really only one kind of public and *roughly* artful speech: that from the pulpit. The preacher alone in Germany knew what a syllable, what a word weighs, how a sentence strikes, leaps, plunges, runs, runs out; he alone had a conscience in his ears, often enough a bad conscience: for there is no lack of reasons why it is precisely a German who rarely attains proficiency in speech, and almost always too late. The masterpiece of German prose is therefore, fairly enough, the masterpiece of its greatest preacher: the *Bible* has so far been the best German book. Held up against Luther's Bible, almost everything else is mere "literature"—a thing that did not grow in Germany and therefore did not grow, and does not grow, into German hearts: as the Bible did.[14]

248 There are two kinds of genius: one that above all begets and wants to beget, and another that likes to be made fruitful

13 Period: a long, rhetorically balanced sentence. Demosthenes (384–322 BC), Athenian orator; Cicero (106–43 BC), Roman orator.

14 Martin Luther's translation of the Bible (completed 1534) did much to shape modern written German.

and gives birth. And likewise among the peoples of genius there are those to whom the woman's problem of pregnancy has fallen, along with the secret task of shaping, ripening, perfecting—the Greeks, for example, were a people of this kind, and so were the French —; and others who must make fruitful and become the cause of new orders of life—like the Jews, the Romans and, to ask in all modesty, the Germans? — peoples tormented and enraptured by unknown fevers and irresistibly driven out of themselves, in love with and lusting after foreign races (after those that "let themselves be made fruitful"—) and at the same time domineering, like everything that knows itself to be full of procreative powers and consequently "by the grace of God." These two kinds of genius seek each other, like man and woman; but they also misunderstand each other—like man and woman.

[249] Every people has its own Tartuffery, and calls it its virtues. —The best that one is, one does not know—cannot know.

[250] What does Europe owe the Jews?—Many things, good and bad, and above all one thing that belongs at once to the best and the worst: the grand style in morality, the terribleness and majesty of infinite demands, of infinite meanings, the whole romance and sublimity of moral questionableness—and consequently precisely the most attractive, most treacherous and most exquisite part of those plays of color and seductions to life in whose afterglow the sky of our European culture, its evening sky, now glows—perhaps glows its last. We artists among the spectators and philosophers are—grateful to the Jews for this.

[251] One has to put up with it when a people that suffers—that *wants* to suffer—from nationalist nervous fever and political ambition has all sorts of clouds and disturbances passing over its spirit, in short, little fits of stupidity: among the Germans of today, for example, now the anti-French stupidity, now the anti-Jewish, now the anti-Polish, now the Christian-romantic, now the Wagnerian, now the Teutonic, now the Prussian (just look at these poor historians, these Sybels and Treitschkes, with their thickly bandaged heads—), and whatever else they may be

called, these little befoggings of the German spirit and conscience.[15] May I be forgiven if I too, during a short, daring stay in highly infected territory, was not entirely spared by the disease and began, like everyone else, to have thoughts about things that are none of my business: the first sign of political infection. About the Jews, for example: listen.—I have never yet met a German who was well disposed toward the Jews; and however unconditionally all the cautious and the politically minded may reject antisemitism proper, even this caution and policy is not directed against the kind of feeling itself, but only against its dangerous immoderation, and in particular against the tasteless and disgraceful expression of this immoderate feeling—about this one must not deceive oneself. That Germany has amply *enough* Jews, that the German stomach, the German blood has trouble (and will have trouble for a long time yet) coping with even this quantity of "Jew"—as the Italians, the French, the English have coped, thanks to a more vigorous digestion —: that is the clear statement and language of a general instinct, to which one must listen and by which one must act. "Let no more new Jews in! And shut the gates especially toward the East (Austria too)!"—so commands the instinct of a people whose type is still weak and indeterminate, so that it could easily be blurred, easily extinguished by a stronger race. The Jews, however, are beyond any doubt the strongest, toughest and purest race now living in Europe; they know how to prevail even under the worst conditions (better, in fact, than under favorable ones), by virtue of certain virtues that people today would like to brand as vices —thanks above all to a resolute faith that need not be ashamed before "modern ideas"; they change, *when* they change, only in the way the Russian empire makes its conquests—as an empire that has time and is not of yesterday —: namely, according to the principle "as slowly as possible!" A thinker who has the future of Europe on his conscience will, in all the plans he makes for himself about this future, reckon with the Jews as with the Russians,

15 Heinrich von Sybel and Heinrich von Treitschke were leading Prussian nationalist historians; Treitschke was also a prominent antisemite.

as for now the surest and most probable factors in the great game and struggle of forces. What is called a "nation" in Europe today, and is really more a res facta than nata [a thing made than born] (indeed at times looks confusingly like a res ficta et picta [a thing invented and painted]—), is in any case something in the process of becoming, young, easily shifted, not yet a race, let alone an aere perennius [more lasting than bronze] such as the Jewish type is: these "nations" really ought to guard carefully against every hotheaded rivalry and hostility! That the Jews, if they wanted to—or if they were forced to, as the antisemites seem to want —, *could* even now have the upper hand, indeed quite literally mastery over Europe, is certain; that they are *not* working and planning toward it is equally certain.[16] For the time being, on the contrary, what they want and wish, even with some importunity, is to be absorbed and assimilated in Europe, by Europe; they thirst to be at last settled somewhere, permitted, respected, and to put an end to the nomadic life, to the "Wandering Jew"—; and one ought to take good note of this tendency and urge (which perhaps already expresses a softening of Jewish instincts) and meet it halfway: for which purpose it might perhaps be useful and fair to expel the antisemitic loudmouths from the country. Meet it with all caution, selectively; roughly as the English nobility does.[17] It is obvious that the stronger and already more firmly stamped types of the new Germanness could get involved with them most safely—for example, the noble officer from the Mark: it would be interesting in many ways to see whether the genius for money and patience (and above all some spirit and spirituality, which is amply lacking in the place in question—) could not be added to, bred into, the hereditary art of commanding and obeying—in both of which that region is classic today. But here it is fitting to break off my cheerful Teutomania and festive oration: for I am already touching on my *seriousness*, on the "European problem"

16 "More lasting than bronze": Horace, Odes 3.30, of his own poetry.
17 The Wandering Jew is a figure of Christian legend, condemned to roam the earth until the Second Coming.

as I understand it, on the breeding of a new caste to rule over Europe. —[18]

THE ENGLISH AND THE FRENCH

Nietzsche disparages English philosophy, praises French taste, and turns to Wagner and the "good Europeans."

252 This is no philosophical race—these English: Bacon signifies an *attack* on the philosophical spirit as such; Hobbes, Hume and Locke a debasement and devaluation of the concept "philosopher" for more than a century. It was *against* Hume that Kant rose and raised himself up; Locke was the one of whom Schelling *had the right* to say: "je méprise Locke" [I despise Locke]; in the struggle against the English-mechanistic dumbing-down of the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (with Goethe) were of one mind—those two hostile brother geniuses in philosophy who strove apart toward the opposite poles of the German spirit and wronged each other in the process, as only brothers wrong each other. — What England lacks and has always lacked was known well enough to that half-actor and rhetorician, the tasteless muddlehead Carlyle, who tried to hide under passionate grimaces what he knew about himself: namely, what Carlyle *lacked*—real *power* of spirituality, real *depth* of spiritual vision, in short, philosophy.—It is characteristic of such an unphilosophical race that it clings strictly to Christianity: it *needs* its discipline for "moralizing" and humanizing. The Englishman, gloomier, more sensual, stronger-willed and more brutal than the German—is for that very reason, as the more common of the two, also more pious than the German: he simply *needs* Christianity more.[19] To subtler nostrils even this English Christianity still carries a genuinely English whiff of spleen and alcoholic excess, against which, for good reasons, it is used as a remedy—the subtler poison, that is, against the cruder: a subtler poison-

18 The Mark Brandenburg, the heartland of Prussia and its officer nobility.
19 Thomas Carlyle (1795–1881), Scottish historian and essayist, author of On Heroes and Hero-Worship.

ing is indeed already progress among clumsy peoples, a step toward spiritualization. English clumsiness and peasant earnestness is still most tolerably disguised by Christian gesture-language and by praying and psalm-singing—more precisely: interpreted and reinterpreted; and for that brutish lot of drunkards and debauchees who once learned to grunt morally under the sway of Methodism, and more recently again as the "Salvation Army," a penitential spasm may really be the relatively highest achievement of "humanity" to which they can be raised: that much may fairly be conceded.[20] But what offends even the most humane Englishman is his lack of music, to speak in a metaphor (and without a metaphor—): in the movements of his soul and his body he has no rhythm and dance, indeed not even the desire for rhythm and dance, for "music." Listen to him speak; watch the most beautiful Englishwomen *walk*—in no land on earth are there more beautiful doves and swans—and finally: listen to them sing! But I ask too much.....

