On The
Genealogy
Of Morals
Translated by Walter Kaufmann and R.J. Hollingdale

Ecce Homo
Translated by Walter Kaufmann

Edited, with Commentary, by
Walter Kaufmann

FRIEDRICH
NIETZSCHE

Friedrich Nietzsche

Zur Genealogie der Moral
Kritische Studienausgabe
Herausgegeben von
Giorgio Colli und Mazzino Montinari

de Gruyter
NOTES ON PREPARING A BILINGUAL EDITION OF NIETZSCHE’S ON THE GENEAOLOGY OF MORALS

After having prepared bilingual editions of over half of Freud’s works, the 3 critiques of Kant, Hegel’s Phenomenology and even Schreber’s Memoirs, someone suggested to me that it would be useful to have several texts of Nietzsche in a bilingual form. My research shows that before this bilingual was prepared there existed only one bilingual text of Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra. Given Nietzsche’s unique writing style, I was more than a little bit shocked that his works in general have not been issued in a bilingual form as a matter of course. The benefits of reading any well-known text in a bilingual form are obvious, and I predict that long after my demise, bilingual editions of any text will be available featuring the text in its original language side by side with a translation into any language whatsoever upon demand.

The original German text, which I have used is the Kritische Studienausgabe edited by Giorgio Colli and Mazzino Montinari published by DTV, de Gruyter, new edition 1999, which amazingly is now available at no charge—see http://www.nietzschesource.org/texts/eKGWB

The English translation I have used is the classic translation of Walter Kaufmann. As we all know, Kaufmann rehabilitated Nietzsche nearly single-handedly, from the reputation he had among most scholars as being part madman, part proto-Nazis and almost wholly unphilosophical. Some scholars now believe that Kaufmann might have gone too much in the wrong direction, providing a kind of watered down ameliorated presentation of Nietzsche and that Bataille contrary to Kaufmann was not afraid to go with a more virulent reading of Nietzsche’s texts.
Be that as it may, "Nietzsche's most penetrating and philosophical work, the "Genealogy of Morals" is a shattering indictment of science, Judaeo-Christian morality and modern Western values such as liberalism, socialism and feminism. It identifies these phenomena with the reactive, self-preservative "ascetic ideal" - the oppressive "will to truth" - that aims to constrain and deny life. In opposition, Nietzsche propounds art and culture as a counteragent and champions the "Dionysian tragic artist" who will affirm and celebrate life. - Also a pioneering text for deconstruction and poststructuralist in its analysis of historicism and interpretation."

Now the reader will have a different kind of access to this text and be able to judge for himself the adequacy of Kaufmann's translation. For after all, as the famous Italian proverb goes, Traduttore, traditorre! Does one dare translate it as, "Translator, you are a traitor!"?

And my dear reader, keep in mind, this is only a crude prototype of what we would like to see of all significant texts that are originally in another language than the one we have access to.

Richard G. Klein
Summer 2010
New York City
A Note on This Edition

The translation of the Genealogy of Morals was done jointly with R. J. Hollingdale, author of Nietzsche: The Man and His Philosophy (University of Louisiana Press, 1965), but I alone bear the responsibility for the final version. The other translations in this volume, as well as the commentaries, involved no collaboration.

The commentaries, both on the Genealogy and on Ecce Homo, fall into three parts: an introduction, hundreds of footnotes, and an appendix. For the long appendix to the Genealogy I have translated most of the numerous aphorisms from his earlier works that Nietzsche refers to in the text. Nothing of this sort has been done before, but it should have been. For good measure, I have also included many aphorisms he did not cite. In the case of Ecce Homo, the appendix contains previously untranslated variants from Nietzsche’s drafts.

All footnotes are mine, none are Nietzsche’s.

In the original, almost every numbered section constitutes a single paragraph. Nietzsche used dashes and three dots to indicate breaks. I have largely dispensed with these devices and begun new paragraphs wherever that seemed helpful.

Of the two books offered here in a single volume, the Genealogy has long been considered one of Nietzsche’s most important works. Ecce Homo has been appreciated very much less. May this edition lead to a better understanding of both works!

WALTER KAUFMANN

November 1, 1966

Acknowledgments

Ecce Homo is the tenth volume by Nietzsche that I have translated: the first four appeared in 1954; Beyond Good and Evil in 1966; and four more of his books as well as The Will to Power (a collection of his notes) in 1967. Ecce Homo, Nietzsche’s last original work (Nietzsche contra Wagner consists of passages that Nietzsche selected from his earlier books) I left for the end; and because the book was intended to help the reader understand Nietzsche’s thought, I have given it a more comprehensive and detailed commentary than any of the other works.

Jason Epstein’s interest in this project was a necessary, although unfortunately not a sufficient, condition of its realization. I was sometimes unsure whether I ought to have undertaken this second series of six translations, but now I am glad that they are done.

It is a pleasure to give thanks once more to Berenice Hoffman for her unfailingly expert and gracious editorial queries and suggestions.

Stephen Watson helped me once again with the indices, and Sonia Volochova made scores of valuable additions to them.

George Brakas read the page proofs and called to my attention many points that were not as clear as, I hope, they are now. My wife, Hazel, kept up my spirits.

WALTER KAUFMANN
ON THE
GENEALOGY OF MORALS

Zur Genealogie der Moral.
Eine Streitschrift
Editor's Introduction

1

Of all of Nietzsche's books, the *Genealogy of Morals* comes closest, at least in form, to Anglo-American philosophy: it consists of three inquiries, each self-contained and yet related to the other two. Even those who suppose, erroneously, that *Beyond Good and Evil* is a book for browsing, a collection of aphorisms that may be read in any order whatever, generally recognize that the *Genealogy* comprises three essays. Moreover, all three essays deal with morality, a subject close to the heart of British and American philosophy; and Nietzsche's manner is much more sober and single-minded than usual.

Yet it should be noted that the title page is followed by these words: "A Sequel to My Last Book, *Beyond Good and Evil*, Which It Is Meant to Supplement and Clarify." ¹ In other words, Nietzsche did not suppose that the *Genealogy* could be readily understood by itself, and in the final section of the preface he explained emphatically at some length that he presupposed not only a passing acquaintance with his earlier books but actually a rather close study of them.

Moreover, Nietzsche refers the reader, especially (but not only) in the preface, to a large number of specific passages in his earlier works. It is easy to resent all this as tedious and self-important—and to misunderstand the book and Nietzsche's philosophy generally. It is fashionable to read hastily, as if, for example, one knew all about Nietzsche's contrast of master and slave morality before one had even begun to read him. But if one reads snippets here and there, projecting ill-founded preconceptions into the gaps, one is apt to misconstrue Nietzsche's moral philosophy completely—as Loeb and Leopold did when, as youngsters, they supposed that a brutal and senseless murder would prove them masters. Similar misunderstandings mar many academic interpretations;

¹ Dem letzterveröffentlichten "Jenseits von Gut und Böse" zur Ergänzung und Verdeutlichung beigegeben.
but professors naturally react differently: they feel outraged by Nietzsche and do violence, on a different level, to him.

To understand Nietzsche's conceptions of master and slave morality, one should read Beyond Good and Evil, section 260, and Human, All-Too-Human, section 45—and keep in mind the title of our book, which deals with the origins of morality. Nietzsche distinguishes moralities that originated in ruling classes from moralities that originated among the oppressed.

Unfortunately, some of the aphoristic material in his earlier works to which Nietzsche refers us is not easy to come by, and the larger part of it has never been translated adequately. Most of these aphorisms have therefore been included in the present volume, in new translations. And some commentary, in the form of footnotes, may not be supererogatory.

The extent of such a commentary poses insoluble problems: if there is too little of it, students may feel that they get no help where they need it; if there is too much, it becomes an affront to the reader's knowledge and intelligence and a monument of pedantry. No mean can possibly be right for all.

At the end of his Preface Nietzsche says that it won't do simply to read an aphorism, one must also decipher it; and he claims that his whole third inquiry is a paradigm case of a commentary on a single aphorism. Taking my cue from this suggestion, I have selected one exceptionally interesting section in the third essay and given it a much more detailed commentary than the rest of the book: section 24, which deals with the intellectual conscience and with truth. But this is not to suggest that this section is self-contained; on the contrary, the argument is continued in the following section—and so is the commentary.

2

The title of our book is ambiguous, but it is clear which meaning Nietzsche intended. Zur Genealogie der Moral could mean "Toward a (literally, "Toward the") Genealogy of Morals" (or Morality); it could also mean—and does mean—"On the Genealogy of Morals." How can one tell?

There is one, and only one, sure way. In many of Nietzsche's books, the aphorisms or sections have brief titles; and several of these (about two dozen) begin with the word Zur. So do a great many of his notes, including more than two dozen of those included in the posthumous collection, The Will to Power. In the case of the notes, to be sure, the titles were sometimes added by Peter Gast, Nietzsche's worshipful friend and editor; but even titles contributed by Gast have some evidential value, as he had presumably acquired some feeling for Nietzsche's usage.

The upshot: In no title does Nietzsche's Zur or Zum clearly mean "Toward," and he used Zur again and again in contexts in which "Toward" makes no sense at all, and "On" is the only possible meaning; for example, the heading of section 381, in the fifth book of The Gay Science—published in 1887 as was the Genealogy of Morals—reads: Zur Frage der Verständlichkeit, "On the Question of Being Understandable." To be sure, if that same phrase were found in Heidegger, one would not hesitate to translate it, "toward the question of understandability": Heidegger is always on the way toward the point from which it may be possible some day to ask a question. But not Nietzsche. It is not enough to know the language; one must also acquire some feeling for an author. Toward the latter end, an excellent prescription would be to read Nietzsche "On the Question of Being Understandable"; and this aphorism is included in the present volume.

3

Speaking of intelligibility: why does Nietzsche use the French word resentment? First of all, the German language lacks any close equivalent to the French term. That alone would be sufficient excuse for Nietzsche, though perhaps not for a translator, who could use "resentment."

Secondly, Nietzsche's emergence from the influence of Wagner, who extolled everything Germanic and excoriated the French, was marked by an attitude more Francophile than that of any other major German writer—at least since Leibniz (1646–1716), who preferred to write in French. Nietzsche saw himself as the heir of the French moralistes and as a "good European."

In 1805 Hegel wrote to Johann Heinrich Voss, who had trans-
lated Homer into German dactylic hexameters: "I should like to say of my aspirations that I shall try to teach philosophy to speak German."2 Avoiding Greek, Latin, and French terms, Hegel created an involved German terminology, devising elaborate locutions that make his prose utterly forbidding. And a little over a century later, Heidegger tried to do much the same thing. Yet Hegel was assuredly wrong when he went on to say, in the next sentence of his letter: "Once that is accomplished, it will be infinitely more difficult to give shallowness the appearance of profound speech." On the contrary. Nothing serves as well as obscurity to make shallowness look profound.

Modern readers who do not know foreign languages may wonder whether Nietzsche's abundant use of French phrases, and occasionally also of Latin, Greek, and Italian (sometimes he uses English words, too) does not make for obscurity. If it does, this is obscurity of an altogether different kind and easily removed—by a brief footnote, for example. Nietzsche likes brevity as much as he likes being a good European; and he hates nationalism as much as he hates saying approximately, at great length, what can be said precisely, in one word.

One is tempted to add that the kind of obscurantism he abominated involves irredeemable ambiguities which lead to endless discussion, while his terms, whether German or foreign, are unequivocal. That is true up to a point—but not quite. Nietzsche had an almost pathological weakness for any particular kind of ambiguity, which, to be sure, is not irredeemable: he loved words and phrases that mean one thing out of context and almost the opposite in the context he gives them. He loved language as poets do and relished these "revaluations." All of them involve a double meaning, one exoteric and one esoteric, one—to put it crudely—wrong, and the other right. The former is bound to lead astray hasty readers, browsers, and that rapidly growing curse of our time—the non-readers who do not realize that galloping consumption is a disease.

The body of knowledge keeps increasing at incredible speed,

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2 The letter is lost, but three drafts have survived. The quotation is from the final draft, May 1805. See Kaufmann's Hegel (Garden City, N.Y., Anchor Books, 1966), Chapter VII, p. 316.

but the literature of nonknowledge grows even faster. Books multiply like mushrooms, or rather like toadstools—mildew would be still more precise—and even those who read books come perforce to depend more and more on knowledge about books, writers, and, if at all possible—for this is the intellectual, or rather the nonintellectual, equivalent of a bargain—movements. As long as one knows about existentialism, one can talk about a large number of authors without having actually read their books.

Nietzsche diagnosed this disease in its early stages, long before it had reached its present proportions—yet wrote in a manner that insured his being misunderstood by the kind of reader and nonreader he despised. Why? He gave reasons more than once; for example, in Beyond Good and Evil, sections 30, 40, 230, 270, 278, 289, and 290, and in the aforementioned section 381 of The Gay Science. And I have attempted a different sort of explanation in an essay on "Philosophy versus Poetry."3

The Genealogy contains several examples of misleading slogans, but resentment is actually not one of them. That term is univocal, but—to ask this once more—why couldn't we substitute "resentment" for it in an English translation? Apart from the fact that something of the flavor of Nietzsche's style and thought would be lost, this is a point at which Nietzsche succeeded in teaching psychology to speak—Nietzschean. His conception of resentment constitutes one of his major contributions to psychology—and helps to illuminate the widespread misunderstanding of Nietzsche.

To begin with the first point: At the beginning of his own lengthy essay on "The role of Ressentiment In the Construction of Moralities," 4 Max Scheler says: "Among the exceedingly few discoveries made in recent times concerning the origin of moral value judgments, Friedrich Nietzsche's discovery of resentment as the source of such value judgments is the most profound, even if his more specific claim that Christian morality and in particular Chris-


tian love are the finest 'flower of ressentiment' should turn out to be false.8

Scheler, one of the outstanding German philosophers of the first quarter of the twentieth century, converted to Roman Catholicism and persuaded some of his disciples to follow his example—but later abandoned Christianity as well as all theism. In the essay on ressentiment he argued: "We believe that Christian values are particularly prone to being reinterpreted into values of ressentiment and have also been understood that way particularly often, but that the core of Christian ethics did not grow on the soil of ressentiment. Yet we also believe that the core of bourgeois morality, which since the thirteenth century has begun more and more to supersede Christian morality until it attained its supreme achievement in the French Revolution, does have its roots in ressentiment." Even where he disagreed with Nietzsche, Scheler emphasized that he considered Nietzsche's account singularly profound and worthy of the most serious consideration.9

Readers ready to jump to the conclusion that Nietzsche conflated true Christianity with its bourgeois misinterpretation while Scheler obviously understood Christianity far better should ponder Scheler's footnote: "The possible unity of style of warlike and Christian morality is demonstrated in detail in my book Der Genius des Krieges und der deutsche Krieg (The genius of war and the German war), 1915."7 To be sure, most Christians in England, France, and the United States felt the same way in 1915, but the question remains whether Scheler's reading of Christianit was not designed to be heard gladly in the twentieth century, around 1915, when the essay on ressentiment, too, appeared. In any case, this essay does not compare in originality and importance with Nietzsche's Genealogy, but it deserves mention as an attempt to develop Nietzsche's ideas, and it shows how the term ressentiment has become established.

Nietzsche's conception of ressentiment also throws light on

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8 Ibid., p. 49. Both here and on p. 106 Scheler claims erroneously that Nietzsche used the phrase in single quotes in Genealogy, essay I, section 8.
9 Ibid., pp. 106f.
7 Ibid., p. 143.

the reception of his ideas. By way of contrast, consider Max Weber, perhaps the greatest sociologist of the century, and certainly one of the greatest. Weber's sociology of religion owes a great debt to Nietzsche's Genealogy. But why is it generally recognized that Weber was by no means an anti-Semite, although he found the clue to the Jewish religion in the alleged fact that the Jews were a pariah people, while Nietzsche's comments on slave morality and the slave rebellion in morals have so often been considered highly offensive and tinged by anti-Semitism? (Nietzsche's many references to anti-Semitism are invariably scathing; see the indices in this volume.) Could it be that a scholar is given the benefit of every doubt so long as he does not have the presumption to write well?

To write about Nietzsche 'scholars' with the lack of inhibition with which they have written about Nietzsche, mixing moraisic denunciations with attempts at psychiatric explanations, would be utterly unthinkihle. Why? The answer is clearly not that Nietzsche really was an inferior scholar and did eventually become insane. Most Nietzsche 'scholars' cannot hold a candle to his learning or originality, and the closer they are to meritng psychological explanations, the worse it would be to offer any.

Could the reason for the disparity in treatment be that Nietzsche is dead? We are in no danger of hurting his feelings or his career; and he cannot hit back. He is no longer a member of the family; he has left us and is fair game. But Max Weber is dead, too; yet he is still treated as a member of the guild. Clearly, there must be another reason. Nietzsche wrote too well and was too superior. That removed him from the immortality of our community, quite as much as the commission of a crime. But while the transgression has been spiritual or intellectual, and those offended are the intellectual community, the revenge, too, is intellectual. The pent-up resentment against fellow members of the community—sloppy scholars and writers as well as those who excite envy—all this rancor that cannot be vented against living colleagues, at least not in print, may be poured out against a few great scapegoats.

There are many reasons for Nietzsche's being one of the great scapegoats of all time. During World War I British intellectuals
found it convenient to contribute to the war effort by denouncing a German intellectual of stature whom one could discuss in print without losing a lot of time reading him—and Nietzsche had said many nasty things about the British. Henceforth Nietzsche was a marked man, and World War II contributed its share to this type of disgraceful literature. But there are even more such studies in German—which is scarcely surprising. After all, Nietzsche said far more wicked things—incomparably more and worse—about the Germans than he ever did about the British. And as the literature shows us beyond a doubt: Christian scholars also needed outlets for their rancor. For all that, it would be wrong to think in terms of any strict tit-for-tat, as if each group the dead man had offended then felt justified in hitting back once he was dead. Once it was established that this writer was a scapegoat, anybody was allowed to play and vent his own resentment on him, no matter what its source.

Apart from these considerations, Nietzsche's reception cannot be understood. To be sure, reactions of that sort do not exhaust this story. There is also Nietzsche's influence on Rilke and German poetry, on Thomas Mann and the German novel, on Karl Jaspers and German philosophy, on Gide and Malraux, Sartre and Camus, Freud and Buber, Shaw and Yeats. But to understand that, one only has to read them—and him.

4

One final word about the contents and spirit of the Genealogy. All three inquiries deal with the origin of moral phenomena, as the title of the book indicates. The first essay, which contrasts "Good and Evil" with "Good and Bad," juxtaposes master and slave morality; the second essay considers "guilt," the "bad conscience," and related matters; and the third, ascetic ideals. The most common misunderstanding of the book is surely to suppose that Nietzsche considers slave morality, the bad conscience, and ascetic ideals evil; that he suggests that mankind would be better off if only these things had never appeared; and that in effect he glorifies unconscionable brutes.

Any such view is wrong in detail and can be refuted both by considering in context the truncated quotations that have been adduced to buttress it and by citing a large number of other passages. I have tried to do this in my book on Nietzsche, and this is not the place to repeat the demonstration. But this sort of misinterpretation involves not only hundreds of particular misreadings; it also involves a misreading of the Genealogy and, even more generally, of Nietzsche's attitude toward history and the world. In conclusion, something needs to be said about that.

The Genealogy is intended as a supplement and clarification of Beyond Good and Evil. And while that title suggests an attempt to rise above the slave morality that contrasts good and evil, it also signifies a very broad attack on "the faith in opposite values." Decidedly, it is not Nietzsche's concern in the Genealogy to tell us that master morality is good, while slave morality is evil; or to persuade us that the bad conscience and ascetic ideals are bad, while a brutish state antedating both phenomena is good. Of course, it is his plan to open new perspectives and to make us see what he discusses in unwonted, different ways. If you are bent on using terms like good and bad, you might say that he tries to show us, among other things, how moral valuations, phenomena, and ideals that are usually not questioned have their bad or dark side. Ordinarily, we see the foreground only; Nietzsche seeks to show us the background.

In a nutshell: when Nietzsche has shown us the dark side of the bad conscience, he says, "The bad conscience is an illness, there is no doubt about that, but an illness as pregnancy is an illness" (II, section 19). His love of fate, his amor fati, should not be forgotten. The second chapter of Ecce Homo ends: "My formula for greatness in a human being is amor fati: that one wants


9 Section 2. For a list of other sections that illuminate the title of the book, see section 4 of the Preface to my translation of Beyond Good and Evil, with commentary (New York, Vintage Books, 1966), p. xv.

8 To give at least one example, consider Ernest Barker's Oxford pamphlet on Nietzsche and Treitschke (London, Oxford University Press, 1914).
nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity. Not merely to bear what is necessary, still less conceal it—all idealism is mendaciousness in the face of what is necessary—but love it."

In the imagery of the first chapter of *Zarathustra*, it is not Nietzsche’s intention to malign or to glorify either the camel or the lion—either the ascetic “spirit that would bear much, and kneels down like a camel” or the blond beast. Indeed, Zarathustra is eloquent in his praise of the camel, and it is plain that much of his description fits Nietzsche himself, who was certainly no stranger to ascetic ideals. But the point is that both camel and lion represent mere stages in the development of the spirit; and insofar as Nietzsche feels dissatisfied with both, it is because he would not have us settle for either: he wants us to climb higher—which, however, cannot be done without passing through these stages. And what lies beyond? What is the goal? Here we return to the image of pregnancy: the third stage is represented by the child. “The child is innocence and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a self-propelled wheel, a first movement, a sacred ‘Yes.’ For the game of creation, my brothers, a sacred ‘Yes’ is needed.”

Without acquiring a bad conscience, without learning to be profoundly dissatisfied with ourselves, we cannot envisage higher norms, a new state of being, self-perfection. Without ascetic ideals, without self-control and cruel self-discipline, we cannot attain that self-mastery which Nietzsche ever praises and admires. But to settle down with a nagging bad conscience, to remain an ascetic and mortify oneself, is to fall short of Nietzsche’s “Dionysian” vision. What he celebrates is neither the camel nor the lion but the creator.

“Goethe . . . fought the mutual extraneousness of reason, senses, feeling, and will . . . he disciplined himself into wholesomeness, he created himself. . . . Such a spirit who has become free stands amid the cosmos with a joyous and trusting fatalism, in the faith . . . that all is redeemed and affirmed in the whole—he does not negate any more. Such a faith, however, is the highest of all possible faiths: I have baptized it with the name of Dionysus.”

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ON THE
GENEALOGY OF MORALS

* Polemic*

1 *Eine Streitschrift.*
Preface

1

We are unknown to ourselves, we men of knowledge—and with good reason. We have never sought ourselves—how could it happen that we should ever find ourselves? It has rightly been said: "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"; our treasure is where the beehives of our knowledge are. We are constantly making for them, being by nature winged creatures and honey-gatherers of the spirit; there is one thing alone we really care about from the heart—"bringing something home." Whatever else there is in life, so-called "experiences"—which of us has sufficient earnestness for them? Or sufficient time? Present experience has, I am afraid, always found us "absent-minded": we cannot give our hearts to it—not even our ears! Rather, as one divinely preoccupied and immersed in himself into whose ear the bell has just boomed with all its strength the twelve beats of noon suddenly starts up and asks himself: "what really was that which just struck?" so we sometimes rub our ears afterward and ask, utterly surprised and disconcerted, "what really was that which we have just experienced?" and moreover: "who are we really?" and, afterward as aforesaid, count the twelve trembling bell-strokes of our experience, our life, our being—and alas! miscount them.—So we are necessarily strangers to ourselves, we do not comprehend ourselves, we have to misunderstand ourselves, for us the law "Each is furthest from himself" applies to all eternity—we are not "men of knowledge" with respect to ourselves.

2

My ideas on the origin of our moral prejudices—for this is the subject of this polemic—received their first, brief, and provisional

expression in the collection of aphorisms that bears the title *Human, All-Too-Human, A Book for Free Spirits*. This book was begun in Sorrento during a winter when it was given to me to pause as a wanderer pauses and look back across the broad and dangerous country my spirit had traversed up to that time. This was in the winter of 1876—77; the ideas themselves are older. They were already in essentials the same ideas that I take up again in the present treatise—let us hope the long interval has done them good, that they have become ripener, clearer, stronger, more perfect! *That I still cleave to them today, however, that they have become in the meantime more and more firmly attached to one another, indeed entwined and interlaced with one another, strengthens my joyful assurance that they might have arisen in me from the first not as isolated, capricious, or sporadic things but from a common root, from a *fundamental will* of knowledge, pointing imperiously into the depths, speaking more and more precisely, demanding greater and greater precision. For this alone is fitting for a philosopher. We have no right to *isolated* acts of any kind: we may not make isolated errors or hit upon isolated truths. Rather do our ideas, our values, our yearnings and yearnings, our beliefs and buts, grow out of us with the necessity with which a tree bears fruit—related and each with an affinity to each, and evidence of one will, *one* health, *one* soil, *one* sun.—Whether you like them, these fruits of ours?—But what is that to the trees! What is that to us, to us philosophers!

3

Because of a scruple peculiar to me that I am loth to admit to—for it is concerned with *morality*, with all that has hitherto been celebrated on earth as morality—a scruple that entered my life so early, so uninvited, so irresistibly, so much in conflict with my environment, age, preconditions, and descent that I might almost have the right to call it my "*a priori*"—my curiosity as well as my suspicions were bound to halt quite soon at the question of where our good and evil really *originated*. In fact, the problem of the origin of evil pursued me even as a boy of thirteen: at an age in which you have "half childish trifles, half God in your heart," 1

*Goethe’s Faust, lines 3781f.*


3

Bei einer mir eigenen Bedenklichkeit, die ich ungern eingestehe — sie bezieht sich nämlich auf die Moral, auf Alles, was bisher auf Erden als Moral gefeiert worden ist —, einer Bedenklichkeit, welche in meinem Leben so früh, so unangefordert, so unaufhaltsam, so in Widerspruch gegen Umgebung, Alter, Beispiel, Herkunft auftrat, dass ich beinahe das Recht hätte, sie mein "A priori" zu nennen, — musste meine Neu- gierde ebenso wie mein Verdacht bei Zeiten an der Frage Halt machen, welchen Ursprung eigentlich unser Gut und Böse habe. In der That ging mir bereits als dreizehnjährigem Knaben das Problem vom Ursprung des Bösen nach: ihm widmete ich, in einem Alter, wo man „halb Kinderspiele, halb Gott im Herzen“ hat,
devoted to it my first childish literary trifle, my first philosophical effort—and as for the “solution” of the problem I posed at that time, well, I gave the honor to God, as was only fair, and made him the father of evil. Was that what my “a priori” demanded of me? that new immoral, or at least unmoralsitic “a priori” and the alas! so anti-Kantian, enigmatic “categorical imperative” which spoke through it and to which I have since listened more and more closely, and not merely listened.

Fortunately I learned early to separate theological prejudice from moral prejudice and ceased to look for the origin of evil behind the world. A certain amount of historical and philological schooling, together with an inborn fastidiousness of taste in respect to psychological questions in general, soon transformed my problem into another one: under what conditions did man devise these value judgments good and evil? and what value do they themselves possess? Have they hitherto hindered or furthered human prosperity? Are they a sign of distress, of impoverishment, of the degeneration of life? Or is there revealed in them, on the contrary, the plenitude, force, and will of life, its courage, certainty, future?

Thereupon I discovered and ventured divers answers; I distinguished between ages, peoples, degrees of rank among individuals; I departmentalized my problem; out of my answers there grew new questions, inquiries, conjectures, probabilities—until at length I had a country of my own, a soil of my own, an entire discrete, thriving, flourishing world, like a secret garden the existence of which no one suspected.—Oh how fortunate we are, we men of knowledge, provided only that we know how to keep silent long enough!

The first impulse to publish something of my hypotheses concerning the origin of morality was given me by a clear, tidy, and shrewd—also precocious—little book in which I encountered distinctly for the first time an upside-down and perverse species of genealogical hypothesis, the genuinely English type, that attracted me—with that power of attraction which everything contrary, everything antipodal possesses. The title of the little book was The

Zur Genealogie der Moral

Origin of the Moral Sensations; its author Dr. Paul Rée; the year in which it appeared 1877. Perhaps I have never read anything to which I would have said to myself No, proposition by proposition, conclusion by conclusion, to the extent that I did to this book: yet quite without ill-humor or impatience. In the above-mentioned work, on which I was then engaged, I made opportune and inopportune reference to the propositions of that book, not in order to refute them—what have I to do with refutations!—but, as becomes a positive spirit, to replace the improbable with the more probable, possibly one error with another. It was then, as I have said, that I advanced for the first time those genealogical hypotheses to which this treatise is devoted—ineptly, as I should be the last to deny, still constrained, still lacking my own language for my own things and with much backsliding and vacillation. One should compare in particular what I say in Human, All-Too-Human, section 45, on the twofold prehistory of good and evil (namely, in the sphere of the noble and in that of the slaves); likewise, section 136, on the value and origin of the morality of asceticism; likewise, sections 96 and 99 and volume II, section 89, on the “morality of mores,” that much older and more primitive species of morality which differs toto coelo from the altruistic mode of evaluation (in which Dr. Rée, like all English moral genealogists, sees moral evaluation as such); likewise, section 92, The Wanderer, section 26, and Dawn, section 112, on the origin of justice as an agreement between two approximately equal powers (equality as the presupposition of all compacts, consequently of all law); likewise The Wanderer, sections 22 and 33, on the origin of punishment, of which the aim of intimidation is neither the essence nor the source (as Dr. Rée thinks—it is rather only introduced, under certain definite circumstances, and always as an incidental, as something added).  

8 Diametrically; literally, by the whole heavens.

4 Nietzsche always gives page references to the first editions. I have substituted section numbers, which are the same in all editions and translations; and in an appendix most of the sections cited are offered in my translations. For Nietzsche's relation to Rée, see Rudolph Binion, Fruit Lou, Princeton, N.J., Princeton University Press, 1968.
Even then my real concern was something much more important than hypothesis-mongering, whether my own or other people's, on the origin of morality (or more precisely: the latter concerned me solely for the sake of a goal to which it was only one means among many). What was at stake was the value of morality—and over this I had to come to terms almost exclusively with my great teacher Schopenhauer, to whom that book of mine, the passion and the concealed contradiction of that book, addressed itself as if to a contemporary (for that book, too, was a "polemic"). What was especially at stake was the value of the "unegoistic," the instincts of pity, self-abnegation, self-sacrifice, which Schopenhauer had gilded, deified, and projected into a beyond for so long that at last they became for him "value-in-itself," on the basis of which he said No to life and to himself. But it was against precisely these instincts that there spoke from me an ever more fundamental mistrust, an ever more corrosive skepticism! It was precisely here that I saw the great danger to mankind, its sublimest enticement and seduction—but to what? to nothingness?—it was precisely here that I saw the beginning of the end, the dead stop, a retrospective weariness, the will turning against life, the tender and sorrowful signs of the ultimate illness: I understood the ever spreading morality of pity that had seized even on philosophers and made them ill, as the most sinister symptom of a European culture that had itself become sinister, perhaps as its by-pass to a new Buddhism? to a Buddhism for Europeans? to—nihilism?

For this overestimation of and predilection for pity on the part of modern philosophers is something new: hitherto philosophers have been at one as to the worthlessness of pity. I name only Plato, Spinoza, La Rochefoucauld and Kant—four spirits as different from one another as possible, but united in one thing: in their low estimation of pity.

This problem of the value of pity and of the morality of pity (— I am opposed to the pernicious modern effeminacy of feeling—) seems at first to be merely something detached, an isolated question mark; but whoever sticks with it and learns how to ask questions here will experience what I experienced—a tremendous new prospect opens up for him, a new possibility comes over him like a vertigo, every kind of mistrust, suspicion, fear leaps up, his belief in morality, in all morality, falters—finally a new demand becomes audible. Let us articulate this new demand: we need a critique of moral values, the value of these values themselves must first be called in question—and for that there is needed a knowledge of the conditions and circumstances in which they grew, under which they evolved and changed (morality as consequence, as symptom, as mask, as tartufferie, as illness, as misunderstanding; but also morality as cause, as remedy, as stimulant, as restraint, as poison), a knowledge of a kind that has never yet existed or even been desired. One has taken the value of these "values" as given, as factual, as beyond all question; one has hitherto never doubted or hesitated in the slightest degree in supposing "the good man" to be of greater value than "the evil man," of greater value in the sense of furthering the advancement and prosperity of man in general (the future of man included). But what if the reverse were true? What if a symptom of regression were inherent in the "good," likewise a danger, a seduction, a poison, a narcotic, through which the present was possibly living at the expense of the future? Perhaps more comfortably, less dangerously, but at the same time in a meaner style, more basely?—So that precisely morality would be to blame if the highest power and splendor actually possible to the type man was never in fact attained? So that precisely morality was the danger of dangers?

6.

Let it suffice that, after this prospect had opened up before me, I had reasons to look about me for scholarly, bold, and industrious comrades (I am still looking). The project is to traverse with quite novel questions, and as though with new eyes, the enormous, distant, and so well hidden land of morality—of morality that has actually existed, actually been lived; and does this not mean virtually to discover this land for the first time?

If I considered in this connection the above-mentioned Dr. Rée, among others, it was because I had no doubt that the very nature of his inquiries would compel him to adopt a better method for reaching answers. Have I deceived myself in this? My desire, at any rate, was to point out to so sharp and disinterested an eye as his a better direction in which to look, in the direction of an actual history of morality, and to warn him in time against gazing around haphazardly in the blue after the English fashion. For it must be obvious which color is a hundred times more vital for a genealogist of morals than blue: namely gray, that is, what is documented, what can actually be confirmed and has actually existed, in short the entire long hieroglyphic record, so hard to decipher, of the moral past of mankind!

