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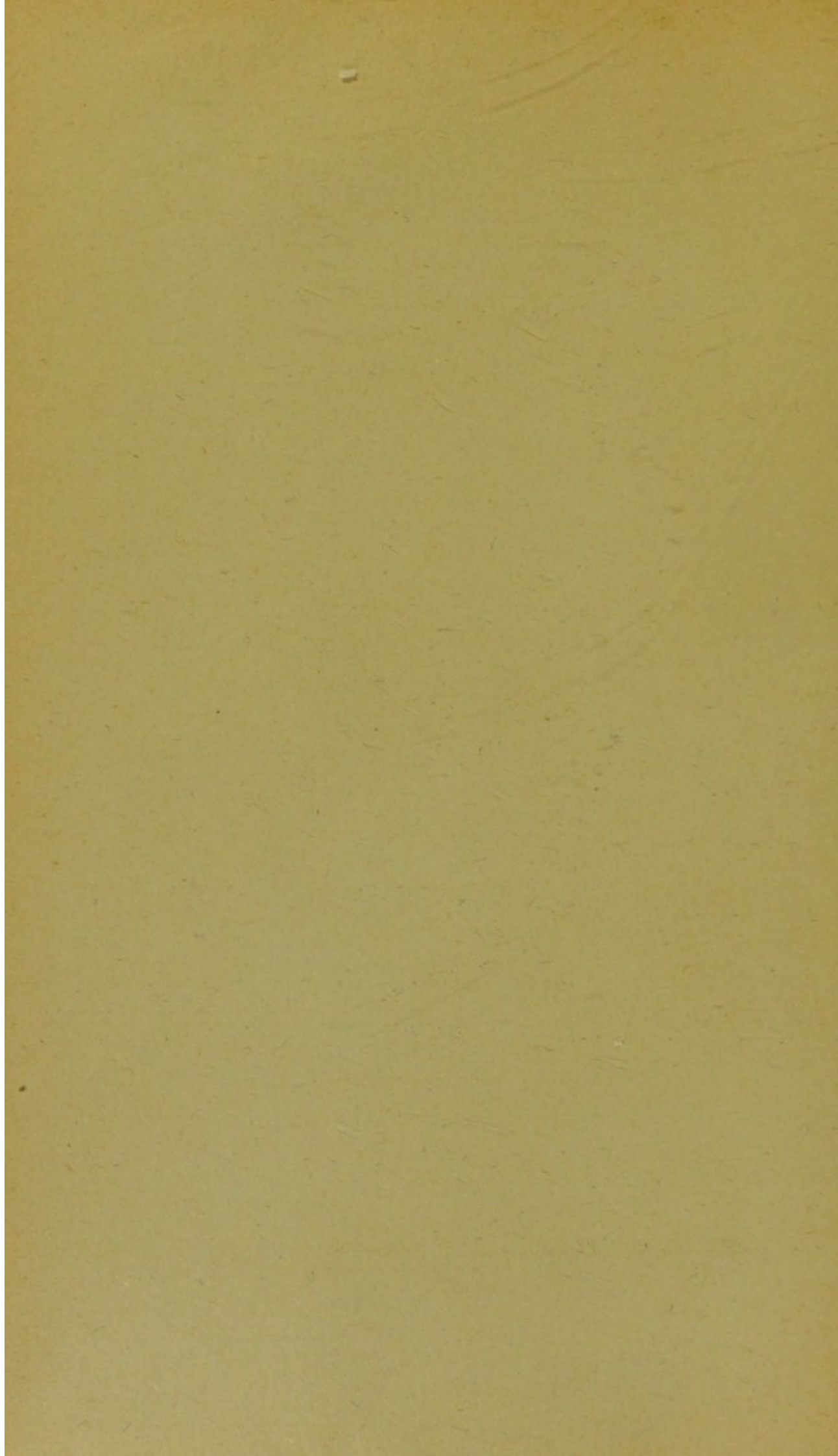
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FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE



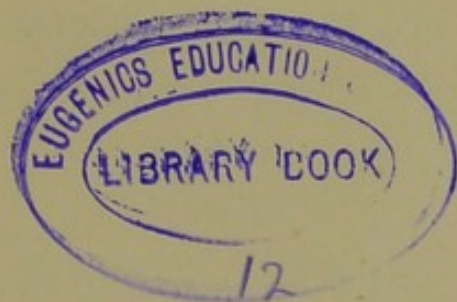


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THE DAWN OF DAY

BY FRIEDRICH
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TRANSLATED BY
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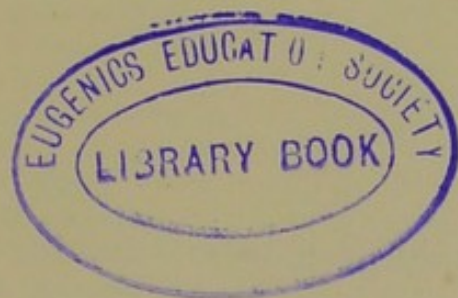
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THE DAWN OF DAY

*There is many a dawn which
has not yet shed its light.*
RIGVEDA.





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PREFACE

1

IN this book we meet with one who works in the bowels of the earth, boring, mining, undermining. You can watch him, provided you have eyes for such work of the deep—proceeding slowly, prudently, gently, inexorably, without betraying the weariness which follows in the train of every long privation of light and air; you might even call him happy, in spite of his work in the dark. Does it not seem as though some faith were leading him, some solace compensating him for his labour? As though he himself wished for a prolonged obscurity, something incomprehensible, hidden, mysterious, knowing that, in the end, he will have his own morning, his own deliverance, his own dawn of day! Yes, indeed, he will return: do not ask him what he seeks in yonder depths, he, the apparent trophonios and “subterraneous worker,” will tell you of his own accord as soon as he will have once more “become man.” One gets rid of a silent tongue after having been so long a mole and alone in the earth.

2

Indeed, my patient friends, in this late preface, which might well-nigh have become a necrologue, a funeral oration, I will tell you what I sought in those depths: for, you see, I have returned and—what is more—safe and sound. Do not think that I intend to invite you to the same hazardous enterprise! Or even to the same solitude! For whoever pursues a course of his own, meets nobody: this is peculiar to the “course of one’s own.” Nobody comes to his assistance; any danger, emergency, wickedness and bad weather, has to be faced alone. He has his own way—and, as is fair, experiences bitterness, and occasional annoyance at this “course of his own”: such as, for instance, the conviction that even his friends cannot make out who he is, whither he is bound; that they occasionally ask themselves: “Well? Does he really proceed?” “Does he know his way?” In those days I undertook something that might not have been to everybody’s taste: I descended into the lowest depths, I searched to the bottom, I began to examine and unearth an old faith on which for thousands of years we philosophers used to build as on the safest foundation—ever again, though, as yet, every structure collapsed. I began to undermine our faith in morals. But you do not understand me?

3

As yet we have made good and evil the least, last

subjects of our meditation : it always was too dangerous a thing to do. Conscience, good reputation, hell, occasionally even the police, did not and do not permit of impartiality ; in presence of morality, as in face of all authority, we are not allowed to think, much less to speak : we have to obey ! Ever since the creation of the world, no authority was willing to be made the object of criticism : nay, to criticise morals, to take morality as a problem, as problematic : well ? was that not—is that not—immoral ? But morals have not only various horrors at their command to ward off critical hands and instruments of torture : their security rests much more in a certain art of fascination whereon they may pride themselves—they know how to “inspire.” They often succeed in paralysing and misleading the critical will by one sole glance—they occasionally even know how to turn it upon itself : so that, like unto the scorpion, it thrusts the sting into its own heart. Morality is, of old, well versed in the diabolical art of persuasion : even in our days there is no orator who would not have recourse to it (listen to our anarchists, for instance : how morally they speak in order to persuade ! In the end they even call themselves the “good and the just”). Ever since the arts of discoursing and persuasion have prevailed on earth, morality has proved the greatest master in the art of misleading, and to us, the philosophers, the true Circe of the philosophers. What is the cause that from the times of Plato all

philosophical architects in Europe have built in vain ? That everything which they themselves honestly and seriously looked upon as *aere perennius* threatens to collapse or has already fallen to ruins ? Oh, how perverse is the answer which, even in our days, is in readiness for this question, "Because they all have neglected the supposition, the test of the fundament, a criticism of pure reason,"—that fatal answer of Kant which surely has not led us modern philosophers on to a firmer and less fallacious ground (was it not strange to expect that a tool should criticise its own excellence and fitness ? That the intellect itself should "know its own worth, power, limits ?" Was it not even absurd ?). The right answer would surely have been, that all philosophers—even Kant—were building under the misleading influence of morals ; that they apparently aimed at certainty, "truth," but, in reality, at "majestic moral structures" : to avail ourselves once more of Kant's inoffensive language, who denotes it as his special "not very brilliant, yet well-deserving" task and work to "level" and solidate the ground for these majestic moral structures" (*Criticism of Pure Reason*, ii. p. 257). Alas ! he utterly failed in this task!—as we have to admit. With such an enthusiastic purpose Kant was the true son of his century, which, if ever any, may be called the century of enthusiasm : and its true son he fortunately continued to be also with regard to its more valuable manifestations (with that sound sensuality, for

instance, which he has translated into his theory of knowledge). Even he had been stung by the moral tarantula—Rousseau—even he fostered in his heart of hearts that idea of moral fanaticism, the verifier of which, Robespierre, another of Rousseau's disciples, felt and professed to be “de fonder sur la terre l'empire de la sagesse, de la justice et de la vertu” (speech of June 7, 1794). On the other hand, with one's heart filled with such a truly French fanaticism, one could not set to work in a less French, deeper, more thorough, more German way—if the epithet “German” is permissible in this sense—than Kant has done; for the purpose of making room for his “moral realm,” he was compelled to create a world which could not be proved, a logical “world to come,”—for this very purpose he needed his *Criticism of Pure Reason*! In other words, he would not have needed it, had he not considered *one* thing more important than all other things: to make the modern realm “unassailable,” or rather “unintelligible” to reason—so strongly did he feel convinced of the assailable-ness of a moral order of things by reason. For, as regards nature and history, and the utter immorality of nature and history, Kant was a pessimist, as every true German of old; he believed in morals, not because they are verified by nature and history, but in spite of their being constantly contradicted by nature and history. In order better to understand this “in spite of,” we may perhaps recall to mind a similar train of thought

in Luther, that other great pessimist who, with all his Lutheran boldness, urged it home to his friends: "If we could conceive by force of reason how it is possible that God, who shows so much wrath and malice, can, at the same time, be merciful and just, should we then stand in need of faith?" Nothing has ever impressed the German mind more deeply, nothing has "tempted" it more, than that most dangerous conclusion of all, which, in the opinion of every true Roman, is an insult to the intellect: *credo quia absurdum est*; with this conclusion the German logic makes its first appearance in the history of the Christian dogma; but even in our days, after a lapse of one thousand years, we modern Germans, late Germans in every respect, surmise some truth, some possibility of truth, at the bottom of that famous, truly dialectic principle, by means of which Hegel secured to the German intellect the victory over Europe—"Contradiction moves the world; all things contradict themselves." We are true pessimists, even in respect of logics.

4

The logical valuations, however, are not the lowest and deepest to which our bold suspicion descends: the faith in reason, which balances the value of these judgments, is, as faith, a moral phenomenon. Should German pessimism yet have to take its final step? Should it once more have to draw up in a terrible

way its "*credo*" alongside with its "*absurdum*" ? And if this book is pessimist even in respect of morals, above the faith in morals—should it not, for this very reason, be a German book ? For, in fact, it implies a contradiction, and is not afraid of it : in it we break with the faith in morals—why ? In obedience to morality ? Or what name shall we give to that which passes therein ? We should prefer more modest names. But it is past all doubt that even to us a "thou shalt" is still speaking, even we still obey a stern law above us—and this is the last moral precept which impresses itself even upon us, which even we obey : in this respect, if in any, we are still conscientious people : viz., we do not wish to return to that which we consider outlived and decayed, to something "not worth believing," be it called God, virtue, truth, justice, charity ; we do not approve of any deceptive bridges to old ideals ; we are radically hostile to all that wants to mediate and to amalgamate with us ; hostile to any actual religion and Christianity ; hostile to all the vague, romantic, and patriotic feelings ; hostile also to the love of pleasure and want of principle of the artists who would fain persuade us to worship when we no longer believe—for we are artists ; hostile, in short, to the whole European Pessimism (or Idealism, if you prefer this name), which is ever "elevating" and, consequently, "degrading." Yet, as such conscientious people we immortalists and atheists of this day still

feel subject to the German honesty and piety of thousands of years' standing, though as their most doubtful and last descendants; nay, in a certain sense, as their heirs, as executors of their inmost will, a pessimist will, as aforesaid, which is not afraid of denying itself, because it delights in taking a negative position. We ourselves are—suppose you want a formula—the consummate self-dissolution of morals.

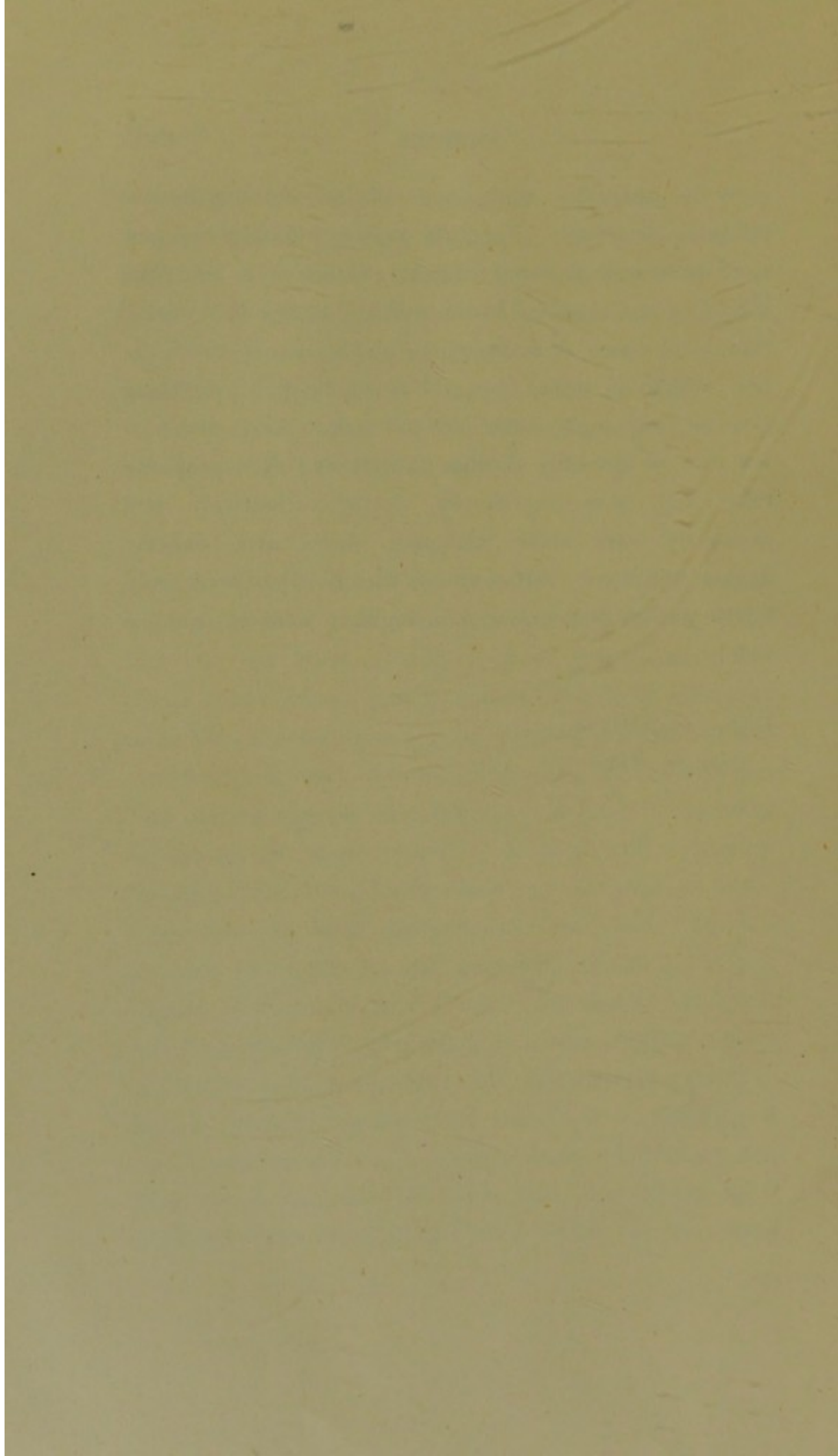
5

Last not least: Why should we so loudly and so eagerly proclaim what we are, wish, and do not wish? Let us view it in a colder, more distant, wiser and loftier light; let us proclaim it, as though to ourselves, in so soft a voice that all the world overhears it—that everybody hears us! Let us, above all, proclaim it slowly. This preface appears late, but not too late; what really do five or six years matter? A book and a problem like these are in no hurry whatever; moreover we two—I as well as my book—are friends of the "*lento*." I have not been philologist in vain, perhaps I still am, that is, a teacher of slow reading. I even write slowly. It is not only my habit, but even my fancy—perhaps a malicious fancy—to write nothing else but what may drive everybody to despair who is "pressed for time." For philology is that venerable art which expects from its admirer one thing above all: to step aside, take his leisure, grow silent, slow—as the goldsmith's art which has to perform

only fine, cautious work, and attains nothing, unless attaining it *lento*. For this reason philology is now more than ever required; for this reason it is the chief attraction and stimulus in the midst of an age of "work," that is, of haste, of unbecoming and excessive precipitation which is intent upon "despatching" everything at once, even every book old and new. As to itself, it will not so speedily dismiss everything; it teaches to read well, that is, slowly, deeply, attentively and cautiously, with secret thoughts, doors ajar, delicate fingers and eyes. My patient friends, this book only invites perfect readers and philologists: learn to read me well!

RUTA, NEAR GENOA.

Autumn, 1886.



FIRST BOOK



1

Posthumous rationality.—All things endowed with long life are, in the course of time, so thoroughly saturated with reason that their origin from irrationality thereby becomes improbable. Does not nearly every exact record of an origin strike our feelings as paradoxical and presumptuous? Does not in fact every true historian constantly contradict?

2

Prejudice of the learned.—It is a right proposition of the learned that at all times people believed they knew what is good and evil, laudable and reprehensible. But it is a prejudice of the learned to pretend that our knowledge in these matters excelled that of any previous age.

3

There is a time for everything.—When man assigned a gender to all things, he did not think that he was playing, but fancied that he had gained a deep insight. But at a late period, and even then only partially, he

was led to admit the enormous extent of that mistake. In the same way man has connected all things in existence with morals, and dressed up the world in a garb of ethical significance. The day will come when all this will be as utterly valueless as is already in our days the belief in the masculinity or femininity of the sun.

4

A word against the fancied inharmoniousness of the spheres.—We must rid the world of much false grandeur, this being nowise consonant with that justice to which all things around us may lay claim. For that purpose we must abstain from picturing the world to ourselves more inharmonious than it is.

5

Be thankful.—The most important outcome of human efforts in the past is, that we need no more live in constant dread of wild beasts, barbarians, gods and our own dreams.

6

The juggler and his counterpart.—The wonderful in science is opposite to the wonderful in the juggler's art. For he tries to persuade us to believe in a very simple causality where, in fact, a very complex causality is at work. Science, on the contrary, compels us to abandon our belief in simple causalities in the very

instances in which everything seems so clear and intelligible, and we are mere dupes of outward appearance. The "simplest" things are extremely complex,—a fact which will never cease to be a subject of wonder to us.

7

A new conception of space.—Is it the things real or the things imaginary which have more highly contributed to human happiness? One thing is certain, namely, that the gulf between the highest pitch of happiness and the lowest depth of misery has been created only by means of the things imaginary. Consequently this conception of space is being reduced further and further before the influence of science; just as through science we have been and are still being taught to look upon the earth as small, nay, upon the solar system as a mere point.

8

Transfiguration.—Helpless sufferers, confused dreamers, supernaturally entranced—these are the three divisions in Raphael's classification of mankind. We take a different view of the world—and even Raphael would now have to abandon his former opinion: he would behold a new transfiguration.

9

Conception of a morality of custom.—Compared with the mode of life which prevailed among man-

kind for whole thousands of years, we people of the present day are living in very immoral times. The authority of custom is marvellously enfeebled, and so highly refined and sublimated is the notion of morality, that we might just as well describe it as volatilised. Thus we, the late-born, find it difficult to gain a fundamental insight into the origin of morality; and even when we have succeeded in discovering it, we shall be afraid of translating our thoughts into words, because these would sound coarse. Or, because they would appear as a slur upon morality. Thus, for instance, the principal law: "Morality is nothing else but (and, above all, nothing more than) obedience to customs, of whatever kind these may be." And customs are the conventional way of acting and valuing. There is no morality in matters in which no observance exists. The circle of morality ever shrinks, in proportion as life is less regulated by observance. The free man is immoral because he is determined in everything to depend upon himself and not upon observance. In every primitive state of mankind the word "evil" signifies as much as "individual," "free," "arbitrary," "unwonted," "unforeseen," "incalculable." If measured by the standard of such conditions, anything done—not because it is ordered by observance but from other motives (as, for instance, for one's own advantage), nay, from the very motives which formerly had established observance—is called immoral, and is felt to be so by the doer himself.

For it was not done out of obedience to observance. What is observance? A higher authority, which is obeyed, not because it prescribes what is useful to us, but simply because it prescribes. By what does this feeling we have towards observance differ from the general sentiment of fear? It is the awe inspired by a superior intellect which lays down prescriptions, by an inconceivable, undefined power, by something more than personal—there is superstition in this fear. Originally, the fields of education and hygienics, matrimony, the healing art, agriculture, war, speech and silence, the intercourse of mortals both among themselves and with the gods, formed so many departments of morality, which demanded that we should obey, irrespective of our individuality. At the outset everything was custom, and he who wanted to rise above it had to make himself a legislator and medicine-man, a kind of semi-god, that is to say, he had to set up customs—a fearful and most hazardous thing to do. Who is the most moral man? On the one hand, he who most frequently fulfils the law: who, like the Brahmin, carries the consciousness of it with him everywhere and into each minute particle of time, being ever ingenious in finding opportunities of fulfilling the law. On the other hand, he who fulfils it even in the most trying cases. The most moral man is he who brings the greatest sacrifices to morality. But which are the greatest sacrifices? According to the answer which may be given to this question,

several divers kinds of morals evolve. Yet the most important distinction is that which separates the morality of the most frequent from that of the rarest fulfilment. We must not deceive ourselves as regards the motive of that moral law which exacts the hardest fulfilment as a test of morality. Self-denial is exacted, not because of its useful consequences for the individual, but in order that custom or observance, despite all individual countertendencies and advantages, may appear to rule supreme. The individual must sacrifice himself—such is the commandment of the morality of custom. Those moralists who, following in the footsteps of Socrates, urge home to the individual the morality of self-control and abstinence as an advantage to himself and as a key to the secret of his own personal happiness, are exceptions;—and if they do not appear to us as such, it is so because of our having been educated under their influence. They all steer a new course, amid the loud condemnation of the representatives of a morality of custom—they detach themselves from the community, as immoral people, and are evil in the deepest sense of the word. Thus to a virtuous Roman of the older type, every Christian whose “foremost goal was his own salvation” must have appeared evil. Wherever there is a community and, consequently, a morality of custom, the sentiment predominates that the punishment for every offence against custom falls, above all, on the community. I am referring to that

supernatural punishment, the visitations and limits of which are so difficult to comprehend and form the subject of so much anxious investigation and superstitious fear. The community is able to insist on each one of its members making amends to either individuals or the community for the immediate injury which may have followed in the train of his action. It may also wreak a kind of vengeance on the individual for causing the clouds and storm of divine wrath, as supposed effects of his action, to gather over the heads of the community. But it feels every offence of the individual chiefly as its own, and bears the punishment of the *one* as its own:—"Custom," they wail in their utmost hearts, "has grown lax, if such actions as these are possible." Every individual action, every individual mode of thinking, causes a horror. It is incalculable how much suffering just the rarer, choicer, and more original minds must have undergone in the course of history owing to their ever being looked upon, nay, their looking upon themselves as the evil and dangerous. Originality of every kind has acquired a bad conscience under the supreme rule of the morality of custom; and up to this very moment the heaven of the best, for the same reason, appears gloomier than it needs be.

10

Counter-movement of the senses of morality and causality.—In the same proportion as the sense of

causality increases, the area of the province of morality decreases; for it is certain that, by grasping and learning to think the inevitable effects as apart from chance and all incidental contingencies (*post hoc*), we, each time, destroy a numberless host of fantastical causalities which heretofore,—the world of reality being much smaller than that of our imagination,—had passed current as foundations of customs; each time also a portion of our anxiousness and constraint is swept out of the world, and each time a portion of our reverence for the authority of customs vanishes; whereby morality in general suffers. He who, on the contrary, wishes to strengthen it, must know how to prevent results from becoming subject to control.

11

Popular morals and popular medicine.—The morals which prevail in a community are constantly being influenced by everybody: the majority never weary of heaping up examples for the alleged relation between cause and sequence, guilt and punishment, bearing it out as well founded and increasing its credit. Others form new observations on actions and sequences, drawing inferences and establishing rules: a small minority occasionally make objections and suffer faith, in these matters, to grow weak. But all go to work in the same rough and unscientific manner; be it a question of instances, observations or objections, of proof,

confirmation, enunciation or confutation of a law,—the material and form employed are both utterly worthless, just as worthless as material and form of popular medicine. Popular medicine and popular morals are closely connected one with the other, and should not be so differently estimated, as is still done: both are most dangerous pseudo-sciences.

12

Sequence an accessory.—Formerly, the effect of an action was believed to be, not so much a consequence, as a voluntary accessory,—namely from the hand of God. Is a greater confusion conceivable? For action and effect one had to make separate efforts with entirely different means and different stratagems!

13

The new education of mankind.—All ye who are helpful and well intentioned, lend ye a helping hand in this one endeavour of removing from the world that idea of punishment which has overspread the whole world! No weed more noxious than this! Not only has that idea been applied to the consequences of our actions,—and how terrible and irrational it is to mistake cause and effect for cause and punishment!—but worse than this, by means of this infamous interpretation of the punitive idea, they have robbed the pure accidentality of events of its innocence. Nay, they have gone so far in

their folly as to ask us to feel our very existence as a punishment. Surely the education of mankind, thus far, must have been in the hands of fantastic gaolers and hangmen.

14

Bearing of insanity on the history of morality.—If despite that terrible pressure of the “morality of customs,” under which all human communities for many centuries—previous to and during our era and, generally speaking, up to the present day, have groaned (for we are living in the small world of exceptions and, so to speak, in an evil zone),—if, I say, despite all this, new and deviating ideas, valuations, and tendencies again and again have come to the front; this has been accomplished in the companionship of a horrible escort: in nearly every instance it is insanity which has cleared the way for a new idea and broken the charm of a venerable custom and superstition. Do you understand why this had to be effected by insanity? Why by something in voice and gesture as horrid and incalculable as the demonic caprice of weather and sea, and, for this reason, inspiring similar dread and submissiveness? Why by something, bearing the marks of utter involuntariness as visibly as the convulsions and froth of the epileptic, which seemed to stamp the insane as the mask and speaking-trumpet of a deity? Why by something that filled the very bearer of the new idea

with an awe and horror of himself, and, suppressing all remorse, urged him on to make himself its prophet and its martyr? While we hear it constantly asserted even in our days that, instead of a grain of salt, a grain of insanity had been given to genius, men of previous periods were more inclined to believe that, wherever madness appeared, a grain of genius and wisdom—something “divine” as they whispered into each other’s ears—was to be found. Nay more: they expressed themselves distinctly enough: “From insanity Greece has derived its greatest benefits,” thus said Plato, as the mouthpiece of the whole ancient humanity. Let us go a step further: There was nothing left for those superior intellects—who felt an irresistible desire to break down the barriers of some morality or other, and to make new laws—but to grow mad or feign to be so, if, indeed, they were not really mad. This rule applies to innovators in all departments, not only in those of priestly and political ordinances. Even the reformer of the poetic metre had to establish his authority by means of madness. Thus the poets retained a certain conventional licence of madness, even in times of a gentler mould—of which licence Solon, for instance, availed himself, when he incited the Athenians to reconquer Salamis. “How does one bring about madness, if one is not and dare not feign to be mad?” Almost all great intellects of the older civilisation have yielded to this dreadful chain of reasoning. A

secret science of artifices and dietetic tricks, together with the consciousness of the innocence, nay, sanctity of such meditations and designs, became traditional. The methods, by means of which one may become a medicine-man among Red Indians, a saint among mediæval Christians, an Angekok among Greenlanders and a Pajee among Brazilians, are essentially the same: absurd fasting, continual sexual abstinence, retirement into a wilderness, ascending a mountain or a pillar, or "sitting on an aged willow which looks out upon a lake," and thinking absolutely nothing but what may prompt some ecstasy or mental derangement. Who has the courage to look into the wilderness of the most bitter and superfluous mental agonies in which probably the most productive minds of all ages have suffered untold misery? Who would listen to the sighs of these solitary and troubled minds: "Oh, ye powers in heaven above, grant me madness! Madness, that I may at last have faith in my own self! Send delirious fits and convulsions, sudden lights and dark-nesses; terrible frost and heat, such as no mortal ever suffered; frighten me with rumblings and haunting spectres, make me howl and whine and crawl like a beast: in order to be filled with a belief in my own self. Doubt is devouring me; I have slain the law, and the law haunts me, even so as a dead body does a living being. If I am not above the law, I am the most depraved of all men. The spirit, which dwells

within me, whence comes it, unless it comes from you? Grant me a proof that I am yours; nothing but madness will prove it to me." Only too often this fervour did its work too well; during that same period in which Christianity proved most prolific in saints and anchorites, believing that thereby it was proving itself, Jerusalem had large lunatic asylums for lost saints who had yielded up their last grain of salt.

15

The most ancient means of solace.—First stage: In any indisposition or misfortune man sees something for which he must make somebody else suffer. In so doing he becomes conscious of his latent power, and thereby feels comforted. Second stage: Man looks upon every indisposition and misfortune as a punishment, that is as the atonement of guilt and the means of escaping from the evil influence of some real or imaginary wrong. As soon as he discovers this advantage, which may accrue from misfortune, he thinks it no longer necessary to make another person suffer for it. He renounces this kind of satisfaction, because he has now another.

16

First rule of civilisation.—Uncivilised tribes observe a certain kind of customs, the purpose of which seems to be custom in general. These are pedantic and, on the whole, most superfluous rules. (Take the Kamt-

shadales for instance, forbidding the snow to be scraped off the shoes with a knife; a coal to be stuck on a knife; an iron to be put into the fire—and enacting that every one trespassing in these matters shall suffer capital punishment.) Yet they bring home to them the continual presence of the custom and the perpetual necessity of adhering to it: they do so in support of that great rule which is the commencement of civilisation: any custom is better than no custom.

17

Good and evil nature.—At first men grafted their own personalities on nature, seeing everywhere themselves and their kin—namely their own evil and capricious minds—hidden, as it were, among the clouds, thunderstorms, wild beasts, trees and herbs: it was at this stage that they invented “evil nature.” After that there came a time, the time of Rousseau, when they fancied their personalities to have outgrown nature: being so weary of each other’s company, that they insisted upon having a hiding-place, where man and his misery could not enter: then they invented “good nature.”

18

The morals of voluntary suffering.—Which is the highest enjoyment for people living in the state of war of that small community, whose existence is ever in jeopardy, and in which the most stringent morality

prevails? That is to say, for souls, full of vigour, vindictiveness, hostility, malice, suspicion, ready to face every terror and hardened through privation and morality? The enjoyment of cruelty: just as it is deemed a virtue, in such a soul and amid such conditions, to be ingenious and insatiable in cruelty. The community take delight in performing cruel deeds, throwing aside for once the gloom of constant dread and precaution. Cruelty is one of the most ancient festive joys of mankind. Therefore the gods also are fancied to be pleased and festively disposed when they are offered the spectacle of cruelty. Thus slowly the opinion gains ground that voluntary suffering, self-chosen torture, have a good meaning and value of their own. By degrees in the community custom began to set up a practice in accordance with this opinion: men, henceforth, from all excessive well-being grew more suspicious, and from all conditions of painful suffering more hopeful; they tried to persuade themselves that in prosperity the gods frowned upon them, in adversity they smiled upon them, but by no means with pity. For pity was deemed to be contemptible and unworthy of a powerful, formidable soul. They smiled because they were amused and put into good humour by human sufferings; for a cruel mind enjoys to the utmost the gratifying consciousness of power. Thus the "most moral man" of the community was distinguished by the virtue of frequent suffering, of privation, of a hard mode of life and cruel

castigations; not—to repeat it again and again—as a means of discipline and self-command or a longing for individual happiness, but as a virtue, which should put the community into good odour with the evil gods, and steam up to them from their altars as an uninterrupted propitiatory offering. All those intellectual leaders of nations, who were able to stir up the stagnant and prolific swamps of their customs, needed voluntary torture in addition to insanity to gain belief—especially and above all, as is always the case, belief in themselves! The farther their intellect advanced on the new path, and consequently felt tormented by remorse and fears, the more savagely they raged against their own flesh, their own appetites and their own health, just as if they wished to compensate the divine being in case he should happen to be irritated by neglect of or opposition to old-established usages, or the introduction of new aims. Let us not too readily believe that we have now entirely freed ourselves from such a logic of sentiment! Let the most heroic souls examine themselves on this point. Every step, however small, in the province of free thought and of an individually moulded life, had, at all times, to be taken at the cost of intellectual and corporal tortures; not only the advancement, nay, first of all the mere stepping about, the movements and changes had to find their victims, innumerable martyrs throughout the many thousands of long years, in which paths have been beaten and foundation stones

been laid. These thousands of years we certainly do not recall to our minds in speaking, after the usual manner, of the "world's history," this ridiculously small portion of human existence; and even in this very "world's history," which, in truth, is nought but much noise about the latest news, there is truly no subject more important than the old, old tragedy of martyrs who tried to stir up the moral swamp. Nothing has been more dearly bought than that little portion of human reason and sense of liberty which now constitutes our pride. But it is this very pride which renders it almost impossible to us to feel in sympathy with those enormous periods of the "morality of custom," which preceded the "world's history" as the true and decisive part of history which has shaped the character of mankind when suffering, cruelty, hypocrisy, vengeance, and the denial of reason passed as virtues; whilst well-being, desire for knowledge, peace and compassion were considered as dangers, the being pitied was looked upon as an insult, labour as a disgrace, madness as godliness, and every change as the immoral and fatal. You think that all this has changed and that mankind has thus changed its character? Oh, ye observers of men, dive deeper down into your own souls!

19

Morality and obscurantism.—Custom represents the experiences of people of former ages in matters con-

sidered useful or detrimental ; but the sense for custom (morality) has no reference to these experiences as such, but rather to the age, the sanctity and indiscutable authority of custom. Hence this sentiment is opposed to our gaining new experiences and amending customs : *i.e.*, morality is opposed to the formation of new and better morals : it renders people stupid.

20

Free-doers and free-thinkers.—Free-doers are at a disadvantage as compared with free-thinkers, because mankind suffer more manifestly from the consequences of actions than of ideas. Yet if we consider that both eagerly seek satisfaction, and that the very contemplation and utterance of forbidden things afford this satisfaction to free-thinkers, in regard to motives there is no difference ; as regards consequences, however, the case—unless we judge like the world generally, from mere outside appearances—will go very much against the free-thinker. We have to make good a great deal of the contumely which has fallen on all those who, by their actions, have broken through the conventionality of some custom—such people generally have been called criminals. Everybody who overthrew the existing moral law has hitherto, at least in the beginning, been considered a wicked man ; but when afterwards, as sometimes happened, the old law could not be re-established and had to be abandoned, the epithet was gradually

changed. History almost exclusively treats of such wicked men who, in the course of time, have been declared good men.

21

Fulfilment of the law.—In case the observance of a moral precept should yield a different result from what had been promised and expected, and if, contrary to expectation, the moral man be stricken down by misfortune and misery, instead of attaining the promised happiness, there will always remain the explanation of the conscientious and timid: that some hitch has occurred in the fulfilment of the law. As a last resource much suffering and oppressed human kind will even decree: "It is impossible for us thoroughly to carry out the precepts; we are altogether a weak and sinful race, and, in our inmost conscience, incapable of morality; consequently we may lay no claim whatever to happiness and success. Moral precepts and promises have been given for beings better than we are."

22

Works and faith.—Protestant teachers go on spreading that fundamental error: that faith is the only thing essential, and that faith must necessarily be followed by works. This is by no means true, but sounds so plausible that even prior to Luther's time it had misled such intellects as those of Socrates and Plato; though

it is inconsistent with the evidence of all our daily life's every experience. The most positive knowledge or faith cannot give us either the strength or the skill required for action, it cannot supply the practice of that subtle and multifarious mechanism, which must have gone before in order that a change may be effected from an idea into action. First and foremost let us have the works, that is, practice, practice, practice! The requisite faith will come in due time—be sure of that!

23

What we are most subtle in.—By fancying for many thousands of years, even things (nature, tools, property of every kind) to have both life and soul and a capacity for working harm and checking human purposes, the sense of impotence among mankind has been much greater and much more frequent than it ought to have been, for one had to secure the things in the same way as men and beasts, by dint of force, coercion, flattery, treaties, sacrifices—and herein lies the origin of the great majority of superstitious customs, that is, of an important and perhaps preponderant, yet wasted and useless constituent of all activity hitherto displayed by mankind. But because the sense of impotence and fear has been so strong, and for a long time been subject to almost constant stimulation, the sense of power has become so subtle that, in this respect, man can rival with the most delicate balance. It has become his

strongest sense; the means which one has discovered for creating this sense are almost equivalent to the history of culture.

24

The proof for a prescription.—Generally speaking, the merit or demerit of a prescription, as, for instance, that for baking bread, is proved through the anticipated result being verified or not, provided it be conscientiously carried out. It is different when we come to moral prescriptions, for here we cannot either foretell or interpret or define the results. These, indeed, rest on hypotheses of a very slight scientific value, which in reality it is equally impossible either to prove or disprove from the results; but formerly, when all science was in its primitive crude condition, and people, on the slightest pretence, were ready to take a thing for granted—formerly the merit and demerit of a moral prescription was decided in the same way as is now that of any other rule: by reference to the result. If among the natives of Russian-America the principle obtains, You shall not throw a bone into the fire or give it to the dogs, it is proved as follows: “If you do, you will have no luck in hunting.” Yet in some sense or other one nearly always has “no luck in hunting”; it is not easy to refute the merit of a prescription in this manner, especially if a community and not an individual is looked upon as the one who suffers punishment; much

more, an occurrence will always take place which seems to prove the rule.

25

Custom and beauty.—To do justice to custom we must own that the organs of attack and defence—of body and mind—of every one who, with all his heart and from the very beginning, entirely conforms to custom, are apt to degenerate: that is, he grows more and more beautiful. For by the exercise of those organs and the corresponding dispositions ugliness is both preserved and increased. For this reason the old baboon is uglier than the young one, and the young female baboon comes nearest in appearance to a human being, and is thus the best looking. Hence you may draw your own conclusions as to the origin of feminine beauty.

26

Animals and morality.—The finesses required in polite society, such as careful avoidance of everything ridiculous, uncommon, presumptuous, the suppressing of virtues and our most eager desires, the immediate resignation, self-adaptation, self-depreciation—all these are, roughly speaking, to be found as social custom even in the lowest animal world—and only in this low depth are we able to discover the after-purpose of these amiable precautions: one wishes to escape from one's pursuers and to be aided in the search after one's prey. For this pur-

pose animals learn to control themselves and to dissemble in such a way that many, for instance, adapt their colour to that of their surroundings (by means of the so-called "chromatic function"), and feign to be dead, or assume the shapes and colours of other animals, or of sand, leaves, lichen or fungi (the English savants call this "mimicry"). Thus, the individual ensconces himself behind the universality of the idea "man," or seeks shelter in society, or attaches himself to princes, classes, parties, opinions of the day or his surroundings: and we may easily find the animal equivalent to all those nice ways of feigning to be happy, grateful, powerful, enamorous. Even the sense of truth, which is really the sense of security, man has in common with the animal: we do not want to be either deceived or misguided by ourselves, we listen with suspicion to the whisperings of our own passions, we conquer ourselves and remain on the watch against ourselves; in all these things the animal is as proficient as man himself; in the animal, also, self-control springs from the sense of reality (from prudence). It likewise observes the effects which it produces on the perceptive powers of other animals; it learns to look back from them upon itself, to regard itself objectively; it has its measure of self-cognition. The animal judges the movements of its foes and friends, it learns their peculiarities by rote, it suits its own measures to theirs; it once for all renounces the contest with individuals of certain species,

and also guesses, from their manner of approach, whether certain animals have peaceful and agreeable intentions. The beginnings of justice as also of prudence, moderation, valour—in short, all our so-called Socratic virtues *are* animalism; an outcome of those propensities, which teach us to look for food and to flee from our enemies. If we consider that even the most perfect man has only raised and refined himself with regard to his diet and the conception of all that is hostile to him, it may not be out of place to denote the whole of our moral phenomena as animalism.

27

The value of the belief in superhuman passions.—

The institution of matrimony persistently keeps up the belief, that love, though a passion, yet as such is capable of duration, nay, that the lasting, lifelong love may be constituted as a general rule. Through this tenacity of a noble belief, and despite the fact that, very frequently and nearly always, it has been refuted, being thus but a pious fraud, love has acquired a higher and nobler rank. All institutions which concede to a passion the belief in its own duration and a responsibility for this duration, in contradiction to the nature of passion, have raised it to a higher level: and he who is actually seized with such a passion, does not, as formerly, think himself degraded or endangered by it, but raised in the estimation both of himself and his

equals. Think of such institutions and customs which, out of the ardent devotion of the moment, have created perpetual fidelity; out of the promptings of anger, perpetual vengeance; out of despair, perpetual mourning; out of a hasty, once uttered expression, perpetual obligation. The fruit of such transformation has been in each case a great deal of hypocrisy and mendacity, but also, at the expense of these drawbacks, a new superhuman conception, which elevates mankind.

28

Mood as an argument.—What is the cause of a cheerful readiness for action? This is a question which has greatly preoccupied mankind. The most ancient and still familiar answer is: God is the cause; by it He intimates to us that He approves of our purpose. When, in times past, people consulted the oracles about some design or other, they did so for the purpose of returning home, fortified by that cheerful readiness; and, in the case of several possible actions presenting themselves to the mind, any doubt arising was always met by: "I shall do that which will cause the aforesaid sensation." Hence they did not decide upon the most rational plan, but upon some design which instilled courage and hope into the soul, while dwelling upon it. The right mood was put as an argument into the scales and weighed down reasonableness: because mood was interpreted in a superstitious way as the influence of a God who

promises success and, by means of this influence, causes His reason to speak as the highest rationality. Now consider the consequences of such a prejudice, when shrewd men, full of the lust of power, availed—and avail—themselves of it. Produce the right mood—and you may dispense with all arguments and overcome all counter-arguments.

29

The actors of virtue and sin.—Among those ancients who became renowned for their virtue, there were, as it seems, an exceeding great number who acted to themselves: the Greeks especially, being born actors, quite unconsciously, we may presume, pursued and approved this art. Besides, everybody was emulating somebody or everybody else's with his own: why then should they not have used all possible skill in displaying their virtue above all before themselves, if only for the sake of practice. Of what use would be a virtue which one could not exhibit or which knew not how to exhibit itself! Christianity closed the career of these actors of virtue: in their stead it invented the nauseous trumpeting about and parading of sin; it introduced to mankind a mendaciously concocted sinfulness (even in our days good Christians consider this the "right thing").

30

Refined cruelty as virtue.—This kind of morality entirely rests on our craving after distinction—so do

not think too highly of it! What kind of craving is it, and what is its innermost meaning? We wish our sight to cause grief to our neighbour, and to excite his envy, the sense of impotence and of his degradation; we want to make him taste the bitterness of his fate by dripping on his tongue a drop of our honey, and by keenly and maliciously looking into his eyes while bestowing on him this supposed favour. This person has become humble and is now perfect in his humility—look for those whom, for a long time, he has been wanting to torment therewith. You will easily find them. Another shows pity to animals and is admired for so doing—but there are certain people on whom he thus wants to vent his cruelty. Behold that great artist: the anticipated delight in the envy of his outstripped rivals would not let his powers lie dormant until he became a great man—how many bitter moments of other men's souls has he received in payment for his aggrandisement! How reproachfully the chaste nun looks at other women who live a different life! What vindictive delight lurks in these eyes! The theme is short, the variations on it might easily be multiplied without becoming tedious—for it is still a very paradoxical and almost painful proposition that the morality of distinction in its foundation is the delight in refined cruelty. In its foundation, I say—which means, in every first generation. For when once the habit of some distinguishing action has been transmitted, the fundamental thought

is not transmitted along with it (only feelings, not thoughts, are hereditary): and provided it be not again reproduced by education, already the second generation ceases to feel any delight in cruelty along with it: but only delight in the habit as such. This delight, we may add, is the first grade of "goodness."

31

The pride of intellectuality.—Human pride which revolts against the theory of our descent from animals and puts a great gulf between nature and man—this pride is based upon a prejudice concerning the essence of the intellectual: yet this prejudice is comparatively young. In the great prehistoric period mankind everywhere presupposed the intellectual and would not think of claiming it as their prerogative. Because, on the contrary, they had made the intellectual a common property (in company with all cravings, wickedness, inclinations, and therefore common, they were not ashamed of being descended from either animals or trees (the noble families indeed considered themselves honoured by such fables), and saw in the intellectual that which joins us to, not that which severs us from, nature. Thus they schooled themselves in modesty—again in consequence of a prejudice.

32

The brake.—To suffer morally and then to be told

that this kind of suffering is based on an error seems revolting to our feelings. Yes, there is the one supreme consolation that by our suffering we attest a "deeper world of truth," deeper than all the world outside, and we by far prefer to suffer and to feel ourselves above reality (through the consciousness that, by this means, we come nearer to that "deeper world of truth"), to being free from suffering and thus without this sense of superiority. Hence it is pride and the accustomed mode of gratifying it which opposes the new comprehension of morality. What force should we employ to do away with this brake? Greater pride? A new pride?

33

The contempt of causes, consequences and reality.—Unfortunate accidents which befall a community as, for instance, sudden storms, bad crops or plagues, lead all its members to suspect that some offences against custom have been committed, or that new practices will have to be invented to assuage a new demonic power and caprice. Hence this kind of suspicion and reflection shirks the very investigation into the true natural causes, and accepts the demonic cause as something understood. This is the one source of hereditary perversity in the human intellect; and the other source, which springs up by its side, is that, likewise on principle, people attached much less importance to the true natural consequences

of an action than to the supernatural ones (the so-called punishments and mercies of the Godhead). Certain baths, for instance, are prescribed for certain hours: the baths are taken, not for the sake of cleanliness, but of conformity with a prescription. We learn to shun not the real consequences of uncleanness, but the supposed displeasure of the gods at the omission of an ablution. Under the pressure of superstitious fear suspicions arise that these ablutions are of great importance, a second and even third meaning are attributed to them, one's appreciation and love for reality are marred, and in the end the latter is thought valuable only in so far as it can be symbolical. Thus man under the sway of the morality of custom, despises first the causes, secondly the consequences, and thirdly reality, and weaves all his nobler feelings (of reverence, sublimity, pride, gratitude, love) into the texture of an imaginary world—the so-called higher world—the consequences whereof are noticeable even in our days: wherever man's feelings soar up, there, in some way or other, that imaginary world is at fault. This is sad; but, for the present, all nobler feelings must be regarded with suspicion by the man of science; so thoroughly are they mixed up with delusion and nonsense. Not as if, essentially or for ever, they need remain so; but it is certain that, of all gradual purifications which await humanity, the purification of the higher feelings will be one of the most gradual.

Moral feelings and moral conceptions.—Moral feelings are evidently transmitted in such wise that children, observing in adults strong inclinations and aversions to certain actions, are led, as born apes, to imitate these inclinations and aversions; in after-life, when they find themselves imbued with these artificially acquired and well-exercised emotions, they consider a posthumous “Why,” in confirmation of the fact that these inclinations and aversions are legitimate—a mere matter of propriety. Yet these confirmations have nothing whatever to do with either the origin or the degree of the feeling: one simply accommodates oneself to the rule that, as a rational being, one must give reasons for one’s pros and cons, and, what is more, reasons both adducible and acceptable. In this respect the history of moral feelings is a totally different one from that of moral conceptions. The former are powerful previous to the action; the latter especially after the action, considering the obligation which one feels under to pronounce upon them.

Feelings as descended from judgments.—“Trust to your feeling.”—But feelings are nothing final, original; feelings are built up on judgments and valuations which are transmitted to us in the form of feelings (inclinations, aversions). The inspiration which originates in feeling

is the grandchild of a judgment—and often an erroneous one—and certainly not of one's own. To trust to one's feeling—means to obey one's grandfather and grandmother and their ancestors in a higher degree than the gods that dwell within us, namely our reason and experience.

36

A foolish piety with hidden purpose.—Are the inventors of ancient civilisation, the earliest makers of tools and measuring lines, of vehicles, ships and houses, are the first observers of the celestial order and the multiplication tables, indeed, something quite different from and incomparably higher than the inventors and observers of our own age? Are these first steps, in the department of discoveries, really of a value unequalled by our travels and circumnavigations of the globe? Such is the voice of prejudice, such the argument for the disregard of the modern mind. And yet it is quite evident that chance, in the days of yore, was the greatest of all discoverers and observers, and the benevolent prompter of those ingenious ancients, and that, for the most insignificant invention which is now made, a greater intelligence, discipline, and scientific imagination are required than the sum and total existing in previous ages amounted to.