253 There are truths that are best recognized by mediocre minds because they suit them best; there are truths that possess charm and seductive power only for mediocre spirits:—one is pushed up against this perhaps unpleasant proposition precisely now, since the spirit of respectable but mediocre Englishmen—I name Darwin, John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer—is beginning to gain the upper hand in the middle region of European taste. Indeed, who would doubt the usefulness of *such* spirits ruling for a time? It would be a mistake to consider precisely the high-bred spirits who fly off on their own as especially skilled at establishing many small, common facts, collecting them and forcing them into conclusions:—rather, as exceptions, they are from the outset in no favorable position toward the "rules." After all, they have more to do than merely know—namely, to *be* something new, to *signify* something new, to *represent* new values! The gulf between knowing and being able is perhaps greater, and also uncannier, than people think: the one who is

20 The Salvation Army, founded by William Booth in London in 1865, took that name in 1878.

able in the grand style, the creator, will possibly have to be one who does not know—while, on the other hand, for scientific discoveries of Darwin's kind a certain narrowness, dryness and diligent carefulness, in short, something English, may be no bad predisposition. — Finally, let us not forget, where the English are concerned, that once before, with their profound mediocrity, they caused a general depression of the European spirit: what is called "modern ideas" or "the ideas of the eighteenth century" or even "French ideas"—that, in other words, against which the *German* spirit rose in profound disgust—was of English origin; of that there can be no doubt. The French were only the apes and actors of these ideas, also their best soldiers, and likewise, unfortunately, their first and most thorough *victims*: for through the damnable Anglomania of "modern ideas" the âme française [French soul] has in the end grown so thin and emaciated that today one recalls its sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, its deep passionate strength, its inventive nobility, almost with disbelief. But one must hold on to this proposition of historical fairness with one's teeth and defend it against the moment and against appearances: European noblesse—of feeling, of taste, of manners, in short, taking the word in every high sense—is *France's* work and invention; European vulgarity, the plebeianism of modern ideas—*England's*. —

[254] Even now France is still the seat of Europe's most spiritual and refined culture and the great school of taste: but one must know how to find this "France of taste." Whoever belongs to it keeps well hidden:—it may be a small number in whom it lives and breathes, and perhaps people, moreover, who do not stand on the sturdiest legs, some of them fatalists, gloomy, sick, some of them pampered and artificial, people who have the *ambition* to stay hidden. One thing is common to them all: they stop their ears against the raving stupidity and the noisy jabber of the democratic bourgeois. Indeed, a stupefied and coarsened France wallows in the foreground today—recently, at Victor Hugo's funeral, it celebrated a veritable orgy of tastelessness and of self-admiration at the same time. They have something else in

common too: a good will to resist spiritual Germanization—and an even better inability to do so![21] Perhaps Schopenhauer has already become more at home and more native in this France of the spirit, which is also a France of pessimism, than he ever was in Germany; not to speak of Heinrich Heine, who long ago passed into the flesh and blood of the subtler and more demanding lyric poets of Paris, or of Hegel, who today, in the shape of Taine—that is, of the *foremost* living historian—exercises an almost tyrannical influence. As for Richard Wagner, however: the more French music learns to shape itself according to the real needs of the âme moderne [modern soul], the more it will "Wagnerize"—that one may predict—it is doing so enough already![22] There are nonetheless three things that the French can still point to with pride today as their inheritance and property, and as an unlost mark of an old cultural superiority over Europe, despite all the voluntary or involuntary Germanization and vulgarization of taste: first, the capacity for artistic passions, for devotion to "form," for which the phrase l'art pour l'art [art for art's sake], among a thousand others, was invented:—this has not been lacking in France for three centuries and, thanks to reverence for the "small number," has again and again made possible a kind of chamber music of literature that one would have to search hard for in the rest of Europe —. The second thing on which the French can base a superiority over Europe is their old, manifold *moralistic* culture, which means that on average, even in minor newspaper romanciers [novelists] and chance boulevardiers de Paris [Paris men-about-town], one finds a psychological sensitivity and curiosity of which in Germany, for example, people have no notion (let alone the thing itself!). For this the Germans lack a couple of centuries of the moralistic kind, which, as I said, France did not spare itself; whoever calls the Germans "naive" on that account is making a virtue of a

21 Victor Hugo's state funeral in Paris (June 1885) drew crowds estimated at two million.

22 Hippolyte Taine (1828–1893), French historian and critic strongly influenced by Hegel.

defect.[23] (As a contrast to German inexperience and innocence in voluptate psychologica [in psychological pleasure], which is not too distantly related to the tediousness of German social life —and as the most successful expression of a genuinely French curiosity and inventiveness for this realm of delicate shudders, Henri Beyle may serve: that remarkable anticipating and fore-running man who ran at a Napoleonic tempo through *his* Europe, through several centuries of the European soul, as a scout and discoverer of this soul:—it took two generations to *catch up* with him somehow, to guess after him some of the riddles that tormented and enraptured him, this strange Epicurean and question-mark of a man, who was France's last great psychologist—).[24] There is yet a third claim to superiority: in the nature of the French there is a half-successful synthesis of North and South, which makes them understand many things and bids them do other things that an Englishman will never understand. Their temperament, periodically turned toward the South and away from it, in which from time to time the Provençal and Ligurian blood foams over, preserves them from the dreadful northern gray-on-gray and from sunless conceptual spookery and anemia—our *German* sickness of taste, against whose excess we have just now, with great resolution, prescribed ourselves blood and iron, that is to say, "great politics" (in accordance with a dangerous art of healing that teaches me to wait and wait, but so far not yet to hope—).[25] Even now there is in France an advance understanding and a welcome for those rarer and rarely satisfied human beings who are too comprehensive to find satisfaction in any fatherlandishness, and who know how to love the South in the North, the North in the South—for the born Mediterraneans, the "good Europeans."—For them *Bizet* made

23 "Moralistic" in the French sense of the moralistes, observers of human nature such as Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld.

24 Henri Beyle was Stendhal's real name.

25 "Blood and iron" echoes Bismarck's 1862 speech declaring that the great questions of the day would be decided not by speeches but by iron and blood.

music, that last genius who saw a new beauty and seduction—who discovered a piece of the *South in music*.[26]

255 Toward German music I consider a good deal of caution to be called for. Suppose someone loves the South as I love it, as a great school of convalescence, in the most spiritual and the most sensual things, as an unrestrained abundance of sun and transfiguration by sun spreading over an existence that is sovereign and believes in itself: well, such a person will learn to be somewhat on guard against German music, because, in spoiling his taste again, it also spoils his health again. Such a Southerner, not by descent but by *faith*, must, if he dreams of the future of music, also dream of a redemption of music from the North, and have in his ears the prelude to a deeper, mightier, perhaps more wicked and more mysterious music, a supra-German music that does not fade away, yellow, grow pale at the sight of the blue voluptuous sea and the brightness of the Mediterranean sky, as all German music does; a supra-European music that holds its own even before the brown sunsets of the desert, whose soul is akin to the palm tree and knows how to be at home and roam among great, beautiful, solitary beasts of prey..... I could imagine a music whose rarest magic would consist in knowing nothing more of good and evil—except that perhaps some sailor's homesickness, some golden shadows and tender weaknesses might run over it here and there: an art that would see, from a great distance, the colors of a sinking, almost incomprehensible *moral* world fleeing to it for refuge, and that would be hospitable and deep enough to receive such late fugitives. —

256 Thanks to the morbid estrangement that the madness of nationality has put, and still puts, between the peoples of Europe; thanks likewise to the politicians of the short view and the quick hand, who are on top today with its help and have no idea how much the politics of disintegration they pursue can necessarily be only an interlude politics—thanks to all this and to much that is quite unspeakable today, the most unambiguous

26 Georges Bizet (1838–1875), composer of Carmen, which Nietzsche came to champion against Wagner.

signs are now being overlooked, or arbitrarily and mendaciously reinterpreted, signs in which it is declared that *Europe wants to become one*. In all the deeper and more comprehensive human beings of this century, the real overall direction of the mysterious work of their souls was to prepare the way to that new *synthesis* and, tentatively, to anticipate the European of the future: only with their foregrounds, or in weaker hours, say in old age, did they belong to the "fatherlands"—they were only resting from themselves when they became "patriots." I am thinking of people like Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer: let no one hold it against me if I count Richard Wagner among them too, about whom one must not let oneself be misled by his own misunderstandings—geniuses of his kind rarely have the right to understand themselves. Still less, to be sure, by the ill-mannered noise with which people in France are now resisting and fending off Richard Wagner:—the fact nonetheless remains that *French late Romanticism* of the forties and Richard Wagner belong together most closely and intimately. They are related in all the heights and depths of their needs, fundamentally related: it is Europe, the one Europe, whose soul presses and longs, through their manifold and impetuous art, outward, upward—whither? into a new light? toward a new sun? But who could say exactly what all these masters of new means of language could not say clearly? What is certain is that the same storm and stress tormented them, that they *searched* in the same way, these last great searchers! All of them dominated by literature right up to their eyes and ears—the first artists with an education in world literature—mostly even writers and poets themselves, mediators and blenders of the arts and the senses (as a musician Wagner belongs among the painters, as a poet among the musicians, as an artist in general among the actors); all of them fanatics of *expression* "at any price"—I single out Delacroix, Wagner's closest relative —, all of them great discoverers in the realm of the sublime, also of the ugly and the gruesome, still greater discoverers in effects, in display, in the art of the shop window; all of them talents far bey-

ond their genius —, virtuosos through and through, with uncanny access to everything that seduces, lures, compels, overwhelms; born enemies of logic and of straight lines, hungry for the foreign, the exotic, the monstrous, the crooked, the self-contradictory;[27] as human beings, Tantaluses of the will, upstart plebeians who knew themselves incapable, in life and in work, of a noble tempo, of a lento [slow pace]—think of Balzac, for example—unbridled workers, almost self-destroyers through work; antinomians and rebels in morals, ambitious and insatiable, without balance or enjoyment; all of them in the end breaking and sinking down at the Christian cross (and rightly so: for which of them would have been deep and original enough for a philosophy of the *Antichrist*?[28] —) on the whole, a daringly venturesome, magnificently violent, high-flying and high-uplifting kind of higher human beings, who first had to teach their century—and it is the century of the *crowd*!—the concept "higher human being"..... Let the German friends of Richard Wagner consider among themselves whether there is anything simply German in Wagnerian art, or whether its very distinction is not that it comes from *supra-German* sources and impulses: in which connection one should not underestimate how indispensable Paris was precisely for the development of his type—Paris, which the depth of his instincts bade him long for at the most decisive time—and how the whole manner of his public appearance, of his self-apostleship, could only be perfected in view of the French socialist model. Perhaps, on a finer comparison, one will find, to the honor of Richard Wagner's German nature, that in everything he went further—stronger, more daring, harder, higher—than a Frenchman of the nineteenth century could, thanks to the circumstance that we Germans still stand closer to barbarism than the French —; perhaps even the most remarkable thing Richard Wagner created is inaccessible, impossible to feel along with, impossible to imitate for the