This was unknown to Dr. Rée; but he had read Darwin—so that in his hypotheses, and after a fashion that is at least entertaining, the Darwinian beast and the ultramodern unassuming moral milksope who "no longer bites" politely link hands, the latter wearing an expression of a certain good-natured and refined indolence, with which is mingled even a grain of pessimism and weariness, as if all these things—the problems of morality—were really not worth taking quite so seriously. But to me, on the contrary, there seems to be nothing more worth taking seriously, among the rewards for it being that some day one will perhaps be allowed to take them cheerfully. For cheerfulness—or in my own language gay science—is a reward: the reward of a long, brave, industrious, and subterranean seriousness, of which, to be sure, not everyone is capable. But on the day we can say with all our hearts, "Onwards!

our old morality too is part of the comedy!" we shall have discovered a new complication and possibility for the Dionysian drama of "The Destiny of the Soul!"—and one can wager that the grand old eternal comic poet of our existence will be quick to make use of it!

If this book is incomprehensible to anyone and jars on his ears, the fault, it seems to me, is not necessarily mine. It is clear enough, assuming, as I do assume, that one has first read my earlier writings and has not spared some trouble in doing so: for they are, indeed, not easy to penetrate.6 Regarding my Zarathustra, for example, I do not allow that anyone knows that book who has not at some time been profoundly wounded and at some time profoundly delighted by every word in it; for only then may he enjoy the privilege of reverently sharing in the halcyon element out of which that book was born and in its sunlight clarity, remoteness, breadth, and certainty. In other cases, people find difficulty with the aphorisms.

6 See also the end of Nietzsche’s Preface to the new edition of The Dawn, written in the fall of 1886: "... to read well, that means reading slowly, deeply, with consideration and caution..." The last four words do not adequately render zurück und vorsichtig, which can also mean, looking backward and forward—i.e., with a regard for the context, including also the writer’s earlier and later works. Cf. Beyond Good and Evil, my note on section 230.

Yet Arthur Danto voices a very common assumption when he says of the first page of his Nietzsche as Philosopher (New York, Macmillan, 1965): “No one of them [i.e., Nietzsche’s books] presupposes an acquaintance with any other... his writings may be read in pretty much any order, without this greatly impeding the comprehension of his ideas.” This is as wrong as Danto’s claim on the same page that “it would be difficult even for a close reader to tell the difference between those works he [Nietzsche] saw through the press [e.g., the Genealogy] and those [sic] pieced together by his editors [i.e., The Will to Power].” Indeed, Danto, like most readers, approaches Nietzsche as if “any given aphorism or essay might as easily have been placed in one volume as in another”; he bases his discussions on short snippets, torn from their context, and frequently omits phrases without indicating that he has done so; and he does not bother to consider all or most of the passages that are relevant to the topics he discusses.

This is one of the few books in English that deal with Nietzsche as a philosopher, and Danto’s standing as a philosopher inspires confidence; but his account of Nietzsche’s moral and epistemological ideas unfortunately depends on this untenable approach. See also the first footnote to the second essay, below.
tic form: this arises from the fact that today this form is not taken seriously enough. An aphorism, properly stamped and molded, has not been "deciphered" when it has simply been read; rather, one has then to begin its *exegesis*, for which is required an art of exegesis. I have offered in the third essay of the present book an example of what I regard as "exegesis" in such a case—an aphorism is prefixed to this essay, the essay itself is a commentary on it. To be sure, one thing is necessary above all if one is to practice reading as an *art* in this way, something that has been unlearned most thoroughly nowadays—and therefore it will be some time before my writings are "readable"—something for which one has almost to be a cow and in any case not a "modern man": rumination.

Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine,
July 1887

Zur Genealogie der Moral

Schwierigkeit: sie liegt darin, dass man diese Form heute nicht schwer genug nimmt. Ein Aphorismus, rechtschaffen geprägt und ausgegossen, ist damit, dass er abgelesen ist, noch nicht "entziffert"; vielmehr hat nun erst dessen Auslegung zu beginnen, zu der es einer Kunst der Auslegung bedarf. Ich habe in der dritten Abhandlung dieses Buchs ein Muster von dem dargeboten, was ich in einem solchen Falle "Auslegung" nenne: — dieser Abhandlung ist ein Aphorismus vorangestellt, sie selbst ist dessen Commentar. Freilich thut, um dergestalt das Lesen als Kunst zu üben, Eins vor Allem noth, was heutzutage gerade am Besten verlernt worden ist — und darum hat es noch Zeit bis zur "Lesbarkeit" meiner Schriften —, zu dem man beinahe Kuh und jedenfalls nicht "moderner Mensch" sein muss: das Wiederkäuen...

Sils-Maria, Oberengadin,
im Juli 1887.
First Essay

"Good and Evil," "Good and Bad"

These English psychologists, whom one has also to thank for the only attempts hitherto to arrive at a history of the origin of morality—they themselves are no easy riddle; I confess that, as living riddles, they even possess one essential advantage over their books—*they are interesting!* These English psychologists—what do they really want? One always discovers them voluntarily or involuntarily at the same task, namely at dragging the *partie honteuse*\(^1\) of our inner world into the foreground and seeking the truly effective and directing agent, that which has been decisive in its evolution, in just that place where the intellectual pride of man would least desire to find it (in the *vis inertiae*\(^2\) of habit, for example, or in forgetfulness, or in a blind and chance mechanistic hooking-together of ideas, or in something purely passive, automatic, reflexive, molecular, and thoroughly stupid)—what is it really that always drives these psychologists in just *this* direction? Is it a secret, malicious, vulgar, perhaps self-deceiving instinct for belittling man? Or possibly a pessimistic suspicion, the mistrustfulness of disappointed idealists grown spiteful and gloomy? Or a petty subterranean hostility and rancor toward Christianity (and Plato) that has perhaps not even crossed the threshold of consciousness? Or even a lascivious taste for the grotesque, the painfully paradoxical, the questionable and absurd in existence? Or finally—something of each of them, a little vulgarity, a little gloopiness, a little anti-Christianity, a little itching and need for spice?

But I am told they are simply old, cold, and tedious frogs, creeping around men and into men as if in their own proper ele-

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Erste Abhandlung:

„Gut und Böse“, „Gut und Schlecht“.

ment, that is, in a swamp. I rebel at that idea; more, I do not believe it; and if one may be allowed to hope where one does not know, then I hope from my heart they may be the reverse of this—that these investigators and microscopists of the soul may be fundamentally brave, proud, and magnanimous animals, who know how to keep their hearts as well as their sufferings in bounds and have trained themselves to sacrifice all desirability to truth, every truth, even plain, harsh, ugly, repellent, unchristian, immoral truth. For such truths do exist.

All respect then for the good spirits that may rule in these historians of morality! But it is, unhappily, certain that the historical spirit itself is lacking in them, that precisely all the good spirits of history itself have left them in the lurch! As is the hallowed custom with philosophers, the thinking of all of them is by nature unhistorical; there is no doubt about that. The way they have bungled their moral genealogy comes to light at the very beginning, where the task is to investigate the origin of the concept and judgment “good.” “Originally”—so they decree—“one approved unegoistic actions and called them good from the point of view of those to whom they were done, that is to say, those to whom they were useful; later one forgot how this approval originated and, simply because unegoistic actions were always habitually praised as good, one also felt them to be good—as if they were something good in themselves.” One sees straightforwardly that this primary derivation already contains all the typical traits of the idiosyncrasy of the English psychologists—we have “utility,” “forgetting,” “habit,” and finally “error,” all as the basis of an evaluation of which the higher man has hitherto been proud as though it were a kind of prerogative of man as such. This pride has to be humbled, this evaluation disvalued: has that end been achieved?

Now it is plain to me, first of all, that in this theory the source of the concept “good” has been sought and established in the wrong place: the judgment “good” did not originate with those to whom “goodness” was shown! Rather it was “the good” them-

Erste Abhandlung: “Gut und Böse”, „Gut und Schlecht“ 1—2 259

wares, nämlich in einem Sumpfe. Ich höre das mit Widerspruch, mehr noch, ich glaube nicht daran; und wenn man wünschen darf, wo man nicht wissen kann, so wünsche ich von Herzen, dass es umgekehrt mit ihnen stehen möge. — dass diese Forscher und Mikroskopiker der Seele im Grunde tapferer, grossmütigere und stolze Thiere seien, welche ihr Herz wie ihren Schmerz im Zaun zu halten wissen und sich dazu erzogen haben, der Wahrheit alle Wünschbarkeit zu opfern, jeder Wahrheit, sogar der schlichten, herben, hässlichen, widrigen, unchristlichen, unmoralischen Wahrheit... Denn es giebt solche Wahrheiten. —

selves, that is to say, the noble, powerful, high-stationed and high-minded, who felt and established themselves and their actions as good, that is, of the first rank, in contradistinction to all the low, low-minded, common and plebeian. It was out of this pathos of distance\(^1\) that they first seized the right to create values and to coin names for values: what had they to do with utility! The viewpoint of utility is as remote and inappropriate as it possibly could be in face of such a burning eruption of the highest rank-ordering, rank-defining value judgments: for here feeling has attained the antithesis of that low degree of warmth which any calculating prudence, any calculus of utility, presupposes—and not for once only, not for an exceptional hour, but for good. The pathos of nobility and distance, as aforesaid, the protracted and domineering fundamental total feeling on the part of a higher ruling order in relation to a lower order, to a “below”—that is the origin of the antithesis “good” and “bad.” (The lordly right of giving names extends so far that one should allow oneself to conceive the origin of language itself as an expression of power on the part of the rulers: they say “this is this and this,” they seal every thing and event with a sound and, as it were, take possession of it.) It follows from this origin that the word “good” was definitely not linked from the first and by necessity to “unegoistic” actions, as the superstition of these genealogists of morality would have it. Rather it was only when aristocratic value judgments declined that the whole antithesis “egoistic” “unegoistic” obtruded itself more and more on the human conscience—it is, to speak in my own language, the herd instinct that through this antithesis at last gets its word (and its words) in. And even then it was a long time before that instinct attained such dominion that moral evaluation was actually stuck and halted at this antithesis (as, for example, is the case in contemporary Europe: the prejudice that takes “moral,” “unegoistic,” “désintéressé” as concepts of equivalent value already rules today with the force of a “fixed idea” and brain-sickness).

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\( ^1 \text{Cf. Beyond Good and Evil, section 257.} \)
In the second place, however: quite apart from the historical untenability of this hypothesis regarding the origin of the value judgment "good," it suffers from an inherent psychological absurdity. The utility of the unenegoistic action is supposed to be the source of the approval accorded it, and this source is supposed to have been forgotten—but how is this forgetting possible? Has the utility of such actions come to an end at some time or other? The opposite is the case: this utility has rather been an everyday experience at all times, therefore something that has been underlined again and again: consequently, instead of fading from consciousness, instead of becoming easily forgotten, it must have been impressed on the consciousness more and more clearly. How much more reasonable is that opposing theory (it is not for that reason more true—) which Herbert Spencer,\(^1\) for example, espoused: that the concept "good" is essentially identical with the concept "useful," "practical," so that in the judgments "good" and "bad" mankind has summed up and sanctioned precisely its unforgotten and unforgettable experiences regarding what is useful-practical and what is harmful-impractical. According to this theory, that which has always proved itself useful is good: therefore it may claim to be "valuable in the highest degree," "valuable in itself." This road to an explanation is, as aforesaid, also a wrong one, but at least the explanation is in itself reasonable and psychologically tenable.

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\(^1\) Herbert Spencer (1820–1903) was probably the most widely read English philosopher of his time. He applied the principle of evolution to many fields, including sociology and ethics.
"good" in the sense of "with aristocratic soul," "noble," "with a soul of a high order," "with a privileged soul" necessarily developed: a development which always runs parallel with that other in which "common," "plebeian," "low" are finally transformed into the concept "bad." The most convincing example of the latter is the German word schlecht [bad] itself: which is identical with schlicht [plain, simple]—compare schlechtweg [plainly], schlechterdings [simply]—and originally designated the plain, the common man, as yet with no inculpatory implication and simply in contradiction to the nobility. About the time of the Thirty Years’ War, late enough therefore, this meaning changed into the one now customary.

With regard to a moral genealogy this seems to me a fundamental insight; that it has been arrived at so late is the fault of the retarding influence exercised by the democratic prejudice in the modern world toward all questions of origin. And this is so even in the apparently quite objective domain of natural science and physiology, as I shall merely hint here. But what mischief this prejudice is capable of doing, especially to morality and history, once it has been unbridled to the point of hatred is shown by the notorious case of Buckle: here the plebeianism of the modern spirit, which is of English origin, erupted once again on its native soil, as violently as a mud volcano and with that salty, noisy, vulgar eloquence with which all volcanos have spoken hitherto.

With regard to our problem, which may on good grounds be called a quiet problem and one which fastidiously directs itself to few ears, it is of no small interest to ascertain that through those words and roots which designate "good" there frequently still shines the most important nuance by virtue of which the noble felt themselves to be men of a higher rank. Granted that, in the

1 Cf. Dawn, section 231, included in the present volume.

2 Henry Thomas Buckle (1821–1862), English historian, is known chiefly for his History of Civilization (1857ff.). The suggestion in the text is developed more fully in section 876 of The Will to Power.
majority of cases, they designate themselves simply by their superiority in power (as "the powerful," "the masters," "the commanders") or by the most clearly visible signs of this superiority, for example, as "the rich," "the possessors" (this is the meaning of *arya*; and of corresponding words in Iranian and Slavie). But they also do it by a typical character trait: and this is the case that concerns us here. They call themselves, for instance, "the truthful"; this is so above all of the Greek nobility, whose mouthpiece is the Megarian poet Theognis. The root of the word coined for this, *esthlos*, signifies one who is, who possesses reality, who is actual, who is true; then, with a subjective turn, the true as the truthful: in this phase of conceptual transformation it becomes a slogan and catchword of the nobility and passes over entirely into the sense of "noble," as distinct from the lying common man, which is what

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1 Nietzsche's first publication, in 1867 when he was still a student at the University of Leipzig, was an article in a leading classical journal, Rheinisches Museum, on the history of the collection of the maxims of Theognis ("Zur Geschichte der Theognidenischen Spruchsammlung"). Theognis of Megara lived in the sixth century B.C.

2 Greek: good, brave. Readers who are not classical philologists may wonder as they read this section how well taken Nietzsche's points about the Greeks are. In this connection one could obviously cite a vast literature, but in this brief commentary it will be sufficient to quote Professor Gerald F. Else's monumental study Aristotle's Poetics: The Argument (Cambridge, Mass., Harvard University Press, 1937), a work equally notable for its patience and thorough scholarship and its spirited defense of some controversial interpretations. On the points at issue here, Else's comments are not, I think, controversial; and that is the reason for citing them here.

"The dichotomy is mostly taken for granted in Homer: there are not so many occasions when the heaven-wide gulf between heroes and commoners even has to be mentioned. Still, one finds 'good' (exhlot) and 'bad' (kakoi) explicitly contrasted a fair number of times: B 366, Z 489, I 319, . . .

In the . . . seventh and sixth centuries, on the other hand, the antithesis grows common. In Theognis it amounts to an obsession . . . Greek thinking begins with and for a long time holds to the proposition that mankind is divided into 'good' and 'bad'; and these terms are quite as much social, political, and economic as they are moral . . .

The dichotomy is absolute and exclusive for a simple reason: it began as the aristocrats' view of society and reflects their idea of the gulf between themselves and the 'others.' In the minds of a comparatively small and close-knit group like the Greek aristocracy there are only two kinds of people, 'we' and 'they'; and of course 'we' are the good people, the proper, decent, good-looking, right-thinking ones, while 'they' are the rascals, the poltroons, the good-for-nothings . . . Aristotle knew and sympathized with this older aristocratic, 'practical' ideal, not as superior to the contemplative, but at least as next best to it" (p. 75).
Theogonis takes him to be and how he describes him—until finally after the decline of the nobility, the word is left to designate nobility of soul and becomes as it were ripe and sweet. In the word kakos, as in dellos (the plebeian in contradistinction to the agathos), cowardice is emphasized: this perhaps gives an indication in which direction one should seek the etymological origin of agathos which is susceptible of several interpretations. The Latin malus (beside which I set melas) may designate the common man as the dark-colored, above all as the black-haired man ("hic niger est"—""), as the pre-Aryan occupant of the soil of Italy who was distinguished most obviously from the blond, that is Aryan, conqueror race by his color; Gaelic, at any rate, offers us a precisely similar case—fin (for example in the name Fin-Gal), the distinguishing word for nobility, finally for the good, noble, pure, orginally meant the blond-headed, in contradistinction to the black, black-haired aboriginal inhabitants.

The Celts, by the way, were definitely a blond race; it is wrong to associate traces of an essentially dark-haired people which appear on the more careful ethnographical maps of Germany with any sort of Celtic-origin or blood-mixture, as Virchow still does: it is rather the pre-Aryan people of Germany who emerge in these places. (The same is true of virtually all Europe: the suppressed race has gradually recovered the upper hand again, in coloring, shortness of skull, perhaps even in the intellectual and social in-

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8 Greek: bad, ugly, ill-born, mean, craven.
9 Greek: cowardly, worthless, vile, wretched.
10 Greek: good, well-born, gentle, brave, capable.
11 Bad.
12 Greek: black, dark.
13 Quoted from Horace's Satires, I.4, line 85: "He that backbites an absent friend... and cannot keep secrets, is black, O Roman, beware!" Niger, originally "black," also came to mean unlucky and, as in this quotation, wicked. Conversely, conditus means white, bright, beautiful, pure, guileless, candid, honest, happy, fortunate. And in Satires, I.5, 41, Horace speaks of "the whitest souls earth ever bore" (animae quas impernia candidiores terra tuli).
14 Rudolf Virchow (1821–1902) was one of the greatest German pathologists, as well as a liberal politician, a member of the German Reichstag (parliament), and an opponent of Bismarck.
stincts: who can say whether modern democracy, even more modern anarchism and especially that inclination for "commune," for the most primitive form of society, which is now shared by all the socialists of Europe, does not signify in the main a tremendous counterattack—and that the conqueror and master race, the Aryan, is not succumbing physiologically, too?

I believe I may venture to interpret the Latin bonus\(^\text{11}\) as "the warrior," provided I am right in tracing bonus back to an earlier duonus\(^\text{12}\) (compare bellum = duellum = duen-lum, which seems to me to contain duonus). Therefore bonus as the man of strife, of dissention (duo), as the man of war: one sees what constituted the "goodness" of a man in ancient Rome. Our German gut [good] even: does it not signify "the godlike," the man of "godlike race"? And is it not identical with the popular (originally noble) name of the Goths? The grounds for this conjecture cannot be dealt with here.—

To this rule that a concept denoting political superiority always resolves itself into a concept denoting superiority of soul it is not necessarily an exception (although it provides occasions for exceptions) when the highest caste is at the same time the priestly caste and therefore emphasizes in its total description of itself a predicate that calls to mind its priestly function. It is then, for example, that "pure" and "impure" confront one another for the first time as designations of station; and here too there evolves a "good" and a "bad" in a sense no longer referring to station. One should be warned, moreover, against taking these concepts "pure" and "impure" too ponderously or broadly, not to say symbolically: all the concepts of ancient man were rather at first

\(^{10}\) For a detailed discussion both of this concept and of Nietzsche's attitude toward the Jews and anti-Semitism, see Kaufmann's Nietzsche, Chapter 10: "The Master-Race."

\(^{11}\) Good.

\(^{12}\) Listed in Harper's Latin Dictionary as the old form of bonus, with the comment: "for duonus, cf. bellum." And duellum is identified as an early and poetic form of bellum (war).
incridibly uncoth, coarse, external, narrow, straightforward, and altogether unsymbolical in meaning to a degree that we can scarcely conceive. The "pure one" is from the beginning merely a man who washes himself, who forbids himself certain foods that produce skin ailments, who does not sleep with the dirty women of the lower strata, who has an aversion to blood—no more, hardly more! On the other hand, to be sure, it is clear from the whole nature of an essentially priestly aristocracy why antithetical valuations could in precisely this instance soon become dangerously deepened, sharpened, and internalized; and indeed they finally tore chasms between man and man that a very Achilles of a free spirit would not venture to leap without a shudder. There is from the first something unhealthy in such priestly aristocracies and in the habits ruling in them which turn them away from action and alternate between brooding and emotional explosions, habits which seem to have as their almost invariable consequence that intestinal morbidity and neurasthenia which has afflicted priests at all times; but as to that which they themselves devised as a remedy for this morbidity—must one not assert that it has ultimately proved itself a hundred times more dangerous in its effects than the sickness it was supposed to cure? Mankind is itself still ill with the effects of this priestly naiveté in medicine! Think, for example, of certain forms of diet (abstinence from meat), of fasting, of sexual continence, of flight "into the wilderness" (the Weir Mitchell isolation cure)—without, to be sure, the subsequent fattening and overfeeding which constitute the most effective remedy for the hysteria induced by the ascetic ideal): add to these the entire antisensualistic metaphysic of the priests that makes men indolent and overrefined, their autophagous in the manner of fakirs and Brahmins—Brahma used in the shape of a glass knob and a fixed idea—and finally the only-too-comprehensible satiety with all this, together with the radical cure for it, nothingness (or God—the desire for a unio mystica with God is the desire of the Buddhist for nothingness, Nirvana—and no more!). For with the priests everything becomes more dangerous, not only cures and remedies, but also arro-

1 The cure developed by Dr. Silas Weir Mitchell (1829–1914, American) consisted primarily in isolation, confinement to bed, dieting, and massages.
gance, revenge, acuteness, profligacy, love, lust to rule, virtue, disease—but it is only fair to add that it was on the soil of this essentially dangerous form of human existence, the priestly form, that man first became an interesting animal, that only here did the human soul in a higher sense acquire depth and become evil—and these are the two basic respects in which man has hitherto been superior to other beasts!

One will have divined already how easily the priestly mode of valuation can branch off from the knightly-aristocratic and then develop into its opposite; this is particularly likely when the priestly caste and the warrior caste are in jealous opposition to one another and are unwilling to come to terms. The knightly-aristocratic value judgments presupposed a powerful physicality, a flourishing, abundant, even overflowing health, together with that which serves to preserve it: war, adventure, hunting, dancing, war games, and in general all that involves vigorous, free, joyful activity. The priestly-noble mode of valuation presupposes, as we have seen, other things: it is disadvantageous for it when it comes to war! As is well known, the priests are the most evil enemies—but why? Because they are the most impotent. It is because of their impotence that in them hatred grows to monstrous and uncanny proportions, to the most spiritual and poisonous kind of hatred. The truly great haters in world history have always been priests; likewise the most ingenious haters: other kinds of spirit hardly come into consideration when compared with the spirit of priestly vengeance. Human history would be altogether too stupid a thing without the spirit that the impotent have introduced into it—let us take at once the most notable example. All that has been done on earth against "the noble," "the powerful," "the masters," "the rulers," fades into nothing compared with what the Jews have done against them; the Jews, that priestly people, who in opposing their enemies and conquerors were ultimately satisfied with nothing less than a radical

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7.

Scharfsinn, Ausschweifung, Liebe, Herrschsucht, Tugend, Krankheit; — mit einiger Billigkeit lisse sich allerdings auch hinzufügen, dass erst auf dem Boden dieser wesentlich ge

fährlichen Daseinsform des Menschen, der priesterlichen, der Mensch überhaupt ein interessantes Thier geworden ist, dass erst hier die menschliche Seele in einem höheren Sinne Tiefe bekommt hat und böse geworden ist — und das sind ja die beiden Grundformen der bisherigen Überlegenheit des Menschen über sonstiges Gethier!

— Man wird bereits errathen haben, wie leicht sich die priesterliche Werthungs-Weise von der ritterlich-aristokratischen abzweigen und dann zu deren Gegensätze fortentwickeln kann;

wozu es in Sonderheit jedes Mal einen Anstoss gibt, wenn die Priesterklasse und die Kriegerklasse einander einander erheischend entgegentreten und über den Preis mit einander nicht einig werden wollen. Die ritterlich-aristokratischen Werthurtheile haben zu ihrer Voraussetzung eine mächtige Leiblichkeit, eine blühende, reiche, selbst überschäumende Gesundheit, samt dem, was deren Erhaltung bedingt, Krieg, Abenteuer, Jagd, Tanz, Kampf- spiele und Alles überhaupt, was starkes, freies, frohgemutes Handeln in sich schliesst. Die priesterlich-vornehme Werthungs-


nehmen", „die Gewaltigen", „die Herren", „die Machthaber" 10 gethan worden ist, ist nicht der Rede wert im Vergleich mit dem, was die Juden gegen sie gethan haben: die Juden, jenes priesterliche Volk, das sich an seinen Feinden und Über-

wältigern zuletzt nur durch eine radikale Umwerthung von

1 Geistreich.

2 Geist.
revaluation of their enemies' values, that is to say, an act of the most spiritual revenge. For this alone was appropriate to a priestly people, the people embodying the most deeply repressed³ priestly vengefulness. It was the Jews who, with awe-inspiring consistency, dared to invert the aristocratic value-equation (good = noble = powerful = beautiful = happy = beloved of God) and to hang on to this inversion with their teeth, the teeth of the most abysmal hatred (the hatred of impotence), saying "the wretched alone are the good; the poor, impotent, lowly alone are the good; the suffering, deprived, sick, ugly alone are pious, alone are blessed by God, blessedness is for them alone—and you, the powerful and noble, are on the contrary the evil, the cruel, the lustful, the insatiable, the godless to all eternity; and you shall be in all eternity the unblessed, accursed, and damned!"... One knows who inherited this Jewish revaluation... In connection with the tremendous and immeasurably fateful initiative provided by the Jews through this most fundamental of all declarations of war, I recall the proposition I arrived at on a previous occasion (Beyond Good and Evil, section 195)⁴—that with the Jews there begins the slave revolt in morality: that revolt which has a history of two thousand years behind it and which we no longer see because it—has been victorious.

But you do not comprehend this? You are incapable of seeing something that required two thousand years to achieve victory?—There is nothing to wonder at in that: all protracted things are hard to see, to see whole. That, however, is what has happened: from the trunk of that tree of vengefulness and hatred, Jewish hatred—the profoundest and sublime kind of hatred, capable of creating ideals and reversing values, the like of which has never existed on earth before—there grew something equally incomparable, a new love, the profoundest and sublime kind of love—and from what other trunk could it have grown?

³ Zurückgetretensten.
One should not imagine it grew up as the denial of that thirst for revenge, as the opposite of Jewish hatred! No, the reverse is true! That love grew out of it as its crown, as its triumphant crown spreading itself farther and farther into the purest brightness and sunlight, driven as it were into the domain of light and the heights in pursuit of the goals of that hatred—victory, spoil, and seduction—by the same impulse that drove the roots of that hatred deeper and deeper and more and more covetously into all that was profound and evil. This Jesus of Nazareth, the incarnate gospel of love, this “Redeemer” who brought blessedness and victory to the poor, the sick, and the sinners—was he not this seduction in its most uncanny and irresistible form, a seduction and bypath to precisely those Jewish values and new ideas? Did Israel not attain the ultimate goal of its sublime vengefulness precisely through the bypath of this “Redeemer,” this ostensible opponent and disintegrator of Israel? Was it not part of the secret black art of truly grand politics of revenge, of a farseeing, subterranean, slowly advancing, and premeditated revenge, that Israel must itself deny the real instrument of its revenge before all the world as a mortal enemy and nail it to the cross, so that “all the world,” namely all the opponents of Israel, could unhesitatingly swallow just this bait? And could spiritual subtlety imagine any more dangerous bait than this? Anything to equal the enticing, intoxicating, overwhelming, and undermining power of that symbol of the “holy cross,” that ghastly paradox of a “God on the cross,” that mystery of an unimaginable ultimate cruelty and self-crucifixion of God for the salvation of man?

What is certain, at least, is that sub hoc signo 1 Israel, with its vengefulness and revaluation of all values, has hitherto triumphed again and again over all other ideas, over all nobler ideals.—

9.

“But why are you talking about nobler ideals! Let us stick to the facts: the people have won—or ‘the slaves’ or ‘the mob’ or ‘the herd’ or whatever you like to call them—if this has happened

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1 Under this sign.
through the Jews, very well in that case no people ever had a more world-historic mission. 'The masters' have been disposed of; the morality of the common man has won. One may conceive of this victory as at the same time a blood-poisoning (it has mixed the races together)—I shan't contradict; but this intoxication has undoubtedly been successful. The 'redemption' of the human race (from 'the masters,' that is) is going forward; everything is visibly becoming Judaized, Christianized, mob-ized (what do the words matter!). The progress of this poison through the entire body of mankind seems irresistible, its pace and tempo may from now on even grow slower, subtler, less audible, more cautious—there is plenty of time.—To this end, does the church today still have any necessary role to play? Does it still have the right to exist? Or could one do without it? Quaestirur. 2 It seems to hinder rather than hasten this progress. But perhaps that is its usefulness.—Certainly it has, over the years, become something crude and boorish, something repellent to a more delicate intellect, to a truly modern taste. Ought it not to become at least a little more refined?—Today it alienates rather than seduces.—Which of us would be a free spirit if the church did not exist? It is the church, and not its poison, that repels us.—Apart from the church, we, too, love the poison.— This is the epilogue of a 'free spirit' to my speech; an honest animal, as he has abundantly revealed, and a democrat, moreover; he had been listening to me till then and could not endure to listen to my silence. For at this point I have much to be silent about.

The slave revolt in morality begins when resentment 1 itself becomes creative and gives birth to values: the resentment of natures that are denied the true reaction, that of deeds, and compensate themselves with an imaginary revenge. While every noble morality develops from a triumphant affirmation of itself, slave morality from the outset says No to what is "outside," what is "different," what is "not itself"; and this No is its creative deed. This inversion of the value-positing eye—this need to direct one's

2 One asks.
1 Resentment. The term is discussed above, in section 3 of the Introduction.
view outward instead of back to oneself—is of the essence of resentment: in order to exist, slave morality always first needs a hostile external world; it needs,physiologically speaking, external stimuli in order to act at all—its action is fundamentally reaction.

The reverse is the case with the noble mode of valuation: it acts and grows spontaneously, it seeks its opposite only so as to affirm itself more gratefully and triumphantly—its negative concept “low,” “common,” “bad” is only a subsequently-invented pale, contrasting image in relation to its positive basic concept—filled with life and passion through and through—“we noble ones, we good, beautiful, happy ones!” When the noble mode of valuation blunders and sins against reality, it does so in respect to the sphere with which it is not sufficiently familiar, against a real knowledge of which it has indeed inflexibly guarded itself: in some circumstances it misunderstands the sphere it despises, that of the common man, of the lower orders; on the other hand, one should remember that, even supposing that the affect of contempt, of looking down from a superior height, falsifies the image of that which it despises, it will at any rate still be a much less serious falsification than that perpetrated on its opponent—in effigie of course—by the submerged hatred, the vengefulness of the impotent. There is indeed too much carelessness, too much taking lightly, too much looking away and impotence involved in contempt, even too much joyfulness, for it to be able to transform its object into a real caricature and monster.

One should not overlook the almost benevolent nuances that the Greek nobility, for example, bestows on all the words it employs to distinguish the lower orders from itself; how they are continuously mingled and sweetened with a kind of pity, consideration, and forbearance, so that finally almost all the words referring to the common man have remained as expressions signifying “unhappy,” “pitiable” (campore deilos, deliaios, poneros, mocthethos, the

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2 All of the footnoted words in this section are Greek. The first four mean wretched, but each has a separate note to suggest some of its other connotations. Deilos: cowardly, worthless, vile.  
3 Paltry.  
4 Oppressed by toils, good for nothing, worthless, knavish, base, cowardly.  
5 Suffering hardship, knavish.
last two of which properly designate the common man as work-
slave and beast of burden)—and how on the other hand "bad," "low," "unhappy" have never ceased to sound to the Greek ear as
one note with a tone-color in which "unhappy" preponderates: this
as an inheritance from the ancient noble aristocratic mode of
evaluation, which does not belong itself even in its contempt (—philologists
should recall the sense in which oizyros, anolos, lémón, dystychelm, xymphora
are employed). The "well-born" felt
themselves to be the "happy"; they did not have to establish their
happiness artificially by examining their enemies, or to persuade
themselves, deceive themselves, that they were happy (as all men of
resentment are in the habit of doing); and they likewise knew,
as rounded men replete with energy and therefore necessarily ac-
tive, that happiness should not be sundered from action—being ac-
tive was with them necessarily a part of happiness (whence eu protein—
takes its origin)—all very much the opposite of "happiness"
at the level of the impotent, the oppressed, and those in whom
poisonous and inimical feelings are festering, with whom it appears
as essentially narcotic, drug, rest, peace, "sabbath," slackening of
tension and relaxing of limbs, in short passively.

While the noble man lives in trust and openness with himself
(genairos of noble descent" underlines the nuance "upright" and
probably also "naive"), the man of resentment is neither upright
nor naive nor honest and straightforward with himself. His soul
squints; his spirit loves hiding places, secret paths and back doors,
everything covert entices him as his world, his security, his re-
freshment; he understands how to keep silent, how not to forget,
how to wait, how to be provisionally self-depreciating and humble.
A race of such men of resentment is bound to become eventually
cleverer than any noble race; it will also honor cleverness to a far
greater degree: namely, as a condition of existence of the first im-

8 Woeful, miserable, toilsome; wretch.
7 Unblest, wretched, luckless, poor.
8 Wretched, miserable.
9 To be unlucky, unfortunate.
10 Misfortune.
11 To do well in the sense of faring well.
12 High-born, noble, high-minded.
portance; while with noble men cleverness can easily acquire a subtle flavor of luxury and subtlety—for here it is far less essential than the perfect functioning of the regulating unconscious instincts or even than a certain imprudence, perhaps a bold recklessness whether in the face of danger or of the enemy, or that enthusiastic impulsiveness in anger, love, reverence, gratitude, and revenge by which noble souls have at all times recognized one another. Resentment itself, if it should appear in the noble man, consummates and exhausts itself in an immediate reaction, and therefore does not poison: on the other hand, it fails to appear at all on countless occasions on which it inevitably appears in the weak and impotent.