37

Erroneous conclusions from usefulness.—When we

have proved the highest usefulness of a thing, we have for all that not taken a single step towards the explanation of its origin: that is, we can never make the necessity of existence intelligible by means of usefulness. But up to our days, and even in the department of the most exact sciences, the contrary judgment has hitherto prevailed. Have we not, even in astronomy, spread it about that the (alleged) usefulness in the arrangement of the satellites which, by other means, compensates for the light diminished through the greater distances from the sun, lest the inhabitants of the celestial bodies might be deficiently provided with light, is the final object of their arrangement and the explanation of their genesis? Here we shall be reminded of the conclusions of Columbus: The earth has been created for man, hence, if there are countries, they must be inhabited. "Is it likely that the sun should shine on nothing, and that the nocturnal vigils of the stars should be wasted upon pathless seas and unpeopled countries?"

Cravings transformed by moral judgments. — The same craving, under the influence of the reproach which custom has cast upon this craving, develops into the painful sensation of cowardice or the pleasant sensation of humility, provided a custom, like that of Christianity, has adopted it and approved of it. That is, either a good or a bad conscience attaches itself to it. In itself,

it has, like every other craving, neither this nor any moral character and name at all, nor even a definite companion sensation of pleasure or displeasure: it does not acquire all this as its second nature until it enters into relation with cravings which previous times have stamped as good or evil, or until it has been noted down as a property of beings whom the people morally weighed and valued before. Thus the sentiment of the ancient Greeks respecting envy totally differed from ours. Hesiod mentions it among the effects of kind and beneficent Eris, and it gave no offence to attribute even to the gods some sort of envy. This we can easily understand in a state of things in which emulation formed the mainspring of all actions; but emulation was estimated and valued as a good thing. The Greeks also differed from us in the valuation of hope: they represented it as blind and cunning. Hesiod, in one of his fables, made the strongest possible allusion to it, which is, indeed, so strange that none of the modern commentators have understood it—for it runs counter to the modern mind, which, proceeding from Christianity, has learnt to believe in hope as a virtue. With the Greeks, on the contrary, to whom the approach to the knowledge of the future appeared but partially closed; and upon whom, in numberless cases, it was impressed as a religious duty to inquire into the future—where we content ourselves with hope—hope, thanks to the oracles and soothsayers, necessarily became degraded and

degenerated into something evil and dangerous. The Jews differed from us in their notions of wrath and pronounced it holy. Accordingly they have seen in their midst the gloomy majesty of man, with which it showed itself associated, at an elevation such as no European could imagine. They moulded their wrathful, holy Jehovah after their wrathful, holy prophets. Compared with these, the great avengers among Europeans are, so to speak, only second-hand creatures.

39

The prejudice of the pure intellect.—Wherever the doctrine of pure intellectuality prevailed, it has destroyed the nervous force by means of its extravagances, it preached that the body should be despised, neglected, tormented, and that man himself, on account of his cravings, should be tormented and despised. It produced gloomy, strained, depressed souls—which, moreover, professed to know the reason of their wretchedness and the means of possibly relieving it. “It must centre in the body which still thrives too well.” Thus they argued, while, in fact, the body by its sufferings again and again protested against this constant mockery. At last a general, chronic over-nervousness fell to the lot of those virtuous representatives of the pure intellect. They experienced pleasure in the form only of ecstasy and other indications of insanity, and their system reached its acme when it mistook ecstasy for the highest goal

of life and the standard by which all earthly things shall be judged.

40

Speculation on observance.—Countless precepts of custom, cursorily evolved from some solitary strange occurrence, very speedily became incomprehensible. Their purpose could not be calculated with greater accuracy than the punishment which was to follow a transgression. Doubts were entertained even on the sequence of ceremonies; but while being considered and reconsidered, the object of such speculations grew in importance, and, indeed, the very absurdity of an observance at last changed into the holiest of holinesses. Do not make light of the energy put forth by mankind in this matter throughout thousands of years; and, least of all, of the effects of this speculation on observances. We have here reached the vast training-ground of the intellect,—not only is the woof of religions begun and continued within its boundaries, but it is the venerable though awful ante-world of science, whence the poet, the thinker, the physician, the lawyer arose. The dread of the incomprehensible—which, in an ambiguous manner, demanded ceremonies from us—gradually made room for the charm of mysteriousness, and where man could not explore he learnt to create.

41

Valuation of the “life contemplative.”—Let us, as

pursuers of the "life contemplative," remember the varied evil and misfortunes which the many after-effects of contemplation have inflicted upon the pursuers of the "life active," and consider the counter-demands which the "life active" makes, if we, in its very face, too vain-gloriously boast of our good actions. First of all we have the so-called religious natures, which form the majority among the lovers of contemplation, and therefore represent their commonest species; these have at all times made it their aim to make life difficult and, if possible, intolerable to practical people: to darken the heavens, blot out the sun, suspect joy, depreciate hope, paralyse the active hand,—all this they have understood just as they had their comforts, alms, charity and benedictions for times and feelings of wretchedness. Secondly, we have the artists, who, though somewhat scarcer than religious people, still form a pretty numerous branch of the representatives of the "life contemplative." These, in most cases, are individually unbearable, capricious, jealous, violent, quarrelsome: thus presenting a counterbalancing effect to the cheering and exalting effects of their works. Thirdly, we may mention philosophers in whom religious and artistic powers dwell together, but in combination with a third element of dialectics and the love of demonstration; these have been the authors of misfortune after the manner of both religious people and artists, and, in addition to this, they have wearied many people with their love for dialectics; their number, how-

ever, has always been very small. Fourthly, the thinkers and scientific workers; they rarely strove after effects, but silently threw up their mole-hills. Thus they have caused little annoyance and discomfort, and very often, as objects of derision and mockery, involuntarily made life lighter to the pursuers of the "life active." Last of all, science became of great advantage to all: if, for the sake of this advantage, many of those who were predestined for the "life active," now carve out their way to science in the sweat of their brows and not without brain-racking and imprecations, it is not the fault of the host of thinkers and workers of science; it is "self-wrought pain."

42

Origin of the "life contemplative."—In barbarous ages when pessimist opinions rule man and the world, the individual, in the consciousness of his full power, is ever intent upon acting in conformity with these opinions and upon translating the idea into action by means of hunting, robbery, ambuscade, maltreatment and murder; including the feebler imitations of the same, such as alone are permitted within the community. But when his power declines, when he feels tired, ill, melancholy or over-satiated, and, in consequence, temporarily void of wishes and desires, he is a comparatively better, that is, a less dangerous man, and his pessimist notions find vent only in words and thoughts, respecting, for instance,

the merit of his companions, his wife, his life or his gods,—his judgments will be evil judgments. In such a state of mind he turns thinker and prophet, or goes on adding to his superstition, and devises new observances, or he derides his enemies: but whatever he may devise, all the products of his intellect are bound to reflect his state of mind, such as the increase of fear and weariness, the decrease of his valuation of action and enjoyment; the intrinsic value of these products must correspond to the intrinsic value of these poetic, thoughtful, priestly moods; evil judgment must rule supreme therein. In later years, they called poets, thinkers, priests or medicine-men all those who uninterruptedly acted in the same way as formerly individuals used to act in that state; that is, who judged maliciously and lived a sad, deedless life: they would have liked to disregard such people and turn them out of the community, because they were not active enough; but in so doing there was one risk,—these men had traced out superstition and divine power, and undoubtedly had certain unknown means of power at their disposal. This is the estimate in which the most ancient race of contemplation was held,—being disregarded in exactly the same proportion as they were not dreaded. In such guise, with such an ambiguous aspect, an evil heart and often a troubled head, contemplation made its first appearance on earth, being both weak and terrible, both secretly abhorred and openly worshipped with a super-

stitious awe. Here, as in all things, we may say:
Pudenda origo! (How humble the origin!)

43

How many forces nowadays make up a thinker?—To alienate oneself from sensual contemplation, to raise oneself to abstract ideas,—this, formerly, was felt as an exaltation: we cannot now quite enter into these feelings. The revelling in the most shadowy similes and images, the sport with those invisible, inaudible, imperceptible beings, was felt as a life in another, a higher world, springing up from the utter contempt of this perceptible, seductive and wicked world of ours. “These abstract ideas no longer mislead, but they may lead us,”—thus they spoke and took their upward flight. Not the contents of such intellectual sports, but the sports themselves were considered “the higher things” in the ante-period of science. Hence Plato’s admiration of dialectics and his enthusiastic belief in their necessary co-relation to the good and spiritualised man. Not only knowledge, but also the means of gaining knowledge, the conditions and operations which precede knowledge in man, have been singly and gradually discovered. And every time when it appeared as if the newly-discovered operation or the recently experienced condition were not means of perfect knowledge, but the very contents, purpose and sum total of all that is worth knowing. The thinker requires imagination, inspiration, abstrac-

ion, spirituality, invention, presentiment, induction, dialectics, deduction, criticism, collection of materials, an objective mode of thinking, contemplativeness, a comprehensive view, and, last not least, fairness and affection towards all that exists,—but these were, all and each, in the history of the “life contemplative,” once considered as purposes and final purposes, and bestowed on their inventors that perfect happiness which fills the human soul at the flash of a final purpose.

44

Origin and importance.—Why does this thought enter and re-enter my mind, and flash upon me in ever-varying brilliancy?—that, in times of yore, explorers, in their search after the origin of things, ever expected to find a something which might be of invaluable importance to every action and judgment, nay, that they always presumed the welfare of mankind to depend on the insight into the origin of things—whereas now, the farther we trace the origin the less we feel concerned about our interests; nay, all our valuations and interestedness in things begin to lose their meaning the further we retrocede in our knowledge and the nearer we approach the things themselves. The insignificance of the origin increases in proportion to our insight into the origin; whereas the things nearest to, around, and within ourselves gradually begin to display colours and beauty, puzzles and riches of greater importance than the older

humanity ever dreamt of. Formerly thinkers used to move furiously about like captured beasts, intently watching the bars of their cages, and leaping up against them in order to break them; happy he who fancied that he could spy through a gap something of the outside, of the world to come and of the far away.

45

A tragic outcome of knowledge.—Among the means of exaltation, human sacrifices at all times have most effectually raised and elevated man. Perhaps the one mighty thought—the “thought of a self-sacrificing humanity”—might still be made to prevail over every other effort, so as to carry the victory over the most victorious. But to whom should the sacrifice be offered? We might already now swear that, if ever the constellation of such a thought were to rise above the horizon, the knowledge of truth will be left as the sole mighty purpose with which such a sacrifice—because no sacrifice is too great for it—would be commensurate. Meanwhile the problem, to what extent humanity, as a whole, could devise steps for the promotion of knowledge has never been proposed, much less what craving for knowledge could urge humanity so as to offer itself and to die with the light of an anticipating wisdom in the eye. Perhaps, when once an alliance for the purposes of knowledge will have been effected with the inhabitants of other stars, when, for some thousands of years, an

intercommunication of scientific results will have taken place from star to star, the enthusiasm of knowledge may rise to such a springtide.

46

Doubt of doubt.—"What a splendid pillow doubt offers to a well-constructed head." This saying of Montaigne always incensed Pascal, for nobody ever so much yearned for a good pillow as he did. What really was amiss?

47

Words block our way.—Wherever primitive man put up a word, he believed that he had made a discovery. How utterly mistaken he really was! He had touched a problem, and while supposing that he had solved it, he had created an obstacle to its solution. Now, with every new knowledge we stumble over flint-like and petrified words, and, in so doing, break a leg sooner than a word.

48

"Know thyself" is the essence of all science.—Man will never know himself before he has gained a final knowledge of all things. For the things are only the limitations of man.

49

The new fundamental feeling: our ultimate transitoriness.—Formerly people tried to arrive at the con-

sciousness of man's grandeur by pointing to his divine descent. This has now become a forbidden course, for the ape stands at his door, together with other horrid animals, showing their teeth knowingly, as if to say, No further! Hence we now try in the opposite direction; the way whither mankind proceeds shall serve as a proof for their grandeur and their kinship with God. Alas, even this is in vain! At the other end of this road stands the funeral urn of the last man and grave-digger (with the inscription, "*Nihil humani a me alienum puto*"). However highly mankind may be developed—perhaps, in the end, it will be on a lower scale than it was in the beginning—a transition to a higher order is no more attainable than the ant and earwig, at the end of their "earthly career," can aspire to a kinship with God and eternity. The "becoming" takes the "having been" in tow—why should any little star, and again any little species thereon, form an exception to this eternal panorama? Avaunt such sentimental ideas!

50

The belief in paroxysm.—People with exalted and ecstatic fits, who, for the sake of contrast and owing to the lavish wear and tear of their nerves, ordinarily are in a miserable and sorrowful mood, look upon these fits as their real selves, as themselves, and upon their misery and dejection as the effect of what is "outside of themselves"; hence their vindictive feelings towards the

surroundings, the age, the whole world which they move in. Paroxysm is like real life to them, their very "ego": in everything else they see the opponents and preventers of paroxysm; be it of an intellectual, moral, religious, or artistic nature. Mankind owes to these eccentric maniacs much that is evil, for they are the insatiable sowers of the weed of discontent with one's self and one's neighbours, of the contempt of the age and the world, and especially of the world-weariness. Perhaps a whole inferno of criminals could not at the remotest distance even bring about this depressing, dismal after-effect so noxious to land and air, as that small, noble community of unruly, fantastic, half-mad people, geniuses, that can neither control themselves nor experience any possible enjoyment in themselves until they have lost themselves; whereas the criminal very often gives proof of extraordinary self-control, devotion and prudence, and keeps these qualities alive in those who fear him. Owing to him heaven beyond life may perhaps become dangerous and gloomy, but the air is ever strong and vigorous. In addition to this those enthusiasts, to the full bent of their powers, establish the belief in paroxysm as that in a life within life; an awful belief. Like the savages, who are now speedily being corrupted and destroyed by "fire-water," so mankind, on the whole, has been slowly and thoroughly corrupted by the intellectual "fire-waters" of intoxicating feelings, and by those who kept alive the desire for them; it may perhaps one day be totally wrecked by them.

Such as we still are.—"Let us be indulgent to the great one-eyed," said Stuart Mill, as if it were necessary to ask for forbearance where we are accustomed to believe and almost worship. I say, "Let us be indulgent to the two-eyed, both great and small, for such as we are, we shall never advance a step beyond forbearance."

Where are the new physicians of the soul?—The means of comfort alone have given life that melancholy, fundamental character, in which we now believe; the worst disease of mankind having originated in the struggle with their diseases, and the apparent remedies having, in the long run, produced worse conditions than those which they were intended to remove. People, in their ignorance, often deemed the instantaneous, narcotising and intoxicating means, the so-called comforts, to be the real healing powers; nay, they did not even notice that often they had to atone for the instantaneous relief by a general and serious aggravation of the complaint, that the patients had to suffer from the after-effects of the intoxication, from the craving created by it, and then again from a depressing, universal feeling of restlessness, nervous shaking, and ill-health. Those whose malady had reached a certain pitch never recovered—the physicians of the soul, those universally accredited and worshipped,

took good care of that. It has been asserted of Schopenhauer, and justly so, that he at least was in earnest about the sufferings of mankind; where is he who at last will deal in right earnest with the counter-remedies against these sufferings, and will publicly expose the ineffable quackery with which mankind, up to our own times, have been wont, under the most dazzling names, to treat the infirmities of their souls?

53

Abuse of the conscientious.—The conscientious, and not the unscrupulous ones, have been the greatest sufferers from the weariness of lenten sermons and brimstone theology, especially if they happened to be of an imaginative mind. Thus a gloom has been cast over the lives of the very people who needed cheerfulness and pleasant images—not only for the sake of their recovery and the relief from themselves, but in order that humanity might rejoice in them and absorb a small ray of their beauty. Oh, how much superfluous cruelty and torment have proceeded from those religions which have invented sin, and from those people who, by means of it, wish to reach the highest summit of their power.

54

Thoughts about disease.—To soothe the imagination of the patient, and thereby save him the suffering from

thinking about his complaint, which is greater than that from the complaint itself—this I think would be a something, and something worth having! Do you now understand our task?

55

The "Ways."—The so-called "short cuts" have always exposed mankind to great hazards; at the happy news that such a "short cut" has been found, they have invariably deserted and lost their own way.

56

The apostate of the independent mind.—Is there anybody who has a serious aversion to pious people firmly rooted in their faith? Do we not, on the contrary, look upon them with silent admiration and pleasure, deeply regretting that these excellent folk do not share our feelings? But whence comes that unfounded, deep, and sudden grudge against any one who, having once possessed a thorough independence of mind, turned "believer" in the end? In thinking of him we seem to behold some disgusting sight, which we ought speedily to blot out from our memories. Should we not turn our backs on even the most venerable man if we suspected him in this respect? Not on account of any moral verdict, but of a sudden disgust and horror? Whence this acuteness of sentiment? Perhaps some one will give us to understand that, in reality,

we are not quite sure of our own selves. That, sometimes, we surrounded ourselves with the thorny hedges of the most pointed contempt, lest, at the critical moment, when age makes us weak and forgetful, we might be inclined to climb across our own contempt? Frankly, this conjecture is an erroneous one, and he who forms it knows nothing of what agitates and determines the independent thinker: how little do his changes of opinion appear to him contemptible in themselves! How highly, on the contrary, does he honour in the faculty of changing his opinion, a rare and high distinction, especially if it extends far into old age. His ambition (and not his pusillanimity) reaches up even to the forbidden fruits of the *spernere se sperni* (contempt for his despisers) and the *spernere se ipsum* (contempt for self): not to mention the additional anxieties of a vain and easy-going man. Besides he esteems the doctrine of the innocence of all opinions to be as safe as the doctrine of the innocence of all actions: how could he pose as judge and executioner before the apostate from intellectual freedom? His sight would more probably repel him, as the sight of any one who has some nauseous disease repels the physician. The physical disgust of the spongy, mollified, rank, suppurating, for a moment conquers reason and the desire to assist. Hence our readiness is overcome by the notion of the gigantic dishonesty which must have prevailed in the apostate

from free thought: by the notion of a universal degeneration which has affected even the framework of character.

57

Other fears, other guarantees.—Christianity had attached to life an altogether new and unbounded riskiness, thereby creating new guarantees, enjoyments, recreations, and valuations of all things. Our century denies this riskiness, and does so on conscientious grounds: and yet it clings to the old habits of Christian guarantees, Christian enjoyment, recreation, valuation. It even introduces them into its noblest arts and philosophy. How feeble and worn, how imperfect and clumsy, how arbitrarily fanatic, and—above all—how vague must all this appear, now that the horrible contrast, the ever-present anxiety of the Christian with regard to his eternal welfare, has been removed!

58

Christianity and the passions.—There is a great popular protest against philosophy traceable in Christianity: the good sense of the ancient sages had weaned mankind from the passions, Christianity wants to re-establish them. For this purpose it dispossesses virtue, such as it has been understood by the philosophers—namely, as the victory of reason over passion—of all moral value; it brushes aside rationality and calls upon

the passions to manifest themselves in their full strength and glory: as love unto God, fear of God, fanatic belief in God, implicit trust in God.

59

Error as comfort.—Despite all that has been said to the contrary, it was the object of Christianity to free mankind from the yoke of moral coercions by pointing out, so it imagined, a more direct road to perfection: just as some philosophers imagined that they could get rid of the wearisome and tedious dialectics and the collection of severely tested facts, by referring to a “royal road to truth.” It was an error, in both instances, yet a great comfort to people either wearied or despairing in the wilderness.

60

All spirit at last assumes a visible body.—Christianity has absorbed the total intellectuality of countless submissive creatures, of all those enthusiasts of humiliation and reverence, both subtle and coarse, thereby changing from rustic coarseness—of which, for instance, we are strongly reminded by the oldest effigy of St. Peter, the apostle—into a very intellectual religion, with thousands of wrinkles, secret motions and pretexts on the face of it; it has made European humanity smart and subtle, both theologically and otherwise. Owing to this tendency and in conjunction with the power and,

very frequently, the deep conviction and honesty of devotion, it has, perhaps, chiselled out the most elegant figures which thus far human society has brought forth: the figures of the higher and highest Catholic clergy, especially those descended from noble races, and adorning it from the very first with inborn grace of gestures, masterly glances and beautiful hands and feet. Here the human face attains that spiritualisation, which is called forth by the constant flux and reflux of the two kinds of happiness (the sense of power and the sense of resignation) after a well thought out mode of life has subdued animality in man. Here an activity which consists in blessing, forgiving of sin and representing the Deity, constantly keeps the consciousness of a superhuman mission alive in the soul, nay, even in the body. Here is to be found that noble contempt for the perishability of the body and of fortune's favours, which is peculiar to born soldiers: they find their pride in obedience, which distinguishes all aristocrats; they have their excuse and ideals in the utter impossibility of their task. The surpassing beauty and subtlety of the ecclesiastical princes has always proved to the people the truth of the Church; a temporary brutalisation of the clergy (as in Luther's time) always encouraged the belief in the contrary. Should this effect of human beauty and harmonious elegance of figure, intellect and task be buried at the close of all religions? Should nothing higher be obtainable, or even conceivable?

61

The sacrifice which is needful.—These earnest, able, righteous people of profound sentiment, who, in their hearts, are still Christians, should, if only as an experiment and out of deference to themselves, try, for some length of time, to live without Christianity; for the sake of their faith they should for once sojourn in the wilderness, if only to acquire the right of giving their opinion as to whether Christianity be needful. For the present they stay in their narrow cell, and thence revile the world outside the cell; nay, they grow angry and bitter, if it is hinted to them that beyond this very cell lies the whole, great world; that Christianity, after all, is but a little nook. Forsooth, your evidence will be of no value until you have lived for years without Christianity, with an honest, inward yearning to abide outside Christianity—until you have strayed far, far from it. No importance will be attached to your return, unless judgment, based on a severe comparison, not a mere home-longing, drives you back. Future generations will deal, in this way, with all the valuations of the past; one must voluntarily live them over again, and their opposites as well, so as to gain in the end the right of sifting them.

62

On the origin of religions.—How can a person feel as a revelation his own opinion on things? This is

the problem of the origin of religions: there has always been somebody in whom this process was possible. Let us presume that, previous to this, he had believed in revelations. But one day his own new thought suddenly flashes upon him and the blessedness of his own great hypothesis, encompassing the world and existence, so overpoweringly fills his mind, that he shrinks from feeling himself to be the originator of such blessedness, and attributes the cause, and again the cause of the cause, of that new thought to his God, whose revelation he conceives it to be. He is troubled by pessimist doubts. How can a human being possibly be the originator of such great happiness? Other levers besides are secretly at work: an opinion, for instance, may be ratified before oneself, by being felt as a revelation; its hypothetical nature is removed; it is withdrawn from criticism, nay, even from doubt; it is made holy. Thus we debase ourselves to an "organon," but our thought will at last be triumphant as a divine thought—this feeling, that we shall finally prove victorious, gains the ascendancy over that feeling of degradation. Another feeling also lurks in the background: if one raises one's productions above oneself and apparently overlooks one's own worth, there yet remains an exultation of paternal love and pride which compensates—and more than compensates—for everything.

63

Hatred against one's neighbour.—Let us suppose that we could reproduce in ourselves what another feels himself to be—which Schopenhauer calls pity, and which is more correctly described as altruism—we should have to hate him, if, like Pascal, he thinks himself hateful. This is probably the same feeling which Pascal and ancient Christianity entertained towards humanity, which, under Nero, was “convicted” of the *odium generis humani* (hate of the human race), as Tacitus has it.

64

Despairing souls.—Christianity, with the hunter's instinct, spies out all those who, somehow or other, may be led to despair—of which only a small section of mankind are capable. It is constantly pursuing them and way-laying them. Pascal tried whether it was not possible, by means of the subtlest knowledge, to drive everybody into despair; the attempt failed, to his second despair.

65

Brahminism and Christianity.—There are certain precepts for the consciousness of power; first for those who can rule themselves and feel consequently already quite at ease in the consciousness of power; secondly for those who lack this very consciousness. Brahminism

ministers to the former class of people, Christianity to the latter.

66

Capability of vision.—Throughout the whole of the Middle Ages it was considered the real and distinguishing characteristic of highest humanity to be capable of vision, that is to say, of a profound mental derangement. In truth, the mediæval maxims of all loftier natures (of the *religiosi*) aim at making man capable of vision. No wonder that this overrating of half-mad, fantastic, fanatical people, so-called men of genius, is continuing its course in our days. "They have seen things which others do not see," certainly; yet this very circumstance should fill us with caution, not with faith!

67

Price of the believer.—He who attaches so great an importance to being believed in, as to vouchsafe heaven for this belief, nay, everybody, be he even a malefactor on the cross, must have suffered of a terrible doubt and experienced every form of crucifixion: else he would not buy his faithful followers so dearly.

68

The first Christian.—Everybody still believes in the literary activity of the "Holy Ghost," or is subject to the lingering influence of this belief: when we open

the Bible, we do so for our own edification, or to find an intimation of comfort in our own personal troubles, whether great or small; in short, we read ourselves both into it and out of it. Who—save a few learned people—knows that it records among other things the history of one of the most ambitious and obtrusive souls, of a mind both superstitious and cunning—the history of St. Paul, the apostle? But for this remarkable story, for the aberrations and passions of such a mind, of such a soul, Christianity would not exist, we should hardly have heard of a small Jewish sect, whose teacher died on the cross. Of course, had we understood this very story at the proper time, had we read, really read, the writings of Paul with free and independent minds, without giving any thought to our personal troubles, *not* as the revelations of the “Holy Ghost”—such readers did not exist for more than a thousand years—Christianity long since would have ceased to exist: so thoroughly do these pages of the Jewish Pascal expose the origin of Christianity, just as the pages of the French Pascal expose its fate and that by which it will ultimately perish. The fact that the vessel of Christianity has thrown a good deal of the Jewish ballast overboard, that it went and was able to go among the heathens—all this is bound up with the history of this one man, a man greatly tormented, greatly to be pitied and very disagreeable, both to others and to himself. He suffered of a fixed idea, or, to speak more plainly,

of a fixed question ever-present, never resting: what is the significance of the Jewish law, and, in particular, of the fulfilment of this law? In his youth he had wished personally to satisfy it, being filled with an eager desire for this highest of all distinctions which the Jews could imagine—the people who have raised the imagination of moral loftiness to a higher level than any other nation, and who alone have succeeded in creating a holy God, and the idea of sin as an offence against this holiness. Paul had become both the fanatic defender and guard-of-honour of this God and His law, and was for ever struggling with and lying in wait for the transgressors and doubters of the same law, being hard-hearted and malicious towards them, and inclined in favour of extreme punishments. And now he experienced in himself that, hot-headed, sensual, melancholy, and malicious as he was in his hatred, he could not himself fulfil the law, nay—and this seemed to him the strangest thing of all—his extravagant ambition was constantly being stimulated to break it, and he could not help yielding to this stimulus. Is it really “fleshliness” which, again and again, made him a trespasser? Or rather, as he afterwards suspected, the law itself, which continually proved impossible of fulfilment and with an irresistible spell entices men into transgression? But at that time he had not yet hit upon this expedient. Many things weighed on his conscience; he hints at enmity, murder, witchcraft, image-worship, debauchery,

inebriety, and love of drunken revelry; and however much he tried to ease his conscience, and especially his ambition, by an extreme fanaticism of law-worship and law-defence, there were moments when he said to himself: "All is in vain; the anguish of the unfulfilled law cannot be vanquished." Similar feelings may have taken hold of Luther when, in his monastic cell, he wished to become the perfect man of the ecclesiastical ideal; and just as Luther one day began to hate the ecclesiastical ideal, the pope and the saints and all the clergy, with a true, deadly hatred which he durst not admit to himself—so it happened to Paul. The law was the cross to which he felt nailed. How he hated it! what a grudge he bore it! how he searched for means to destroy it—not to fulfil it any longer himself! And at last a rescuing thought, together with a vision, as was natural with an epileptic like him, flashed upon him: to him, the fierce zealot of the law, who, at heart, was wearied to death by it, there appeared on a lonely path that Christ, with the radiance of God on his countenance, and Paul heard the words: "Why pursuest thou Me?" What really happened is this: his mind all at once had become enlightened. "It is unreasonable," so he said to himself, "to persecute this very Christ. Here is the way out, here perfect revenge, here and nowhere else have I and hold I the destroyer of the law." The sufferer from the most anguished pride felt suddenly restored, his moral despair

was blown away, for the morals were blown away, destroyed—that is, fulfilled, yonder on the cross! Up to that time he had looked upon that shameful death as the chief argument against the “messiahship” proclaimed by the followers of the new doctrine: but how if it was necessary for removing the law? The vast consequences of this idea, of the solution of this mystery, whirled before his eyes; all at once he became the happiest of men. The fate of the Jews, nay, of all mankind, seemed to him to be bound up with this idea, with this momentary flash of enlightenment; he held the thought of thoughts, the key of keys, the light of lights; history, henceforth, would circle round him. For, from that time forth, he was to be the teacher of the destruction of the law. To be dead to evil meant to be dead to the law also; to be in the flesh meant to be in the law also. To be one with Christ meant to have become with Him the destroyer of the law; to have died with Him meant to be dead to the law also. Even if it were still possible to sin, yet it is no longer possible to sin against the law, “I am outside its pale.” “If now I were once more to accept the law and to submit to it, I should make Christ the helpmate of sin; for the law was there so that sins might be committed, it constantly brought sin to the surface, as a sharp juice does with a disease. God would never have resolved upon the death of Christ if a fulfilment of the law had been possible without it; now not only all guilt has

been atoned for, but guilt itself was destroyed; now the law was dead, now the fleshliness wherein it dwelt was dead, or, at least dying, or, as it were, continually decaying. To be a short while longer in the midst of this decay is the Christian's fate, before he, one with Christ, will rise with Christ, take part in the Divine glory, and become a "son of God" like Christ. Then the paroxysm of Paul was at its height, and so was the obtrusiveness of his soul; with the thought of the oneness all shame, all subjection, all barriers were taken from it, and the unruly will of ambition revealed itself as an anticipatory revelling in Divine glories. This was the first Christian, the inventor of Christianity. Before him there were but a few Jewish sectarians.

69

Inimitable.—There is a great difference and distance between jealousy and friendship, between self-contempt and pride: in the former moved the Greek, in the latter the Christian.

70

What a rude intellect is good for.—The Christian Church is a cyclopædia of prehistoric cults and views of the most diversified origin, and consequently most fitted for missionary work. Formerly, as well as now, wherever she made or makes her appearance, she found and finds something similar to herself to which she may

adapt herself and gradually impute her own spirit. Not her Christian character, but the universally pagan side of her observances is the reason for the spread of this world-religion! her ideas, which are rooted in the Jewish as well as the Hellenic mind, knew, from the very first, how to raise themselves above the exclusiveness and niceties of nations and races, as above prejudices. However much we may admire this faculty of making the most divergent matters coalesce, we must, all the same, not overlook the contemptible side of this faculty—the astonishing coarseness and narrowness of her intellect during the time of the formation of the Church, which allowed her to rest content with any diet, and to digest opposites like pebbles.

71

The Christian revenge on Rome.—Nothing perhaps is so tiresome as the sight of an ever-successful conqueror; throughout fully two centuries the world had become accustomed to seeing Rome subdue one nation after another, the circle was closed, all future seemed at an end, everything was organised with a view to a perpetual state of affairs; nay, when the empire put up buildings, it was done with a secret aspiration to “imperishable strength.” We, who know but the “melancholy of ruins,” can barely understand that altogether different melancholy of the perpetual building operations, from which men tried to escape the best way they could,

as for instance by the light-heartedness of Horace. Others looked for other means of comfort against the weariness which bordered on despair, against the slowly killing consciousness that all progress of thought and every impulse of the heart were henceforth without hope, that everywhere there sat the huge spider pitilessly drinking all blood wherever it might still be welling forth. This century-old speechless hatred of the wearied spectators against Rome, as far as Rome's rule extended, at last found vent in Christianity, which welded Rome, the "world" and "sin" into one idea. They took their revenge by announcing the sudden destruction of the world to be near at hand; by re-establishing a future—Rome had indeed known how to make everything its own pre- and present history—a future in comparison to which Rome no longer appeared as the most important object; they took their revenge by dreaming of the last judgment—and the crucified Jew, as the symbol of salvation, was the bitterest satire on the splendid Roman prætors in the province, for now they appeared as the symbols of misrule and of a "world" fit for destruction.

72

The life after death.—Christianity found the notion of punishment in hell in existence throughout the Roman Empire. The numerous secret cults have hatched it out with special delight as the most promising egg

of their power. Epicurus could not think of any greater benefit which he could bestow on his equals than by uprooting this belief: his triumph, which most beautifully dies away in the words of his gloomy and yet enlightened disciple, the Roman Lucretius, came too soon; Christianity took the already fading belief in subterraneous horrors under its wings, and in so doing it acted wisely. How, without this bold plunge into darkest paganism, could it have carried the victory over the popularity of the Mithras and Isis worship? Thus it brought over to its side the timorous minds—the strongest adherents of a new faith. The Jews, a nation who, like the Greeks, and even more than they, loved and love life, had but given little attention to this idea: the conception of the complete death as the punishment of sinners, and the never-to-rise again as the severest threat—had already a strong effect on these strange people, who did not want to get rid of their bodies, but hoped, in their refined Egyptianism, to preserve them for ever. (A Jewish martyr, about whom we may read in the second book of the Maccabees, would not think of renouncing his intestines which had been torn out: he wants to have them at his resurrection—such is the Jewish faith!) The first Christians never thought of eternal torments, they believed that they were saved “from death,” and from day to day expected a transformation, but not death. (What a strange effect the first death must have had on these

expectant people ! How must astonishment, exultation, doubt, shame, fervour have mingled !—truly, a subject for a great artist !) It was Paul's highest eulogium of his Saviour that he had paved the way to immortality for everybody—he did not yet believe in the resurrection of the non-saved ; nay, in consequence of his doctrine of the impossibility of fulfilling the law and of death as a result of sin, he suspected that, heretofore, nobody (or very few people, and then only through grace and without their own desert) had become immortal ; only thenceforth immortality would begin to open its gates—and finally only very few be selected : as the overbearing pride of the elect cannot refrain from adding. In other parts, where the craving for life was not so great as among Jews and Jewish Christians, and where the prospect of immortality appeared more valuable than the prospect of “total annihilation,” that pagan and yet not quite un-Jewish addition of hell was a most welcome tool in the hands of the missionaries : then arose the new doctrine that even the sinner and non-saved is immortal, the doctrine of the eternally damned, which was more powerful than the henceforth fading belief in the total annihilation. Science alone could reconquer it, at the same time repelling all further ideas about death and a life hereafter. We are poorer by one interest : The “Life after death” does not concern us any longer ! an inexpressible blessing which is only too new to be felt far and wide as such. And again Epicurus is triumphant.

73

For "truth."—The truth of Christianity was testified by the virtuous life of the Christians, their fortitude in suffering, their firm belief, and, above all, its spread and increase despite all calamities—so you reason even in our days. So much more the pity! Learn at least that all this argues neither in favour of nor against truth, that truth needs a different proof from truthfulness, and that the latter is by no means an argument in favour of the former.

74

Christian reservation.—Should not this have been the most usual reservation of the first-century Christian: "It is better to persuade ourselves of our guilt than of our innocence; for we never know how so powerful a judge may feel disposed—but we must fear that he may expect to find none but conscience-stricken ones. Considering his great power he will more easily pardon a guilty man than admit that somebody was right in his presence." So did the poor people in the province feel in the presence of the Roman prætor: "He is too proud to admit our innocence." Is it not possible that this very sensation should again have influenced the Christian conception of the highest judge?

75

Neither European nor aristocratic.—There is some-

thing Oriental and feminine in Christianity: which is revealed in the thought "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth"; for the women in the East look upon chastisements and their strict seclusion from the world as tokens of their husband's love, and complain when these tokens cease.

76

Evil thoughts make evil minds.—The passions become evil and vicious when viewed with evil and vicious eyes. Thus Christianity has succeeded in changing Eros and Aphrodite—noble and idealistic powers—into goblins and phantoms, by means of the pangs which every sexual impulse was made to cause in the consciences of the believers. Is it not terrible that we wish to make necessary and periodical feelings a source of inward misery, and, in so doing, endeavour to make this inward misery in every human being something necessary and periodical? This misery, moreover, is kept secret and consequently is more deeply rooted: for not all have the courage of Shakespeare, to admit their Christian gloom regarding this subject as clearly as he has done in his "Sonnets." Is it then absolutely necessary that something which we have to combat and to keep in bounds or, according to circumstances, altogether to banish from our minds, should always be called evil? Is it not in the nature of vulgar souls always to call an enemy evil? And should

we call Eros an enemy? The sexual feelings have that in common with those of pity and worship that one being gratifies another by his own enjoyment—we do not too often meet with such a benevolent arrangement in nature. And we actually revile it and spoil it by an evil conscience! We associate the procreation of man with an evil conscience! The final outcome of this diabolisation of Eros is a farce: gradually Eros, the “devil,” became more interesting to mankind than all the angels and saints taken together, thanks to the mysterious mummary of the Church in all things erotic: she has brought it about that, even in our own time, the love story has become the one real interest that binds all classes together—with an exaggeration which the ancients could not comprehend and which will be succeeded by peals of laughter in years to come. All our poetry and thoughts, from the highest to the lowest, are marked, and more than marked, by the extravagant importance with which the love story there appears as the main story: on this account posterity may perhaps come to the conclusion that the whole inheritance of Christian culture is stamped by narrowness and madness.

On mental agonies.—In our days everybody loudly cries out at any torture somebody might inflict on another's body; the indignation against a man who

is capable of doing such a thing at once bursts forth; nay, we even tremble at the mere conception of a torture inflicted on either a human being or an animal, and suffer untold misery when hearing of a positively proved fact of this kind. But we are still far from feeling as universally and as distinctly with regard to the mental agonies and the atrocity of their infliction. Christianity has practised them on a gigantic scale and still goes on preaching this kind of torture, nay, it quite innocently laments of apostasy and lukewarmness if it meets a state free from such agonies—all this to the effect that even now mankind looks on the spiritual death by fire, the spiritual torture and instrument of torture with the same anxious patience and indecision with which it formerly faced the cruelties inflicted on the bodies of man or beast. Hell, indeed, has not remained a mere word: and a new kind of pity accompanies the newly created real anxieties, a terrible and ponderous pity, unknown to former ages, with people “irrevocably doomed to hell,” as expressed by the stony knight to Don Juan, and which, in the Christian era, has often made stones weep. Plutarch gives a gloomy picture of the state of mind of a superstitious person in paganism: this picture pales when looked at side by side with that of the mediæval Christian, who guesses that nothing can save him from “eternal torment.” Horrible omens appear to him: perhaps a stork, holding a snake in its beak and hesitating to

swallow it. Or nature suddenly blanches, or fiery colours shoot across the ground. Or the shades of deceased relatives approach him, their faces bearing the traces of fearful sufferings. Or the dark walls of the sleeper's room suddenly become illuminated, and on them, in a yellow mist, he sees instruments of torture and a confused mass of snakes and devils. Surely, Christianity has turned our globe into a dreadful abode, by everywhere raising the crucifix and thus denoting the earth as the place "where the righteous are tortured to death." And when the eloquence of some great penitentiary preacher for once disclosed all the secret suffering of the individual, the agonies of the "closet"; when, for instance, a Whitefield preached, "like a dying man to the dying," now bitterly crying, now loudly and passionately stamping his feet, amid the most piercing and surprising sounds and without any fear of turning the whole force of his attack upon one single individual present and excluding him in an awful manner from the community—then, each time, the earth seemed really to be transformed into the "field of misery." Then one could see large, assembled crowds behave as in a fit of madness; many in convulsions of fear, others lying there unconscious, motionless; others again violently trembling or, for hours, rending the air with their piercing cries. Everywhere loud panting, as of people who, half suffocated, were gasping for breath. "And indeed," so says an eye-

witness of such a sermon, "nearly all sounds that could be heard were those of people who died in bitterest agony." Let us never forget that it was Christianity which turned the death-bed into a "bed of agonies," and that, by the scenes which since then have been enacted thereon, and the terrible sounds which here, for the first time, appeared possible, the senses and the blood of countless witnesses and of their posterity were poisoned for a lifetime. Imagine a harmless man who cannot forget having heard words like these: "Oh eternity! Oh, would I had no soul! Oh, would I had never been born! I am doomed, doomed, lost for ever! Six days ago you might have helped me. But it is all over now; I am now the devil's own; I will go down to hell with him. Break, break, poor hearts of stone! Will you not break? What more can be done to hearts of stone? I am doomed that ye may be saved! There he is! Yea, there he is. Come, kind devil! Come!"

Justice inflicting punishment.—Misfortune and guilt—these two have been put on one balance by Christianity, so that, whenever the misfortune which follows upon guilt is a great one, even now the magnitude of the offence itself is quite involuntarily referred back to it. But this is not the antique way of thinking, and therefore Greek tragedy—wherein misfortune and guilt are so

abundantly and yet so differently discussed—is one of the great liberators of the mind, in a measure which the ancients themselves could not realise. They had continued so unsophisticated as not to establish an “adequate relation” between guilt and misfortune. The guilt of their tragic heroes is, indeed, the small stone over which the latter stumble, and on whose account they occasionally break an arm or knock out an eye. The antique mode of thinking merely adds: “Surely he ought to have gone his way more deliberately and less overweeningly.” But it was reserved for Christianity to say: “Here is a great misfortune, and a great, equally great, offence must be concealed behind it, though we do not clearly see it. If, oh wretched man, you do not feel so, you are obdurate, and will have to endure even worse things.” Besides, antiquity still knew misfortune, pure and simple; only Christianity turned everything into punishment, well-deserved punishment; moreover, it makes the sufferer’s imagination likewise a suffering one, so that, in all his distress, he feels morally forlorn and cast out. Poor humanity! The Greeks had a special word for the indignation felt at another’s misfortune; this sensation was inadmissible among Christian nations and has but little developed itself; hence they lack a name for this more manly brother of pity.

A suggestion.—If, according to Pascal and Christianity,

our "ego" be always hateful, how could we then allow and suppose others—whether God or man—to love it? It would be contrary to all propriety to allow ourselves to be beloved, while knowing quite well that we deserve nothing but hatred—not to speak of other repellant feelings. But this is the very kingdom of grace. Then your love of your neighbour is to you a grace? Your pity a grace? Well, if this be possible to you, then go a step further; love yourselves for the sake of grace, then you will no longer stand in need of your God, and the whole drama of the fall and redemption of mankind will be enacted in your own selves.

80

The compassionate Christian.—The reverse of Christian sympathy with the sufferings of a fellow-creature is the deep suspicion of all this fellow-creature's joy, of his joy in everything that he wishes and is capable of.

81

Humanity of the saint.—A saint had fallen among believers, and could no longer bear their constant hatred against sin. At last he said, God has created all things with the exception of sin: no wonder that He is not well disposed towards it. But man has created sin—should he then disown this, his only child, merely because it is displeasing to God, its grandfather? Is this humane? Honour to whom honour is due—but heart and duty

ought first to plead in favour of the child, and only in the second place in honour of the grandfather.

82

The spiritual onslaught.—"You must settle this with yourself, for your life is at stake." With these words Luther suddenly bursts upon us and fancies that we feel the knife at our throats. But we repel him with the words of one higher and more considerate than himself. "It rests with us to form no opinion whatever on this thing or that, and so to save trouble to our souls. For the things themselves cannot, in their nature, force us to give an opinion."

83

Poor humanity!—One drop of blood too many or too few in the brain can make our life unspeakably miserable and hard, so that we may have to suffer more from this one drop than Prometheus did from his vulture. But things are at their worst when we do not even know that this drop is the cause of our sufferings. But "the devil"! Or "sin"!

84

The philology of Christianity.—How little Christianity cultivates the love for honesty and fairness may be pretty well judged from the character of the writings of its literary men. They put forward their conjectures as

boldly as dogmas, and are not often honestly at a loss regarding the interpretation of a scriptural text. Again and again they say, "I am right, for it is written—" and then follows an explanation so impudent and arbitrary that any philologist who may hear it would halt with angry laughter, asking himself over and over again: Is it possible? Is this honest? Is it even decent? Only those who *never* or *always* frequent the church undervalue all the dishonesty which, in this respect, is still being practised in Protestant pulpits; how clumsily the preacher avails himself of the advantage that here he is safe from interruption; how the Bible is being twisted and squeezed, and how the art of false reading is, in due form, imparted to the people. But, after all, what can we expect from the after-effects of a religion which, during the centuries of its foundation, enacted that stupendous philological farce about the Old Testament. I am speaking of the attempt which was made to snatch the Old Testament from the Jews, under the pretext that it contained nothing but Christian doctrines and belonged to the Christians as the true people of Israel, whereas the Jews had only usurped it. And then they indulged in a fury of interpretation and substitution, which could not possibly have been associated with a safe conscience. However strongly Jewish divines protested, it was pretended that the Old Testament everywhere alluded to Christ and only Christ, especially to His cross, and wherever a piece of wood, a rod, a ladder, a twig, a tree,

a willow, a staff is mentioned, it signified a prophecy about the wood of the cross; even the setting up of the unicorn and the brazen serpent, even Moses stretching out his arms in prayer, even the spits on which the Easter-lamb was roasted—all were allusions and, so to speak, preludes to the cross. Did anybody who put forward these things ever believe them? Remember that the Church did not shrink from enriching the text or Septuaginta (as, for instance, in Psalm xcvi., v. 10), in order afterwards to avail herself of the surreptitious passages in the direction of Christian prophecies. Well, they were engaged in a combat, and thought of their foes more than of their honesty.

85

Subtlety in deficiency.—Do not mock at the mythology of the Greeks because it is so unlike your profound metaphysics. You ought to admire a people who, at this very point, checked their quick understanding, and, for a long time, had sufficient tact to avoid the danger of scholasticism and hair-splitting superstition.

86

The Christian interpreters of the body.—Whatever may be caused by the stomach, the intestines, the pulse of the heart, the nerves, the bile, the seed—all those ill-humours, debilities, over-excitements, and the whole contingency of the machine which is so little known to

us, a Christian like Pascal accepted as a moral and religious phenomenon, adding the interrogatory whether God or the devil, whether good or evil, salvation or condemnation, rested therein. Oh the unfortunate interpreter! How he had to twist and worry his system! How he had to twist and worry himself, in order to carry his point!

87

The moral miracle.—Christianity, in the moral province, knows nothing but the miracle—the sudden change of all valuations, the sudden laying aside of all habits, the sudden irresistible affection for new objects and persons. It describes this phenomenon as the operation of God, and, calling it the act of regeneration, gives it a unique, incomparable value; everything which is generally called morality and has no reference to that miracle thereby becomes indifferent to the Christian; nay, perhaps as a sensation of pleasure or pride, even an object of fear. The canon of virtue of the fulfilled law is established in the New Testament, but in such a way as to become the canon of the impossible virtue; these people who do not lose all moral aspirations in the face of such a canon are to learn to feel themselves further and further removed from their goal; they are to despair of virtue and, at last, throw themselves on the bosom of the merciful. A Christian's moral endeavour could still be made valuable, but only on condition that it ever remained an unsuccessful,

dull, melancholy effort; thus it could still serve to bring about that ecstatic moment when he experienced the "triumph of grace" and the moral miracle. But this striving after morality is not necessary, for that miracle frequently happens to the sinner at the very moment when he, as it were, is weltering in the pool of sin; nay, the leap from deepest and utter sinfulness into its reverse seems to be even easier and, as a perceptible proof of the miracle, even more desirable. But what may be the psychological meaning of such a sudden, irrational, and irresistible revulsion, such a change from utter misery into utmost happiness? (is it perhaps a disguised epilepsy?)—this should certainly be taken into consideration by the physicians of the mind, who frequently have such "miracles" (for instance, the mania of homicide and suicide) under observation. The comparatively "more pleasant effect" in the case of the Christian does not make an essential difference.

88

Luther, the great benefactor.—The most important outcome of Luther's efforts lies in the distrust which he has aroused against the saints and the whole Christian "life contemplative": only since his time an unchristian "life contemplative" has once more become practicable in Europe, and has put a limit to the contempt for worldly and lay activity. Luther, though shut up in a monastery, remained an honest miner's son, and there,

for want of other depths and "profundities," descended into his own heart, boring terrible, dark passages—and at last recognised the truth that it was impossible for him to lead a contemplative, saintly life, and that his inborn activity would ruin him, body and soul. He wasted but too much time in attempting to find his way to holiness by means of castigations—at last he made up his mind, saying to himself: "There is no real life contemplative. We have allowed ourselves to be duped. The saints were not worth more than the rest of us." This was, indeed, a boorish way of carrying one's point, but for the Germans of that time it was the right and only way: how they felt edified when reading in their Lutheran catechism, "With the exception of the ten commandments there is no work which could please God—the vaunted spiritual works of the saints are self-invented."

89

Doubt, a sin.—Christianity has done its utmost to close the circle and proclaimed even doubt to be a sin. Without reasoning, by a sheer miracle, we are to be cast into faith, and thenceforth to float therein as in the brightest and least ambiguous of elements: a mere side-glance at a continent, the mere thought that we may perhaps exist for other purposes than floating, the least impulse of our amphibious nature—is sin! Now mind, that thereby the foundation of belief and all meditation

on its origin even are excluded as sinful. All that is wanted are blind impulses and an eternal song over the waters, in which reason has been drowned.

90

Selfishness against selfishness.—How many still end by saying: "Life would be unbearable if there was no God" (or, as idealists express it: "Life would be unbearable if the ethic import of its basis were wanting")—hence, there must be a God (or an ethic import of existence). In reality it only comes to this, that he, who has been accustomed to these conceptions, does not wish for a life without them: that these conceptions may be necessary for him and his preservation—but is it not a presumption to decree that everything which is necessary for my preservation must really *exist*? As if my preservation was something necessary! How, if others felt just the reverse? If they disliked living under the very conditions of those two articles of faith, and, with them, did not think life worth living! This is how matters stand at present.