27 Eugène Delacroix (1798–1863), the leading painter of French Romanticism.
28 Tantalus, in Greek myth, was punished with food and drink forever just out of reach.

whole, so late Latin race, forever and not only for today: the figure of Siegfried, that *very free* human being, who may indeed be far too free, too hard, too cheerful, too healthy, too *anti-Catholic* for the taste of old and overripe cultured peoples. He may even have been a sin against Romanticism, this anti-Romance Siegfried: well, Wagner amply atoned for this sin in his old, gloomy days when—anticipating a taste that has since become politics—he began, with the religious vehemence peculiar to him, if not to walk *the road to Rome*, then at least to preach it.—So that I am not misunderstood with these last words, I will call on a few vigorous rhymes for help, which will betray even to less subtle ears what I want—what I want *against* the "late Wagner" and his Parsifal music.[29]

— Is this still German?—/ From German hearts came this
sultry shrieking?
And German flesh this self-unfleshing?
German, this priestly spread of hands,
This incense-scented rousing of the senses?
And German this faltering, plunging, reeling,
This dithering ding-dong dangling?
This nun-ogling, Ave-bell-tinkling,
This whole falsely rapt heaven-over-heavening? /—Is that
still German? /—Consider! You are still standing at the
gate:—/ For what you hear is *Rome—Rome's faith
without words!*[30]

29 "Anti-Romance" (antiromanisch) puns on "Romantik" and on Rome and the Latin world; the "politics" is Bismarck's rapprochement with the Catholic Church after the Kulturkampf. Parsifal (1882) was Wagner's last music drama.
30 The last line plays on Mendelssohn's Songs without Words.

Part 9: What is noble?

Neuntes Hauptstück: Was ist vornehm?
Nietzsche defines nobility through master and slave morality, rank, distance and self-reverence.

257 Every elevation of the type "human being" has so far been the work of an aristocratic society—and so it will be again and again: a society that believes in a long ladder of order of rank and difference in value between one human being and another, and needs slavery in some sense or other. Without the *pathos of distance*, such as grows out of the ingrained difference between social ranks, out of the ruling caste's constant looking out over and looking down on subjects and instruments, and out of its equally constant practice in obeying and commanding, in keeping down and keeping at a distance, that other, more mysterious pathos could not have grown at all either—that longing for an ever new widening of distance within the soul itself, the development of ever higher, rarer, more remote, more far-reaching, more comprehensive states; in short, precisely the elevation of the type "human being," the continual "self-overcoming of the human being," to take a moral formula in a supra-moral sense. To be sure: one must not surrender to any humanitarian illusions about the history of how an aristocratic society arises (that is, the precondition of that elevation of the type "human being"—): the truth is hard.[1] Let us say it to ourselves without mercy: how every higher culture on earth has so far *begun*! Human beings with a still natural nature, barbarians in every

1 Pathos of distance: Nietzsche's term for the felt sense of difference in rank between one who stands high and those below.

terrible sense of the word, men of prey still in possession of unbroken strength of will and lust for power, threw themselves upon weaker, more civilized, more peaceful races, perhaps trading or cattle-raising ones, or upon old, overripe cultures in which the last vitality was just then flickering out in brilliant fireworks of spirit and corruption. In the beginning the noble caste was always the barbarian caste: its superiority lay not primarily in physical strength but in strength of soul—they were the more *whole* human beings (which at every stage also amounts to "the more whole beasts"—).

258 Corruption—as the expression of the fact that anarchy threatens within the instincts, and that the foundation of the affects, which is called "life," is shaken: corruption is something fundamentally different depending on the form of life in which it appears. When, for example, an aristocracy like that of France at the beginning of the Revolution throws away its privileges with a sublime disgust and sacrifices itself to an extravagance of its moral feeling, that is corruption:—it was really only the closing act of that centuries-long corruption by virtue of which it had, step by step, given up its lordly prerogatives and reduced itself to a *function* of the monarchy (in the end even to its ornament and showpiece).[2] The essential thing about a good and healthy aristocracy, however, is that it feels itself to be *not* a function (whether of the monarchy or of the commonwealth) but their *meaning* and highest justification—that it therefore accepts with a good conscience the sacrifice of countless people who, *for its sake*, must be pushed down and reduced to incomplete human beings, to slaves, to instruments. Its fundamental faith must be precisely that society may *not* exist for society's sake, but only as the substructure and scaffolding on which a select kind of being can raise itself to its higher task and, in general, to a higher *being*: comparable to those sun-seeking climbing plants on Java—they are called sipo matador—which clasp an oak tree with their arms so long and so often that at last, high

2 On the night of 4 August 1789 the French nobility renounced its feudal privileges in the National Assembly.

above it but supported by it, they can unfold their crowns in the open light and display their happiness. —[3]

259 Mutually refraining from injury, from violence, from exploitation, placing one's will on a par with the other's: in a certain crude sense this can become good manners between individuals, if the conditions for it are given (namely their actual similarity in quantities of strength and standards of value, and their belonging together within one body). But as soon as one wanted to take this principle further, and possibly even as the *fundamental principle of society*, it would immediately reveal itself for what it is: a will to the *denial* of life, a principle of dissolution and decay. Here one must think things through to the bottom and fend off all sentimental weakness: life itself is *essentially* appropriation, injury, overpowering of what is alien and weaker, suppression, hardness, imposition of one's own forms, incorporation and, at the least, at the mildest, exploitation—but why should one always use precisely those words on which a slanderous intent has been stamped since time immemorial? Even that body within which, as was assumed above, individuals treat one another as equals—this happens in every healthy aristocracy—must itself, if it is a living and not a dying body, do to other bodies everything that the individuals within it refrain from doing to one another: it will have to be the will to power incarnate, it will want to grow, reach out, draw things to itself, gain the upper hand—not out of any morality or immorality, but because it *lives*, and because life simply *is* will to power. But on no point is the common consciousness of Europeans more unwilling to be taught than here; everywhere people are now raving, even in scientific disguise, about coming states of society from which "the exploitative character" is to be absent:—to my ears that sounds as if someone promised to invent a life that would refrain from all organic functions. "Exploitation" does not belong to a corrupt or imperfect and primitive society: it belongs to the *essence* of what lives, as a basic organic function;

3 Sipo matador (Portuguese cipó matador, "killer vine"): a strangling climber that grows around a host tree.

it is a consequence of the will to power proper, which is simply the will of life.—Granted that as theory this is an innovation—as reality it is the *primal fact* of all history: let us be at least that honest with ourselves! —

260 Wandering through the many finer and coarser moralities that have so far ruled on earth or still rule, I found certain traits regularly recurring together and bound up with one another: until at last two basic types revealed themselves to me, and a basic difference leapt out. There is *master morality* and *slave morality*;—I add at once that in all higher and more mixed cultures there also appear attempts to mediate between the two moralities, still more often their confusion and mutual misunderstanding, indeed at times their hard juxtaposition—even in the same person, within one soul. Moral distinctions of value arose either among a ruling kind that became conscious, with a feeling of well-being, of its difference from the ruled—or among the ruled, the slaves and dependents of every degree. In the first case, when it is the rulers who determine the concept "good," it is the elevated, proud states of the soul that are felt to be what distinguishes and what determines the order of rank. The noble human being separates from himself those beings in whom the opposite of such elevated, proud states finds expression: he despises them. Let it be noted at once that in this first kind of morality the opposition "good" and "bad" means the same as "noble" and "contemptible":—the opposition "good" and "*evil*" has a different origin.[4] Despised are the coward, the anxious, the petty, the one who thinks in terms of narrow usefulness; likewise the distrustful with his unfree glance, the self-abasing, the doglike sort of human being who lets himself be mistreated, the begging flatterer, above all the liar:—it is a basic belief of all aristocrats that the common people are liars. "We truthful ones"—that is what the nobles of ancient Greece called themselves.[5] It is obvi-

4 German has two opposites of "good": schlecht ("bad," originally "plain, common") and böse ("evil"); Nietzsche's distinction turns on them.