To be incapable of taking one's enemies, one's accidents, even one's misdeeds seriously for very long—that is the sign of strong, full natures in whom there is an excess of the power to form, to mold, to recuperate and to forget (a good example of this in modern times is Mirabeau, who had no memory for insults and vile actions done him and was unable to forgive simply because he forgot). Such a man shakes off with a single shrug many vermin that eat deep into others; here alone genuine "love of one's enemies" is possible—supposing it to be possible at all on earth. How much reverence has a noble man for his enemies!—and such reverence is a bridge to love.—For he desires his enemy for himself, as his mark of distinction; he can endure no other enemy than one in whom there is nothing to despise and very much to honor! In contrast to this, picture "the enemy" as the man of resentment conceives him—and here precisely is his deed, his creation: he has conceived "the evil enemy," "the Evil One," and this in fact is his basic concept, from which he then evolves, as an afterthought and pendant, a "good one"—himself!

This, then, is quite the contrary of what the noble man does, who conceives the basic concept "good" in advance and spontaneously out of himself and only then creates for himself an idea of

18 Honoré Gabriel Riqueti, Comte de Mirabeau (1749–1791), was a celebrated French Revolutionary statesman and writer.
"bad"! This "bad" of noble origin and that "evil" out of the cauldron of unsatisfied hatred—the former an after-production, a side issue, a contrasting shade, the latter on the contrary the original thing, the beginning, the distinctive deed in the conception of a slave morality—how different these words "bad" and "evil" are, although they are both apparently the opposite of the same concept "good." But it is not the same concept "good": one should ask rather precisely who is "evil" in the sense of the morality of resentment. The answer, in all strictness, is: precisely the "good man" of the other morality, precisely the noble, powerful man, the ruler, but dyed in another color, interpreted in another fashion, seen in another way by the venomous eye of resentment.

Here there is one thing we shall be the last to deny: he who knows these "good men" only as enemies knows only evil enemies, and the same men who are held so sternly in check inter pares by custom, respect, usage, gratitude, and even more by mutual suspicion and jealousy, and who on the other hand in their relations with one another show themselves so resourceful in consideration, self-control, delicacy, loyalty, pride, and friendship—once they go outside, where the strange, the stranger is found, they are not much better than uncaged beasts of prey. There they savor a freedom from all social constraints, they compensate themselves in the wilderness for the tension engendered by protracted confinement and enclosure within the peace of society, they go back to the innocent conscience of the beast of prey, as triumphant monsters who perhaps emerge from a disgusting procession of murder, arson, rape, and torture, exhilarated and undisturbed of soul, as if it were no more than a students' prank, convinced they have provided the poets with a lot more material for song and praise. One cannot fail to see at the bottom of all these noble races the beast of prey, the splendid blond beast prowling about avidly in search of spoil.

1 Among equals.
2 Schäuslichen.
3 This is the first appearance in Nietzsche's writings of the notorious "blonde beast." It is encountered twice more in the present section: a variant appears in section 17 of the second essay; and then the blonde Bestie appears once more in Twilight, "The 'improvers' of Mankind," section 2 (Portable Nietzsche, p. 302). That is all. For a detailed discussion of these passages see
and victory; this hidden core needs to erupt from time to time, the animal has to get out again and go back to the wilderness: the Roman, Arabian, Germanic, Japanese nobility, the Homeric heroes, the Scandinavian Vikings—they all shared this need.

It is the noble races that have left behind them the concept "barbarian" wherever they have gone; even their highest culture betrays a consciousness of it and even a pride in it (for example, when Pericles says to his Athenians in his famous funeral oration "our boldness has gained access to every land and sea, everywhere raising imperishable monuments to its goodness and wickedness"). This "boldness" of noble races, mad, absurd, and sudden in its expression, the incalculability, even incredibility of their undertakings—Pericle's specially commends the ἁθυμίατος of the Athenians—

Kaufmann's Nietzsche, Chapter 7, section III: "... The 'blond beast' is not a racial concept and does not refer to the 'Nordic race' of which the Nazis later made so much. Nietzsche specifically refers to Arabs and Japanese... —and the 'blindness' presumably refers to the beast, the lion.

Francis Golling, in his free translation of the Genealogy, deletes the blond beast three times out of four; only where it appears the second time in the original text, he has "the blond Teutonic beast." This helps to corroborate the myth that the blondness refers to the Teutons. Without the image of the lion, however, we lose not only some of Nietzsche's poetry as well as any chance to understand one of his best-known coinages: we also lose an echo of the crucial first chapter of Zarathustra, where the lion represents the second stage in "The Three Metamorphoses of the spirit—above the obedient camel but below the creative child (Portable Nietzsche, pp. 138ff.).

Arthur Danto has suggested that if lions were black and Nietzsche had written "Black Beast," the expression would provide support for African instead of German nationalism (Nietzsche as Philosopher, New York, Macmillan, 1965, p. 170). Panthers are black and magnificent animals, but anyone calling Negroes black beasts and associating them with "a disgusting procession of murder, arson, rape, and torture," adding that "the animal has to get out again and go back to the wilderness," and then going on to speak of "their hair-raising cheerfulness and profound joy in all destruction," would scarcely be taken to provide support for... nationalists." On the contrary, he would be taken as highly prejudiced critic of the Negro.

No other German writer of comparable stature has been a more extreme critic of German nationalism than Nietzsche. For all that, it is plain that in this section he sought to describe the behavior of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Goths and the Vandals, not that of nineteenth-century Germans.


Erste Abhandlung: "Gut und Böse", "Gut und Schlecht" 10–11 275

verborgenem Grund von Zeit zu Zeit der Entladung, das Thier muss wieder heraus, muss wieder in die Wildniss zurück: — römischer, arabischer, germanischer, japanischer Adel, hommerische Helden, skandinavische Wikinger — in diesem Bedürf- niss sind sie sich alle gleich.

Die vornehmen Rassen sind es, welche den Begriff Barbar auf all den Spuren hinterlassen haben, wo sie gegangen sind; noch aus ihrer höchsten Cultur heraus verrät sich ein Bewusstsein davon und ein Stolz selbst darauf (zum Beispiel wenn Perikles seinen Athenern sagt, in jener berühmten Leichenrede, zu allem Land und Meer hat unsere Kühnheit sich den Weg gebrochen, unvergängliche Denkmale sich überall im Guten und Schlimmen aufrichtend"). Diese „Kühnheit“ vornehmer Rassen, toll, absurd, plötzlich, wie sie sich äussert, das Unberechenbare, das Unwahrscheinliche selbst ihrer Unternehmungen — Perikles hebe die ἀθυμία der Athener mit Auszeichnung hervor.
their indifference to and contempt for security, body, life, comfort, their hair-raising cheerfulness and profound joy in all destruction, in all the voluptuousness of victory and cruelty—all this came together, in the minds of those who suffered from it, in the image of the "barbarian," the "evil enemy," perhaps as the "Goths," the "Vandals." The deep and icy mistrust the German still arouses today whenever he gets into a position of power is an echo of that inextinguishable horror with which Europe observed for centuries that raging of the biond Germanic beast (although between the old Germanic tribes and us Germans there exists hardly a conceptual relationship, let alone one of blood).

I once drew attention to the dilemma in which Hesiod found himself when he concocted his succession of cultural epochs and sought to express them in terms of gold, silver, and bronze: he knew no way of handling the contradiction presented by the glorious but at the same time terrible and violent world of Homer except by dividing one epoch into two epochs, which he then placed one behind the other—first the epoch of the heroes and demigods of Troy and Thebes, the form in which that world had survived in the memory of the noble races who were those heroes' true descendants; then the bronze epoch, the form in which that same world appeared to the descendants of the downtrodden, pillaged, mistreated, abducted, enslaved: an epoch of bronze, as aforesaid, hard, cold, cruel, devoid of feeling or conscience, destructive and bloody.

Supposing that what is at any rate believed to be the "truth" really is true, and the meaning of all culture is the reduction of the beast of prey "man" to a tame and civilized animal, a domestic animal, then one would undoubtedly have to regard all those instincts of reaction and resentment through whose aid the noble races and their ideals were finally confounded and overthrown as the actual instruments of culture; which is not to say that the bearers of these instincts themselves represent culture. Rather is the reverse not merely probable—not today it is palpable! These bearers...
ers of the oppressive instincts that thirst for reprisal, the descend-
ants of every kind of European and non-European slavery, and
especially of the entire pre-Aryan populace—they represent the
regression of mankind! These “instruments of culture” are a dis-
grace to man and rather an accusation and counterargument against
“culture” in general! One may be quite justified in continuing to
fear the blond beast at the core of all noble races and in being on
one’s guard against it: but who would not a hundred times sooner
fear where one can also admire than not fear but be permanently
condemned to the repellent sight of the ill-constituted, dwarfed,
atrophied, and poisoned? And is that not our fate? What today
constitutes our antipathy to “man”—for we suffer from man, be-
down doubt.

Not fear; rather that we no longer have anything left to fear in
man; that the maggot “man” is swarming in the foreground; that
the “tame man,” the hopelessly mediocre and insipid man, has
already learned to feel himself as the goal and zenith, as the mean-
ing of history, as “higher man”—that he has indeed a certain right
to feel thus, insofar as he feels himself elevated above the surfet of
ill-constituted, sickly, weary and exhausted people of which Eu-

cope is beginning to stink today, as something at least relatively
well-constituted, at least still capable of living, at least affirning
life.

At this point I cannot suppress a sigh and a last hope. What is
it that I especially find utterly unendurable? That I cannot cope
with, that makes me choke and faint? Bad air! Bad air! The ap-

If the present section is not clear enough to any reader, he might turn to
Zarathustra’s contrast of the overman and the last man (Prologue, sections
3–5) and, for good measure, read also the first chapter or two of Part One.
Then he will surely see how Aldous Huxley’s Brave New World and George
Orwell’s 1984—but especially the former—are developments of Nietzsche’s
theme. Huxley, in his novel, uses Shakespeare as a foil; Nietzsche, in the pas-
sage above, Homer.

7 Gewürm suggests wormlike animals; wimmelt can mean swarm or crawl
but is particularly associated with maggots—in a cheese, for example.
8 Unerquicklich.
proach of some ill-constituted thing; that I have to smell the entrails of some ill-constituted soul!

How much one is able to endure: distress, want, bad weather, sickness, toil, solitude. Fundamentally one can cope with everything else, born as one is to a subterranean life of struggle; one emerges again and again into the light, one experiences again and again one’s golden hour of victory—and then one stands forth as one was born, unbreakable, tense, ready for new, even harder, remoter things, like a bow that distress only serves to draw tauter.

But grant me from time to time—if there are divine goddesses in the realm beyond good and evil—grant me the sight, but one glance of something perfect, wholly achieved, happy, mighty, triumphant, something still capable of arousing fear! Of a man who justifies man, of a complementary and redeeming lucky hit on the part of man for the sake of which one may still believe in man!

For this is how things are: the diminution and leveling of European man constitutes our greatest danger, for the sight of him makes us weary.—We can see nothing today that wants to grow greater, we suspect that things will continue to go down, down, to become thinner, more good-natured, more prudent, more comfortable, more mediocre, more indifferent, more Chinese, more Christian—there is no doubt that man is getting “better” all the time.

Here precisely is what has become a fatality for Europe—together with the fear of man we have also lost our love of him, our reverence for him, our hopes for him, even the will to him. The sight of man now makes us weary—what is nihilism today if it is not that?—We are weary of man.

But let us return: the problem of the other origin of the “good,” of the good as conceived by the man of ressentiment, demands its solution.

That lambs dislike great birds of prey does not seem strange: only it gives no ground for reproaching these birds of prey for bearing off little lambs. And if the lambs say among themselves: “these birds of prey are evil; and whoever is least like a bird of prey, but

Dass etwas Missratenes in meine Nähe kommt; dass ich die Eingeweide einer missrathenen Seele riechen muss!... Was hält man sonst nicht aus von Noth, Entbehrung, bösem Wetter, Siedthum, Mühsal, Vereinsamung? Im Grunde wird man mit allem Übrigen fertig, geboren wie man ist zu einem unterirdischen und kämpfenden Dasein; man kommt immer wieder einmal an’s Licht, man erlebt immer wieder spie goldene Stunde des Siege, — und dann steht man da, wie man geboren ist, unterbrechbar, gespannt, zu Neuem, zu noch Schwererem, Fernerbem bereit, wie ein Bogen, den alle Noth immer nur noch straffer anzieht. — Aber von Zeit zu Zeit gönnt mir — gesetzt, dass es himmlische Göttinnen gibt, jenseits von Gut und Böse — einen Blick, gönnt mir Einen Blick nur auf etwas Vollkommenes, zu-Ende-Gerathenes, Glücksliches, Mächtiges, Triumphendes, an dem es noch Etwas zu fürchten giebt! Auf einen Menschen, der den Menschen rechtfertigt, auf einen complementären und erlösenden Glücksfall des Menschen, um desswillen man den Glauben an den Menschen festhalten darf!... Denn so steht es: die Verkleinerung und Ausgleichung des europäischen Menschen birgt unsere grösste Gefahr, denn dieser Anblick macht müde... Wir sehen heute Nichts, das grösser werden will, wir ahnen, dass es immer noch abwärts, abwärts geht, in’s Dünnere, Gutmütthigere, Klégere, Behaglichere, Mittelmässigere, Gleichgültigere, Chinesischere, Christlicher — der Mensch, es ist kein Zweifel, wird immer „besser”... Hier ehen liegt das Verhängniss Europas’s — mit der Furcht vor dem Menschen haben wir auch die Liebe zu ihm, die Ehrfurcht vor ihm, die Hoffnung auf ihn, ja den Willen zu ihm eingebüsst. Der Anblick des Menschen macht nunmehr müde — was ist heute 25 Nihilismus, wenn er nicht das ist?... Wir sind des Menschen müde...

— Doch kommen wir zurück: das Problem vom andren Ursprung des „Guten“, vom Guten, wie ihn der Mensch des Ressentiment sich ausgedacht hat, verlangt nach seinem Abschluss. — Dass die Lämmer den grossen Raubvögeln graum sind, das befremdet nicht: nur liegt darin kein Grund, es den grossen Raubvögeln zu verarben, dass sie sich kleine Lämmer holen. Und wenn die Lämmer unter sich sagen „diese Raubvögel sind böse; und wer so wenig als möglich ein Raubvogel ist, vielmehr
rather its opposite, a lamb—would he not be good?” there is no reason to find fault with this institution of an ideal, except perhaps that the birds of prey might view it a little ironically and say: “we don’t dislike them at all, these good little lambs; we even love them: nothing is more tasty than a tender lamb.”

To demand of strength that it should not express itself as strength, that it should not be a desire to overcome, a desire to throw down, a desire to become master, a thirst for enemies and resistances and triumphs, is just as absurd as to demand of weakness that it should express itself as strength. A quantum of force is equivalent to a quantum of drive, will, effect—more, it is nothing other than precisely this very driving, willing, effecting, and only owing to the seduction of language (and of the fundamental errors of reason that are petrified in it) which conceives and misconceives all effects as conditioned by something that causes effects, by a “subject,” can it appear otherwise. For just as the popular mind separates the lightning from its flash and takes the latter for an action, for the operation of a subject called lightning, so popular morality also separates strength from expressions of strength, as if there were a neutral substratum behind the strong man, which was free to express strength or not to do so. But there is no such substratum; there is no “being” behind doing, effecting, becoming; “the doer” is merely a fiction added to the deed—the deed is everything. The popular mind in fact doubles the deed; when it sees the lightning flash, it is the deed of a deed: it posits the same event first as cause and then a second time as its effect. Scientists do no better when they say “force moves,” “force causes,” and the like—all its coolness, its freedom from emotion notwithstanding, our entire science still lies under the misleading influence of language and has not disposed of that little changeling, the “subject” (the atom, for example, is such a changeling, as is the Kantian “thing-in-itself”); no wonder if the submerged, darkly glowing emotions of vengeance and hatred exploit this belief for their own ends and in fact maintain no belief more ardently than the belief that the strong man is free to be weak and the bird of prey to be a lamb—for thus they gain the right to make the bird of prey accountable for being a bird of prey.

When the oppressed, downtrodden, outraged exhort one another with the vengeful cunning of impotence: "let us be different from the evil, namely good! And he is good who does not outrage, who harms nobody, who does not attack, who does not requite, who leaves revenge to God, who keeps himself hidden as we do, who avoids evil and desires little from life, like us, the patient, humble, and just"—this, listened to calmly and without previous bias, really amounts to no more than: "we weak ones are, after all, weak; it would be good if we did nothing: for which we are not strong enough"; but this dry matter of fact, this prudence of the lowest order which even insects possess (posing as dead, when in great danger, so as not to do "too much"), has, thanks to the counterfeit and self-deception of impotence, clad itself in the ostentatious garb of the virtue of quiet, calm resignation, just as if the weakness of the weak—that is to say, their essence, their effects, their sole ineluctable, irremovable reality—were a voluntary achievement, willed, chosen, a deed, a meritorious act. This type of man needs to believe in a neutral independent "subject," prompted by an instinct for self-preservation and self-affirmation in which every lie is sanctified. The subject (or, to use a more popular expression, the soul) has perhaps been believed in hitherto more firmly than anything else on earth because it makes possible to the majority of mortals, the weak and oppressed of every kind, the sublime self-deception that interprets weakness as freedom, and their being thus-and-thus as a merit.

Would anyone like to take a look into the secret of how ideals are made on earth? Who has the courage?—Very well! Here is a point we can see through into this dark workshop. But wait a moment or two, Mr. Rash and Curious: your eyes must first get used to this false iridescent light.—All right! Now speak! What is going on down there? Say what you see, man of the most perilous kind of inquisitiveness—now I am the one who is listening.—

—"I see nothing, but I hear the more. There is a soft, wary, malignant muttering and whispering coming from all the corners.

—Will Jumand a little more hidden, that is, as on Erden Ideale fabriziert? Wer hat den Muth dazu?... Wohlan! Hier ist der Blick offen in diese dunkle Werkstätte. Warten Sie noch einen Augenblick, mein Herr Vorwitz und Waghals: Ihr Auge muss sich erst an dieses falsche schillernde Licht gewöhnen... So! Genug! Reden Sie jetzt! Was geht da unten vor? Sprechen Sie auf, was Sie sehen, Mann der gefährlichsten Neugierde — jetzt bin ich der, welcher zulässt.—

—"Ich sehe Nichts, ich höre um so mehr. Es ist ein vor-sichtiges tückisches leises Munkeln und Zusammenflüstern aus allen Ecken.
and nooks. It seems to me one is lying; a saccharine sweetness clings to every sound. Weakness is being lied into something meritorious, no doubt of it—so it is just as you said—

Go on!

"and impotence which does not require to 'goodness of heart'; anxious lowliness into 'humility'; subjection to those one hates into 'obedience' (that is, to one of whom they say he commands this subjection—they call him God). The offensiveness of the weak man, even the cowardice of which he has so much, his lingering at the door, his being ineluctably compelled to wait, here acquire flattering names, such as 'patience,' and are even called virtue itself; his inability for revenge is called unwillingness to revenge, perhaps even forgiveness ('for they know not what they do—we alone know what they do!'). They also speak of 'loving one's enemies'—and sweat as they do so."

Go on!

"They are miserable, no doubt of it, all these mutterers and nook counterfeiters, although they crouch warmly together—but they tell me their misery is a sign of being chosen by God; one beats the dogs one likes best; perhaps this misery is also a preparation, a testing, a schooling, perhaps it is even more—something that will one day be made good and recompensed with interest, with huge payments of gold, no! of happiness. This they call 'bliss.'"

Go on!

"Now they give me to understand that they are not merely better than the mighty, the lords of the earth whose spittle they have to lick (not from fear, not at all from fear! but because God has commanded them to obey the authorities)—that they are not merely better but are also 'better off,' or at least will be better off someday. But enough! enough! I can't take any more. Bad air! Bad air! This workshop where ideals are manufactured—it seems to me it stinks of so many lies."

No! Wait a moment! You have said nothing yet of the masterpiece of these black magicians, who make whiteness, milk, and innocence of every blackness—haven't you noticed their perfection

1 Allusion to Romans 13:1–2.
GEBNOLONYE OF MORDS

of refinement, their boldest, subtlest, most ingenious, most mendacious artistic stroke? Attend to them! These cellar rodents full of vengefulness and hatred—what have they made of revenge and hatred? Have you heard these words uttered? If you trusted simply to their words, would you suspect you were among men of rensentment? . . .

—"I understand, I'll open my ears again (oh! oh! oh! and close my nose). Now I can really hear what they have been saying all along: 'We good men—we are the just'—what they desire they call, not retaliation, but 'the triumph of justice'; what they hate is not their enemy, no! they hate 'injustice,' they hate 'godlessness'; what they believe in and hope for is not the hope of revenge, the intoxication of sweet revenge (—'sweeter than honey' Homer called it), but the victory of God, of the just God, over the godless; what there is left for them to love on earth is not their brothers in hatred but their 'brothers in love,' as they put it, all the good and just on earth."

—And what do they call that which serves to console them for all the suffering of life—their phantasмагoria of anticipated future bliss?

—"What? Do I hear aright? They call that 'the Last Judgment,' the coming of their kingdom, of the 'Kingdom of God'—meanwhile, however, they live 'in faith,' 'in love,' 'in hope.'"

—Enough! Enough!

In faith what? In love what? In hope what?—These weak people—some day or other they too intend to be the strong, there is no doubt of that, some day their "kingdom" too shall come—they term it "the kingdom of God," of course, as aforesaid: for one is so very humble in all things! To experience that one needs to live a long time, beyond death—indeed one needs eternal life, so as to be eternally indemnified in the "kingdom of God" for this earthly life "in faith, in love, in hope." Indemnified for what? How indemnified?

Dante, I think, committed a crude blunder when, with a terror-

282

ZUR GENEALOGIE DER MORAL

im Raffinement ist, ihr kühnster, feinster, geistreichster, lügenreichster Artisten-Griff? Geben Sie Acht! Diese Kellerthiere voll Rache und Hass — was machen sie doch gerade aus Rache und Hass? Hörten Sie je diese Worte? Würden Sie ahnen, wenn Sie nur ihren Worten trauten, dass

Sie unter lauter Menschen des Ressentiment sind? . . .

—Ich verstehe, ich mache nachmal das Ohren auf (acht! acht! ach! und die Nase zu). Jetzt höre ich erst, was sie so oft schon sagten: "Wir Guten — wir sind die Gerichteten" — was sie verlangen, das heissen sie nicht Vergeltung, sondern "den Triumph der Gerechtigkeit"; was sie hassen, das ist nicht ihr Feind, nein! sie hassen das "Unrecht", die "Gottlosigkeit"; was sie glauben und hoffen, ist nicht die Hoffnung auf Rache, die Trunkenheit der süßen Rache (—"sisser als Honig" nannte sie schon Homer), sondern der Sieg Gottes, des gerechten Gottes über die Gottlosen; was ihnen zu lieben auf Erden übrig bleibt, sind nicht ihre Brüder im Hassen, sondern ihre "Brüder in der Liebe", wie sie sagen, alle Guten und Gerichten auf der Erde.

—Und wie nennen sie das, was ihnen als Trost wider alle Leiden des Lebens dient — ihre Phantasmagorie der vorweggenommenen zukünftigen Seligkeit?

einstweilen aber leben sie "im Glauben", "in der Liebe", "in der Hoffnung."

—Genug! Genug!

15

inspiring ingenuity, he placed above the gateway of his hell the inscription “I too was created by eternal love”—at any rate, there would be more justification for placing above the gateway to the Christian Paradise and its “eternal bliss” the inscription “I too was created by eternal hate”—provided a truth may be placed above the gateway to a lie! For what is it that constitutes the bliss of this Paradise?

We might even guess, but it is better to have it expressly described for us by an authority not to be underestimated in such matters, Thomas Aquinas, the great teacher and saint. “Beati in regno coelesti,” he says, meek as a lamb, “videbunt poenas damnatorum, ut beatitudo illis magis complacat.” Or if one would like to hear it in a stronger key, perhaps from the mouth of a triumphant Church Father, adoring his Christians to avoid the cruel pleasures of the public games—but why? “For the faith offers us much more”—he says, De Spectaculis, chs. 29f.—“something much stronger; thanks to the Redemption, quite other joys are at our command; in place of athletes we have our martyrs; if we crave blood, we have the blood of Christ... But think of what awaits us on the day of his return, the day of his triumph!”—and then he goes on, the enraptured visionary. “At enim supersunt alia spectacula, ille ultimae et per-

1 The blessed in the kingdom of heaven will see the punishments of the damned, in order that their bliss be more delightful for them. —To be precise, what we find in Summa Theologiae, III, Supplementum, Q. 94, Art. 1, is this: “In order that the bliss of the saints may be more delightful for them and that they may render more copious thanks to God for it, it is given to them to see perfectly the punishment of the damned.” Ut beatitudo sanc-
torum ei magis complacat, et de ea ubiiores gratias Deo agant, datur ei ut poenam impiorum perfecte intucantur.

2 Nietzsche quotes Tertullian in the original Latin. This footnote offers, first, an English translation, and then some discussion. “Yes, and there are other sights: that last day of judgment, with its ever-lasting issues; that day unlooked for by the nations, the theme of their derision, when the world is weary with age, and all its many products, shall be consumed in one great flame! How vast a spectacle then bursts upon the eye! What there excites my admiration? what my derision? Which sight gives me joy? which rouses me to exultation?—as I see so many illustrious monarchs, whose reception into the heavens was publicly announced, groaning now in the lowest darkness with great joy himself, and those, too, who bore witness of their exultation; governors of provinces, too, who persecuted the Christian name, in fires more fierce than those with which in the days of their pride they raged against the followers of Christ. What world’s wise men besides,
tulanus detractit, ne lactuae suae frequentia comitantia laederentur." Ut talia species, ut talibus exultes, quis tibi praetor aut consilium aut quaestor aut sacerdos de sua liberitate praestabit? Et tamen haec jam habemus quodammodo per fidem spiritu imaginante repraesentata. Ceterum qualia illa sunt, quae nec oculus vidit nec auris audivit nec in cor hominis ascenderunt?" (1 Cor. 2,9.) "Credo circa et utraque cavea" (first and fourth rank or, according to others, the comic and tragic stage) "et omni stadio gratiora." —Per fidem: thus is it written.

16.

Let us conclude. The two opposing values "good and bad," "good and evil" have been engaged in a fearful struggle on earth for thousands of years; and though the latter value has certainly been on top for a long time, there are still places where the struggle is as yet undecided. One might even say that it has risen ever higher and thus become more and more profound and spiritual: so that today there is perhaps no more decisive mark of a "higher nature," a more spiritual nature, than that of being divided in this sense and a genuine battleground of these opposed values.

The symbol of this struggle, inscribed in letters legible across all human history, is "Rome against Judaea, Judea against Rome": there has hitherto been no greater event than this struggle, this question, this deadly contradiction. Rome felt the Jew to be something like anti-nature itself, its antipodal monstrosity as it were; in greater part of the human species. . . . These rigid sentiments, which had been unknown to the ancient world, appear to have infused a spirit of bitterness into a system of love and harmony. . . . The Christians, who, in this world, found themselves oppressed by the power of the Pagans, were sometimes seduced by resentment and spiritual pride to delight in the prospect of their future triumph. 'You are fond of spectacles,' exclaims the stern Tertullian; 'except the greatest of all spectacles, the last and eternal judgment of the universe. How shall I admire, how laugh . . . ?'

1 This remark which recalls Beyond Good and Evil, section 200, is entirely in keeping with the way in which the contrast of master and slave morality is introduced in Beyond Good and Evil, section 200; and it ought not to be overlooked. It sheds a good deal of light not only on this contrast but also on Nietzsche's amor fati, his love of fate. Those who ignore all this material are bound completely to misunderstand Nietzsche's moral philosophy.
Rome the Jew stood “convicted of hatred for the whole human race”; and rightly, provided one has a right to link the salvation and future of the human race with the unconditional dominance of aristocratic values, Roman values.

How, on the other hand, did the Jews feel about Rome? A thousand signs tell us; but it suffices to recall the Apocalypse of John, the most wanted of all literary outbursts that vengefulness has on its conscience. (One should not underestimate the profound consistency of the Christian instinct when it signed this book of hate with the name of the disciple of love, the same disciple to whom it attributed that amorous-enthusiasric Gospel: there is a piece of truth in this, however much literary counterfeiting might have been required to produce it.) For the Romans were the strong and noble, and nobody stronger and nobler has yet existed on earth or ever been dreamed of: every remnant of them, every inscription gives delight, if only one divines what it was that was there at work. The Jews, on the contrary, were the priestly nation of resentment par excellence, in whom there dwelt an unequalled popular-moral genius: one only has to compare similarly gifted nations—the Chinese or the Germans, for instance—with the Jews, to sense which is of the first and which of the fifth rank.2

Which of them has won for the present, Rome or Judea? But there can be no doubt: consider to whom one bows down in Rome itself today, as if they were the epitome of all the highest values—and not only in Rome but over almost half the earth, everywhere that man has become tame or desires to become tame: three Jews, as is known, and one Jewess (Jesus of Nazareth, the fisherman Peter, the rug weaver Paul, and the mother of the aforementioned Jesus, named Mary). This is very remarkable: Rome has been defeated beyond all doubt.

There was, to be sure, in the Renaissance an uncanny and glittering reawakening of the classical ideal, of the noble mode of evaluating all things; Rome itself, oppressed by the new superimposed Judaized Rome that presented the aspect of an ecumenical

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15 Rom galt der Jude „des Hasses gegen das ganze Menschenschlecht überführt“: mit Recht, sofern man ein Recht hat, das Heil und die Zukunft des Menschenschlechts an die unbedingte Herrschaft der aristokratischen Werthe, der römischen Werthe anzuübfen.

Was dagegen die Juden gegen Rom empfunden haben? Man errächt es aus tausend Anzeichen; aber es genügt, sich einmal wieder die Johanneische Apokalypse zu Gemüthe zu führen, jenes wüstesten aller geschriebenen Ausbrüche, welche die Rache auf dem Gewissen hatte. (Unterschätze man übrigens die tiefe Folgerichtigkeit des christlichen Instinktes nicht, als er gerade dieses Buch des Hasses mit dem Namen des Jüngers der Liebe überschrieb, desselben, dem er jenes verblüfft-schwärmerische Evangelium zu eigen gab — darin steckt ein Stück Wahrheit, wie viel literarische Falschmünzerei auch zu diesem Zwecke nötig gewesen sein mag.) Die Römer waren ja die Starken und Vornehmen, wie sie stärker und vornehmer bisher auf Erden nie dagewesen, selbst niemals geträumt worden sind; jeder Überrest von ihnen, jede Inschrift enthüllt, gesetzt, dass man errächt, was da schreibt. Die Juden umgekehrt waren jenes priesterliche Volk des Resentiment par excellence, dem eine volksähnlich-moralische Genialität sonder Gleiches inne-wohnte; man vergliche nur die verwandt-begabten Völker, etwa die Chinesen oder die Deutschen, mit den Juden, um nachzufühlen, was ersten- und was fünften Ranges ist; wer von ihnen einstweilen gesiegt hat, Rom oder Judäa? Aber es ist ja gar kein Zweifel: man erräche doch, vor dem sich heute in Rom selber als vor dem Inbegriff aller höchsten Werthe beugt — und nicht nur in Rom, sondern fast auf der halben Erde, überall wo nur der Mensch zahn geworden ist oder zahn werden will, — vor drei Juden, wie man weiss, und einer Judin (vor Jesus von Nazareth, dem Fischer Petrus, dem Teppichwirker Paulus und der Mutter des anfangs genannten Jesus, genannt Maria). Dies ist sehr merkwürdig:

Rom ist ohne allen Zweifel unterlegen. Allerdings gab es in der Renaissance ein glanzvoll-unheimliches Wiederaufwachen des klassischen Ideals, der vornehmen Werthungsweise aller Dinge: Rom selber bewegte sich wie ein aufgewecket Scheintodter unter dem Druck des neuen, darüber gebauten judaisirten Rom, das den Aspekt einer ökumenischen
synagogue and was called the "church," stirred like one awakened from seeming death: but Judea immediately triumphed again, thanks to that thoroughly plebeian (German and English) resentment movement called the Reformation, and to that which was bound to arise from it, the restoration of the church—the restoration too of the ancient sepulchral reposée of classical Rome.

With the French Revolution, Judea once again triumphed over the classical ideal, and this time in an even more profound and decisive sense: the last political noblesse in Europe, that of the French seventeenth and eighteenth century, collapsed beneath the popular instincts of resentment—greater rejoicing, more uproarious enthusiasm had never been heard on earth! To be sure, in the midst of it there occurred the most tremendous, the most unexpected thing: the ideal of antiquity itself stepped incarnate and in unheard-of splendor before the eyes and conscience of mankind—and once again, in opposition to the mendacious slogan of resentment, "supreme rights of the majority," in opposition to the will to the lowering, the abasement, the leveling and the decline and twilit of mankind, there sounded stronger, simpler, and more insistently than ever the terrible and rapturous counterslogan "supreme rights of the few!" Like a last signpost to the other path, Napoleon appeared, the most isolated and late-born man there has even been, and in him the problem of the noble ideal as such made flesh—one might well ponder what kind of problem it is: Napoleon, this synthesis of the inhuman and superhuman.

17

Was that the end of it? Had that greatest of all conflicts of ideals been placed ad acta¹ for all time? Or only adjourned, indefinitely adjourned?

Must the ancient fire not some day flare up much more terribly, after much longer preparation? More: must one not desire it with all one's might? even will it? even promote it?