91

The honesty of God.—A God who is omniscient and omnipotent, and who does not even provide that His intentions be understood by His creatures—could that be a God of goodness? He who, for thousands of years, has allowed the countless doubts and scruples to con-

tinue, as if they were necessary for the salvation of mankind, and who, nevertheless, holds out prospects of terrible consequences to follow a violation of truth? Would He not be a cruel God, if He had the truth and yet could quietly look down upon mankind, miserably worrying itself for the sake of truth? But perhaps He yet is a God of goodness—and He was only unable to express Himself more distinctly. Perhaps He was wanting in intelligence? Or in eloquence? So much the worse! For, in that case, He may perhaps have mistaken that which He calls His truth, and Himself is not quite a stranger to the “poor, duped devil.” Must He not suffer intense agonies on seeing His creatures, for the sake of the knowledge of Himself, suffer so much and even more pain through all eternity, without being able to advise and help them, except as a deaf-and-dumb, who makes all sorts of ambiguous signs when the most terrible danger hangs over his child or his dog? A believer who thus argues and thus feels oppressed, ought really to be forgiven for being more inclined to pity with the suffering God than with his “neighbours”; for they are no longer his neighbours if that most isolated, most primeval being be also the greatest sufferer and more than any in need of comfort. All religions bear traces of the fact that they owe their origin to an early immature intellectuality of men—they all make very light of the obligation to speak the truth: they know

nothing of a duty of God to be truthful and clear in his communications to mankind. Nobody has been more eloquent than Pascal as regards the "hidden God" and the reasons of His thus hiding Himself; which proves that he, Pascal, could never compose his mind on this head: but his voice sounds as confident as if he had, some time or other, sat behind the curtain. He scented immorality in the "*deus absconditus*," and felt both ashamed and afraid of admitting this to himself: hence, like one who is afraid, he spoke as loudly as he could.

92

At the death-bed of Christianity.—The really active people are now, at heart, dead to Christianity, and the more moderate and more thoughtful among the intellectual middle-classes only retain a made-up, that is, an oddly simplified Christianity. A God who, in His love, ordains everything, as it will finally be best for us; a God who both gives and takes from us our virtue and happiness, so that, on the whole, everything happens as is right and meet, and there is no reason left why we should take life sadly or rail at it; in short, resignation and modesty deified—that is the best and most lifelike residuum of Christianity still extant. Yet we ought to remember that thus Christianity has glided into a mild *moralism* • it is not so much "God, freedom, and immortality," which have remained, but good-will

and honest feeling, and the belief that, in the whole universe also, good-will and honest feeling will prevail: it is the *euthanasia* of Christianity.

93

What is truth?—Who would not agree with the conclusion which the faithful like to draw: "Science cannot be true, for it denies God. Hence it does not come from God; hence it is not true—for God is truth." Not the conclusion, but the premise is at fault: how, if God were not the truth, and if this could be proved? If He were the vanity, the lust for power, the impatience, the terror, the enraptured and terrified delusion of men?

94

Remedy for the ill-humoured.—Paul already was of opinion that a sacrifice was wanted to remove the profound displeasure of God about sin: ever since his time Christians have never ceased to wreak on some victim or other their displeasure with their own selves—be it the "world," or "history," or "reason," or the joy of peaceful rest of other people—something good must die for *their* sin (though only in effigy!)

95

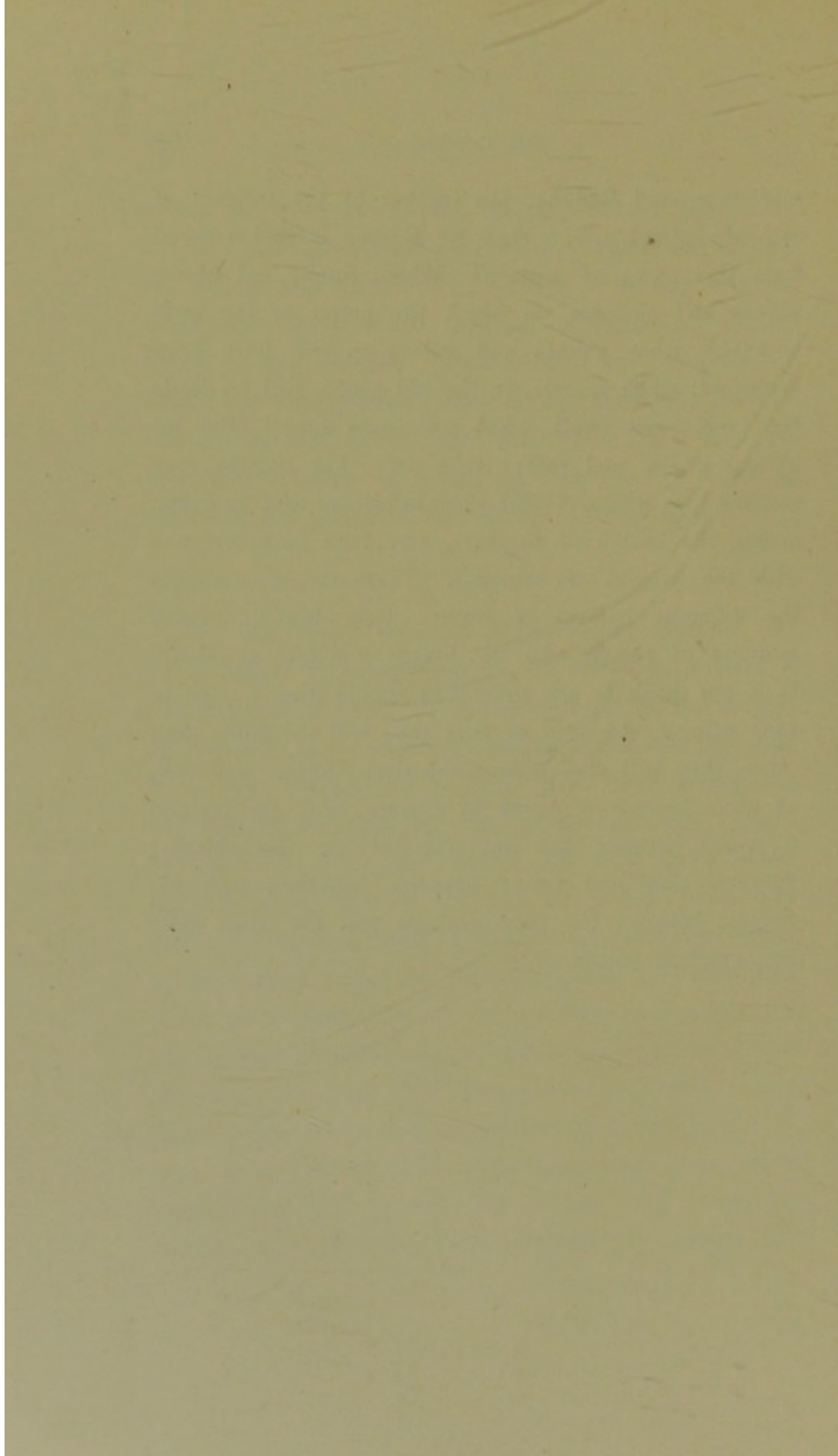
The historic refutation as the final one.—Formerly attempts were made to prove that there was no God—

to-day we are shown how the belief that there was a God could arise, and whereby this belief has gained its weight and importance: thereby the counter-proof that there is no God becomes superfluous. When, formerly, the adduced "Evidences of the existence of God" had been refuted, there always remained a doubt whether no evidences better than those that had just been refuted could be found: at that time the atheists were not yet proficient in making "*tabula rasa*."

96

"*In hoc signo vinces.*"—However far Europe may be advanced in other respects, in religious matters it has not yet obtained the liberal *naïvété* of the ancient Brahmins, a fact indicating that, in India, four thousand years ago, people were wont to think more deeply and the delight in thinking was more universally transmitted than it is now among us. For those Brahmins believed, first of all, that the priests were more powerful than the gods, and secondly, that the power of the priests rested in the observances: whence their poets never wearied of praising the observances (prayers, ceremonies, sacrifices, songs, metres) as the real donors of all good things. The propositions are true, though much poetic fancy and superstition may have slunk in. One step further, and they flung the gods aside. Europe also will have to do so ere long. One step further, and they no longer wanted the priests and

mediators—and Buddha, the teacher of the religion of self-redemption, rose. How far Europe is still removed from this stage of culture! When, finally, all observances and customs, on which the power of the gods is based, when priests and redeemers will have been destroyed, when morals, in the old sense, will be dead: then will come—well, what will come then? But let us not guess, and rather take care that Europe may retrieve that which several thousand years ago, in India, among the nation of thinkers, was done in accordance with the precept of thinking. There are now among the different nations of Europe from ten to twenty millions of people who no longer “believe in God.” Is it too much to ask that they should give a sign to each other? As soon as they thus will recognise each other, they will also make themselves known—and will, at once, become a power in Europe, and, fortunately, a power between the nations; between the classes; between rich and poor; between superiors and inferiors; between the most restless and the most quiet and quieting people.



SECOND BOOK



We grow moral not because we are moral.—The submission to morals may be either slavish or vain, self-interested, resigned, gloomily fantastic, thoughtless, or an act of despair, like the submission to a prince: but it is nothing moral in itself.

Transformation of morals.—There is a constant mending and moiling going on in morals—the result of successful crimes (to which, for instance, belong all innovations in moral thinking).

Where we all are irrational.—We still draw conclusions from opinions which we consider erroneous, from doctrines in which we have lost faith through our feelings.

Waking from a dream.—Noble and wise people once believed in the music of the spheres: noble and wise

people still believe in the "moral significance of existence." But one day even this music of the spheres will cease to be audible to their ears! They will awake and perceive that their ears had been dreaming.

101

Hazardous.—To adopt a belief merely because it is a custom means being dishonest, cowardly, lazy! Should then dishonesty, cowardice, and sloth be the premises of morality?

102

The oldest moral judgments.—How do we behave with regard to a person's action in our surroundings? First and foremost, we consider what we may gain by it—we view it in this light only. This outcome we take as the intention of the action, and finish by imputing to the doer the cherishing of such purposes as lasting qualities, henceforth calling him "a dangerous man," for instance. Treble error! Treble and most ancient mistake! Possibly our inheritance from the animals and from their faculty of judgment. Is not the origin of all morality concealed in such paltry and petty conclusions as: "Everything that injures me is evil (something in itself injurious); everything that profits me is good (in itself beneficent and useful); that which injures me once or several times is hostile of and in itself; that which profits me once or several

times is friendly of and in itself." *Oh pudenda origo!* (How humble the beginning!) Is not this like fancying that the miserable, occasional, often accidental relation of another to ourselves is his inner and most essential quality; and like pretending that, with regard to all the world and his own self, he is only capable of relations similar to those we have experienced once or several times? And is there not behind this true folly the most immodest mental reservation lurking, namely that we ourselves must be the principle of all good things, because we are the standard of good and evil?

103

There are two classes of deniers of morality.—"To deny morality" may mean, first, to deny that the moral motives which men adduce have really egged them on to their actions—hence it is like asserting that morality consists in words, and is part of the coarse and subtle deceit (especially self-deceit) of men, perhaps more especially of those who are most famed for their virtues. Secondly, we may deny that the moral judgments are based on truths. In this case we admit that they are real motives for action, but that errors, as foundations of all moral judgment, egg men on to their moral actions. This is *my* point of view: Yet I should be the last to deny that, in a great many cases, a nice suspicion in accordance with the former point of view, and therefore, in the spirit of La Rochefoucauld, is likewise justified,

and certainly of the highest general advantage. Hence I deny morality as I deny alchemy, that is, I deny their premises—but not the fact that there have been alchemists who believed in these premises and acted up to them. I likewise deny immorality—not that countless people feel immoral, but that there is a foundation in the truth of their feeling so. Of course I shall not deny—except that I be a fool—that many actions which are called immoral ought to be avoided and resisted; and that many which are called moral ought to be done and encouraged—but I am of opinion that both should take place from motives other than have hitherto prevailed. We shall have to change our views in order at last, perhaps very late, to attain even more: namely, a change in our feelings.

104

Our valuations.—All actions may be referred to valuations, all valuations are either self-conceived or adopted—the latter being by far the more numerous. Why do we adopt them? From fear—that is, we deem it more advisable to feign as if they were our own—and accustom ourselves to this dissimulation, so that at last it comes to be our second nature. Our own valuation, which means measuring a thing in reference to its capability of causing pleasure or displeasure to us and to nobody else, is something extremely rare. But has not our valuation of the other, which is the motive

for our generally availing ourselves of his valuation, to proceed from us, to be our own choice? Certainly, but we desire it in our childhood, and rarely change our conceptions; all our lifetime we are for the greater part the dupes of childish, habitual judgments in the mode of judging our fellow-creatures (their intellect, rank, morality, good example, reprehensibility), in yielding to the necessity of endorsing their views.

105

Pseudo-egotism.—The great majority—whatever they may think and say about their “selfishness”—as long as they live, do nothing for their ego, but only for the phantom of this ego, which has grown up in the heads of their friends and been transmitted to them; consequently they all live in a mist of impersonal, half-personal opinions, and of arbitrary, so to speak poetic valuations, the one for ever in the head of somebody else, and this one again in other heads: an odd world of phantasms, which knows how to give itself a matter-of-fact appearance! This mist of opinions and habits grows and lives on, almost independently from the people which it envelopes—its outcome is the extensive effect of the general judgments on “man”; all these people, unknown to themselves, believe in the bloodless abstract idea “man,” that is, in a fiction; and every change which, through the judgments of some powerful men (such as princes and philosophers) occurs in this abstract

idea, has an extraordinary and irrational effect on the great majority, for the sole reason that not a single individual in this multitude is able to oppose a real ego, accessible to and sounded by himself, to the general pale fiction, and thereby to destroy it.

106

Against the definitions of moral aims.—On all sides we hear the goal of morality defined in about the following way: it is the preserving and raising of humanity; but this only expresses a wish to possess a formula, and nothing else. Preserving wherein? Raising whereto? is the question which at once rises on our lips. Is not the most essential part, the answer to this Wherein? and Whereto? omitted in the formula? Is there anything we could thereby determine as to the theory of duty that is not already tacitly and instinctively understood? Can we clearly deduce therefrom whether we shall have to keep in view the longest possible existence of mankind, or a possible disanimalisation of mankind? How different would the remedies, that is, the practical morals, have to be in the two cases! Suppose that the greatest possible rationality was to be given to mankind: this certainly would not warrant the longest possible existence for them. Or, suppose that their greatest happiness was thought to be the Whereto? and Wherein?: do we thereby imply the highest stage which individuals may gradually attain,

or an incalculable, finally attainable average bliss of all? And why should morality more especially be the way to reach it? Has it not, speaking generally, opened up so many fountains of displeasure as to make us inclined to judge, up to the present, that man, with each new stage of moral refinement, has become more discontented with himself, his neighbour, and his existence? Has not the hitherto most moral man believed that the only justifiable state of mankind in the face of morals is that of deepest misery?

107

Our claim to our folly.—How are we to act? Why are we to act? The answer to these questions is easy enough with reference to the most immediate and most urgent wants of the individual; but in proportion as our provinces of action grow more subtle, more extensive, and more important, the more uncertain and the more arbitrary will be the answer. But the arbitrariness of decision is the very thing to be excluded here—so commands the authority of morals: a vague anxiety and awe shall forthwith guide man in those very actions, the aims and means of which are not at once clear to him. This authority of morals undermines the thinking faculty in matters on which it might be dangerous to have wrong notions—thus its wonted justification before its accusers. Wrong here means “dangerous”—but dangerous to whom? Usually it is not so much the

danger threatening the doer of an action which the adherents of authoritative morals have in view, but their own danger, the loss of power and authority which might ensue if the right of arbitrary and foolish action in conformity with their own lesser or greater rationality were granted to all: they themselves unhesitatingly make use of the right of arbitrariness and folly—they even command where an answer to the question, “How am I to act? Why am I to act?” is barely possible, or, at least, sufficiently difficult. And if the reason of mankind grows with such extraordinary slackness that this growth as regards the whole cause of human history, has often been denied: what is more blameworthy than this solemn presence, this ubiquity of moral commands, which does not even allow the mere utterance of the individual question about the Why? and the How? Have we not been educated in such wise as to feel pathetically and flee into darkness at the very time when our reason ought to judge as clearly and coolly as possible, that is, in all higher and more important affairs?

108

A few theses.—We ought not to give to the individual, in as far as he wishes for his own happiness, any precepts for the road to happiness; for individual happiness springs from particular laws unknown to everybody, outside precepts could only prevent or check

it. The precepts, which are called moral, are, in reality, directed against the individuals, and do not in the least tend to their happiness. Equally slight is the relationship of these precepts to the "happiness and welfare of mankind"; words with which it is altogether impossible to associate definite notions; much less could we use them as guiding stars on the dark ocean of moral aspirations. It is not true that morality, so says prejudice, is more favourably inclined towards the development of reason than immorality. It is not true that the unconscious goal in the development of every conscious being (animal, man, mankind, &c.), is his "greatest happiness." On the contrary, at every step of our development we may gain a special and incomparable happiness, one that is neither superior nor inferior, but indeed a peculiar happiness. Development does not aim at happiness, but at development and nothing else. Only if mankind possessed a universally accepted goal, could we propose: "This or that ought to be our line of action"; for the present there is no such goal. Hence we ought not to bring the requirements of morals into any relation whatever to mankind, which would be irrational and childish. To recommend a goal to mankind is quite a different thing; in this case the goal is put as something which lies with us; suppose that mankind would agree to such a recommendation, they might then impose on themselves a moral law at their own free will. But,

up to now, the moral law was to rise supreme above discretion; they did not really want to set up this law for themselves, but to take it from somewhere, or to find it somewhere, or have it ordered from somewhere.

109

Self-control and moderation, and their final motive.—

I find only six essentially different methods for combating the impetuosity of a craving. First, we may shun the opportunities for the gratification of the craving and, by long and ever-lengthening periods of non-gratification, weaken and mortify it. Secondly, we may make a strict regularity in our gratification, a law to ourselves; by thus regulating the craving itself and encompassing its flux and reflux within fixed periods, we gain intervals, during which it ceases to disturb us, and thence we may perhaps pass over into the first method. Thirdly, we may intentionally give ourselves over to a wild and immoderate gratification of a craving in order to grow disgusted, and, by means of our disgust, to obtain a command over the craving; provided we do not act like the rider who races his horse to death and, in so doing, breaks his own neck, which, unfortunately, is the rule in this method. Fourthly, there is an intellectual trick, namely, so rigidly to connect a very painful idea with the gratification in general, that, after some practice, the very idea of the gratification is forthwith felt as a very

painful one. So, for instance, if the Christian accustoms himself at every sexual enjoyment to think of the presence and the sneers of the devil; or of everlasting agonies in hell-fire as punishment for revenge by murder; or only of the contempt which rewards a money-theft in the eyes of the people he most respects; or if somebody has hundreds of times checked an intense longing for suicide by a counter-notion of the grief and self-reproaches of relations and friends, and thereby has balanced himself on the edge of life; now these ideas succeed each other in his mind, just as cause and effect do. Among cases of this kind we may class those of Lord Byron and Napoleon, in whom human pride revolted and keenly felt as an offence the ascendancy of a single passion over the whole attitude and order of reason—whence arises the habit of and the delight in tyrannising over the craving, making it, so to speak, gnash its teeth. “I do not want to be the slave of any appetite,” Byron wrote in his diary. Fifthly, we allow a dislocation of our abilities by imposing on ourselves some specially difficult and fatiguing task, or by intentionally submitting to some new charm and pleasure, and thus guiding our thoughts and physical powers into other channels. It comes to the same if we temporarily favour another craving, giving it ample opportunity for gratification, and thus making it the lavisher of that power, which otherwise would be swayed over by the craving which has grown

troublesome through its impetuosity. Some few perhaps will know how to restrain the individual craving, desirous of playing the tyrant, by giving all their other known cravings a temporary encouragement and festive time, and bidding them devour the food which the tyrant wanted for himself. Sixthly and lastly, he who can endure it and who thinks it reasonable to weaken and suppress his whole physical and spiritual organisation, thereby, of course, likewise attains his purpose of weakening a single impetuous craving; as, for instance, those who, like unto the ascetics, starve their sensuality but, at the same time, starve and degrade their physical strength and, not infrequently, their reason. Hence, shunning the opportunities, implanting order into the craving, producing surfeit and disgust thereat, and bringing about the association of an anguishing thought (as that of disgrace, of evil consequences, or of offended pride), the dislocation of forces, and, lastly, the general debilitation and exhaustion; these are the six methods. But it is not in our power to be willing to fight at all against the impetuosity of a craving, or to determine which method we should choose, or whether we succeed by this method. On the contrary, our intellect, during this whole process, is evidently nothing but the blind tool of another craving, a rival of that one which torments us with its impetuosity; be it the craving for rest, or the fear of disgrace and other evil consequences, or love. While we thus imagine that *we* are

complaining of the impetuosity of a craving, it is really one craving complaining of another; that is, the perception of our groaning under such a yoke presupposes that there is another craving just as impetuous and even more impetuous, and that a struggle is imminent in which our intellect will have to range itself on one side or the other.

110

What is it that resists?—We may in ourselves observe the following process, and I wish we might often observe and confirm it:—There arises in us, though heretofore unknown, the scent of a kind of pleasure; hence a new craving springs up in us. Now the question is, what is it that opposes this craving? If things and considerations of a more vulgar nature, or people whom we little esteem—the goal of the new craving veils itself in the sensations: “noble, good, laudable, deserving of sacrifice,” all the inherited moral dispositions henceforth adopt them, adding them to those goals which are supposed to be moral; and now we imagine that we are striving, not after pleasure, but after a morality, thus greatly enhancing the confidence in our aspirations.

111

To the admirers of objectiveness.—Everybody who, in his childhood, observed varied and strong feelings,

but little nice discernment and attachment to intellectual fairness, in the relatives and friends amongst whom he grew up and, consequently, spent most of his strength and time on the imitation of feelings, will, as an adult, notice in himself that every new thing and person he comes across will at once stir up in him either affection or dislike, envy or contempt. Under the pressure of this experience, which he feels powerless to shake off, he admires the neutrality of sentiment, *i.e.*, the "objectiveness," as something marvellous, some attribute of genius or of the rarest morality, and does not feel inclined to believe that even this is but the child of discipline and practice.

112

On the natural history of duty and right.—Our duties are the claims which others have on us. By what means did they acquire them? By assuming us capable of contract and retribution, by setting us down as like and similar unto them, by accordingly entrusting something to us, by educating, reproofing, supporting us. We fulfil our duty,—that is, we justify that notion of our power for the sake of which all these things were bestowed on us, we return with the same measure with which they were meted out to us. Thus it is our pride which bids us do our duty,—by re-establishing our self-glory in putting up in rivalry with that which others have done for us, something that we do for them,—for thereby

they encroached upon the sphere of our power, and would for ever have a hand in it, did we not, by means of "duty," practise retaliation, and thus encroach upon their power. The rights of others can only relate to that which is in our power; it would be unreasonable if they wanted something from us that does not belong to us. To express it more accurately, their rights relate only to that which *they* deem in our power, provided it be the same which *we* deem in our power. The same error might easily occur on either side: the sense of duty depends on our having the same belief as the others with regard to the extent of our power: namely, that we can promise and bind ourselves to undertake certain things ("Freedom of will"). My own rights are that portion of my power which others have not only attributed to me, but wherein they even wish to maintain me. How do these others proceed? First, with prudence, fear and caution: be it that, in return, they either expect something similar from us (protection of their rights), or that they consider a contest with us as dangerous or purposeless; or that, in every diminution of our power, they see a disadvantage to themselves, in so far as we should thus become unfit for an alliance with them in opposition to a hostile third power. Secondly, by donation and cession. In this case, the others have power enough, and more than enough, to be able to surrender a portion thereof, and to guarantee the surrendered portion to him to whom they gave it:

in so acting they assume a feeble sense of power in him who allows himself to be made the recipient of their gift. Thus originate rights, as acknowledged and guaranteed stages of power. If the proportions of power are materially shifted, rights disappear and new ones are formed, as is shown by the right of nations, in its constant decay and re-formation. If our power materially decreases, the feelings of those who, hitherto, have guaranteed our rights, undergo a change: they weigh in their minds, whether they may again put us back into the former full possession of power—if they feel unable to do so, they, thenceforth, deny our “rights.” If our power considerably increases, the feelings of those who hitherto recognised it and of whose recognition we stand no longer in need, likewise suffer a change: they will, indeed, try to reduce it to its former level, they will desire to interfere and, in so doing, refer to their duty,—but this is useless word-fencing. Wherever right prevails, a certain condition and degree of power will be maintained, while a decrease and increase will be warded off. The right of others is the surrender of our sense of power to the sense of power in these others. As soon as our power proves utterly shattered and broken down, our rights cease: conversely, when our power becomes largely extended, the rights of others, such as we hitherto admitted them to be, cease in our estimation. The “fair person” thus constantly requires the delicate tact of a balance for the stages of power and right

which, considering the transitoriness of human affairs, will keep their equilibrium never for more than a short time, but, in most cases, either sink or rise,—consequently it is difficult to “be fair” and requires much practice, the best intentions and a great deal of rare common sense.

113

Our striving after distinction.—Our striving after distinction urges us to keep a constant watch on the neighbour and his feelings: but the sympathy and secrecy which are essentials for the gratification of this craving are far from being harmless, compassionate or kind. On the contrary, we want to notice or to divine how we can make our neighbour suffer either externally or internally, how he loses his self-control and gives way to the impression which our hand or even our sight make on him; and even if the one who is striving after distinction makes, and wishes to make, a joyful, elevating or cheering impression, he yet enjoys this success not inasmuch as he thereby gives pleasure to, elevates or cheers his neighbour, but inasmuch as he impresses himself on the stranger's soul, transforming its shape and ruling over it at his own free will. The striving after distinction is the striving after ascendancy over one's neighbour, be it only a very indirect one, or one only felt or dreamt of. There are many stages in this secretly-desired ascendancy, and a complete record of the same

would be identical with a history of civilisation, from the first antics of barbarism up to the caricature of over-refinement and morbid idealism. The striving after distinction entails to the neighbour—to mention only a few rungs of this long ladder—torture, blows, terror, anxious surprise, wonder, envy, admiration, elevation, joy, mirth, laughter, derision, mockery, sneers, scourging, and self-infliction of torture,—here, at the top of the ladder, we find the ascetic and martyr, who feels supreme satisfaction, himself obtaining, as the result of his craving for distinction, the very thing which the barbarian, his antitype on the first rung of the ladder, makes others suffer, by whom and before whom he wishes to prove his excellency. The triumph of the ascetic over himself, his inward glance, which beholds man split up into a sufferer and a spectator and never searches the outside world but to gather from it, so to speak, wood for his own stake; this final tragedy of the craving for distinction, which exhibits only one person who consumes himself,—that is the conclusion worthy of the beginning: in both cases an unspeakable happiness at the sight of torture. Indeed, happiness, conceived as the most vivid sensation of power, perhaps nowhere on earth has reached a higher pitch than in the souls of superstitious ascetics. This finds expression in the Brahmin story of King Vicvamisra, who derived such strength from a thousand years' exercises of penance, that he ventured to construct a new heaven. I believe

that, in this whole range of inward experiences, we people of our days are mere novices, trying to solve dark riddles; four thousand years ago these infamous refinements of self-enjoyment were much better known than they now are. Take the creation of the world: perhaps some Indian dreamer may have looked upon it as an ascetic operation which a god attempted with himself. Perhaps the god wanted to chain himself to a versatile nature as an instrument of torture, and, thereby, to feel his bliss and power doubled! And suppose it had been a God of Love even: what a delight for Him to create a suffering people, in order Himself to suffer most divinely and superhumanly at the sight of the unallayed torments, and, in so doing, to tyrannise Himself. And suppose He was not only a God of Love, but also a God of Holiness and Sinlessness: what ecstasies of the Divine ascetic, while creating sin and sinners and eternal doom, and below His heaven and throne a vast abode of eternal torment and eternal groans and sighs, may we picture to ourselves! It is not altogether impossible that the souls also of Paul, Dante, Calvin, and the like of them, may for once have dived into the horrible secrets of such delight in power—and in the face of such souls we may ask, Did the periodical striving after distinction really reach its final stage and its last representative in the ascetic? Could not this circle, from the very outset, be followed up once more, having for its fixed centre the fundamental moods

of the ascetic and, with it, of the sympathising God, giving pain to others in order thereby to pain oneself and, thereby, again to triumph over oneself and one's sympathies and to revel in the sensation of supreme power? Forgive me this extravagance in meditating on everything that may have been possible on this earth, through the spiritual extravagance of the thirst for power.

114

On the sufferer's knowledge.—The condition of invalids who have been long and terribly tormented by their sufferings and whose reason, throughout, has not grown dim, is not without its value in the search after knowledge—quite irrespective of the intellectual benefits which every deep solitude, every sudden and justified freedom from all duties and habits entails. One who severely suffers looks forth from his condition upon the things without with terrible indifference: all those small mendacious spells wherein things usually float when the eye of the healthy looks upon them, have vanished from his view: nay, his own self, stripped of plumage and colour, lies bare before him. Suppose that, up to then, he had lived in some dangerous realm of fancy: this extreme sobering down by pain is the means—and perhaps the only means—of extricating him therefrom. (Possibly this is what befel the founder of Christianity on the cross: for the bitterest of all words, “My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me!” if understood in

their fullest sense, contain the evidence of a general disappointment and enlightenment respecting the delusion of His life; at the moment of His most intense agony He gained a clear insight into Himself, just as did, in the poet's narrative, the poor dying Don Quixote.) The enormous tension of the intellect, which wants to master pain, puts everything, which he now looks upon, in a new light: and the unspeakable charm of all new lights is often powerful enough to withstand all allurements to suicide, and to make the continuation of life appear as most desirable to the sufferer. Scornfully he reviews the comfortable, warm dream-world, wherein the healthy man moves unthinkingly; scornfully he reviews the noblest and dearest of the illusions in which he formerly indulged; he feels a certain delight in conjuring up this contempt out of the depth of hell, and thus causing his soul the bitterest grief; it is by this equipoise that he counterbalances physical pain, he feels that this is the very time when such counterbalancing is needed! In an awful moment of clear-sightedness he says to himself, "For once let me be my own accuser and hangman; for once let me regard my sufferings as the punishment inflicted on me by myself! Let me enjoy my superiority as a judge; nay, more—my lordly pleasure, my tyrannical arbitrariness! May I rise above my life and sufferings, and look down into the unfathomable depths!" Our pride revolts as it never did before: it finds an unparalleled charm in

advocating life against such a tyrant as pain, and against all its insinuations, to give evidence against life, to advocate the cause of life itself against the tyrant. In this condition we make a desperate stand against any pessimism, lest it might appear as a consequence of our condition and humiliate us as conquered ones. The charm also of exercising fairness of judgment was never greater than now, for now it is a victory over ourselves and the most irritable of all conditions which would excuse any unfairness of judgment; but we do not want to be excused, especially now we want to show that we can be "without fault." We are in regular convulsions of pride. And now comes the first ray of relief, of convalescence, and almost the first effect is that we revolt against the sovereignty of our pride: we call ourselves silly and vain, as if we had experienced something unique. Ungratefully we humble the all-powerful pride, with the very aid of which we endured the pain, and impetuously clamour for an antidote to pride: we want to be estranged from ourselves and impersonal, after pain has made us personal too forcibly and too long. "Avaunt, Avaunt, oh pride!" we exclaim, "it was another illness and another convulsion!" Again we cast longing glances at men and nature: with a sorrowful smile we remember that now we view many things concerning them in a new and different light, that a veil has been removed—but it is so invigorating, again to see the subdued lights of life and to step out of the

terrible, sober daylight wherein we, as sufferers, saw the things and through the things. We are not angry when the charms of health resume their sport; we look on, as if transformed, mildly and wearily. In this condition we cannot listen to music without weeping.

115

The so-called "ego."—Language and the prejudices on which language is based are very much in our way in the exploration of inward processes and cravings: as an instance we may cite the fact that words really exist only for the superlative degrees of these processes and cravings; but now we are accustomed, where we lack words, to give up close observation, because it is painful in this case to think accurately; nay, formerly the involuntary conclusion was, that where the province of words ceased, that of existence ceased likewise. Wrath, hatred, love, pity, desire, recognition, joy, pain, all are names for extreme conditions: the milder, middle stages, and more so. The ever-active lower stages escape our attention, and yet it is they which weave the texture of our characters and fate. Those extreme outbursts—and even the most moderate conscious pleasure or displeasure which we may experience while partaking of a dish or hearing a sound is perhaps, if rightly estimated, nothing but an extreme outburst—very often destroy the texture, and then are violent exceptions, mostly in consequence of some congestion; and how easily can

they, as such, mislead the observer! just as easily as they misguide the person acting. We none of us are such as we appear to be according to the conditions for which alone we have consciousness and words, and consequently praise and blame; we misjudge ourselves after these stormier outbursts which become known to us alone; we draw a conclusion from a material, wherein the exceptions outweigh the rule; we mistake ourselves in reading these to all appearances most intelligible characters of our own. But our opinion of ourselves, the so-called "*ego*," which we discovered by this wrong method, henceforth becomes a fellow-architect of our character and faith.

116

The unknown world of the subject.—What men from the remotest times down to the present day have found so hard to understand is their ignorance of themselves; not only with regard to good and evil, but with regard to something much more essential. Still that most ancient of delusions lives on, that we know, precisely know in each case, how human action is brought about. Not only "God who looks into the heart," not only the doer who premeditates his deed—no, not anybody else even entertains any doubt as to his grasping the essential part in the proceedings of another person's actions. "I know what I want, what I have done; I am free and responsible for my action, I make the other

responsible; I can mention by name all moral possibilities and all internal emotions preceding an action; you may act as you like in this matter—I understand myself and you all!”—so everybody of old used to think, so almost everybody thinks even now. Socrates and Plato, great doubters and admirable innovators on this head, yet were naïve believers in regard to that most fatal prejudice, that most profound mistake, that “the right knowledge must necessarily be followed up by the right action.” With regard to this principle they still were the heirs of the universal madness and presumption which believes in the existence of knowledge and the essence of an action. “It would, truly, be terrible if the insight into the essence of the right action were not to be followed up by the right action itself,” is the only explanation which these great men deemed needful in proof of this idea; to them the contrary seemed out of the question and harebrained, and yet this contrary is the bare truth itself which, from times immemorial, has been proved daily and hourly. Is it not a very “terrible” truth that, whatever we may know of an action in general, it never suffices for accomplishing it; that the bridge between knowledge and action has never yet been constructed in one single instance? The actions are never such as they appear to us. We have been at such pains to learn that things external are not such as they appear to us—very well, the same may be asserted with regard to the things internal. The

moral actions are, in reality, something "different," we cannot say more, and all actions are essentially inscrutable. The contrary has been and is the general belief: we have the most ancient realism arrayed against us. Hitherto mankind were wont to think, "An action is such as it appears to us." (In re-reading these words, a very emphatic passage of Schopenhauer occurs to my mind, which I will adduce as a proof that even he, without any scruple whatever, adhered and continued to adhere to this moral realism: Each one of us is really a competent and perfect moral judge, with a thorough knowledge of good and evil, holy in loving the good and despising evil—all this applies to everybody, in as far as not his own actions but those of others have to be examined, and he has only to approve and disapprove, while the burden of the achievement is laid on other shoulders. Hence everybody is perfectly justified, as confessor, to take the place of God.")

117

In prison.—My eye, however strong and weak it may be, only encompasses a certain distance, and within this distance I move and live; this horizontal line is my immediate greater and lesser fate, from which I cannot escape. Thus round every being a concentric circle is drawn, which has a centre and which is peculiar to him. In a similar way our ear encloses us

in a small space, and so does our touch. By these horizons, wherein our senses are confined as in prison-walls, we measure the world, calling one thing near and another far off, one thing large and another small, one thing hard and another soft: this measuring we call feeling—it is all, in itself, an error! According to the number of experiences and excitements which we may possibly experience during a certain period, we value our lives as short or long, poor or rich, full or void: and in correspondence to the average human life we value that of all other beings—all this is an error in itself! Were our eyes a hundred times quicker with regard to our surroundings, human beings would appear enormously tall to us; nay, we might conceive senses by which mortals might be felt to be of immeasurable size. On the other hand, organs could be imagined such as to allow whole solar systems to be viewed as if contracted and closely packed together like a single cell: and to beings of the opposite order, one cell of the human body might present itself as a solar system in motion, construction, and harmony. The habits of our senses have plunged us into the lies and deceptions of feeling: these, again, are the foundations of all our judgments and “knowledge,” there is no escape whatever, no back-way or by-way into the real world. We spiders are caught in our own nets, and whatever we may catch in them, we cannot catch anything but what allows itself to be caught in our net.

118

What then is our neighbour?—What then do we conceive to be the limits of our neighbour, I mean that whereby he, so to speak, engraves and impresses himself on us? We know nothing of him but the changes wrought in us by him,—our knowledge of him is like a hollow, moulded space. We impute to him the sensations which his actions arouse in us, thus giving him a false, inverted positivity. According to our knowledge of ourselves, we form him into a satellite of our own system, and if he shines or grows dark to us, and we are the ultimate cause in either case,—we still believe the contrary! Oh world of phantoms, in which we live! Oh world, dreamt of as full and upright, yet so perverse, topsy-turvy and void!

119

Experience and fiction.—However highly a person may develop his self-knowledge, nothing can be more imperfect than the picture embodying all the cravings that constitute his being. He can only just name the more important ones: their number and power, their flux and reflux, their mutual action and counter-action, and, above all, the laws of their subsistence will remain totally unknown to him. Hence this subsistence becomes a matter of chance: our daily experiences throw out a “*but*” now to the one, then to another of our cravings, and these greedily seize upon it; but the whole coming and

going of these occurrences stands in no rational connection with the required means of subsistence of the total number of cravings : the outcome of which will ever be the starving and spoiling of some, and the surfeit of others. Every moment in the life of a human being causes some polypus-arms of his character to grow, others to wither, in correspondence with the sustenance which the moment may or may not supply. Our experiences, as previously mentioned, are, in this sense, all means of subsistence, but scattered about with a reckless hand, without discriminating between the hungry and the gluttoned ones. In consequence of this accidental sustenance of the parts, the whole full-grown polypus will be something just as accidental as its growth. To express it more clearly, suppose a craving has reached that stage at which it demands gratification,—or exercise of power, or a discharge of the same, or saturation of a vacuum,—all this is metaphorical language,—then it examines every occurrence of the day with a view to its most profitable employment for its own purpose ; whether we may be walking or resting, feeling annoyed or reading, speaking, fighting or exulting, the craving in its thirst watches, so to speak, every condition which we may enter upon and, as a rule, finds nothing for itself and has to wait and go on thirsting : after a little while it grows faint, and after a few more days or months of non-gratification, it withers like a plant without rain. Perhaps this cruelty of chance would even be more strikingly conspicuous if all cravings were as thorough-going as hunger, which does

not content itself with imaginary dishes ; but most of our cravings, especially the so-called moral ones, do so,—if my supposition be permissible, that our dreams, to a certain extent, are able and intended to compensate for that accidental non-appearance of sustenance during the day. Why was yesterday's dream full of tenderness and tears, while that of the preceding day was facetious and wanton, and of a previous one adventurous and engaged in a continued gloomy search ? Why do I, on one, enjoy indescribable raptures of music ; on another, soar and fly up with the fierce delight of an eagle to most distant summits ? These fictions, which give scope and utterance to our cravings for tenderness or merriment, or adventurousness, or to our longing after music or mountains,—and everybody will have striking instances at hand—are interpretations of our nervous irritation during sleep, very free and arbitrary interpretations of the motions of our blood and intestines, of the pressure of the arm and the coverings, of the sounds of the church bells, the weather-cocks, the moths, or other things of the kind. The fact that this text, which, on the whole, remains very much the same for one night as for another, is so differently commented upon, that reason in its poetic efforts, on two successive days, imagines such different causes for the same nervous irritations, may be explained by the prompter of this reason being to-day another than yesterday,—another craving requiring to be gratified, exemplified, practised, refreshed and uttered,—this very one, indeed,

being at its flood-tide, while yesterday another had its turn! Real life has not this freedom of interpretation which dream-life has; it is less poetic, less licentious; but, need I emphasise it, that our cravings, when awake, likewise merely interpret the nervous irritations, and, in correspondence with their requirements, determine their "causes"; that there is no essential difference between waking and dreaming; that even when very different stages of culture are compared, the freedom of conscious interpretation of the one is in no way inferior to the freedom in dreams of the other; that even our moral judgments and valuations are only images and imaginations of a physiological incident unknown to us, a kind of customary language for the designation of certain nervous irritants; that all our so-called consciousness is a more or less fantastical commentary on an unknown text, one perhaps not unknowable, yet felt? Take some trifling incident. Suppose some day we noticed in the market-place a person laughing at us while we are passing: according to the craving which just then predominates in us, this incident will have various meanings to us,—and, according as we are constituted, it will be an altogether different incident. One takes it like a drop of rain; another shakes it off like an insect; a third one will try to pick a quarrel; another examines his garment, whether it may have given rise to derision; another again, in consequence thereof, muses on the ridiculous itself; a third is delighted at having unconsciously added a ray of

mirth and sunshine to the world;—and in each case some craving is gratified, be it that of anger, combativeness, meditation or benevolence. This special craving seized upon the incident as upon its prey; why just this one? Because, pinched with hunger and thirst, it was lying in ambush. The other morning at eleven o'clock, a man suddenly fell down full length immediately in front of me, as if struck by lightning; all the women around shrieked aloud. I raised him to his feet and waited till he had recovered speech—in the meantime not a muscle in my face moved, and no feeling, neither of terror nor of pity, was aroused; but I did the most urgent and reasonable thing, and coolly went my way. Suppose I had been told the previous day that on the following morning, at eleven o'clock, somebody would fall down in front of me in the abovementioned manner,—I should have suffered all sorts of agonies beforehand, not slept all night, and, at the decisive moment, perhaps, followed the man's example, instead of helping him. For in the meantime all possible cravings would have had time to imagine the incident and comment on it. What then are our experiences? Much more that which we transpose into, than that which is contained in them. Or should we say—Nothing in itself is contained therein, experience is a work of fancy?

To ease the mind of the sceptic.—"I do not in the

least know what I am doing! I do not in the least know what I ought to do." You are right, but be sure of this: you are being done every moment! Mankind, at all times, mistook the active for the passive; it is their everlasting grammatical blunder.

121

Cause and effect.—On this mirror—for our intellect is a mirror—something is going on which shows regularity; a certain thing, each time, follows another certain thing. This, if we want to perceive it and give it a name, we call cause and effect. We fools! As if, in this, we understood or could understand anything! For we have seen nothing but the images of "cause and effect." And this very figurativeness makes the insight into a more substantial relation than that of sequence impossible.

122

The purposes in nature.—Any important investigator who devotes his attention to the history of the eye and its formation in the lowest creatures, and shows the whole gradual genesis of the eye, is bound to arrive at the important result that sight was not at first the purpose of the eye, but much more probably asserted itself when chance had composed the apparatus. A single instance of this kind suffices to open our eyes as to the fallacy of "purposes" in nature.

123

Reason.—How did reason come into the world? As is meet, in an irrational way, which we shall have to guess out like a riddle.

124

What is volition?—We laugh at any one who, stepping out of his chamber the very same minute as the sun steps out of his, says, “I wish the sun to rise”; or who, though unable to stop a wheel, says, “I wish it to roll”; or who, when thrown in wrestling, says, “Here I lie; but here I wish to lie!” Yet, despite all mockery, do we not act exactly like these three whenever we utter the words “I wish”?

125

Of the realm of freedom.—We can think a great many more things than act and experience—that is, our thinking faculty is superficial and contents itself with the surface; nay, it does not even notice it. If our intellect had been developed in strict proportion to our strength and our exercise of strength, the topmost principle of our thinking would be that we can only understand that which we can do—if there is any understanding at all. The thirsty man is deprived of water, but the creations of his fancy continually produce water before his sight, as if nothing could be more easily procured; the superficial and easily satisfied nature of the intellect cannot grasp

the real distress, and in this it feels its superiority. It is proud of knowing more, of running faster, and of reaching the goal almost instantaneously ; so the realm of thoughts in comparison with the realms of action, of volition, and experience, appears to be a realm of freedom, while, as previously stated, it is but a realm of superficiality and sufficiency.

126

Oblivion.—The existence of oblivion has never been proved. All that we know is that recollection is not within our power. Up to the present we have filled that gap in our power with the word “oblivion,” just as if it were another addition to our list of faculties. But what is within our power? If that word fills up a gap in our power, might not then the other words fill up a gap in the knowledge of our power?

127

For a purpose.—Of all actions those for a purpose are apparently least understood, because they have always been considered as most intelligible and as most commonplace to our consciousness. The great problems are exposed to public view.

128

Dream and responsibility.—You wish to be responsible in everything, except for your dreams. What wretched

weakness, what want of consistent courage ! Nothing is so much your own as your dreams are ! Nothing so much your own work ! Substance, form, duration, actor, spectator, all this you yourself are in these comedies ! Yet in these you are afraid and ashamed of yourselves, and even Œdipus, wise Œdipus, derived comfort from the thought that we cannot be blamed for our dreams. Whence I infer that the great majority of mankind must feel conscious of abominable dreams. Otherwise, how much would these nightly fictions have been exploited in the interest of human arrogance ! Need I add that wise Œdipus was right, that we are really not responsible for our dreams, no more than for our waking hours, and that the doctrine of the free will has for its father and mother human pride and sense of power ? Perhaps I mention this too often, but it at least does not prove it an error.

129

The alleged contest of motives.—We speak of the “contest of motives,” but imply a contest which is *not* the contest of motives. That is, in our meditative consciousness the results of divers actions successively come to the front ; we imagine ourselves capable of accomplishing them all, and compare these results. We imagine that we have decided upon an action, when we have convinced ourselves that its results will be generally auspicious ; before we arrive at this final conclusion we often honestly worry about the great difficulty of guessing the conse-

quences, of seeing them in their full importance, indeed, all of them, without omission ; in which case the number obtained has still to be divided by chance. To mention the principal difficulty : All the results which, singly, can only be anticipated with great trouble, now have to be balanced on the same scales against one another ; and it so often happens that for this casuistry of advantage, owing to the difference in quality of all these possible results, both scales and weights are found wanting. But suppose that even here we were able to get to a satisfactory issue, and that chance had placed in our scales results which admit mutual balancing, we now have indeed in the picture of the results of a certain action a motive for doing this very action—yea, one motive ! But at the moment of our eventual action we are pretty frequently influenced by a set of motives other than those under discussion, that is those of the “ pictorial group of results.” The habitual play of our energy, or a slight encouragement on the part of a person whom we honour, fear, or love ; or love of ease, which prefers to do that which is nearest at hand ; or some excitement of the imagination, caused at the decisive moment by some trivial occurrence ; or physical influence, springing up quite unexpectedly ; or caprice ; or the outburst of some passion which, quite by accident, is ready to burst forth ; in short, motives of which some are not known to us at all, some but very little, and which we can never counterbalance in advance, are the instigators. Probably even among them a contest takes place, a driving

to and fro, a weighing up and down of parts—and this would be the real “contest of motives”—something quite invisible and unknown to us. I have calculated the results and successes, and in so doing placed a very essential motive into the battle-line of the motives, but I am as far from drawing up this battle-line as I am from seeing it; the battle itself is hidden from me, and so is the victory as victory; for I certainly learn to know that which I eventually shall do, but I do not come to know which motive thereby has proved victorious. Yet we are certainly wont not to take all these unknown occurrences into account, and to imagine the preparatory stage of an action only in so far as it is conscious, and so we mistake the contest of the motives for the comparison of the possible results of divers actions—a mistake of most important consequences, and most fatal to the development of morality.

130

Purposes? Will?—We are wont to believe in two realms—in the realm of purposes and volition and that of accidents. In the latter things proceed absurdly, they move, stand, and fall without anybody being able to say why? wherefore? We dread this powerful realm of the great, cosmical stupidity, for, in most cases, we learn to know it as dropping down upon that other world of purposes and intentions, like a brick from the roof, destroying some beautiful purpose of ours. This

belief in the two realms is a very ancient romance and myth: we clever dwarfs, for all our will and our purposes, are molested, run down, and often trampled to death by those stupid, extremely stupid giants, the accidents—but, despite all this, we should not like to be deprived of the awful poetry of this implied in their presence; for these monsters frequently appear when life, in the cobweb of purposes, has become too slow or too anxious, giving a sublime diversion by the fact that for once their hands tear the whole web—not as if these irrational beings had wished to do so or had even noticed it. But their coarse, bony hands run through our web as though it were thin air. The Greeks called this realm of incalculable occurrences and sublime, eternal weak-mindedness, *Moirai*, and placed it round their gods as the horizon beyond which neither their actions nor their eyes could reach: with that secret defiance of the gods which is met with among several nations, in so far as they are worshipped, whilst fate is kept in hand as a last trump against them; when, for instance, Indians and Persians imagine their gods dependent on the sacrifices of mortals, thus giving to mortals the power, if worse came to the worst, to let the gods hunger and starve; or when, as with the hard, melancholy Scandinavian a quiet revenge was enjoyed in the idea of a twilight of the gods to come in retribution of the constant dread which their evil gods caused them. Far otherwise Christianity, with its neither Indian, Persian, Greek, nor Scandinavian

feelings, worshipping in the dust the spirit of power and bidding its disciples kiss the very dust. It gave forth that the omnipotent "realm of stupidity" was not as stupid as it looked, that we, on the contrary, were the stupid ones who did not notice that behind it stood God, who, though addicted to dark, devious and wonderful ways, yet, in the end, "brings everything to a glorious end." This new myth of God, who hitherto had been mistaken as a race of giants or Moira, and who Himself was the weaver of purposes and webs, finer even than those of our intelligence—so fine as to make them appear unintelligible, nay, unreasonable—this myth was so bold a subversion and so daring a paradox, that the over-refined ancient world could not resist it, however mad and contradictory the matter seemed; for, confidentially speaking, there was a contradiction in it: if our intelligence cannot divine the intelligence and purposes of God, whence did it divine this quality of its intelligence, and this quality of God's intelligence? In more modern times a doubt has, indeed, sprung up, whether the brick, which fell from the roof, was really thrown down by "divine love"—and men again begin to fall back upon the old romance of giants and dwarfs. Let us then learn, for it is high time, that even in our presumed separate realm of purposes and reason the giants are the rulers. And our purposes and reason are not dwarfs but giants. And our own webs are as often and as clumsily broken by ourselves as by the brick! And not

everything is purpose which is so called, and much less is everything volition which is called volition! And if you arrive at the conclusion: "Then there is only one realm, that of accidents and stupidity!" we must add: well, perhaps there is but one realm, perhaps there is neither a volition nor purposes, and we have only imagined them. Those iron hands of necessity, which shake the dice-box of chance, continue their game for an infinite period: there must be throws which appear perfectly similar to expediency and rationality of every grade. Perhaps our voluntary acts and purposes are but such throws, and we are only too narrow-minded and too vain to perceive our utter weakness of intellect: which makes us shake the dice-box with iron hands, and do nothing in our most intentional actions but play ourselves the game of necessity. Perhaps! To get over this "Perhaps" we ought, indeed, to have been guests of the Nether-world and of those regions beyond all surfaces, playing at dice and betting with Persephone at the goddess' own board.