5 The phrase is associated above all with the aristocratic poet Theognis of Megara (6th century BC), whom Nietzsche had studied as a young philologist.

ous that moral designations of value were everywhere applied first to *human beings*, and only later, in a derived sense, to *actions*: which is why it is a bad blunder when historians of morality start out from questions like "why has the act of pity been praised?" The noble type of human being feels *itself* to be what determines value; it has no need to be approved of; it judges, "what is harmful to me is harmful in itself"; it knows itself to be that which first confers honor on things at all; it is *value-creating*. Whatever it recognizes in itself, it honors: such a morality is self-glorification. In the foreground stands the feeling of fullness, of power that wants to overflow, the happiness of high tension, the consciousness of a wealth that would like to give and bestow:—the noble human being, too, helps the unfortunate, but not, or almost not, out of pity; rather out of an urge begotten by a superabundance of power. The noble human being honors in himself the powerful one, including the one who has power over himself, who knows how to speak and how to keep silent, who takes pleasure in being severe and hard with himself and has reverence for all that is severe and hard. "Wotan put a hard heart in my breast," says an old Scandinavian saga: that is rightly written, straight from the soul of a proud Viking.[6] Such a type of human being is proud precisely of *not* being made for pity: which is why the hero of the saga adds, as a warning, "whoever has no hard heart when young will never have a hard heart." Noble and brave people who think this way are the furthest removed from that morality which sees the mark of the moral precisely in pity, or in acting for others, or in désintéressement [disinterestedness]; faith in oneself, pride in oneself, a basic hostility and irony toward "selflessness" belong to noble morality just as surely as a slight disdain for, and caution toward, fellow feeling and the "warm heart."—It is the powerful who *understand* how to honor; that is their art, their realm of invention. Deep reverence for age and for tradition—all law rests on this double reverence—faith and prejudice in favor of ancestors and against those still to come: these are typical of

6 Wotan (Old Norse Odin) is the chief god of Germanic and Norse mythology.

the morality of the powerful; and when, conversely, the people of "modern ideas" believe almost instinctively in "progress" and "the future," and increasingly lack respect for age, this alone sufficiently betrays the ignoble origin of these "ideas." But what makes a morality of the rulers most alien and painful to present-day taste is the strictness of its principle that one has duties only toward one's equals; that toward beings of lower rank, toward everything foreign, one may act as one sees fit or "as the heart desires," and in any case "beyond good and evil" —: this is where pity and the like may belong. The capacity and the duty for long gratitude and long revenge—both only among one's equals—subtlety in requital, a refined conception of friendship, a certain need to have enemies (as drainage ditches, so to speak, for the affects of envy, quarrelsomeness, arrogance—at bottom, in order to be able to be a good *friend*): all these are typical marks of noble morality, which, as indicated, is not the morality of "modern ideas" and is therefore hard to empathize with today, and hard, too, to dig up and uncover.—It is different with the second type of morality, *slave morality*. Suppose the abused, the oppressed, the suffering, the unfree, those who are unsure of themselves and weary were to moralize: what would their moral valuations have in common? Probably a pessimistic suspicion of the whole human situation will find expression, perhaps a condemnation of man together with his situation. The slave's eye looks with disfavor on the virtues of the powerful: he has skepticism and mistrust, he has a *subtlety* of mistrust toward everything "good" that is honored there—he would like to persuade himself that even the happiness there is not genuine. Conversely, those qualities are brought forward and flooded with light that serve to make existence easier for those who suffer: here pity, the obliging, helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, industriousness, humility, friendliness come into honor—for here these are the most useful qualities and almost the only means of enduring the pressure of existence. Slave morality is essentially a morality of utility. Here is the hearth where that famous opposition of "good" and "*evil*" originated:—into evil is

read power and dangerousness, a certain dreadfulness, subtlety and strength that does not allow contempt to arise. According to slave morality, then, the "evil" man inspires fear; according to master morality it is precisely the "good" man who inspires fear and wants to inspire it, while the "bad" man is felt to be the contemptible one. The opposition comes to a head when, as a consequence of slave morality, a whiff of disdain finally clings even to the "good man" of this morality—it may be light and benevolent—because within the slave's way of thinking the good man must in any case be the *harmless* man: he is good-natured, easy to deceive, perhaps a little stupid, un bonhomme [a simple good fellow]. Wherever slave morality gains the upper hand, language shows a tendency to bring the words "good" and "stupid" closer together.—One last basic difference: the longing for *freedom*, the instinct for happiness and for the subtleties of the feeling of freedom, belongs just as necessarily to slave morals and morality as art and enthusiasm in reverence and in devotion are the regular symptom of an aristocratic way of thinking and valuing. —From this one can readily understand why love *as passion*—it is our European specialty—must absolutely be of noble descent: as is well known, its invention belongs to the Provençal knight-poets, those splendid, inventive people of the "gai saber" [joyful science], to whom Europe owes so much, and almost itself. —[7]

261 Among the things that are perhaps hardest for a noble human being to grasp is vanity: he will be tempted to deny it even where another type of person thinks he can seize it with both hands. The problem for him is to imagine beings who seek to arouse a good opinion of themselves that they do not themselves hold—and so do not "deserve" either—and who then afterward *believe* in this good opinion themselves. To him this seems half so tasteless and lacking in self-respect, half so baroquely irrational, that he would like to regard vanity as an exception, and in most cases where it is spoken of he doubts it. He will say, for example: "I can be mistaken about my worth and yet

7 The troubadours of 12th-century southern France called their art of poetry the "gay science"; Nietzsche borrowed the phrase for his book *The Gay Science* (1882).

demand that others recognize my worth exactly as I assess it—but that is not vanity (rather conceit, or, in the more frequent cases, what is called 'humility' or 'modesty')." Or again: "I can be glad of the good opinion of others for many reasons: perhaps because I honor and love them and rejoice in each of their joys; perhaps also because their good opinion endorses and strengthens my faith in my own good opinion; perhaps because the good opinion of others, even in cases where I do not share it, is still useful to me or promises to be—but none of that is vanity." Only by forcing himself, particularly with the help of history, can the noble human being picture the fact that since time immemorial, in all somehow dependent strata of the people, the common man only *was* what he was *considered* to be:—not at all accustomed to setting values himself, he attributed to himself no value other than the one his masters attributed to him (it is the true *right of masters* to create values). One may understand it as the consequence of an enormous atavism that even now the ordinary man still always *waits* for an opinion about himself and then instinctively submits to it: and by no means only to a "good" opinion, but also to a bad and unfair one (think, for example, of most of the self-estimations and self-underestimations that devout women learn from their confessors, and that the devout Christian in general learns from his Church). In fact, with the slow rise of the democratic order of things (and of its cause, the mixing of the blood of masters and slaves), the originally noble and rare urge to ascribe a value to oneself on one's own account and to "think well" of oneself will now be more and more encouraged and spread: but it has always had against it an older, broader and more thoroughly ingrained tendency—and in the phenomenon of "vanity" this older tendency becomes master over the younger. The vain man rejoices at *every* good opinion he hears about himself (quite apart from any consideration of its usefulness, and equally regardless of true or false), just as he suffers from every bad opinion: for he submits to both, he *feels* subject to them, out of that oldest instinct of submission which breaks out in him.—It is "the slave" in the

vain man's blood, a remnant of the slave's cunning—and how much "slave" still lingers in woman today, for example!—that tries to *seduce* others into good opinions of him; and it is likewise the slave who afterward immediately falls down before these opinions himself, as though he had not called them forth.—And to say it once more: vanity is an atavism.

262 A *species* arises, a type becomes fixed and strong, through a long struggle with essentially constant *unfavorable* conditions. Conversely, we know from the experience of breeders that species which receive overabundant nourishment and, in general, extra protection and care soon tend most strongly toward variation of the type and are rich in marvels and monstrosities (monstrous vices included). Now look for once at an aristocratic commonwealth—say an ancient Greek polis, or Venice—as an arrangement, whether voluntary or involuntary, for the purpose of *breeding*: there, people live together and depend on one another who want to make their kind prevail, mostly because they *must* prevail or else run a terrible risk of being wiped out. Here that favor, that excess, that protection under which variation thrives are lacking; the species needs itself as a species, as something that, precisely by virtue of its hardness, uniformity and simplicity of form, can prevail at all and make itself last, in constant struggle with its neighbors or with the oppressed who are rebelling or threatening rebellion. The most varied experience teaches it which qualities above all it has to thank for the fact that, in spite of all gods and men, it is still there, that it has always won out: these qualities it calls virtues, and these virtues alone it breeds to greatness. It does so with hardness; indeed, it wants hardness. Every aristocratic morality is intolerant: in the education of the young, in the disposal of women, in marriage customs, in the relations between old and young, in penal laws (which have only the deviants in view):—it counts intolerance itself among the virtues, under the name of "justice." A type with few but very strong traits, a species of strict, warlike, shrewdly taciturn people, close-knit and closed off (and, as such, with the finest feeling for the charms and nuances of soci-