Whoever begins at this point, like my readers, to reflect and

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¹ Disposed of.
puruse his train of thought will not soon come to the end of it—reason enough for me to come to an end, assuming it has long since been abundantly clear what my aim is, what the aim of that dangerous slogan is that is inscribed at the head of my last book Beyond Good and Evil.— At least this does not mean "Beyond Good and Bad."——

Note. I take the opportunity provided by this treatise to express publicly and formally a desire I have previously voiced only in occasional conversation with scholars; namely, that some philosophical faculty might advance historical studies of morality through a series of academic prize-essays—perhaps this present book will serve to provide a powerful impetus in this direction. In case this idea should be implemented, I suggest the following question: it deserves the attention of philologists and historians as well as that of professional philosophers:

"What light does linguistics, and especially the study of etymology, throw on the history of the evolution of moral concepts?"

On the other hand, it is equally necessary to engage the interest of physiologists and doctors in these problems (of the value of existing evaluations); it may be left to academic philosophers to act as advocates and mediators in this matter too, after they have on the whole succeeded in the past in transforming the originally so reserved and mistrustful relations between philosophy, physiology, and medicine into the most amicable and fruitful exchange. Indeed, every table of values, every "thou shalt" known to history or ethnology, requires first a physiological investigation and interpretation, rather than a psychological one; and every one of them needs a critique on the part of medical science. The question: what is the value of this or that table of values and "morals"? should be viewed from the most diverse perspectives; for the problem "value for what?" cannot be examined too subtly. Something, for example, that possessed obvious value in relation to the longest possible survival of a race (or to the enhancement of its power of adapta-

zu Ende kommen. — Grund genug für mich, selbst zu Ende zu kommen, vorausgesetzt, dass es längst zur Genüge klar geworden ist, was ich will, was ich gerade mit jener gefährlichen Lösung will, welche meinem letzten Buche auf den Leib geschrieben ist: "Jenseits von Gut und Böse"... Dies heisst zum Mindesten nicht "Jenseits von Gut und Schlecht." —

Anmerkung. Ich nehme die Gelegenheit wahr, welche diese Abhandlung mir gibt, um einen Wunsch öffentlich und förmlich auszudrücken, der von mir bisher nur in gelegentlichen Gesprächen mit Gelehrten geäußert worden ist: dass nämlich irgend eine philosophische Fakultät sich durch eine Reihe akademischer Preisausschreiben um die Förderung moral-historischer Studien verdient machen müsse; vielleicht dient dies Buch dazu, einen kräftigen Anstoß gerade in solcher Richtung zu geben. In Hinsicht auf eine Möglichkeit dieser Art sei die nachstehende Frage in Vorschlag gebracht; sie verdient ebenso sehr die Aufmerksamkeit der Philosophen und Historiker als die der eigenen Philosophie-Gelehrten von Beruf.

"Welche Fingerzeige gibt die Sprachwissenschaft, insbesondere die epytomologische Forschung, für die Entwicklungs geschichte der moralischen Begriffe ab?"

— Andererseits ist es freilich ebenso nützlich, die Teilnahme der Physiologen und Mediziner für diese Probleme (vom Werthe der bisherigen Werthschätzungen) zu gewinnen; wobei es den Fach-Philosophen überlassen sein mag, auch in diesem einzelnen Falle die Forscher und Vernachlässiger zu machen, nachdem es ihnen im Ganzen gelungen ist, das ursprünglich so spröde, so misstrauische Verhältnis zwischen Philosophie, Physiologie und Medizin in den freund schaftlichsten und fruchtbirgendschten Austausch umzugestalten. In der Tat bedürfen alle Güterulse, alle "du sollst", von denen die Geschichte oder die ethnologische Forschung weiss, zunächst der physiologischen Belehrung und Ausdeutung, eher jedenfalls noch als der psychologischen; alle insgeheimen warten auf eine Kritik von seiten der medizinischen Wissenschaft. Die Frage: was ist diese Perspektiven gestellt sein mag es namentlich das "werth wo zu?" nicht fein genug aus einander legen. Etwas zum Beispiel, das ursprünglich Würth hatte in Hinsicht auf möglichere Dauerfähigkeit einer Rasse (oder auf Steigerung ihrer Anpassungskräfté

2 Anmerkung.
tion to a particular climate or to the preservation of the greatest number); would by no means possess the same value if it were a question, for instance, of producing a stronger type. The well-being of the majority and the well-being of the few are opposite viewpoints of value: to consider the former a priori of higher value may be left to the naïveté of English biologists. — *All* the sciences have from now on to prepare the way for the future task of the philosophers: this task understood as the solution of the *problem of value*, the determination of the *order of rank among values*. —
Second Essay
"Guilt," "Bad Conscience," and the Like

To breed an animal with the right to make promises—is not this the paradoxical task that nature has set itself in the case of man? Is it not the real problem regarding man?

That this problem has been solved to a large extent must seem all the more remarkable to anyone who appreciates the strength of the opposing force, that of forgetfulness. Forgetting is no mere vis inertiae as the superficial imagine; it is rather an active and in the strictest sense positive faculty of repression, that is responsible for the fact that what we experience and absorb enters our consciousness as little while we are digesting it (one might call the process "inpsychation") as does the thousandfold process, involved in physical nourishment—so-called "incorporation." To close the doors and windows of consciousness for a time; to remain undisturbed by the noise and struggle of our underworld of utility organs working with and against one another; a little quietness, a little tabula rasa of

1 Schlechtes Gewissen is no technical term but simply the common German equivalent of "bad conscience." Danto's translation "bad consciousness" ("Nietzsche as Philosopher, New York, Macmillan, 1965, pp. 164 and 180) is simply wrong: Gewissen, like conscience, and unlike the French conscience, cannot mean consciousness.

There are many mistranslations in Danto's Nietzsche. Another one, though relatively unimportant, is of some interest and relevant to the Genealogy: Schadenfreude—a German word for which there is no English equivalent—is not quite "the wicked pleasure in the beholding of suffering" (p. 181) or "in the sheer spectacle of suffering; in fights, executions, . . . bullbaiting, cockfights, and the like" (p. 174). In such contexts the word is utterly out of place: it signifies the petty, mischievous delight felt in the discomfort of another human being.

2 Inertia.

3 Positives Hemmungsvermögen.

4 Clean slate.
the consciousness, to make room for new things, above all for the nobler functions and functionaries, for regulation, foresight, premeditation (for our organism is an oligarchy)—that is the purpose of active forgetfulness, which is like a doorkeeper, a preserver of psychic order, to repose, and et. — that it will be immediately obvious how there could be no happiness, no cheerfulness, no hope, no pride, no present, without forgetfulness. The man in whom this apparatus of repression is damaged and ceases to function properly may be compared (and more than merely compared) with a dyspeptic— he cannot “have done” with anything.

Now this animal which needs to be forgetful, in which forgetting represents a force, a form of robust health, has bred in itself an opposing faculty, a memory, with the aid of which forgetfulness is abrogated in certain cases— namely in those cases where promises are made. This involves no mere passive inability to rid oneself of an impression, no mere indigestion through a once-pledged word with which one cannot “have done,” but an active desire not to rid oneself, a desire for the continuance of something desired once, a real memory of the will: so that between the original “I will,” “I shall do this” and the actual discharge of the will, its act, a world of strange new things, circumstances, even acts of will may be interposed without breaking this long chain of will. But how many things this presupposes! To ordain the future in advance in this way, man must first have learned to distinguish necessary events from chance ones, to think causally, to see and anticipate distant eventualities as if they belonged to the present, to decide with certainty what is the goal and what the means to it, and in general be able to calculate and compute. Man himself must first of all have become calculable, regular, necessary, even in his own image of himself, if he is to be able to stand security for his own future, which is what one who promises does!

This precisely is the long story of how responsibility originated. The task of breeding an animal with the right to make promises evidently embraces and presupposes as a preparatory task that
SECOND ESSAY, SECTION 2

one first makes men to a certain degree necessary, uniform, like among like, regular, and consequently calculable. The tremendous labor of that which I have called "morality of mores" (Dawn, sections 9, 14, 16) — the labor performed by man upon himself during the greater part of the existence of the human race, his entire prehistoric labor, finds in this its meaning, its great justification, notwithstanding the severity, tyranny, stupidity, and idiocy involved in it: with the aid of the morality of mores and the social straitjacket, man was actually made calculable.

If we place ourselves at the end of this tremendous process, where the tree at last brings forth fruit, where society and the morality of custom at last reveal what they have simply been the means to: then we discover that the ripest fruit is the sovereign individual, like only to himself, liberated again from morality of custom, autonomous and supremal (for "autonomous" and "moral" are mutually exclusive). In short, the man who has his own independent, protracted will and the right to make promises — and in him a proud consciousness, quivering in every muscle, of what has at length been achieved and become flesh in him, a consciousness of his own power and freedom, a sensation of mankind come to completion. This emancipated individual, with the actual right to make promises, this master of a free will, this sovereign man — how should he not be aware of his superiority over all those who lack the right to make promises and stand as their own guarantors, of how much trust, how much fear, how much reverence he arouses — he "deserves" all three — and of how this mastery over

1 See also Human, All-Too-Human, section 96; Mixed Opinions and Maxims, section 89; and The Dawn, section 18, all of which are included in the present volume. Dawn, section 16, is included in The Portable Nietzsche, p. 76. The German phrase is die Sittlichkeit der Sitte, the morality of mores.

2 The parenthetical statement is the contrary of Kant's view. When it was written, it must have struck most readers as paradoxical, but in the twentieth century it is apt to seem less paradoxical than Kant's view. The Lonely Crowd (by David Riesman, with Nathan Glazer and Reuel Denney; New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press, 1950) has popularized a Nietzschean, non-Kantian conception of the autonomous individual, who is contrasted with the tradition-directed (Nietzsche's morality of mores), the inner-directed (Kant, for example), and the other-directed (Nietzsche's "last man").

Zweite Abhandl.: „Schuld“, „nichtliches Gewissen“, Verwandtes 1—2 293

als Bedingung und Vorbereitung die nähere Aufgabe in sich, den Menschen zuerst bis zu einem gewissen Grade nothwendig, einformig, gleich unter Gleichen, regelmäßig und folglich berechenbar zu machen. Die ungeheure Arbeit dessen, was von mir „Sittlichkeit der Sitte“ genannt worden ist (vergl. Morgenröthe S. 7. 13. 16) — die eigentliche Arbeit des Menschen an sich selber in der längesten Zeitdauer des Menschen- geschlechts, seine ganze vorhistorische Arbeit hat hierin ihren Sinn, ihre grosse Rechtfertigung, wie viel ihr auch von Härte, Tyrannie, Stumpfsinn und Idiotismus innenwob; der Mensch wurde mit Hilfe der Sittlichkeit der Sitte und der sozialen Zwangsjacke wirklich berechenbar gemacht. Stellen wir uns dagegen an's Ende des ungeheuren Prozesses, dorthin, wo der Baum endlich seine Früchte zeitigt, wo die Gesellschaft und ihre Sittlichkeit der Sitte endlich zu Tage bringt, wo sie nur das Mittel war: so finden wir einen reifsten Fruchte an ihrem Baum das souveraine Individuum, das nur sich selbst gleiche, das von der Sittlichkeit der Sitte wieder losgekommen, das autonome überallliche Individuum (denn „autonom“ und „sittlich“ schliesst sich aus), kurz den Menschen des eigenen unabhängig langen Willens, der versprechen darf — und in ihm ein stolzes, in allen Muskeln zuckendes Bewusstsein davon, was da endlich errungen und in ihm leibhaft geworden ist, ein eigentliches Macht- und Freiheits-Bewusstsein, ein Vorwurfsgfühl des Menschen überhaupt. Dieser Frei gewordene, der wirklich versprechen darf, dieser Herr des freien Willens, dieser Souverain — wie sollte er es nicht wissen, weil die Überlegenheit er damit vor allem voraus hat, was nicht versprechen und für sich selbst gut sagen darf, wie viel Vertrauen, wie viel Ehrfurcht, wie viel Ehrfurcht er erweckt — er verdient^ alles Drei — und wie ihm, mit dieser Herr-
himself also necessarily gives him mastery over circumstances, over nature, and over all more short-willed and unreliable creatures? The "free" man, the possessor of a protracted and unbreakable will, also possesses his measure of value: looking out upon others from himself, he honors or he despises; and just as he is bound to honor his peers, the strong and reliable (those with the right to make promises)—that is, all those who promise like sovereigns, reluctantly, rarely, slowly, who are chary of trusting, whose trust is a mark of distinction, who give their word as something that can be relied on because they know themselves strong enough to maintain it in the face of accidents, even "in the face of fate"—he is bound to reserve a kick for the feeble windbags who promise without the right to do so, and a rod for the liar who breaks his word even at the moment he utters it. The proud awareness of the extraordinary privilege of responsibility, the consciousness of this rare freedom, this power over oneself and over fate, has in his case penetrated to the profoundest depths and become instinct, the dominating instinct. What will he call this dominating instinct, supposing he feels the need to give it a name? The answer is beyond doubt: this sovereign man calls it his conscience.

His conscience?—It is easy to guess that the concept of "conscience" that we here encounter in its highest, almost astonishing, manifestation, has a long history and variety of forms behind it. To possess the right to stand security for oneself and to do so with pride, thus to possess also the right to affirm oneself—this, as has been said, is a ripe fruit, but also a late fruit: how long must this fruit have hung on the tree, unripe and sour! And for a much longer time nothing whatever was to be seen of any such fruit: no one could have promised its appearance, although everything in the tree was preparing for and growing toward it!

"How can one create a memory for the human animal? How can one impress something upon this partly obtuse, partly flighty mind, attuned only to the passing moment, in such a way that it will stay there?"
SECOND ESSAY, SECTION 3

One can well believe that the answers and methods for solving this primeval problem were not precisely gentle; perhaps indeed there was nothing more fearful and uncanny in the whole prehistory of man than his mnemotechnics. "If something is to stay in the memory it must be burned in: only that which never ceases to hurt stays in the memory"—this is a main clause of the oldest (unhappily also the most enduring) psychology on earth. One might even say that wherever on earth solemnity, seriousness, mystery, and gloomy coloring still distinguish the life of man and a people, something of the terror that formerly attended all promises, pledges, and vows on earth is still effective: the past, the longest, deepest and sternest past, breathes upon us and rises up in us whenever we become "serious." Man could never do without blood, torture, and sacrifices when he felt the need to create a memory for himself; the most dreadful sacrificial and pledges (sacrifices of the first-born among them), the most repulsive mutilations (castration, for example), the cruelest rites of all the religious cults (and all religions are at the deepest level systems of cruelties)—all this has its origin in the instinct that realized that pain is the most powerful aid to mnemonics.

In a certain sense, the whole of asceticism belongs here: a few ideas are to be rendered inextinguishable, ever-present, unforgettable, "fixed," with the aim of hypnotising the entire nervous and intellectual system with these "fixed ideas"—and ascetic procedures and modes of life are means of freeing these ideas from the competition of all other ideas, so as to make them "unforgettable." The worse man's memory has been, the more fearful has been the appearance of his customs; the severity of the penal code provides an especially significant measure of the degree of effort needed to overcome forgetfulness and to impose a few primitive demands of social existence as present realities upon these slaves of momentary affect and desire.

We Germans certainly do not regard ourselves as a particularly cruel and heartless people, still less as a particularly frivolous one, living only for the day; but one has only to look at our former codes of punishments to understand what effort it costs on this earth to breed a "nation of thinkers" (which is to say, the...

... Dies uralte Problem ist, wie man denken kann, nicht gerade mit zarten, Antworten und Mitteln gelöst worden; vielleicht ist sogar nichts fürtdbarer und unheimlicher an der ganzen Vorgeschichte des Menschen, als seine Mnemotechnik. "Man brennt, dass er was im Gedächtniss bleibt: nur was nicht aufhört, weh zu thun, bleibt im Gedächtniss"—das ist ein Hauptsatz aus der allerlüttesten (leider auch allerlütsten) Psychologie auf Erden. Man möchte selbst sagen, dass es überall, wo es jetzt noch auf Erden Feierlichkeit, Ernst, Geheimnis, düstere Farben im Leben von Mensch und Volk gibt, etwas von der Schrecklichkeit nach wirkt, mit der ehemals überall auf Erden verstärkt, verbreitet, gelobt worden ist: die Vergangenheit, die längste tiefste härteste Vergangenheit, haucht uns an und quillt in uns herauf, wenn wir "ernst" werden. Es gieng niemals ohne Blut, Martern, Opfer ab, wenn der Mensch es nötig hielt, sich ein Gedächtniss zu machen; die schärfsten Opfer und Pfänder (wohin die Erstlingsopfer gehören), die widerlichsten Verstimmelungen (zum Beispiel die Castrationen), die grausamsten Ritualformen aller religiösen Culte (und alle Religionen sind auf dem untersten Grunde Systeme von Grausamkeiten)—alles Das hat in jenem Instinkte seinen Ursprung, welcher im Schmerz das mächzigste Hülfsmittel der Mnemonik erhielt.

In einem gewissen Sinne gehört die ganze Asketik hierher: ein paar Ideen sollen unauslöschlich, allgegenwärtig, unvergesslich, "fix" gemacht werden, zum Zweck der Bewahrung des ganzen nössen und intellektuellen Systems durch diese "fixen Ideen"—und die asketischen Praktiken und Lebensformen sind Mittel dazu, um jene Ideen aus der Concurrenz mit allen übrigen Ideen zu lösen, um sie "unvergesslich" zu machen. Je schlechter die Menschheit "bei Gedächtniss" war, um so furchtbärer ist immer der Aspekt ihrer Bräuche; die Härte der Strafgesetze giebt in Sonderheit einen Maassstab dafür ab, wie viel Mühe sie hatte, gegen die Vergesslichkeit zum Sieg zu kommen und ein paar primitive Erfordernisse des sozialen Zusammenlebens diesen Augenblicks-Sklaven des Effekts und der Begierde gegenwärtig zu erhalten.

Wir Deutschen betrachten uns gewiss nicht als ein besonders grausames und hartherziges Volk, noch weniger als besonders leidtragend und in-den-Tag-hineinlebendisch; aber man sehe nur unsre alten Strafverfassungen an, um dahinter zu kommen, was es auf Erden für Mühe hat, ein "Volk von Denkern" heranzuzüchten (will sagen: das...
nation in Europe in which one still finds today the maximum of trust, seriousness, lack of taste, and matter-of-factness—and with these qualities one has the right to breed every kind of European mandarin). These Germans have employed fearful means to acquire a memory, so as to master their basic mob-instinct and its brutal coarseness. Consider the old German punishments; for example, stoning (the sagas already have millstones drop on the head of the guilty), breaking on the wheel (the most characteristic invention and specialty of the German genius in the realm of punishment!), piercing with stakes, tearing apart or trampling by horses (“quartering”), boiling the criminal in oil or wine (still employed in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries), the popular flaying alive (“cutting straps”), cutting flesh from the chest, and also the practice of smearing the wrongdoer with honey and leaving him in the blazing sun for the flies. With the aid of such images and procedures one finally remembers five or six “I will not’s,” in regard to which one had given one’s promise so as to participate in the advantages of society—and it was indeed with the aid of this kind of memory that one at last came “to reason”! Ah, reason, seriousness, mastery over the affects, the whole somber thing called reflection, all these prerogatives and showpieces of man: how dearly they have been bought! how much blood and cruelty lie at the bottom of all “good things”!

But how did that other “somber thing,” the consciousness of guilt, the “bad conscience,” come into the world?— And at this point we return to the genealogists of morals. To say it again—or haven’t I said it yet?—they are worthless. A brief span of experience that is merely one’s own, merely modern; no knowledge or will to knowledge of the past; even less of historical instinct, of that “second sight” needed here above all—and yet they undertake history of morality: it stands to reason that their results stay at a more than respectful distance from the truth. Have these genealogists of morals had even the remotest suspicion that, for example, the major moral concept Schuld [guilt] has its origin in the very material concept

Volk Europa’s, unter dem auch heute noch das Maximum von Zutrauen, Ernst, Geschmacklosigkeit und Schlichtheit zu finden ist und das mit diesen Eigenschaften ein Anrecht darauf hat, alle Art von Mandarinen Europas heran zu ziehen). Diese Deutschen haben sich mit furchtbaren Mitteln ein Gedächtniss gemacht, um über ihre pöbelhaften Grund-Instinkte und deren brutale Plumpheit Herr zu werden; man denke an die alten deutschen Strafen, zum Beispiel an das Steiningen (— schon die Sage lässt den Mühlstein auf das Haupt des Schuldigen fallen), das Räder (die eigene Erfindung und Spezialität des deutschen Genius im Reich der Strafen), das Werfen mit dem Pfähle, das Zerreissen-oder Zerrtrennenlassen durch Pferde (das „Viertelten“), das Sieden des Verbrechers in Ol oder Wein (noch im vierzehnten und fünfzehnten Jahrhundert), das beliebte Schindeln („Riemenschnieden“), das Herausschneiden des Fleisches aus der Brust; auch wohl dass man den Übelthäter mit Honig bestrich und bei brennender Sonne den Fliegen überließ. Mit Hülfe solcher Bilder und Vorgänge behält man endlich fünf, sechs „ich will nicht“ im Gedächtnisse, in Bezug auf welche man sein Versprechen gegeben hat, um unter den Vorteilen der Gesellschaft zu leben, — und wirklich! mit Hülfe dieser Art von Gedächtniss kam man endlich „zur Vernunft“! — Ah, die Vernunft, der Ernst, die Herrschaft über die Affekte, diese ganze düstere Sache, welche Nachdenken heisst, alle diese Vorrechte und Punktstcke des Menschen; wie theuer haben sie sich bezahlt gemacht! wie viel Blut und Grausen ist auf dem Grade aller guten Dinge“!

Schulden [debts]? Or that punishment, as retributive, evolved quite independently of any presupposition concerning freedom or non-freedom of the will—to such an extent, indeed, that a high degree of humanity had to be attained before the animal "man" began even to make the much more primitive distinctions between "intentional," "negligent," "accidental," "accountable," and their opposites and to take them into account when determining punishments. The idea, now so obvious, apparently so natural, even unavoidable, that had to serve as the explanation of how the sense of justice ever appeared on earth—"the criminal deserves punishment because he could have acted differently"—is in fact an extremely late and subtle form of human judgment and inference: whoever transposes it to the beginning is guilty of a crude misunderstanding of the psychology of more primitive mankind. Throughout the greater part of human history punishment was not imposed because one held the wrongdoer responsible for his deed, thus not on the presupposition that only the guilty one should be punished: rather, as parents still punish their children, from anger at some harm or injury, vented on the one who caused it—but this anger is held in check and modified by the idea that every injury has its equivalent and can actually be paid back, even if only through the pain of the culprit. And whence did this primeval, deeply rooted, perhaps by now ineradicable idea draw its power—this idea of an equivalence between injury and pain? I have already divulged it: in the contractual relationship between creditor and debtor, which is as old as the idea of "legal subjects" and in turn points back to the fundamental forms of buying, selling, barter, trade, and traffic.

1 The German equivalent of "guilt" is Schuld; and the German for "debt(s)" is Schulden(n), "innocent" is unschuldig; "debtor" is Schuldner; and so forth. This obviously poses problems for an English translation of this essay; but once the point has been clearly stated, no misunderstandings need result. Nietzsche’s claims obviously do not depend on the double meaning of a German word; nor are they weakened by the fact that in English there are two different words, one derived from an Anglo-Saxon root, the other from Latin.
When we contemplate these contractual relationships, to be sure, we feel considerable suspicion and repugnance toward those men of the past who created or permitted them. This was to be expected from what we have previously noted. It was here that promises were made; it was here that a memory had to be made for those who promised; it is here, one suspects, that we shall find a great deal of severity, cruelty, and pain. To inspire trust in his promise to repay, to provide a guarantee of the seriousness and sanctity of his promise, to impress repayment as a duty, an obligation upon his own conscience, the debtor made a contract with the creditor and pledged that if he should fail to repay he would substitute something else that he “possessed, something he had control over; for example, his body, his wife, his freedom, or even his life (or, given certain religious presuppositions, even his bliss after death, the salvation of his soul, ultimately his peace in the grave: thus it was in Egypt, where the debtor’s corpse found no peace from the creditor even in the grave—and among the Egyptians such peace meant a great deal). Above all, however, the creditor could inflict every kind of indignity and torture upon the body of the debtor; for example, cut from it as much as seemed commensurate with the size of the debt—and everywhere and from early times one had exact evaluations, legal evaluations, of the individual limbs and parts of the body from this point of view, some of them going into horrible and minute detail. I consider it as an advance, as evidence of a freer, more generous, more Roman conception of law when the Twelve Tables of Rome decreed it a matter of indifference how much or how little the creditor cut off in such cases: "si plus minusve secuerunt, ne fraude esto."  

Let us be clear as to the logic of this form of compensation: it is strange enough. An equivalence is provided by the creditor’s receiving, in place of a literal compensation for an injury (thus in place of money, land, possessions of any kind), a recompense in the

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1 If they have secured more or less, let that be no crime.
form of a kind of pleasure—the pleasure of being allowed to vent his power freely upon one who is powerless, the voluptuous pleasure "*de faire le mal pour le plaisir de le faire,*" 2 the enjoyment of violation. This enjoyment will be the greater the lower the creditor stands in the social order, and can easily appear to him as a most delicious morsel, indeed as a foretaste of higher rank. In "*punishing*" the debtor, the creditor participates in a *right of the masters*: at last he, too, may experience for once the exalted sensation of being allowed to despise and mistreat someone as "beneath him"—or at least, if the actual power and administration of punishment has already passed to the "authorities," to *see* him despised and mistreated. The compensation, then, consists in a warrant for and title to cruelty.—

6

It was in *this* sphere then, the sphere of legal obligations, that the moral conceptual world of "guilt," "conscience," "duty," "sacredness of duty" had its origin: its beginnings were, like the beginnings of everything great on earth, soaked in blood thoroughly and for a long time. And might one not add that, fundamentally, this world has never since lost a certain odor of blood and torture? (Not even in good old Kant: the categorical imperative smells of cruelty.) It was here, too, that that uncanny intertwining of the ideas "guilt and suffering" was first effected—and by now they may well be inseparable. To ask it again: to what extent can suffering balance debts or guilt? 8 To the extent that to *make* suffer was in the highest degree pleasurable, to the extent that the injured party exchanged for the loss he had sustained, including the displeasure caused by the loss, an extraordinary counterbalancing pleasure: that of *making* suffer—a genuine *festival,* something which, as aforesaid, was prized the more highly the more violently it contrasted with the rank and social standing of the creditor. This is offered only as a conjecture; for the depths of such subterranean things are difficult to fathom, besides being painful; and whoever clumsily interposes

2 Of doing evil for the pleasure of doing it.
*Debts or guilt": "Schulden"
the concept of "revenge" does not enhance his insight into the matter but further veils and darkens it (—for revenge merely leads us back to the same problem: "how can making suffer constitute a compensation?").

It seems to me that the delicacy and even more the tartuffery of tame domestic animals (which is to say modern men, which is to say us) resists a really vivid comprehension of the degree to which cruelty constituted the great festival pleasure of more primitive men and was indeed an ingredient of almost every one of their pleasures; and how naively, how innocently their thirst for cruelty manifested itself, how, as a matter of principle, they posited "disinterested malice" (or, in Spinoza's words, *sympathia malevolentia*) as a normal quality of man—and thus as something to which the conscience cordially says *Yes!* A more profound eye might perceive enough of this oldest and most fundamental festival pleasure of man even in our time; in *Beyond Good and Evil*, section 229 (and earlier in *The Dawn*, sections 18, 77, 113). 4 I pointed cautiously to the ever-increasing spiritualization and "deification" of cruelty which permeates the entire history of higher culture (and in a significant sense actually constitutes it). In any event, it is not long since princely weddings and public festivals of the more magnificent kind were unthinkable without executions, torturings, or perhaps an auto-da-fé, and no noble household was without creatures upon whom one could heedlessly vent one's malice and cruel jokes. (Consider, for instance, Don Quixote at the court of the Duchess. Today we read *Don Quixote* with a bitter taste in our mouths, almost with a feeling of torment, and would thus seem very strange and incomprehensible to its author and his contemporaries: they read it with the clearest conscience in the world as the most cheerful of books, they laughed themselves almost to death over plump dazwischen wirft, hat sich den Einblick eher noch verdeckt und verdunkelt, als leichter gemacht (—Rache selbst führt ja eben auf das gleiche Problem zurück: "wie kann Leidemachen eine Genußwulst sein?").

Es widersteht, wie mir scheint, der Delikatesse, noch mehr der Tartüfferei zahmer Haushalt (will sagen moderner Menschen, will sagen uns), es sich in aller Kraft vorstellig zu machen, bis zu welchem Grade die Grausamkeit die grosse Festfreude der älteren Menschheit ausmachte, ja als Ingredienz fast jeder ihrer Freuden zugemischt ist; wie naiv anderseits, wie unschuldig ihr Bedürfniss nach Grausamkeit auftritt, wie grundsätzlich gerade die „uninteressirte Bosheit“ (oder, mit Spinoza zu reden, die *sympathia malevolentia*) von ihr als *normale* Eigenschaft des Menschen angesehen wird—; somit als Etwas, zu dem das Gewissen herzhafte Ja sagt! Für ein tieferes Auge wäre vielleicht auch jetzt noch genug von dieser ältesten und gründlichsten Festfreude des Menschen wahrzunehmen; in „Jenseits von Gut und Böse“ S. 117 ff. (früher schon in der „Morgenröthe“ S. 17, 68, 102) habe ich mit vorsichtigem Finger auf die immer wachsende Vergünstigung und „Vergöttlichung“ der Grausamkeit hingewiesen, welche sich durch die ganze Geschichte der höheren Cultur hindurchzieht (und, in einem bedeutenden Sinne genommen, sie sogar ausmacht). Jedenfalls ist es noch nicht zu lange her, dass man sich fürstliche Hochzeiten und Volksfeste grössten Stils ohne Hinrichtungen, Folterungen oder etwa ein Autodafé nicht zu denken wusste, insgleichen keinen vornehmen Haushalt ohne Wesen, an denen man unbedenklich seine Bosheit und grausame Neckerei auslassen konnte (—man erinnere sich etwa Don Quijotes am Hofe der Herzogin: wir lesen heute den ganzen Don Quixote mit einem bittern Geschmack auf der Zunge, fast mit einer Tortur und würden damit seinem Urheber und dessen Zeitgenossen sehr fremd, sehr dunkel sein, — sie lasen ihn mit allerbestem Gewissen als das heiterste der Bücher, sie lachten sich an ihm fast zu Tod).

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4 Nietzsche, as usual, furnishes a page reference to the first edition—in this instance, pp. 117ff., which would take us to the middle of section 194, and the following section(s); and German editors, down to Karl Schlechta, give the equivalent page reference. But 117 is plainly a misprint for 177, which takes us to section 229—beyond a doubt, the passage Nietzsche means.

5 Section 18 is included in the present volume; section 113 is quoted and analyzed in Kaufmann's *Nietzsche*, Chapter 6, section II. Both repay reading in connection with the passage above, to avoid misunderstanding.
it). To see others suffer does one good, to make others suffer even more: this is a hard saying but an ancient, mighty, human, all-too-human principle to which even the apes might subscribe; for it has been said that in devising bizarre cruelties they anticipate man and are, as it were, his "proleude." Without cruelty there is no festival: thus the longest and most ancient part of human history teaches—and in punishment there is so much that is festive!—

7

With this idea, by the way, I am by no means concerned to furnish our pessimists with more grist for their discordant and creaking mills of life-satiety. On the contrary, let me declare expressly that in the days when mankind was not yet ashamed of its cruelty, life on earth was more cheerful than it is now that pessimists exist. The darkening of the sky above mankind has deepened in step with the increase in man's feeling of shame at man. The weary pessimistic glance, mistrust of the riddle of life, the icy No of disgust with life—these do not characterize the most evil epochs of the human race: rather do they first step into the light of day as the swamp weeds they are when the swamp to which they belong comes into being—\(I\) mean the morbid softening and moralization through which the animal "man" finally learns to be ashamed of all his instincts. On his way to becoming an "angel" (to employ no uglier word) man has evolved that queasy stomach and coated tongue through which not only the joy and innocence of the animal but life itself has become repugnant to him—so that he sometimes holds his nose in his own presence and, with Pope Innocent the Third, disapprovingly catalogues his own repellent aspects ("impure begetting, disgusting means of nutrition in his mother's womb, baseness of the matter out of which man evolves, hideous stink, secretion of saliva, urine, and filth").

Today, when suffering is always brought forward as the principal argument against existence, as the worst question mark, one does well to recall the ages in which the opposite opinion prevailed because men were unwilling to refrain from making suffer and saw in it an enchantment of the first order, a genuine seduction to life.

Leiden-sehn thut wohl; Leiden-machen noch wohler — das ist ein harter Satz, aber ein alter wichtiger menschlich-alzumenschlicher Hauptzusatz, den übrigens vielleicht auch schon die Affen unterschreiben würden: denn man erzählt, dass sie im Ausdenken von bizaren Grausamkeiten den Menschen bereits reichlich ankündigen und gleichsam "vorspieelen". Ohne Grausamkeit kein Fest: so lehrt es die älteste, längste Geschichte des Menschen — und auch an der Strafe ist so viel Festliches! —

Mit diesen Gedanken, nebenbei gesagt, bin ich durchaus nicht Willens, unsren Pessimisten zu neuem Wasser auf ihre misstrünen und knarrenden Mühlen des Lebensüberdrusses zu verhelfen; im Gegenenteil soll ausdrücklich bezeugt sein, dass damals, als die Menschheit sich ihrer Grausamkeit noch nicht schämte, das Leben heller auf Erden war als jetzt, wo es Pessimisten gies. Die Verdüsterung des Himmels über dem Menschen hat immer im Verhältnis dazu überhand genommen, als die Scham des Menschen vor dem Menschen gewachsen ist. Der müde pessimistische Blick, das Misstrauen zum Räthsel des Lebens, das einige Nein des Ekels am Leben — das sind nicht die Abzeichen der bösensten Zeitalter des Menschenge schlechts: sie treten vielmehr erst an das Tageslicht, als die Sumpfpflänzen, die sie sind, wenn der Sumpf da ist, zu dem sie gehören, — ich meine die krankhafte Verzerrtheit und Ver moralisierung, vermöge deren das Gethier "Mensch" sich schliess lich aller seiner Instinkte schämten lernt. Auf dem Wege zum "Engel" (um hier nicht ein härteres Wort zu gebrauchen) hat sich der Mensch jenen verdorbenen Magen und jene belegte Zunge angezüchtet, durch die ihm nicht nur die Freude und Unschuld des Thiers widerlich, sondern das Leben selbst unschmackhaft geworden ist: — so dass er mitunter vor sich selbst mit zugehaltener Nase dasteht und mit Papst Innocenz dem Dritten missbilligend den Katalog seiner Widerwärtigkeiten macht ("une reine Erzeugung, ekelhafte Ernährung im Mutterleibe, Schel tigkeit des Stoffes, aus dem der Mensch sich entwickelt, schein licher Gestank, Absonderung von Speichel, Urin und Koth").