131

The moral fashions.—How the general moral judgments have shifted! Those greatest marvels of ancient morality, Epictetus, for instance, knew nothing of the glorification, so usual now, of taking thought for others, of living for others; according to our moral fashion, we ought really to call them immoral, for with every

means in their power, they fought for their ego and against all sympathy for others (especially for their sufferings and moral imperfections). Perhaps they would answer us: "If you feel yourselves such dull or plain objects, think of others more than of yourselves. You will do the right thing!"

132

Christianity dying away in morality.—"On n'est bon que par la pitié: il faut donc qu'il y ait quelque pitié dans tous nos sentiments"—so preaches morality in our days. And whence comes this? That sympathetic, disinterested, benevolent, social actions are now felt to be characteristics of the moral man—nay, perhaps be the most universal effect and change of tone which Christianity has brought about in Europe, though this has been neither its intention nor its doctrine. But it was the residuum of Christian moods, when the very contrary, utterly selfish faith in the "One thing is needful," that is, the absolute importance of the eternal, personal salvation, together with the dogmas on which it rested, had gradually receded, and the accompanying belief in "love" and "charity," in accordance with the enormous practice of the Church, was thereby pushed into the foreground. The further the dogmas were departed from, the more a justification for this departure was aimed at in a cult of philanthropy: not to fall short of the Christian ideal in this point, but, if possible, to excel

it, was a secret stimulus to all French free-thinkers from Voltaire down to Auguste Comte; and the latter, with his famous moral formula of "*vivre pour autrui*" has indeed outchristianed Christianity! The doctrine of sympathetic affections and of the pity or utility of others, as the principle of action, has gained its greatest fame in Germany through Schopenhauer, in England through John Stuart Mill: but they themselves were only echoes—from about the time of the French revolution, these doctrines have, with an enormous motor force, sprung up everywhere in the coarsest as well as the subtlest forms, and all socialistic principles involuntarily, as it were, took their stand on the common ground of this doctrine. Perhaps in our days no prejudice is more implicitly believed in than that we know what really constitutes morality. It seems that now everybody is pleased to hear that society is about to adapt the individual to the general requirements, and that the happiness and, at the same time, the sacrifice of the individual consists in feeling himself as a useful member and instrument of the whole: we have only our lingering doubts as to where to look for this whole; whether in an existing State or in one yet to be founded, or in the nation, or in an international brotherhood, or in small, new, economic communities. A great deal of meditation, doubt, fighting, much excitement and passion, are just now being exhibited on this head; but wonderful and pleasant is the unanimity with which the "*ego*" is requested to practise self-

denial, until, in form of adaptation to the whole, it again obtains its fixed sphere of rights and duties, until it has become something altogether new and different. Nothing less is aimed at—whether admitted or not—than thorough transformation, nay, weakening and abrogation of the individual: there is an unceasing enumeration and accusing of all the wickedness and offensiveness, the lavishness, expense, and luxury of the traditional aspect of individual existence; it is hoped that everything may be managed in a cheaper, less dangerous, more uniform, and harmonious way, provided only that there are nothing but large bodies and their members. Everything which in any way corresponds to this all-productive craving and its subsidiary cravings, is considered as good—this is the moral ground-current of our age; sympathy and social feeling play into each other's hands. (Kant is still outside this movement: he expressly teaches that we ought to be callous to other people's suffering, if our beneficence is to have moral value—a precept which Schopenhauer, as may easily be understood, angrily calls Kant's absurdity.)

133

To cease thinking of oneself.—Let us thoroughly revolve in our minds the reason why we jump after a person who, before our eyes, falls into the water, though we do not in the least care for him. For pity's sake we only think of him—so says thoughtlessness.

Why do we feel pain and discomfort about somebody spitting blood, though we may be adversely and ill-disposed towards him? From pity; we cease to think of ourselves,—so says again thoughtlessness. The truth is: in our pity—I mean to say in that which, in a misleading way, is usually called pity—we indeed think, not consciously but unconsciously, and very strongly, just as when slipping, we, unconsciously to ourselves, make the most efficient counter-motions, and in so doing evidently use our full mental powers. The mischance of another offends us; it would convict us of our impotence, perhaps of our cowardice, if we did not afford relief to it. Or it produces in itself a diminution of our honour in the eyes of others and of ourselves. Or an intimation of danger to us lurks in the stranger's mischance and suffering; and even as general tokens of human peril and frailty they are capable of painfully affecting us. We repel this kind of pain and offence, requiting it by an act of pity, behind which a subtle self-defence or even revenge may be hidden. The fact that, in the main, we strongly think of ourselves, may be guessed from the decision which we come to in all cases where we can avoid the sight of the suffering, starving, wailing ones; we decide on the opposite course whenever we can approach them as the more powerful, helpful ones; when we are sure of approbation, or wish to feel the contrast of our happiness, or hope to shake off our dulness by the sight. It is misleading to call the

misery, which is inflicted on us by such a sight and which may be of a very different kind, commiseration, for it is certainly a misery from which the suffering one before us is free: it is our own, as his suffering is his own. But it is only this personal feeling of misery which we shake off through deeds of commiseration. Yet we never do anything of the kind from one single motive; as surely as we wish thereby to free ourselves from suffering, so surely do we, by the same action, yield to an impulse of pleasure—pleasure arising at the sight of a contrast to our condition; at the consciousness of being able to help if only we would do so; at the thought of praise and gratitude in case we should help; at the very act of help, in so far as it may prove successful, and as something gradually successful gives pleasure to the performer; but, above all, in the sensation that our action sets limits to a shocking injustice (the very outburst of one's indignation is refreshing). All these, and a few other things of far greater subtlety, constitute "commiseration." How clumsily does language with its one word come down upon such a polyphonous being! That commiseration, on the other hand, is of one kind with the suffering at the sight of which it springs up, or that it has a specially acute, penetrating perception for it, is contradictory to experience, and he who has glorified it in these two connections was lacking sufficient experience in this very sphere. This is my way of doubting all those incredible things which Schopenhauer

attributes to commiseration: he, who would thereby make us believe in his great announcement that pity—the very pity so imperfectly observed and so badly described by him—is the source of all and every former and future moral action, for the very sake of those faculties which he had erroneously imputed to it. What is it really that distinguishes people without compassion from the compassionate ones? Above all, to give but a rough sketch, they have not the susceptible imagination of fear, the nice faculty for scenting danger; neither is their vanity so easily offended if something should happen which they might prevent (their cautious pride bids them not meddle uselessly with other people's affairs; nay, they cling to the belief that everybody should help himself and play his own cards). Besides they are, in most cases, more hardened to the enduring of pain than the compassionate ones; it, therefore, does not seem so very unfair to them, since they have suffered, that others should suffer. Lastly, the state of soft-heartedness to them is as painful as the state of stoic equanimity to the compassionate; they bestow on it words of depreciation and think their manliness and cold valour thereby endangered, they conceal the tear from others and wipe it off, full of anger with themselves. Their selfishness differs from that of the compassionate; but to call them, in the highest sense, evil, and the compassionate ones good, is nothing but a moral fashion, which is having its run, as the reverse fashion had its run, and a long run too.

In how far we have to beware of pity.—Pity, in so far as it really causes suffering—and this shall here be our only point of view—is a weakness like every other indulgence in an injurious passion. It increases the world's suffering: though now and then some suffering may be indirectly diminished or relieved in consequence of pity, we must not adduce these occasional and on the whole unimportant consequences to justify its nature, which, as already stated, is injurious. Suppose that it prevailed for only one day, would not humanity be brought to ruin by it? In itself it has no better character than any other craving; only where it is required and praised, and this happens when we do not understand its injurious side, but discover in it a source of delight, good conscience attaches itself to it; only then we gladly yield to it and are not afraid of its manifestation. Under other circumstances, where it is known to be hurtful, it is considered a weakness, or, as among the Greeks, a morbid, periodical impulse which we may deprive of its jeopardising nature by temporary and arbitrary discharges. Should a person just for once experimentally and intentionally make the occasions for pity in practical life for a while the object of his attention, and again and again picture to his mind all the misery he may meet with in his surroundings, he will assuredly grow ill and despondent. But should he wish to serve mankind in any sense of the word as a

physician, he will have to be very cautious, else it might paralyse him in all critical moments, cramp his knowledge and unnerve his helpful, delicate hand.

135

Being pitied.—Savages feel with a moral shudder when thinking of the possibility of becoming an object of pity, which is the same to them as being bare of all virtue. To bestow pity is tantamount to contempt, they do not want to see a contemptible being suffer, this affords no enjoyment. On the contrary, to see a foe suffer, who was acknowledged their peer in pride and who does not renounce his pride even amid tortures, and any being that refuses to stoop to appeals of mercy, in other words, to the most shameful and degrading abasement, is the enjoyment of enjoyments, which, in the soul of the savage, excites admiration. He finally kills such a brave, where it is in his power, and grants funeral honours to him, the dauntless one: had he wailed, had his countenance lost the expression of cold defiance, had he shown himself contemptible, well, he would have been allowed to live like a dog, he would no longer have stirred the pride of the spectator, and pity would have stepped in the place of admiration.

136

Happiness in pity.—If, with the Indians, the knowledge of human misery be looked upon as the goal of

the whole intellectual activity, and throughout many intellectual generations such a terrible purpose be steadily adhered to: pity, in the eyes of such people of hereditary pessimism, at last assumes a new value as a life-preserving force, to make existence endurable, though it may seem worthy of being thrown away in disgust and horror. Pity becomes the antidote of suicide, as a sensation which causes pleasure, and makes us taste superiority in small doses: it diverts the minds, makes the heart full, banishes fear and torpor, prompts words, complaints and actions; it is, comparatively speaking, a bliss, measured by the misery of the knowledge which, on all sides, hampers and obscures the individual, taking his breath away. But bliss, of whatever kind it may be, affords air, light and free movement.

137

Why double our "ego"?—Viewing our own experiences in the same light in which we are wont to view the experiences of others, is very comforting and an advisable medicine to boot. Conversely, to look upon and take the experiences of others, as if they were our own, the requisition of a philosophy of compassion, would ruin us, and in a very short time too; let us but make an experiment instead of leaving everything to our imagination! Besides, the former maxim is certainly more in accordance with reason and goodwill

towards rationality; for we judge more objectively the value and significance of an occurrence, which happens to others and not to ourselves; the value, for instance, of a case of death, some money-loss, slander. Pity as the principle of acting, on the other hand, with its precept—Suffer by another's misfortune, as he himself suffers—would force the ego-point of view with its exaggeration and eccentricity to become the point of view of the other, that is, of the sympathiser as well: so that we should have to suffer both from our own and the other's ego, and should thus voluntarily burden ourselves with a double irrationality instead of making the burden of our own as light as possible.

138

Increase of tenderness.—Whenever we find out that a person whom we love, honour, and admire suffers, which invariably fills us with extreme astonishment, because we cannot but imagine that our happiness, as derived from him, must flow from a superabundant source of personal happiness—our sensations of love, reverence and admiration become essentially modified: they become more tender, that is: the gulf between him and ourselves seems to be bridged over, and an approach to equality to take place. Only then it seems possible that we may requite him the good done to us, whereas, previously, he lived in our imagination as one superior to our gratitude. This capability of requiting

causes us great joy and elevation. We try to divine what may allay his pain, and give it to him; if he wants words of comfort, kind glances, attentions, services, presents, we give them; but above all, if he wishes to see us suffer through his suffering, we feign to be suffering; yet, in all this, we feel the enjoyment of active gratitude: which, in short, is *kind* revenge. If he neither wants nor accepts anything from us, we depart chilled and sad, almost grieved: it seems as though our gratitude were declined—on this point of honour even the kindest will be a stickler. From all this it follows that, even in the most favourable case, there is something degrading in suffering and something elevating and superior in sympathy; which fact, in all eternity, will separate the two sensations.

139

Nominally higher.—You assert that the moral of pity has a greater power than that of stoicism? Prove it! but mind, do not measure the “higher” and “lower” standard in morality by moral yards: for there are no absolute morals. Hence take the yard measures from elsewhere and—be on your guard!

140

Praise and blame.—After an unsuccessful war we always look for the person who is to “blame” for the

war; after a successful one we praise its originator. In cases of ill-success, an attempt is always made to fasten the blame on somebody; for non-success always causes dejection of spirit, the sole remedy against which is spontaneously applied by a new incitement of the sense of power—that is, by the condemnation of the “guilty one.” The culprit is not indeed the scape-goat of the other: he is the victim of the weak, humiliated, depressed ones, who are eager to convince themselves by every means in their power that they still have some power left. Self-condemnation may likewise be a means of restoring, after a defeat, the sensation of strength. Contrariwise, the glorification of the originator is often an equally blind result of another craving, which wants to seize upon its victim—this time the sacrifice to the very victim has a sweet and inviting odour—for, when the sense of power in a nation or a society is surfeited by a great and fascinating success, and a weariness of victory has set in, pride is, to some extent, cast aside; the sense of devotion springs up and looks out for an object. Whether we are blamed or praised, we usually afford the opportunity, and too often are snatched up and eagerly dragged in by our neighbours, for the purpose of giving an outlet to their pent-up feelings of reproach or praise; in both cases we confer a benefit upon them, for which we deserve no praise and they have no thanks.

141

More beautiful, but less valuable.—Picturesque morality: such is the morality of high-aspiring passions and abrupt transitions, of pathetic, impressive, awful, solemn gestures and sounds. It is the semi-savage stage of morality: let us not be induced by its æsthetic charms to assign it a higher rank.

142

Sympathy.—In order to understand another person, that is, to reproduce his feeling in ourselves, we often, indeed, sound his feelings to their very depths, by asking ourselves, for instance: Why is he grieved? and then, in our turn, feeling grieved for the same reason; but as a rule we abstain from so doing and produce in ourselves the feeling according to the effects which it exhibits in the other person, by copying in our own persons the expression of his eyes, his voice, gait, attitude (or even their image in words, picture, music) to a slight resemblance at least of the play of the muscles and the nerves. A similar feeling will thereupon arise in us, in consequence of an old association of movement and sentiment, which is trained to move backwards and forwards. We have very highly developed this art of fathoming the feelings of others, and, in the presence of a human being, are almost spontaneously and incessantly practising it: one need only

watch the play of features in feminine faces, how they quiver with animation, through the constant imitation and reflection of all that is being experienced round them. But by music more than anything else are we shown what great masters we are in the quick and subtle divination of feelings and in sympathy: for though music be a mere copy of copied feelings, it yet, despite this distance and vagueness, pretty frequently makes us share in these very feelings, so that we grow sad without the slightest occasion for sadness, perfect fools as we are, only because we hear sounds and rhythms which, in some way or other, remind us of the tone and the movement, or only the habits of sorrowful people. There is a tradition of a Danish king who, listening to a singer, was wrought up to such a pitch of warlike enthusiasm by the music that he started up to his feet and killed five persons of his assembled household: there was no war, no enemy; in fact, the very opposite prevailed; yet the force which refers from the feeling to the cause was so strong in the king as to overpower his observation and reason. But such is nearly always the effect of music (provided that it really produces an effect), and we have no need of such very paradoxical cases to become aware of this: the state of feeling into which music throws us, is nearly always contradictory to the appearance of our real state and of reason, which recognises this real state and its causes. If we ask how it has come about that the

imitation of the feeling of others has become so familiar to us, the answer will not be wanting: man, as the most timid of all beings, owing to his subtle and fragile nature, has been tutored by his timidity in that sympathy and ready perception of the feelings of other persons and even animals. Throughout thousands of years, he accustomed himself to see a danger in everything strange and living: at such a sight he immediately copied the expression of the features and attitude, drawing his own conclusion as to the kind of evil intention concealed by them. Man has applied this interpretation of all movements and lineaments as intentions even to the nature of all inanimate things—in the delusion that there exists nothing inanimate: I believe that this is the origin of what we call enjoyment of nature at the sight of heaven, fields, rocks, forests, storm, stars, the sea, a landscape, spring; without the ancient habits of fear which made us view everything in the light of a second, remoter sense, we should now feel no delight in nature, any more than we should rejoice in man and beast without fear, that preceptor of our intellect. Joy and pleasant surprise, finally, the sense of the ridiculous, are the later-born children of sympathy and the much younger brothers and sisters of fear. The faculty of quick perception—which is based on that of quick dissembling—decreases in proud, vain-glorious men and nations, because they have less fear: on the other hand, all species of un-

derstanding and dissimulation are common among timid nations; this is also the true home of all imitative arts and the higher intelligence. If, starting from such a theory of sympathy as previously proposed, I turn my mind to the theory of a mystical process, just now so popular and sanctified, by means of which pity blends two beings into one, and thus enables the one immediately to understand the other; if I bear in mind that so clever a head as Schopenhauer's delighted in such fanciful and frivolous trash, and, in his turn, transferred this delight to clear and half-clear heads: I feel unbounded astonishment and pity. How great must be our delight in inconceivable nonsense! How closely akin to a madman must be a sane man, when he listens to his secret, intellectual desires! Why then, really, did Schopenhauer feel so grateful, so deeply indebted to Kant? The following instance throws an unmistakable light on this "why?" Somebody had expressed an opinion as to how the categorical Imperative of Kant might be deprived of its occultness and be made conceivable. At which Schopenhauer burst into the following words: "A conceivable categorical Imperative! Preposterous idea! Egyptian darkness! Heaven forbid that it should become conceivable! The very fact that there is something inconceivable, that this misery of understanding and its conceptions is limited, conditional, final, deceptive—this certainty is Kant's great gift." Let us consider, whether anybody, who from the

very first feels comforted by the belief in the inconceivability of these things, is honestly bent on gaining an insight into moral things—one who still honestly believes in inspirations from above, in magic and ghostly apparitions and the metaphysical ugliness of the toad.

143

Woe, if this craving should rage!—Suppose the craving for attachment and care for others (the “sympathetic affection”) had double the power it really has, life on earth would be unbearable. Only consider how many foolish things every one is apt to do, each day and hour, out of sheer attachment and care for his own self, and how intolerable he appears in so doing: how, if we were to become to others objects of these same follies and intrusions, with which they have hitherto only pestered themselves. Should we not flee precipitously, as soon as a “neighbour” approached us? And should we not apply to the sympathetic affection as foul names as those which we now apply to selfishness?

144

Closing the ears to misery.—If we allow the misery and sufferings of other mortals to cast a gloom upon us and to cloud our own sky—who then has to bear the consequences of this gloom? Surely those other same mortals, besides all their other burdens. We cannot afford them either aid or comfort by trying to

be the echoes of their misery, nay, if we only open our ears continuously to this misery—unless we had learnt the art of the Olympians, viz., instead of making ourselves unhappy, to feel edified by the misfortune of mankind. But this is somewhat too Olympian for us: though, through the enjoyment of tragedy, we have already taken a step towards this ideal, divine cannibalism.

145

Unselfish.—One person may be empty and wanting to be sated; the other may be gluttoned and wishing to be unburdened—both are prompted to look for an individual that may serve their purposes. And this process, as understood in its highest sense, is, in both instances, denoted by the same word: Love—well? should love be something unselfish?

146

Even across our neighbour.—How? Should the nature of true morality be this, that, after considering the most direct and immediate consequences which our actions would have for another person, we bend our purpose accordingly? These are but narrow-minded and petty morals, though morals they may be: but it seems to me a loftier and more liberal view to glance aside from these immediate effects upon others and, under circumstances, to further even more distant purposes by the sorrow of others—so, for instance, when we promote

knowledge, despite the certainty that first and immediately our freethinking will plunge them into doubt, grief and worse afflictions. May we not at least deal with our neighbour just as we deal with ourselves? And if, with regard to ourselves, we have no such narrow-minded and petty view on the immediate consequences and sufferings, why should we entertain it with regard to him? Suppose we had a mind to sacrifice ourselves: what would prevent us from sacrificing our neighbour along with ourselves?—just as all along States and princes have sacrificed one citizen to the other “for the sake of the general interests,” they say. But we too have general, and perhaps more general interests: why then should a few individuals of the present generation not be sacrificed for the good of future generations? Their grief, anxiety, despair, blunders, and distress may be deemed indispensable, while a new ploughshare breaks up the ground and makes it fertile for all. Finally: we communicate the same principles to our neighbour, in which he himself may feel as the victim; we persuade him to do the task for which we employ him. Are we then void of pity? But though we may wish to conquer our pity in spite of ourselves, is not this a loftier and more liberal attitude and spirit than that one in which we feel safe after having found out whether an action benefits or hurts our neighbour? On the contrary, by means of the sacrifice—in which both we and our neighbours are

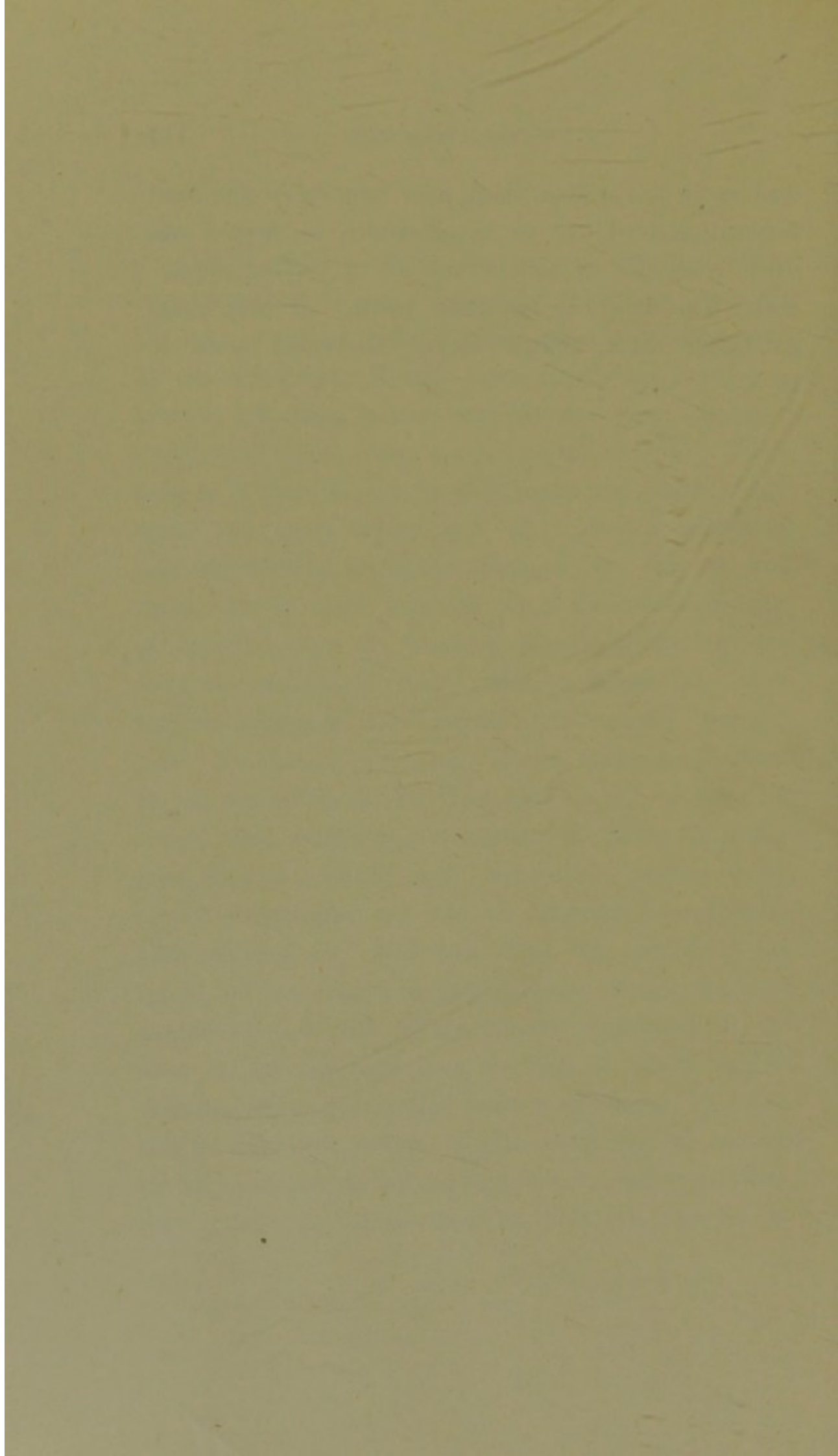
included—we should strengthen and raise the general feeling of human power, though we might not attain more. But even this would be a positive increase of happiness. Then, if this even—but no more! One glance suffices, you have understood.

147

Cause of "altruism."—Broadly speaking, human language has so emphasised and idolised love, for the sole reason that mankind has enjoyed so little of it and never been allowed its fill of this food: which thus became our "ambrosia."^s Let a poet for once show, in the picture of a Utopia, the existence of universal philanthropy: he surely will have to describe a grievous and ridiculous state, the like of which the earth has never seen—everybody worshipped, bored and sighed for, not only by one lover, but by thousands of lovers, nay, by everybody, owing to an indomitable craving, which will then be as fiercely insulted and cursed as selfishness has been by ancient humanity; and the poets of that state, if we grant them leisure for their compositions, will be dreaming of nothing but the blissful, loveless past, the divine selfishness, the solitude, once upon a time still possible on earth, seclusion, unpopularity, odiousness, contempt, and by whatever name we may denote the utter baseness of the animal world wherein we live.

Future outlook.—If, as the current definition runs, only those actions are moral which have been done for the sake of others, and for their sakes only—there *are* no moral actions! If only those actions are moral—as another definition declares—which are done spontaneously, then again there are no moral actions! What then is it that we call by this name and which surely exists and needs explaining? They are the results of some intellectual blunders. Suppose we were to free ourselves from these mistakes, what then would become of “moral actions”? Owing to these blunders we were wont to attribute to some actions a higher value than they really possess: we separated them from the “selfish” and “involuntary” actions. If we again range them among the latter, as we shall have to do, we certainly reduce their value (their own estimate) below its proper level, because “selfish” and “involuntary” actions, owing to that alleged great and intrinsic difference, have hitherto been undervalued. Will then these very actions, in the future, be less frequently accomplished because they are henceforth to be less highly valued? Inevitably so! at least for a pretty long time, as long as the balance of valuation drops below the reaction of former mistakes. But in return we restore to men their cheerful courage for such actions as are reputed selfish, and re-establish their value—we relieve them of their evil consciences.

And as up to our time these have been by far the most frequent, and will be so in all future, we deprive the whole conception of actions and life of its evil appearance. This is a very important result. If man would no longer think himself wicked, he would cease to be so.



THIRD BOOK



Small inconventionalities are needed.—Acting sometimes against our better insight in matters of custom, yielding in practice whilst reserving our intellectual freedom, doing like everybody else, and thereby showing consideration and kindness to all, as a compensation, so to speak, for what may be unconventional in our opinions,—all this is looked upon by many tolerably free-minded people not only as safe, but even as “honourable,” “humane,” tolerant,” “unpedantic,” and whatever else may be the beautiful words by which the intellectual conscience is lulled to sleep. So one person, though an atheist, brings his child to Christian baptism; another serves in the army, though he severely condemns the hatred of nations; a third accompanies his little wife, because she is of pious parentage, to church, and unblushingly makes vows to the priest. (“What does it matter if we do what everybody always has done and will do?” asserts blind prejudice.) What a great mistake! For nothing matters more than that a strong, old-established and irrationally recognised custom be once more confirmed through the action of one recognised as reasonable. To

all who hear of it, it is tantamount to being sanctioned by reason itself. All due honour to your opinions! But small unconventionalities are of greater value.

150

The accidentality of matrimony—Were I a god, and a well-meaning one, the marriages of people would annoy me more than anything else. Very far indeed may an individual progress in the seventy, nay, thirty years of his life,—so far as to appear marvellous even to the gods. But when we see him hang up the inheritance and fruit of his struggles and victory, the laurel-wreath of his humanity on the very first pillar where a wife may pick it to pieces; when we see how much better he understands acquisition than preservation, nay, how little he is aware that by procreation he might bring forth an even more victorious life: we, indeed, grow impatient, saying to ourselves, “Nothing in the long run will come of humanity, the individuals are wasted, the accidentality of marriage makes every reasonable and great course of humanity impossible;—let us cease being eager spectators and fools of this play without a purpose!” In this mood once, long ago, the gods of Epicurus withdrew to their heavenly seclusion and bliss: they were weary of men and men’s love affairs.”

151

New ideals to be invented.—While in love we ought not to be permitted to decide about our own lives, or to

settle once for all the character of our companionship : we ought publicly to disavow the vows of lovers, and refuse matrimony to them, for the very reason that we ought to treat matrimony in a far more serious light ; so that in the very cases in which it has hitherto been contracted, it would usually forsooth not be contracted. Are not most marriages such that a third person, as witness, seems an undesirable interloper ? And just this third is hardly ever wanting,—it is the child, the witness, nay more, the scapegoat of matrimony.

152

Formula of oath.—“ If I am telling a lie, I will no longer claim the title of an honourable man, and everybody may tell me so to my face.” This formula I should recommend in place of the judicial oath and usual invocation of God : it is stronger. There is no reason for the pious even to oppose it : for as soon as the customary oath will begin to lack in adequate usefulness, the pious will have to consult their catechism, which prescribes—“ Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.”

153

A malcontent.—This is one of the ancient “ braves ” ; he is angry at civilisation, because he believes that it aims at making all good things—honours, treasures, fair women,—accessible even to cowards.

154

Comfort in a life of peril.—The Greeks, in a life which was surrounded by great dangers and upheavals, sought a feeling of safety and last refuge in meditation and knowledge. We, in a state of unparalleled safety, have introduced insecurity into meditation and knowledge, and seek ease in the struggles of life.

155

Extinct scepticism.—Bold enterprises are rarer in modern times than they were in antiquity and the middle ages,—probably because moderns no longer believe in omens, oracles, stars and soothsayers. That is, we have become unable to believe in a predestined future, in which the ancients believed, who—in contradistinction to us—were much less sceptic with regard to that which *will be*, than to that which *is*.

156

Evil through wantonness.—"Let us beware of feeling too happy,"—was the secret anxiety of the Greeks in their best time. Hence they preached moderation to themselves. And we?

157

Worship of the natural sounds.—Whither does it point that our culture not only bears with indulgence the

expressions of pains, the tears, complaints, reproaches, the gestures of rage or of humiliation, but even sanctions them and reckons them among the nobler necessities—whereas the spirit of ancient philosophy scornfully looked down upon them, without admitting this necessity at all. Let us recall to our minds how Plato—not one of the most inhuman philosophers—speaks of the Philoctetus of the tragical stage. Is our modern culture perhaps wanting in “philosophy”? Are we, all of us, perhaps only what those ancient philosophers would call a “mob”?

158

Where flattery grows.—In the present time fawning flatterers must not be sought at the courts of princes,—these have all inbibed a military taste, which is opposed to flattery. But it is around bankers and artists that this plant may be found to grow even now.

159

The resuscitators.—Vain people value the past more highly as soon as they are able to reproduce it (especially if this be difficult); nay, they wish if possible to raise it from the dead. But as there are always innumerable vain people, the danger of historical studies, if pursued by a whole age, is indeed not small: too much strength is wasted on all possible resuscitations. Perhaps the whole romantic movement is best understood from this point of view.

160

Vain, covetous and hardly wise.—Your desires surpass your reason, and your vanity even surpasses your desires,—to such people as you are a good deal of Christian practice and a little of Schopenhauer's theory would be an excellent prescription.

161

Beauty correspondent to the century.—If our sculptors, painters and musicians would hit off the spirit of the age, they ought to represent beauty as bloated, gigantic and nervous, just as the Greeks, under the spell of their law of moderation, saw and formed beauty in the shape of Apollo of Belvedere. We really ought to call him ugly! But the absurd classicists have deprived us of all honesty.

162

The irony of the present age.—In our days Europeans have contracted the habit of treating all matters of great interest with irony, because, through our activity in their service, we have no time for dealing seriously with them.

163

Rousseau rebutted.—It is true that there is something wretched about our civilisation; we are at liberty to infer with Rousseau "this wretched civilisation is to blame for our *bad* morality," or to infer in a sense opposed to

Rousseau's "our *good* morality is to blame for this wretched civilisation." Our weak, unmanly social conceptions of good and evil, and their enormous ascendancy over body and mind, have at last weakened all bodies and minds and crushed all self-reliant, independent, unprejudiced people, the pillars of a strong civilisation. Wherever we still meet with bad morality, we see the last crumbling debris of these pillars. Thus let paradox fight against paradox! It is impossible that truth should be on both sides: is it really on either side? Examine for yourselves.

164

Perhaps premature.—Amid all sorts of false, misleading names, and, in most cases, amid great uncertainty, those who do not stand committed by the existing customs and laws are now apparently making their first attempts towards organising themselves and thereby securing a right for themselves, whereas hitherto they had lived as ill-famed criminals, free-thinkers, immoral folk, evil-doers, under the ban of outlawry and bad conscience, being both corrupted and corrupting. This we ought to consider, on the whole, fair and right, though it may bring danger to the coming century and make everybody shoulder arms; if only it will create a counterforce, constantly reminding us that there is no monopoly of morals, and that every morality which exclusively asserts itself destroys too much good strength and is too dearly bought by man-

kind. The straying ones, who so often are the inventive and productive ones, shall no longer be sacrificed; it shall not even be deemed a disgrace to stray from morals either in deeds or thoughts; numerous new experiments shall be made in matters of life and society; an enormous incubus of bad conscience shall be removed from the world—these are the general aims which ought to be recognised and furthered by all honest and truth-seeking people.

165

The morality which does not weary.—The chief moral commandments which a nation allows its teachers and preachers again and again to insist upon, are proportionate to its principal errors, and, therefore, not wearying. The Greeks who, but too frequently, set aside their moderation, cool courage, fairmindedness, and rationality, generally speaking, willingly welcomed the four Socratic virtues—for they were sorely in need of them, and, indeed, had very little talent for them.

166

At the crossing of the roads.—For shame! you want to adopt a system in which you must either be a wheel in the fullest sense of the word, or be crushed by the wheels; in which it is a matter of course that everybody is that to which he was predestined; that the running after “connections” is one of the natural duties; that

nobody feels offended if his attention is drawn to somebody and it is hinted, "Some day he may be of use to you"; that we do not feel ashamed of paying a visit to ask for a person's intercession; that we do not even suspect that, by a spontaneous conformity to such customs, we once for all stamp ourselves as nature's common pottery, which others may use and break without feeling compunctions about it; just as if we said, "There will never be a lack of such people as I am: take me, there, without ado!"

167

Unconditional homage.—When I think of the best-studied German philosopher, the most popular German musician, the most distinguished German statesman, I admit that the Germans—this nation of unconditional feeling—are much imposed upon, and that, too, by their own great men. We see spread out before us a threefold splendid sight: in each case a stream, coursing along its own self-wrought bed, so mightily agitated that often it would seem to flow uphill. And yet, however highly we may cultivate this worship, who would not, in the main, like to differ from Schopenhauer? And who could now side in all greater and lesser matters with Richard Wagner, however true it may be that, as somebody has said, wherever he takes or gives offence, some problem lies buried—which he, however, does not unearth for us? And, last not least, how many would most

willingly be of one mind with Bismarck if only he would always be of one mind with himself, or, at least, endeavour to be so for the future! True, without principles, but with deep-seated impulses, a movable mind in the service of strong, deep-seated impulses, and, for this very reason, without principles—should be anything but startling in a statesman, and should, on the contrary, be considered as the proper and natural thing; but, unfortunately, up to now, it was as decidedly un-German as public excitement about music, and discord and discontent about the musician, or as the new and extraordinary attitude adopted by Schopenhauer, who is neither above the things nor on his knees before the things—either of these might yet have been called German—but against the things. How incredible and disagreeable! To range oneself along with the things and yet oppose them, and, last of all, oneself! What can the unconditional admirer do with such a model? And again, what is he to do with three such models who do not mean to be at peace with one another? Schopenhauer, the antagonist of Wagner's music; Wagner, the antagonist of Bismarck's policy; and Bismarck, the antagonist of all Wagnerism and Schopenhauerism. What are we to do? Where shall we quench our thirst for hero-worship? Might we not, from the music of a composer, select a hundred bars or so of good music, which strike home to the heart, and to which we would cling with affection,

because they have a heart within them—might we not step aside with this small spoil—and forget all the rest? And might we not discover a similar arrangement with regard to the philosopher and statesman, selecting, laying to heart, and, above all, forgetting the rest? If only it were not so difficult to forget! There was once a very proud man, who absolutely refused to accept anything, whether good or evil, from others but himself; when he was in need of forgetting, however, he could not bestow it on himself, and was thrice obliged to conjure up the spirits; they came, they heard his request, and at last they said, “This is the only thing which it is not in our power to give.” Ought not the Germans to profit by Manfred’s experience? Why even conjure up the spirits? It is of no avail; we never forget what we long to forget. And how great would be the “balance of oblivion” which would remain, were we to continue wholesale admirers of these three heroes! Hence it seems more advisable to avail oneself of the good opportunity which offers, and attempt something new, namely, to grow more honest towards our own selves, and to change our credulous authority-worship and fierce, blind animosity into conditional consent and gentle opposition. But first of all let us be taught that an unconditional hero-worship is ridiculous, that a change of conception on this head would not be discreditable even to Germans, and that there is a profound and memorable saying, “Ce qui

importe, ce ne sont point les personnes, mais les choses." This saying is like him who uttered it—great, honest, simple, and tacit, just like Carnot the soldier and republican. But may I at the present moment speak thus of a Frenchman, nay, a republican, to Germans? Perhaps not; perhaps I may not even recall to mind what Niebuhr in his day felt at liberty to say to Germans: that nobody ever made such an impression of true greatness on him as Carnot did.

168

A model.—What do I admire in Thucydides, why do I honour him more highly than Plato? He has the most extensive and most impartial delight in every typical side of men and events, and finds that each type is possessed of a certain amount of good sense, which he tries to discover. He shows greater practical fairness than Plato, he is no reviler or detractor of men whom he dislikes or who have wronged him in life. On the contrary, in seeing but types he, by an effort of imagination, adds something noble to all things and all persons; how could posterity, to whom he dedicates his work, trouble about things not typical. Thus in him, the sketcher of men, that culture of the most unprejudiced knowledge of the world gives forth its last delicious bloom, which found its poet in Sophocles, its statesman in Pericles, its physician in Hippocrates, its natural philosopher in Democritus—that

culture which deserves to be named after its teachers, the Sophists, and which, unfortunately, from that hour of its baptism, at once begins to grow pale and incomprehensible to us, for now we suspect that it must have been a most immoral culture which was opposed by Plato and all the Socratic schools. The truth in this is so twisted and entangled that we feel reluctant to rake it up. Let therefore the old error (*error veritate simplicior*) run its old course.

169

Hellenism foreign to us.—Compared with Greek art, all art, Oriental or modern, Asiatic or European, is remarkable for its imposing effects and the revelling in monumental grandeur as the expression of the sublime; whereas Paestum, Pompeii, Athens, and the whole of Grecian architecture astonish us by the modest structures whereby the Greeks were able and loved to express the sublime. Again, how simple did the people in Greece appear to their own conceptions! How far superior to them are we in the knowledge of man! But how labyrinthal appear our souls and conceptions of the soul in comparison to theirs! If we wished for and ventured upon any architecture corresponding to the constitution of our own souls (we are too cowardly for that), the maze would have to be our pattern. That music alone, which is so peculiar to us, and really expresses us, discloses the truth. (For in music men

throw off their guard in imagining that nobody could see them through the veil of their music.)

170

Another perspective of feeling.—How we jabber about the Greeks! What do we understand of their art, the soul of which is—the passion for naked male beauty! Only from that point of view they appreciated female beauty. Thus they had a perspective thoroughly different from ours. The case was similar with regard to their love for womankind. Their worship was of a different caste, and so was their contempt.

171

Food for the modern man.—He has learnt to digest many things, nay, almost everything—it is his ambition to do so; but he would really be of a higher order if he were less proficient in this art; homopamphagus is not the finest of human species. We live between a past which had a madder and more stubborn taste than we have, and a future which perhaps may have a more select taste—we halt too much midway.

172

Tragedy and music.—Men of a fundamentally warlike disposition, such as were the Greeks in the time of Æschylus, are not easily touched, and when once pity overcomes their hard natures it seizes them like a whirl-

wind and a "demonic power," they feel carried away and thrilled by a religious horror. Afterwards they are sceptical about this state, but as long as they are in it they enjoy the delight of being outside themselves and of the marvellous, mixed with the bitterest worm-wood of suffering; it is the right kind of food for warriors, something rare, dangerous, and bitter-sweet, which does not easily fall to our share. It is to souls capable of feeling pity in such wise that tragedy appeals to hard and warlike souls, which are difficult to conquer, whether through fear or through pity, but which are greatly benefited by an occasional melting: but of what use is tragedy to those who are as open to the "sympathetic affections" as the sails are to the winds? When, in Plato's time, the Athenians had become more soft-hearted and sensitive, oh, how far removed were they still from the gushing emotions of our city-people and townsfolk! Even then philosophers complained of the injuriousness of tragedies. An age of peril such as the one which we are inaugurating, in which valour and manliness are rising in value, may perhaps gradually harden the souls to such a degree that they will again be in need of tragic poets; but, meanwhile, these were—to use the mildest expression—somewhat superfluous. In the same sense, perhaps, also music will see better days (they will certainly be more evil ones!) when artists will have to appeal with their music to strictly personal beings, hearts of oak,

ruled over by the gloomy asperity of their own passion ; but of what advantage is music to the present little souls of the vanishing age, souls too versatile, too little developed, half personal, inquisitive, which hanker after everything ?

173

The panegyrists of work.—In the glorification of work, in the incessant chatter about the “blessings of work,” I discover the same secret thought as in the praise of the benevolent, impersonal actions, namely, the dread of the individual. At the sight of work—which always implies that severe toil from morning till night—we really feel that such work is the best police, that it keeps everybody in bounds, and effectually checks the development of reason, of covetousness, of a desire after independence. For it consumes an enormous amount of nervous force, withdrawing it from reflection, brooding, dreaming, care, love, hatred ; it always dangles a small object before the eye, affording easy and regular gratifications. Thus a society in which hard work is constantly being performed will enjoy greater security, and security is now worshipped as the supreme deity. And now ! Oh horror ! the very “workman” has grown dangerous ! the world is swarming with “dangerous individuals” ! And in their train follows the danger of all dangers—the individual.

174

Moral fashion of a commercial society.—“Moral actions

are the actions of sympathy for others." This principle of the present moral fashion seems to me a social craving of cowardliness which disguises itself in this intellectual manner. This craving considers it its highest, first, and most important aim to free life from all the perils to which it was formerly exposed, and to make everybody, to the best of his ability, aid in this effort; hence only such actions as aim at the common security and sense of security of society deserve the predicate "good." How little can people nowadays rejoice in their own selves if such a tyranny of fear prescribes the highest moral law to them, if they, so yieldingly, allow themselves to be ordered to turn their eyes from above and around themselves, yet to have lynx-eyes for every distress and suffering elsewhere. Are we then, with our gigantic purpose of smoothing away every sharp edge and corner in life, not on a fair way of turning mankind into sand? Small, soft, round, infinite sand! Is this your ideal, ye heralds of "sympathetic affections"? Meanwhile even that question remains unanswered, whether we are of greater use to others by constantly and immediately relieving and helping them—which, at most, can be done only in a very superficial way, so as not to grow into a tyrannical meddling and transforming—or by transforming our own selves into something which the other beholds with pleasure, something that may be likened to a beautiful, quiet, secluded garden protected by high walls against storms and the dust of the highway, but also provided with an open, hospitable gate.

Fundamental notion of a culture of traders.—We may watch the multifarious growth in our days of a social culture the very soul of which is trading, just as personal rivalry was that of the Greeks, and war, victory and law that of the Romans. The trader knows how to estimate anything without making it, and, indeed, to estimate it not according to his own personal requirements, but to those of the consumers. “Who and how many will consume this?” is his question of questions. This type of estimation he now instinctively and constantly applies to everything, including the productions of art and science, of thinkers, scholars, artists, statesmen, nations and parties, in fact of the entire age; in connection with everything produced he inquires into supply and demand in order to fix the value of a thing. This, when once it has become the character of a whole culture, being worked out in the minutest and nicest details, and stamped on every volition and faculty, will be *the* thing that ye people of the century to come will be proud of, provided the prophets of the commercial class are right in making the century over to you. But I have little faith in these prophets. *Credat Judæus Apella*—to speak with Horace.

The criticism on the ancestors.—Why do we now forbear the truth about even the most recent past? Because there is always a new generation which feels in

opposition to this past, and enjoys in this criticism the firstfruit of the sense of power. Formerly the new generation, on the contrary, wished to build upon the older one, and began to feel its power in not only adopting paternal views, but as far as possible tightening the bonds of observance. Criticism on the ancestors was at that time considered wicked ; in our days the younger idealists make it their starting-point.

177

To learn solitude.—Oh ye poor fellows in the large cities of the world's politics, ye young and gifted men, who, tormented by ambition, deem it your duty to give your opinion on every occurrence of the day—something always occurs ; who, by thus raising up dust and noise, mistake yourselves for the rolling chariot of history ; who, because you always listen, are always on the look-out for the moment when you may put in a word or two, and thereby lose all true productiveness. However desirous you may be of doing great deeds, the deep silence of pregnancy never comes to you ! The event of the day sweeps you along like chaff, while you fancy that you are chasing the events—poor fellows ! If you wish to pose as heroes on the stage, you must not think of forming the chorus, nay, not even know how the chorus is formed.

178

The daily wear-and-tear.—These young men are

lacking neither character, nor talent, nor industry, but they have never been allowed sufficient leisure to choose their own course ; on the contrary, they have been accustomed from childhood to some one's guidance. At the time when they were ripe to "be sent into the desert," something else was done with them—they were employed, they were estranged from themselves, they were trained to being worn out with the daily toil ; this was imposed as a duty upon them—and now they are neither able nor willing to do without it. The only thing that cannot be denied these poor beasts of burden is their "vacation," as they call it, this ideal of leisure amid an overstrained century, where we may for once be idle, idiotic, and childish to our heart's content.

179

As little of the State as possible.—All the political and economic affairs do not deserve being and having to be dealt with by the most gifted ; such a waste of intellect is really worse than a deficiency of it. They are and will ever be departments of work for lesser heads, and others than the lesser ones should not be at the service of this workshop ; it would be better to let the machinery go to pieces again. But as matters now stand, when not only all believe that every day they have to know all about it, but everybody at all times wishes to be engaged in its service, and, in so doing, neglects his own work, it is a great and ridiculous mania. The price which we thus have to pay

for the "general safety" is far too high, and, what is the maddest thing of all, we effect the very reverse of the general safety, a fact which our own century has undertaken to prove, as though it had never been proved before! Making society safe against thieves and fire, and thoroughly fit for all trade and traffic, and transforming the State in a good and evil sense into a kind of Providence—these are low, moderate, and by no means indispensable aims, which we ought not to strive after with the highest means and instruments in existence—these we ought to reserve for our highest and rarest aims. Our age, however much it may talk about economy, is a lavisher: it lavishes the most precious thing of all—the intellect.

180

Wars.—The great wars of the present times are the results of the study of history.

181

Governing.—Some people govern from a mere passion for governing; others in order not to be governed. To the latter it is only the lesser of two evils.

182

Rough consistency.—People say with great reverence, "He is a character!"—that is, if he shows a rough consistency, though this consistency be obvious even to the dullest eye. But whenever a subtler and deeper

intellect shows consistency in its higher methods, the spectators deny the existence of character. This is why cunning statesmen usually act their comedy under a cloak of rough consistency.

183

The old and the young.—"There is something immoral in Parliaments," so many seem to reason even now, "for there one may have views quite opposed to the government." "We ought unconditionally to adopt that view which the gracious sovereign commands"—this is the eleventh commandment in many an honest, aged brain, especially in the north of Germany. We deride it as an obsolete fashion; but formerly it was the moral law. Perhaps some day the mockers will attack that which is now considered moral among the younger parliamentary generation, namely, the policy of placing party before one's own wisdom, and of answering every question on the public weal in such wise as may fill the sails of party with a favourable gust of wind. "We must take that view of the subject which the position of the party demands," such would be the canon. In the service of morals like these we now meet with every kind of sacrifice, self-effacement, and martyrdom.

184

The State as a production of anarchists.—In countries inhabited by gentle-minded people there may be found even

now plenty of backsliders and unreclaimed ones. For the present they are gathered in larger numbers in the socialist camps than elsewhere. Should it happen that they will have to give laws, we may depend upon it that they will lay themselves in iron chains and practise a savage discipline—they know one another!—and they will submit to these laws in the consciousness of having themselves established them. The sense of power, of *this* power, is too fresh and too delightful for them not to make them suffer anything for its sake.

185

Beggars.—We ought to do away with beggars, for we are sorry both when we relieve them and when we do not relieve them.

186

Business-men.—Your business is your greatest prejudice, it ties you to your loyalty, your society, your inclinations. Diligent in business, but lazy in intellect, content with your inadequacy and with the cloak of duty covering this contentment; so you live, so you like to see your children.

187

Of a possible future.—Can we not imagine an evil-doer denouncing himself, and publicly dictating his own punishment, in the proud consciousness of thus respecting the

law which he himself has established, of exercising his power, the power of the legislator, in punishing himself? He may for once offend, but, by his voluntary punishment, he raises himself above his offence ; he not only wipes out his offence by candour, greatness and calmness, but he adds to it a public benefit. Such would be the criminal of a possible future, if, indeed, we pre-suppose at the same time a future legislation founded on the idea, "I will yield in great things as in small only to that law which I myself have given." How many experiments will yet have to be made ! How many a future will yet have to dawn upon mankind !