ety), is in this way fixed beyond the change of generations; the constant struggle with ever the same *unfavorable* conditions is, as I said, what makes a type firm and hard. At last, however, a fortunate state of affairs arises one day, and the enormous tension relaxes; perhaps there are no longer any enemies among the neighbors, and the means of life, even of the enjoyment of life, are superabundant. At a single stroke the bond and constraint of the old discipline snaps: it no longer feels itself to be necessary, a condition of existence—if it wanted to survive, it could do so only as a form of *luxury*, as an archaizing *taste*. Variation, whether as deviation (into the higher, finer, rarer) or as degeneration and monstrosity, is suddenly on the scene in the greatest abundance and splendor; the individual dares to be individual and to stand out. At these turning points of history there appear side by side, and often entangled and enmeshed with one another, a magnificent, manifold, jungle-like growth and upward striving, a kind of *tropical* tempo in the competition to grow, and an enormous perishing and self-destruction, thanks to the egoisms turned savagely against one another, exploding as it were, which wrestle with one another "for sun and light" and no longer know how to draw any limit, any restraint, any forbearance from the morality that has prevailed until now. It was this morality itself that piled up the strength to such enormous heights, that bent the bow in so threatening a way:—now it is, now it is becoming, "outlived." The dangerous and uncanny point has been reached where the greater, more manifold, more comprehensive life *lives on beyond* the old morality; the "individual" stands there, compelled to give himself his own laws, to devise his own arts and ruses of self-preservation, self-enhancement, self-redemption. Nothing but new what-fors, nothing but new what-withs, no more shared formulas, misunderstanding and disrespect in league with each other, decay, corruption and the loftiest desires gruesomely knotted together, the genius of the race overflowing from every horn of plenty of good and bad, a fateful simultaneity of spring and autumn, full of the new charms and veils peculiar to a young corruption, not

yet exhausted, not yet weary. Once again danger is here, the mother of morals, great danger—this time shifted into the individual, into one's neighbor and friend, into the street, into one's own child, into one's own heart, into everything most one's own and most secret in wish and will: what will the moral philosophers who come up at this time have to preach now? These sharp observers and street-corner idlers discover that things are rushing to an end, that everything around them is rotting and spreading rot, that nothing will stand until the day after tomorrow, except one kind of human being, the incurably *mediocre*. The mediocre alone have a prospect of carrying on, of propagating themselves—they are the people of the future, the sole survivors; "be like them! become mediocre!" is now the only morality that still makes sense, that still finds ears. — But it is hard to preach, this morality of mediocrity!—for it may never admit what it is and what it wants! it has to talk of moderation and dignity and duty and love of one's neighbor—it will have a hard time *hiding its irony*! —

THE INSTINCT FOR RANK

Nietzsche describes the instinct for rank, reverence and distance that marks the noble soul.

263 There is an *instinct for rank* which, more than anything else, is already the sign of a *high* rank; there is a *delight* in the nuances of reverence that allows one to infer noble origins and habits. The subtlety, goodness and loftiness of a soul are put to a dangerous test when something passes by it that is of the first rank but is not yet protected by the awe of authority from intrusive grasping and crudeness: something that goes its way unlabeled, undiscovered, testing, perhaps deliberately veiled and disguised, like a living touchstone. Anyone whose task and practice it is to explore souls will make use of precisely this art in many forms, in order to determine the ultimate value of a soul, the immovable, innate order of rank to which it belongs: he will put it to the test for its *instinct of reverence*. Différence engendre

haine [difference breeds hatred]: the commonness of many a nature suddenly spurts out like dirty water when some holy vessel, some treasure from locked shrines, some book bearing the marks of a great destiny is carried past; and on the other hand there is an involuntary falling silent, a hesitation of the eye, a stilling of all gestures, which expresses that a soul *feels* the nearness of what is most worthy of veneration. The way in which reverence for the *Bible* has on the whole been maintained in Europe until now is perhaps the finest piece of discipline and refinement of manners that Europe owes to Christianity: books of such depth and ultimate significance need, for their protection, a tyranny of authority coming from outside, in order to gain those millennia of *duration* that are necessary to exhaust them and puzzle them out. Much has been achieved when the great mass (the shallow and fast-digesting of every kind) has at last had that feeling bred into it that it may not touch everything; that there are holy experiences before which it has to take off its shoes and keep its unclean hands away—it is almost its highest ascent to humanity. Conversely, in the so-called educated, the believers in "modern ideas," perhaps nothing is as nauseating as their lack of shame, the comfortable impudence of eye and hand with which they touch, lick and finger everything; and it is possible that today among the people, among the lower classes, especially among peasants, there is still more *relative* nobility of taste and tact of reverence to be found than among the newspaper-reading demimonde of the spirit, the educated.

264 What a person's ancestors liked best to do, and did most constantly, cannot be wiped out of his soul: whether they were, say, diligent savers and appendages of a desk and a cash box, modest and bourgeois in their desires, modest in their virtues too; or whether they lived accustomed to giving orders from morning till night, fond of rough pleasures and, alongside them, perhaps of still rougher duties and responsibilities; or whether, finally, at some point they sacrificed old privileges of birth and property in order to live entirely for their faith—their "God"—as

people of an inexorable and delicate conscience that blushes at every compromise. It is quite impossible that a human being should *not* have the qualities and preferences of his parents and forebears in his body, whatever appearances may say to the contrary. This is the problem of race. If one knows something about the parents, an inference about the child is permissible: some repugnant lack of restraint, some petty, hole-and-corner envy, a clumsy insistence on always being in the right—as these three together have at all times constituted the true rabble type—something of this kind must pass to the child as surely as corrupted blood; and with the help of the best upbringing and education one will succeed only in *deceiving* people about such an inheritance.—And what else do upbringing and education want today! In our very popular—that is to say, rabble-like—age, "upbringing" and "education" *must* essentially be the art of deceiving—of deceiving people about origins, about the inherited rabble in body and soul. An educator who today preached truthfulness above all else and constantly called out to his charges, "be true! be natural! show yourselves as you are!"—even such a virtuous and guileless ass would after a while learn to reach for that furca [pitchfork] of Horace, in order naturam expellere [to drive out nature]: with what success? "Rabble" usque recurret [will always come running back]. —[8]

265 At the risk of displeasing innocent ears, I state: egoism belongs to the essence of the noble soul—I mean that immovable faith that to a being such as "we are," other beings must by nature be subject and have to sacrifice themselves. The noble soul accepts this fact of its egoism without any question mark, and also without any feeling of hardness, constraint, arbitrariness in it, but rather as something that may be grounded in the primordial law of things:—if it looked for a name for it, it would say, "it is justice itself." Under circumstances that make it hesitate at first, it admits that there are others with equal rights; as soon as it is clear about this question of rank, it moves among

8 Horace, *Epistles* I.10.24: "You may drive out nature with a pitchfork, yet she will always come running back." Nietzsche puts "rabble" in place of nature.

these equals and equally privileged with the same sureness in modesty and delicate reverence that it has in its dealings with itself—in accordance with an innate celestial mechanics that all stars understand. It is one *more* piece of its egoism, this subtlety and self-limitation in dealing with its equals—every star is such an egoist —: it honors *itself* in them and in the rights it cedes to them; it does not doubt that the exchange of honors and rights, as the *essence* of all social intercourse, likewise belongs to the natural state of things. The noble soul gives as it takes, out of the passionate and irritable instinct of requital that lies at its core. The concept "grace" has no meaning and no fragrance inter pares [among equals]; there may be a sublime way of letting gifts from above pour down over one, as it were, and drinking them up thirstily like drops: but for this art and this gesture the noble soul has no talent. Its egoism hinders it here: it does not like to look "up" at all—but either *ahead*, horizontally and slowly, or down:—*it knows that it is at a height*. —

266 "One can truly esteem only someone who does not *seek* himself."—Goethe to Councillor Schlosser.[9]

267 There is a proverb among the Chinese that mothers teach even their children: siao-sin, "make your heart *small*!" This is the real basic tendency of late civilizations: I have no doubt that an ancient Greek, too, would recognize self-diminution first of all in us Europeans of today—for that reason alone we would go "against his taste." —[10]

268 What, in the end, is commonness?—Words are sound-signs for concepts; concepts, however, are more or less definite image-signs for sensations that often recur and occur together, for groups of sensations. To understand one another, it is not yet enough to use the same words: one must also use the same words for the same kind of inner experiences; in the end one must have one's experience in *common*. That is why the people

9 From a letter of Goethe to a member of the Schlosser family of Frankfurt jurists, with whom he corresponded; "Rath" (councillor) is an official title.

10 *Xiaoxin* (Nietzsche's "siao-sin") is everyday Chinese for "be careful"; literally, "small heart."

of a single nation understand one another better than members of different nations, even when they use the same language; or rather, when people have lived together for a long time under similar conditions (of climate, soil, danger, needs, work), there *arises* from this something that "understands itself": a people.[11] In all souls an equal number of frequently recurring experiences has gained the upper hand over those that come more rarely: on the basis of these, people understand one another, quickly and ever more quickly—the history of language is the history of a process of abbreviation —; on the basis of this quick understanding, people bind themselves together, ever more closely. The greater the danger, the greater the need to agree quickly and easily about what is needed; not to misunderstand one another in danger—that is what people simply cannot do without in their dealings with each other. Every friendship or love affair still puts this to the test: nothing of the kind lasts once one discovers that one of the two, using the same words, feels, means, senses, wishes, fears differently from the other. (Fear of "eternal misunderstanding": that is the benevolent genius that so often keeps persons of different sexes from hasty unions urged on them by the senses and the heart—and *not* some Schopenhauerian "genius of the species" —!) Which groups of sensations within a soul awaken most quickly, take the floor, give the command: that decides the entire order of rank of its values, that ultimately determines its table of goods. A person's valuations betray something of the *structure* of his soul, and of what it sees as its conditions of life, its real need.[12] Supposing now that need has always brought together only such people as could indicate similar wants and similar experiences with similar signs, it follows on the whole that the easy *communicability* of need—which in the last analysis means having only average and *common* experiences—must have been the mightiest of all

11 "Sich verstehen" means both "to understand one another" and "to go without saying."