Jetzt, wo das Leiden immer als erstes unter den Argumenten gegen das Dasein aufmarschieren muss, als dessen schlimmstes Fragezeichen, thut man gut, sich der Zeiten zu erinnern, wo man umgekehrt urteilte, weil man das Leiden-machen nicht entbehren mochte und in ihm einen Zauber ersten Ranges, einen eigentlichen Verführungs-Köder zum Leben sah. Viel-
Perhaps in those days—the delicate may be comforted by this thought—pain did not hurt as much as it does now; at least that is the conclusion a doctor may arrive at who has treated Negroes (taken as representatives of prehistoric man)—for severe internal inflammations that would drive even the best constituted European to distraction—in the case of Negroes they do not do so. (The curve of human susceptibility to pain seems in fact to take an extraordinary and almost sudden drop as soon as one has passed the upper ten thousand or ten million of the top stratum of culture; and for my own part, I have no doubt that the combined suffering of all the animals ever subjected to the knife for scientific ends is utterly negligible compared with one painful night of a single hysterical bluestocking.) Perhaps the possibility may even be allowed that this joy in cruelty does not really have to have died out: if pain hurts more today, it simply requires a certain sublimation and subtilization, that is to say it has to appear translated into the imaginative and psychical and adorned with such innocent names that even the tenderest and most hypocritical conscience is not suspicious of them ("tragic pity" is one such name; "les nostalgies de la croix" is another).

What really arouses indignation against suffering is not suffering as such but the senselessness of suffering: but neither for the Christian, who has interpreted a whole mysterious machinery of salvation into suffering, nor for the naïve man of more ancient times, who understood all suffering in relation to the spectator of it or the cause of it, was there any such thing as senseless suffering. So as to abolish hidden, undetected, unwatched suffering from the world and honestly to deny it, one was in the past virtually compelled to invent gods and genius of all heights and depths, in short something that roams even in secret, hidden places, seen even in the dark, and will not easily let an interesting painful spectacle pass unnoticed. For it was with the aid of such inventions that life then knew how to work the trick which it has always known how to work, that of justifying itself, of justifying its "evil." Nowadays it might require other auxiliary inventions (for example, life as a

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6 The nostalgia of the cross.
riddle, life as an epistemological problem). "Every evil the sight of which edifies a god is justified": thus spoke the primitive logic of feeling—and was it, indeed, only primitive? The gods conceived of as the friends of cruel spectacles—oh how profoundly this ancient idea still permeates our European humanity! Merely consult Calvin and Luther. It is certain, at any rate, that the Greeks still knew of no tastier spice to offer their gods to season their happiness than the pleasures of cruelty. With what eyes do you think Homer made his gods look down upon the destinies of men? What was at bottom the ultimate meaning of Trojan Wars and other such tragic terrors? There can be no doubt whatever: they were intended as festival plays for the gods; and, insofar as the poet is in these matters of a more "godlike" disposition than other men, no doubt also as festival plays for the poets.

It was in the same way that the moral philosophers of Greece later imagined the eyes of God looking down upon the moral struggle, upon the heroism and self-sacrifice of the virtuous: the "Hera-kses of duty" was on a stage and knew himself to be; virtue without a witness was something unthinkable for this nation of actors. Surely, that philosophers' invention, so bold and so fateful, which was then first devised for Europe, the invention of "free will," of the absolute spontaneity of man in good and in evil, was devised above all to furnish a right to the idea that the interest of the gods in man, in human virtue, could *never* be exhausted. There must, never be any lack of real novelty, of really unprecedented tensions, complications, and catastrophes on the stage of the earth: the course of a completely deterministic world would have been predictable for the gods and they would have quickly grown weary of it—reason enough for those *friends of the gods*, the philosophers, not to inflict such a deterministic world on their gods! The entire mankind of antiquity is full of tender regard for "the spectator," as an essentially public, essentially visible world which cannot imagine happiness apart from spectacles and festivals.— And, as aforesaid, even in great *punishment* there is so much that is festive!


Nicht anders dachten sich später die Moral-Philosophen Griechenlands die Augen Gottes noch auf das moralische Ringen, auf den Heroismus und die Selbstverkündigung der Tugendsamen herabblicken: der "Herales der Pilger" war auf einer Bühne, er wusste sich auch darauf; die Tugend ohne Zeugen war für dieses Schauspieler-Volk etwas ganz Untenliebbares. Sollte nicht jene so verwegene, so verhängnisvolle Philosophen-Entdeckung, welche damals zuerst für Europa gemacht wurde, die vom "freien Willen", von der absoluten Spontaneität des Menschen im Gut-ten und im Bösen, nicht vor Allem gemacht sein, um sich ein Recht zu der Vorstellung zu schaffen, dass das Interesse der Götter am Menschen, an der menschlichen Tugend sich nie er= schöpfen könne? Auf dieser Erden-Bühne sollte es niemals an wirklich Neuem, an wirklich unerhörtten Spannungen, Verwicklungen, Katastrophen gebreden: eine vollkommen deterministisch gedachte Welt würde für Götter errathbar und folglich in Kürze auch ermutend gewesen sein. — Grund genug für diese Freunde der Götter, die Philosophen, ihren Göttern eine solche deterministische Welt nicht zuzumuthen! Die ganze antike Menschheit ist voll von zarten Rücksichten auf den Zuschauer, als eine wesentlich öffentliche, wesentlich augenfällige Welt, die sich das Glück nicht ohne Schauspiele und Feste zu denken wusste. — Und, wie schon gesagt, auch an der grossen Strafe ist so viel Festliches...
8.

To return to our investigation: the feeling of guilt, of personal obligation, had its origin, as we saw, in the oldest and most primitive personal relationship, that between buyer and seller, creditor and debtor: it was here that one person first encountered another person, that one person first measured himself against another. No grade of civilization, however low, has yet been discovered in which something of this relationship has not been noticeable. Setting prices, determining values, contriving equivalences, exchanging—these preoccupied the earliest thinking of man to so great an extent that in a certain sense they constitute thinking as such: here it was that the oldest kind of astuteness developed; here likewise, we may suppose, did human pride, the feeling of superiority in relation to other animals, have its first beginnings. Perhaps our word “man” (manas) still expresses something of precisely this feeling of self-satisfaction: man designated himself as the creature that measures values, evaluates and measures, as the “valuating animal as such.”

Buying and selling, together with their psychological appurtenances, are older even than the beginnings of any kind of social forms of organization and alliances: it was rather out of the most rudimentary form of personal legal rights that the budding sense of exchange, contract, guilt, right, obligation, settlement, first transferred itself to the coarsest and most elementary social complexes (in their relations with other similar complexes), together with the custom of comparing, measuring, and calculating power against power. The eye was now focused on this perspective; and with that blunt consistency characteristic of the thinking of primitive mankind, which is hard to set in motion but then proceeds inexorably in the same direction, one forthwith arrived at the great generalization, “everything has its price; all things can be paid for”—the oldest and naivest moral canon of justice, the beginning of all “good-naturedness,” all “fairness,” all “good will,” all “objectivity” on earth. Justice on this elementary level is the good will among parties of approximately equal power to come to terms with...
one another, to reach an “understanding” by means of a settlement—and to compel parties of lesser power to reach a settlement among themselves.

Still retaining the criteria of prehistory (this prehistory is in any case present in all ages or may always reappear): the community, too, stands to its members in that same vital basic relation, that of the creditor to his debtors. One lives in a community, one enjoys the advantages of a communality (oh what advantages! we sometimes underrate them today!), one dwells protected, cared for, in peace and trustfulness, without fear of certain injuries and hostile acts to which the man outside, the “man without peace,” is exposed—a German will understand the original connotations of Elend—since one has bound and pledged oneself to the community precisely with a view to injuries and hostile acts. What will happen if this pledge is broken? The community, the disappointed creditor, will get what repayment it can, one may depend on that. The direct harm caused by the culprit is here a minor matter; quite apart from this, the lawbreaker is above all a “breaker,” a breaker of his contract and his word with the whole in respect to all the benefits and comforts of communal life of which he has hitherto had a share. The lawbreaker is a debtor who has not merely failed to make good the advantages and advance payments bestowed upon him but has actually attacked his creditor: therefore he is not only deprived henceforth of all these advantages and benefits, as is fair—he is also reminded what these benefits are really worth. The wrath of the disappointed creditor, the community, throws him back again into the savage and outlaw state against which he has hitherto been protected: it thrusts him away—and now every kind of hostility may be vented upon him. “Punishment!” at this level of civilization is simply a copy, a mimus, of the normal attitude toward a hated, disarmed, prostrated enemy, who has lost not only every right and protection, but all hope of quarter as well; it is thus

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1 A prophetic parenthesis.  
2 Misery. Originally, exile.
the rights of war and the victory celebration of the vae victis! in all their mercilessness and cruelty—which explains why it is that war itself (including the warlike sacrificial cult) has provided all the forms that punishment has assumed throughout history.

As its power increases, a community ceases to take the individual's transgressions so seriously, because they can no longer be considered as dangerous and destructive to the whole as they were formerly: the malefactor is no longer "set beyond the pale of peace" and thrust out; universal anger may not be vented upon him as unrestrainedly as before—on the contrary, the whole from now on carefully defends the malefactor against this anger, especially that of those he has directly harmed, and takes him under its protection. A compromise with the anger of those directly injured by the criminal; an effort to localize the affair and to prevent it from causing any further, let alone a general, disturbance; attempts to discover equivalents and to settle the whole matter (compositio); above all, the increasingly definite will to treat every crime as in some sense dischargeable, and thus at least to a certain extent to isolate the criminal and his deed from one another—these traits become more and more clearly visible as the penal law evolves. As the power and self-confidence of a community increase, the penal law always becomes more moderate; every weakening or imperilling of the former brings with it a restoration of the harsher forms of the latter. The "creditor" always becomes more humane to the extent that he has grown richer; finally, how much injury he can endure without suffering from it becomes the actual measure of his wealth. It is not unthinkable that a society might attain such a consciousness of power that it could allow itself the noblest luxury possible to it—letting those who harm it go unpunished. "What are my parasites to me?" it might say. "May they live and prosper: I am strong enough for that!"

The justice which began with, "everything is dischargeable,

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8 Woe to the losers!
everything must be discharged," ends by winking and letting those incapable of discharging their debt go free: it ends, as does every good thing on earth, by overcoming itself. This self-overcoming of justice: one knows the beautiful name it has given itself—mercy; it goes without saying that mercy remains the privilege of the most powerful man, or better, his—beyond the law.  

II.

Here a word in repudiation of attempts that have lately been made to seek the origin of justice in quite a different sphere—namely in that of ressentiment. To the psychologists first of all, presuming they would like to study ressentiment close up for once, I would say: this plant blooms best today among anarchists and anti-Semites—where it has always bloomed, in hidden places, like the violet, though with a different odor. And as like must always produce like, it causes us no surprise to see a repetition in such circles of attempts often made before—see above, section 14—to sanctify

1 Sich selbst aufhebend. And in the next sentence Selbstaufhebung has been translated as self-overcoming. Similarly, aufgeheben in the middle of section 13, below, and aufgehoben in section 8 of the third essay have been rendered “overcome.” See also III, section 27, with note. Aufheben is a very troublesome word, though common in ordinary German. Literally, it means “pick up”; but it has two derivative meanings that are no less common: “cancel” and “preserve” or “keep.” Something picked up is no longer there, but the point of picking it up may be to keep it. Hegel made much of this term; his use of it is explained and discussed in Walter Kaufmann, Hegel (Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday, 1965; Garden City, N.Y., Doubleday Anchor Books, 1966), section 34—and a comparison of Hegel and Nietzsche on this point may be found in Kaufmann’s Nietzsche, Chapter 8, section II.  

2 The theme sounded here is one of the central motifs of Nietzsche’s philosophy. Cf. *Dawn*, section 202: “... Let us eliminate the concept of sin from the world—and let us soon dispatch the concept of punishment after it! May these exiled monsters live somewhere else henceforth and not among men—if they insist on living and will not perish of disgust with themselves! ... Shouldn’t we be mature enough yet for the opposite view? Shouldn’t we be able to say Yet every ‘guilty’ person is sick?—No, the hour for that has not yet come. As yet the physicians are lacking above all ... As yet no thinker has had the courage of measuring the health of a society and of individuals according to how many parasites they can stand ...” (See *The Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 85–88.) Cf. also *Zarathustra* II, “On the Tarantulas”: “That man be delivered from revenge, that is for me the bridge to the highest hope ...” (ibid., p. 211). Many other pertinent passages are cited in Kaufmann, Nietzsche, Chapter 12, sections II and V.

Zweite Abhandl.: „Schuld“, „schlechtes Gewissen“, Verwandtes 9—11 309

Alles muss abgezählt werden”, endet damit, durch die Finger zu sehn und den Zahlenunfähigen laufen zu lassen, — sie endet wie jedes gute Ding auf Erden, sich selbst aufhebend. Diese Selbstaufhebung der Gerechtigkeit: man weiß, mit welch schönem Namen sie sich nennt — Gnade; sie bleibt, wie sich von selbst versteht, das Vorrecht des Mächtigsten, besser noch, sein Jenseits des Rechts.

II.

— Hier ein ablehnendes Wort gegen neuerdings hervorgetretene Versuche, den Ursprung der Gerechtigkeit auf einem ganz andern Boden zu suchen, — nämlich auf dem des Ressentiments. Den Psychologen voran in’s Ohr gesagt, gesetzt dass sie Lust haben sollten, das Ressentiment selbst einmal aus der Nähe zu studieren: diese Pflanzen blüht jetzt am schönsten unter Anarchisten und Antisemiten, übrigens so wie sie immer geblüht hat, im Verborgnen, dem Weilchen gleich, wenn schon mit andern Duft. Und wie aus Gleichem nothwendig immer Gleiches hervorgehöll muss, so wird es nicht überraschen, gerade wieder aus solchen Kreisen Versuche hervorgehen zu sehn, wie sie schon öfter dagewesen sind — vergleiche oben Seite 30 —; die
revenge\(^1\) under the name of justice\(^2\)—as if justice were at bottom merely a further development of the feeling of being aggrieved—and to rehabilitate not only revenge but all reactive affects in general. To the latter as such I would be the last to raise any objection: in respect to the entire biological problem (in relation to which the value of these affects has hitherto been underrated) it even seems to me to constitute a service. All I draw attention to is the circumstance that it is the spirit of resentment itself out of which this new nuance of scientific fairness (for the benefit of hatred, envy, jealousy, mistrust, rancor, and revenge) proceeds. For this “scientific fairness” immediately ceases and gives way to accents of deadly enmity and prejudice once it is a question of dealing with another group of affects, affects that, it seems to me, are of even greater biological value than those reactive affects and consequently deserve even more to be scientifically evaluated and esteemed: namely, the truly active affects, such as lust for power, avarice, and the like. (E. Dühring: The Value of Life; A Course in Philosophy; and, fundamentally, passim.)

So much against this tendency in general: as for Dühring’s specific proposition that the home of justice is to be sought in the sphere of the reactive feelings, one is obliged for truth’s sake to counter it with a blunt antithesis: the last sphere to be conquered by the spirit of justice is the sphere of the reactive feelings! When it really happens that the just man remains just even toward those who have harmed him (and not merely cold, temperate, remote, indifferent: being just is always a positive attitude), when the exalted, clear objectivity, as penetrating as it is mild, of the eye of justice and judging is not dimmed even under the assault of personal injury, derision, and calumny, this is a piece of perfection and supreme mastery on earth—something it would be prudent not to expect or to believe in too readily. On the average, a small dose

\(^1\) Rache.

\(^2\) Gerechtigkeit.

\(^3\) Eugen Dühring (1833–1901), a prolific German philosopher and political economist, was among other things an impassioned patriot and anti-Semite and hated the cosmopolitan Goethe and the Greeks. He is remembered chiefly as the butt of polemical works by Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels and of scattered hostile remarks in Nietzsche’s writings.
of aggression, malice, or insinuation certainly suffices to drive the blood into the eyes—and fairness out of the eyes—of even the most upright people. The active, aggressive, arrogant man is still a hundred steps closer to justice than the reactive man; for he has absolutely no need to take a false and prejudiced view of the object before him in the way the reactive man does and is bound to do. For that reason the aggressive man, as the stronger, nobler, more courageous, has in fact also had at all times a freer eye, a better conscience on his side: conversely, one can see who has the invention of the "bad conscience" on his conscience—the man of ressentiment!

Finally, one only has to look at history: in which sphere has the entire administration of law⁴ hitherto been at home—also the need for law? In the sphere of reactive men, perhaps? By no means: rather in that of the active, strong, spontaneous, aggressive. From a historical point of view, law represents on earth—let it be said to the dismay of the above-named agitator (who himself once confessed: "the doctrine of revenge is the red thread of justice that runs through all my work and efforts")—the struggle against the reactive feelings, the war conducted against them on the part of the active and aggressive powers who employed some of their strength to impose measure and bounds upon the excesses of the reactive pathos and to compel it to come to terms. Wherever justice is practiced and maintained one sees a stronger power seeking a means of putting an end to the senseless raging of ressentiment among the weaker powers that stand under it (whether they be groups or individuals)—partly by taking the object of ressentiment out of the hands of revenge, partly by substituting for revenge the struggle against the enemies of peace and order, partly by devising and in some cases imposing settlements, partly by elevating certain equivalents for injuries into norms to which from then on ressentiment is once and for all directed. The most decisive act, however, that the supreme power performs and accomplishes against the predominance of grudges and rancor—it always takes this action as soon as it is in any way strong enough to do so—is the institution of law,⁵ the imperative declaration of what in general counts as permitted.

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⁴ Recht.
⁵ Gesetz.
as just,\(^6\) in its eyes, and what counts as forbidden, as unjust:\(^7\) once it has instituted the law, it treats violence and capricious acts on the part of individuals or entire groups as offenses against the law, as rebellion against the supreme power itself, and thus the feelings of its subjects away from the direct injury caused by such offenses; and in the long run it thus attains the reverse of that which is desired by all revenge that is fastened exclusively to the viewpoint of the person injured: from now on the eye is trained to an ever more impersonal evaluation of the deed, and this applies even to the eye of the injured person himself (although last of all, as remarked above).

"Just" and "unjust" exist, accordingly, only after the institution of the law (and not, as Dühring would have it, after the perpetration of the injury). To speak of just or unjust \emph{in itself} is quite senseless; \emph{in itself}, of course, no injury, assault, exploitation, destruction can be "unjust," since life operates \emph{essentially}, that is in its basic functions, through injury, assault, exploitation, destruction and simply cannot be thought of at all without this character. One must indeed grant something even more unpalatable: that, from the highest biological standpoint, legal conditions can never be other than \emph{exceptional conditions}, since they constitute a partial restriction of the will of life, which is bent upon power, and are subordinate to its total goal as a single means: namely, as a means of creating \emph{greater} units of power. A legal order thought of as sovereign and universal, not as a means in the struggle between power-complexes but as a means of \emph{preventing} all struggle in general—perhaps after the communistic cliché of Dühring, that every will must consider every other will its equal—would be a principle \emph{hostile to life}, an agent of the dissolution and destruction of man, an attempt to assassinate the future of man, a sign of weariness, a secret path to nothingness.—

Yet a word on the origin and the purpose of punishment—two problems that are separate, or ought to be separate: unfortunately,

\(^{6}\) Recht.
\(^{7}\) Unrecht.
they are usually confused. How have previous genealogists of morals set about solving these problems? Naively, as has always been their way: they seek out some "purpose" in punishment, for example, revenge or deterrence, then guiltlessly place this purpose at the beginning as \textit{causa fiendi} of punishment, and—have done. The "purpose of law," however, is absolutely the last thing to employ in the history of the origin of law: on the contrary, there is for historiography of any kind no more important proposition than the one it took such effort to establish but which really \textit{ought to be} established now: the cause of the origin of a thing and its eventual utility, its actual employment and place in a system of purposes, lie worlds apart; whatever exists, having somehow come into being, is again and again reinterpreted to new ends, taken over, transformed, and redirected by some power superior to it; all events in the organic world are a subduing, a \textit{becoming master}, and all subduing and becoming master involves a fresh interpretation, an adaptation through which any previous "meaning" and "purpose" are necessarily obscured or even obliterated. However well one has understood the \textit{utility} of any physiological organ (or of a legal institution, a social custom, a political usage, a form in art or in a religious cult), this means nothing regarding its origin: however uncomfortable and disagreeable this may sound to older ears—for one had always believed that to understand the demonstrable purpose, the utility of a thing, a form, or an institution, was also to understand the reason why it originated—the eye being made for seeing, the hand being made for grasping.

Thus one also imagined that punishment was devised for punishing. But purposes and utilities are only \textit{signs} that a will to power has become master of something less powerful and imposed upon it the character of a function; and the entire history of a "thing," an organ, a custom can in this way be a continuous sign-chain of ever new interpretations and adaptations whose causes do not even have to be related to one another but, on the contrary, in some cases succeed and alternate with one another in a purely chance fashion. The "evolution" of a thing, a custom, an organ is thus by no means its \textit{progressus} toward a goal, even less a logical \textit{progressus} by the

\footnotetext{\textsuperscript{1}} The cause of the origin.
shortest route and with the smallest expenditure of force—but a succession of more or less profound, more or less mutually independent processes of subduing, plus the resistances they encounter, the attempts at transformation for the purpose of defense and reaction, and the results of successful counteractions. The form is fluid, but the “meaning” is even more so.

The case is the same even within each individual organism: with every real growth in the whole, the “meaning” of the individual organs also changes; in certain circumstances their partial destruction, a reduction in their numbers (for example, through the disappearance of intermediary members) can be a sign of increasing strength and perfection. It is not too much to say that even a partial diminution of utility, an atrophying and degeneration, a loss of meaning and purposiveness—in short, death—is among the conditions of an actual progressus, which always appears in the shape of a will and way to greater power and is always carried through at the expense of numerous smaller powers. The magnitude of an “advance” can even be measured by the mass of things that had to be sacrificed to it; mankind in the mass sacrificed to the prosperity of a single stronger species of man—that would be an advance.

I emphasize this major point of historical method all the more because it is in fundamental opposition to the now prevalent instinct and taste which would rather be reconciled even to the absolute fortuitousness, even the mechanistic senselessness of all events than to the theory that in all events a will to power is operating. The democratic idiosyncrasy which opposes everything that dominates and wants to dominate, the modern misarchism² (to coin an ugly word for an ugly thing) has permeated the realm of the spirit and disguised itself in the most spiritual forms to such a degree that today it has forced its way, has acquired the right to force its way into the strictest, apparently most objective sciences; indeed, it seems to me to have already taken charge of all physiology and theory of life—to the detriment of life, as goes without saying, since it has robbed it of a fundamental concept, that of activity.

Under the influence of the above-mentioned idiosyncracy, one

² Hatred of rule or government.
places instead “adaptation” in the foreground, that is to say, an activity of the second rank, a mere reactivity; indeed, life itself has been defined as a more and more efficient inner adaptation to external conditions (Herbert Spencer\(^8\)). Thus the essence of life, its will to power, is ignored; one overlooks the essential priority of the spontaneous, aggressive, expansive, form-giving forces that give new interpretations and directions, although “adaptation” follows only after this; the dominant role of the highest functionaries within the organism itself in which the will to life appears active and form-giving is denied. One should recall what Huxley\(^4\) reproached Spencer with—his “administrative nihilism”: but it is a question of rather more than mere “administration.”

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To return to our subject, namely punishment, one must distinguish two aspects: on the one hand, in that it is relatively enduring, the custom, the act, the “drama,” a certain strict sequence of procedures; on the other, in that it is which fluid, the meaning, the purpose, the expectation associated with the performance of such procedures. In accordance with the previously developed major point of historical method, it is assumed without further ado that the procedure itself will be something older, earlier than its employment in punishment, that the latter is projected and interpreted into the procedure (which has long existed but been employed in another sense), in short, that the case is not as has hitherto been assumed by our naïve genealogists of law and morals, who have one and all thought of the procedure as invented for the purpose of punishing, just as one formerly thought of the hand as invented for the purpose of grasping.

As for the other element in punishment, the fluid element, its

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\(^8\) On Spencer, see the note in section 3 of the first essay, above.

\(^4\) Thomas Henry Huxley (1825–95), the English biologist and writer, fought tirelessly for the acceptance of Darwinism. In 1859 he coined the word agnosticism, which Spencer took over from him. Aldous Huxley (1894–1963), the author of Brave New World (1932), and Julian Huxley (born 1937), the biologist, are T. H. Huxley’s grandsons.
"meaning," in a very late condition of culture (for example, in modern Europe) the concept "punishment" possesses in fact not one meaning but a whole synthesis of "meanings": the previous history of punishment in general, the history of its employment for the most various purposes, finally crystallizes into a kind of unity that is hard to disentangle, hard to analyze and, as must be emphasized especially, totally indefinable. (Today it is impossible to say for certain why people are really punished: all concepts in which an entire process is semiotically concentrated elude definition; only that which has no history is definable.) At an earlier stage, on the contrary, this synthesis of "meanings" can still be disentangled, as well as changed; one can still perceive how in each individual case the elements of the synthesis undergo a shift in value and rearrange themselves accordingly, so that now this, now that element comes to the fore and dominates at the expense of the others; and under certain circumstances one element (the purpose of deterrence perhaps) appears to overcome all the remaining elements.

To give at least an idea of how uncertain, how supplemental, how accidental the "meaning" of punishment is, and how one and the same procedure can be employed, interpreted, adapted to ends that differ fundamentally, I set down here the pattern that has emerged from consideration of relatively few chance instances I have noted. Punishment as a means of rendering harmless, of preventing further harm. Punishment as recompense to the injured party for the harm done, rendered in any form (even in that of a compensating effect). Punishment as the isolation of a disturbance of equilibrium, so as to guard against any further spread of the disturbance. Punishment as a means of inspiring fear of those who determine and execute the punishment. Punishment as a kind of repayment for the advantages the criminal has enjoyed hitherto (for example, when he is employed as a slave in the mines). Punishment as the expulsion of a degenerate element (in some cases, of an entire branch, as in Chinese law: thus as a means of preserving the purity of a race or maintaining a social type). Punishment as a festival, namely as the rape and mockery of a finally defeated enemy. Punishment as the making of a memory, whether for him

\[\text{A superb epigram that expresses a profound insight. Cf. The Wanderer and His Shadow, section 33, included in the present volume, p. 179.}\]
who suffers the punishment—so-called "improvement"—or for those who witness its execution. Punishment as payment of a fee stipulated by the power that protects the wrongdoer from the excesses of revenge. Punishment as a compromise with revenge in its natural state when the latter is still maintained and claimed as a privilege by powerful clans. Punishment as a declaration of war and a war measure against an enemy of peace, of the law, of order, of the authorities, whom, as a danger to the community, as one who has broken the contract that defines the conditions under which it exists, as a rebel, a traitor, and breaker of the peace, one opposes with the means of war.—

This list is certainly not complete; it is clear that punishment is overdetermined 1 by utilities of all kinds. All the more reason, then, for deducing from it a supposed utility that, to be sure, counts in the popular consciousness as the most essential one—belief in punishment, which for several reasons is tottering today, always finds its strongest support in this. Punishment is supposed to possess the value of awakening the feeling of guilt in the guilty person; one seeks in it the actual instrumentum of that psychological reaction called "bad conscience," "sting of conscience." Thus one misunderstands psychology and the reality of things even as they apply today: how much more as they applied during the greater part of man's history, his prehistory!

It is precisely among criminals and convicts that the sting of conscience is extremely rare; prisons and penitentiaries are not the kind of hotbed in which this species of gnawing worm is likely to flourish: all conscientious observers are agreed on that, in many cases unwillingly enough and contrary to their own inclinations. Generally speaking, punishment makes men hard and cold; it concentrates; it sharpens the feeling of alienation; it strengthens the power of resistance. If it happens that punishment destroys the vital energy and brings about a miserable prostration; and self-abasement, such a result is certainly even less pleasant than the

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1 Überladen.
usual effects of punishment—characterized by dry and gloomy seriousness.

If we consider those millennia before the history of man, we may unhesitatingly assert that it was precisely through punishment that the development of the feeling of guilt was most powerfully hindered—at least in the victims upon whom the punitive force was vented. For we must not underrate the extent to which the sight of the judicial and executive procedures prevents the criminal from considering his deed; the type of his action as such, reprehensible: for he sees exactly the same kind of actions practiced in the service of justice and approved of and practiced with a good conscience: spying, deception, bribery, setting traps, the whole cunning and underhand art of police and prosecution, plus robbery, violence, defamation, imprisonment, torture, murder, practiced as a matter of principle and without even emotion to excuse them, which are pronounced characteristics of the various forms of punishment—all of them therefore actions which his judges in no way condemn and repudiate as such, but only when they are applied and directed to certain particular ends.

The "bad conscience," this most uncanny and most interesting plant of all our earthly vegetation, did not grow on this soil; indeed, during the greater part of the past the judges and punishers themselves were not at all conscious of dealing with a "guilty person." But with an instigator of harm, with an irresponsible piece of fate. And the person upon whom punishment subsequently descended, again like a piece of fate, suffered no "inward pain" other than that induced by the sudden appearance of something unforeseen, a dreadful natural event, a plunging, crushing rock that one cannot fight.

This fact once came insidiously into the mind of Spinoza (to the vexation of his interpreters, Kuno Fischer, for example, who

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1 Kuno Fischer (1824–1907), professor at Heidelberg, made a great reputation with a ten-volume history of modern philosophy that consists of imposing monographs on selected modern philosophers. One of the volumes is devoted to Spinoza.
make a real effort to misunderstand him on this point), when one afternoon, teased by who knows what recollection, he mused on the question of what really remained to him of the famous morsus conscientiae— he who had banished good and evil to the realm of human imagination and had wrathfully defended the honor of his “free” God against those blasphemers who asserted that God effected all things sub ratione boni (“but that would mean making God subject to fate and would surely be the greatest of all absurdities”). The world, for Spinoza, had returned to that state of innocence in which it had lain before the invention of the bad conscience: what then had become of the morsus conscientiae?

“The opposite of gaudium,” he finally said to himself— “a sadness accompanied by the recollection of a past event that flouted all of our expectations.” Eth. III, propositus XVIII, schol. I. II. Mischief-makers overtaken by punishments have for thousands of years felt in respect of their “transgressions” just as Spinoza did: “here something has unexpectedly gone wrong,” not: “I ought not to have done that.” They submitted to punishment as one submits to an illness or to a misfortune or to death, with that stout-hearted fatalism without rebellion through which the Russians, for example, still have an advantage over us Westerners in dealing with life.

If there existed any criticism of the deed in those days, it was prudence that criticized the deed: the actual effect of punishment must beyond question be sought above all in a heightening of prudence, in an extending of the memory, in a will henceforth to go to work more cautiously, mistrustfully, secretly, in the insight that one is definitely too weak for many things, in a kind of improvement in self-criticism. That which can in general be attained through punishment, in men and in animals, is an increase of fear, a heightening of prudence, mastery of the desires: thus punishment tames men, but it does not make them “better”— one might with more justice assert the opposite. (“Injury makes one prudent,” says the proverb: insofar as it makes one prudent it also makes one bad. Fortunately, it frequently makes people stupid.)

2 Sting of conscience.
3 For a good reason.
4 Joy.

Zur Genealogie der Moral

lich darum bemühten, ihn an dieser Stelle misszuverstehn, zum Beispiel Kuno Fischer), als er eines Nachmittags, wer weiss, an was für einer Einnehmung sich reihend, der Frage nachihngen, was eigentlich für ihn selbst von dem berühmten morsus conscientiae übrig geblieben sei — er, der Gut und Böse unter die menschlichen Einbildungen verwiesen und mit Ingem mitt die Ehre seines „freien“ Gottes gegen jene Lästerer vertheidigt hatte, deren Behauptung dahin gieng, Gott wirke Alles sub ratione boni („das aber hieße Gott dem Schicksale unterwerfen und wäre fürwahr die grösste aller Ungereimtheiten“ —).

Die Welt war für Spinoza wieder in jene Unschuld zurückgetreten, in der sie vor der Erfindung des schlechten Gewissens dalag: was war damit aus dem morsus conscientiae geworden?