188

Stimulants and food.—The nations are so often deceived because they are constantly on the look out for a deceiver, that is, in the form of a stimulating wine for their senses. If they can but have that, they are quite content with inferior bread. They value stimulants more highly than sustenance, this is the bait they will always bite at. What are men, chosen from their midst—though they may be the most practical experts—to them, as compared with the brilliant conquerors or the old and magnificent princely houses. The demagogue at least is obliged to hold out conquests and luxury to them, then perhaps he may encounter faith. They will always obey and more than obey, provided they may at the same time get intoxicated. We may not even offer repose and

pleasure to them without the laurel wreath and its maddening influence. This vulgar taste, which lays more stress upon inebriation than upon sustenance, by no means originated in the lowest social strata ; on the contrary, it was carried and transplanted thither in the past, and is now only more prominent there in its late and luxurious growth ; but its origin is derived from the highest intellects, for it flourished in them for thousands of years. The people are the last virgin soil on which this brilliant weed could thrive. Well, then, should we really entrust politics to them, so that they may have their daily cup of the intoxicating draught ?

189

Haute politique.—However largely the private advantage and vanity—of both individuals and nations—may have influenced the great politics, the most powerful tide which urges them forward is the desire for the sensation of power, bursting forth from inexhaustible wells not only in the souls of princes and rulers, but periodically in an equal measure from among the lowest ranks of the people. The time will come when the masses will be ready to sacrifice their lives, their goods and chattels, their consciences and their virtue, for the purpose of securing that highest of enjoyments and of ruling either in reality or in imagination as a victorious, tyrannical, arbitrary nation over other nations. On these occasions the prodigal, devoted, hopeful, confident, over-

weening, fantastical feelings will spring forth in such abundance as to allow the ambitious or wisely provident prince to rush into a war and to make the good consciences of his people an excuse for his injustice. The great conquerors have always had the pathetic language of virtue on their lips: they always had crowds of people around them, who felt as though in a state of exaltation, and who would not listen to any but the most exalted language. Such is the curious madness of moral judgments! When man feels the sense of power, he feels and calls himself good: and at the very same time others, who have to endure the weight of his power, feel and call him evil! Hesiodus, in the fable of the world's ages, has twice in succession pictured the same age, namely that of the Homeric heroes, and has made two out of one: to those who either were under the terrible iron heel of these adventurous despots or had heard about them from their ancestors, it appeared evil; but the descendants of the knightly races worshipped it in a good old blissful, semi-blissful age. Hence the poet had no alternative but to do as he did—his audience was probably composed of descendants of either race.

190

German culture in the past.—When the Germans began to grow interesting to the other European nations, which is not so very long ago, it was owing to a state

of culture which they now no longer possess, nay, which they have shaken off with a blind zeal, like some disease: and yet they were not able to obtain in exchange anything better than a political and national mania. Thereby they have succeeded in becoming to other nations even more interesting than they formerly were through their culture: may they now feel satisfied! Yet there is no denying that this German culture has fooled Europeans, and that it did not deserve such an interest; much less the imitation and emulation on their part in appropriating it. Let us, just for a moment, turn back to Schiller, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Schleiermacher, Hegel, Schelling; let us peruse their correspondence and mix in the large circle of their followers: what have they in common, which fills us, such as we now are, alternately with nausea and with touching and pitiful emotions? First, the passion for appearing, at any price, morally excited; then the desire for brilliant, feeble, commonplace remarks, and the set purpose of seeing everything (characters, passions, periods, customs) in a more rosy light—alas! “rosy,” according to a bad, vague taste, which nevertheless boasted of Greek origin. It was a soft, good-natured, silver-glittering idealism which, above all, wished to affect noble gestures and noble voices, being both presumptuous and harmless, and sincerely disgusted with the “cold” or “dry” reality, with anatomy, with complete passions, with every kind of philosophical

abstention and scepticism ; but especially with the knowledge of nature in so far as it could not be employed for a religious symbolism. Goethe watched these movements of German culture in his own characteristic fashion, standing by, gently remonstrating, silent, more and more determined in his own better course. Subsequently Schopenhauer watched them—much of the real world and devilry of the world had been revealed to him, and he spoke of it both rudely and enthusiastically : for this devilry has a beauty of its own ! And what was it really that prevented foreigners from either viewing all this in the same light as Goethe or Schopenhauer saw it, or simply shutting their eyes to it ? It was that faint lustre, that mysterious starlight, which formed a halo round this culture. The foreigner said to himself, “ This is very remote to us ; our sight, hearing, understanding, enjoyment and valuing are lost here ; yet, despite all this, they might be stars ! Can the German have secretly discovered some corner of heaven and settled there ? We must try and come nearer to the Germans.” And they came nearer to them ; whereas, not many years later, these selfsame Germans began to divest themselves of this starlight lustre ; they knew but too well that they had not been in heaven—but in a cloud.

Better people.—They tell me that our art appeals to the greedy, insatiable, uncurbed, loathsome, harassed

spirits of the present age, exhibiting to them a picture of bliss, loftiness and unworldliness alongside with that of their own crudeness: that for once they may forget and breathe again, nay, perhaps even derive from that oblivion encouragement towards flight and conversion. Poor artists, with such a public as this, with by-thoughts half of a priestly, half of the mad doctor's type! How much happier was Corneille—"our great Corneille," as Madame de Sévigné exclaims with the accent of a woman in the presence of a true man—how much nobler was his audience, whom he could please with the pictures of chivalrous virtues, strict duty, magnanimous devotion, heroic self-denial! How differently did both he and they love their existence, not issuing from a blind, indomitable "will," which we curse, because we cannot destroy it, but as a state where greatness conjointly with humanity is possible, and where even the severest rigour of form, the submission under a princely or clerical tyranny can neither suppress the pride, chivalry, grace, nor the intellect of all individuals, but, on the contrary, are looked upon as stimuli and incentives for that which contrasts with the inborn self-glorification and distinction, with the inherited power of volition and passion.

192

Wishing for perfect opponents.—We cannot deny that the French have been the most Christian nation in

the world : not because of the faith of their people being greater than elsewhere, but because of the most exalted Christian ideals having been transformed among them into men, instead of merely remaining fanciers, beginnings or faltering measures. Take Pascal, the foremost of Christians in his combination of ardour, intellect and honesty, and consider what combination was needed in his case. Take Fénelon, the perfect and charming embodiment of ecclesiastical culture in all its power : a golden middle-road which a historic writer might feel inclined to prove impossible, whereas, in reality, it was merely something extremely difficult and improbable. Take Madame de Guyon among her fellow-thinkers, the French Quietists : and everything which the zealous eloquence of the apostle Paul has endeavoured to unfathom respecting the state of the most sublime, most loving, most quiet and enraptured semi-divinity of the Christian, has become truth in her and, owing to a true old French naïveté in words and gestures, at once feminine, fine and noble, stripped of that Jewish aggressiveness which Paul showed towards God. Take the founder of the Trappist monasteries, the last person that was genuinely in earnest about the ascetic ideal, not as an exception among Frenchmen, but as a typical Frenchman : for up to this day his gloomy creation has been able to remain indigenous and effective only among the French ; it followed them into Alsace and Algeria. Let us not forget the Huguenots : the combination of a warlike

and industrious mind, of refined manners and Christian severity never appeared in a more beautiful light. At Port Royal the great Christian erudition saw its last era of prosperity: and in France great men know the knack of prospering better than elsewhere. Far from being superficial, a great Frenchman preserves his surface, a natural skin to his real worth and depth—whereas the depth of a great German is usually kept inclosed in an irregularly shaped box, an elixir as it were which tries to protect itself by means of its hard and curious casing, against the light and the intrusion of frivolous hands. And now let us find out why a people prolific in perfect Christian types was bound to produce also the perfect counter types, those of un-Christian free-thought. The French free-thinker individually had always to fight against great men, and not, as the free-thinkers of other nations, against mere dogmas and sublime abortions.

193

Wit and morals.—The German who knows the secret how to be tedious in spite of intellect, knowledge and heart, and who has accustomed himself to consider tediousness as something moral—is in dread lest French wit might put out the eyes of morality, a sensation akin to the dread and delight of the little bird in presence of the rattlesnake. Of all the famous Germans, none perhaps possessed more wit than Hegel—but also he had that remarkable German dread of it, which pro-

duced his curious, bad style. For its nature is a kernel wrapped up so many times that it barely peeps out, bashfully and inquisitively—like “young women peeping through their veils,” to use the words of Æschylus, the ancient mysogenist: but that kernel is a witty, oftentimes indiscreet sally on the most intellectual subjects, a smart, bold compound of words, as befits the society of thinkers as a sweetmeat to science—but wrapped up as it is it presents itself as a very abtruse science and altogether as a highly moral tediousness. There the Germans had found a permissible form of wit, which they enjoyed with such exuberant delight as to baffle Schopenhauer’s excellent understanding—all his lifetime he has thundered against the spectacle which the Germans presented to him, and yet he never was able to account for it.

194

Vanity of the teachers of morals.—The comparatively slight success of the teachers of morals may be accounted for by the fact that they wanted too much at one time, that is, they were too ambitious, and too fond of giving precepts to all. Which means, they roam through boundless regions, delivering speeches to the animals, for the purpose of turning them into human beings: no wonder that the animals should deem this tedious! We ought to select limited circles, seeking and promoting morals on their behalf; we ought to deliver

speeches to the wolves, for instance, in order to turn them into dogs. But the greatest success will befall him who wants to educate neither all nor limited circles, but one individual, and who glances neither to the right nor to the left. The last century excelled ours in that it possessed so many individually educated persons, and as many educators, who had made this their life-task—and who, with it, had found dignity both in their own eyes and in those of the remaining “good society.”

195

The so-called classical education.—We have discovered that our life is consecrated to knowledge, that we should throw it away, nay, that we should have thrown it away, if this consecration did not protect us against our own selves; while we frequently, and not without deep emotion, recite the verse:

“Oh fate, I follow thee! For would I not,
'Spite many a sigh, I *must* comply.”

And then, in looking backwards on the course of life, we also discover that one thing cannot be restored: the wasted years of our youth, when our educators did not employ those ardent, eager years, full of a glowing thirst for knowledge, to lead us to the knowledge of things, but to the so-called classical education! Think of the waste of our youth, when a scanty knowledge of the Greeks and Romans and their languages was clumsily

and painfully drummed into us, contrary to the principle of education—give food only to him who hungers after it; when we had mathematics and physics forced upon us, instead of being first led forth to the despair of ignorance and having our limited everyday life, our transactions and everything happening in the house, the workshop, in the sky and the landscape, from morning till night, dissected into thousands of problems, of harassing, mortifying, irritating problems—in order afterwards to be shown that our desires first of all require a mathematical and mechanical knowledge, and then to be taught the first scientific delight in the absolute logic of this knowledge. If only we had been inspired with reverence for these branches of science, if but once our souls had been made to tremble at the struggles and defeats and the ever-renewed contests of the great, at the martyrdom which is the history of pure science! On the contrary, the breath of a certain irreverence for the true branches of science breathed upon us in favour of history, “formal education” and “classicism.” And we allowed ourselves to be so easily deceived! Formal education! Might we not have pointed to the best teachers of our high-schools, jocosely asking: “Are these then the receptacles of former education? And if they lack it, how are they to teach it?” Classicism, indeed! Did we learn any portion of that in which the ancients used to educate their youth? Did we learn to speak or to write as

they did? Did we unceasingly practise dialectics in rhetorical contests? Did we learn to move as beautifully and proudly as they, to wrestle, to throw, to box as they? Did we learn some of the practical asceticism of all Greek philosophers? Were we trained in a single antique virtue, in the way in which the ancients practised it? Was not all reflection on morals utterly neglected in our education?—how much more its only possible criticism, those earnest and courageous attempts at living according to this or that morality! Did they ever stir up in us any feeling more highly valued by the ancients than by moderns? Did they in an antique spirit disclose to us the divisions of day and life and the goals higher than life? Did we learn the classical languages in the same way in which we learn those of living nations—for the purpose of speaking them fluently and well? Nowhere a real proficiency, genuine ability as the result of toilsome years! Only a knowledge of that which men were proficient in and able to do in times of yore! And what knowledge! As years roll by one thing seems to become more and more evident to me: that all Greek and antique nature, however simple and manifest it appears to our eyes, is very difficult to understand, nay, hardly accessible, and that the conditional ease with which we gabble of the ancients, is either a piece of levity or of the old hereditary conceit of our thoughtlessness. The resemblance of words and notions deceives us: but at the root of them

lies concealed some sensation which must necessarily be strange, unintelligible and painful to modern sensation. Are these intellectual hunting-grounds for boys? To be brief, we hunted in them in our boyhood and there became imbued with an almost inextinguishable dislike for antiquity, the dislike born of an apparently too great intimacy. For the conceit of our classical educators, who fancy that they have gained full possession of the ancients, goes so far as to transfer this conceit on their former pupils, together with a suspicion that such a possession is not fit to make people happy, but is good enough for honest, poor, foolish old bookworms: "May these brood over their treasure; it will be worthy of them!" with this mental reservation we completed our classical education. This cannot be redressed—in us! But let us think of others as well as of ourselves.

196

The most personal questions of truth.—What really is that which I am doing? And what do I want to do with it? This is the question of truth which is excluded from our present syllabus of education and is consequently not asked; we have no time for it. But we have always leisure for playing with children instead of discussing the truth; for complimenting women, who one day will have to be mothers, instead of discussing the truth; for speaking with youths about their future and pleasure, instead of discussing the truth. But what are seventy

years!—they wear on and soon draw to a close; it matters so little whether the wave knows how and whither it is flowing. Nay, it might be wisdom not to know it. “Granted; but it is not proud not even to inquire into it; our culture does not make people proud.” So much the better.—“Really?”

197

Animosity of the Germans against enlightenment.—

Let us consider what the Germans of the earlier portion of our century contributed to the general culture by means of their intellectual work, and take first the German philosophers: they reverted to the first and oldest stage of speculation, for they were satisfied with conceptions instead of explanations, like unto the thinkers of dreamy ages,—thus, a pre-scientific mode of philosophy was resuscitated by them. Secondly, the German historians and romantic poets: their efforts tended towards bringing into vogue old, primitive ideas, and more especially Christianity, folk-thought, folk-lore, folk-speech, mediævality, Oriental asceticism, Indianism. Thirdly, the naturalists: they combated the genius of Newton and Voltaire, and like Goethe and Schopenhauer attempted to re-establish the idea of a deified or diabolised nature and of its average ethical and symbolical meaning. The chief tendency of the Germans was exclusively directed against enlightenment and social revolutions which were blindly mistaken for the consequences of the former: the

piety towards everything in existence tried to dissolve itself into piety towards everything that had existed, for the sole purpose that heart and mind might again be filled and leave no space for future and later aims. The worship of feeling took the place of the worship of reason, and the German musicians, the consummate artists in all that is invisible, fanciful, legendary, malcontent, were more successful in building up the new temple than all the artists in words and thoughts. If we take it into consideration that innumerable good things have been separately uttered and explored, and many things have since been more fairly judged than ever before: there yet remains this to be said of the sum total, that it was a general risk by no means small under the semblance of a full and final knowledge of the past, to place knowledge altogether below feeling, and—by way of using the words of Kant, who thus defined his special task—"again to pave the way for belief by fixing the limits of knowledge." We may again breathe freely: the hour of this danger has passed! And, strange to say, those very spirits which the Germans had so eloquently conjured up, proved in the long run most harmful to the intentions of their conjurors; history, the comprehension of origin and development, the sympathy with the past, the newly stirred up passion of feeling and knowledge, after having been for some time helpmates of the obscuring, vague, retrograde spirit, one day assumed a new nature and are now soaring on outstretched wings past their conjurors,

up on high, as new and stronger genii of that very enlightenment against which they had been raised. This enlightenment we now have to carry onward,—never minding that there has been, nay, that there is still, a “great revolution” and again a great “reaction” against it: these are but playful waves compared to the truly great surge on which we drift and want to drift.

198

How to lend prestige to one's country.—A wealth of great inward experiences and reposeful calm watching over them with an intellectual eye, constitute the men of culture, who lend prestige to their country. In France and Italy this was the task of the nobility; in Germany, where until lately the nobility was generally composed of men who were poor in intellect (which we hope they may soon cease to be), it was the task of the priests, the teachers, and their descendants.

199

We are of nobler minds.—Faithfulness, generosity, great care of one's fair fame—these three qualities, when combined in one mind, we call noble, distinguished, high-minded, and in this we excel the Greeks. We do not want to create the semblance, as though the ancient objects of these virtues (and rightly so) were lowered in estimation, but cautiously to substitute new objects for this precious hereditary craving. In order to understand

why the views of the most distinguished Greeks must necessarily be set down as low and hardly respectable in our age of ever chivalrous and feudal dignity, we must recall to mind the words of comfort wherewith Ulysses soothed his heart in all his ignominious positions: "Forbear, dear heart, forbear! thou hast forborne worse things than these." And let us add, as an application of this mythical example, the story of that Athenian officer who, being threatened with a stick by another officer, in presence of the whole staff, shook off this disgrace with the words: "Strike, but hear me." (This was Themistocles, that ingenious Ulysses of the classical age, who was the very man at that moment of disgrace to send down to his "dear heart" these words of comfort and extremity.) The Greeks were far from making as light of life and death on account of an insult as we, under the influence of inherited chivalrous adventurousness and self-devotion, are wont to do; or from seeking opportunities, as we do in our duels, for risking both in the cause of honour; or from valuing the preservation of a good name (honour) more highly than the acquisition of an evil one if the latter be compatible with fame and the sense of power; or from remaining faithful to the prejudices and the creed of rank, if they could prevent us from becoming tyrants. For this is the ignoble secret of the Greek aristocrat: from sheer jealousy, he considers each one of his peers to be on an equal footing with himself, but is ready, like a tiger, to pounce upon his

prey of absolute rule. What are lies, murder, treason, the selling of his native city to him ! To people of this turn of mind the meaning of justice was extremely difficult to understand, nay, it was looked upon as something incredible ; “ the just ” was tantamount among the Greeks to “ the saint ” among Christians. But when Socrates was so bold as to say, “ The most virtuous man is the happiest,” they did not trust their ears ; they fancied that they heard a madman speak. For to complete the picture of the happiest, every nobleman had in his mind the consummate arbitrariness and mischievousness of the tyrant, who sacrifices everything and everybody to his own presumptuousness and lust. Among people who secretly and gently raved about such happiness, the veneration of the State could, indeed, not be rooted too deeply,—but I think that people whose passion for power does not rage as blindly as did that of the noble-born Greeks, are no longer in need of that idolatry or “ State,” whereby, in times of yore, that passion was kept in check.

200

Endurance of poverty.—There is one great advantage in noble extraction in that it makes poverty more endurable.

201

Future of the nobility.—The demeanour of high-born people indicates that in their bodies the consciousness

of power is constantly playing its fascinating game. Thus people of aristocratic habits, male as well as female, avoid sinking utterly exhausted into a chair; when everybody else makes himself comfortable, in the train, for instance, they avoid reclining; they do not seem to get tired after standing for hours at Court; they do not furnish their houses in a comfortable, but in a spacious and dignified style, as though they were the abodes of greater and taller beings; to a provoking speech they reply with deportment and intellectual clearness, not as if horrified, crushed, abashed, out of breath, after the manner of plebeians. In the same measure as the aristocrat knows how to preserve the appearance of an ever-present great physical strength, he, by keeping up an unchanging serenity and civility of manners, even under trying circumstances, wishes to convey the impression that his soul and intellect are a match to all dangers and surprises. A distinguished nature may, as regards the objects of the passions, be either like a rider, who delights in making a fiery proud animal step the Spanish pace,—we need only think of the age of Louis XIV.,—or like the one who feels his horse dart away under him like an elementary force, on the borders of where horse and rider lose their heads, but who, in the enjoyment of delight, at that very time, keeps a clear head: in both instances the aristocratic culture breathes power, and, though very frequently requiring in its customs only the semblance of a sense of power, the real sense of

ascendancy, owing to the impression which this display makes on the plebeian, and owing to the very sight of this impression, is nevertheless constantly increasing. This indisputable advantage of aristocratic culture, which is based on the consciousness of ascendancy, is now beginning to rise to an ever higher level, it being permissible and no longer disgraceful for people of noble extraction and education to enter the order of knowledge and there to obtain intellectual ordinations, to learn chivalrous services higher than those of previous times and to look up to that ideal of victorious wisdom which never as yet any age has been able to set up with a safe conscience except that age which is just now dawning upon us. Last, not least, what shall henceforth be the occupation of nobility, if it daily grows more evident that it is becoming less and less respectable to dabble in politics?

202

Hygienics.—No sooner had we begun to give proper attention to the physiology of criminals than we already arrived at the unavoidable conclusion that there is no essential difference between criminals and lunatics, provided we believe the usual moral mode of thinking to be that of a healthy intellect. No belief is now so confidently entertained as this one; let us therefore not shrink from drawing our conclusions and treating the criminal like a lunatic: above all, not with arrogant

mercy, but with medical skill and goodwill. He may be in need of a change of air, of new companionship, temporary disappearance, perhaps isolation and a new occupation—very well! Perhaps he himself may find it to his advantage to live for a time in custody, in order thus to find protection against himself and a troublesome, tyrannical craving—very well! We ought quite explicitly to point out to him the possibility of his being cured and the remedies required (the extermination, transformation, sublimation of the aforesaid craving), and also, in the worst case, the improbability of the cure; we ought to offer an opportunity for suicide to the incurable criminal who has become an abomination to himself. While reserving this as an extreme means of relief, we ought not to leave anything unattempted which might restore to the criminal his good courage and equanimity; we ought to wipe remorse off his soul like something unclean, and to throw out suggestions to him as to how to redress and more than balance the harm, which he may have inflicted on one, by benefits bestowed on some one else, nay, perhaps on the community. Do all this with the greatest forbearance! Let him above all remain anonymous or assume an adopted name, and frequently change locality, so that his reputation and future may suffer as little as possible. At present, it is true, the one who has been injured, quite irrespective of any method of redress, wants to have his revenge as well and applies to the courts of justice—which still administer

our abominable penal laws—and cling to their commercial scales and their futile endeavours of counterpoising guilt by punishment: but might we not be able to get a step further? What a relief it would be to the general sensation of life, if, while freeing ourselves from the belief in guilt, we could also shake off the old craving for revenge, and even consider it a noble prudence of the happy ones in conformity with Christian teaching to bless our enemies and to do good to those who have offended us! Let us rid the world of the notion of sin—and banish with it the idea of punishment. May these banished monsters henceforth live far from the abodes of mankind, if, indeed, they want to live and do not perish from disgust with themselves—and do not forget that the loss suffered by society and the individual through criminals is as severe as that which they suffer through the sick: for these spread grief, ill-humour, being unproductive and consuming the earnings of others, at the same time requiring attendants, physicians, amusements, and feeding on the time and strength of the healthy ones. Despite all this we should rightly describe him who, for this reason, would wreak vengeance on the sick, as inhuman. In olden times indeed people were less humane; in crude states of society, and even now among certain savage tribes, the sick are treated as criminals, as a danger to the community, and living abodes of demonic beings embodied in them through some offence committed by them. Here, truly, applies the saying, The sick are the

guilty! And we—are we not ripe yet for an opposite view? Shall we not yet be allowed to say, The guilty are the sick? No, the hour has not yet come. As yet we lack first and foremost those physicians in whose opinion the morals, heretofore called practical, have become an integral portion of their medical art and science; as yet we lack that intense interest in these things which, some day, may perhaps come upon us like the storm and stress of those ancient religious ecstasies; as yet the churches are not in possession of the guardians of health; as yet the precepts, respecting our bodies and our diet, are not among the tenets of all higher and lower schools; as yet we have no private societies of people pledging each other to do without tribunals and the punishment and revenge now meted out to offenders; as yet no thinker has had the courage to adjust the healthfulness of society and individuals to the number of parasites that could be maintained; and as yet there has been no founder of a State who would use the ploughshare in the spirit of that generous and charitable saying, “If thou wilt till the land, till it with the plough; so that the bird and the wolf, walking behind thy plough, may rejoice in thee—may every creature rejoice in thee.”

Against bad diet.—Fie upon the repasts which people nowadays partake of, both in hotels and elsewhere, where the well-to-do classes of society live! Even when

eminent savants meet the same custom which crowds the board of the banker loads their table, on the principle of "By far too much and too many things." The result is that the dinners are prepared with a view to effectiveness rather than effect, and that stimulating drinks are required to aid in removing the heaviness in the stomach and the brain. Fie upon the debauchery and over-nervousness which must needs be the general outcome of this! Fie upon the dreams which must follow! Fie upon the artifices and books which must form the dessert of such repasts! Despite their counter-efforts, in all their doings pepper and contradiction or the weariness of life will prevail! (The wealthy classes in England are sorely in need of their Christianity, in order to endure their indigestions and headaches.) Finally, in order to mention, not only the nauseous, but also the facetious side of the matter, these people are by no means gluttons; our century, with its restless spirit, has greater power over their limbs than their stomach. What then is the purport of banquets? They represent—what, in the name of all that is holy? Their rank? No, money! we have no rank nowadays. We are "individuals"! But money is power, fame, dignity, precedence, influence; money, in our days, is the greater or lesser moral prejudice to a man, in proportion to the sums which he may be possessed of. Nobody wishes to put it under a bushel or on the table; hence, money must have a representative which one may safely put on the table: behold, our banquets!

Danæ and the god in showers of gold.—Whence this excessive impatience of our times which makes so many criminals under conditions that would seem more likely to produce the opposite tendency? What compels one man to use false weights; another to set his house on fire, after having ensured it for a good round sum; a third, to aid in false coining: while three-fourths of our upper ten indulge in legalised fraud and suffer from the qualms of conscience which follow in the train of Stock-Exchange dealings and speculation? It is not real want, they are not without means; perhaps they even have enough to eat and to drink without harassing care—but a terrible impatience at the slow piling up of money, and an equally terrible longing and love for these piles, urges them on, day and night. But in this impatience and this love there reappears that fanaticism of the thirst for power which formerly was stimulated by the belief that we were in the possession of truth, and which was called by such beautiful names that we could be inhuman and yet preserve a clear conscience. (Burning Jews, heretics, and good books, and exterminating whole cultures, such as those of Peru and Mexico.) The instruments of this thirst for power are different now, but the same volcano is still aglow, impatience and an excessive love require their victim, and what was formerly done for the “love of God” is now

practised for the love of money, that is, for the sake of that which *at present* gives the highest sense of power and a safe conscience.

205

The people of Israel.—One of the spectacles which the coming century holds in store for us, is the decision regarding the fate of the European Jews. There is not the slightest doubt that they have cast their die and traversed their Rubicon: the only thing which remains for them is either to become the masters of Europe or to lose Europe, as they once, ages ago, lost Egypt, where they had to face a similar dilemma. But in Europe they have gone through a school of eighteen centuries, such as no other nation can boast of, and the experiences of this terrible time of probation have benefited the community much less than the individual. In consequence whereof the resourcefulness in soul and intellect of our modern Jews is extraordinary. In times of extremity they, least of all the inhabitants of Europe, try to escape any great dilemma by a recourse to drink or to suicide—which less gifted people are so apt to fly to. Each Jew finds in the history of his fathers and grandfathers a voluminous record of instances of the greatest coolness and perseverance in terrible positions, of most artful cunning and clever fencing with misfortune and chance; their bravery under the cloak of wretched submissiveness, their heroism in the *spernere se sperni* surpass the

virtues of all the saint. People wanted to make them contemptible by treating them scornfully for twenty centuries, by refusing to them the approach to all dignities and honourable positions, and by pushing them all the deeper down into the mean trades—and, indeed, they have not become cleaner under this process. But contemptible? They have never ceased believing themselves qualified for the highest functions; neither have the virtues of all suffering people ever failed to adorn them. Their manner of honouring parents and children, the reasonableness of their marriages and marriage customs make them conspicuous among Europeans. Besides, they know how to derive a sense of power and lasting revenge from the very trades which were left to them (or to which they were abandoned); we cannot help saying, in palliation even of their usury, that, without this occasional pleasant and useful torture inflicted on their scorers, they would hardly have persevered so long in their self-respect. For our self-respect depends on our being able to make reprisals in good and evil things. Moreover, their vengeance never carries them too far, for they all have that liberality even of the soul in which the frequent change of place, climate, customs, neighbours, and oppressors schools man; they have by far the greatest experience in any human intercourse, and even in their passions they still exercise the caution of this experience. They are so sure of their intellectual suppleness and shrewdness, that they never, not even in the bitterest

straits, have to earn their bread by manual labour, as common workmen, porters, rural serfs. Their manners teach us that their souls have never been inspired with chivalrous, noble feelings, nor their bodies girt with beautiful arms: a certain obtrusiveness alternates in them with a frequently tender, nearly always painful submissiveness. But now that their intermarriage with the gentlest blood of Europe inevitably grows more common from year to year, they will soon have a goodly heritage of manners both intellectual and physical: and, in another hundred years, they will look genteel enough, so as not to make themselves as masters ridiculous before those they have subdued. And this is a matter of some importance. Therefore a settlement of their affairs is as yet premature. They themselves know best that a conquest of Europe or any act of violence are quite out of the question: but they know that, some time or other, Europe may fall as a ripe fruit into their hands if they would only just extend them. Meanwhile it is necessary that they should distinguish themselves in all departments of European distinction and stand among the foremost: till they shall have advanced so far as to determine that which shall give distinction. Then they will be called the inventors and guides of the people of Europe, and cease to offend their sense of proportion. Where shall this accumulated wealth of great impressions, which forms the Jewish history in every Jewish family, this wealth of passions, virtues, resolutions, resignations,

struggles, victories of all sorts—where shall it find an outlet, if not in great intellectual people and work? On that day when the Jews will be able to show as their handiwork such jewels and golden vessels as the European nations of shorter and less thorough experience neither can nor could produce, when Israel will have turned its eternal vengeance into an eternal blessing of Europe: then once more that seventh day will appear, when the old God of the Jews may rejoice in Himself, His creation, and His chosen people—and all, all of us will rejoice with Him!

206

The impossible state.—Poverty, cheerfulness and independence—these are a possible combination; poverty, cheerfulness and slavery are likewise possible,—and I have nothing better to say to the men who serve as factory-slaves; provided that, in the way in which it is done, they do not altogether feel it as a disgrace that they are used up as screws of a machine and makeshifts, so to speak, of human art of invention. Fie on the thought that, by means of higher wages, the essential part of their misery, that is to say, their impersonal enslavement, might be removed! Fie, that we should suffer ourselves to be persuaded that, through an increase of this impersonality within the mechanical working of a new society, the disgrace of slavery could be made a virtue! Fie, that there should be a standard of wages

at which we may be turned from individuals into screws ! Are you the accomplices in the present folly of nations, who, above all, want to produce as much as possible, and be as rich as possible ? It would be your duty to present to them your counter-claims : what large sums of intrinsic value have been thrown away for such an external aim. But where is your intrinsic value, if you no longer know what it is to breathe freely ; if you have not even the slightest command over your own selves ; if but too often you get tired of yourselves as of a stale beverage ; if you watch the newspapers and look askance at your rich neighbour, being made covetous by the quick rise and fall of power, money and opinions ; if you no longer believe in a philosophy clad in rags, or the genuineness of one who has few wants ; if a voluntary, idyllic poverty, without profession or matrimony, such a state as should suit the more intellectual ones amongst you, has become a subject of derision to you ? Whilst your ears are ringing with the flute-sounds of the socialistic rat-charmers who wish to fill you with wild hopes ; who bid you be ready and nothing else, ready from this day to the morrow, so that you may be waiting and waiting for something from outside, living in all other respects as you lived before—until this waiting shall be turned into hunger and thirst, fever and madness, and the day of the triumphant beast at last will dawn in all its glory ? Yet every one should say to himself : I will rather emigrate and try to subdue fresh countries and “ pastures

new" and, above all, myself; changing my abode, as often as any danger of slavery may be threatening me; shunning neither adventure nor war, and in the worst case, preparing for death: anything rather than this unbecoming slavery, this sourness, malice and rebelliousness." This would be the right spirit: the workmen in Europe ought henceforth to declare theirs an impossible class among mankind, and not merely, as is the present view, some harsh and injudicious arrangement of society: they ought to bring about in the European bee-hive an age of the great swarming out, such as has never yet been seen, protesting by such voluntary and wholesale emigration against machines, capital and the threatening alternative of becoming either slaves of the State or slaves of the revolutionists. May Europe disburden herself of one-fourth of her inhabitants. Both she and they will feel relieved! Only in the far distance, in the swarming emigrations of colonists, we shall find out the true amount of reasonableness, fairness and wholesome distrust wherewith mother Europe has imbued her sons,—these sons who could no longer endure a life with the dull old woman, running the risk of growing as sullen, irritable and eager for pleasure as she herself has been. Far away from Europe, the virtues of Europe will be travelling along with these workmen; and those same qualities which in their native homes began to degenerate into dangerous ill-humour and criminal tendencies, will, when abroad, assume a wild, beautiful naturalness and be

called heroism. Thus, at last, a purer air would waft upon old Europe, in its present over-populated and brooding state. What matter if there should be want of "hands"? Perhaps we may then recall to mind that we have accustomed ourselves to many wants because they were so easily gratified only,—we may unlearn some of these wants. Perhaps the Chinaman will be called in, and he would bring along with him the mode of thinking and living suitable for the bees of industry. Indeed, they might altogether help in giving to restless, fretful Europe a little of his Asiatic calmness and contemplativeness, and,—what is perhaps most needful, — of his Asiatic perseverance.

207

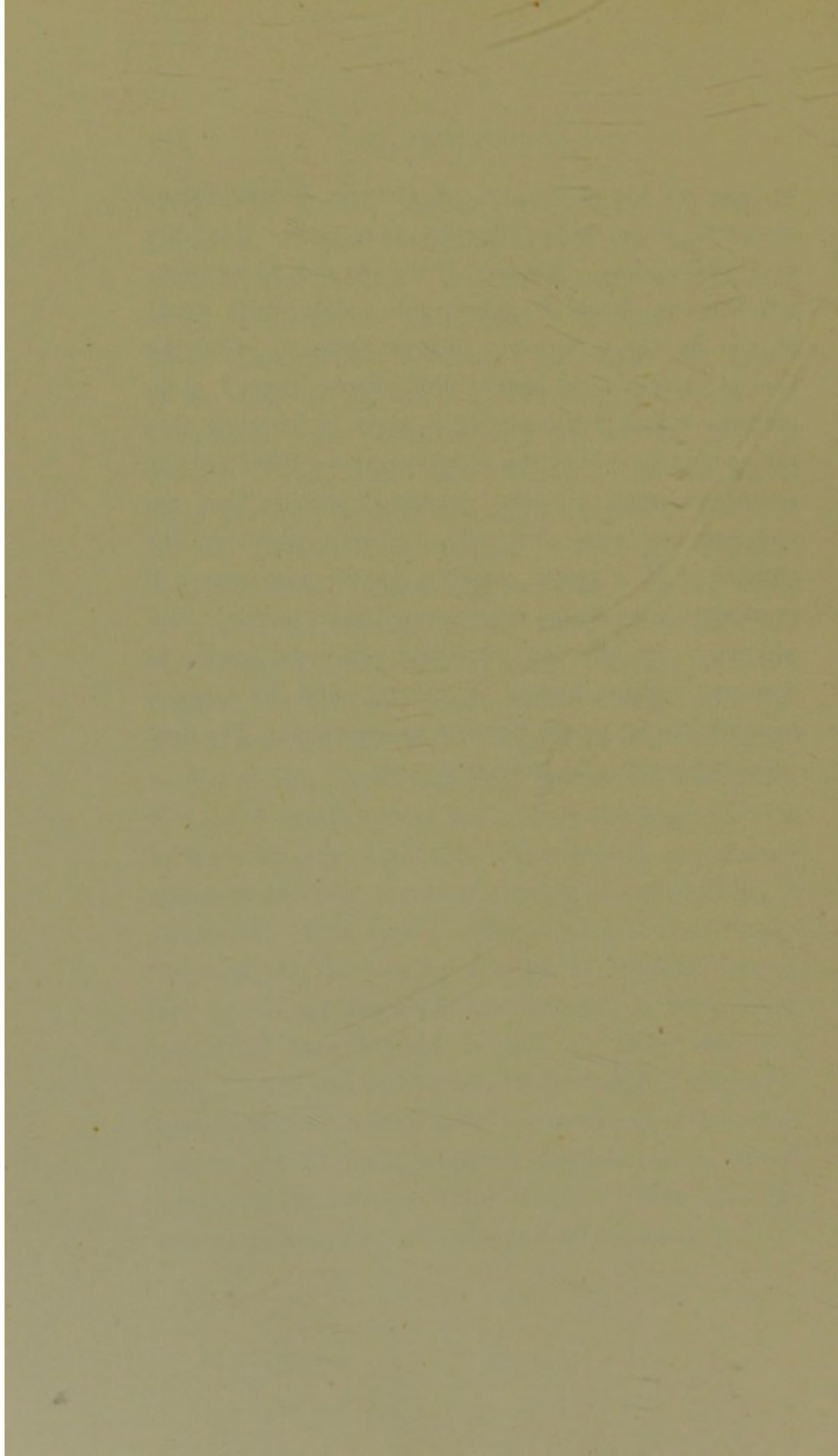
Attitude of the Germans towards morality.—A German is capable of great things, but it is improbable that he will ever accomplish them, for he obeys whenever he can, as befits a torpid intellect. When reduced to the necessity of standing alone and shaking off his torpor, when it is no longer possible for him to vanish as a cipher in a number (in this respect he is greatly inferior to a Frenchman or Englishman),—he discovers his true abilities: then he grows dangerous, evil, deep, bold and discloses the hidden store of dormant energy, in which previously no one (not even he) placed any trust. When in such a case a German obeys himself,—this is the great exception,—he does so with the same clumsiness,

inexorableness and constancy with which, in other cases, he obeys his prince—his official duties. Thus, as previously mentioned, he is able to do great things, which are in no wise consistent with the “weak character” which he attributes to himself. But usually he is afraid of depending solely on himself, of taking the initiative: this is why Germany wastes the energies of so many of her officials and spills so much ink. The German is a stranger to light-heartedness, he is too timid for it; but in entirely new positions, which rouse him from his drowsiness, he is almost frivolous; he then enjoys the novelty and rarity of the position like some intoxicating liquor, and he thoroughly understands this kind of thing. Hence the German of our days is almost frivolous in politics: though even in this department, he has the advantage of the prejudice of thoroughness and earnestness, and though he may fully avail himself thereof in the intercourse with other political powers, yet he secretly rejoices at being able for once to be enthusiastic and capricious and fond of innovations, and to change persons, parties, hopes, as if they were masks. The German men of letters who up to lately were considered the most German of Germans, have been and are perhaps still as good as the German soldiers, owing to their profound and almost child-like tendency towards obedience in all external things and their being compelled frequently to hold their own in science and to answer for many things; should they know how to preserve their proud, simple and patient nature

and their freedom from political folly at times when the wind shifts its quarters, we may yet expect great things from them : such as they are (or have been), they are the embryo state of something higher. The advantage and disadvantage of the Germans and even of their men of letters, have been thus far their being more prone to superstition and more eager to believe than other nations ; their vices are, as they have been and always will be, their drunkenness and suicidal tendency (which are a proof for the clumsiness of their intellect, which is easily tempted to throw down the reins) ; their danger lies in everything which ties down the reasoning faculties and unfetters the passions (as, for instance, the excessive use of music and of spirits), for the German passion is opposed to its own advantage, and is as self-destructive as that of the drunkard. Enthusiasm itself is valued in Germany less highly than anywhere else, for it is barren. Whenever a German accomplished anything great, he did so in times of extremity, in a state of valour, of doggedness, of most exalted prudence and often of generosity. The intercourse with them would indeed be advisable,—for almost every German has something to give, if one only understands how to make him find, or rather recover this something (for he is personally untidy). Well, if a people so constituted be bent on morals, of what kind will be the morals that may satisfy them ? They certainly will first of all wish to see their genuine craving for obedience idealised in them. “ Man must have some-

thing which he may implicitly obey,"—this is a German sentiment, German consistency: it is the basis of all German moral precepts. How different is the impression when we survey the whole field of morality! All those Greek thinkers, however varied their images may appear to us, seem as moralists to resemble the teacher in gymnastics, who persuades a youth by the following words: "Come, follow me! Submit to my discipline! Then you may perhaps succeed in carrying off the prize as the foremost of the Greeks." Personal distinction is ancient virtue. Submission, conformity, whether public or private, are German virtues. Long before Kant and his categorical imperative, Luther, obeying the same impulse, had said that there must be a being whom man may implicitly trust,—it was his proof for God's existence; he wished, in a coarser and more popular way than Kant, to make us implicitly obey not an idea, but a person; and in the end, even Kant took a round-about way through morals for the sole purpose of arriving at the obedience to the person. This, indeed, is the worship of the German; the more so, the less he has left of religious worship. The Greeks and Romans looked differently at these things and would have laughed at such a "there *must* be a being,"—it is part and parcel of their Southern boldness, of feeling to resist "implicit faith" and to reserve, in the inmost recesses of their hearts, a slightly sceptical view on all and everything, be it God, man, or idea. Then take the ancient philosopher: *Nil admirari* are the words in which

he sums up his philosophy. A German, Schopenhauer, goes so far in the contrary direction as to assert: *Admirari id est philosophari*. But how, if the German, as occasionally happens, should be thrown into a state which would fit him for the performance of great things? When the hour of exception, the hour of disobedience, comes? I do not believe that Schopenhauer is right in asserting that the only preference of the Germans above other nations consists in having a greater number of atheists than are met anywhere else;—but this I know: whenever the German is in a proper condition for the performance of great actions, he always raises himself above morals! And why not? He has now something new to do, namely, to command,—either himself or others! But his German morality has not taught him how to command! The word command is not to be found in its code.



FOURTH BOOK



Question of conscience.—Tell me briefly what really is the new thing that you want? We no longer want to turn causes into sinners and consequences into executioners.

Usefulness of the strictest theories.—We pardon many moral weaknesses in man, making use of a coarse sieve, provided he be a constant adherer to the strictest theory of morals. The life of free-thinking moralists, on the other hand, has always been placed under the microscope: with the mental reservation that an error in life is the surest argument against an unwelcome conviction.

The "thing in itself."—What is the ridiculous? we used to ask formerly—as though there were beings other than ourselves, to whose qualities the ridiculous was added—and we exhausted ourselves in conjectures (a theologian even remarked that it might be "the *naïveté*

of sin"). Nowadays we ask: What is laughter? How does laughter originate? Having thought it over in our minds, we have come to the conclusion that there is nothing which is good, nothing which is beautiful, nothing which is lofty, nothing which is evil in itself; but that there are indeed conditions of the soul, in which we give such epithets to the things that pass within and without us. We have withdrawn the predicates of the things or, at least, recalled to our minds that we have but lent them. Let us beware how, at this insight, we lose the capacity of lending and increase both in wealth and avarice.

211

To the dreamers of immortality.—So you wish for a perpetuity of this beautiful consciousness of your own selves? Are you then unmindful of all other things which would then have to endure you for ever and ever, as they have done all these years with a more than Christian patience? Or do you presume to inspire them with an undying feeling of delight? One single immortal man on earth would indeed suffice to incite everything still in existence to a general mania of killing and hanging in consequence of the disgust of him. And ye dwellers on earth with your petty conceptions of some few thousands of minutes, you wish to be an eternal burden to the everlasting universal existence! Is there anything more obtrusive than this?

Lastly : Let us be gentle towards a being of seventy years of age ; he has not been able to indulge his fancy in picturing his own "eternal tediousness"—he lacked leisure.

212

Wherein we know ourselves.—Whenever an animal sees another it will draw a parallel between itself and the other ; the same habit prevails among people of barbarous ages. Hence all men come to know themselves almost exclusively with regard to their defensive and offensive faculties.

213

Men whose lives have been blighted.—Some are made of such stuff that society is justified in making something or other out of them : they will always fare well and not have to complain of a blighted life. Others are of so peculiar a nature—it need not be a particularly noble, but only a rarer one—that they cannot but fare ill, with the only exception that they are able to live according to their sole purpose : in all other cases society is the loser. For everything that the individual considers a failure, a blighted life, his whole burden of peevishness, paralysis, sickness, irritability, covetousness, is laid at the door of society—and thus a bad, sultry air and in the most favourable case a thundercloud gathers round it.

214

Avaunt, forbearance!—You suffer, and want us to be lenient towards you, when you, in your suffering, wrong both things and men. But what is the good of our leniency? You should be more cautious for your own sake. That is a fine way of compensating for your sufferings, to injure into the bargain your own judgments. In reviling something, your own vengeance will redound on yourselves; you thereby dim *your* eyes, not those of others: you accustom yourselves to taking a wrong and distorted view of the things.

215

Moral of victims.—“Enthusiastic devotion, self-sacrifice”—these are the watchwords of your morals; and I readily believe that you, as you say, are sincere: only I know you better than you know yourselves, if your “honesty” is able to go in close companionship with these morals. From their height you look down upon that other sober morality which requires self-control, severity, obedience; perhaps you even call it selfish, and indeed!—you are honest towards yourselves when it displeases you—it cannot help displeasing you! For in enthusiastically sacrificing yourselves and making victims of yourselves, you enjoy that rapturous thought now to be one with the powerful, be he God or man, to whom you devote yourselves: you revel in the consciousness of his power which is, in its turn, testified

by a sacrifice. In truth you only *seem* to sacrifice yourselves; the fact is that you transform yourselves in your minds into gods, and enjoy yourselves as such. If judged by this enjoyment—how weak and poor must appear to you all those “selfish” morals of obedience, duty and rationality: they are displeasing to you because here one has really to sacrifice and give oneself up, without the sacrificer deeming himself transformed into a god as you do. In short, you long for rapture and excess, and those morals which you despise point at rapture and excess. I quite believe that they cause discomfort.

216

The evil ones and music.—Should the full felicity of love, which lies in implicit confidence, ever have fallen to the share of persons other than those deeply suspicious, evil and bitter? For these enjoy therein the prodigious, improbable and incredible exception of their souls. Some day they are overcome by that all-absorbing, dreamy sensation which forms the contrast to their whole secret and public life: like unto a delightful mystery and miracle, full of golden splendour and baffling description and illustration. Implicit confidence renders us speechless; nay, this blissful silence even implies suffering and heaviness; wherefore souls, overwhelmed with happiness, generally feel more grateful to music than all other and better ones would do.

For they see and hear through music as through an iridescent cloud; their love grows, at it were, more distant, more touching and less oppressive: music is their only means of watching their extraordinary state of mind, and of becoming aware of it with a feeling of surprise and relief. At the sound of music every lover thinks: "It speaks of me, it speaks in my stead, it knows everything."

217

The artist.—With the help of the artist the Germans wish to be thrown into a state of imaginary passion; the Italians to rest from their real passions; the French to have an opportunity of demonstrating their artistic taste and an occasion for discussions. Let us therefore be fair.

218

Dealing like an artist with one's foibles.—If we must needs have foibles, and finish by acknowledging them as laws, I would fain that everybody were endowed with at least so much artistic power as to be able, by dint of his foibles, to set off his virtues and make us desirous of them: a power which the great musicians possessed on a gigantic scale. How often do we meet in Beethoven's music with a rude, dogmatical, impatient strain; in that of Mozart with the jovial mirth of honest fellowship, when heart and mind have

to be content with little; in Richard Wagner with an abrupt and aggressive restlessness, making the most patient listener well nigh lose his temper: but at this point he returns to the concentration of his genius, and so do they. By means of their foibles, these musicians have created within us an ardent craving for their virtues—and for a palate ten times more sensitive to every accent of intellect, beauty and goodness in music.

219

The deceit in humiliation.—By your irrationality you have done a grievous harm to your neighbour and have irretrievably destroyed a happiness—and then you get the better of your vanity and go to him, humbling yourself before him, exposing your irrationality to his contempt, and think that after this difficult, extremely painful scene everything is righted—that your spontaneous loss of honour atones for the compulsory loss of the other's happiness: with this conviction you depart relieved and re-established in your virtue. But the other suffers as intensely as before; he does not derive any comfort from your irrationality and confession; he even remembers the painful sight, which you have accorded him, when you were disparaging yourself in his presence, as a fresh wound inflicted by you—but the thought of revenge is far from his mind and he does not understand how anything could be righted between you and him. You have, in truth, been acting

that scene to and for the sake of yourself: you had invited a witness again for your own sake and not for his—do not deceive yourself.

220

Dignity and timidity.—Ceremonies, official and state-robres, grave faces, solemn looks, slow pace, involved speech—in short, everything called dignity—is a form of simulation adopted by those people who are timid at heart; they wish to make others afraid (of them or of that which they represent). Men of a dauntless mind who are naturally awe-inspiring do not stand in need of dignity and ceremonies; they bring into repute—or rather into ill-repute—honesty, straightforward words and actions, as characteristics of self-confident arrogance.

221

Morality of the victim.—The morality which is estimated by sacrifice is that of the semi-barbarous stage. Reason in this case gains but a stubbornly contested and sanguinary victory within the soul, for there are powerful anti-cravings to be subdued. A species of cruelty which is met with at the sacrifices demanded by cannibal gods is essential.

222

Where fanaticism is desirable.—Phlegmatic natures

are only to be thrown into ecstasies by being fanaticised.

223

The dreaded eye.—Nothing is so much dreaded by artists, poets and authors as that eye which sees their minor deceptions, and subsequently perceives how frequently they have halted at the landmark whence the path branches off either to innocent delight in their ego or to straining for effect; that eye, which detects when they were about to sell little for much or tried to exalt and adorn without being themselves exalted; which, despite all the fallacies of their art, sees the idea as it first floated before their imagination, perhaps in the shape of a fascinating, celestial form; perhaps even as a theft, perpetrated against all the world; as a commonplace idea which they had to spread, abridge, tinge, swathe, season, in order to make something of it, whereas really the idea ought to make something of them,—oh, this eye, which detects in your work all your restlessness, your prying eye and your covetousness, your imitation and rivalry (which is but a jealous imitation); which knows both your blush and your skill in concealing this blush and in interpreting it before yourselves!