12 In "The Metaphysics of Sexual Love" (*The World as Will and Representation*, vol. 2), Schopenhauer calls the will to reproduce that secretly governs lovers' choices the "genius of the species."

the forces that have so far had power over human beings. The more similar, the more ordinary people were and are always at an advantage; the more select, subtler, stranger, harder to understand easily remain alone, succumb to accidents in their isolation and seldom reproduce. One must call upon tremendous counterforces to thwart this natural, all-too-natural progressus in simile, the continuing development of man toward the similar, the ordinary, the average, the herdlike—toward the *common*!

269 The more a psychologist—a born, an unavoidable psychologist and reader of souls—turns to the more select cases and people, the greater his danger of suffocating from pity: he *needs* hardness and cheerfulness more than anyone else. For the corruption, the destruction of higher human beings, of souls of a stranger kind, is the rule: it is terrible to have such a rule always before one's eyes. The manifold torment of the psychologist who has discovered this destruction, who discovers this whole inner "incurability" of the higher human being, this eternal "Too late!" in every sense, first once and then *almost* always again, throughout all of history—may perhaps one day become the reason why he turns with bitterness against his own lot and makes an attempt at self-destruction—why he himself "goes to ruin." In almost every psychologist one will notice a telltale inclination toward, and pleasure in, the company of everyday, well-ordered people: this betrays that he always needs healing, that he needs a kind of flight and forgetting, away from what his insights and incisions, what his "craft," has laid on his conscience. Fear of his memory is peculiar to him. He is easily silenced by the judgments of others: he listens with an unmoved face as people revere, admire, love, transfigure where he has *seen*—or he even hides his silence by expressly agreeing with some foreground opinion. Perhaps the paradox of his situation becomes so horrible that the crowd, the educated, the enthusiasts learn great reverence precisely where he has learned great pity alongside great contempt—reverence for "great men" and prodigies, for whose sake one blesses and holds in honor the fatherland, the

earth, the dignity of humanity, oneself; to whom one points the young, toward whom one raises them.... And who knows whether in all great cases so far the very same thing has not happened: that the crowd worshipped a god—and that the "god" was only a poor sacrificial animal! Success has always been the greatest liar—and the "work" itself is a success; the great statesman, the conqueror, the discoverer is disguised by his creations to the point of being unrecognizable; the "work," the artist's or the philosopher's, first invents the one who created it, who is supposed to have created it; "great men," as they are revered, are small bad poems made up after the fact; in the world of historical values counterfeiting *rules*. These great poets, for example, these Byrons, Mussets, Poes, Leopardis, Kleists, Gogols—as they are, and perhaps have to be: men of the moment, enthusiastic, sensual, childish, frivolous and sudden in mistrust and in trust; with souls in which some fracture usually has to be concealed; often taking revenge with their works for an inner defilement, often seeking with their flights oblivion from an all-too-faithful memory, often lost in the mud and almost in love with it, until they become like the will-o'-the-wisps around the swamps and *pose* as stars—the people then likely call them idealists—often struggling with a long disgust, with a recurring specter of unbelief that makes them cold and forces them to languish for gloria [glory] and to gobble "faith in themselves" from the hands of intoxicated flatterers:—what a *torment* these great artists, and higher human beings in general, are for anyone who has once seen through them![13] It is so understandable that *they* in particular so easily receive from woman—who is clairvoyant in the world of suffering and, unfortunately, also eager to help and to rescue far beyond her strength—those outbursts of boundless, most devoted *pity* which the crowd, above all the revering crowd, does not understand and heaps with curious and self-satisfied interpretations. This pity regularly deceives itself about its

13 Lord Byron, Alfred de Musset, Edgar Allan Poe, Giacomo Leopardi, Heinrich von Kleist, Nikolai Gogol: poets and writers of the Romantic era, several of whom died young.

power; woman would like to believe that love can do *everything* —that is her real *faith*. Alas, whoever knows the heart guesses how poor, stupid, helpless, presumptuous, blundering, more apt to destroy than to save even the best and deepest love is! — It is possible that beneath the holy fable and disguise of Jesus' life lies hidden one of the most painful cases of the martyrdom of *knowing about love*: the martyrdom of the most innocent and most craving heart, which never had enough of any human love, which *demanded* love, being loved and nothing else, with hardness, with madness, with terrible outbursts against those who refused it love; the story of a poor soul unsated and insatiable in love, who had to invent hell in order to send there those who did not *want* to love him—and who finally, having come to know human love, had to invent a God who is all love, all *being able* to love—who takes pity on human love because it is so utterly paltry, so ignorant! Whoever feels this way, whoever *knows* about love in this way—*seeks* death.—But why dwell on such painful things? Provided one doesn't have to. —

270 The spiritual arrogance and disgust of everyone who has suffered deeply—it almost determines the order of rank, *how* deeply people can suffer—his shuddering certainty, with which he is wholly saturated and colored, that by virtue of his suffering he *knows more* than the cleverest and wisest can know, that he has been acquainted with, and once "at home" in, many distant, terrifying worlds of which "*you* know nothing!"..... this spiritual, silent arrogance of the sufferer, this pride of the chosen one of knowledge, of the "initiate," of the almost-sacrificed, finds every form of disguise necessary to protect itself from contact with intrusive and pitying hands, and in general from everything that is not its equal in pain. Deep suffering makes noble; it separates. One of the subtlest forms of disguise is Epicureanism, together with a certain bravery of taste, henceforth put on display, which takes suffering lightly and fends off everything sad and deep. There are "cheerful people" who make use of cheerfulness because it gets them misunderstood:—they *want* to be misunderstood. There are "scientific people" who

make use of science because it gives a cheerful appearance, and because scientific-mindedness suggests that a person is superficial:—they *want* to lure others to a false conclusion. There are free, insolent spirits who would like to hide and deny that they are broken, proud, incurable hearts; and sometimes foolishness itself is the mask for an unhappy, all-too-certain knowledge. — From which it follows that it belongs to a more refined humanity to have reverence "for the mask," and not to practice psychology and curiosity in the wrong place.

271 What separates two people most deeply is a different sense and degree of cleanliness. What good is all the decency and mutual usefulness, what good is all the good will toward each other: in the end it still comes down to this—they "can't stand the smell of each other!" The highest instinct of cleanliness places whoever is afflicted with it in the strangest and most dangerous isolation, as a saint: for that is precisely what holiness is —the highest spiritualization of this instinct. Some intimate knowledge of an indescribable abundance in the bliss of the bath, some ardor and thirst that constantly drives the soul out of night into morning, and out of the murky, out of "gloom," into the bright, the shining, the deep, the fine —: as much as such a propensity *distinguishes*—it is a noble propensity—it also *separates*.—The saint's pity is pity for the *filth* of the human, all too human. And there are degrees and heights at which he feels pity itself as a defilement, as filth.....

272 Signs of nobility: never thinking of lowering our duties to duties for everyone; not wanting to hand over one's own responsibility, not wanting to share it; counting one's privileges and their exercise among one's *duties*.

273 A man who strives for greatness regards everyone he meets on his path either as a means or as a delay and obstacle—or as a temporary couch to rest on. His own peculiar high-bred *kindness* toward his fellow human beings becomes possible only once he is at his height and rules. Impatience, and his awareness of being condemned until then to perpetual comedy—for even war is a comedy and conceals, as every means conceals the end—

spoil all company for him: this kind of man knows solitude, and what is most poisonous in it.

274 *The problem of those who wait.* — It takes strokes of luck and much that is incalculable for a higher human being, in whom the solution to a problem lies sleeping, still to get to act at the right time—to "break out," as one might say. On average it does *not* happen, and in every corner of the earth sit people waiting, who hardly know to what extent they are waiting, still less that they are waiting in vain. Sometimes, too, the wake-up call comes too late, that chance event which gives "permission" to act—when the best of youth and of the strength to act has already been used up by sitting still; and how many a man, just as he "leapt up," found to his horror that his limbs had gone to sleep and his spirit was already too heavy! "It is too late," he told himself, having lost faith in himself and now useless forever.—In the realm of genius, might the "Raphael without hands," taking the phrase in its widest sense, perhaps be not the exception but the rule?—Genius is perhaps not so rare at all: but the five hundred *hands* it needs to tyrannize the καιρός [kairos], "the right moment"—to seize chance by the forelock![14]

275 Whoever does not *want* to see what is high in a person looks all the more sharply at what is low and foreground in him —and thereby gives himself away.

276 In every kind of injury and loss the lower, coarser soul is better off than the nobler one: the dangers to the latter are bound to be greater; indeed, given the multiplicity of the conditions of its life, the probability that it will come to grief and perish is enormous.—A lizard grows back a finger it has lost: not so with man. —

277 — Bad enough! The same old story! When one has finished building one's house, one notices that in the process one has unexpectedly learned something one absolutely *should* have

14 An allusion to Lessing's play *Emilia Galotti* (1772), in which a painter claims Raphael would have been the greatest of painters even had he been born without hands.

known before one—began to build. The eternal wretched "Too late!"—The melancholy of everything *finished*!....