At this point I can no longer avoid giving a first, provisional statement of my own hypothesis concerning the origin of the "bad conscience": it may sound rather strange and needs to be pondered, lived with, and slept on for a long time. I regard the bad conscience as the serious illness that man was bound to contract under the stress of the most fundamental change he ever experienced—that change which occurred when he found himself finally enclosed within the walls of society and of peace. The situation that faced sea animals when they were compelled to become land animals or perish was the same as that which faced these semi-animals, well adapted to the wilderness, to war, to prowling, to adventure: suddenly all their instincts were disvalued and "suspended." From now on they had to walk on their feet and "bear themselves" whereas hitherto they had been borne by the water: a dreadful heaviness lay upon them. They felt unable to cope with the simplest undertakings; in this new world they no longer possessed their former guides, their regulating, unconscious and infallible drives: they were reduced to thinking, inferring, reckoning, co-ordinating cause and effect, these unfortunate creatures; they were reduced to their "consciousness," their weakest and most fallible organ! I believe there has never been such a feeling of misery on earth, such a leaden discomfort—and at the same time the old instincts had not suddenly ceased to make their usual demands! Only it was hardly or rarely possible to humor them: as a rule they had to seek new and, as it were, subterranean gratifications.

All instincts that do not discharge themselves outwardly 
*tum inward*—this is what I call the *internalization*\(^1\) of man: thus it was that man first developed what was later called his "soul." The entire inner world, originally as thin as if it were stretched between two membranes, expanded and extended itself, acquired depth, breadth, and height, in the same measure as outward discharge was *inhibited*. Those fearful bulwarks with which the political organiza-

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tion protected itself against the old instincts of freedom—punishments belong among these bulwarks—brought about that all those instincts of wild, free, prowling man turned backward against man himself. Hostility, cruelty, joy in persecuting, in attacking, in change, in destruction—all this turned against the possessors of such instincts: that is the origin of the “bad conscience.”

The man who, from lack of external enemies and resistances and forcibly confined to the oppressive narrowness and punctiliousness of custom, impatiently lacerated, persecuted, gnawed at, assaulted, and maltreated himself; this animal that rubbed itself raw against the bars of its cage as one tried to “tame” it; this deprived creature, racked with homesickness for the wild, who had to turn himself into an adventure, a torture chamber, an uncertain and dangerous wilderness—this fool, this yearning and desperate prisoner became the inventor of the “bad conscience.” But thus began the gravest and uncanniest illness, from which humanity has not yet recovered, man's suffering of man, of himself—the result of a forcible sundering from his animal past, as it were a leap and plunge into new surroundings and conditions of existence, a declaration of war against the old instincts upon which his strength, joy, and terribleness had rested hitherto.

Let us add at once that, on the other hand, the existence on earth of an animal soul turned against itself, taking sides against itself, was something so new, profound, unheard of, enigmatic, contradictory, and pregnant with a future that the aspect of the earth was essentially altered. Indeed, divine spectacles were needed to do justice to the spectacle that thus began and the end of which is not yet in sight—a spectacle too subtle, too marvelous, too paradoxical to be played senselessly unobserved on some ludicrous planet! From now on, man is included among the most unexpected and exciting lucky throws in the dice game of Heraclitus’ “great child,” be he called Zeus or chance; he gives rise to an interest, a tension, a hope, almost a certainty, as if with him something were announcing and preparing itself, as if man were not a goal but only a way, an episode, a bridge, a great promise.—

sation gegen die alten Instinkte der Freiheit schützte — die Strafen gehören vor Allem zu diesen Bolllwerken — brachten zu Wege, dass alle jene Instinkte des wilden freien schweifenden Menschen sich rückwärts, sich gegen den Menschen selbst wandten. Die Feindschaft, die Grausamkeit, die Lust an der Verfolgung, am Überfall, am Wechsel, an der Zerstörung — Alles das gegen die Inhaber solcher Instinkte sich wendend: das ist der Ursprung des „schlechten Gewissens”.

Mensch, der sich, aus Mangel an äusseren Feinden und Widerständen, eingewühnt in eine drückende Enge und Regelmaßigkeit der Sitte, ungeduldig selbst zerriss, verfolgte, annagte, aufstörte, misshandelte, dies an den Gitterwänden seines Käfigs sich wund stossende Thier, das man „zähmen” will, dieser Entbehrungs- und vom Heimweh der Wüste Verzehrende, der aus sich selbst ein Abenteuer, eine Folterstätte, eine unsichere und gefährliche Wildnis schaffen musste — dieser Narr, dieser sehnsüchtige und verzweifelte Gefangene wurde der Erfinder des „schlechten Gewissens”. Mit ihm aber war die grösste und unheimlichste Erkrankung eingeleitet, von welcher die Menschheit bis heute nicht genesen ist, das Leiden des Menschen am Menschen, an sich: als die Folge einer gewaltsamen Abtrennung von der thierischen Vergangenheit, eines Sprungs und Sturzes gleichsam in neue Lagen und Daseins-Bedingungen, einer Kriegserklärung gegen die alten Instinkte, auf denen bis dahin seine Kraft, Lust und Furchtbarkeit beruhte.

Fügen wir sofort hinzu, dass andererseits mit der Thatsuche einer gegen sich selbst gekehrten, gegen sich selbst Partei nehmenden Thiersoule auf Erden des neuen, Tiefer, Unerhörtes, Räthselhaftes, Widerspruchsvolle und Zukunftsvolle gegeben war, dass der Aspekt der Erde sich damit wesentlich veränderte. In der That, es brauchte göttlicher Zuschauer, um das Schaupiel zu würdigen, das damit anfing und dessen Ende durchaus noch nicht abzusehen ist — ein Schaupiel zu sein, zu wundervoll, zu paradox, als dass es sich sinnlos-unvermerkt auf irgend einem lächerlichen Gestirn abspielen dürfte! Der Mensch zählt seitdem mit unter den eruierateten und aufregendsten Glücksstürmen, die das „grosse Kind” des Heraclitus, heisse es Zeus oder Zufall, spielt, — er erweckt für sich ein Interesse, eine Spannung, eine Hoffnung, beinahe eine Gewissheit, als ob mit ihm sich Etwas ankündige, Etwas vorbereite, als ob der Mensch kein Ziel, sondern nur ein Weg, ein Zwischenfall, eine Brücke, ein grosses Versprechen sei...
17

Among the presuppositions of this hypothesis concerning the origin of the bad conscience is, first, that the change referred to was not a gradual or voluntary one and did not represent an organic adaptation to new conditions but a break, a leap, a compulsion, an ineluctable disaster which precluded all struggle and even all resentment. Secondly, however, that the welding of a hitherto unchecked and shapeless populace into a firm form was not only instituted by an act of violence but also carried to its conclusion by nothing but acts of violence—that the oldest "state" thus appeared as a fearful tyranny, as an oppressive and remorseless machine, and went on working until this raw material of people and semi-animals was at last not only thoroughly kneaded and pliant but also formed.

I employed the word "state": it is obvious what is meant—some pack of blood beasts of prey, a conqueror and master race which, organized for war and with the ability to organize, unhesitatingly lays its terrible claws upon a populace perhaps tremendously superior in numbers but still formless and nomad. That is after all how the "state" began on earth: I think that sentimentalism which would have it begin with a "contract" has been disposed of. He who can command, he who is by nature "master," he who is violent in act and bearing—what has he to do with contracts! One does not reckon with such natures; they come like fate, without reason, consideration, or pretext; they appear as lightning appears, too terrible, too sudden, too convincing, too "different" even to be hated. Their work is an instinctive creation and imposition of forms; they are the most involuntary, unconscious artists there are—wherever they appear something new soon arises, a ruling structure that lives, in which parts and functions are delimited and co-

1 Irgend ein Rudel blonder Rabhiere, eine Eroberer- und Herren-Rasse: Francis Golffing, in his translation, spirits away both the blood beasts of prey and the master race by rendering these words "a pack of savages, a race of conquerors." Cf. section 11 of the first essay, above, with its three references to the blonde Bestie, and note 3 of section 11. See also Kaufmann's Nietzsche, Chapter 10, "The Master-Race."
ordinated, in which nothing whatever finds a place that has not first been assigned a "meaning" in relation to the whole. They do not know what guilt, responsibility, or consideration are, these born organizers; they exemplify that terrible artists' egoism that has the look of bronze and knows itself justified to all eternity in its "work," like a mother in her child. It is not in them that the "bad conscience" developed, that goes without saying—but it would not have developed without them, this ugly growth, it would be lacking if a tremendous quantity of freedom had not been expelled from the world, or at least from the visible world, and made as it were latent under their hammer blows and artists' violence. This instinct for freedom forcibly made latent—we have seen it already—this instinct for freedom pushed back and repressed, incarcerated within and finally able to discharge and vent itself only on itself: that, and that alone, is what the bad conscience is in its beginnings.

One should guard against thinking lightly of this phenomenon merely on account of its initial painfulness and ugliness. For fundamentally it is the same active force that is at work on a grander scale in those artists of violence and organizers who build states, and that here, internally, on a smaller and pettier scale, directed backward, in the "labyrinth of the breast," to use Goethe's expression, creates for itself a bad conscience and builds negative ideals—namely, the instinct for freedom (in my language: the will to power); only here the material upon which the form-giving and ravishing nature of this force vents itself is man himself, his whole ancient animal self—and not, as in that greater and more obvious phenomenon, some other man, other men. This secret self-ravishment, this artists' cruelty, this delight in imposing a form upon oneself as a hard, recalcitrant, suffering material and in burning a will, a critique, a contradiction, a contempt, a No into it, this uncanny, dreadfully joyous labor of a soul voluntarily at odds with itself that makes itself suffer out of joy in making suffer—eventually this entire active "bad conscience"—you will have guessed it—as the womb of all ideal and imaginative phenomena, also brought to light

lich gemacht sind, in dem Nichts überhaupt Platz findet, dem nicht erst ein "Sinn" in Hinsicht auf das Ganze eingelegt ist. Sie wissen nicht, was Schuld, was Verantwortlichkeit, was Rück
sicht ist, diese geborenen Organisatoren; in ihnen waltet jener fordhbare Künstler-Egoismus, der wie Erz blickt und sich im "Werke", wie die Mutter in ihrem Kinde, in alle Ewigkeit vor
aus gerechtferigt weiss. Sie sind es nicht, bei denen das "schlechte Gewissen" gewachsen ist, das versteht sich von vorn
herein,— aber es würde nicht ohne sie gewachsen sein, dies
es häsliche Gewächs, es würde fehlen, wenn nicht unter dem
Druck ihrer Hammerschläge, ihrer Künstler-Gewaltsamkeit ein
ungeheure Quantum Freiheit aus der Welt, mindestens aus der
Sichtbarkeit geschafft und gleichsam latent gemacht worden
wäre. Dieser gewaltsam latent gemachte Instinkt der Freiheit
— wir begriffen es schon — dieser zurückgedrängte, zurückge
retene, in's Innere eingekerkerte und zuletzt nur an sich selbst noch sich entladende und auslassende Instinkt der Freiheit: das, nur das ist in seinem Anbeginn das schlechte
Gewissen...

18.

Man hütte sich, von diesem ganzen Phänomen deshalb schon
gering zu denken, weil es von vornherein hässlich und schmerz
haft ist. Im Grunde ist es ja dieselbe aktive Kraft, die in jenen
Gewalt-Künstlern und Organisatoren grossartiger am Werke ist
und Staaten baut, welche hier, innerlich, kleiner, kleindriger, in
der Richtung nach rückwärts, im "Labyrinth der Brust", um mit
Goethe zu reden, sich das schlechte Gewissen schafft und ne
gative Ideale baut, eben jener Instinkt der Freiheit
(in meiner Sprache geredet: der Wille zur Macht); nur dass der
Stoff, an dem sich die formbildende und vergewaltigende Natur
derart Kraft ausschliesst, hier eben der Mensch selbst, sein ganzes
derartisches alles Selbst ist — und nicht, wie in jenem grö
sseren und augenfälligeren Phänomen, der andre Mensch, die
anderen Menschen. Diese heimliche Selbst-Vergewaltigung,
diese Künstler-Grausamkeit, diese Lust, sich selbst als einem
schweren widerstrebenden leidenden Stoffe eine Form zu geben,
einen Willen, eine Kritik, einen Widerspruch, eine Verachtung,
ein Nein einzubrennen, diese unheimliche und entschliesslich-lust
volle Arbeit einer mit sich selbst willig-zwiespältigen Seele,
welche sich leiden macht, aus Lust am Leidenmachen, dieses
ganze aktive "schlechte Gewissen" hat zuletzt —
man errät es schon — als der eigene Mutterschooss idealer
und imaginativer Ereignisse auch eine Fülle von neuer befremd
an abundance of strange new beauty and affirmation, and perhaps beauty itself. — After all, what would be "beautiful" if the contradiction had not first become conscious of itself, if the ugly had not first said to itself: "I am ugly"?

This hint will at least make less enigmatic the enigma of how contradictory concepts such as selflessness, self-denial, self-sacrifice can suggest an ideal, a kind of beauty; and one thing we know henceforth — I have no doubt of it — and that is the nature of the delight that the selfless man, the self-denier, the self-sacrificer feels from the first: this delight is tied to cruelty.

So much for the present about the origin of the moral value of the "unequivoic," about the soil from which this value grew: only the bad conscience, only the will to self-maltreatment provided the conditions for the value of the unequivoic.

19

The bad conscience is an illness, there is no doubt about that, but an illness as pregnancy is an illness.1 Let us seek out the conditions under which this illness has reached its most terrible and most sublime height: we shall see what it really was that thus entered the world. But for that one needs endurance — and first of all we must go back again to an earlier point of view.

The civil-law relationship between the debtor and his creditor, discussed above, has been interpreted in an, historically speaking, exceedingly remarkable and dubious manner into a relationship in which to us modern men it seems perhaps least to belong: namely into the relationship between the present generation and its ancestors.

Within the original tribal community — we are speaking of primeval times — the living generation always recognized a juridical duty toward earlier generations, and especially toward the earliest, which founded the tribe (and by no means a merely sentimental obligation: there are actually reasons for denying the existence of the latter for the greater part of human history). The conviction

1 Cf. pp. 10ff. and 520ff.
Second Essay, Section 19

reigns that it is only through the sacrifices and accomplishments of the ancestors that the tribe exists—and that one has to pay them back with sacrifices and accomplishments: one thus recognizes a debt that constantly grows greater, since these forbears never cease, in their continued existence as powerful spirits, to accord the tribe new advantages and new strength. In vain, perhaps? But there is no "in vain" for these rude and "poor-souled" ages. What can one give them in return? Sacrifices (initially as food in the coarsest sense), feasts, music, honors; above all, obedience—for all customs, as works of the ancestors, are also their statutes and commands: can one ever give them enough? This suspicion remains and increases; from time to time it leads to a wholesale sacrifice, something tremendous in the way of repayment to the "creditor" (the notorious sacrifice of the first-born, for example; in any case blood, human blood).

The fear of the ancestor and his power, the consciousness of indebtedness to him, increases, according to this kind of logic, in exactly the same measure as the power of the tribe itself increases, as the tribe itself grows ever more victorious, independent, honored, and feared. By no means the other way round! Every step toward the decline of a tribe, every misfortune, every sign of degeneration, of coming disintegration always diminishes fear of the spirit of its founder and produces a meaner impression of his cunning, foresight, and present power. If one imagines this rude kind of logic carried to its end, then the ancestors of the most powerful tribes are bound eventually to grow to monstrous dimensions through the imagination of growing fear and to recede into the darkness of the divinely uncanny and unimaginable: in the end the ancestor must necessarily be transfigured into a god. Perhaps this is even the origin of gods, an origin therefore out of fear. . . . And whoever should feel obliged to add, "but out of piety also!" would hardly be right for the greater part of the existence of man, his prehistory. To be sure, he would be quite right for the intermediate age, in which the noble tribes developed—who indeed paid back their originators, their ancestors (heroes, gods) with interest all the qualities that had become palpable in themselves, the noble qualities. We shall take another look later at the ennoblement of the


god (which should not be confused with their becoming "holy"); let us first of all follow to its end the course of this whole development of the consciousness of guilt.

20

History shows that the consciousness of being in debt to the deity did not by any means come to an end together with the organization of communities on the basis of blood relationship. Even as mankind inherited the concepts "good and bad" from the tribal nobility (along with its basic psychological propensity to set up orders of rank), it also inherited, along with the tribal and family divinities, the burden of still unpaid debts and of the desire to be relieved of them. (The transition is provided by those numerous slave and dependent populations who, whether through compulsion or through servility and mimicry, adapted themselves to their masters' cult of the gods: this inheritance then overflows from them in all directions.) The guilty feeling of indebtedness to the divinity continued to grow for several millennia—always in the same measure as the concept of God and the feeling for divinity increased on earth and was carried to the heights. (The entire history of ethnic struggle, victory, reconciliation, fusion, everything that precedes the definitive ordering of rank of the different national elements in every great racial synthesis, is reflected in the confused genealogies of their gods, in the sagas of the gods' struggles, victories, and reconciliations; the advance toward universal empires is always also an advance toward universal divinities; despotism with its triumph over the independent nobility always prepares the way for some kind of monotheism.)

The advent of the Christian God, as the maximum god attained so far, was therefore accompanied by the maximum feeling of guilty indebtedness on earth. Presuming we have gradually entered upon the reverse course, there is no small probability that with the irresistible decline of faith in the Christian God there is

1 Schuld zu haben.
2 Das Schuldfühl.
3 Des Schuldgefühls.
now also a considerable decline in mankind’s feeling of guilt; indeed, the prospect cannot be dismissed that the complete and definitive victory of atheism might free mankind of this whole feeling of guilty indebtedness toward its origin, its *causa prima*. Atheism and a kind of *second innocence* belong together.—

21

So much for a first brief preliminary on the connection of the concepts “guilt” and “duty” with religious presuppositions: I have up to now deliberately ignored the moralization of these concepts (their pushing back into the conscience; more precisely, the involvement of the *bad* conscience with the concept of god); and at the end of the last section I even spoke as if this moralization had not taken place at all, and as if these concepts were now necessarily doomed since their presupposition, the faith in our “creditor,” in God, had disappeared. The reality is, to a fearful degree, otherwise.

The moralization of the concepts guilt and duty, their being pushed back into the *bad* conscience, actually involves an attempt to reverse the direction of the development described above, or at least to bring it to a halt: the *aim* now is to preclude pessimistically, once and for all, the prospect of a final discharge; the *aim* now is to make the glance recoil disconsolately from an iron impossibility; the *aim* now is to turn back the concepts “guilt” and “duty”—back against whom? There can be no doubt: against the “debtor” first of all, in whom from now on the bad conscience is firmly rooted, eating into him and spreading within him like a polyp, until last the irremediable debt gives rise to the conception of irremediable penance, the idea that it cannot be discharged (“*eternal* punishment”). Finally, however, they are turned back against the “creditor,” too: whether we think of the *causa prima* of

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*Schuldbewusstseins.*

*Gefühl, Schuld*... *zu haben.*

*First cause.*

*Unschuld.*

*Der Glaube an unsern „Gläubiger“: the creed in our “creditor”—or: that one credits our “creditor.”

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Zweite Abbild.: „Schuld“, „schlechtes Gewissen“, Verwandte 20—22 331

es jetzt bereits auch schon einen erheblichen Niedergang des menschlichen Schuldbewusstseins gäbe; ja die Aussicht ist nicht abzuweisen, dass der vollkommene endgültige Sieg des Atheismus die Menschheit von diesem ganzen Gefühl, Schuld en gegen ihren Anfang, ihre *causa prima* zu haben, lösen dürfte. Atheismus und eine Art *zweiter Unschuld* gehören zu einander.—

21.

man, the beginning of the human race, its primal ancestor who is from now on burdened with a curse ("Adam," "original sin," "unfreedom of the will"), or of nature from whose womb mankind arose and into whom the principle of evil is projected from now on ("the diabolizing of nature"), or of existence in general, which is now considered worthless as such (nihilistic withdrawal from it, a desire for nothingness or a desire for its antithesis, for a different mode of being, Buddhism and the like)—suddenly we stand before the paradoxical and horrifying expedient that afforded temporary relief for tormented humanity, that stroke of genius on the part of Christianity: God himself sacrifices himself for the guilt of mankind, God himself makes payment to himself. God as the only being who can redeem man from what has become unredeemable for man himself—the creditor sacrifices himself for his debtor, out of love (can one credit that?), out of love for his debtor!—

22

You will have guessed what has really happened here, beneath all this: that will to self-tormenting, that repressed cruelty of the animal-man made inward and scared back into himself, the creature imprisoned in the "state" so as to be tamed, who invented the bad conscience in order to hurt himself after the more natural vent for this desire to hurt had been blocked—this man of the bad conscience has seized upon the presupposition of religion so as to drive his self-torture to its most gruesome pitch of severity and rigor. Guilt before God: this thought becomes an instrument of torture to him. He apprehends in "God" the ultimate antithesis of his own ineluctable animal instincts; he reinterprets these animal instincts themselves as a form of guilt before God (as hostility, rebellion, insurrection against the "Lord," the "father," the primal ancestor and origin of the world); he stretches himself upon the contradiction "God" and "Devil"; he ejects from himself all his denial of himself, of his nature, naturalness, and actuality, in the form of an affirmation, as something existent, corporeal, real, as God, as the holiness of God, as God the Judge, as God the Hangman, as the beyond, as eternity, as torment without end, as hell, as the immeasurability of punishment and guilt.

332

Zur Genealogie der Moral

des Menschen, an den Anfang des menschlichen Geschlechts, an seinen Ahnherrn, der nunmehr mit einem Fluche behaftet wird ("Adam", "Erbsünde", "Unfreiheit des Willens") oder an die Natur, aus deren Schooss der Mensch entsteht und in die nun mehr das böse Prinzip hineingelegt wird ("Verteuflung der Natur") oder an das Dasein überhaupt, das als unwert an sich übrig bleibt (nihilistische Abkehr von ihm, Verlangen in's Nichts oder Verlangen in seinen "Gegensatz", in ein Anderssein, Buddhismus und Verwandetes) — bis wir mit Einem Male vor dem paradoxen und entsetzlichen Auskunftsmittel stehen, an dem die gemarterte Menschheit eine zeitweilige Erleichterung gefunden hat, jenem Geniestreich des Christenthums: Gott selbst sich für die Schuld des Menschen opfert, Gott selbst sich an sich selbst bezahlt machend, Gott als der Einzige, der vom Menschen ablösen kann, was für den Menschen selbst unablösbart geworden ist — der Gläubiger sich für seinen Schuldner opfert, aus Liebe (sollte man's glauben? —), aus Liebe zu seinem Schuldner!...

22

In this psychical cruelty there resides a madness of the will which is absolutely unexampled: the *will* of man to find himself guilty and reprehensible to a degree that can never be atoned for; his *will* to think himself punished without any possibility of the punishment becoming equal to the guilt; his *will* to infect and poison the fundamental ground of things with the problem of punishment and guilt so as to cut off once and for all his own exit from this labyrinth of "fixed ideas"; his *will* to erect an ideal—that of the "holy God"— and in the face of it to feel the palpable certainty of his own absolute unworthiness. Oh this insane, pathetic beast—man! What ideas he has, what unnaturalness, what paroxysms of nonsense, what bestiality of thought erupts as soon as he is prevented just a little from being a *beast in deed*!

All this is interesting, to excess, but also of a gloomy, black, unnerving sadness, so that one must forcibly forbid oneself to gaze too long into these abysses. Here is *sickness*, beyond any doubt, the most terrible sickness that has ever raged in man; and whoever can still bear to hear (but today one no longer has ears for this!) how in this night of torment and absurdity there has resounded the cry of *love*, the cry of the most nostalgic rapture, of redemption through *love*, will turn away, seized by invincible horror.— There is so much in man that is hideous!— Too long, the earth has been a madhouse!—

This should dispose once and for all of the question of how the "holy God" originated.

That the conception of gods *in itself* need not lead to the degradation of the imagination that we had to consider briefly, that there are nobler uses for the invention of gods than for the self-crucifixion and self-violation of man in which Europe over the past millennia achieved its distinctive mastery—that is fortunately revealed even by a mere glance at the *Greek gods*, those reflections of noble and autocratic men, in whom *the animal* in man felt deified and did *not* lacerate itself, *not* rage against itself! For the longest time these Greeks used their gods precisely so as to ward off the "bad conscience," so as to be able to rejoice in their freedom of

Zweite Abhül.: "Schuld", "schlechtes Gewissen", Verwandtes 12—23 333


Dies alles ist interessant bis zum Übermaass, aber auch von einer schwarzen dürteren entnervenden Traurigkeit, dass man es sich gewaltig verbieten muss, zu lange in diese Abgründe zu blicken. Hier ist Krankheit, es ist kein Zweifel, die furchtbarste Krankheit, die bis jetzt im Menschen gewürgt hat:— und wer es noch zu hören vermag (*aber man hat heute nicht mehr die Ohren dafür*!)— wie in dieser Nacht von Muttermund Widersinn der Schrei Liebe, der Schrei des sehnsüchtigsten Entzückens, der Erlösung in der Liebe geklungen hat, der wendet sich ab, von einem unbegreiflichen Grausen erfasst... im Menschen ist so viel Entsetzliches!... Die Erde war zu lange schon ein Irrenhaus!...

Dies genügte ein für alle Mal über die Herkunft des "heiligen Gottes". — Dass a n s i c h die Conception von Göttern nicht notwendig zu dieser Verschlechterung der Phantasie führen muss, deren Vergegenwärtigung wir uns für einen Augenblick nicht erlassen durften, dass es v o r n e h m e r Arten gibt, sich der Erdichtung von Göttern zu bedienen, als zu dieser Selbskreuzigung und Selbstschändung des Menschen, in der die letzten Jahrtausende Europas' ihre Meisterschaft gehabt haben, — das lässt sich zum Glück aus jedem Blick noch abnehmen, den man auf die g r e i c h i s c h e n Götter wirft, diese Widerspiegelungen vornehmlicher und selbsherrlicher Menschen, in denen das *Tier* im Menschen sich vergöttlicht fühlte und nicht sich selbst zerriss, nicht gegen sich selber wüchste! Diese Griechen haben sich die längste Zeit ihrer Götter bedient, gerade um sich das "schlechte Gewissen" vom Leibe zu halten, um ihrer Freiheit der
soul—the very opposite of the use to which Christianity put its God. They went very far in this direction, these splendid and lion-hearted children; and no less an authority than the Homeric Zeus himself occasionally gives them to understand that they are making things too easy for themselves. "Strange!" he says once—the case is that of Aegisthus, a very bad case—

Strange how these mortals so loudly complain of the gods!
We alone produce evil, they say; yet themselves
Make themselves wretched through folly, even counter to fate. 1

Yet one can see and hear how even this Olympian spectator and judge is far from holding a grudge against them or thinking ill of them on that account: "how foolish they are!" he thinks when he observes the misdeeds of mortals—and "foolishness," "folly," a little "disturbance in the head," this much even the Greeks of the strongest, bravest age conceded of themselves as the reason for much that was bad and calamitous—foolishness, not sin! do you grasp that?

Even this disturbance in the head, however, presented a problem: "how is it possible? how could it actually have happened to heads such as we have, we men of aristocratic descent, of the best society, happy, well-constituted, noble, and virtuous?"—thrust noble Greeks asked themselves for centuries in the face of every incomprehensible atrocity or wantonness with which one of their kind had polluted himself. "He must have been deluded by a god," they concluded finally, shaking their heads . . . This expedient is typical of the Greeks . . . In this way the gods served in those days to justify man to a certain extent even in his wickedness, they served as the originators of evil—in those days they took upon themselves, not the punishment but, what is nobler, the guilt. 2

1 Odyssey, I, line 32ff.
2 Cf. Ecce Homo, Chapter I, section 5, and Sartre's play The Flies, which was decisively influenced by Nietzsche, as I have shown in "Nietzsche Between Homer and Sartre: Five Treatments of the Orestes Story" (Revue Internationale de Philosophie, LXVII, 1964, pp. 50-73).
I end up with three question marks; that seems plain. "What are you really doing, erecting an ideal or knocking one down?" I may perhaps be asked.

But have you ever asked yourselves sufficiently how much the erection of every ideal on earth has cost? How much reality has had to be misunderstood and slandered, how many lies have had to be sanctified, how many consciences disturbed, how much "God" sacrificed every time? If a temple is to be erected a temple must be destroyed: that is the law—let anyone who can show me a case in which it is not fulfilled!

We modern men are the heirs of the conscience-vivisection and self-torture of millennia: this is what we have practiced longest, it is our distinctive art perhaps, and in any case our subtlety in which we have acquired a refined taste. Man has all too long had an "evil eye" for his natural inclinations, so that they have finally become inseparable from his "bad conscience." An attempt at the reverse would in itself be possible—but who is strong enough for it?—that is, to wed the bad conscience to all the unnatural inclinations, all those aspirations to the beyond, to that which runs counter to sense, instinct, nature, animal, in short all ideals hitherto, which are one and all hostile to life and ideals that slander the world. To whom should one turn today with such hopes and demands?

One would have precisely the good men against one; and, of course, the comfortable, the reconciled, the vain, the sentimental, the weary.

What gives greater offense, what separates one more fundamentally, than to reveal something of the severity and respect with which one treats oneself? And on the other hand—how accommodating, how friendly all the world is toward us as soon as we act as all the world does and "let ourselves go" like all the world!

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8 Selbsttierquälerei: Tierquälerei really means cruelty to animals or, literally, animal torture; hence Nietzsche's coinage suggests that this kind of self-torture involves mortification of the animal nature of man.
The attainment of this goal would require a different kind of spirit from that likely to appear in this present age: spirits strengthened by war and victory, for whom conquest, adventure, danger, and even pain have become needs; it would require habituation to the keen air of the heights, to winter journeys, to ice and mountains in every sense; it would require even a kind of sublime wickedness, an ultimate, supremely self-confident mischievousness in knowledge that goes with great health; it would require, in brief and alas, precisely this great health!

Is this even possible today?—But some day, in a stronger age than this decaying, self-doubting present, he must yet come to us, the redeeming man of great love and contempt, the creative spirit whose compelling strength will not let him rest in any aloofness or any beyond, whose isolation is misunderstood by the people as if it were flight from reality—while it is only his absorption, immersion, penetration into reality, so that, when he one day emerges again into the light, he may bring home the redemption of this reality: its redemption from the curse that the hitherto reigning ideal has laid upon it. This man of the future, who will redeem us not only from the hitherto reigning ideal but also from that which was bound to grow out of it, the great nausea, the will to nothingness, nihilism; this bell-stroke of noon and of the great decision that liberates the will again and restores its goal to the earth and his hope to man; this Antichrist and anti-nihilist; this victor over God and nothingness—he must come one day.——

But what am I saying? Enough! Enough! At this point it behooves me only to be silent; or I shall usurp that to which only one younger, “heavier with future,” and stronger than I has a right—that to which only Zarathustra has a right, Zarathustra the godless.—
Third Essay
What Is the Meaning of Ascetic Ideals?

Unconcerned, mocking, violent—thus
wisdom wants us: she is a woman and
always loves only a warrior.
Thus Spoke Zarathustra

1

What is the meaning of ascetic ideals?—In the case of artists they
mean nothing or too many things; in the case of philosophers and
scholars something like a sense and instinct for the most favorable
preconditions of higher spirituality; in the case of women at best
one more seductive charm, a touch of morbidezza in fair flesh, the
angelic look of a plump pretty animal; in the case of the physically
deformed and deranged (the majority of mortals) an attempt
to see themselves as “too good” for this world, a sainthood form of
debauch, their chief weapon in the struggle against slow pain and
boredom; in the case of priests the distinctive priestly faith, their
best instrument of power, also the “supreme” license for power; in
the case of saints, finally, a pretext for hibernation, their novissima
gloriae cupidio,² their repose in nothingness (“God”), their form of
madness. That the ascetic ideal has meant so many things to man,
however, is an expression of the basic fact of the human will, its
horror vacui³ it needs a goal—and it will rather will nothingness
than not will.—Am I understood? . . . Have I been understood?

1 “On Reading and Writing” (Portable Nietzsche, p. 153).
2 Newest lust for glory.
3 Horror of a vacuum.

Dritte Abhandlung:
was bedeuten asketische Ideale?

Unbekümmert, spöttisch, gewaltthätig
— so will uns die Weisheit: sie ist
ein Weib, sie liebt immer nur einen
Kriegsmann.
Also sprach Zarathustra.

Was bedeuten asketische Ideale? — Bei Künstlern Nichts
oder zu Vielerlei; bei Philosophen und Gelehrten Etwas wie
Witterung und Instinkt für die günstigsten Vorbedingungen hoh-
er Geistigkeit; bei Frauen, besten Falls, eine Liebenswürdigkeit
der Verführung mehr, ein wenig morbidezza auf schönem
Frische, die Engelhaftigkeit eines hübschen fetten Thieres; bei
physiologisch Verunglückten und Verstimmten (bei der Mehr-
zahl der Sterblichen) einen Versuch, sich „zu gut“ für diese
Welt vorzukommen, eine heilige Form der Ausschweifung, ihr
Hauptmittel im Kampf mit dem langsam Schmerz und der
Lägenweile; bei Priestern den eigentlichen Priesterglauben, ihr
bestes Werkzeug der Macht, auch die „allerhöchste“ Erlaubnis
zur Macht; bei Heiligen endlich einen Vorwand zum Winter-
schlaf, ihre novissima gloriae cupidio, ihre Ruhe im Nichts
(„Gott“), ihre Form des Irrsinns. Dass aber überhaupt das
asketische Ideal dem Menschen so viel bedeutet hat, darin drückt
sich die Grundtatsache des menschlichen Willens aus, sein
horror vacui: er braucht ein Ziel, — und eher will er
noch das Nichts wollen, als nicht wollen. — Versteht
... "Not at all, my dear sir!"—Then let us start again, from the beginning.

2

What is the meaning of ascetic ideals?—Or, to take an individual case that I have often been asked about: what does it mean, for example, when an artist like Richard Wagner pays homage to chastity in his old age? In a certain sense, to be sure, he had always done this: but only in the very end in an ascetic sense. What is the meaning of this change of "sense," this radical reversal of sense?—for that is what it was: Wagner leaped over into his opposite. What does it mean when an artist leaps over into his opposite?