224

The “elevating” element in our neighbour’s misfortune.—He is in distress, and forthwith the “com-

passionate" come and depict to him his disaster—at length they depart, content and edified, having gloated over both the afflicted man's sorrow, and their own and spent an enjoyable afternoon.

225

Means of making oneself easily despised.—A man who speaks much and fast, sinks after a brief intercourse extremely low in our estimation, even though he speak rationally—not only in proportion as he annoys us, but even much lower. For we divine how many people he has already annoyed, thus adding to the discomfort which he causes, also the contempt which we suppose others to feel for him.

226

On the intercourse with celebrities.—A.: Why do you avoid this great man?—B.: I should not like to misunderstand him. Our foibles are incompatible: I am short-sighted and suspicious, and he exhibits his false diamonds with as much delight as his real ones.

227

Chain-wearers.—Beware of all enchained intellects; of clever women, for instance, whom fate has banished to narrow, dull surroundings, amongst which they grow old. True, they are lying in the sun, apparently idle and half-blind; but at every unknown step, at every

unexpected occurrence they start up, to bite ; they wreak vengeance on everything that has escaped their kennel.

228

Revenge in praise.—Here we have a written page full of praise, and you call it flat : but, when you will have found out that revenge lurks in this praise, you will find it almost too subtle, and greatly delight in the profusion of short, bold strokes, and similes. Not man, but his revenge is so subtle, rich and ingenious : he himself is almost unaware of it.

229

Pride.—Ah ! not one of you knows the feeling which the tortured has after torture, when he is being carried back to his cell and his secret with him !—he clings to it with stubborn tenacity. What do you know of the exultation of human pride ?

230

Utilitarian.—In our days the opinions on moral things so manifestly run in different directions, that to some we have to prove certain morals by virtue of their utility, whilst to others we disprove them by virtue of this very utility.

231

On German virtue.—How utterly depraved in its

taste, how servile to dignities, ranks, robes, state and splendour must a nation have been, when it began to look upon the simple as the bad, the simple-hearted man as the bad man! We should always confront the moral arrogance of the Germans with nothing else but this one short word—"bad."

232

From a controversy.—A.: Friend, you have talked yourself hoarse.—B.: Then I am refuted. Let us, therefore, drop the matter.

233

The conscientious.—Have you observed what kind of people attach the greatest importance to scrupulous conscientiousness? Those who are conscious of many mean feelings; who are carefully thinking of and about themselves, and are afraid of others; who are intent upon concealing their innermost feelings to the best of their power;—by this scrupulous conscientiousness and strict fulfilment of duty, by the severe and harsh impression which others, especially their inferiors, are bound to receive of them, they endeavour to impose upon themselves.

234

Dread of renown.—A.: Fighting shy of one's renown, intentionally offending one's panegyrist, shrinking from

hearing opinions on one's person from sheer dread of praise are cases actually to be met with—you may believe it or not!—*B.*: That will be a matter of easy arrangement! Patience, squire haughtiness!

235

Spurning gratitude.—We may certainly refuse a request, but never spurn gratitude (or listen to it coldly and conventionally, which is tantamount to it). This gives deep offence—and why?

236

Punishment.—A strange thing, our punishment! It does not clear the character of the criminal, it is no expiation: on the contrary, it is more defiling than the very crime.

237

A party-trouble.—Almost every party has a ridiculous, somewhat dangerous grievance: all those who for years have been the faithful and honourable champions of the faction, and some day suddenly perceive that one much more powerful than they has usurped the leading part, suffer from it. How are they to bear being silenced? Therefore they raise their voices, occasionally even changing their notes.

238

The striving after grace.—A strong character that is

not given to cruelty and not always occupied with itself, involuntarily strives after grace—which is its characteristic. Whereas weak characters are given to harsh judgments, they associate with the heroes of the contempt of mankind, the religious or philosophical traducers of existence, or intrench themselves behind severe customs and punctilious “professions,” thus endeavouring to give themselves a character or a certain kind of strength, which is likewise done quite involuntarily.

239

A hint to moralists.—Our musicians have made a great discovery: interesting ugliness is possible even in their art. And so they plunge into this open ocean of ugliness as though they were intoxicated, and never did they possess such facilities for composing music. Only now have we gained the common, dark-coloured background, whereon every ray of beautiful music, however faint, obtains a gold and emerald lustre; only now we venture upon rousing the audience to impetuous and indignant feelings, taking away their breath, and then, in an interval of harmonious concord, giving them a feeling of bliss which is of general advantage to the appreciation of music. We have discovered the contrast: now only the strongest effects are possible—and cheap: nobody any longer asks for good music. But you are pressed for time! Every art, when once it has made this discovery, has but a short while to live.—Oh that

our thinkers had ears to dive into the soul of our musicians by means of their music! How long have we to wait ere we may again meet with such an opportunity to take the inward man in the very act of his evil-doing and in the innocence of this act! For our musicians have not the faintest idea that it is their own history, the history of the disfigurement of the soul, which they transpose into music. Formerly a good musician was almost sure to become a good man for the sake of his art. And now?

240

Stage-morality.—He who believes that Shakespeare's stage has a moral effect and that the sight of Macbeth irresistibly detracts from evil ambition is mistaken. And he is again mistaken if he believes that Shakespeare himself was of this opinion. Any man who is really possessed by mad ambition will watch this, his emblem, with delight; and the very fact that the hero perishes in his passion is the strongest charm in the hot cup of this delight. Were the poet's feelings different to these? How royally and not in the least knavishly his ambitious hero runs his course from the hour of his great crime! Only then he grows "demoniacally" attractive and encourages similar natures to imitation—demoniacal means here: in defiance of advantage and life, in favour of an idea and craving. Do you imagine that Tristan and Isolde give a warning example of

adultery through its being the cause of their death? This would be turning the poets upside down: for they, and Shakespeare above all, are in love with the passions themselves, and no less with their yearnings for death—when the heart does not cling to life more firmly than the drop of water does to the glass. It is not so much guilt and its evil consequences which they—Shakespeare as well as Sophocles (in Ajax, Philoctetes Œdipus)—wish to portray; however easy it might have been in the aforesaid cases to make guilt the lever of the play, they carefully refrained from so doing. Neither is it the wish of the tragic poet to prejudice us against life by means of his representations of life. Nay, he exclaims: “It is the charm of charms, this exciting, variable, hazardous, gloomy and often sun-steeped existence! It is an adventure to live!—with whatever party you side in life, it will ever retain this character.” Thus he speaks in a restless and vigorous age, which is partly intoxicated and dazed by its superabundance of blood and energy—in an age more evil than ours: wherefore we must needs begin by adapting and accommodating the purpose of a Shakesperian play—that is, by not understanding it.

241

Fear and intelligence.—If what is now most positively asserted is true, that the cause of the black pigment of the skin is not attributable to the effect of light, could it perhaps be the final outcome of frequent passions,

multiplied throughout thousands of years (and extravasations of blood under the skin)? Whereas in other more intelligent tribes the white skin resulted from their having as frequently grown pallid through fear? For the degree of timidity is a graduator of intelligence: and frequent indulgence of blind rage is a sign that animal nature is still on the look-out, and longing for an opportunity to burst through again. Thus a greyish brown would be the primitive colour of man—somewhat of the ape and bear hue, as is meet.

242

Independence.—Independence (in its weakest dose called “freedom of thought”) is the form of resignation to which the imperious man stoops in the end—who, for a long time, has been looking for something which he might govern, without finding anything but himself.

243

The two directions.—When we try to examine the mirror in itself we eventually detect nothing but the things reflected by it. When we wish to grasp the things reflected, we touch nothing but the mirror. This is the general history of knowledge.

244

Delight in the real.—Our present love of delight in the real—which we have, all of us—is accounted for by

the fact that, for a long time, we delighted in the unreal, until we grew tired of it. Such as it appears now it is in itself a serious tendency, without option and refinement—its least danger is insipidity.

245

Subtlety of the sense of power.—Napoleon resented the fact that he was but an indifferent orator, and did not deceive himself on that point: but his ambition, which did not shrink from any means and was even subtler than his subtle intellect, made him less clever an orator than he really was. Thus he wreaked vengeance on his own anger (he was jealous of all his emotions, because they had a hold upon his mind), and enjoyed his autocratic pleasure. This same pleasure he again enjoyed with regard to the ears and judgment of the audience as though it would quite do for them to be thus spoken to. Nay, he exulted in the thought of weeping judgment and good taste by force of the thunderbolts of the highest authority—which lies in the alliance of power with genius—whilst in his own heart both judgment and good taste coldly and proudly adhered to the truth that he did not speak well. Napoleon, as the perfect and elaborate type of one passion, belongs to antique humanity: whose characteristics—the simple construction and ingenious formation and fiction of one motive or a few motives—may be easily recognised.

246

Aristotle and matrimony.—Among the children of master-minds insanity breaks forth ; among those of the virtuous, stupidity — observes Aristotle. Did he, in so saying, mean to invite the exceptional characters to matrimony ?

247

Origin of bad temper.—The injustice and inconsistencies in the minds of many, their unregulated dispositions and immoderations are the final results of innumerable logical inaccuracies, superficialities and rash conclusions which their ancestors have been guilty of. The good-tempered, however, descend from deliberate and thorough-going races, who placed reason before everything ; whether for laudable or evil purposes is a matter of no great importance.

248

Dissimulation, a duty.—Kindness has been fully developed by that long simulation which tried to appear as kindness : wherever great power subsisted men opened their eyes to the necessity of this very kind of dissembling, which inspires us with a feeling of safety and confidence, multiplying by hundreds the real amount of physical power. Falsehood is, though not the mother, yet the nurse of kindness. Honesty has likewise been reared more especially by the requirement of a semblance

of honesty and integrity : in hereditary aristocracies. Eventually the permanent practice of dissembling ripens into nature : simulation in the end neutralises itself and organs and instincts are the unexpected fruits in the garden of hypocrisy.

249

Who then is ever alone ?—The faint-hearted does not know what it is to be alone, for some enemy or other is always lying in wait for him. Oh, for him who could tell us the history of that noble feeling which is called loneliness !

250

Night and music.—According to the mode of life of the timid the ear, the organ of fear, has only in the night and twilight of dark woods and caves been able to attain its present phase of development ; that is, the longest human period which has ever existed : in broad-daylight the ear is less required. This explains the character of music as that of an art of night and twilight.

251

Stoic.—Even the Stoic has his hours of gladness ; when he feels oppressed by the formalities which he has himself prescribed to his conduct, and thus enjoys himself as ruler.

252

Consider!—He, who is being punished is no longer the same who has done the deed. He is always the scapegoat.

253

Appearances.—Alas! Alas! Appearance requires the clearest and most persistent proof. Far too many lack eyes to perceive it. But it is so tedious to prove it!

254

The anticipating ones.—The characteristic but also hazardous feature of poetical natures is their exhaustive fancy which anticipates, pre-enjoys, pre-suffers that which will and might be and is already worn out at the decisive moment of the event and action. Lord Byron, who was but too familiar with all this, wrote in his diary: "If ever I shall have a son, he shall choose a very prosaic profession—that of a lawyer or a pirate."

255

Conversation on music.—*A.*: What do you say to this music?—*B.*: It has overpowered me, I cannot find words for it. Hark! There it begins again.—*A.*: So much the better! Let us, this time, try *our* best to master it. May I add a few words to this music? And

also show you a drama, which at first perhaps you did not want to pay attention to?—*B.*: Very well; I have two ears and more, if required. Move up quite close to me.—*A.*: This is not yet what he wants to tell us; at present he only promises that he is going to say something, something extraordinary as he gives us to understand by these gestures. For gestures they are. How he beckons! How he raises himself! How he throws up his arms! Ah, now the supreme moment of suspense seems to have come to him: two more trumpet-blasts, and he opens his theme, splendidly adorned as though studded with precious stones. Is it a handsome woman? Or a beautiful horse? Enough, he looks about in raptures, for it is his duty to attract enraptured looks—only now his theme begins quite to satisfy him, now he grows inventive and risks new and bolder features. How he forces out his theme! Mark!—he knows not only how to adorn it, but also to paint it! Yes, he knows the colour of health, he knows how to make it up—he is more subtle in his self-consciousness than I thought. And now he is convinced that he has convinced his hearers, he exhibits his impromptus as though they were the most important things under the sun; he gives impudent hints with regard to his theme, as if it were too good for this world. Ah, how suspicious he is! Lest we might get tired! So he wraps his melodies in sweetness—now he even appeals to our coarser senses, in order to

excite us, and thereby to get us again into his power. Listen, how he conjures up the elementary force of tempestuous and thundering rhythms! And now that he perceives how they take hold of us, throttling, and almost crushing us, he again ventures to intertwine his theme with the play of the elements, and to persuade us, when half-confused and agitated, that our confusion and agitation are the effects of his wondrous theme. And henceforth the audience believe it: on its first repetition they are reminded of that thrilling elementary effect—this reminiscence now comes to the aid of the theme—it has now become “demoniac.” What a great discerner of the soul he is! He masters us with the arts of a demagogue. But the music ceases!—*B.*: I am glad that it does; for I can no longer endure your observations. I should ten times rather be deceived than know the truth after your fashion!—*A.*: That is what I wanted to learn from you. Just like you, so are all the best minds. You are satisfied with being deceived! You come with coarse, sensuous ears, you have left behind you the conscience of the art of listening, you have, on your way, cast off the finest portion of your honesty. And thereby you spoil both art and artists. Every time you applaud and cheer you have the conscience of the artists in your hands—and alas! if they should notice that you cannot distinguish between inoffensive and offensive music! I do not indeed mean “good” and “bad” music—in either

kind we meet the one and the other. But I call an inoffensive music that which altogether thinks but of itself and has forgotten the world on account of itself—the spontaneous resounding of the deepest solitude, which speaks of itself to itself, quite forgetful of the fact that there are hearers, listeners, effects, misunderstandings, and failures in the outside world. In fact, the music, which we have just heard, is indeed of this noble and rare kind; and everything that I said about it was a fiction—pardon my little trick, if you feel inclined.—*B.*: Ah, then you too are an admirer of this music? Then many things shall be forgiven you.

256

Felicity of the evil.—These silent, gloomy, evil people possess a something which you cannot deny: a rare and strange delight in the *dolce far niente*, an evening—and sunset—rest, such as none but a heart can enjoy which only too often has been consumed, lacerated, poisoned by passions.

257

Words present in our minds.—We always express our thoughts in words which are nearest at hand. Or, to reveal my whole suspicion: we have at every moment no other thought but that for the approximative expression of which the words are present in our minds.

258

Coaxing the dog.—You have only once to stroke this dog's coat to make him forthwith sputter and throw out sparks like any other flatterer—and to make him clever in his own way. Why should we not endure him thus?

259

The whilom panegyrist.—"His lips are sealed with regard to me, although now he knows the truth and might tell it. But it would sound like revenge—and he values truth too highly, the honourable man!"

260

Amulet of the dependent.—Whoever is utterly dependent on a master must have a something whereby to inspire fear and hold his master in control: integrity, for instance, or sincerity, or an evil tongue.

261

Why so superior?—I know them well, these animals! They certainly are better pleased with themselves when walking on two legs "like gods,"—but I like them better when they have fallen back on their four legs: they then appear so infinitely more natural.

262

The demon of power.—Neither necessity nor desire—nay, the love of power is the demon of mankind. Give

them anything you like, health, food, abode, enjoyment—they are and will ever be unhappy and whimsical: for the demon is ever on the alert and longing to be gratified. Take everything from them and gratify this craving: then they will almost be happy—as happy, at least, as men and demons can be. But why do I say this? Luther has already said it, and better than I, in the verses: “And though they take our life, goods, honour, children, wife; yet is their profit small, these things shall vanish all. The kingdom of God remaineth.” Ay, ay! The kingdom!

263

Contradiction, embodied and animated.—There is a physiological contradiction in the so-called genius: in the first place he is possessed of many wild, disorderly, involuntary emotions, and then again of many highly efficient ones—at the same time he owns a mirror which shows both emotions side by side and within each other, and pretty often in opposition to each other. In consequence of this sight he is often unhappy, and if he feels happiest at work it is because he forgets that just then he is, with the utmost efficiency, doing—and cannot help doing—something fantastical and irrational (for such is every art).

264

Wishing to be mistaken.—Jealous people with more

discriminative scent refuse to become more intimately acquainted with their rivals in order to feel superior to them.

265

There is time for the theatre.—The decline of a nation's fancy evokes in it a longing to have its legends represented on the stage; then it tolerates the coarse substitutes of fancy. But in that age which is the age of the epic rhapsodist, the theatre and the actor of heroic parts are an obstacle to instead of a wing of fancy: too near, too definite, too heavy, with too little of dream-land and eagle-flight.

266

Void of charm.—He is void of charm and knows it: ah, how skilled he is in veiling it! By stern virtue, gloomy looks, affected suspicion against mankind and existence, by coarse jests, by contempt of a more refined mode of life, by pathos and pretensions, by cynical philosophy—nay, in the constant consciousness of his deficiency he has developed into a character.

267

Why so proud?—A noble character differs from a vulgar one in as much as, unlike the latter, he has not at his disposal a certain number of habits and views: chance would have it that they were not transmitted and imparted to him by education.

268

The orator's Scylla and Charybdis.—How difficult it was at Athens to speak in such a way as to prevail upon the audience in favour of the cause without repelling them by the form or diverting their attention from the cause. How difficult it is even now in France to write thus.

269

Invalids and art.—Against any kind of affliction and mental misery we ought to try: first of all, a change of diet and hard manual labour. But men have, in these cases, acquired the habit of resorting to intoxicating means: to art, for instance—to their own detriment and to that of art. Are you not aware that by clamouring for art in your invalid state you transfer your disease on the artists?

270

Apparent toleration.—These are good, kindly, rational words on and in favour of science; but alas! I see through this, your toleration of science. In your heart's core you think despite all this that you do not stand in need of it, that you are generous in admitting, nay, in advocating it; the more so, because science does not show the same generosity to your opinions. Do you know that you have no right whatever to this show of toleration? that this gracious demeanour is a severer

derogation of science than an open scorn in which any presumptuous priest or artist indulges? You fall short of the strong sense of truth and reality; you do not feel grieved and worried when discovering that science is opposed to your feelings; you do not know the intense longing for knowledge, ruling as law over you; you are not conscious of a duty in the craving to be ever present with your eyes wherever knowledge prevails, to secure all things that have been discerned. You do not know that which you treat with such toleration! And only because you do not know it you succeed in affecting such gracious airs. You, forsooth you, would cast about exasperate and fanatical glances if science would for once cast *its* flashing eyes upon your faces. What then do we care whether you are showing toleration to a phantom, and not even to us? Never mind us!

271

Festive mood.—Those very people who are most eager in the aspiration after power experience an indescribably pleasant sensation when feeling themselves overpowered. Sinking suddenly and deeply into a feeling as into a whirlpool! Suffering the reins to be snatched from our hands and watching a movement whose end is unknown. Who is it, what is it that renders us this service?—for it is a great service; we are so happy and breathless, and conscious of an exceptional

silence all around, as though we were in the central bottom of the earth. For once altogether destitute of power! The sport of elementary powers! This blissful state implies a repose, a flinging off the great burden, a rolling downhill without effort as though by force of blind gravity. It is the dream of the mountaineer who, although having set his goal on high, falls asleep on the road from sheer exhaustion and dreams of the bliss of the contrast—the very rolling downhill without the least effort. I describe happiness such as I presume it in our present hunted, ambitious society both in Europe and America. Here and there they show signs of falling back into impotence; wars, arts, religions, geniuses offer them this enjoyment. If once we have temporarily indulged in a sensation which swallows and crushes everything—such is our modern festive mood—we grow freer, more refreshed, colder, sterner, and do not weary in striving after the contrary: after power.

272

The purification of races.—In all probability there do not exist any pure, but only purified races, and these even are very rare. The more common are crossed races, amongst whom, in addition to a disharmony of bodily forms (when, for instance, the eye and mouth are not in harmony with each other), we always meet with a disharmony of habits and valuations. (Living-

stone overheard somebody saying, "God created white and black men, but the devil created the half-casts.") Crossed races are at the same time crossed cultures, crossed moralities: they are in most cases more evil, more cruel and more restless. Purity is the last outcome of countless adaptations, absorptions and separations; and the advance towards purity is shown by the fact that the power latent in some race or other is more and more restricted to special, selected functions, whilst in former times it had to transact too many and often contradictory things: such a restriction will, at the same time, always appear as an impoverishment, and requires a cautious and mild judgment. But in the end, in case of a successful process of purification, all that power which was formerly wasted in the contest of the disharmonious qualities is at the disposal of the entire organism; for which reason purified races have ever grown stronger and more beautiful. The Greeks are to us a model of a purified race and culture; and I trust that some day also a pure European race and culture may prosper.

273

Praise.—Here is a person in whom you detect a design to praise you: you bite your lips, brace your heart; oh, for this cup to pass! But it does not pass, it comes! Therefore drink the sweet impudence of the panegyrist, conquer the disgust and profound contempt

of the quintessence of his praise, veil your face in grateful joy!—for he really wished to please you. And since he has done so we know that he feels greatly exalted; he has triumphed over us—yes, and over himself too, the villain!—for he did not make light account of wresting this praise from himself.

274

Human right and privilege.—We human beings are the only creatures who, when degenerated, may blot ourselves out like an unsatisfactory sentence—be it that we do so in honour of or out of pity with humanity or from spite against ourselves.

275

The transformed.—Now he becomes virtuous, for the sole purpose of hurting others. Do not take so much notice of him.

276

How often! how unexpected!—Many a married man has one morning awakened to the consciousness that his young wife is anything but attractive, although she believes herself to be so. Not to mention those women whose flesh is willing but whose intellect is weak.

277

Hot and cold virtues.—Courage, to wit, cold valour

and intrepidity, and courage, to wit, fiery, rash bravery—is, in both instances, called by one name. How widely different are cold and hot virtues! And a fool he who presumes that “goodness” is only subjoined by warmth: and more fool he who would ascribe it to coldness only. The truth is that mankind has found both hot and cold courage exceedingly useful, yet not frequently enough to be able to place either in the category of precious stones.

278

The benevolent memory.—A man of high rank will do well to provide himself with a benevolent memory, that is, to remember all the good qualities of people and put a full-stop behind them: in so doing he keeps them in a pleasant dependence. In like manner man may deal with himself: the fact whether he has or has not a benevolent memory finally determines his own attitude towards himself, his superior, gentle, or distrustful observation of his inclinations and purposes, and again, in the end, the nature of these very inclinations and purposes.

279

Wherein we become artists.—Whoever idolises a person tries to justify himself in his own eyes by idealising him; he thus becomes an artist in order to have a safe conscience. If he suffers, he does not suffer from igno-

rance, but from belying himself, as though he were ignorant. The innermost misery and bliss of such a man—all passionate lovers belong to this class—are boundless.

280

Childlike.—Those who live like children—who do not struggle for their daily bread or believe that their actions are of final importance—will ever be childlike.

281

Our "ego" claims everything.—It seems as though the motor force of human actions was the desire of possession: the languages, at least, suggest this idea, viewing all accomplished actions in the light of having put us into possession of something. ("I *have* spoken, struggled, conquered"; that is, I am now in full possession of the spoken word, of the struggle, of the victory.) What a covetous figure man represents in this light! Even to adhere with might and main to the past! to wish to *have* even that!

282

Danger in beauty.—This woman is beautiful and clever; alas! how much cleverer she would have become if she were not beautiful!

283

Domestic and mental peace.—Our average mood de-

pende on the mood in which we maintain our surroundings.

284

Producing a news as though it were stale.—Many seem irritated when they are informed of a news; they realise the ascendancy which the news gives to him who knows it first.

285

Where are the final limits of our "ego"?—The majority take a fact which they *know* under their special protection, just as if the knowledge thereof were sufficient to make it their own. The egoity's desire of appropriation is boundless: great men speak in such a manner as if they had outrun all ages and were the head of this long body; and good women glorify in the beauty of their children, their dresses, their dog, their physician, their town; and the only thing they are afraid of saying is, "All that, I am." *Chi non ha, non è*, goes the Italian saying.

286

Domestic and pet animals and the like.—Can we conceive anything more repulsive than the sentimental affection shown to plants and animals—on the part of a creature who from the very first raged amongst them as their fiercest enemy and finishes by even claiming

affectionate feelings from his enfeebled and mutilated victims ! In the face of such a "nature" man ought to strive above all after dignity, provided he be a rational being.

287

Two friends.—They were friends, but they are no longer such, and both at the same time severed the tie of friendship: the one, because he believed himself grossly misunderstood; the other, because he deemed himself found out—and both were mistaken ! For neither of them knew himself well enough.

288

A comedy of the nobles.—Those who fail in showing a noble, sincere intimacy, endeavour to give a glimpse of their noble dispositions by reserve and severity and a certain contempt of intimacy: just as though their strong feeling of confidence was ashamed of showing itself.

289

Where we may not raise our voices against virtue.—Cowards consider it wrong and contemptible to raise their voices against valour; and inconsiderate people are provoked when pity is criticised.

290

An extravagance.—The first words and actions of

excitable and abrupt natures generally do not afford any clue as to their true character (they are prompted by circumstances, and, as it were, imitating the spirit of the circumstances); but since they have actually been uttered and done, the subsequent truly characteristic words and actions have frequently to be wasted in balancing, reconciling, and blotting them from memory.

291

Presumption.—Presumption is an artificial and simulated pride; yet it is peculiar to pride to be incapable of and averse to any simulation, disguise and hypocrisy, hence presumption is the simulated incapacity of simulation, a very difficult thing, and in most cases a failure. But suppose that, as usually happens, it betrayed itself, then a treble annoyance awaits the presumptuous person: we are angry with him because he is bent upon deceiving us, and again, because he wished to show himself superior to us—and, last not least, we even laugh at him because he failed in either of these endeavours. How earnestly ought we therefore to enjoin upon our fellow-men to beware of presumptuousness!

292

A kind of misconception.—When we hear somebody speak, the enunciation of a single consonant (an *r*, for instance) very often suffices to fill us with misgivings as to the honesty of his feelings: *we* are not familiar

with this enunciation and should have to *make* it, arbitrarily—it sounds “affected” to us. This is a sphere of the grossest misconception: and the same applies to the style of a writer whose habits are not universal habits. His “artlessness” is felt as such only by him, owing to the very thing which he himself considers “affected”; because he has therein yielded to fashion and the so-called “good taste,” he may perhaps give pleasure and inspire confidence.

293

Thankful.—One superfluous grain of gratitude and piety makes one suffer as from a vice, and incur an evil conscience, despite all one’s independence and honesty.

294

Saints.—It is the most sensual men who have to shun women and torture their bodies.

295

Art of serving.—It is one of the most difficult tasks of the great art of serving, to serve an excessively ambitious man who, though being in every respect intensely selfish, is thoroughly averse to being considered as such (this is indeed part of his ambition), who wants to be gratified and humoured in all things, yet in such wise as to give himself the appearance of sacrifi-

cing his own person and rarely claiming anything for himself.

296

The duel.—I consider a duel to be of great advantage, somebody said, provided of course it be absolutely necessary; for I have, at all times, brave comrades among my associates. The duel is the last remaining and perfectly honourable road to suicide; unfortunately a circuitous road, and not even a safe one.

297

Pernicious.—The surest way of corrupting a young man is to teach him to esteem the like-minded more highly than the different-minded.

298

Hero-worship and its fanatics.—The fanatic of an ideal made of flesh and blood is usually right as long as he preserves a negative attitude; and in so doing he is terrible: he knows that which he denies as well as himself, for the simple reason that he comes thence, is at home there and is for ever in secret dread of having some day to return there—he wants to make his return an impossibility by the manner of his negation. But as soon as he agrees he shuts his eyes and begins to idealise (frequently for the sole purpose of hurting those who have stayed at home): we might call this

something artistic—agreed, but there is also something dishonest in it. The idealist of a person imagines the same at such a distance that he cannot possibly obtain a clear view of the outlines, and he misinterprets that which he is just able to see as something “beautiful,” which means something symmetrical, of soft lineaments, vague. Since he also longs to adore his ideal, which is floating on high in the far distance, he must necessarily build a temple for the purpose of his worship and out of the reach of the *profanum vulgus*. Into this temple he brings all the other venerable and consecrated objects which he possesses in order that their charm may reflect on his ideal and that, with such nourishment, it may grow more and more divine. At last he has actually succeeded in forming his god,—but alas! there is one who knows how this has been brought about—his intellectual conscience—and there is one besides who quite unconsciously protests against these proceedings, namely, the deified person himself, becoming unbearable in consequence of the worship, the hymns of praise and incense, and showing himself in an abominable manner as non-divine and more than human. In such a case there is but one escape left to the fanatic: he patiently suffers himself and his kin to be maltreated, interpreting even their misery in *maiores dei gloriam* by a new kind of self-deceit and noble fiction: he takes sides against himself and in so doing experiences, in his capacity of an ill-treated person and interpreter, some-

thing like martyrdom—climbing thus to the height of his conceit. People of this kind were to be found in the entourage of Napoleon, nay, perhaps it is really he who instilled into the soul of our century the romantic prostration before “genius” and “hero,” so foreign to the spirit of enlightenment; about whom a man like Byron was not ashamed of saying that he was “a worm compared with such a being.” (The formulæ of this prostration have been discovered by that old, arrogant, busybody and grumbler, Thomas Carlyle, who spent a long life in trying to romanticize the sound commonsense of his Englishmen; but in vain!)

299

Semblance of heroism.—Throwing ourselves into the thick of our enemies may be a sign of cowardice.

300

Condescending to the flatterer.—It is the final prudence of the representatives of craving ambition to hide from others their contempt of mankind, caused by the sight of the flatterers: and to appear condescending to them, like unto a god who cannot be other than condescending.

301

“Strength of character.”—“What I have said once, that I will do,”—this mode of thinking is considered to

show great strength of character. How many actions are accomplished, not because they have been selected as the most rational, but because they, when they occurred in our minds, in some way or other tickled our ambition and vanity so that we persist in them and rashly accomplish them. Thus they strengthen in us the belief in our character and our safe conscience, hence, generally speaking, in our strength: whilst the choice of the most rational acts maintains scepticism against us and a sense of weakness in us.

302

Once, twice, and thrice true.—Men lie unspeakably often, but they do not trouble to think of it, and generally do not believe it.

303

Sport of the discerner of men.—He fancies that he knows me, and feels genteel and important when associating with me in some way or other: I take good care not to undeceive him. For I should have to suffer for it, whereas now he is kindly disposed to me since I evoke in him a sensation of conscious superiority. There stands another, who fears that I fancy to know him, and feels humiliated by this fear. Consequently he behaves in an abominable and awkward manner, trying to mislead me with regard to himself in order again to gain ascendancy over me.

304

The destroyers of the world.—Suppose some one failed in something; in the end he will angrily exclaim: “Would that the whole world came to rack and ruin!” This abominable wish is the height of envy, which reasons because I cannot have a something, the whole world shall have nothing! the whole world shall be nothing.

305

Avarice.—Our avarice in purchasing increases with the cheapness of the objects—why? Is it that the small differences in price constitute the small eye of avarice?

306

The Greek ideal.—What did the Greeks admire in Ulysses? First and foremost, the capacity of lying and of shrewd and terrible revenge; being equal to circumstances; appearing nobler than the noblest if required; being what one wants to be; persevering with heroic steadfastness; having all means within one’s reach; having genius—his genius forms the admiration of all the gods, they smile when they think of it—all this is the Greek ideal! Its most remarkable side is that the contrast between semblance and truth was not in the least recognised, and consequently not morally laid to anybody’s charge. Did there ever exist such consummate actors?

307

Facta ! Ay, Facta ficta !—A historian has not to deal with actual facts, but only with imaginary events : for none but the latter have been instrumental. In the same way he has only to deal with imaginary heroes. His subject, the so-called world's history, is made up of opinions on imaginary actions and their imaginary motives, which in their turn give rise to opinions and actions, the truth of which, however, evaporates at once and is only effective as vapour,—a continuous generating and teeming of phantoms above the dense mists of unfathomable truth. All historians record things that have never existed except in their imagination.

308

To be a stranger to trade is noble.—To sell one's virtue only at the highest price, or even to carry on usury with it—as teacher, civil officer, artist, for instance—lowers genius and talent to matters of common trade. We should, once for all, refrain from being clever, thanks to our wisdom.

309

Fear and love.—The general knowledge of mankind has been more effectively promoted by fear than by love ; for fear tries to find out who the other is,

what he knows, what he wants: it would be hazardous and detrimental to be deceived on this head. Love, on the other hand, has a secret craving to discover in the loved object as many beautiful qualities as possible, or to raise him as highly as possible: to be thus deceived would be delightful and propitious,—wherefore love indulges in it.

310

The good-natured.—The good-natured have acquired their character from the constant dread of foreign encroachments in which their ancestors lived;—who were in the habit of mitigating, appeasing, apologising, preventing, diverting, flattering, humbling themselves, concealing both grief and anger, smoothing their features,—and ultimately bequeathed this whole delicate and successful mechanism to their children and grandchildren. These, thanks to a more propitious fate, had no occasion for that permanent dread: nevertheless they continue in the same groove.

311

The so-called soul.—The sum total of inward emotions which are familiar to men, and which they consequently stir up readily and gracefully, is called a soul;—all are considered void of soul who betray exertion and harshness in their inward emotions.

312

The forgetful.—In the outbursts of passion, and the wild fancies of dream and insanity, man recovers his own pre-history and that of humanity: the animal world with its savage grimaces. His memory, for once, reflects on the past; while his civilised state evolves from the oblivion of these primitive experiences, hence, from the failing of that memory. Whoever, as one exceedingly forgetful, has always kept aloof from all this, does not understand mankind,—yet it is in the interest of all, now and then, to meet some such individuals who “do not understand them,” and who are, as it were, procreated from divine seed and born of reason.

313

The friend we want no more.—The friend whose hopes we cannot satisfy, we would prefer to have for an enemy.

314

From the academy of thinkers.—In the midst of the ocean of genesis we adventurers and birds of passage wake up on an islet not larger than a canoe, and here glance around for a short while as furtively and as curiously as possible; for how quickly may some wind blow us away or some wave sweep over the islet and nothing be left of us! But here, on this small space,

we meet other birds of passage and hear of former ones,—and so we live together one precious minute of recognition and divining, amid cheerful fluttering of the wings and joyous chirping, and, in our imagination, go to seek adventures far out on the ocean not less proud than he is himself.

315

To strip oneself.—To part with some of our property, to waive our rights, gives delight if it denotes great wealth. In that category we must place generosity.

316

Weak sects.—Those sects which are conscious that they will ever be weak hunt after a few intelligent adherents, wishing to make up in quality for what they lack in quantity. This involves a great danger for intelligent minds.

317

Evening judgment.—He who reviews his day's and life's work when he is weary and worn out, generally arrives at a melancholy conclusion: this, however, is not the fault of day and life, but of weariness. In the midst of our work, and even our pleasures, we usually find no leisure to muse over life and existence: but should this for once actually happen, we should no

longer concede the point to him who was waiting for the seventh day and for rest to find all things in existence very beautiful—he had missed the right moment.

318

Beware of systematists.—We sometimes meet a certain amount of false pretence in systematists: in trying to complete a system and round off its horizon, they have to endeavour to make their weaker qualities appear in the light of their stronger ones. They wish to personate complete and uniformly strong characters.

319

Hospitality.—The purport of the rites of hospitality is to paralyse any hostile feeling in a stranger. As soon as we cease looking upon the stranger as upon our enemy, hospitality decreases; whereas it flourishes as long as its evil supposition prevails.

320

About weather.—A very unusual and unsettled weather makes men suspicious, even of one another; at the same time they grow fond of innovations, having to part with their old habits. Wherefore despots fancy those regions where the weather is moral.

321

Danger in innocence.—Innocent people are easy

victims, because their ignorance prevents them from distinguishing between moderation and excess, and from being betimes cautious against themselves. Hence innocent, that is ignorant, young wives grow familiar with the frequent enjoyment of veneries, and miss them very much in after years when their husbands will have fallen ill or grown prematurely old. That harmless and devout conception, as though this frequent intercourse with them be right and proper, fills them with a craving which afterwards exposes them to the severest trials, and even worse things than these. But, taken quite generally and critically, whoever loves a person or a thing without knowing him or it, falls a prey to something which he would not love if he could see it. Wherever experience, caution, and measured steps are required, it is the innocent who will be most thoroughly corrupted, for he has to drink with blindfolded eyes the dregs and the nethermost poison of everything. Let us review the practice of all princes, churches, sects, parties, corporations: is not the innocent always used as the sweetest bait for the most dangerous and infamous cases? Just as Ulysses used innocent Neoptolemos for the purpose of tricking the old, infirm anchorite and wizard of Lemnos out of his bow and arrows, Christianity, with its contempt of the world, has made a virtue of ignorance—the Christian innocence; perhaps, because the most frequent result of this innocence is, as above stated, guilt, the sense of

guilt, and despair; hence a virtue which leads to heaven along the roundabout-way of hell: for only then the gloomy propylees of Christian salvation are thrown open, only then the promise of a posthumous second innocence will tell: it is one of the noblest inventions of Christianity.

322

To live without a physician, if possible.—It well-nigh seems to me that an invalid is more careless when he is under the supervision of a physician than when he looks after his own health. In the first instance he is satisfied with strictly obeying all the prescriptions; in the second, we more conscientiously keep our eye upon that which these prescriptions have in view, namely, our health, observing much more, putting ourselves under greater restraint than would be done by the directions of a physician. All precepts have this effect, that they abstract from the purpose implied in them and render us more careless. And to what height of immoderation and destruction would human carelessness have risen if ever men had honestly trusted everything to the Godhead as to their physician, according to the words, “as God may ordain”!

323

Obscuration of the heavens.—Do you know the revenge of timid people who behave in society as though they

had stolen their members? The revenge of the humble, Christian-like souls, who just manage to slink through the world? The revenge of those who always judge rashly, and are always rashly declared to be in the wrong? The revenge of the drunkards of all classes, to whom the morning is the most dismal part of the day? Of all kinds of invalids, of the sickly and depressed, who no longer have the courage to recover? The number of these petty revengeful people and of their mean little acts of revenge is immense; the very air is constantly whizzing with the discharged arrows of their malignity, so that the sun and the sky of their lives are often obscured thereby,—alas! not only theirs, but more often ours, other men's; ah, this is worse than the frequent pricks and wounds inflicted on our skins and hearts! Do we not sometimes deny the existence of the sun and the sky for the sole reason that we have not seen them for such a long time? Therefore, solitude! Even in this case, solitude!

324

The philosophy of actors.—It is the blissful illusion of all great actors that the historical persons represented by them really have felt as they do during their performance;—but in this they are greatly mistaken. Their power of imitation and divination which they are desirous of representing as a clear-sighted faculty, only penetrates far enough to explain gestures, accents, and

looks—in short, the exterior; that is, they grasp the phantom soul of a great hero, statesman, warrior, of an ambitious, jealous, desperate person; they come pretty near the soul, but fail to arrive at the spirit of their objects. It would, indeed, be a truly valuable thing to discover that, instead of thinkers, discerners, experts, we only required clear-sighted actors to throw light upon the essence of any condition. Whenever such presumptuous notions become prevalent, we should never forget that the actor is nothing but an ape, indeed so much of an ape that he is utterly unable to believe in “nature” and “essence”; all he aims at is acting, accent, gesture, stage, scenery, and audience.

325

Living and believing apart.—The means of becoming the prophet and phenomenon of one's age is the same in our days as it was of old, namely, to live apart, with little knowledge, few thoughts, and a great deal of conceit;—in the end the belief springs up within us that mankind cannot get on without us because it is quite evident that we get on quite well without mankind. As soon as this belief springs into existence we also find faith. A last advice to him who may be in need of it (it was given to Wesley by Boehler, his spiritual teacher): “Preach faith until you have it; then you will preach it because you have it.”

326

Knowledge of our circumstances.—We may estimate our forces but not our force. Circumstances do not only conceal it from and show it to us—nay, they even exaggerate and diminish it. We ought to consider ourselves variable quantities whose active power may, under specially favourable circumstances, become equivalent to that of the highest order. We ought, therefore, to weigh the circumstances, and spare no effort in studying them.

327

A fable.—No philosopher or poet has, as yet, succeeded in discovering the Don Juan of knowledge. The latter lacks love for the things which he apprehends, but he possesses wit, longing for and pleasure in the pursuit and intrigues of knowledge—up to the highest and most distant stars of knowledge!—until in the end nothing but the absolutely injurious part of knowledge is left to his pursuit, like unto the drunkard who finishes by partaking of absinthium and nitric acid; and ultimately he feels a longing for hell—it is the last knowledge which misleads him. Perhaps this even will disappoint him, as all things apprehended do. And then he will have to halt for ever and ever, nailed to disappointment and turned into a stony knight, with a longing for an evening repast of knowledge which never more will fall to his share. For the whole world of

things has not a morsel left to offer to his famished soul.

328

What idealistic theories seem to disclose.—We may be sure to find ideal theories among the unscrupulous experts; for their reputation stands in need of the former's lustre. They instinctively have recourse to them, without in so doing feeling in the least hypocritical—no more than Englishmen do in their Christian Sabbath observance. Conversely, contemplative natures who have to keep themselves under discipline in all sorts of fantastic dreams, and dread the repute of reverie, are only satisfied with hard, realistic theories; they seize them with the same instinctive compulsion and without losing their honesty.

329

The slanderers of cheerfulness.—Men who are deeply wounded by the disappointments of life look with suspicion on all cheerfulness, as though it were childlike and childish and betraying a want of common-sense which moves them to pity and sympathy, just as would a dying child that is still fondling his toys on his death-bed. They detect hidden graves under every rose: festivities, bustle, joyful music seem to them as the determined self-delusion of the hopeless invalid who longs to take a last draught from the intoxicating cup

of life. But this judgment of cheerfulness is nothing but its refraction on the gloomy background of weariness and disease; it is itself something touching, irrational, pitiable, nay, even childlike and childish, but belonging to that second childhood which follows in the wake of old age and is the forerunner of death.

330

It is not enough.—It is not enough to prove a case, we must also mislead and lead others to it. Wherefore the wise man ought to learn how to impart his wisdom—and often to do so in such a manner as to make it savour of folly.

331

Right and limits.—Asceticism is the right mode of thinking for those who have to extirpate their sensual cravings, because these are ferocious beasts. Only such should practise asceticism.

332

The bombastic style.—An artist who does not wish to vent his highly pent-up feelings in his work, thus unburdening himself, but who, on the contrary, is desirous of imparting these very feelings to others, is pompous; and his style is the bombastic style.

333

Humanity.—We do not look upon animals as upon

moral beings. But do you for a moment suppose that animals consider us to be moral beings? An animal, which could speak, has said: "Humanity is a prejudice we animals at least do not suffer from."

334

The charitable man.—The charitable man gratifies a natural desire of his heart when he confers his benefit on others. The stronger this desire is, the less he enters into the feelings of him who serves the purpose of gratifying this desire; he becomes indelicate and occasionally even offensive. (This applies to the charity and liberality of the Jews, which, as is well known, is somewhat more effusive than that of other nations.)

335

That love may be felt as love.—We must be honest towards ourselves and thoroughly acquainted with our inmost hearts, so as to be able to practise upon others that humane dissimulation which is called love and kindness.

336

What we are capable of.—A man who had been provoked all day long by his degenerated and wicked son, slew him in the evening, and, drawing a long breath, exclaimed to the rest of his family, "Now we can sleep

in safety." Who knows but what circumstances might drive us to?

337

"Natural."—To be natural at least in his deficiencies is perhaps the highest eulogium that can be bestowed on an artificial and in all other respects theatrical and ungenuine artist. For this very reason he will boldly display his deficiencies.

338

Conscience-substitute.—One man is the other's conscience: a fact which is of special importance if the other has no conscience.

339

Transformation of duties.—When duty ceases to be a burden, when, after long practice, it becomes a delight and a necessity, then the rights of others to whom our duties, now our inclinations, refer, change into occasions for pleasant sensations. The other, in the force of his rights, henceforth becomes to us an object of love instead of an object of reverence and awe. We seek our own pleasure when we acknowledge and maintain the extent of his power. When the Quietists no longer felt their Christian faith as a burden, and found their only delight in God, they adopted the motto: "Do all to the glory of God"; whatever they

performed in this direction ceased to be a sacrifice ; it was tantamount to : "Everything for the sake of our pleasure." To demand that duty should always be more or less a burden—as Kant has it—is to demand that it should never develop into a habit or custom : this demand savours of a slight residuum of ascetic cruelty.

340

Appearances are against the historian.—It is a well-proven fact that human beings originate in the womb : nevertheless grown-up children, when standing at their mother's side, place the hypothesis in a most absurd light : it has all appearances against it.

341

Advantage of ignorance.—Somebody has said that in his childhood he had entertained such a strong contempt for the capricious whims of the melancholy temperament that, until the time when he became a man, he was kept in ignorance about his own temperament, which, indeed, was melancholy. He declares this kind of ignorance to be most profitable.

342

Unmistakable.—True, he examines the matter from every side, and you think him to be a man of thorough

knowledge. But he only wishes to lower its price—he wants to buy it.

343

Moral pretence.—You refuse to be dissatisfied with yourselves or to suffer through yourselves—and this you call your moral tendency. Very well! another may perhaps call it your cowardice. But one thing is certain: you will never manage to get through the world (and you are your own world) and you will for ever be in yourselves a casualty and a clod on the clod. Do you imagine that we, who hold different views, expose ourselves for mere folly's sake to the journey through our own deserts, marshes, and ice-regions, and voluntarily choose pain and the surfeit of ourselves, after the fashion of the Stylites?

344

Subtlety in mistake.—If, as they say, Homer has been able to sleep at times, he was wiser than all artists of restless ambition. We have to allow the admirers time to recover their breath by periodically converting them into critics; for nobody can abide an uninterrupted brilliant and untiring productiveness; and instead of doing good, such a master would turn into a task-master whom we hate whilst he precedes us.

345

Our happiness is no argument either pro or con.—

Many people are only capable of a small share of happiness: it is no more an argument against their wisdom that the latter is unable to give them greater happiness, than against medical skill that many people are incurable and others always ailing. May everybody have the good fortune to discover that mode of life which may enable him to realise *his* greatest share of happiness: yet, for all that, his life may be miserable and not worth envying.

346

Misoginists.—"Woman is our enemy"—the man who speaks thus to men betrays an unbridled lust which does not only loathe itself, but even its means.

347

School of the orator.—By keeping silence for a whole year we unlearn to prate and learn to discourse. The Pythagoreans were the best statesman of their age.

348

Sense of power.—Mark the difference: he who wishes to acquire the sense of power seizes upon any means and disdains no nourishment to foster it. Whereas he who already possesses it has grown fastidious and refined in his taste; few things satisfy him.

349

Not so very important.—At any deathbed at which we are standing there always arises in us a certain thought which we promptly suppress from a false sense of propriety: the thought that the act of dying is not so significant as general reverence maintains and that the dying person has probably lost in life things more important than he is about to lose in the hour of death. The end, in this case, is certainly not the goal.

350

The safest way to promise.—When a promise is made, it is not the word which is binding, but that which is implied in the word. Forsooth, words render a promise invalid, by discharging and wasting a power which is part of that power which makes the promise. Therefore proffer your hand but place your finger on your lips—thus you will make the safest promises.

351

Misunderstood as a rule.—In conversation we sometimes notice people endeavouring to set a trap wherein to catch others—not from any base motive, as one might think, but from sheer delight in their own shrewdness: some again prepare a joke and leave it to others to utter it, they tie the loop for the other to pull out the knot: not from goodwill, as one might be induced

to think, but from wickedness and contempt of coarse intellects.

352

Centre.—The feeling: “I am the centre of the world,” springs up with full force when we are suddenly overtaken by shame. We feel dazed and, as it were, standing in the midst of a surge, dazzled by one great piercing eye, which from all sides gazes down upon us and looks straight through and through us.

353

Freedom of speech.—“The truth should be told, even though the world should go to rack and ruin”—thus says great, outspoken Fichte! Yes, certainly! But we must first of all have it. But he means to say that everybody ought to speak out his mind, even though everything were to be turned upside down. This point, however, is still open to argument.

354

Courage for suffering.—Such as we now are, we are able to bear a great deal of displeasure, our stomachs being suited to such rich diet. If deprived of the latter we should perhaps think the banquet of life insipid: and but for our ready acceptance of pain we should have to give up too many pleasures.

355

Admirers.—He who goes so far in his admiration as to crucify the non-admirer, is one of the hangmen of his party; beware of shaking hands with him, though he be of your party.

356

Effect of happiness.—The first effect of happiness is the sense of power: which longs to manifest itself either to us or to others, to ideas or imaginary beings. The most ordinary ways of manifestation are: Gifts, derision, destruction—all these three with a common, deep-seated impulse.

357

Moral stinging-flies.—Those moralists who lack the love of knowledge and who only know the pleasure of giving pain to others, have the temper and tediousness of townsfolk. It is their pastime, which is as cruel as it is mean, closely to watch their neighbour and quite imperceptibly to put a pin in such a way that he cannot help pricking himself with it. This is their last residuum of the schoolboy's naughtiness, who cannot be merry without hunting and torturing both the living and dead.

358

Reasons and their groundlessness.—You feel a dislike for him, and adduce ample reasons for this dislike, but

I only believe in your dislike and not in your reasons. It is a flattery in your own eyes to interpret as a syllogism that which instinctively happens both to yourself and to me.

359

Approving of a thing.—We approve of marriage, first, because we are still strangers to it; secondly, because we have grown familiar with it; thirdly, because we have contracted it—that is, almost in all cases. For all that nothing is proved in favour of the general value of marriage.

360

No Utilitarians.—"Power which is greatly wronged both in deeds and thoughts is worth more than impotence which only meets with kindly feelings"—this was the Greek way of reasoning. That is: they valued power more highly than any utility or fair fame.

361

Ugly in appearance.—Moderation sees itself in a rosy light; it is unaware of the fact that in the eye of the immoderate it appears harsh and sober and consequently ugly.