278 — Wanderer, who are you? I see you going your way, without scorn, without love, with inscrutable eyes; wet and sad like a plumb line that has come back to the light unsatisfied from every depth—what was it looking for down there?—with a breast that does not sigh, with a lip that hides its disgust, with a hand that now only slowly grasps: who are you? what have you done? Rest here: this place is hospitable to everyone—refresh yourself! And whoever you may be: what would please you now? What would refresh you? Just name it: whatever I have, I offer you!—"Refresh me? Refresh me? Oh you inquisitive one, what are you saying! But give me, I beg——" What? What? Say it!—"One more mask! A second mask!"....

279 People of deep sadness give themselves away when they are happy: they have a way of seizing happiness as though they wanted to crush and smother it, out of jealousy—ah, they know only too well that it will run away from them!

280 "Bad! Bad! What? Isn't he going—back?"—Yes! But you understand him poorly if you complain about it. He is going back, as does anyone who means to make a great leap.——

281 — "Will anyone believe me? but I demand to be believed: I have only ever thought poorly of myself, about myself, only in very rare cases, only under compulsion, always without any desire to get 'to the point,' ready to digress from 'myself,' always without faith in the result—thanks to an invincible mistrust of the *possibility* of self-knowledge, which has led me so far that I sense a contradictio in adjecto [contradiction in terms] even in the concept of 'immediate knowledge' that theorists permit themselves:—this whole fact is almost the most certain thing I know about myself. There must be a kind of aversion in me to *believing* anything definite about myself.—Is there perhaps a riddle in this? Probably; but fortunately not one for my own teeth. — Perhaps it betrays the species to which I belong?—But not to me: which suits me well enough. —"

282 "But what happened to you?"—"I don't know," he said hesitantly; "perhaps the Harpies flew over my table."—It sometimes happens nowadays that a gentle, moderate, reserved person suddenly goes into a rage, smashes the plates, overturns the table, screams, raves, insults everyone—and finally goes off to one side, ashamed, furious with himself—where to? what for? To starve apart? To choke on his memory?—Whoever has the appetites of a lofty, discriminating soul and only rarely finds his table laid and his food prepared will be in great danger at all times: but today the danger is extraordinary.[15] Thrown into a noisy, rabble-like age with which he does not care to eat from the same dish, he can easily perish of hunger and thirst—or, should he finally "help himself" after all, of sudden disgust.—We have probably all sat at tables where we did not belong; and precisely the most spiritual among us, who are the hardest to feed, know that dangerous dyspepsia which arises from a sudden insight into, and disappointment with, our fare and our neighbors at table—the *disgust at dessert*.

283 It is a refined and at the same time noble self-control—supposing one wants to praise at all—always to praise only where one does *not* agree:—otherwise, after all, one would be praising oneself, which offends against good taste—admittedly a self-control that offers a neat occasion and inducement for being constantly *misunderstood*. To be allowed this real luxury of taste and morality, one must not live among blockheads of the spirit, but rather among people whose misunderstandings and blunders still amuse by their subtlety—or one will have to pay dearly for it! — "He praises me: *therefore* he thinks I am right"—this asinine inference spoils half our lives for us hermits, for it brings the asses into our neighborhood and friendship.

284 To live with an immense and proud composure; always beyond —. To have one's passions, one's for and against, at will, and not to have them; to condescend to them, for hours; to *mount* them, as one mounts horses, often as one mounts asses:—

15 In Greek myth the Harpies, winged monsters, snatched away and befouled the food of the blind king Phineus.

for one must know how to use their stupidity as well as their fire. To keep one's three hundred foregrounds; the dark glasses too: for there are cases when no one may look into our eyes, still less into our "grounds." And to choose for company that roguish and cheerful vice, politeness. And to remain master of one's four virtues: courage, insight, sympathy, solitude. For with us solitude is a virtue, as a sublime bent and urge toward cleanliness, which divines how unavoidably unclean things must get when person touches person—"in society." Every community makes one, somehow, somewhere, sometime—"common."

285 The greatest events and thoughts—but the greatest thoughts are the greatest events—are the last to be comprehended: the generations contemporary with them do not *experience* such events—they live right past them. Something happens here as in the realm of the stars. The light of the most distant stars is the last to reach human beings; and until it has arrived, man *denies* that there are—stars there. "How many centuries does a spirit need to be understood?"—that too is a standard; with it, too, one creates an order of rank and an etiquette, such as is needed: for spirit and for star. —

286 "Here the view is free, the spirit uplifted."—But there is an inverse kind of human being, which is also on the heights and also has a free view—but looks *down*.[16]

WHAT IS NOBLE?

Nietzsche concludes that the noble soul is known by its faith and reverence for itself.

287 — What is noble? What does the word "noble" still mean to us today? What betrays the noble human being, by what is he recognized, under this heavy, overcast sky of the beginning rule of the rabble, which makes everything opaque and leaden?—It is not actions that prove him—actions are always ambiguous, always unfathomable —; nor is it "works." Among artists and

16 A quotation from the close of Goethe's *Faust*, Part Two, spoken by Doctor Marianus.

scholars today one finds plenty of those whose works betray how a deep craving for the noble drives them: but precisely this need *for* the noble is fundamentally different from the needs of the noble soul itself, and in fact the eloquent and dangerous mark of its lack. It is not the works, it is the *faith* that decides here, that establishes the order of rank here—to take up an old religious formula again in a new and deeper sense: some fundamental certainty that a noble soul has about itself, something that cannot be sought, cannot be found, and perhaps cannot be lost either.—*The noble soul has reverence for itself.* —[17]

288 There are people who have spirit in an unavoidable way—let them twist and turn as they will, and hold their hands before their treacherous eyes (— as if the hand were no traitor! —): in the end it always comes out that they have something they are hiding, namely spirit. One of the subtlest means of deceiving, at least for as long as possible, and of successfully playing dumber than one is—which in everyday life is often as desirable as an umbrella—is called *enthusiasm*: plus whatever goes with it, virtue for example. For as Galiani says, who ought to know —: vertu est enthousiasme [virtue is enthusiasm].

289 In a hermit's writings one always hears something of the echo of the wilderness, something of the whispering tone and the shy glancing-around of solitude; from his strongest words, from his very cry, there still sounds a new and more dangerous kind of silence, of keeping silent. Whoever has sat alone with his soul year in, year out, day and night, in intimate quarrel and dialogue; whoever in his cave—it may be a labyrinth, but also a gold mine—has become a cave bear or a treasure hunter or a treasure guardian and dragon: his very concepts end up acquiring a twilight color of their own, a smell as much of the depths as of mold, something incommunicable and reluctant that blows cold on every passerby. The hermit does not believe that a philosopher—supposing that a philosopher was always first of all a hermit—ever expressed his real and ultimate opinions in

17 The "old religious formula" is the Lutheran doctrine that one is justified by faith, not by works.

books: doesn't one write books precisely to conceal what one keeps to oneself?—indeed, he will doubt whether a philosopher *could* have "ultimate and real" opinions at all, whether behind every cave in him there does not lie, must not lie, a still deeper cave—a more spacious, stranger, richer world beyond a surface, an abyss behind every ground, beneath every "grounding." Every philosophy is a foreground philosophy—that is a hermit's judgment: "There is something arbitrary in the fact that *he* stopped here, looked back, looked around, that *here* he dug no deeper and laid the spade aside—there is also something suspicious about it." Every philosophy also *conceals* a philosophy; every opinion is also a hiding place, every word also a mask.

290 Every deep thinker is more afraid of being understood than of being misunderstood. His vanity may suffer from the latter; but from the former his heart suffers, his sympathy, which always says: "Ah, why do *you* want to have as hard a time of it as I do?"

291 Man, a manifold, mendacious, artificial and opaque animal, uncanny to the other animals less through strength than through cunning and cleverness, invented the good conscience in order for once to enjoy his soul as *simple*; and all of morality is a long, bold forgery by virtue of which any enjoyment in beholding the soul becomes possible at all. From this point of view, perhaps much more belongs to the concept of "art" than is commonly believed.

292 A philosopher: that is a human being who constantly experiences, sees, hears, suspects, hopes, dreams extraordinary things; who is struck by his own thoughts as if from outside, as if from above and below, as by *his* kind of events and lightning bolts; who is perhaps himself a thunderstorm pregnant with new lightning; a fateful human being around whom there is always rumbling and growling and gaping and something uncanny going on. A philosopher: alas, a being that often runs away from itself, is often afraid of itself—but is too curious not to keep "coming to itself" again.....