Here, if we are disposed to pause a moment at this question, we are at once reminded of what was perhaps the finest, strongest, happiest, most courageous period of Wagner's life: the period during which he was deeply concerned with the idea of Luther's wedding. Who knows upon what chance events it depended that instead of this wedding music we possess today Die Meistersinger? And how much of the former perhaps still echoes in the latter? But there can be no doubt that "Luther's Wedding" would also have involved a praise of chastity. And also a praise of sensuality, to be sure—and this would have seemed to be quite in order, quite "Wagnerian."

For there is no necessary antithesis between chastity and sensuality; every good marriage, every genuine love affair, transcends this antithesis. Wagner would have done well, I think, to have brought this pleasant fact home once more to his Germans by means of a bold and beautiful Luther comedy, for there have always been and still are many slanderers of sensuality among the Germans; and perhaps Luther performed no greater service than to have had the courage of his sensuality (in those days it was called, delicately enough, "evangelical freedom"). But even in those cases in which this antithesis between chastity and sensuality really ex-

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1 This paragraph as well as section 3 was included with some revisions in Nietzsche contra Wagner, in the chapter "Wagner as the Apostle of Chastity" (Portable Nietzsche, pp. 673-75).
ists, there is fortunately no need for it to be a tragic antithesis. At least this holds good for all those well-constituted, joyful mortals who are far from regarding their unstable equilibrium between "animal and angel" as necessarily an argument against existence—the subltest and brightest among them have even found in it, like Goethe and Hafiz, one more stimulus to life. It is precisely such "contradictions" that seduce one to existence... On the other hand, it is only too clear that when swine who have come to grief are finally induced to worship chastity—and there are such swine!—they will see and worship in it only their antithesis, the antithesis of failed swine—and one can imagine with what tragic zeal and grunting they will do so!—that embarrassing and superfluous antithesis which Richard Wagner at the end of his life unquestionably intended to set to music and put upon the stage. But why? as one might reasonably ask. For what were swine to him, what are they to us?

3

This does not, of course, help us to avoid asking this other question, what that male (yet so unmanly) "country simpleton" was to him, that poor devil and nature boy Parsifal, to whom he finally made into a Catholic by such captious means—what? was this Parsifal meant seriously? For one might be tempted to suppose the reverse, even to desire it—that the Wagnerian Parsifal was intended as a joke, as a kind of epilogue and satyric play with which the tragedian Wagner wanted to take leave of us, also of himself, above all of tragedy in a fitting manner worthy of himself, namely with an extravagance of wanton parody of the tragic itself, of the whole gruesome earthly seriousness and misery of his previous works, of the crudest form, overcome at long last, of the anti-nature of the ascetic ideal. This, to repeat, would have been worthy of a great tragedian, who, like every artist, arrives at the ultimate pinnacle of his greatness only when he comes to see himself and his art beneath him—when he knows how to laugh at himself.

Is Wagner's Parsifal his secret laughter of superiority at himself, the triumph of his ultimate artist's freedom and artist's trans-

Dritte Abhandlung: was bedeuten asketische Ideale? 2—3 341

es glücklicher Weise noch lange kein tragischer Gegensatz zu sein.

Dies dürfte wenigstens für alle wohlgeratheneren, wohl-
gemütlichen Sterblichen gelten, welche ferne davon sind, ihr la-
biles Gleichgewicht zwischen "Thier und Engel" ohne Weiteres
to den Gegengründen des Daseins zu rechnen, — die Feinsten
die Heilsten, gleich Goethen, gleich Hafis, haben darin sogar
einen Lebensreiz mehr gesehen. Solche „Widersprüche" gerade
verführen zum Dasein... Andrerseits versteht es sich nur zu
gut, dass wenn einmal die verunglückten Schweine dazu gebracht
werden, die Keuschheit anzubeten — und es giebt solche
Schweine! — sie in ihr nur ihren Gegensatz, den Gegensatz zum
verunglückten Schweine sein und anbeten werden — oh mit
was für einem tragischen Gegenrund und Eifer! man kann es sich
denken — jenen peinlichen und überflüssigen Gegensatz, den
Richard Wagner unbestreitbar am Ende seines Lebens noch hat
in Musik setzen und auf die Bühne stellen wollen. Wozu
doch? wie man billig fragen darf. Denn was gieng ihn, was
gehen uns die Schweine an? —

3

Dabei ist freilich jene andre Frage nicht zu umgehen, was
ihn eigentlich jene männliche (sch, so unmännliche) „Einfalt
vom Lande" anging, jener arme Teufel und Naturbursch Par-
sifal, der von ihm mit so verfänglihnen Mitteln schiesslich
katholisch gemacht wird — wie? war dieser Parsifal überhaupt
er ist gemeint? man könnte nämlich versucht sin, das Um-
gekehrte zu muthmassen, selbst zu wünschen, — dass der Wag-
er'sche Parsifal heiter gemeint sei, gleichsam als Schlussstück
und Satyrdrma, mit dem der Träger Wagner auf eine ge-
rade ihm gebührende und würdige Weise von uns, auch von sich,
vor Allem von der Tragödie habe Abschied nehmen wollen, nämlich mit einem Excess höchster und muthwilligster
Parodie auf das Tragische selbst, auf den ganzen schauerlichen
Erden-Ernst und Erden-Janimer von Ehedem, auf die endlich
überwundene grösste Form in der Widernaturs des asket-
tischen Ideals. So wär es, wie gesagt, eines grossen Trägers
gerade würdig gewesen: als welcher, wie jeder Künstler, erst
dann auf den letzten Gipfel seiner Grösse kommt, wenn er sich
und seine Kunst unter sich zu sehen weiss, — wenn er
über sich zu lachen weiss.

Ist der „Parsifal" Wagner's sein
heimliches Überlegenheits-Lachen über sich selbst, der Triumph
seiner errungenen letzten höchsten Künstler-Freiheit, Künstler-


4 Dass ich in einem solchen Falle, der vieles Peinliche hat, meine Meinung sage — und es ist ein typischer Fall —:

1 Ludwig Feuerbach (1804—1872) was the outstanding "Young" (left-wing) Hegelian philosopher who tried to transform theology into anthropology. His influence on Karl Marx was considerable, but Marx and Engels took sharp issue with him. Feuerbach's book, *Das Wesen des Christentums* (1841) was translated into English by George Eliot as *The Essence of Christianity* (1853, 2nd ed., 1881), and is still considered a classic of humanism.
therefore in most cases something one must forget if one is to enjoy the work itself. Insight into the origin of a work concerns the psychologists and vivisectionists of the spirit; never the aesthetic man, the artist!

The poet and creator of Parsifal could no more be spared a deep, thorough, even frightful identification with and descent into medieval soul-conflicts, a hostile separation from all spiritual height, severity, and discipline, a kind of intellectual perversity (if I may be pardoned the word), than can a pregnant woman be spared the repellent and bizarre aspects of pregnancy—which, as aforesaid, must be forgotten if one is to enjoy the child.

One should guard against confusion through psychological contiguity, to use a British term, a confusion to which an artist himself is only too prone: as if he himself were what he is able to represent, conceive, and express. The fact is that if he were it, he would not represent, conceive, and express it; a Homer would not have created an Achilles nor a Goethe a Faust if Homer had been an Achilles or Goethe a Faust. Whoever is completely and wholly an artist is to all eternity separated from the "real," the actual; on the other hand, one can understand how he may sometimes weary to the point of desperation of the eternal "unreality" and falsity of his innermost existence—and that then he may well attempt what is most forbidden him, to lay hold of actuality, for once actually to be. With what success? That is easy to guess.

It is the typical velleity of the artist: the same velleity to which the aged Wagner fell victim and for which he had to pay so high and fateful a price (it cost him those of his friends who were valuable). Finally, however, quite apart from this velleity, who would not wish for Wagner's own sake that he had taken leave of us and of his art differently, not with a Parsifal but in a more triumphant manner, more self-confident, more Wagnerian—less misleading, less ambiguous in relation to his over-all intentions, less Schopenhauerian, less nihilistic?

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3 Nietzsche uses the English term. The allusion is to David Hume.

344  Zur Genealogie der Moral

15 mit, in den meisten Fällen, Etwas, das man vergessen muss, wenn man sich des Werks selbst erfreuen will. Die Einsicht in die Herkunft eines Werks geht die Physiologen und Vivisektionisten des Geistes an: nie und nimmermehr die ästhetischen Menschen, die Künstler!

Dem Dichter und Ausgestalter des Parsifal blieb ein tiefes, gründliches, selbst schreckliches Hineinleben und Hinaustreten in mittelalterliche Seelen-Contraste, ein feindlichstes Abseits von aller Höhe, Strenge und Zucht des Geistes, eine Art intellektueller Perversität (wenn man mir das Wort nachsehen will) ebensowenig erspart als einem schwangeren Weibe die Widerlichkeiten und Wunderlichkeiten der Schwangerschaft als welche man, wie gesagt, vergessen muss, um sich des Kindes zu erfreuen. Man soll sich vor der Verwechslung hüten, in welchen ein Künstler nur zu leicht selbst gerät aus psychologischer contiguity, mit den Europäern zu reden: wie als ob er selber das wäre, was er darstellen, ausdrücken kann. That'schlich steht es so, dass, wenn er eben das wäre, er es schlechterdings nicht darstellen, ausdrücken, ausdrücken würde; ein Homer hätte keinen Achill, ein Goethe keinen Faust gedichtet, wenn Homer ein Achill und wenn Goethe ein Faust gewesen wäre. Ein vollkommener und ganzer Künstler ist in alle Ewigkeit von dem "Realen", dem Wirklichen abgetrennt; andererseits versteht man es, wie er an dieser ewigen "Unrealität" und Falschheit seines innersten Daseins mitunter bis zur Verzweiflung müde werden kann, — und dass er dann wohl den Versuch macht, einmal in das gerade ihm Verbotene, in's Wirkliche überzugreifen, wirklich zu sein. Mit welchem Erfolg? Man wird es erraten... Es ist das die typische Velleität des Künstlers: Dieselbe Velleität, welcher auch der altgewordene Wagner verfiel und die er so theuer, so verhängnisvoll hätte bestreiten müssen (— er verlor durch die wertvollen Thial seiner Freunde). Zuletzt aber, noch ganz abgesehen von dieser Velleität, welche nicht überhaupt wünschen, um Wagner's selber willen, dass er anders von uns und seiner Kunst Abschied genommen hätte, nicht mit einem Parsifal, sondern siegreicher, selbstgewisser, Wagnerischer, — weniger irreführend, weniger zweideutig in Bezug auf sein ganzes Wollen, weniger Schopenhauerisch, weniger nihilistisch...
“spectator” into the concept “beautiful.” It would not have been so bad if this “spectator” had at least been sufficiently familiar to the philosophers of beauty—namely, as a great personal fact and experience, as an abundance of vivid authentic experiences, desires, surprises, and delights in the realm of the beautiful! But I fear that the reverse has always been the case; and so they have offered us, from the beginning, definitions in which, as in Kant’s famous definition of the beautiful, a lack of any refined first-hand experience reposes in the shape of a fat worm of error. “That is beautiful,” said Kant,¹ “which gives us pleasure without interest.” Without interest! Compare with this definition one framed by a genuine “spectator” and artist—Stendhal, who once called the beautiful une promesse de bonheur? At any rate he rejected and repudiated the one point about the aesthetic condition which Kant had stressed: le désintérêtissement. Who is right, Kant or Stendhal?

If our aestheticians never weary of asserting in Kant’s favor that, under the spell of beauty, one can even view undraped female statues “without interest,” one may laugh a little at their expense: the experiences of artists on this ticklish point are more “interesting,” and Pygmalion was in any event not necessarily an “unesthetic man.” Let us think the more highly of the innocence of our aestheticians which is reflected in such arguments; let us, for example, credit it to the honor of Kant that he should expatiante on the peculiar properties of the sense of touch with the naïvité of a country parson.

And here we come back to Schopenhauer, who stood much closer to the arts than Kant and yet did not free himself from the spell of the Kantian definition: how did that happen? The circumstance is remarkable enough: he interpreted the term “without interest” in an extremely personal way, on the basis of one of his most regular experiences.

Of few things does Schopenhauer speak with greater assurance than he does of the effect of aesthetic contemplation: he says of it that it counteracts sexual “Interesteedness,” like lupulin and camphor; he never wearied of glorifying this liberation from the

1 Critique of Judgment (1790), sections 1–5.
2 A promise of happiness.
“Will” as the great merit and utility of the aesthetic condition. Indeed, one might be tempted to ask whether his basic conception of “will and representation,” the thought that redemption from the “will” could be attained only through “representation,” did not originate as a generalization from this sexual experience. (In all questions concerning Schopenhauer’s philosophy, by the way, one should never forget that it was the conception of a young man of twenty-six; so that it partakes not only of the specific qualities of Schopenhauer, but also of the specific qualities of that period of life.) Listen, for instance, to one of the most explicit of the countless passages he has written in praise of the aesthetic condition (*World as Will and Representation*, I, p. 231 8); listen to the tone, the suffering, the happiness, the gratitude expressed in such words.

“This is the painless condition that Epicurus praised as the highest good and the condition of the gods; for a moment we are delivered from the vile urgency of the will; we celebrate the Sabbath of the penal servitude of volition; the wheel of Ixion stands still!”

What vehemence of diction! What images of torment and long despair! What an almost pathological antithesis between “a moment” and the usual “wheel of Ixion,” “penal servitude of volition,” and “vile urgency of the will!”—But even if Schopenhauer was a hundred times right in his own case, what insight does that give us into the nature of the beautiful? Schopenhauer described one effect of the beautiful, its calming effect on the will—but is this a regular effect? Stendhal, as we have seen, a no less sensual but more happily constituted person than Schopenhauer, emphasizes another effect of the beautiful: “the beautiful promises happiness”; to him the fact seems to be precisely that the beautiful *arouses the will* (“interestedness”). And could one not finally urge against Schopenhauer himself that he was quite wrong in thinking himself a Kantian in this matter, that he by no means understood the Kantian definition of the beautiful in a Kantian sense—that he, too, was pleased by the beautiful from an “interested” viewpoint, even from the very strongest, most personal interest: that of a tortured

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8 Ed. Julius Fraenckel; i.e., Book III, section 38.
The man who gains release from his torture?—And, to return to our first question, "what does it mean when a philosopher pays homage to the ascetic ideal?"—here we get at any rate a first indication: he wants to gain release from a torture.

Let us not become gloomy as soon as we hear the word "torture"; in this particular case there is plenty to offset and mitigate that word—something to laugh at. Above all, we should not underestimate the fact that Schopenhauer, who treated sexuality as a personal enemy (including its tool, woman, that "instrumentum diaboli")¹, needed enemies in order to keep in good spirits; that he loved bilious, black-green words, that he scolded for the sake of scolding, out of passion; that he would have become ill, become a pessimist (for he was not one, however much he desired it), if deprived of his enemies, of Hegel, of woman, of sensuality and the whole will to existence, to persistence. Without these, Schopenhauer would not have persisted, one may wager on that; he would have run away: but his enemies held him fast, his enemies seduced him ever again to existence; his anger was, just as in the case of the Cynics of antiquity, his balm, his refreshment, his reward, his specific against disgust, his happiness. So much in regard to what is most personal in the case of Schopenhauer; on the other hand, there is also something typical in him—and here we finally come back to our problem.

As long as there are philosophers on earth, and wherever there have been philosophers (from India to England, to take the antithetical poles of philosophical endowment), there unquestionably exists a peculiar philosophers' irritation at and rancour against sensuality: Schopenhauer is merely its most eloquent and, if one has ears for this, most ravishing and delightful expression. There also exists a peculiar philosophers' prejudice and affection in favor of the whole ascetic ideal; one should not overlook that. Both, to repeat, pertain to the type; if both are lacking in a philosopher,

¹ Instrument of the devil.
then—one can be sure of it—he is always only a "so-called" philosopher. What does that mean? For this fact has to be interpreted: in itself it just stands there, stupid to all eternity, like every "thing-in-itself.

Every animal—therefore la bête philosophique, too—ininstinctively strives for an optimum of favorable conditions under which it can expend all its strength and achieve its maximal feeling of power; every animal abhors, just as instinctively and with a subtlety of discernment that is "higher than all reason," every kind of intrusion or hindrance that obstructs or could obstruct this path to the optimum (I am not speaking of its path to happiness, but its path to power, to action, to the most powerful activity, and in most cases actually its path to unhappiness). Thus the philosopher abhors marriage, together with that which might persuade to it—marriage being a hindrance and calamity on his path to the optimum. What great philosopher hitherto has been married? Heraclitus, Plato, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibniz, Kant, Schopenhauer—they were not; more, one cannot even imagine them married. A married philosopher belongs in comedy, that is my proposition—and as for that exception, Socrates—the malicious Socrates, it would seem, married ironically, just to demonstrate this proposition.

Every philosopher would speak as Buddha did when he was told of the birth of a son: "Rahula has been born to me, a fetter has been forged for me" (Rahula here means "a little demon"); every "free spirit" would experience a thoughtful moment, supposing he had previously experienced a thoughtless one, of the kind that once came to the same Buddha—"narrow and oppressive," he thought to himself, "is life in a house, a place of impurity; freedom lies in leaving the house": "thinking thus, he left the house." Ascetic ideals reveal so many bridges to independence that a philosopher is bound to rejoice and clap his hands when he hears the story of all those resolute men who one day said No to all servitude and went into some desert: even supposing they were merely strong asses and quite the reverse of a strong spirit.

What, then, is the meaning of the ascetic ideal in the case of a

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2 The philosophical animal.
3 Socrates appears in Aristophanes' comedy The Clouds.
philosopher? My answer is—you will have guessed it long ago: the 
philosopher sees in it an optimum condition for the highest and 
boldest spirituality and smiles—he does not deny “existence,” he 
rather affirms his existence and only his existence, and this perhaps 
to the point at which he is not far from harboring the impius wish: 

dead the world, fiat philosophy, fiat philosophus, fiám! 4—

As you see, they are not unbiased witnesses and judges of the 
value of the ascetic ideal, these philosophers! They think of them-
sewelves—what is “the saint” to them! They think of what they can 
least do without: freedom from compulsion, disturbance, noise, 
from tasks, duties, worries; clear heads; the dance, leap, and flight 
of ideas; good air, thin, clear, open, dry, like the air of the heights 
through which all animal being becomes more spiritual and ac-
quires wings; repose in all cellars regions; all dogs nicely chained 
up; no barking of hostility and shaggy-haired rancor; no gnawing 
worm of injured ambition; undemanding and obedient intestines, 
bussy as windmills but distant; the heart remote, beyond, heavy with 
future, posthumous—all in all, they think of the ascetic ideal as the 
cheerful ascetism of an animal become fledged and divine, float-
ing above life rather than in repose.

The three great slogans of the ascetic ideal are familiar: pover-
ty, humility, chastity. Now take a close look at the lives of all the 
great, fruitful, inventive spirits: you will always encounter all three 
to a certain degree. Not, it goes without saying, as though these 
constituted their “virtues”—what has this kind of man to do with 
virtue—but as the most appropriate and natural conditions of 
their best existence, their fairest fruitfulness. It is quite possible 
that their dominating spirituality had first to put a check on an 
unrestrained and irritable pride or a wanton sensuality, or that it 
perhaps had a hard job to maintain its will to the “desert” against a 
love of luxury and refinement or an excessive liberality of heart 
and hand. But it did it; precisely because it was the dominating

4 Let the world perish, but let there be philosophy, the philosopher, mel!
instinct whose demands prevailed against those of all the other instincts—it continues to do it; if it did not do it, it would not dominate. There is thus nothing of "virtue" in this.

The desert, incidentally, that I just mentioned, where the strong, independent spirits withdraw and become lonely—oh, how different it looks from the way educated people imagine a desert!—for in some cases they themselves are this desert, these educated people. And it is certain that no actor of the spirit could possibly endure life in it—for them it is not nearly romantic or Syrian enough, not nearly enough of a stage desert! To be sure, there is no lack of camels\(^1\) in it; but that is where the similarity ends. A voluntary obscurity perhaps; an avoidance of oneself; a dislike of noise, honor, newspapers, influence; a modest job, an everyday job, something that conceals rather than exposes one; an occasional association with harmless, cheerful beasts and birds whose sight is refreshing; mountains for company, but not dead ones, mountains with eyes (that is, with lakes); perhaps even a room in a full, utterly commonplace hotel, where one is certain to go unrecognized and can talk to anyone with impunity—that is what "desert" means here: oh, it is lonely enough, believe me! When Heraclitus withdrew into the courtyards and colonnades of the great temple of Artemis, this was a worthier "desert," I admit: why do we lack such temples? (Perhaps we do not lack them: I just recall my most beautiful study—the Piazza di San Marco, in spring of course, and morning also, the time between ten and twelve.) That which Heraclitus avoided, however, is still the same as that which we shun today: the noise and democratic chatter of the Ephesians, their politics, their latest news of the "Empire"\(^2\) (the Persian, you understand), their market business of "today"—for we philosophers need to be spared one thing above all: everything to do with "today." We reverence what is still, cold, noble, distant, past, and in general everything in the face of which the soul does not have to defend itself and wrap itself up—what one can speak to without speaking aloud.

One should listen to how a spirit sounds when it speaks: every

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\(^1\) Here used in the sense of silly asses, which is common in German.

\(^2\) Reich.
Geist hat seinen Klang, liebt seinen Klang. Das dort zum Beispiel muss wohl ein Agitator sein, will sagen ein Hohlkopf, Hohlkopf: was auch nur in ihm hineingehöre, je länger die Dinge kommen dumpf und dick aus ihm zurück-gebemacht mit dem Echo der grossen Leere. Jener dort spricht selten anders als heiser: hat er sich vielleicht heiser gedacht? Das wäre möglich — man frage die Physiologen — aber wer in Wörtern denkt, denkt als Redner und nicht als Denker (es verrät, dass er im Grunde nicht Sachen, nicht sachlich denkt, sondern nur in Hinsicht auf Sachen, dass er eigentlich sich und seine Zubehörer denkt). Dieser Dritte da redet aufdringlich, er tritt zu nahe ans den Leib, sein Athem haucht uns an, —

unwillkürlich schliessen wir den Mund, obwohl es ein Buch ist, durch das er zu uns spricht: der Klang seines Stells sagt den Grund davon, — dass er keine Zeit hat, dass er scheut an sich selber glaubt, dass er heute oder niemals mehr zu Worte kommt. Ein Geist aber, der seiner selbst gewiss ist, redet leise; er such die Verborgenheit, er lässt auf sich warten.

Man erkennt einen Philosophen daran, dass er drei glänzenden und lauten Dingen aus dem Wege geht, dem Ruhme, den Fürsten und den Frauen: womit nicht gesagt ist, dass sie nicht zu ihm kämen. Er scheut allzuhelles Licht: deshalb scheut er seine Zeit und deren „Tag“.

This kind of man does not like to be disturbed by enmities, nor by friendships; he easily forgets and easily despises. He thinks it in bad taste to play the martyr; "to suffer for truth"—he leaves that to the ambitious and the stage heroes of the spirit and to anyone else who has the time for it (the philosophers themselves have something to do for the truth). They use big words sparingly; it is said that they dislike the very word "truth": it sounds too grandiloquent.

As for the "chastity" of philosophers, finally, this type of spirit clearly has its fruitfulness somewhere else than in children; perhaps it also has the survival of its name elsewhere, its little immortality (philosophers in ancient India expressed themselves even more immodestly: "why should he desire progeny whose soul is the world?"). There is nothing in this of chastity from any kind of ascetic scruple or hatred of the senses, just as it is not chastity when an athlete or jockey abstains from women: it is rather the will of their dominating instinct, at least during their periods of great pregnancy. Every artist knows what a harmful effect intercourse has in states of great spiritual tension and preparation; those with the greatest power and the surest instincts do not need to learn this by experience, by unfortunate experience—their "maternal" instinct ruthlessly disposes of all other stores and accumulations of energy, of animal vigor, for the benefit of the evolving work: the greater energy then rises up the lesser.

Now let us interpret the case of Schopenhauer, discussed above, in the light of these remarks: the sight of the beautiful obviously had upon him the effect of releasing the chief energy of his nature (the energy of contemplation and penetration), so that this exploded and all at once became the master of his consciousness. This should by no means preclude the possibility that the sweetness and plenitude peculiar to the aesthetic state might be derived precisely from the ingredient of "sensuality" (just as the "idealism" of adolescent girls derives from this source)—so that sensuality is not overcome by the appearance of the aesthetic condition, as Schopenhauer believed, but only transfigured and no longer enters consciousness as sexual excitement. (I shall return to this point on another occasion, in connection with the still more delicate prob-
lens of the *physiology of aesthetics,* which is practically untouched and unexplored so far.)

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We have seen how a certain asceticism, a severe and cheerful continence with the best will, belongs to the most favorable conditions of supreme spirituality, and is also among its most natural consequences: hence it need be no matter for surprise that philosophers have always discussed the ascetic ideal with a certain fondness. A serious examination of history actually reveals that the bond between philosophy and the ascetic ideal is even much closer and stronger. One might assert that it was only on the leading-strings of this ideal that philosophy learned to take its first small steps on earth—alas, so clumsily, so unwillingly, so ready to fall on its face and lie on its belly, this timid little toddler and mollycoddle with shaky legs!

Philosophy began as all good things begin: for a long time it lacked the courage for itself; it was always looking round to see if someone would come and help it; yet it was afraid of all who looked at it. Draw up a list of the various propensities and virtues of the philosopher—his bent to doubt, his bent to deny, his bent to suspend judgment (his "ephectic" bent), his bent to analyze, his bent to investigate, seek, dare, his bent to compare and balance, his will to neutrality and objectivity, his will to every "sine ira et studio"; is it not clear that for the longest time all of them contravened the basic demands of morality and conscience (not to speak of *reason* quite generally, which Luther liked to call "Mistress Clever, the clever whore")—that if a philosopher had been


1 Without anger or affection; i.e., impartial(ity).
consciously of what he was, he would have been compelled to feel himself the embodiment of "mitimur in vetitum"—and consequently guarded against "feeling himself," against becoming conscious of himself?

It is, to repeat, no different with all the good things of which we are proud today; measured even by the standards of the ancient Greeks, our entire modern way of life, insofar as it is not weakness but power and consciousness of power, has the appearance of sheer hubris and godlessness: for the longest time it was precisely the reverse of those things we hold in honor today that had a good conscience on its side and God for its guardian. Our whole attitude toward nature, the way we violate her with the aid of machines and the heedless inventiveness of our technicians and engineers, is hubris; our attitude toward God as some alleged spider of purpose and morality behind the great capacious web of causality, is hubris—we might say, with Charles the Bold when he opposed Louis XI, "je combats l'universelle araignée"; our attitude toward ourselves is hubris, for we experiment with ourselves in a way we would never permit ourselves to experiment with animals and, carried away by curiosity, we cheerfully vivisect our souls: what is the "salvation" of the soul to us today? Afterward we cure ourselves: sickness is instructive, we have no doubt of that, even more instructive than health—those who make sick seem even more necessary to us today than any medicine men or "saviors." We violate ourselves nowadays, no doubt of it, we nutcrackers of the soul, ever questioning and questionable, as if life were nothing but cracking nuts; and thus we are bound to grow day-by-day more questionable, worthier of asking questions; perhaps also worthier—of living?

All good things were formerly bad things; every original sin has turned into an original virtue. Marriage, for example, seemed for a long time a transgression against the rights of the community;

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3 Overweening pride—often ascribed to the heroes of Greek tragedies.
4 I fight the universal spider.
5 Fragwürdiger, würdiger zu fragen.
one had to make reparation for being so immodest as to claim a
woman for oneself (hence, for example, the *jus primae noctis,*
which in Cambodia is still the prerogative of the priests, those
guardsians of all "hallowed customs"). The gentle, benevolent, con-
cilatory, and compassionate feelings—eventually so highly valued
that they almost constitute "the eternal values"—were opposed for
the longest time by self-contempt: one was ashamed of mildness as
one is today ashamed of hardness (cf. *Beyond Good and Evil*,
section 260). Submission to law: how the consciences of noble
tribes all over the earth resisted the abandonment of vendetta and
were loath to bow before the power of the law! "Law" was for a
long time a *vetitum,* an outrage, an innovation; it was charac-
terized by violence—it was violence to which one submitted, feel-
ing ashamed of oneself. Every smallest step on earth has been paid
for by spiritual and physical torture: this whole point of view,
"that not only every progressive step, not every step, movement,
and change has required its countless martyrs," sounds utterly
strange to us today—I called attention to it in *The Dawn,* sec-
tion 18.

"Nothing has been bought more dearly," I say there, "than the
modicum of human reason and feeling of freedom that are now
our pride. It is this pride, however, that makes it almost impossible
for us today to empathize with that vast era of the 'morality of
mores' *which preceded 'world history' as the truly decisive history
that determined the character of mankind: when suffering was
everywhere counted as a virtue, cruelty as a virtue, dissembling as a
virtue, revenge as a virtue, slander of reason as a virtue, and when
on the other hand well-being was counted as a danger, thirst for
knowledge as a danger, peace as a danger, pity as a danger, being
pitted as a disgrace, work as a disgrace, madness as divine, change
as the very essence of immorality* and pregnant with disaster."

6 The right of the first night.
7 Something forbidden, or a prohibition.
8 *Sittlichkeit der Sitte:* see Nietzsche's Preface, section 4.
9 *Das Unstillechte . . . an sich: an sich* (in itself, the very essence of) and
überall (everywhere) are not found in *The Dawn* but added by Nietzsche in
the *Genealogy.* Where morality is identified with the traditional *mores* or
customs, change is *eo ipso immoral.*
In the same book (section 42) it is explained under what valuation, what oppression of valuation, the earliest race of contemplative men had to live: when not feared, they were despised. Contemplation first appeared on earth in disguise, in ambiguous form, with an evil heart and often an anxious head: there is no doubt of that. The inactive, brooding, unwarlike element in the instincts of contemplative men long surrounded them with a profound mistrustfulness: the only way of dispelling it was to arouse a decided fear of oneself. And the ancient Brahmins, for instance, knew how to do this! The earliest philosophers knew how to endow their existence and appearance with a meaning, a basis and background, through which others might come to fear them: more closely considered, they did so from an even more fundamental need, namely, so as to fear and reverence themselves. For they found all the value judgments within them turned against them, they had to fight down every kind of suspicion and resistance against “the philosopher in them.” As men of frightful ages, they did this by using frightful means: cruelty toward themselves, inventive self-castigation—this was the principal means these power-hungry hermits and innovators of ideas required to overcome the gods and tradition in themselves, so as to be able to believe in their own innovations. I recall the famous story of King Vishvamitra, who through millennia of self-torture acquired such a feeling of power and self-confidence that he endeavored to build a new heaven—the uncanny symbol of the most ancient and most recent experience of philosophers on earth: whoever has at some time built a “new heaven” has found the power to do so only in his own hell.

Let us compress the facts into a few brief formulas: to begin with, the philosophic spirit always had to use as a mask and cocoon the previously established types of the contemplative man—priest, sorcerer, soothsayer, and in any case a religious type—in order to be able to exist at all: the ascetic ideal for a long time served the philosopher as a form in which to appear, as a precondition of existence—he had to represent it so as to be able to be a philoso-
er musste an dasselbe glauben, um es darstellen zu können. Die eigentümlich
telvernehmende, lebensfeindliche, sinnentäusche, entsinn-
lichte Abseits-Haltung der Philosophen, welche bis auf die neu-
estes Zeit festhalten worden ist und damit beinahe als Phi-
osphen-Attituden sich Geltung gewonnen hat, —
sie ist vor allem eine Folge des Nothstandes von Bedingungen,
unter denen Philosophie überhaupt entstand und bestand: inso-ern nämlich die längste Zeit Philosophie auf Erden gar
nicht möglich gewesen wäre ohne eine asketische Hülle
und Einkleidung, ohne ein asketisches Selbst-Missverständnis.
Anschaulich und augenscheinlich ausgedrückt: der asketische
Priester hat bis auf die neueste Zeit die widrige und düstere
Raupeform abgegeben, unter der allein die Philosophie leben
durfte und herumschlich... 
Hat sich das wirklich verän-
dernt? Ist das bunte und gefährliche Flügeltier, jener „Geist“,
den diese Raupe in sich barg, wirklich, Dank einer sonniger,
wärmeren, aufgeheilter Welt, zuletzt doch noch entkettet und
in’s Licht hinausgelassen worden? Ist heute schon genug Stolz,
Wagnis, Tapferkeit, Selbstgewissheit, Wille des Geistes, Wille
zur Verantwortlichkeit, Freiheit des Willens vorhanden,
dass wirklich nunmehr auf Erden „der Philosoph“ —
möglich ist... 

II.

Jetzt erst, nachdem wir den asketischen Priester
in Sicht bekommen haben, rücken wir unserm Probleme: was
beträgt das asketische Ideal? ernsthaft auf den Leib, — jetzt
erst wird es „Ernst“: wir haben nunmehr den echten Re-
präsentanten des ernsten überhaupt uns gegenüber. „Was bedeutet aller Ernst?“ — diese noch grundsätzlichere
Frage legt sich vielleicht hier schon auf unsere Lippen: eine Frage
für Physiologen, wie billig, an der wir aber einstweilen noch
vorübergeschlüpft. Der asketische Priester hat in jenem Ideale
nicht nur seinen Glauben, sondern auch seinen Willen, seine
Macht, sein Interesse. Sein Recht zum Dasein steht und fällt
mit jenem Ideale: was Wunder, dass wir hier auf einen forsch-
baren Gegner stoßen, gesetzt nämlich, dass wir die Gegner jenes
Ideales wären? einen solchen, der um seine Existenz gegen
die Leugner jenes Ideales kämpft... 

Andrerseits ist es von
vornherein nicht wahrscheinlich, dass eine dergestalt interessierte
Stellung zu unserem Probleme diesem sonderlich zu Nutze kom-
mmt; der asketische Priester wird schwerlich selbst nur den
glücklichsten Vertheidiger seines Ideals abgeben, aus dem glei-
woman who tries to defend “woman as such” usually fails—and he
certainly will not be the most objective judge of this controversy.
Far from fearing he will confute us—this much is already obvious
—we shall have to help him defend himself against us.