362

Different hatred.—Many do not hate until they feel weak and tired: in other respects they are fair-minded

and forgiving. Others do not hate until they discover an occasion for revenge: in other respects they refrain from all secret and open wrath, and whenever there is occasion, they overlook it.

363

People favoured by chance.—The constituent parts of every invention are affected by chance, but the majority of people do not meet with their chance.

364

Choice of one's surroundings.—Let us beware of living in a company in whose presence we are unable either to observe a dignified silence or to communicate our loftier thoughts, so that our complaints and wants and the whole tale of our distress remain to be told. We grow dissatisfied both with ourselves and these surroundings; nay, we even add to the distress which gives rise to our complaints, the displeasure of feeling ourselves always the plaintiffs. But where we should be ashamed to speak of ourselves and have no need to speak of ourselves, there it is that we should live. But who thinks of such things, of a selection in such things? We speak of our "fatality," turn our broad backs and sigh: "Woe to me, ill-starred Atlas!"

365

Vanity.—Vanity is the dread of appearing original;

hence it is a lack of pride, but not necessarily a lack of originality.

366

The criminal's grief.—The detected criminal does not suffer because of the crime committed, but rather because of the disgrace or the annoyance at having committed a blunder, or because of the craving created by the familiar element, and it requires acute discernment to distinguish in these cases. Every visitor of prisons and penitentiaries is astonished at the rare instances of genuine “remorse”: and the frequent yearning after the evil, beloved old crime.

367

Always to appear happy.—When, in the third century, Greek philosophy became a matter of public emulation, a considerable number of philosophers were happy in the secret thought that others who lived according to different principles and derived no satisfaction from them, could not but feel provoked by their happiness; they believed that this happiness was the surest argument to refuting the others; wherefore it sufficed them to make a continuous display of happiness, and in so doing they ended by being happy themselves. Such was, for instance, the fate of the cynics.

368

Cause of much misunderstanding.—The morality of the increasing nerve-power is joyous and restless, whereas the

morality of the diminishing nerve-power, in the evening, or in invalids and aged people, is painful, calm, patient, melancholy, often even gloomy. In proportion as we possess the one or the other, we do not understand that which we do not have, and we often call it in others immorality and weakness.

369

To raise oneself above one's own worthlessness.—Proud fellows indeed those who, in order to re-establish the consciousness of their dignity and importance, need others whom they may tyrannise and oppress: whose impotence and cowardice permit the impunity wherewith some display in their pressure a haughty or angry demeanour, so that they need the worthlessness of their surroundings to raise themselves for a short while above their own worthlessness. For this purpose one requires a dog; another a friend; a third a wife; a fourth a party; and another, again, one rarely to be met with, a whole century.

370

To what extent the thinker loves his enemy.—Make it a rule never to withhold or conceal anything from yourself, anything that you might think against your own thoughts. It is the foremost requirement of honest reflection. Every day you must make it your duty to wage war against self. A victory and a conquered bulwark are no longer your concern but that of truth, but also your defeat is no longer your concern.

371

The evil in strength.—Violence, as the outcome of passion—of rage, for instance—is psychologically to be understood as an attempt to prevent an imminent fit of suffocation. Innumerable deeds of insolence, vented on others, have acted as so many outlets for a sudden congestion by a vigorous muscular exertion; and perchance the “evil in strength” may be looked upon from this point of view. (The evil in strength wounds others quite unintentionally—it has to find an outlet; the evil in weakness wishes to wound and to see signs of suffering.)

372

To the credit of the connoisseur.—As soon as somebody poses as judge, although he be no connoisseur, we ought forthwith to remonstrate, be he man or woman. Enthusiasm or delight in a thing or a human being are no arguments, neither are grudge and hatred against them.

373

Ambiguous blame.—“He has no knowledge of mankind” means on the lips of some, “He does not know what corruption is”; on those of others, “He does not know the exception, but knows only too well what corruption means.”

374

Value of sacrifice.—The more the rights of states and princes are called in question as to the sacrifice of the

individual (as, for instance, in the administration of justice, compulsory military service, &c.), the higher the value of self-sacrifice will rise.

375

Speaking too distinctly.—For various reasons we, at times, articulate our words too distinctly; once, from distrust of ourselves, when obliged to converse in a new and unpractised language; secondly, from distrust of others, of their stupidity and slow comprehension. The same holds good with regard to intellectual matters; our communications are sometimes too distinct, too minute, because those to whom we communicate our ideas would not understand us otherwise. Wherefore the perfect and easy-flowing style is only permissible in the presence of a perfect audience.

376

Plenty of sleep.—What are we to do to rouse ourselves when we are weary and sick of our ego? Some recommend the gambling-table; others, the Christian religion, or electricity. The best remedy, however, my dear, melancholy friend, is, and will ever be, plenty of sleep, in the literal and figurative sense of the word. Thus another morning will dawn upon us. True worldly wisdom will know to find the proper time for applying this sleep-remedy.

377

What fantastic ideals seem to point at.—The seat of

our deficiencies is likewise that of our enthusiasm. The enthusiastic principle, "Love your enemies," had to be invented by the Jews, the greatest haters that ever existed; and the most sublime glorification of chastity was written by men who, in their youth, had led dissolute and licentious lives.

378

Clean hands and clean walls.—Do not paint the likenesses of either God or the devil on your walls—*i.e.*, Do not talk of either God or the devil—for in so doing you will spoil your walls as well as your surroundings.

379

Probable and improbable.—A woman secretly loved a man and raised him high above herself, saying a hundred of times in her heart of hearts, "If such a man were to love me, I should deem it a condescension which would make me grovel in the dust."—And the man entertained the same feelings for the woman, and in the inmost recesses of his heart he fostered the very same thought. When, at last, their tongues were loosened and they had told each other all the secret and inmost thoughts of their hearts, a deep and thoughtful silence ensued. Then the woman began in a chilled voice, "It is as clear as day, we are neither of us what we have loved. If you are such and no other than you say, it is in vain that I have humbled myself and loved

you; the demon misled me as well as you." This very probable story never happens—and why not?

380

Tested advice.—Of all means of solace none is so consolatory to those who are in need of comfort as the assertion that, in their case, no comfort can be bestowed. This implies such a distinction that they will raise their heads again.

381

To know one's individuality.—We are too apt to forget that, in the eyes of strangers who see us for the first time, we are beings quite different from those we consider ourselves to be: viz., in some cases nothing more than some prominent individuality that determines the impression we make on them. Thus the gentlest and most fair-minded man, provided he have a formidable moustache, may as it were quietly repose in its shade,—ordinary eyes behold in him the accessory to a formidable moustache, viz., a military, irascible, occasionally violent temper—and behave to him accordingly.

382

Gardeners and gardens.—Out of dark, dreary days, out of loneliness and unkind words, there grow up within us conclusions like fungi; one fine morning they have sprung up—we do not know whence—and they scowl at us with

sullen, morose eyes. Woe to the thinker who, instead of being the gardener of his plants, is but the soil in which they grow.

383

The insincerity of sympathy.—Much as we may sympathise with our brother when he is unhappy, in his presence we more or less act with insincerity; we refrain from uttering all that we think or the way we think about it, with that prudence of the physician who is standing by the bedside of a patient who is seriously ill.

384

Odd saints.—There are pusillanimous people who have a very poor opinion of their best works and efforts and who are at the same time bad commentators and interpreters of the same; also by way of revenge they do not value the sympathy of others, or altogether do not believe in sympathy; they are ashamed of appearing carried away by themselves and take a defiant comfort in becoming ridiculous. Such notions we find in the souls of melancholy artists.

385

Vain people.—We are like shop-windows, wherein we are constantly arranging, hiding, or exhibiting those supposed qualities which others attribute to us—in order to deceive ourselves.

386

The pathetic and the naïve.—It may be an ignoble habit to neglect no opportunity for assuming a pathetic air, for the sake of the enjoyment of fancying the spectator striking his breast and feeling miserable and small. Consequently it may also be a characteristic of a noble mind to make fun of pathetic conditions and to behave in an undignified manner in them. The old warlike nobility of France possessed that kind of stateliness and refinement.

387

Instance of a deliberation before marriage.—Supposing she loved me, what a nuisance she would become to me in the long run! And supposing she did not love me, how much more of a nuisance she would be to me in the long run!—It is a matter of two different sorts of nuisances; therefore let us marry.

388

Villainy committed with a good conscience.—In many countries—in the Tyrol, for instance—it is annoying to be cheated, for we have to accept into the bad bargain the fraudulent vendor's mean face and coarse greediness along with his bad conscience and hostile feeling against us. At Venice, on the other hand, the cheater is genuinely delighted with his successful fraud and not in the least angry with his dupe, nay, even inclined to show him some kindness and to have a hearty laugh with him in

case he should feel so disposed. Hence it follows that one must possess wit and a good conscience successfully to commit a knavery: this will almost reconcile the dupe to the dupery.

389

Somewhat too awkward.—Excellent people, who, however, are too awkward to be civil and amiable, seek promptly to return an act of civility by a kind service or a contribution out of their store of faculties. It is touching to see them diffidently produce their gold coins when others have offered them their gilt pennies!

390

Concealing intellect.—When we take somebody in the act of concealing his intellect from us, we call him evil: all the more so when we suspect that civility and humanity have prompted him to do so.

391

The evil moment.—Lively dispositions only lie on the spur of the moment: afterwards they have deceived themselves and are convinced and honest.

392

Stipulation of civility.—Civility is a very good thing, in fact, one of the four principal virtues (though the last): but lest it prove a means of boring me, the person with

whom I have to deal must be either one degree more or less civil than I,—else we shall never get on and the ointment will not only anoint us but plaster us together.

393

Dangerous virtues.—"He forgets nothing but forgives everything."—Wherefore he will be doubly detested, for he puts us doubly to shame, both by his memory and his magnanimity.

394

Free from vanity.—Passionate people little think of what others may think; their frame of mind raises them above vanity.

395

Contemplation.—In some thinkers the contemplative state peculiar to a thinker is always the consequence of a state of fear; in others always that of desire. Wherefore to the former contemplativeness seems combined with the sense of security, to the latter with that of surfeit:—that is, the former is spirited, the latter despondent and neutral.

396

A-hunting.—The one is hunting pleasant truths, the other, unpleasant ones. But even the former takes greater delight in the pursuit than in the prize.

397

Education.—Education is a continuation of generation, and frequently a kind of supplementary embellishment of it.

398

The characteristic of the choleric.—Of two persons who are fighting, loving or admiring each other, the more choleric will always be at a disadvantage. The same applies to two nations.

399

Self-excuse.—Many have the best possible right to act either in this or that manner. But as soon as they begin to excuse themselves, we no longer believe in their right—and are mistaken.

400

Moral coddling.—There are characters of a delicate moral disposition who blush at every success and feel remorse after every failure.

401

Most dangerous loss.—We begin by losing the capacity of loving others and end by finding nothing lovable in ourselves—

402

Another kind of toleration.—To have been left one minute too long on red-hot coals, and to be just a little burnt, will do no harm, either to men or to chestnuts. This slight bitterness and hardness make the kernel taste all the sweeter.—Yes, this is what you say, you who only know enjoyment. Oh, ye sublime cannibals!

403

Different pride.—Women turn pale at the thought that their lover might be unworthy of them; men turn pale at the thought that they might be unworthy of the woman they love. I allude to perfect women, perfect men. Men, as a rule sanguine and self-confident, when under the influence of a strong passion grow diffident, doubtful of themselves: women, on the other hand, though generally conscious of being the weak, devoted sex, in the great exception of love become proud and conscious of their power,—they ask, Who is worthy of me?

404

To whom we rarely do justice.—Many a man is unable to feel enthusiasm for any great and good cause without, in some quarter or other, committing a grievous wrong: this is *his* kind of morality.

405

Luxury.—The love of luxury roots in the depth of the

human heart, betraying that all that is superfluous and immoderate is the sea wherein the soul of man delights to float.

406

To immortalise.—May he, who wishes to kill his opponent, first consider whether he will not in so doing immortalise him to himself.

407

Against our character.—If our character rebels against the truth which we have to say,—as happens very often,—we behave in a way as though we clumsily uttered an untruth, and thus we arouse suspicion.

408

Where a great deal of clemency is needed.—Many characters have but the one alternative left: either to become public evil-doers or secret mourners.

409

Illness.—Illness implies an untimely approach of old age, of ugliness and of pessimistic opinions, which fall under the same cognisance.

410

The timid.—It is the awkward and the timid who frequently become murderers: they do not understand

slight but efficient defence or revenge ; their hatred, in the absence of intelligence and presence of mind, does not hit upon any other expedient but destruction.

411

Without hatred.—You wish to bid farewell to your passion ? Very well, but do so without hatred against it. Else you will have to contend with a second passion. The Christian's soul which has freed itself from sin is in most cases ruined by the hatred against sin. Look at the faces of great Christians. They are the faces of great haters.

412

Ingenious and narrow-minded.—He does not know how to appreciate anything except himself ; and when he wishes to appreciate others he has first to transform them into himself. In this, however, he is ingenious.

413

Private and public accusers.—Closely watch the accuser and investigator,—for he reveals his true character : and not rarely a worse character than that of the victim whose crime he attacks. The accuser entertains the innocent belief that the fact of his assailing both the crime and the criminal must needs be a proof of the worthiness of his own character or at least represent him as being such,—he consequently uses no restraint, that is, he launches out.

414

Blind of one's own free will.—There is a kind of enthusiastic, excessive devotion to some person or party which betrays that in our inmost hearts we feel superior to the objects of our devotion, and, for that reason, feel indignant with ourselves. We, as it were, blind ourselves of our own free will, to punish our eyes for having seen too much.

415

Remedium amoris.—In most cases love is now as ever relieved by that ancient, radical remedy : love in return.

416

Where is our worst enemy?—We, who are and are conscious of being good managers of our own affairs, are generally conciliatory towards our adversary. But the belief that we have the right on our side, and the knowledge that we are incapable of pleading it,—rouses a fierce and implacable hatred against the opponent of our cause. May everybody judge thereby in what direction he has to look for his worst enemies.

417

Limit of all humility.—Many a man may indeed have attained that humility which says, *Credo quia absurdum est*, and sacrifices its reason : but not one, for aught I

know, has ever attained that humility, which, after all, is but one step further, and which says, *Credo, quia absurdum sum.*

418

Acting the truth.—Many a man is truthful,—not because he detests playing the hypocrite, but because he would ill-succeed in gaining credence for his hypocrisy. In short, he has no confidence in his talent as actor and therefore prefers to be honest : acting the truth.

419

Party-courage.—The poor sheep say to their shepherd, “Lead us and we shall never be wanting in courage to follow you.” And the poor shepherd thinks in his heart : “You only follow me, and I shall never lack courage to lead you.”

420

Shrewdness of the victim.—What distressing shrewdness lies in the wish to deceive ourselves with regard to the person for whose sake we have sacrificed ourselves, and to give him an opportunity of appearing such as we would wish him to be.

421

Showing through others.—There are people who do not wish to be seen otherwise than through others : a wish which implies a good deal of wisdom.

Making others happy.—Why does nothing make us so happy as the making of the happiness of others?—Because, in so doing, we at once gratify our fifty cravings. Taken severally, they would be very little pleasures: but when taken all into one hand, the hand will be fuller than ever, —and the heart likewise.

FIFTH BOOK



In the great silence.—Here is the sea, here we may forget the town. Though its bells are still ringing the Angelus—that sad and foolish, yet sweet sound at the parting of day and night—only another minute! Now all is hushed! There lies the broad ocean, pale and glittering, but it cannot speak. The sky is glistening in its eternal mute evening glory, in red, yellow, green hues; it cannot speak either. The small cliffs and crags, projecting into the sea—as though trying to find the most lonely spot—not any of them can speak. This intense muteness which suddenly overcomes us is beautiful and awful; it makes the heart swell. Oh, for the deceit of this dumb beauty! How kindly it could speak, and how maliciously too, if only it would! Its tied tongue and its face of passive happiness is but malice, mocking at your sympathy. Be it so! I do not feel ashamed of being the sport of such powers! But I pity thee, oh Nature, because thou art bound to silence, though it be only thy malice which ties thy tongue; nay, I pity thee for the sake of thy malice! Alas! their silence deepens, and once more my heart swells

within me; it is startled by a fresh truth, it is dumb also; it too sets up a sneer when the mouth, in its rapture, calls out something; it too enjoys the sweet malice of its silence. I begin to hate speaking, nay, thinking. Is not every word which I hear accompanied by the mockery of error, imagination, insanity? Must I not laugh at my pity and mock at my own mockery? Oh sea, oh night, ye are sad teachers! Ye teach man how to strip off his humanity. Shall he follow you? Shall he grow, like you, pale, glittering, dumb, immense, looking down reposefully upon himself?—exalted above himself?

424

For whom truth exists.—As yet, the errors have been the consolatory powers; now we expect the same effects from the accepted truths, and have been waiting a pretty long time. What if the truths could not give this very thing—comfort? Would this be an objection to truths? What have these in common with the plights of suffering, worn, sick people, that they more than others should be of use to them? It is certainly no proof against the truth of a plant when it becomes an established fact that it nowise contributes to the recovery of sick persons. But formerly people were so deeply convinced of man being the sole purpose of Nature, that they forthwith believed that even knowledge could not disclose anything but what was salutary and

useful to man; nay, there could not, there durst not be other things as well. Perhaps all this leads to the proposition that truth, as a whole and something coherent, existed only for souls who, like Aristotle, are both powerful and harmless, joyous and peaceful: just as none but these would be capable of seeking them: for the others seek remedies for themselves, however proud they may be of their intellect and its freedom, they do not seek for truth. Hence it comes that these others take so little genuine delight in science, but charge it with coldness, dryness, and inhumanity. Such is the opinion of the sick about the games of the healthy. Even the Greek gods were unable to give comfort; when at length all the Greek world was stricken down with sickness, it soon was a reason for the destruction of their gods.

425

We gods in exile.—Through mistaken opinions on their descent, their uniqueness, their mission, and through claims based on these mistaken opinions, mankind have exalted and again and again “excelled themselves”; but through these same errors the world has been filled with infinite suffering, mutual persecution, suspicion, misunderstanding, and even greater individual misery. Men have turned into suffering beings in consequence of their morals; and the sum total of their purchase is a feeling of being really too good and too

great for this world, and enjoying a merely transitory existence in it. As yet the "proud sufferer" is the loftiest type of mankind.

426

Colour-blindness of thinkers.—In what different light the Greeks must have viewed Nature, being, as we cannot help admitting, absolutely colour-blind with regard to blue and green, mistaking the former for a deeper brown, the latter for yellow; so, for instance, they used one and the same word for the hues of dark hair, of the corn-flower, and of the Southern sea; and again, one and the same expression for the colours of the greenest herbs and the human skin, of honey and yellow resins; whence, as has been proved, their greatest artists reproduced their world only in black, white, red, and yellow—how different and how much more akin to mankind must Nature have appeared to them, since in their eyes the hues of man were predominant also in Nature, and the latter was, as it were, floating in the colour-ocean of humanity! (Blue and green more than anything else dishumanise nature.) This deficiency accounts for the playful facility which distinguishes the Greeks in seeing in all natural processes gods and demi-gods; that is, beings of human form. But this only by way of a parable to pave the way for another supposition. Every thinker pictures his world and all things in fewer colours than really exist, and is blind to individual

colours. This is not merely a deficiency. By means of this approach and simplification he fancies colour-harmonies into the things which have a great charm and may greatly enrich Nature. Perhaps this has been the way in which mankind first learned to delight in the aspect of existence; this existence being first of all represented to them in one or two shades, and consequently harmonised. They practised, as it were, these few shades before they could pass on to more. And even now many an individual works himself from a partial colour-blindness into a richer faculty of sight and discernment, and thus not only discovers new pleasures, but is obliged also to abandon and lose some of the former ones.

427

The embellishment of science.—Just as the view that “Nature is ugly, wild, tedious—we must embellish it (*embellir la Nature*)”—gave rise to the rococo horticulture, so the view that “science is ugly, dry, cheerless, difficult, wearisome—we must embellish it”—invariably gives birth to a something called philosophy. It is bent upon doing that which all art and poetry aim at—namely, first and foremost affording diversion; but it wants to do so in conformity with its hereditary pride, in a loftier and higher mode, before the best intellects. It is no mean ambition to create for these intellects a kind of horticulture, whose principal charm, as that of

the ordinary gardening, consists in the delusion of the eyes (by means of temples, perspective views, grottoes, mazes, waterfalls, to speak in similes), in exhibiting science in extracts, and in all sorts of marvellous and sudden illuminations, infusing as much indecision, irrationality, and reverie into it as to enable us to roam in it "as in wild nature," yet without trouble and ennui. Those who have this ambition even dream of thereby rendering religion, which with former generations served as the highest art of diversion, superfluous. All this is running its course, until one day it will attain its spring-tide. Even in our days hostile voices begin to clamour against philosophy, exclaiming, "Return to science, to Nature, and naturalness of science!" and thus an age may dawn which will discover the most powerful beauty in the "uncultivated, ugly" branches of science, just as since Rousseau we have discovered the sense for the beauty of mountains and deserts.

428

Two kinds of moralists.—To become for the first time conscious, and fully conscious, of a law of nature (gravity, reflection of light and sound, for instance), and to explain such a law, are two different things, and concern different intellects. In the same way those moralists who perceive and exhibit human laws and habits—moralists with discriminative ears, noses, eyes—altogether differ from the interpreters of those observations. The

latter must be above all ingenious and possessed of an imagination unbridled by sagacity and knowledge.

429

The new passion.—Why do we dread and loathe the thought of a possible return to barbarism? Is it because it would make people less happy than they are? Certainly not! The barbarians of all ages had greater happiness than we. Let us not deceive ourselves. But our craving for knowledge is too strong to allow us to value happiness without knowledge or the happiness of a strong, fixed delusion; it is painful even to imagine such conditions. The restless pursuit of discoveries and divinations has grown to us as attractive and indispensable as hapless love to the lover, which he would not at any price exchange for indifference—nay, perhaps we too are hapless lovers! Knowledge in our hearts has developed into a passion which does not shrink from any sacrifice, and really fears nothing but its own extinction. We honestly believe that, in the stress and suffering of *this* passion, all mankind are bound to feel more exalted and comforted than of old, when they had not yet ceased being envious of the coarser comfort which follows in the train of barbarism. Perhaps mankind may even perish in this love of knowledge. Even this thought fails to daunt us! Did Christianity ever shrink from a similar thought? Are love and death not brethren? Indeed, we loathe barbarism; we all prefer the destruc-

tion of humanity to the retrogression of knowledge. And finally, if humanity do not perish through some passion, it will perish through a weakness; which would you rather have? This is the main question. Do you wish an extinction in fire and light or in the sands?

430

Another heroism.—To do things of the worst possible odour, which we are afraid of mentioning, but which are useful and necessary, may also exemplify heroism. The Greeks were not ashamed of classing even the cleansing of a stable among the great labours of Hercules.

431

The opinions of opponents.—For the purpose of estimating the natural subtlety and weakness of even the cleverest heads, we should study their way of taking and reciprocating the opinions of their opponents, for in this the natural disposition of any intellect comes to light. The perfect sage quite unintentionally idealises his opponent and frees the latter's inconsistencies from all stains and accidentalities; only after having thus turned him into a god with shining weapons, he takes up arms against him.

432

Investigator and tempter.—There is no monopoly of

scientific methods. We have to deal with the things experimentally, being by turns angry with and kind to them and alternately showing them justice, passion and coldness. The one speaks to the things in his capacity of policeman, the other in that of a confessor, a third as an inquisitive traveller. They will force anything from them by either sympathy or violence; the one is urged on and led to insight by the reverence of their secrets, another again by indiscretion and tricks in the explanation of secrets. We investigators, like all conquerors, discoverers, navigators, adventurers, have bold, moral principles, and are liable to being in the main considered evil.

433

To see with new eyes.—Suppose that the term “beauty in art” always implied the imitation of all that is happy—and this I consider the truth—corresponding to the idea which an age, a people, a great self-constitutive individual form of him who is happy: what then does the so-called realism of the present artists disclose with regard to the happiness of our age? It is doubtless *its* style of beauty which we, in our days, understand and enjoy best of all. We are consequently led to believe that our present, peculiar happiness is based on the real, on most acute senses and the true conception of the real; hence not on reality, but on the knowledge of reality. The influence of science has

already gained so much in depth and extent, that the artists of our century have quite unconsciously become the glorifiers of the scientific felicities *per se*.

434

To make intercession.—Unpretending regions are subjects for great landscape-painters ; remarkable and rare regions for inferior ones. For the great things in nature and humanity have to intercede in favour of all their inferior, mediocre and ambitious admirers—whereas the great man intercedes in favour of simple things.

435

Not to perish unnoticed.—Our qualifications and greatness are not only once, but constantly crumbling away ; the herbs that shoot up among everything and cling to everything, kill all that is great in us—the daily, hourly disregarded wretchedness of our surroundings, the thousands of small roots of mean and pusillanimous feelings which grow up from our neighbourhood, our office, our society, and our daily arrangements. If we allow this small weed to escape our notice, we shall perish of it unnoticed. And if you are bent upon perishing, do so forthwith and suddenly : in that case, perhaps, you will leave proud relics ! And not, as there is now grave cause to fear, mole-hills, covered with grass and weeds, those petty victors, humble as ever and too wretched even for triumph.

Casuistical.—We are in a most painful dilemma—to which not everybody's valour and character are equal—when, as passengers of a steamer, we discover that the captain and steersman commit dangerous mistakes, and that we are their superiors in nautical knowledge—and then ask ourselves, “How now, if we stirred up a rebellion against them and made them both prisoners? Does not our superiority justify such proceedings? And again, are they not, in their turn, justified in locking us up because we corrupt obedience?” This is a simile for higher and more perilous positions: and the final question at issue is, what our superiority, our faith in ourselves, warrant in such cases? Success? But then we must do the very thing which involves all dangers—not only dangers to ourselves, but even to the ship.

Privileges.—He who truly owns himself, that is, who has ultimately conquered his *ego*, considers it his special privilege to punish, pardon, pity himself: he need not concede this privilege to anybody, though he may safely bestow it on another, on a friend, for instance;—but he knows that, in so doing, he confers a right, and that one can only confer rights when in full possession of power.

438

Men and things.—Why does man not see the things? He is in the way himself: he obscures the things.

439

Characteristics of happiness.—Two things are common to all sensations of happiness: a profusion of feelings and wantonness, so that, like unto the fishes, we feel surrounded by our element and float therein. True Christians will know what Christian exuberance means.

440

Never resign.—To renounce the world without knowing it, after the fashion of the nun—results in a fruitless, perhaps melancholy solitude. This is utterly unlike the solitude of the thinker's life contemplative: when he chooses it, he has not the least intention of renouncing; he would, on the contrary, deem it a renunciation, a melancholy destruction of his own self, were he obliged to continue in the *vita practica*: he foregoes the latter, because he knows it, because he knows himself. So he jumps into *his* water, so he gains *his* cheerfulness.

441

Why the immediate object grows ever more distant to us.—The more we think of all that was and will be, the paler will grow that which is actually happening. When we live with the dead and die their deaths, what

then are our "neighbours" to us? We grow lonelier for the very reason that the whole flood of humanity is surging round us. The fire within us, which is glowing for all that is human, is ever on the increase—wherefore we look upon all that surrounds us as though it had become more indifferent, more shadowy. But our cold glance offends!

442

The rule.—"The rule always seems to me more interesting than the exception." Whoever feels thus is far advanced in knowledge and one of the initiated.

443

On education.—Gradually I have come to see daylight in the general deficiency of our culture and education: nobody learns, nobody strives after, nobody teaches—how to endure solitude.

444

Surprise at resistance.—Because we see through a thing we think that, in future, it will be unable to offer us any resistance whatever—and we are surprised at finding that we are able to see through it, and yet unable to run through it. This foolish sensation and surprise are similar to the sensation which a fly experiences before a window-pane.

445

Wherein the noblest are mistaken.—We end by giving to somebody our dearest possession, our treasure—then love has nothing more to give : but the recipient will certainly not consider it his dearest possession, and consequently lack that full and complete gratitude which the donor expects to meet with.

446

Regulation concerning rank.—There are, first and foremost, superficial thinkers ; secondly, profound thinkers—who dive into the depth of a thing ; thirdly, searching thinkers, who go to the bottom of a thing—which is of much greater importance than diving down into its depths ; finally, such as plunge headforemost into the marsh : which should not be considered a sign of either depth or thoroughness ! These are the blessed unfathomable.

447

Master and pupil.—A teacher gives an instance of his humaneness by cautioning his pupil against himself.

448

To honour reality.—How is it possible to watch this exulting multitude without tears and assent ? We used to think lightly of the object of their exultation, and, had we not experienced it, should persist in our previous

attitude. What may actual experiences lead us to? What are our opinions? In order not to lose ourselves and our reason we have to shun experiences. Thus Plato fled from actualities and wished to contemplate things only as pale creations of fancy; he was full of feeling and knew how easily the waves of feeling would close over his reason. Ought therefore the sage to impress upon himself the following: "I will honour reality, but, at the same time, turn my back upon it, because I know and dread it?" Ought he to behave as the African tribes do in presence of their princes, whom they approach only backwards, thus showing their reverence along with their dread?

449

Where are the poor in intellect?—Ah, how it sickens me to obtrude my own ideas upon others! How I rejoice in any mood and secret change within myself whereby the thoughts of others carry the day over mine! But from time to time I enjoy even a greater treat: when I am allowed to give away my intellectual house and goods, like the confessor sitting in a corner and anxiously waiting for a distressed one to come and tell the misery of his thoughts, so that hand and heart may again be filled and the troubled soul eased. Not only does he not want any praise: he would like to shun gratitude as well, for it is obtrusive and does not stand in awe of solitude and silence. To live without a name or

slightly sneered at ; too humble to arouse envy or enmity ; with a head free from fever, a handful of knowledge and a bagful of experience ; a physician, so to speak, of the poor in intellect, helping one or the other whose head is bewildered by opinions, without this one really noticing who has helped him ! Without any desire of setting himself right in his presence and carrying a victory, he would speak to him in such wise that, after a short, imperceptible hint or contradiction, he may tell himself what is right and proudly walk away ! Like an obscure inn which never refuses admittance to a person in need, but which is afterwards forgotten and laughed at ! He has no advantage, neither better food, nor purer air, nor a readier intellect—but gives up, returns, imparts, grows poorer ! He can be humble in order to be accessible to many and humiliating to none ! He has much wrong resting on himself, and has crept through the worm-holes of all sorts of errors, in order to be able to reach many obscure souls on their secret paths. For ever dwelling in some kind of love and some kind of selfishness and self-enjoyment ! Powerful and at the same time obscure and resigned ! Constantly basking in sunshine and the soft light of grace, and yet knowing the ladder, which leads to the sublime, to be near at hand ! That, indeed, would be life ! That, indeed, would be the motive for a long life !

450

The allurements of knowledge.—A peep through the gates of science acts on passionate characters as the charm of charms; they will probably become dreamers, or, at best, poets, so eager is their craving for the felicity of discernment. Does it not enter into your thoughts,—this note of sweet allurements wherewith science has announced its joyful message in a hundred words, and in the hundred and first and noblest: “Avaunt, delusion! Then the ‘woe me’ will also vanish! and with ‘woe me’ the woe itself be gone” (Marcus Aurelius).

451

Who is in need of a court-jester?—Those who are very beautiful, very good, and very powerful, hardly ever learn the full and bare truth about anything,—for in their presence we quite involuntarily tell an untruth, because we feel their influence, and, according to this influence, convey the truth, which we could convey as such, in the form of an adaptation (by falsifying shades and degrees of realities, omitting or adding particulars, and keeping back that which does not admit of any adaptation). If, despite all this, people of that description absolutely wish to learn the truth, they will have to keep their court-jester,—a being with the madman’s privilege of being unable to adapt himself.

452

Impatience.—We find in active and thoughtful people a certain amount of impatience, which, in cases of failure, eggs them on at once to go over to the opposite province, to take a passionate interest in it, and enter upon new ventures—until wavering success drives them even thence: so they rove about, like unto reckless adventurers, through the experiences of many provinces and natures, and in the end, owing to the omniscience of men and things acquired by their travels and practice, and with a certain modification of their craving,—they will turn into powerful experts. Hence a weakness of character may prove the school of genius.

453

Moral interregnum.—Who would be able already now to describe that which, some day, will substitute moral feelings and judgments!—convinced though we may feel that these are defective in all their foundations, and that their structure does not admit of repair: their liability must diminish from day to day, provided only the liability of reason does not diminish. Our physiological and medical sciences, the social and anchoretic theories are not yet sufficiently self-reliant for the task of re-establishing the laws of life and action: and yet it is only from them that we may take the foundation stones of new ideals (though not the new ideals themselves). Thus we live a preliminary or an after-exist-

ence, according to our tastes or gifts, and the best we can do during this interregnum is to be as much as possible our own "*reges*," and to found small experimental States. We are experiments: let us wish to be such.

454

Interlocution.—A book like this is not for perusal and reading out, but for reference, especially on our walks and travels; we have to go deeply into it, and must always be able to find our way out of it again, without finding anything familiar around ourselves.

455

Primary nature.—In conformity with our present education we begin by acquiring a secondary nature, which we have when the world calls us mature, of age, efficient. A few have enough of the serpent's nature to strip off their skins some day or other: when their primary nature has matured under their hides. But in the majority the germ withers.

456

A growing virtue.—Assertions and promises, as, for instance, those of the ancient philosophers on the oneness of virtue and felicity, or that of Christianity—"Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you!"

—have never been made with full honesty, yet ever without an evil conscience: one used boldly to set up principles—which one longed to be true—as truth despite appearance, and in so doing felt neither religious nor moral compunctions—for it was *in maiorem honorem* of virtue or of God that one had over-reached the truth free from any selfish intentions whatever. Many honest people even in our days act upon this standard of truthfulness; when they feel unselfish they deem it permissible to think more lightly of truth. Remember that the word “honesty” is not to be found in the code of either the Socratic or Christian virtues: it is one of the youngest virtues, not quite ripened, frequently mistaken and misconstrued, hardly conscious of itself, as yet something in embryo, which we are at liberty either to promote or to check.

457

Final taciturnity.—Some fare like the digger after hidden treasures: they quite accidentally discover the secrets of another soul, and thereby gain a knowledge which is often a heavy burden to bear. According to circumstances we may to a certain extent know both the living and dead, and sound their hearts, so that we shrink from speaking to others about them; for, at every word we speak, we are afraid of being indiscreet.—I can fancy a sudden silence of even the wisest historian.

458

The great prize.—This is a very rare but most delightful thing: to wit, the man with a nobly-framed intellect, who is at the same time endowed with the character, inclinations, nay, experiences consonant to such an intellect.

459

Generosity of the thinker.—Rousseau and Schopenhauer were both proud enough to inscribe on their lives the motto, *Vitam impendere vero* (Life imposes upon truth). And again—how intensely must their pride have suffered when they did not succeed in imposing truth upon life!—truth as each of them understood it—when their lives coursed alongside their knowledge like an uncouth bass which is not in tune with the melody. But knowledge would be in a sorry plight if it were doled out to every thinker only in proportion as it happens to suit his person. And thinkers would be in a sorry plight if their vanity were so great that they could only endure this. For the noblest virtue of the great thinker is resplendent in his generosity which urges him, the discernor, to sacrifice himself and his life unshrinkingly, often blushing, often with sublime scorn and smiling.

460

How to use the hours of danger.—Persons and con-

ditions whose every movement signifies a danger to our possessions, honour, life, and death, and to those most dear to us, appear to us in quite a different light. Tiberius, for instance, must have pondered more deeply on the character of the Emperor Augustus and his government, and known more about it than even the wisest historian possibly could. Now we all live, comparatively speaking, in a security by far too great to make us true discerners of men; some discern for the sake of amusement, others by way of pastime, others, again, from sheer habit; but never as acutely as if they were told, Discern or perish! As long as the truths do not cut us to the quick, we maintain a certain attitude of contempt towards them; they still appear to us too much like the "winged dreams," as though we could or could not have them—as though something in them was at our discretion, as though we could also be roused from these truths of ours.

461

Hic Rhodus, hic salta.—Our music, which can and must change into everything, because, like the demon of the seas, it has no character of its own—this music, in times past, devoted its attention to the Christian sage, and translated its ideal into sounds; why should it not also hit on those brighter, more cheerful, and universal sounds which correspond to the ideal thinker?—a music which could soar up and down at ease only

in the wide, floating vaults of his soul? Until lately our music has been so great, so good; nothing seemed impossible to its powers. May it therefore prove possible to experience the following three sensations at one time: loftiness, deep and warm light, and the rapture of the highest consistency.

462

Slow cures.—Chronic mental diseases, as well as those of the body, very rarely arise from one gross offence against physical and mental reason, but as a rule from countless unheeded minor neglects. He, for instance, whose respiration daily becomes a trifle weaker, and whose lungs, inhaling too little air, are thus deprived of their proper exercise and practice, will at last be stricken down with a chronic disease of the lungs. Such cases can only be cured by countless minor exercises of an opposite kind, and by an almost imperceptible acquisition of new habits, laying it down as a rule, for instance, to take a strong and deep breath every quarter of an hour (if possible, while lying flat on the ground). A watch which strikes the quarters ought, for this purpose, to be chosen as life-companion. All such cures are slow and pettifogging; yet even he who longs to cure his soul should watch even the least conspicuous change in his habits. Many a man will ten times a day utter an angry word to his surroundings without thinking much about it, especially if after

a couple of years it will have grown into, with him, a habit, ten times a day, to put his surroundings out of temper. But he can also acquire the habit of befriending them ten times.

463

On the seventh day.—"You praise this as my creation? I have only put aside that which was a burden to me! My soul is above the vanity of creators. You praise this as my resignation. I have only divested myself of that which was a burden to me! My soul is above the vanity of the resigned."

464

The donor's modesty.—It is so ungenerous always to pose as the donor and benefactor, and, in so doing, to show one's face. But to give and to bestow, and at the same time conceal one's name and favour! Or to have no name at all, like unto nature, where this very fact is more refreshing than anything else; here at last no more to meet a donor and a giver, no more a "gracious face." True, you forfeit even this recreation, for you have placed a God into this nature—and now all is again fettered and oppressed! Well? Are we never allowed to be alone with ourselves? Never unwatched, unguarded, free from the leading-strings and from gifts? If another is ever around us, the noblest instances of courage and kindness are made impossible

in this world. Is this obtrusiveness of heaven, this inevitable superhuman neighbour, not enough to drive one mad? But, never fear, it was but a dream! Awake!

465

At a meeting.—A: What are you gazing at? You have been standing here for ever so long.—B: Ever the old and new thing over again! The helplessness of a thing plunges me so far and so deeply into it that I finish by reaching its bottom and learning that, in reality, it is not worth so very much. At the end of all similar experiences we meet some kind of sorrow and torpor. Upon a small scale I experience this ten times a day.

466

Loss of fame.—What an advantage it is to have occasion to speak as a stranger to mankind! When depriving us of our incognito and making us renowned, the gods deprive us of “half of our virtue.”

467

Twice patient.—“By doing this you will hurt many people.”—I know it, and I know besides that I shall have twice to suffer for it, first, from pity with their sorrow, and then, from the revenge which they will take on me. Yet, for all this, I cannot help acting as I do.

Great is the province of beauty.—As we move about in Nature cunningly and cheerfully in order to discover and as it were surprise the beauty peculiar to each particular object; as we attempt, now in sunshine, now under a stormy sky, then again in the palest twilight, to see yonder part of the coast with its rocks, bays, olive- and pine-trees in that aspect in which it attains its perfection and consummation: so we ought also to move about among men as their discoverers and spies, meting out to them good and evil, so as to reveal their peculiar beauty which unfolds itself with some in the golden sunshine, with others in thunder-clouds, and with others again only in the evening twilight and under a rainy sky. Is it, then, forbidden to enjoy the evil man like some primitive landscape, which has its own bold lineaments and luminous effects, while we look upon the same man, as long as he behaves well and lawfully, as a misdrawing and caricature which offends our eye like a blot in nature?—Yes, it is forbidden: as yet we have only been permitted to look for beauty in all that is morally good,—which accounts for our having found so little, and having had to look about for so much imaginary beauty without a backbone. As surely as the evil ones know numerous kinds of happiness, which the virtuous never dream of, so they also exhibit numerous kinds of beauty, and many as yet undiscovered.

Inhumanity of the sage.—The heavy, grinding course of the sage who, according to the Buddhist song, “wanders lonely like the rhinoceros”—is now and then in need of proofs of a conciliable and modified humanness: and not only of those accelerated steps, those polite and sociable *tours d'esprit*, not only of wit and a certain self-derision, but also of contradictions and occasional relapses into the predominant inconsistencies. The sage who wishes to teach has to use his deficiencies for his personal extenuation lest he might appear like the heavy roller which rolls along like fate; and when saying “Despise me,” he asks for permission to be the advocate of a presumptuous truth. He wants to lead you on to the mountains, he will perhaps even endanger your life: in compensation therefore he readily leaves it at your discretion to wreak vengeance on such a guide both beforehand and after—this is the price at which he cheerfully consents to take the lead. Do you remember what thoughts crossed your minds when once he led you to a dark cave by a slippery path? When your hearts, beating and dismayed, sighed inwardly: “This guide might do something better than crawl about here! He is one of your inquisitive idlers:—is it not doing him too much honour to seem to attach any value at all to him in following him?”

470

At the banquet of many.—How happy we are when fed like the birds by the hands of one who distributes to the birds without closely examining them or testing their worth! Happy to live like a bird that comes and flies away and carries no name in its beak! I think it delightful to sit and partake of the banquet of many.

471

Another charity.—All that is excitable, noisy, inconsistent, nervous, forms the contrast to the great passion, which, burning in the heart as a quiet gloomy flame, gathering all that is fervent and ardent, gives to man a cold and indifferent appearance and stamps a certain impassiveness on the features. Men like these may occasionally be capable of charity,—but this charity is distinct from that of the lovers of society and admiration: it is a mild, contemplative, placid kindness;—they, as it were, look out of the windows of their castle which is their stronghold, and consequently their prison:—the outlook into the far away, the open air, into another world, is so delightful to them!

472

Unwilling to justify ourselves.—A: But why are you unwilling to justify yourself?—B: I might do it in this case as well as in many others; but I scorn the pleasure which lies in justification, for I do not attach sufficient

importance to these things, and I would rather have a stained reputation than give those pusillanimous people the spiteful pleasure to say, "He treats these things very seriously indeed." Which is not true. Perhaps I ought to care more for myself, and consider it a duty to rectify erroneous opinions on my person;—I am too indifferent and too lazy with regard to myself, hence also with regard to all that is wrought through my instrumentality.

473

Where one ought to build one's house.—When you feel great and productive in solitude, society will disparage and isolate you: and *vice versâ*. A father's powerful mildness:—wherever this mood overcomes you, there you shall build your house, be it in the throng or in solitude. *Ubi pater sum, ibi patria.*

474

The only means.—"Dialectics are the only means of reaching the divine being and lifting the veil of apparition." This assertion of Plato is as solemn and emphatic as is that of Schopenhauer with regard to the converse to dialectics,—and both are wrong. For there is no such thing as the road which they want to point out to us. And have not, as yet, all great human passions been similar passions for a nothingness? And all their ceremonies—ceremonies for a nothingness?

475

Growing heavy.—You do not know him. With whatever weights he may encumber himself, he will yet raise them all up with him. And you, judging from the weak flapping of your own wings, you conclude that he wants to remain below, because he burdens himself with these weights !

476

At the harvest-festival of the intellect.—There is a daily accumulation and increase of experiences, events, opinions and dreams on these opinions,—a boundless, delightful wealth ! Its aspect dazzles our eyes ; I no longer understand how the poor in intellect can be called blessed ! But sometimes I envy them when I am tired : for the administration of such a wealth is a difficult thing, and its weight frequently crushes all happiness.—Yes, if the mere sight sufficed ! If we were only the misers of our knowledge !

477

Relieved from scepticism.—A : Some emerge from a general moral scepticism dismayed and weak, corroded, worm-eaten, nay, partly consumed,—I, on the other hand, bolder and healthier than ever, and with recovered instincts. Where a sharp wind blows, where the sea is going high and where considerable peril is to be faced, there I feel happy. I have not turned into a worm,

although I had often to work and dig like a worm.—
B: The reason is that you have divested yourself of
scepticism. For you take a negative position.—A: And
in so doing I have again learnt to be positive.

478

Pass by.—Spare him! Leave him in his solitude!
Are you, then, bent upon crushing him? He is flawed
like a glass into which suddenly some hot liquid was
poured,—and he was such a precious glass!

479

Love and truthfulness.—For love's sake we are dire
offenders against truth and have become habitual con-
cealers and thieves, who report more things as true
than really appear to be true,—wherefore the thinker
has periodically to drive away the persons whom he loves
(they will not always be those who love him), so that
they may show their sting and wickedness and cease to
tempt him. Consequently the kindness of the thinker
will have its waning and waxing moon.

480

Inevitable.—Whatever you may experience, anybody
who is not well inclined towards you is sure to detect in
your experience an occasion for disparaging you. You
may pass through the deepest revolutions of mind and
knowledge, and at last, with the melancholy smile of the

reconvalescent, step out into freedom and bright stillness—some one will yet say: This person looks upon his illness as upon an argument, on his impotence as on a proof for the impotence of all; he is vain enough to fall ill in order to feel the superiority of the sufferer. And supposing somebody burst his own chains and, in so doing, wounded himself: another will mockingly point at him. “How awkward he is!” he will say; “thus fares a man who is used to his chains and is fool enough to burst them asunder!”

481

Two Germans. — When we compare Kant and Schopenhauer to Plato, Spinoza, Pascal, Rousseau, Goethe, regarding their souls, not their intellects, the two first-named thinkers are at a disadvantage: their thoughts do not constitute a passionate history of the soul; we anticipate no novels, crises, catastrophies, or death-struggles; their thinking is not an involuntary biography of a soul, but, in the case of Kant, that of a head; in the case of Schopenhauer, the description and reflection of a character (“the invariable”) and the delight in the very reflector, that is, in an excellent intellect. Kant, when shining through his thoughts, appears an honest and an honourable man in the best sense of the word, but also an insignificant one: he lacks breadth and power; his experiences were not great, and his method of working robbed him of the leisure required

for the acquisition of experience. I am not thinking, of course, of external events, but of the vicissitudes and convulsions which occur in the most solitary and quiet life which has leisure and burns with the passion for thinking. Schopenhauer has one advantage over him; he at least possessed a certain fierce ugliness of nature, hatred, craving, vanity, suspicion; he is of a somewhat more ferocious disposition, and had time and leisure for indulging in this ferocity. But he lacked "evolution," which was also absent from the circle of his thoughts; he had no "history."

482

To court our company.—Are we then too exacting when we court the company of men who have grown mild, savoury, and nutritive like chestnuts which betimes have been put into and taken out of the fire? Of men who expect little from life and prefer to look upon it as a gift and not as a merit of their own as though carried to them by the birds and bees? Of men who are too proud to feel rewarded, and too serious in their passion for knowledge and honesty to have leisure for and deference to glory? Such men we should call philosophers; and they themselves will always find a more modest appellation.

483

Weariness of mankind.—A: Know thou! Yes!

But always in the human form! How? Am I always to watch the same comedy, act in the same comedy, without ever being able to see the things with other eyes than these? And yet there may be innumerable species of beings whose organs are better fitted for knowledge than ours. What will mankind have come to discern at the end of all their discernment?—their organs! Which means, perhaps, the impossibility of knowledge! Misery and disgust!—B: This is a severe attack—reason is attacking you! But to-morrow you will again be in the midst of knowledge and, at the same time, of irrationality; I mean, of the delight in things human. Let us up and go to the sea!—

484

Going our own way.—When we take the decisive step, choosing to pursue our own course, a secret is suddenly revealed to us: whosoever has been friendly and intimate with us,—all have hitherto fancied themselves superior to us and are offended. The best among them are lenient and wait patiently until we shall again find the “right course,”—they evidently know it.—Others rail at us and behave as though we had become temporarily insane, or spitefully point out a seductor. The ill-inclined declare us to be vain fools and endeavour to blacken our motives; and the worst see in us their worst enemy, one who is thirsting after revenge for long years of subjection,—and are afraid of us. What are

we to do? I should deem it advisable to begin our sovereignty by promising to all our acquaintances in advance a whole year's amnesty for sins of every kind.

485

Distant perspectives.—A: But why this solitude?—
B: I bear no grudge against anybody. But when I am alone I seem to see my friends in a clearer and rosier light than when I am in their company; and when I loved and understood music best, I lived far from it. It seems that I am in need of distant perspectives to think well of things.

486

Gold and hunger.—Now and then we meet a man whose every touch changes all things into gold. But a certain evil day he will discover that he himself has to starve. All things around him are brilliant, magnificent, unapproachable in their ideal beauty, and now he longs for things which he cannot possibly transform into gold,—and how intense is his longing! Like a famished person longs for a meal!—What will he seize?

487

Blush of shame.—See here the noble steed, scraping the ground, snorting, longing for a ride and loving its known rider,—but, oh shame, his rider cannot mount

to-day, he is tired! Such is the blush of shame of the weary thinker before his own philosophy.

488

Against the waste of love.—Do we not blush when we surprise ourselves in a violent aversion? Well, then we ought also to blush in strong affections, on account of the injustice which they imply. Nay, even more: there are people who feel choked and oppressed when somebody bestows on them the benefit of his love to such an extent as thereby to deprive others of a share of his affection; when the sound of his voice reveals to us that we are singled out, preferred! Alas, I am not grateful for this preference! I detect within myself a resentful feeling against him who wishes thus to distinguish me: he shall not love me at the expense of others. For I myself have to look for a way to endure myself within me. And often my heart is full to overflowing. To such a man one ought not to give anything of which others are in need, yea, sorely in need.

489

Friends in need.—We sometimes notice that one of our friends sympathises more with others than with us, that his delicacy is troubled by his consciousness thereof, and his selfishness no match for his consciousness: in such a case we must facilitate matters for him and estrange him by some offence or other. We should act

likewise when we indulge in a mode of thinking which would be detrimental to him: our love for him ought to urge us to ease his conscience for giving us up by means of some injustice which we take upon ourselves.