293 A man who says: "This pleases me, I take it as my own and mean to protect it and defend it against everyone"; a man who can lead a cause, carry out a resolution, keep faith with a thought, hold on to a woman, punish and overthrow an insolent fellow; a man who has his wrath and his sword, and to whom the weak, the suffering, the oppressed, even the animals, gladly fall and by nature belong—in short, a man who is by nature a *master*—when such a man has pity, well! *that* pity has value! But what does the pity of those who suffer matter! Or of those who even preach pity! There exists today almost everywhere in Europe a morbid sensitivity and irritability toward pain, likewise a repulsive lack of restraint in complaining, a softening that would like to dress itself up as something higher with religion and philosophical bric-a-brac—there is a regular cult of suffering. The *unmanliness* of what is christened "pity" in such circles of enthusiasts is always, I think, the first thing that leaps to the eye.—One must banish this newest kind of bad taste vigorously and thoroughly; and I wish at last that people would put on the good amulet "gai saber" against it, around their hearts and necks—"joyful science," to spell it out for the Germans.[18]

294 *The Olympian vice.* — In defiance of that philosopher who, as a genuine Englishman, tried to give laughter a bad name among all thinking minds—"Laughter is a bad infirmity of human nature, which every thinking mind will strive to overcome" (Hobbes)—I would even allow myself an order of rank among philosophers according to the rank of their laughter—right up to those capable of *golden* laughter. And supposing that gods too philosophize, which many an inference has already driven me to believe —, I have no doubt that they also know how to laugh while doing so, in a superhuman and new way—and at the expense of all serious things! Gods love to mock: it seems they cannot stop laughing even during sacred rites.[19]

---

18 *Gai saber*: the troubadours' Provençal name for the art of poetry, and the subtitle of Nietzsche's *The Gay Science*.

19 Thomas Hobbes (1588–1679), English philosopher; the quotation is Nietzsche's paraphrase rather than Hobbes's own words.

295 The genius of the heart, as that great hidden one possesses it, the tempter god and born pied piper of consciences, whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who says no word and casts no glance in which there does not lie some ulterior regard and fold of enticement, whose mastery includes knowing how to seem—and not what he is, but what is to those who follow him one compulsion *more* to press ever closer to him, to follow him ever more inwardly and thoroughly: —the genius of the heart, which makes everything loud and self-satisfied fall silent and teaches it to listen, which smooths rough souls and lets them taste a new longing—to lie still like a mirror, so that the deep sky may mirror itself in them —; the genius of the heart, which teaches the clumsy and overhasty hand to hesitate and to grasp more delicately; which divines the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality beneath thick, murky ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold that has long lain buried in the prison of much mud and sand; the genius of the heart, from whose touch everyone goes away richer—not graced and surprised, not as if gladdened and oppressed by someone else's goods, but richer in himself, newer to himself than before, broken open, blown upon and sounded out by a thawing wind, less certain perhaps, more tender, more fragile, more broken, but full of hopes that have no name yet, full of new willing and streaming, full of new unwilling and streaming back..... but what am I doing, my friends? Of whom am I speaking to you? Have I so far forgotten myself that I have not even told you his name? unless you have already guessed on your own who this questionable spirit and god is who wants to be *praised* in such a way. For as happens to anyone who from childhood on has always been on the road and abroad, many strange and not undangerous spirits have crossed my path too, above all the one I was just speaking of, and he again and again —none other, in fact, than the god *Dionysus*, that great ambiguous one and tempter god, to whom I once, as you know, offered my firstlings in all secrecy and reverence—as the last, it seems to me, to have offered him a *sacrifice*: for I found no one who

understood what I was doing then.[20] Since then I have learned much, all too much, more about the philosophy of this god, and, as I said, from mouth to mouth—I, the last disciple and initiate of the god Dionysus: and might I not at last begin to give you, my friends, a little taste of this philosophy, as far as I am permitted? In a low voice, as is fitting: for it involves many things secret, new, foreign, strange, uncanny. The very fact that Dionysus is a philosopher, and that gods therefore philosophize too, seems to me a piece of news that is not without its risks and that might arouse mistrust precisely among philosophers—among you, my friends, it has less against it, unless it comes too late and not at the right hour: for, as I have been told, you do not like to believe in God and gods these days. Perhaps, too, in the frankness of my tale I shall have to go further than is always agreeable to the strict habits of your ears? Certainly the god in question went further in such dialogues, very much further, and was always many steps ahead of me.... Indeed, if it were permitted to give him, after human custom, fine, solemn names of pomp and virtue, I would have much to say in praise of his courage as explorer and discoverer, of his daring honesty, truthfulness and love of wisdom. But such a god has no idea what to do with all this venerable junk and pomp. "Keep that," he would say, "for yourself and your kind, and whoever else needs it! I—have no reason to cover my nakedness!"—One guesses: this kind of divinity and philosopher perhaps lacks shame? — Thus he once said: "Under certain circumstances I love man—and here he was alluding to Ariadne, who was present —: to me man is a pleasant, brave, inventive animal that has no equal on earth; he still finds his way in every labyrinth. I am well disposed toward him: I often think about how I might advance him still further and make him stronger, more evil and deeper than he is."—"Stronger, more evil and deeper?" I asked, startled. "Yes," he said once more, "stronger, more evil and deeper; also more beautiful"—and with that the tempter god smiled his halcyon smile, as though he had

20 Dionysus, Greek god of wine, ecstasy and tragedy; the "firstlings" are Nietzsche's first book, *The Birth of Tragedy* (1872).

just paid a charming compliment.[21] Here one sees at the same time: it is not only shame that this divinity lacks —; and there are good reasons in general to suppose that in some respects the gods, all of them, could come and take lessons from us humans. We humans are—more humane...

296 Alas, what are you after all, you my written and painted thoughts! Not long ago you were still so colorful, young and malicious, so full of thorns and secret spices that you made me sneeze and laugh—and now? You have already shed your novelty, and some of you, I fear, are ready to become truths: they already look so immortal, so heartbreakingly upright, so boring! And was it ever otherwise? What things, then, do we copy down in writing and painting, we mandarins with Chinese brushes, we immortalizers of the things that *let* themselves be written—what alone are we able to paint? Alas, only ever what is just about to wilt and is beginning to lose its scent! Alas, only ever storms that are passing and spent, and yellow late feelings! Alas, only ever birds that have flown themselves tired and lost their way and now let themselves be caught by hand—by *our* hand! We immortalize what cannot live and fly much longer, only weary and worn-out things! And it is only your *afternoon*, you my written and painted thoughts, for which alone I have colors, many colors perhaps, many motley tendernesses and fifty yellows and browns and greens and reds:—but from them no one will guess how you looked in your morning, you sudden sparks and wonders of my solitude, you my old beloved—— *wicked* thoughts!

21 Ariadne, the Cretan princess who led Theseus out of the Labyrinth; abandoned by him, she became the bride of Dionysus.

From High Mountains: Aftersong

Aus hohen Bergen. Nachgesang
In a closing poem, a solitary waits for friends who no longer know him, and Zarathustra arrives.

Poem

O noon of life! O solemn time!
O summer garden!
Restless joy in standing, watching, waiting:—/ I wait for my friends, ready day and night.
Where are you, friends? Come! It's time! It's time![1]

Was it not for you the glacier's gray
Decked itself today with roses?
The brook is seeking you; and wind and cloud,
Longing, press and jostle higher into the blue today
To look for you from the farthest bird's-eye height.

For you my table was laid on the highest height:—/ Who lives so near
The stars, so near the abyss's grimmest distances?
My realm—what realm has ever stretched out wider?
And my honey—who has tasted it?.....

— There you *are*, friends!—Alas, but *I* am not the one
You came to find?
You hesitate, you stare—ah, if only you were angry!
I—am I no longer I? Changed in hand, step, face?
And *what* I am to you, my friends—am I not that?

1 The book closes with the poem "From High Mountains," subtitled "Aftersong."

Have I become another? A stranger to myself?
Escaped from my own self?
A wrestler who too often overpowered himself?
Too often braced himself against his own strength,
Wounded and hampered by his own victory?

Did I seek where the wind blows sharpest?
Did I learn to live
Where no one lives, in desolate polar-bear zones,
Unlearn man and god, curse and prayer?
Become a ghost that walks across glaciers?

— You old friends! Look! Now you turn pale,
Full of love and dread!
No, go! Don't be angry! Here—*you* could never dwell:
Here among the farthest realms of ice and rock—/ Here one must be a hunter, sure-footed as the chamois.

A *wicked* hunter I became!—See how steeply
My bow is bent!
It was the strongest who drew a draw like this——:
But woe now! Dangerous is *this* arrow,
Like *no* arrow,—away from here! For your own good!.....

You turn away?—O heart, you have borne enough,
Your hope stayed strong:
Keep your doors open to *new* friends!
Let the old ones go! Let memory go!
If once you were young, now—you are young in a better way!

What ever bound us, one hope's common band,—/ Who still reads the signs
That love once wrote in it, now pale and faded?
I liken it to parchment that the hand
Shrinks from touching,—like it, browned and burnt.

Not friends any more, these are—what shall I call them?—/
Mere ghosts of friends!
At night they still come knocking at my heart and window,
They look at me and say: "But we *were* friends?"—/—O
withered word, that once smelled of roses!

O longing of youth, that misunderstood itself!
Those *I* longed for,
Whom I fancied kin to me and changed as I was changing,
That they grew *old* has banished them:
Only one who changes stays kin to me.

O noon of life! A second youth!
O summer garden!
Restless joy in standing, watching, waiting!
I wait for my friends, ready day and night,
My *new* friends! Come! It's time! It's time!

This song is done,—the sweet cry of longing
Died on the lips:
A magician did it, the friend at the right hour,
The noonday friend—no! don't ask who it was—/ At noon it
was that one became two.....

Now, sure of our joined victory, we celebrate
The feast of feasts:
Friend *Zarathustra* came, the guest of guests!
Now the world laughs, the dread curtain is torn,
The wedding has come for light and darkness.....[2]

2 Zarathustra is the prophet-hero of Nietzsche's *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (1883–85).