490

Those paltry truths!—"You know all this, but you have never gone through it,—I do not accept your evidence. Those 'paltry truths'!—you deem them paltry because you have not paid for them at the price of your blood!" But are they actually great because we have paid too dearly for them? And blood is always too high a price! "Do you think so? How penurious you are of blood!"

491

Even therefore solitude!—A: So you wish to return into your desert?—B: I am not brisk, I have to wait for myself—it will be late by the time the water from the fount of my own soul gushes forth, and often I have to thirst longer than suits my patience. Therefore I go into the desert—in order not to drink from everybody's cistern. Among many my life is the same as that of many others and my thoughts are not my own; after a while it always seems to me as though they wished to banish me from myself and rob my soul—and I grow angry with and am afraid of everybody. Then I am in need of the desert to become good again.

492

South-lee ward.—A: I am a puzzle to myself! Only yesterday my feelings were so wild and yet so warm, so sunny—and exceedingly bright! And to-day! Everything is calm, wide, mournful, dark, like the lagoon of Venice. I have no wish, and draw a deep breath, and yet my heart revolts against this “not wishing for anything”—so the billows fluctuate in the ocean of my sadness.—B: You describe a slight, agreeable complaint. The next blast from the North-East will blow it away!—A: Why?

493

On our own tree.—No thinker's thoughts give me so much delight as my own: which, certainly, is no argument in favour of their value, but I should be a fool to disregard fruits which are most tasteful to me because they accidentally grow on my own tree! And once I was such a fool. Others experience the contrary: which also is no argument in favour of the value of their thoughts and certainly no argument against their value.

494

Last argument of the brave.—There are snakes in this grove.—Very well, I shall go into the thicket and kill them.—But, in so doing, you run the risk of falling their victim, and they will not even be yours.—Never mind me!

Our teachers.—In our youth we take our teachers and guides from our times and from those circles which we accidentally come across: we are recklessly confident that our age is sure to have teachers who are more suited to us than to anybody else, and that we are bound to find them without having to seek very far. For this childishness we have to pay a heavy ransom in later years: we have to expiate our teachers in ourselves. Then perhaps we begin to look for the proper guides, throughout the whole world, the prehistoric times included—but it may be too late. And in the worst case we discover that they lived when we were young—and that, at that time, we missed our opportunity.

The evil principle.—Plato delightfully described how the philosophic thinker is bound to pass for the paragon of depravity in the midst of every existing society: for as a critic of all customs he is the antagonist of the moral man, and, unless he succeed in becoming the legislator of new customs, he lives on in the memory of men as the “evil principle.” From this we may conjecture to what extent the city of Athens, although pretty liberal and very fond of innovations, abused the reputation of Plato in his lifetime: no wonder that he—who, as he himself has told us, was filled with a

“political craving”—made three different attempts in Sicily, where, at that time, a united Mediterranean State of the Greeks seemed to be preparing. In this State and with its aid Plato intended to do for all the Greeks that which, in later years, Mahomet did for his Arabs: to prescribe greater and minor customs and especially to regulate every man’s daily mode of life. His ideas were practicable, as practicable as those of Mahomet proved to be: since others, by far more incredible, those of Christianity, were proved true. A few chances less and a few more—and the world would have lived to see the Platonisation of the South of Europe; and suppose this state had continued to our days, we should then probably be worshipping Plato as the “good principle.” But he lacked success: wherefore his traditional character is that of a dreamer and Utopian—the stronger epithets passed away with ancient Athens.

497

The purifying eye.—We have every reason to speak of “genius” in men—Plato, Spinoza and Goethe, for instance—whose intellects appear but loosely linked to their character and temper, like unto winged beings which are apt to separate from them and then soar aloft, far above them. On the other hand, those very men who were never able to shake themselves free from the trammels of their temper, and knew how to give it the most intellectual, lofty, universal, nay, occasionally

cosmic expression (Schopenhauer, for instance), have been very fond of speaking of their "genius." These geniuses were unable to soar beyond themselves, but they believed that, in whatever direction they would fly, they would everywhere find, recover themselves—this is *their* "greatness" and *can* be greatness! The others who by rights deserve this name, have the pure and purifying eye, which seems to have grown apart from their temper and character, but which, unshackled by them and mostly in mild opposition to them, looks down upon the world as a God whom it loves. But even these do not acquire such an eye at once: they need practice and a preparatory school of sight, and he who is fortunate enough will at the proper time also meet with a teacher of pure sight.

498

Never demand.—You do not know him! True, he easily and readily submits to men and things, and is kind to both; his only wish is to be left alone—but only in as much as men and things do not demand submission. Any demand makes him proud, shy and warlike.

499

The evil.—"None but the solitary are evil," thus spake Diderot: and forthwith Rousseau felt deeply offended. He consequently admitted to himself that

Diderot was right. In fact, every evil craving has in the full swing of society and social life to put itself under such great restraint, to put on so many masks, so often to rest on the Procrustean-bed of virtue, that we have every reason to speak of a martyrdom of evil. All this disappears in solitude. The evil man is more so in solitude:—hence he is also most beautiful in the eye of him who sees everywhere nothing but a play.

500

Against the grain.—A thinker may for years compel himself to think against the grain: that is, not follow up the thoughts which spring up in his heart, but those to which his office, the established division of time, an arbitrary kind of industry seem to bind him over. At last, however, he will fall ill: for this apparently moral self-command destroys his nervous system as thoroughly as regular debauchery does.

501

Mortal souls.—The most useful acquisition to knowledge is perhaps the abandonment of the belief in the immortality of the soul. Henceforth humanity is at liberty to wait and need no longer precipitate itself and toss off half-tested ideas as it had to do of old. For in those times the eternal welfare of the poor “immortal soul” depended on the extent of knowledge acquired throughout their short life; they had to make up their

minds from one day to another;—"knowledge" was a matter of horrible importance. We have recovered courage for errors, endeavours, provisional acceptance—it is all not so very important!—and for this very reason individuals and races are now enabled to fix their eyes on tasks of such vastness as in years gone by would have been considered madness and defiance to heaven and hell. We are allowed to experiment upon ourselves. Yes, mankind has a right to do so. The greatest sacrifices have not yet been offered up to knowledge—nay, in olden times it would have been a sacrilege and a sacrifice of eternal salvation even to surmise ideas such as in our days precede our actions.

502

One word for three different conditions.—In a state of passion the wild, abominable, unbearable animal breaks loose in some. Another raises himself to a noble, lofty and splendid demeanour, compared with which his usual self appears small. A third, who is genuinely noble, has also the noblest storm and stress; in this state he represents nature in its wild beauty and stands only one stage lower than nature in its great calm beauty, which he usually represents: but it is in his passion that mankind understand him better and reverence him more highly on account of those very emotions—for then he is one step nearer and more akin to them. They are delighted and horrified at such a sight and call it indeed divine.

Friendship.—The objection to a philosophic life, viz., that it makes us unprofitable to our friends, would never have arisen in a modern mind: it is antique. Antiquity has deeply and fully experienced and excogitated friendship, and almost buried it in its own grave. This is *its* advantage over us: in return we have idealised sexual love. All great qualifications of the ancients were supported by the premise that man was standing side by side to man and that woman was not allowed to claim, being the nearest, highest, nay, sole object of his love—as passion teaches us to feel. Perhaps our trees do not grow so high owing to the ivy and vine that cling round them.

To reconcile.—Should it be the task of philosophy to reconcile that which the child has learnt to that which the man has recognised? Should philosophy be indeed the task of youths because they stand midway between the child and the man and have the intermediate inclinations? It almost appears to be so if we consider at what stages of life the philosophers nowadays usually draw their conceptions: when it is too late for faith and too early for knowledge.

The practical.—We thinkers must first establish the

relish of all things and, if necessary, decree it. The practical people finally receive it from us, their dependence on us is incredible and offers the most ridiculous spectacle of the world, little though they know it, and proudly though they like to overlook us unpractical people: nay, they would even undervalue their practical life, if we were to slight it: whereto, at times, a slightly vindictive feeling might incite us.

506

The necessary desiccation of all that is good.—What! Are we to conceive a work in the spirit of the age which has produced it? But our delight, surprise and information are greater when we do not conceive it in this spirit. Have you not noticed that every good, new work has its least value as long as it is exposed to the damp air of its age—for the very reason that it is infected with the odour of the market, of opposition, of modern opinions, and of all that is perishable from this day to the morrow? Later on it dries up, its “temporariness” dies; then only it obtains its deep lustre and its perfume, nay, if circumstances are accordingly, its calm eye of eternity.

507

Against the tyranny of truth.—Even if we were mad enough to consider all our opinions to be true, we should not wish only them to exist. I do not know

why we should ask for an autocracy and omnipotence of truth ; enough, that it has a great power. But truth must be able to fight and face opponents, and we must be able periodically to rest from it in untruth ; else truth will grow uninteresting, powerless and stale, and end by making us thus.

508

Not to take a thing pathetically.—Neither the things which we do to benefit ourselves nor those which we do to please ourselves, shall fetch us any moral praise, either from others or from ourselves. Among the educated classes it is in such cases considered the right thing not to take the things pathetically and to refrain from all pathetic feelings : the man who has adopted this line has retrieved *naïveté*.

509

The third eye.—What ? Are you still in need of the stage ? Are you still so young ? Be wise, and seek tragedy and comedy where they are better acted, where the incidents are more interesting and more interested. Indeed, it is not easy in these cases to be merely a spectator—but learn it ! And then you will have in almost all awkward and painful positions a little gate leading to joy and a refuge even then, when your own passions attack you. Open your stage-eye, that large, third eye which looks into the world through the other two.

510

To escape one's virtues.—What of a thinker who does not occasionally know how to escape his own virtues? Is he not supposed to be more than a moral being?

511

The temptress.—Honesty is the great temptress of all fanatics. That which seemed to tempt Luther in the shape of the devil or a beautiful woman, and which he warded off in that uncouth way of his, was probably nothing else than honesty, and perchance, in rarer cases, even truth.

512

Bold to the things.—He who, in conformity to his character, is considerate and timid to persons but bold to the things, is afraid of new and more intimate acquaintances, and limits his old ones: for the purpose of making his incognito and arbitrariness coalesce with truth.

513

Limits and beauty.—Do you seek lovers of a fine culture? Then you will also have to be contented with limited views and sights, as when you are on the lookout for beautiful countries. There certainly are such panoramatic persons; they are indeed like the panoramatic regions, instructive and marvellous: but not beautiful.

514

To the stronger.—Ye stronger and arrogant intellects, we ask you but for one thing: do not throw another burden on our shoulders, but take some of our burden upon yours, since you, forsooth, are the stronger! But you delight in doing the reverse: for you wish to soar, wherefore we have to carry your burden in addition to ours: that is, we have to crawl.

515

Enhancement of beauty.—Why is beauty enhanced by the advance of civilisation? Because civilised minds are less responsive to the three occasions for ugliness: first, ecstasies in their wildest outbursts; secondly, utmost bodily exertions; thirdly, the compulsion to inspire fear by the very sight, which is so important and frequent with the lower and imperilled stages of culture, that it even prescribes gestures and ceremonials, and makes a point of ugliness.

516

Not to run one's demon into the neighbour.—Let us in our age at least persist in the belief that benevolence and beneficence are characteristics of a good man; but let us add “provided he be first of all benevolent and beneficent to himself!” For, if he is not—if he shuns, hates, injures himself—he, surely, is not a good man. Then he seeks in others protection against him-

self: may these others beware how they fare ill through him, however kindly disposed he may appear to them. But to shun and hate the ego and live only for others—this was, as yet, both thoughtlessly and confidently called “unselfish” and consequently “good.”

517

Alluring into love.—We ought to fear a man who hates himself; for we shall fall victims to his anger and revenge. Let us therefore endeavour to allure him into self-love.

518

Resignation.—What is resignation? It is the most comfortable position of a patient who, after having for a long while tossed about amid tormenting pains in order to find it, grew weary—and thus found it.

519

Being deceived.—Whenever you wish to act, you will have to close the door upon doubt—thus spake a man of action.—And you are not afraid of thus becoming the dupe? replied a lover of contemplation.

520

Eternal exequies.—One might fancy to hear a continuous funeral oration beyond the confines of history: we have ever been and are burying all that we love

best, our thoughts and hopes, obtaining in exchange pride, *gloria mundi*, that is, the pomp of the funeral oration. This is to make reparations for everything. Even in our days the funeral orator is the greatest public benefactor.

521

Exceptional vanity.—Yon man has one great equality, which is a source of congratulation to him: his glance scornfully glides past the rest of his character—which comprises almost his full character. But he recovers from himself when proceeding as though to his sanctuary; even the road to it appears to him an ascent on broad, soft steps:—and is it therefore that you call him vain, ye cruel ones?

522

Wisdom void of hearing.—To hear every day what people say about him or to find out what they think of him may kill even the strongest man. Our neighbours suffer us to live for the sole reason that they may, day for day, carry the right over us. They would certainly not abide us if we were right or wanted to be right. In short, let us offer a sacrifice to the general harmony; let us not listen when they speak of, praise, blame, wish, hope for us; nay, not even think of it.

523

Parentheses.—At any manifestation of human action we are at liberty to ask, What is it to conceal? From what purpose is it to divert the eye? What prejudice does it wish to arouse? And, in addition, How far goes the subtlety of this simulation? And wherein is the doer mistaken?

524

Jealousy of the lonely hearts.—There is this difference between social and solitary natures (provided they are in both cases endowed with intellect): the former are contented, or almost contented with anything whatever, from the very moment that their intellects have found an impartible, favourable version of it—this will reconcile them to the devil in person. But the lonely souls have their silent rapture, their speechless agony about a thing; they loathe the ingenious, brilliant display of their innermost problems as sincerely as they loathe seeing the woman they love too gaudily dressed: they watch her with mournful eyes, as though with a dawning suspicion that she was desirous of pleasing others. Such is the jealousy which all lonely thinkers and passionate dreamers display with regard to the “*esprit*.”

525

Effect of praise.—Great praise makes some modest, others insolent.

526

Unwilling to be a symbolum.—I pity princes: they are not at liberty even temporarily to strip off their high rank, and so they come to know people in a very uncomfortable position of dissimulation; the continued compulsion to signify something, actually ends by turning them into solemn ciphers. Thus fare all those who make it a point to be symboli.

527

The obscure ones.—Have you never met those people who check and restrain even their enraptured hearts and prefer to grow mute rather than lose the modesty of moderation? And have you also never met those uneasy souls, yet often so goodnatured, who do not wish to be known, and again and again efface their traces in the sand? Nay, who deceive others as well as themselves, in order to abide in their obscurity?

528

Rare discretion.—In many instances it is a sure token of humanity, to refuse to criticise and to think about any other.

529

Whereby men and nations gain lustre.—How many genuine, individual actions are omitted, only because, before doing them, we conceive or suspect that they

might be misconstrued ; thus the very actions that have an intrinsic value of their own, both good and evil. The more highly, therefore, an age, a people value the individuals, and the more we concede to them both right and ascendancy, the more will actions like these venture to light—and so, in the end, a lustre of honesty, of genuineness in good and evil, will spread over whole ages and nations, so that they—as the Greeks, for instance—like some stars, continue to shed light for thousand of years after their fall.

530

Digressions of the thinker.—Many in their general mode of thinking are stern and inflexible, sometimes even cruel towards themselves, whereas, individually, they are gentle and flexible ; they will with well-meaning hesitation ten times revolve a matter in their minds, but ultimately they continue their strict course. They are like streams meandering past solitary hermitages ; there are stations in their course where the stream plays hide and seek with itself, creating a short idyl, with islets, trees, grottoes and waterfalls ; and then it rushes on, past rocks, forcing its way through the hardest stone.

531

Different conceptions of art.—From the time of our living a retired social life, consuming and consumed, in

deep prolific thoughts and only in them, we expect from art either nothing at all or something quite different than we formerly did—in fact, we change our taste. For, in former times, we wished just for one moment to dive through the gate of art into the element in which we now permanently live; at that time we in so doing fancied ourselves into the rapturous thought of possession, and now we really possess. Indeed, flinging away temporarily what we now have, and fancying ourselves poor, a child, beggar, or fool, may now occasionally fill us with delight.

532

“*Love equalises.*”—Love wishes to save the other to whom it devotes itself any alien feeling; hence it excels in disguise and simulation, it is constantly deceiving and feigns an equality which does not really exist. And this is done so instinctively that women who love deny this simulation and continuous tender fraud, and boldly assert that love equalises (viz., that it performs a miracle!). This process is simple enough if the one person allows himself to be loved and does not think it necessary to simulate, but rather leaves this to the other who loves. But histrionic art never offers a more intricate and impenetrable example than in the case of both being passionately in love with each other; in this case either of them surrenders and endeavours to conform to the other and equal him and only him; and finally both are at a loss what to imitate, what to simulate, and what to feign. The beautiful frenzy of

this spectacle is too good for this world and too subtle for human eyes.

533

We beginners.—How many things does an actor divine and see when watching another at play! He notices at once when a muscle fails in some gesture; he distinguishes those small made-up tricks which have been severally and coolly practised before the glass, and refuse to amalgamate with the whole; he feels when the actor is surprised on the stage by his own invention, and when he spoils it in the surprise. How differently again does a painter watch a person moving before him! His eye will at once see many additional things in order to complete the present appearance and to make it thoroughly effective; in his mind he tries several illuminations of the same object, he divides the whole effect by an additional contrast. Would that we had the eyes of this actor and this painter for the province of the human soul!

534

The small doses.—If we wish a change to be as radical as possible, we have to apply the remedy in small doses, but unremittingly, for long periods. Can a great action be accomplished in a trice? Let us therefore guard against precipitately and forcibly exchanging the state of morals, with which we are familiar, for a new valuation—we even wish to continue to live in the former for many, many

years to come—until probably, at some very remote period, we notice that the new valuation has become the predominant power within us, and that its small doses, with which in future we have to grow familiar, have imparted a new nature to us. We now begin even to understand this, that the last attempt of a great change of valuations, and that too with regard to political matters—the “great revolution”—was nothing more than a pathetic and bloody quackery, which, by means of sudden crises, knew how to fill credulous Europe with the hope of sudden recovery, and thereby has made all political invalids impatient and dangerous up to these very days.

535

Truth needs power.—Truth is, in itself, no power at all, despite all that the flattering enlighteners will say to the contrary. On the contrary, it has to draw power over to its side, or to side with power, else it will again and again go to ruin. This has been proved enough and more than enough.

536

The thumb-screw.—It is revolting to observe how cruelly everybody brings his few miserable private virtues to the notice of his neighbour who perhaps does not possess them, and whom he teases and worries with them. Let us therefore deal humanely with the “sense of honesty,” although we may possess in this “sense of honesty” a

thumb-screw wherewith to worry to death all the presumptuous egotists, who even now wish to thrust their faith upon the whole world:—we have experienced it in ourselves.

537

Mastery.—We have attained mastery, when we neither mistake nor hesitate in the achievement.

538

Moral insanity of genius.—In a certain class of intellects we observe a painful, partially horrible spectacle; their most productive hours, their soaring aloft and into the far distance, seem out of harmony with their general constitution, and somehow or other to exceed their power, so that each time there remains a deficiency, and in the long run the faultiness of the machinery which manifests itself with intensely intellectual natures such as those of which we are speaking, in various moral and intellectual symptoms more usually than in bodily distress. Thus that inconceivably timid, vain, odious, envious, tight-laced and tight-lacing nature which suddenly springs forth in them, that too personal and strained element in characters like Rousseau and Schopenhauer may well be the outcome of a periodical heart-disease; and this, in its turn, the consequence of a nervous complaint which again may ultimately be the outcome of——. As long as genius dwells within us, we are bold, nay, frantic and heedless of life,

health and honour; we fly swiftly through the day, freer than an eagle, and safer in darkness than an owl. But all at once it leaves us, and, at the same moment, a feeling of utter despondency overcomes us; we are puzzles to ourselves, we suffer from every experience and non-experience, we feel as if surrounded by bare rocks facing a storm, and at the same time as wretched, childish souls, who are afraid of a rustle and a shadow. Three-fourths of all evil committed in the world are due to faint-heartedness; and this is, above all, a psychological process.

539

Do you know what you want?—Have you never been troubled by the fear lest you might be unfit for discovering that which is true? By the fear lest your senses might be too dull and even your delicacy of sight by far too blunt? If only you could see how much volition is ruling your sight? How yesterday, for instance, you wished to see more than another did, while to-day you wish to see it in a different light; how, from the very first, you longed to find an agreement with or the opposite of that which others before you fancied to have found. Oh, for these shameful cravings! How often you look out for that which is efficacious, for that which is soothing, because just then you happen to be tired! Always full of secret predetermination of what nature truth should be, so that you, indeed you, may accept it! Or do you think that to-day because you are frozen and dry as a bright winter morning, and

nothing weighs on your mind, you have a keener sight? Does it not require ardour and enthusiasm to do justice to a creation of fancy? And this, indeed, is called sight! As if you could treat creations of fancy in any way differently from men. In this intercourse we find the same morality, the same honesty of purpose, the same secret thought, the same slackness, the same timidity, your whole lovable and hateful self! Your bodily exhaustion will give pale colours to the things, your fever-heat will shape them into monsters! Does not your morning light up the things otherwise than your evening? Are you not afraid of finding in the care of every knowledge your own phantom as the veil which hides truth from your sight? Is it not an awful comedy wherein you so rashly wish to take a part?

540

Study.—Michelangelo looked upon Raphael's genius as acquired by study, upon his own as a gift of nature: learning as opposed to talent. Which, with all due deference to the great pedant, is pedantic. What else is talent but a name for an older piece of learning, experience, practice, appropriation, incorporation, from the times of our forefathers or even an earlier stage? And again: he who learns endows himself, only learning is not quite easy and not merely depends on our readiness; we must be able to learn. In an artist jealousy often prevents this, or that pride which at the perception of •

anything heterogeneous at once puts forth its claws and takes up a state of defence instead of that of scholar-like submission. Both Raphael and Goethe lacked either, wherefore they were great learners and not mere exploiters of those metallic veins which were left as remnants of the shifting history of their ancestors. Raphael vanishes from our sight as student in the midst of the appropriation of that which his great rival denoted as *his* "nature": he, the noblest of thieves, daily carried off a portion of it; but before he had filled his own genius with all the genius of Michelangelo he died, and the last series of his works, as the commencement of a new plan of study, is less perfect and good, for the very reason that death interrupted the great student in his most difficult task, and took away the justifying final goal which he had in view.

541

How we should turn to stone.—By slowly, very slowly growing hard like precious stones, and at last lie still: a joy to all eternity.

542

The philosopher and old age.—It is not wisely done to make the evening sit in judgment of the day: for but too often weariness in this case is the judge over power, success and readiness. Also we should practise great • caution with regard to old age and its judgment of life,

more so since old age, like unto the evening, is fond of vesting itself with a new and charming morality, and knows how to put the day to shame by evening skies, twilight, a peaceful or longing silence. The reverence which we feel towards an old man, especially if he is an old sage, easily blinds us as to his intellectual decline, and it is always necessary to draw forth from their hiding-place the characteristics of such a decline and fatigue, that is the psychological phenomenon which lurks behind the moral advantages and prejudices, lest we might become the fools of piety and destroyers of knowledge. For not infrequently the old man indulges in the delusion of a great moral renovation and regeneration, and, starting from this point of view, expresses his opinions on the work and course of his life, just as if only then he had grown clairvoyant; and yet it is not wisdom, but weariness, which prompts this agreeable sensation and these positive judgments. As its most dangerous characteristic we may mention the belief in genius, which usually asserts itself in great and semi-great men of genius only at this period of life: the belief in an exceptional position and in exceptional rights. The thinker who is infested with this belief, deems it henceforth permissible to take things more easily and in his capacity of genius to decree rather than prove: yet probably the craving of the weary intellect after alleviation is the strongest source of that belief, it precedes the latter in time though it may seem otherwise. Moreover at this period people, in accordance with the love

for enjoyment of all weary and aged people, wish to enjoy the results of their thinking, instead of again testing and sowing them ; which necessitates their making them suitable and enjoyable, and removing their dryness, coldness, and want of flavour ; and thus it happens that the old thinker apparently raises himself above his life's work, but in truth spoils it by means of infused reveries and sweetness, flavour, poetic mists, and mystic lights. So fared Plato in the end ; so that great, honest Frenchman, Auguste Comte, who as an embracer and conqueror of the pure sciences has no rival either among the Germans or the English of this century. A third symptom of weariness is this : that ambition which stormed in the heart of the great thinker when he was young, and which at that time was satisfied with nought, has also grown old, and like one who has no time to lose snatches at the coarser and readier means of gratification, which are those of active, predominant, peremptory, conquering dispositions : from this time forth he wishes to found institutions which bear his name, and no mere brain-structures. What are to him those ethereal victories and honours in the realm of proofs and refutations ; or a perpetuation of his name in books ; or a thrill of exultation in the soul of a reader ? The institution, on the other hand, is a temple, as he well knows—indeed, a temple of stone and duration will keep its god alive more surely than the sacrificial offerings of tender and rare souls. Perhaps, at this period, he

meets for the first time with that love which is more suited to a god than a human being, and his whole character is softened and sweetened in the rays of such a sun, like a fruit in autumn. Yes, he grows more divine and more beautiful, the great, old man—and yet, despite all this, it is old age and weariness which allow him thus to ripen, to grow silent and to rest in the luminous idolatry of a woman. Now it is all over with his former obdurate craving greater than himself for true disciples, true thinkers, that is, true opponents: that craving originated in the undiminished energy, the conscious pride of being able at any time himself to become an opponent, nay, the mortal enemy of his own doctrine—now he wants resolute partisans, unwavering comrades, auxiliary troops, heralds, a pompous train. Now he is no longer able to bear the terrible isolation which is the fate of every intellect that is flying onward and ahead. Henceforth he surrounds himself with objects of reverence, of common interest, emotion, and love; he also wants the comfort of the religious and to worship in the community that which he honours; nay, he would even invent a religion for the sole purpose of having a community. So lives the wise old man, and in so living he quite imperceptibly drifts into such a miserable proximity to priestly, poetic extravagances, that one hardly recollects his prudent and severe youth, the former strict morality of his mind, his truly virile dread of fancies and reveries. When formerly he used

to compare himself with other, older thinkers, he did so in order to measure his weakness against their strength and to grow colder and bolder towards himself: now he only does so in order to intoxicate himself in the comparison with his own delusion. Formerly he confidently thought of future thinkers—nay, he delighted in seeing himself one day wiped out in their brighter light: now he feels mortified by the fact that he cannot be the last; he tries to find out means to impose upon mankind, in addition to the inheritance which he will bestow on them, also a limitation of sovereign thinking; he dreads and reviles the pride and love of freedom of individual intellects: after him nobody else shall make his intellect rule absolutely, he wishes himself to continue for ever as the bulwark on which the surge of ideas may break—these are his secret, perhaps not always even his secret wishes. But the hard fact underlying such wishes is that he himself has halted before his doctrine and has put up his boundary-stone, his “So far and no further.” In canonising himself he has drawn up his own certificate of death: henceforth his intellect may not develop any further, his race is run, the watch-hand drops. When a great thinker endeavours to make himself a lasting institution for posterity, we may readily surmise that he has passed the climax of his power and is very tired, very near the setting of his sun.

Let us not make passion an argument in favour of truth.—Oh, ye good-hearted and noble enthusiasts, I know you! You want to be right in our eyes as well as in yours, and especially in yours!—and an irritable and subtle evil conscience so often incites and urges you on against your very enthusiasm. How ingenious you then grow in the outwitting and soothing of this conscience! How much you hate the honest, simple, clean souls; how eagerly you shun their innocent glances! That better knowledge whose representatives they are, and whose voice you hear but too distinctly in your own hearts, how it questions your belief, how you try to denounce it as a bad habit, as the disease of the age, as the neglect and infection of your own intellectual health. You go so far as to hate criticism, science, reason! You have to falsify history to make it bear witness in your favour; you have to deny virtues lest they obscure those of your idols and ideals. Coloured pictures, where arguments are wanted! Ardour and power of expression! Silver mists! Ambrosian nights! You know well how to illuminate and to darken—indeed, to darken by means of light! And indeed when your passion wallows up, a moment will arrive when you will say to yourselves, Now I have conquered a good conscience, now I am generous, courageous, self-denying, noble; now I am honest! How you long for these moments when your passion will give to you full, unlimited rights and, as it were, innocence; when in battle, ecstasy,

courage, hope, you will be beside yourselves and beyond all doubts; when you decree "he who is not beside himself as we are cannot in the least know what and where truth is." How you long to find all sharers of your belief in this state—which is that of intellectual viciousness—and to light your flames by their conflagration! Oh, for your martyrdom, your triumph of the canonised lie! Must you needs inflict such grief upon yourselves? Must you?

544

How philosophy is pursued in our days.—I know quite well that our philosophising youths, women and artists, expect from philosophy the very contrary of that which the Greeks derived from it. What does he who hears not the constant exultation resounding in every speech and rejoinder of a Platonic dialogue, the exultation over the new invention of rational thinking, know about Plato, about ancient philosophy? At that time the souls became filled with enthusiasm while pursuing the severe and sober sport of ideas, generalisation, refutation, contraction—with that enthusiasm which, perhaps, also the old, great, severe, and sober contrapuntists in music have known. At that time there still lingered on the tongues of Greece that other, older and formerly omnipotent taste wherefrom the new taste detached itself so magically that the "divine art" of dialectics was praised by faltering voices as though in a frenzy of love. But that old-world system was

speculation within the bounds of morality, with nothing but established opinions and established facts, and no reasons but those of authority, so that thinking was copying, and all enjoyment of speech and dialogue consisted in the form. Wherever the intrinsic value is deemed eternal and of universal worth, there is but one great charm, that of variable forms, that is, of fashion. Even in the poets, ever since the time of Homer, and afterwards in the sculptors, the Greek enjoyed the counterpart to originality. It was Socrates who discovered the contrary charm, that of cause and effect, of reason and sequence, and we modern people are so much accustomed to and educated in the necessity of logics that we take it as the normal taste, and cannot help making it as such objectionable to the covetous and conceited ones. That which stands out in bold relief is a matter of delight to these latter: their subtler ambition is but too ready to accept the belief that their souls are exceptions, not dialectic and rational beings, but—well, “intuitive beings,” endowed with the “inner sense” or with the “intellectual intuition.” But above all they want to be “artistic natures,” with genius in their heads and a demon in their bodies, and consequently also with special rights in this world and the world to come, especially with the divine prerogative of being incomprehensible. Such as these are pursuing philosophy nowadays! I fear they may one day discover that they have made a mistake—what these require is religion.

But we do not believe you.—You would like to pose as discerners of men, but you shall not pass as such. Do you fancy that we do not notice that you pretend to be more experienced, deeper, more passionate, more perfect than you really are, as decidedly as we notice in yon painter a presumptuousness even in the way of using his brush ; in yon musician by the way he introduces his theme a desire to set it off for higher than it really is ? Have you ever experienced in yourselves a history, wild commotions, earthquakes, deep, long sadness, fleeting happiness ? Have you been foolish with great and little fools ? Have you really borne the weal and woe of good people ? And also the woe and peculiar happiness of the most evil ? Then speak of morality, but not otherwise !

Slave and idealist.—The follower of Epictetus would probably not suit the taste of those who are now striving after the ideal. The constant tension of one's nature ; the indefatigable inward glance ; the reserved, cautious, incommunicativeness of the eye if ever it gazed on the outer world : and, to crown it all, his silence or laconic speech ; all these are characteristics of the severest fortitude—what would our idealists, who above all are desirous of expansion, care for all this ? Besides, he is not fanatical, he loathes the display and vainglory of our idealists ;

his arrogance, great as it is, is not bent upon disturbing others, it allows a certain gentle approach and does not wish to mar anybody's good humour—nay, it can even smile. So much antique humaneness is exemplified in this ideal. But the most beautiful feature of it is that it is altogether free from the fear of God, that it strictly believes in reason, that it is no preacher of penitence. Epictetus was a slave; his ideal man is without vocation, and may exist in any vocation, but he will first and foremost be found in the lowest social strata as the silent, self-sufficient man in the midst of a general enslavement who practises self-defence against the outside world and is constantly living in a state of supreme fortitude. He differs from the Christian inasmuch as the latter lives in hope, in the promise of “unspeakable glories”; as he allows himself to be presented, expecting and accepting the best things from divine love and grace, and not from himself; while Epictetus neither hopes nor allows his best treasure to be given to him—he possesses it, he bravely upholds it, he disputes it to the whole world if they mean to deprive him thereof. Christianity was made for another class of ancient slaves, for those who have a weak will and reason, hence, for the majority of slaves.

547

The tyrants of the intellect.—In our days the advancement of science is no longer thwarted by the casual fact that man attains an age of about seventy years, as was the

case for too long a time. Formerly a man wanted to attain the sum total of knowledge during this short period, and according to this general desire people valued the methods of knowledge. The minor individual questions and experiments were considered contemptible; people wanted the shortest cut, believing that since everything in the world seemed adapted to man, even the acquirement of knowledge was regulated in conformity with the limits of human life. To solve everything with one blow, with one word—this was the secret wish. The task was pictured in the metaphor of the Gordian knot or the egg of Columbus; no one doubted but that it was possible to reach the goal, even of knowledge, in the manner of Alexander or Columbus, and to satisfy all questions by one answer. “There is a mystery to be solved,” appeared to be the goal of life in the eyes of the philosopher; first of all the mystery had to be discovered and the problem of the world to be compressed into the simplest enigmatical form. The unbounded ambition and delight of being the “unraveller of the world” filled the dreams of the thinker, nothing seemed to him worth any trouble but the means of bringing everything to a satisfactory conclusion. Hence philosophy was a kind of last struggle for the tyrannical sway of the intellect. The fact that such a sway was reserved for some very happy, noble, ingenious, bold, powerful person—a peerless one—was doubted by nobody, and several, at last even Schopenhauer, fancied themselves to be this one peerless person. Whence it follows

that, on the whole, science up to lately has been in a somewhat backward state, owing to the moral weakness of its disciples, and that henceforth it will have to be pursued with a loftier and more generous feeling. "Do not mind me," is written over the door of the future thinker.

548

The triumph over power.—If we consider all that has hitherto been worshipped as "superhuman intellect," as "genius," we arrive at the sad conclusion that the whole intellectuality of mankind must needs have been extremely low and wretched; it required very little brains to feel at once considerably superior to theirs! Alas for the cheap glory of "genius." How quickly has its throne been raised, its worship grown into a custom! We are still on our knees before power—according to the old slave-custom—and yet, when the degree of venerability will have to be fixed, only the degree of rationality in power will be decisive; we have to investigate to what extent power has indeed been overcome by something higher, of which it is now the tool and instrument. But as yet there is an absolute lack of eyes for such investigations; nay, in most cases the estimation of genius is even considered a crime. And thus perhaps the most beautiful still takes place in the dark and, after bursting into bloom, soon fades into perpetual night. I mean the spectacle of that power which does not dispose of genius with a view to works, but to itself as a work, that is, with a view to its own mastery,

to the purification of its imagination, to order and selection in the flow of its tasks and ideas. As yet the great man is still invisible in the greatest thing which claims worship, invisible like a distant star; his triumph over power continues to be without eyes, hence also without song and poets. As yet the order of greatness has not been settled for the sum total of human history.

549

The "flight from self."—Those sufferers from intellectual spasms who are impatient and gloomy towards themselves—as Byron or Alfred de Musset—and in all their actions resemble runaway horses, nay, who derive from their own works nothing but a short delight and a burning passion which almost burst their blood-vessels, and after that a wintry solitude and sorrow—how are they to bear up against themselves? They long to be thoroughly saturated with a feeling of being "beside themselves"; if, possessed by such a longing, we happen to be Christians, we strive after fusion in God, after "becoming all one" with Him; if we are like Shakespeare we long for oneness with pictures of the most passionate life; if like Byron, we desire for great actions because these detach us from ourselves even more than thoughts, feelings and works. Should then the desire of achieving great actions really be the flight from our own selves?—thus Pascal would ask us. And, indeed, the proposition might be proved with regard to the most notable instances which are known of the

desire for great actions ; remember, as is fair, with the knowledge and the experience of a mad doctor, that four of those who were most desirous of achieving great actions were epileptics : to wit, Alexander, Cæsar, Mahomet, and Napoleon ; even Byron was subject to this complaint.

550

Knowledge and beauty.—When people, as they still continue to do, reserve their worship and their sensation of happiness, as it were, for works of fancy and semblance, we should not wonder if they feel chilled and dulled by the reverse of fancy and semblance. The rapture which is caused by even the most trifling certain final step and progress of insight and is to so many and so abundantly supplied by the present science—this rapture, at present, is not believed in by all those who are used to be enraptured only by leaving reality and plunging into the depths of a semblance. They consider reality as ugly, but they altogether forget that the knowledge of even the ugliest reality is beautiful, and that the frequent discerner of many things is in the end very far from considering the main items of reality, the discovery of which always inspired him with happiness, as ugly. Is there anything “beautiful in itself” ? The happiness of the discerners enhances the beauty of the world, steeping all things existing in a summer light ; discernment not only clothes the things in its own beauty, but in the long run even sinks its beauty into the things. May future ages bear

witness for the truth of this assertion ! In the meantime we shall recall an old experience : two men as utterly different as Plato and Aristotle agreed with regard to the constituents of supreme happiness, not only their own or that of humanity, but, in itself, even that of the gods with supreme felicity ; they found it in knowledge, in the activity of a well-trained, inventive reason (not in “intuition,” as the German semi- and out-and-out theologians ; nor in visions, as the mystics ; nor in work, as all practical men do). Descartes and Spinoza held similar opinions. What great delight all these must have felt in knowledge ! And how great a danger it implied for their honesty, lest they might thereby become panegyrists of the things !

551

About future virtues.—How is it that the more conceivable the world has grown, the more all kinds of ceremonies have decreased ? Is it that fear was so much the fundamental element of that awe which overcame us at everything unknown, mysterious, and taught us to fall on our knees before the inconceivable and pray for mercy ? And may not the world, for the very reason that we have grown bolder, have lost some of its former charms ? May not our own dignity and ceremoniousness, our own formidableness, have diminished together with our timorousness ? Perhaps we think less of the world and ourselves since we more boldly think about it and ourselves ? Perhaps there may be a future

when this bold mode of thinking will have reached such a pitch that it feels itself as the summit of pride above men and things—when the wise man, being at the same time the boldest, sees himself, and, above all, existence furthest below himself? Mankind has hitherto been wanting in this kind of courage which is akin to extravagant generosity. Oh that the poets would again be such as they used to be: seers, foretelling us something of our contingencies! Now that the real and the past are being and have to be taken more and more from them—for the time of innocent false-coining is at an end! Did they wish to make us anticipate future virtues? or virtues that will never be met on earth, though they might exist somewhere in the world?—purple-glowing stars and whole galaxies of the beautiful? Where are you, ye astronomers of the ideal?

552

The ideal selfishness.—Is there a state more blessed than that of pregnancy? To do everything we do in the silent belief that it must needs benefit that which is generating in us? That it must raise its mysterious worth, the thought of which fills us with ecstasy? Then we refrain from much without having to put ourselves under great restraint; we suppress an angry word, we grasp the hand forgivingly: the child shall spring from all that is mild and good. We shrink from our own harshness and abruptness: as though it might instil a

drop of evil into the life-chalice of the beloved unknown. Everything is veiled, mysterious; we know nothing about the process; we wait and try to be ready. Moreover, there prevails in us a pure and purifying feeling of deep irresponsibility, similar to that sensation which a spectator experiences before a drawn curtain: it is growing, it is coming to light; it is not for us to determine either its worth or its hour. We are solely thrown back upon every indirect, blessed, and restraining influence. "A greater than we are is coming to life," such is our secret hope: for him we prepare everything, that he may successfully come to light: not only all that is useful, but also the crowning love of our souls. In this blessed anticipation we shall live, and are able to live! Whether that which we expect be a thought, a deed, we have to every essential achievement no other relation but that of pregnancy, and ought to cast the arrogant talk about "will" and "shall" into the winds! This is the true, ideal selfishness: ever to provide and watch and restrain the soul, that our productiveness may come to a beautiful issue. Thus, in this indirect way to provide and watch for the profit of all; and the mood, wherein we live, this proud and gentle mood, is some soothing oil which spreads far around even over restless souls. But the pregnant ones are odd! Let us therefore also be odd and not blame the others for having to be so. And even when the results are dangerous and evil, we must not show less

deference to that, which is generating, than worldly justice, which does not allow the judge and hangman to lay hold on a woman with child.

553

On round-about ways.—Whither is this philosophy bound with all its round-about ways? Does it do more than translating as it were into reason a steady and strong craving—a craving for the mild sun, bright and bracing air, southern plants, sea-breezes, occasional food of meat, eggs, and fruit, hot water as beverage, quiet rambles for whole days, little talking, rare and cautious reading, solitary dwelling, clean, simple, and almost soldier-like habits—in short, for all things which are most tasteful and most salubrious especially to me? A philosophy which in the main is the craving for a personal diet? A craving which longs for my air, my height, my temperature, my kind of health, by the round-about way of my head? There are many other and certainly many loftier sublimities of philosophy, and not only such as are gloomier and more pretentious than mine—perhaps they are, taking them altogether, nothing but intellectual circumscriptions of the same kind of personal cravings? Meanwhile, I look with a new eye upon the quiet and lonely flight of a butterfly high on the rocky banks of the sea where many good plants are growing: it flies about, unconcerned about the fact that it will live but the life of one more day, and that

the night will be too cold for its winged frailty. For it, too, a philosophy might be found, though it may not be my own.

554

Progress.—When we praise progress we only praise the movement and those who do not leave us rooted to the spot, which, under circumstances, is certainly doing much, especially if we live among Egyptians. But in versatile Europe, where movement, as they say, “is a matter of course”—alas! if *we* only understood something about it—I praise progress and those who are progressing, that is, those who always leave themselves behind and who do not in the least mind whether others follow them or not. “Wherever I pause I find myself alone: why should I pause? The desert is so wide!” This is the mode of reasoning of such a progressist.

555

The least important are important enough.—We ought to avoid events when we feel convinced that the least important leave a lasting impression on us—and this we cannot avoid. The thinker must needs have within himself an average canon of all those things which he wishes to experience.

556

The four noble virtues.—Honest towards ourselves

and all who are friendly to us; valiant in face of our enemy; generous to the vanquished; polite—always in all cases: so the four cardinal virtues wish us to be.

557

Marching against an enemy.—How acceptable sound bad music and bad motives when we march against an enemy!

558

Not to veil one's virtues.—I love the men who are transparent like water, and who, to borrow the language of Pope, “do not hide from view the turbid bottom of their stream.” But even they are possessed of a certain vanity, though it be of a rare and more sublimated kind: some wish us to see only the mud and slight the transparence of the water which enables us to see to the bottom. None less than Gautama Buddha has given rise to the vanity of those few by the formula: “Let your sins shine before men and veil your virtues.” But this means to afford an unpleasant spectacle to the world—it offends against good taste.

559

Nothing in excess.—How often is the individual encouraged to set up a goal beyond his power in order to attain at least that which lies within the reach of his abilities and strenuous efforts? But is it really de-

sirable that he should do so? Must not the best in particular who act up to this maxim, and their best actions assume an exaggerated and distorted appearance on account of their being overstrained? And will not a grey mist of failure envelope the world owing to the fact that we see everywhere struggling athletes, prodigious gestures, but nowhere a conqueror crowned with victory?

560

What is at our option?—We may be the gardeners of our inclinations, and—which the majority ignore—as richly and advantageously cultivate the germs of anger, pity, inquisitiveness, vanity, as we trail a beautiful fruit along the wall. We may do so with a gardener's good or bad taste, in the French, English, Dutch, or Chinese style; we may also give full scope to Nature, only here and there applying some embellishment and adornment; finally, we may even without any knowledge and advice allow the plants to grow according to their natural growth and limits, and fight out their contest amongst themselves—nay, we may persist in taking delight in such a wilderness, though it may be difficult to do so. All this is at our option: but only few know this. Do not the majority believe in themselves as in perfect, complete facts? Have not great philosophers put their seals on this prejudice by means of the doctrine of the invariability of character?

561

To let also our happiness shine.—Just as the painters are utterly unable to reproduce the deep, brilliant hue of the sky, and are compelled to take all colours required for their landscapes a few shades deeper than Nature has them; just as they, by means of this trick, succeed in approaching the brilliant and harmonious tints in Nature, so also the poets and philosophers can express the bright radiance of happiness and must try to find an expedient; by picturing all things a few shades darker than they really are their light, in which they excel, produces almost the same effect as the sunlight and resembles the light of true happiness. The pessimist who gives to all things the darkest and gloomiest shades only avails himself of flames and lightning, celestial glories, and all that has a glaring, illuminative power and dazzles the eyes; to him light only serves the purpose of increasing the dismay and making us anticipate in the things greater horrors than they really have.

562

The settled and the free.—Only in the Netherworld we get a glimpse of the gloomy background of all the adventurer's bliss which forms an eternal halo round Ulysses and his kin, vying in brilliancy with the phosphorescence of the sea—of that background which we

nevermore forget: the mother of Ulysses died of grief and yearning for her child. The one is driven from place to place, and the other's, the tender settler's, heart is breaking: this is the old, old story. Grief breaks the heart of those who live to see that they whom they love best desert their views, their faith—this is part of the sadness wrought by the free intellects—of which they are occasionally aware. Then perhaps they, like unto Ulysses, will have to step down to the dead in order to soothe their sorrow and relieve their affection.

563

The delusion of the moral constitution of things.—There is no eternal necessity commanding that every transgression should be atoned and paid for—the belief that there was such a necessity was a terrible delusion, useful only in its least part; a similar delusion is the belief that everything is guilt which is felt as such. Not the things, but the opinions on things imaginary have been a source of endless trouble to mankind.

564

In the immediate proximity of experience.—Even master-minds have but a handbreadth experience—in its immediate proximity their reflection fails and gives way to a boundless vacancy and dulness.

565

Dignity and ignorance.—When we begin to understand we grow polite, happy, ingenious; and when we have sufficiently learnt and trained our eyes and ears, our souls show greater suppleness and charm. But we understand so little and are so inadequately taught, wherefore we rarely happen to embrace the thing which is apt to make us lovable; on the contrary, we stiffly and indifferently pass by the cities, nature and history, at the same time thinking very highly of this stiff and indifferent bearing, as though it evinced superiority. Nay, our ignorance and intellectual love of knowledge have altogether acquired the habit of flaunting about as dignity and character.

566

A cheap mode of life.—The cheapest and most unsophisticated mode of life is certainly that of the thinker; for, to begin by mentioning the most important feature, he first and foremost stands in need of those very things which others slight and abandon. Secondly: he is easily pleased and does not ask for any expensive spices of pleasure; his task is not arduous, but as it were southern; his days and nights are not wasted by remorse; he moves, eats, drinks and sleeps in proportion as his intellect grows calmer, stronger and clearer; he rejoices in his body and has

no reason to fear it; he does not stand in need of society, unless for the purpose of from time to time more tenderly to embrace his solitude; he finds in the dead compensation for the living and even reparation for friends: that is, in the best who ever lived. Let us consider whether it is the opposite desires and habits that have made life expensive and consequently arduous, often even unbearable. In another sense, however, the thinker's life is more expensive, for nothing seems good enough for him; and it would indeed be intolerable to be deprived of the best.

567

In the field.—"We ought to take the things more cheerfully than they deserve; especially since, for a very long period, we have taken them more seriously than they deserved." Thus speaks the brave soldier of knowledge.

568

Poet and bird.—Phœnix, the bird, showed to the poet a glowing scroll which was burning to ashes. "Be not alarmed," he said, "it is your work! It bears not the spirit of the age, much less the spirit of those who are against the age: therefore it must be burnt. But this is a good sign. There is many a dawn of day."

569

To the lonely souls.—If, in our soliloquies as well as in public life, we are regardless of the honour of others, we are mean people.

570

Losses.—Some losses impart to the soul a sublimity which makes her refrain from wailing and silently wander about as though in the shade of high, dark cypresses.

571

Field-dispensary of the soul.—Which is the strongest remedy? Victory!

572

Life shall comfort us.—When we, after the fashion of the thinker, indulge in soaring thoughts and surging feelings, allowing even our nightly dreams to float therein, we expect from life comfort and seclusion, while others wish to rest from life when they consign themselves to meditation.

573

Stripping off the skin.—A serpent which is unable to strip off its skin will perish. So will all those intellects that are prevented from changing their opinions: they cease to be intellects.

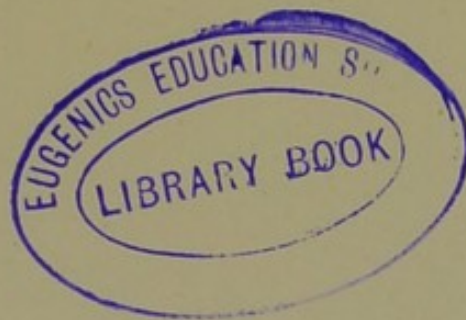
574

Never forget.—The higher we soar, the smaller we appear to those who cannot fly.

575

We aeronauts of the intellect.—All those bold birds which soar into far and farthest space will somewhere or other surely find themselves unable to proceed on their flight, and perch down on a mast or narrow ledge, and be grateful for this wretched accommodation. But who would infer herefrom that there was not an immense free space in front of them, that they had flown as far as they could possibly fly? All our great teachers and predecessors have, in the end, come to a standstill, and it is not the noblest or most graceful movement with which the weary pause: the same thing will happen to me and to you. But what does this matter to me or to you? Other birds will fly further! Our insight and credulity vie with them in soaring far out and on high; they rise straight above our heads and its impotence, and from thence will survey the distant horizon, seeing the crowds of birds, much more powerful than we are, flying before them, striving whither we have striven, and where all is sea and nothing but sea! And whither then are we bound? Do we want to cross the sea? Whither does this powerful desire urge us, which we value more highly than any delight?

Why just in this direction, thither where the suns of humanity have always perished? Will they perhaps, one day, relate of us that we also soared westward, hoping to reach India—but that it was our fate to be wrecked on the rock of eternity? Or, my brethren? Or?



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