The idea at issue here is the valuation the ascetic priest places
on our life: he juxtaposes it (along with what pertains to it: “na-
ture,” “world,” the whole sphere of becoming and transitoriness)
with a quite different mode of existence which it opposes and ex-
cludes, unless it turn against itself, deny itself: in that case, the
case of the ascetic life, life counts as a bridge to that other mode of
existence. The ascetic treats life as a wrong road on which one
must finally walk back to the point where it begins, or as a mistake
that is put right by deeds—that we ought to put right: for he de-
mands that one go along with him; where he can he compels accep-
tance of his evaluation of existence.

What does this mean? So monstrous a mode of valuation
stands inscribed in the history of mankind not as an exception and
curiosity, but as one of the most widespread and enduring of all
phenomena. Read from a distant star, the majuscule script of our
earthly existence would perhaps lead to the conclusion that the
earth was the distinctively ascetic planet, a nook of disgruntled,
arrogant, and offensive creatures filled with a profound disgust at
themselves, at the earth, at all life, who inflict as much pain on
themselves as they possibly can out of pleasure in inflicting pain—
which is probably their only pleasure. For consider how regularly
and universally the ascetic priest appears in almost every age; he
belongs to no one race; he prospers everywhere; he emerges from
every class of society. Nor does he breed and propagate his mode
of valuation through heredity: the opposite is the case—broadly
speaking, a profound instinct rather forbids him to propagate. It
must be a necessity of the first order that again and again promotes
the growth and prosperity of this life-inimical species—it must in-
deed be in the interest of life itself that such a self-contradictory
type does not die out. For an ascetic life is a self-contradiction:
here rules a resentment without equal, that of an insatiable in-
stant and power-will that wants to become master not over some-
thing in life but over life itself, over its most profound, powerful,
and basic conditions; here an attempt is made to employ force to block up the wells of force; here physiological well-being itself is viewed askance, and especially the outward expression of this well-being, beauty and joy; while pleasure is felt and sought in ill-constitutedness, decay, pain, mischance, ugliness, voluntary deprivation, self-mortification, self-flagellation, self-sacrifice. All this is in the highest degree paradoxical: we stand before a discord that wants to be discordant, that enjoys itself in this suffering and even grows more self-confident and triumphant the more it is presupposition, its physiological capacity for life, decreases. "Triumph in the ultimate agony": the ascetic ideal has always fought under this hyperbolic sign; in this enigma of seduction, in this image of torment and delight, it recognized its brightest light, its salvation, its ultimate victory. Crux, nux, lux — for the ascetic ideal these three are one.

Suppose such an incarnate will to contradiction and antinaturalness is induced to philosophize: upon what will it vent its innermost contrariness? Upon what is felt most certainly to be real and actual: it will look for error precisely where the instinct of life most unconditionally posits truth. It will, for example, like the ascetics of the Vedanta philosophy, downgrade physiognomy to an illusion; likewise pain, multiplicity, the entire conceptual antithesis "subject" and "object" — errors, nothing but errors! To renounce belief in one's ego, to deny one's own "reality" — what a triumph! not merely over the senses, over appearance, but a much higher kind of triumph; a violation and cruelty against reason — a voluptuous pleasure that reaches its height when the ascetic self-contempt and self-mockery of reason declares: "there is a realm of truth and being, but reason is excluded from it!"

1 Cross, nut, light. In one of Nietzsche's notebooks we find this sketch for a title:

**Nux et Crux**  
A Philosophy for Good Teeth

(Incidentally, even in the Kantian concept of the “intelligible character of things” something remains of this lascivious ascetic discord that loves to turn reason against reason: for “intelligible character” signifies in Kant that things are so constituted that the intellect comprehends just enough of them to know that for the intellect they are—utterly incomprehensible.)

But precisely because we seek knowledge, let us not be ungrateful to such resolute reversals of accustomed perspectives and valuations with which the spirit has, with apparent mischievousness and futility, raged against itself for so long: to see differently in this way for once, to want to see differently, is no small discipline and preparation of the intellect for its future “objectivity”—the latter understood not as “contemplation without interest” (which is a nonsensical absurdity), but as the ability to control one’s Pro and Con and to dispose of them, so that one knows how to employ a variety of perspectives and affective interpretations in the service of knowledge.

Henceforth, my dear philosophers, let us be on guard against the dangerous old conceptual fiction that posited a “pure, will-less, painless, timeless knowing subject”; let us guard against the snares of such contradictory concepts as “pure reason,” “absolute spirituality,” “knowledge in itself”: these always demand that we should think of an eye that is completely unthinkable, an eye turned in no particular direction, in which the active and interpreting forces, through which alone seeing becomes seeing something, are supposed to be lacking; these always demand of the eye an absurdity and a nonsense. There is only a perspective seeing, only a perspective “knowing”; and the more effects we allow to speak about one thing, the more eyes, different eyes, we can use to observe one thing, the more complete will our “concept” of this thing, our “objectivity,” be. But to eliminate the will altogether, to suspend each and every affect, supposing we were capable of this—what would that mean but to castrate the intellect?

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1 This passage throws a great deal of light on Nietzsche’s perspectivism and on his style and philosophical method.
But let us return to our problem. It will be immediately obvious that such a self-contradiction as the ascetic appears to represent, "life against life," is, psychologically considered and not merely psychologically, a simple absurdity. It can only be apparent; it must be a kind of provisional formulation, an interpretation and psychological misunderstanding of something whose real nature could not for a long time be understood or described as it really was—a mere word inserted into an old gap in human knowledge. Let us replace it with a brief formulation of the facts of the matter: the ascetic ideal springs from the protective instinct of a degenerating life which tries by all means to sustain itself and to fight for its existence; it indicates a partial physiological obstruction and exhaustion against which the deepest instincts of life, which have remained intact, continually struggle with new expedients and devices. The ascetic ideal is such an expedient; the case is therefore the opposite of what those who reverence this ideal believe: life wrestles in it and through it with death and against death; the ascetic ideal is an artifice for the preservation of life.

That this ideal acquired such power and ruled over men as imperiously as we find it in history, especially wherever the civilization and taming of man has been carried through, expresses a great fact: the sickliness of the type of man we have had hitherto, or at least of the tamed man, and the physiological struggle of man against death (more precisely: against disgust with life, against exhaustion, against the desire for the "end"). The ascetic priest is the incarnate desire to be different, to be in a different place, and indeed this desire at its greatest extreme, its distinctive fervor and passion; but precisely this power of his desire is the chain that holds him captive so that he becomes a tool for the creation of more favorable conditions for being here and being man—it is precisely this power that enables him to persuade to existence the whole herd of the ill-constituted, disgruntled, underprivileged, unfortunate, and all who suffer of themselves, by instinctively going before them as their shepherd. You will see my point: this ascetic priest, this ap-
parent enemy of life, this denier—precisely he is among the greatest conserving and yes-creating forces of life.

Where does it come from, this sickness? For man is more sick, uncertain, changeable, indeterminate than any other animal, there is no doubt of that—he is the sick animal: how has that come about? Certainly he has also dared more, done more new things, braved more and challenged fate more than all the other animals put together: he, the great experimenter with himself, discontented and insatiable, wrestling with animals, nature, and gods for ultimate dominion—he, still unvanquished, eternally directed toward the future, whose own restless energies never leave him in peace, so that his future digs like a sparrow into the flesh of every present—how should such a courageous and richly endowed animal not also be the most imperiled, the most chronically and profoundly sick of all sick animals?

Man has often had enough; there are actual epidemics of having had enough (as around 1348, at the time of the dance of death); but even this nausea, this weariness, this disgust with himself—all this bursts from him with such violence that it at once becomes a new fetter. The No he says to life brings to light, as if by magic, an abundance of tender Yeses; even when he wounds himself, this master of destruction, of self-destruction—the very wound itself afterward compels him to live.—

14

The more normal sickness becomes among men—and we cannot deny its normality—the higher should be the honor accorded the rare cases of great power of soul and body, man’s lucky hits; the more we should protect the well-constituted from the worst kind of air, the air of the sickroom. Is this done?

The sick represent the greatest danger for the healthy; it is not
dieser anscheinende Feind des Lebens, dieser Verneinende, — er gerade gehört zu den ganz grossen conservirenden und Ja-schaffenden Gewalten des Lebens... Woran sie hängt, jene Krankhaftigkeit? Denk der Mensch ist kränker, unsicherer, wechselnder, unfestgestellter als irgend ein Tier sonst, daran ist kein Zweifel, — er ist das kranke Tier: woher kommt das? Sicherlich hat er auch mehr gewagt, genauer, getroft, das Schicksal herausgefördert als alle übrigen Thiere zusammen genommen: er, der grosse Experimentator mit sich, der Unbefriedigte, Ungeküstigte, der um die letzte Herrschaft mit Thier, Natur und Göttern ringt, — er, der immer noch Unbezwingen, der ewig-Zukünftige, der vor seiner eignen drängenden Kraft keine Ruhe mehr findet, so dass ihm seine Zukunft unerlietzt wie ein Sporn im Fleische jeder Gegenwart wüllt: — wie sollte ein solches muthiges und reiches Thier nicht auch das am meisten gefährdete, das am Längsten und Tiefsten kranke unter allen kranken Thieren sein?... Der Mensch hat es satt, oft genug, es giebt ganze Epidemien dieses Satthabens (— so um 1348 herum, zur Zeit des Todtentanzes): aber selbst noch dieser Ekel, diese Müdigkeit, dieser Verdruss an sich selbst — Alles tritt an ihm so mächtig heraus, dass es sofort wieder zu einer neuen Fessel wird. Sein Nein, das er zum Leben spricht, bringt wie durch einen Zauber eine Fülle zarterer Ja’s an’s Licht; ja wenn er sich verwundet, dieser Meister der Zerstörung, Selbstzerstörung, — hinterdrein ist es die Wunde selbst, die ihn zwingt, zu leben...

14.

15. Je normaler die Krankhaftigkeit am Menschen ist — und wir können diese Normalität nicht in Abrede stellen —, um so höher sollte man die seltenen Fälle der seelisch-leiblichen Mächtigkeit, die Glücksfälle des Menschen in Ehren halten, um so strenger die Wohlerathen vor der schädigtesten Luft, der Kranken-Luft behüten. Thut man das?... Die Kranken sind die grösste Gefahr für die Gesunden; nicht von den Stärk-

1 Dieser Verneinende... und Ja-schaffenden: cf. Goethe, Faust, lines 1335ff., where Mephistopheles calls himself: "The spirit that negates (verneint)" and "part of that force which would / Do evil evermore, and yet creates the good." In the next paragraph, the portrait of "the great experimenter" brings to mind Goethe's Faust.
the strongest but the weakest who spell disaster for the strong. Is this known?

Broadly speaking, it is not fear of man that we should desire to see diminished; for this fear compels the strong to be strong, and occasionally terrible—it maintains the well-constituted type of man. What is to be feared, what has a more calamitous effect than any other calamity, is that man should inspire not profound fear but profound nausea; also not great fear but great pity. Suppose these two were one day to unite, they would inevitably beget one of the uncanniest monsters: the "last will" of man, his will to nothingness, nihilism. And indeed a great deal points to this union. Whoever can smell not only with his nose but also with his eyes and ears, scents almost everywhere he goes today something like the air of madhouses and hospitals—I am speaking, of course, of the cultural domain, of every kind of "Europe" on this earth. The sick are man's greatest danger; not the evil, not the "beasts of prey." Those who are failures from the start, downtrodden, crushed—it is they, the weakest, who must undermine life among men, who call into question and poison most dangerously our trust in life, in man, and in ourselves. Where does one not encounter that veiled glance which burdens one with a profound sadness, that inward-turned glance of the born failure which betrays how such a man speaks to himself—that glance which is a sigh! "If only I were someone else," sighs this glance: "but there is no hope of that. I am who I am: how could I ever get free of myself? And yet—I am sick of myself!"

It is on such soil, on swampy ground, that every weed, every poisonous plant grows, always so small, so hidden, so false, so saccharine. Here the worms of vengefulness and rancor swarm; here the air stinks of secrets and concealment; here the web of the most malicious of all conspiracies is being spun constantly—the conspiracy of the suffering against the well-constituted and victorious, here the aspect of the victorious is hated. And what mendaciously is employed to disguise that this hatred is hatred! What a display of grand words and postures, what an art of "honest" calumny! These failures: what noble eloquence flows from their lips! How much sugary, slimy, humble submissiveness swims in their eyes! What do
they really want? At least to represent justice, love, wisdom, superiority—that is the ambition of the "lowest," the sick. And how skillful such an ambition makes them! Admire above all the forger's skill with which the stamp of virtue, even the ring, the goldensounding ring of virtue, is here counterfeited. They monopolize virtue, these weak, hopelessly sick people, there is no doubt of it: "we alone are the good and just," they say, "we alone are homines bonaes voluntatis." ¹ They walk among us as embodied reproaches, as warnings to us—as if health, well-constitutedness, strength, pride, and the sense of power were in themselves necessarily vicious things for which one must pay some day, and pay bitterly: how ready they themselves are at bottom to make one pay; how they crave to be hangmen. There is among them an abundance of the vengeful disguised as judges, who constantly bear the word "justice" in their mouths like poisonous spittle, always with pursed lips, always ready to spit upon all who are not discontented but go their way in good spirits. Nor is there lacking among them that most disgusting species of the vain, the mendacious failures whose aim is to appear as "beautiful souls" and who bring to market their deformed sensuality, wrapped up in verses and other swaddling clothes, as "purity of heart": the species of moral masturbaters and "self-gratifiers." The will of the weak to represent some form of superiority, their instinct for devious paths to tyranny over the healthy—where can it not be discovered, this will to power of the weakest!

The sick woman especially: no one can excel her in the wiles to dominate, oppress, and tyrannize. The sick woman spares nothing, living or dead; she will dig up the most deeply buried things (the Bogos say: "woman is a hyena").

Examine the background of every family, every organization, every commonwealth: everywhere the struggle of the sick against the healthy—a silent struggle as a rule, with petty poisons, with pinpricks, with sly long-suffering expressions, but occasionally also with that invalid's Pharisianism of loud gestures that likes best to pose as "noble indignation." This hoarse, indignant barking of sick.

¹ Men of good will.
dogs, this rabid mendaciousness and rage of "noble" Pharisees, penetrates even the hallowed halls of science (I again remind readers who have ears for such things that that Berlin apostle of revenge, Eugen Dühring, who employs moral mumbo-jumbo more indecently and repulsively than anyone else in Germany today: Dühring, the foremost moral bigmouth today—unexcelled even among his own ilk, the anti-Semites).

They are all men of resentment, physiologically unfortunate and worm-eaten, a whole tremulous realm of subterranean revenge, inexhaustible and insatiable in outbursts against the fortunate and happy⁵ and in masquerades of revenge and pretexts for revenge: when would they achieve the ultimate, subtlest, sublimest triumph of revenge? Undoubtedly if they succeeded in poisoning the consciences of the fortunate with their own misery, with all misery, so that one day the fortunate began to be ashamed of their good fortune and perhaps said one to another: "it is disgraceful to be fortunate: there is too much misery!"

But no greater or more calamitous misunderstanding is possible than for the happy, well-constituted, powerful in soul and body, to begin to doubt their right to happiness in this fashion. Away with this "inverted world"! Away with this shameful emasculation of feeling! That the sick should not make the healthy sick—and this is what such an emasculation would involve—should surely be our supreme concern on earth; but this requires above all that the healthy should be segregated from the sick, guarded even from the sight of the sick, that they may not confound themselves with the sick. Or is it their task, perhaps, to be nurses or physicians?⁶

But no worse misunderstanding and denial of their task can be imagined: the higher ought not to degrade itself to the status of an

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⁵ "Fortunate and happy": die Glücklichen. In the next sentence the word is rendered "the fortunate," and Glück as "good fortune"; but in the next paragraph "happy" and "happiness" have been used, as Nietzsche evidently means both.

⁶ Cf. Goethe's letter to Frau von Stein, June 8, 1787: "Also, I must say myself, I think it true that humanity will triumph eventually, only I fear that at the same time the world will become a large hospital and each will become the other's humane nurse." In a letter to Rée, April 17, 1877, Nietzsche writes, "each the other's humane nurse."
instrument of the lower, the pathos of distance ought to keep their tasks eternally separate! Their right to exist, the privilege of the full-toned bell over the false and cracked, is a thousand times greater: they alone are our warranty for the future, they alone are liable for the future of man. The sick can never have the ability or obligation to do what they can do, what they ought to do: but if they are to be able to do what they alone ought to do, how can they at the same time be physicians, consolers, and "saviors" of the sick?

And therefore let us have fresh air! fresh air! and keep clear of the madhouses and hospitals of culture! And therefore let us have good company, our company! Or solitude, if it must be! But away from the sickening fumes of inner corruption and the hidden rot of disease! . . . So that we may, at least for a while yet, guard ourselves, my friends, against the two worst contagions that may be reserved just for us—against the great nausea at man! against great pity for man!  

If one has grasped in all its profundity—and I insist that precisely this matter requires profound apprehension and comprehension—how it cannot be the task of the healthy to nurse the sick and to make them well, then one has also grasped one further necessity—the necessity of doctors and nurses who are themselves sick; and now we understand the meaning of the ascetic priest and grasp it with both hands.

We must count the ascetic priest as the predestined savior, shepherd, and advocate of the sick herd: only thus can we understand his tremendous historical mission. Dominion over the suffering is his kingdom, that is where his instinct directs him, here he possesses his distinctive art, his mastery, his kind of happiness.

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4 The dangers of the great nausea and the great pity are among the central motifs of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. The theme of nausea is introduced in the chapter "On the Rabble" in Part Two and is encountered again and again in later chapters. Another chapter in Part Two bears the title "On the Pitying," and the whole of Part Four, which bears a motto from that chapter, is cast in the form of a story: having overcome his nausea at the end of Part Three, Zarathustra's final temptation is pity.
must be sick himself, he must be profoundly related to the sick—how else would they understand each other?—but he must also be strong, master of himself even more than of others, with his will to power intact, so as to be both trusted and feared by the sick, so as to be their support, resistance, prop, compulsion, taskmaster, tyrant, and god. He has to defend his herd—against whom? Against the healthy, of course, and also against envy of the healthy; he must be the natural opponent and despiser of all rude, stormy, unbridled, hard, violent beast-of-prey health and might. The priest is the first form of the more delicate animal that despises more readily than it hates. He will not be spared war with the beasts of prey, a war of cunning (of the “spirit”) rather than one of force, as goes without saying; to fight it he will under certain circumstances need to evolve a virtually new type of preying animal out of himself, or at least he will need to represent it—a new kind of animal ferocity in which the polar bear, the supple, cold, and patient tiger, and not least the fox seem to be joined in a unity at once enticing and terrifying. If need compels him, he will walk among the other beasts of prey with beautilike seriousness and feigned superiority, venerable, prudent, and cold, as the herald and mouthpiece of more mysterious powers, determined to sow this soil with misery, discord, and self-contradiction wherever he can and, only too certain of his art, to dominate the suffering at all times. He brings salves and balm with him, no doubt; but before he can act as a physician he first has to wound; when he then stills the pain of the wound he at the same time infects the wound—for that is what he knows to do best of all, this sorcerer and animal-tamer, in whose presence everything healthy necessarily grows sick, and everything sick tame.

Indeed, he defends his sick herd well enough, this strange shepherd—he also defends it against itself, against the baseness, spite, malice, and whatever else is natural to the ailing and sick and smoiders within the herd itself; he fights with cunning and severity and in secret against anarchy and ever-threatening disintegration within the herd, in which the most dangerous of all explosives, resentment, is constantly accumulating. So to detonate this explosive that it does not blow up herd and herdsman is his essential art, as it
is his supreme utility; if one wanted to express the value of the
priestly existence in the briefest formula it would be: the priest
alters the direction of resentment.

For every sufferer instinctively seeks a cause for his suffering;
much more exactly, an agent; still more specifically, a guilty agent who is
susceptible to suffering—in short, some living thing upon which he
may, on some pretext or other, vent his affects, actually or in effigy:
for the venting of his affects represents the greatest attempt on the
part of the suffering to win relief, anaesthesia—the narcotic he cannot
help desiring to deaden pain of any kind. This alone, I surmise,
constitutes the actual physiological cause of resentment, venge-
fulness, and the like: a desire to deaden pain by means of affects.
This cause is usually sought, quite wrongly in my view, in defensive
retaliation, a mere reactive protective measure, a "reflex move-
ment" set off by sudden injury or peril, such as even a beheaded
frog still makes to shake off a corrosive acid. But the difference is
fundamental: in the one case, the desire is to prevent any further
injury, in the other it is to deaden, by means of a more violent
emotion of any kind, a tormenting, secret pain that is becoming
unendurable, and to drive it out of consciousness at least for the
moment: for that one requires an affect, as savage an affect as
possible, and, in order to excite that, any pretext at all. "Someone
or other must be to blame for my feeling ill"—this kind of reason-
ing is common to all the sick, and is indeed held the more firmly
the more the real cause of their feeling ill, the physiological cause,
remains hidden. (It may perhaps lie in some disease of the nervus
sympathicus, or in an excessive secretion of bile, or in a deficiency
of potassium sulphate and phosphate in the blood, or in an obstruc-
tion in the abdomen which impedes the blood circulation, or in
degeneration of the ovaries, and the like).

The suffering are one and all dreadfully eager and inventive in
discovering occasions for painful affects; they enjoy being mistrust-
ful and dwelling on nasty deeds and imaginary sights; they scour
the entrails of their past and present for obscure and questionable
occurrences that offer them the opportunity to revel in tormenting
suspicions and to intoxicate themselves with the poison of their
own malice: they tear open their oldest wounds, they bleed from

30 Nutzlichkeit; wollte man den Werth der priesterlichen Existenz
in die kürzeste Formel fassen, so wäre geraedwegs zu sagen: der
Priester ist der Richtungs-Veränderer des Resentiments.

Jeder Leidende nämlich sucht instinktiv zu seinem Leid
eine Ursache; genauer noch, einen Thäter, noch bestimmter,
en einen für Leid empfindlichen schuldigen Thäter,—kurz,
irgend etwas Lebendiges, an dem er seine Affekte thätlich oder
in effigie auf irgend einen Vorwand hin entladen kann: denn
die Affekt-Entladung ist der grösste Erleichterungs-
nämlich
Betäubungs-Versuch des Leidenden, sein unwillkürlich
begehrtes Narcoticum gegen Qual irgend welcher Art. Hierin
allein ist, meiner Vermuthung nach, die wirkliche physiologische
Ursächlichkeit des Resentiments, der Rache und ihrer Ver-
wandten, zu finden, in einem Verlangen also nach Betäu-
bung von Schmerz durch Affekt:—man sucht
dieselbe gemeinhin, sehr irrthümlich, wie mich dünkt, in dem
Defensiv-Gegenschlag, einer blossen Schutzmansse des Reak-
tion, einer „Reflexbewegung" im Falle irgend einer plötzlichen
Sühnung und Gefährdung, der Art, wie sie ein Frosch
ohne Kopf noch vollzieht, um eine sitzende Säure loszuwerden.
Aber die Verschiedenheit ist fundamental: im Einen Falle will
man weiteres Beschädigwerden hindern, im anderen Falle will
man einen quellenden, heimlichen, unerträglich-werdenden
Schmerz durch eine heftigere Emotion irgend welcher Art be-
täuben und für den Augenblick wenigstens aus dem Bewusst-
sein schaffen, — dazu braucht man einen Affekt, einen mög-
liehst wilden Affekt und, zu dessen Erregung, den ersten besten
Vorwand. „Irgend Jemand muss schuld daran sein, dass ich mich
slecht befinde" — diese Art zu schliessen ist allen Krankhaften
eigen, und zwar je mehr ihnen die wahre Ursache ihres Seh-
Schlecht-Befindens, die physiologische, verborgen bleibt (— sie
kann etwa in einer Erkrankung des nervus sympathicus liegen
oder in einer übermässigen Gallen-Absonderung, oder an einer
Armuth des Blutes an schwebel- und phosphorauralem Kali oder
in Druckzuständen des Unterleibs, welche den Blutumlauf
stauen, oder in Entartung der Eierstöcke und dergleichen). Die
Leidenden sind allesamt von einer entsetzlichen Bereitwillig-
keit und Erfindsamkeit in Vorwänden zu schmerzhafte Affek-
ten; sie geniessen ihren Argwohn schon, das Grübeln über
Schlechtigkeiten und scheinbare Beeinträchtigungen, sie durch-
wühlen die Eingeweide ihrer Vergangenheit und Gegenwart
nach dunklen fragwürdigen Geschichten, wo es ihnen freiesteht,
in einem quälerischen Verdacht zu schweigen und am eignen
5 Gifte der Bosheit sich zu berauchen — sie reissen die ältesten
Wunden auf, sie verbluten an
GENEALOGY OF MORALS

long-healed scars, they make evildoers out of their friends, wives, children, and whoever else stands closest to them.¹ "I suffer: someone must be to blame for it"—thus thinks every sickly sheep. But his shepherd, the ascetic priest, tells him: "Quite so, my sheep! someone must be to blame for it: but you yourself are this someone, you alone are to blame for it—you alone are to blame for yourself!"—This is brazen and false enough: but one thing at least is achieved by it, the direction of ressentiment is altered.

16.

You will guess what, according to my idea, the curative instinct of life has at least attempted through the ascetic priest, and why it required for a time the tyranny of such paradoxical and paralogical concepts as "guilt," "sin," "sinfulness," "depravity," "damnation": to render the sick to a certain degree harmless, to work the self-destruction of the incurable, to direct the ressentiment of the less severely afflicted sternly back upon themselves ("one thing is needful")—and in this way to exploit the bad instincts of all sufferers for the purpose of self-discipline, self-surveillance, and self-overcoming.

It goes without saying that a "medication" of this kind, a mere affect medicine, cannot possibly bring about a real cure of sickness in a physiological sense; we may not even suppose that the instinct of life contemplates or intends any sort of cure. A kind of concentration and organization of the sick on one side (the word "church" is the most popular name for it), a kind of provisional safeguarding of the more healthily constituted, the more fully

¹ The most striking illustration of this sentence is found in Dostoevsky's Notes from Underground—and on February 23, 1887, not quite nine months before the publication of the Genealogy, Nietzsche wrote Overbeck about his accidental discovery of Dostoevsky in a bookstore, where he had chanced upon a French translation of that work: "my joy was extraordinary" (Portable Nietzsche, pp. 454f.). In 1888 he wrote in section 45 of Twilight of the Idols: "The testimony of Dostoevsky is relevant to this problem—Dostoevsky, the only psycholgist, incidentally, from whom I had something to learn; he ranks among the most beautiful strokes of fortune in my life, even more than my discovery of Stendhal..." (ibid., p. 549; cf. also pp. 601 and 603). See also note 8, section 24, below.
achieved, on the other, and the creation of a chasm between healthy and sick—for a long time that was all! And it was much! very much!

(It is plain that in this essay I proceed on a presupposition that I do not first have to demonstrate to readers of the kind I need: that man’s “sinfulness” is not a fact, but merely the interpretation of a fact, namely of physiological depression—the latter viewed in a religio-moral perspective that is no longer binding on us.— That someone feels “guilty” or “sinful” is no proof that he is right, any more than a man is healthy merely because he feels healthy. Recall the famous witch trials: the most acute and humane judges were in no doubt as to the guilt of the accused; the “witches” themselves did not doubt it—and yet there was no guilt. — To express this presupposition in a more general form: I consider even “psychological pain” to be not a fact but only an interpretation—a causal interpretation—of facts that have hitherto defied exact formulation—too vague to be scientifically serious—a fat word replacing a very thin question mark. When someone cannot get over a “psychological pain,” that is not the fault of his “psyche” but, to speak crudely, more probably even that of his belly (speaking crudely, to repeat, which does not mean that I want to be heard crudely or understood crudely)—. A strong and well constituted man digests his experiences (his deeds and misdeeds included) as he digests his meals, even when he has to swallow some tough morsels. If he cannot get over an experience and have done with it, this kind of indigestion is as much physiological as is the other—and often in fact merely a consequence of the other.— With such a conception one can, between ourselves, still be the sternest opponent of all materialism.—)

But is he really a physician, this ascetic priest?—We have seen why it is hardly permissible to call him a physician, however much he enjoys feeling like a “savior” and letting himself be reverenced as a “savior.” He combats only the suffering itself, the dis-

Ist er aber eigentlich ein Arzt, dieser asketische Priester?—Wir begriffen schon, inwiefern es kaum erlaubt ist, ihn einen Arzt zu nennen, so gern er auch selbst sich als „Heiland“ fühlt, als „Heiland“ verehren lässt. Nur das Leiden selbst, die
comfiture of the sufferer, not its cause, not the real sickness: this must be our most fundamental objection to priestly medication.

But if one adopts the only perspective known to the priest, it is not easy to set bounds to one's admiration of how much he has seen, sought, and found under this perspective. The alleviation of suffering, "consolation" of every kind—here lies his genius; how inventively he has gone about his task of consolation, how boldly and unscrupulously he has selected the means for it! Christianity in particular may be called a great treasure house of ingenious means of consolation: it offers such a collection of refreshments, palliatives, and narcotics; it risks so much that is most dangerous and audacious; it has displayed such refinement and subtlety, such southern subtlety, in guessing what stimulant affects will overcome, at least for a time, the deep depression, the leaden exhaustion, the black melancholy of the physiologically inhibited. For we may generalize: the main concern of all great religions has been to fight a certain weariness and heaviness grown to epidemic proportions.

One may assume in advance the probability that from time to time and in certain parts of the earth a feeling of physiological inhibition is almost bound to seize on large masses of people, though, owing to their lack of physiological knowledge, they do not diagnose it as such: its "cause" and remedy are sought and tested only in the psychological-moral domain (this is my most general formula for what is usually called a "religion"). Such a feeling of inhibition can have the most various origins: perhaps it may arise from the crossing of races too different from one another (or of classes—classes always also express differences of origin and race: European "Weltenschmerz," 1 the "pessimism" of the nineteenth century, is essentially the result of an absurdly precipitate mixing of classes); or from an injudicious emigration—a race introduced into a climate for which its powers of adaptation are inadequate (the case of the Indians in India); or from the aftereffects of age and exhaustion in the race (Parisian pessimism from 1850 onward); or from an incorrect diet (the alcoholism of the Middle Ages; the absurdity of the vegetarians who, to be sure, can invoke

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1 Sentimental sorrow over the world's woes.
the authority of Squire Christopher in Shakespeare), or from
derivation of the blood, malaria, syphilis, and the like (German
depression after the Thirty Years' War, which infected half of Ger-
many with vile diseases and thus prepared the ground for German
servility, German pusillanimity). In every such case a grand struggle
against the feeling of displeasure is attempted; let us briefly ex-
amine its principal forms and methods. (I here ignore altogether, as
seems reasonable, the philosophers' struggle against this feeling,
which is usually waged at the same time: it is interesting enough
but too absurd, too practically ineffective, too much the work of
web-spinners and idlers—as when pain is proved to be an error, in
the naïve supposition that pain is bound to vanish as soon as the
error in it is recognized; but behold! it refuses to vanish . . .)

This dominating sense of displeasure is combatted, first, by
means that reduce the feeling of life in general to its lowest point. If
possible, will and desire are abolished altogether; all that produces
affects and "blood" is avoided (abstinence from salt: the hygienic
regimen of the fakirs); no love; no hate; indifference; no revenge;
no wealth; no work; one begs; if possible, no women, or as little as
possible; in spiritual matters, Pascal's principle il faut s'abêtir 4 is
applied. The result, expressed in moral-psychological terms, is
"selflessness," "sanctification"; in physiological terms: hypnotiza-
tion—the attempt to win for man an approximation to what in cer-
tain animals is hibernation, in many tropical plants estivation, the
minimum metabolism at which life will still subsist without really
entering consciousness. An astonishing amount of human energy
has been expended to this end—has it been in vain?

2 Nietzsche uses the English word "vegetarians." The reference to Junker
Christopher, who is mentioned once more later in this section, is presumably
intended to allude to The Taming of the Shrew. "She eat no meat today, nor
none shall eat" (IV, 2, line 200) is, of course, said by Petruchio, and in the
accepted version of the play Christopher Sly, the drunken tinker who is made
to believe that he is a lord, appears only in the "Induction" (or Prologue)
and in one subsequent comment. But in The Taming of A (sic) Shrew
(1594), which slightly antedates the accepted version and is attributed to
Shakespeare by a few scholars, the characters introduced in the Induction
make comments from time to time throughout the play.

3 The second strategy is introduced at the beginning of section 18.

4 One must make oneself stupid: in the famous passage in the Pensées in
which Pascal's wager is found.

Dritte Abhandlung: was bedeutet asketische Ideale? 17

379

Shakespeare für sich haben); oder von Blutverderbniss, Malaria,
Syphilis und dergleichen (deutsche Depression nach dem dreisig-
jährigen Kriege, welcher halb Deutschland mit schrecklichen Krank-
heiten durchsuchte und damit den Boden für deutsche Servilität,
deren Kleinmuth vorbereitete). In einem solchen Falle
wird jedes Mal im grössten Stil ein Kampf mit dem
Unlustgefühl versucht; unterrichten wir uns kurz über
dessen wichtigste Praktiken und Formen. (Ich lasse hier, wie bil-
lig, den eigentlichen Philosophen-Kampf gegen das Un-
lustgefühl, der immer gleichzeitig zu sein pflegt, ganz bei
Seite — er ist interessant genug, aber zu absurd, zu praktisch-
gleichgültig, zu spinnwebförmig und eckenscherhaft, etwa wenn
der Schmerz als ein Irrthum bewiesen werden soll, unter der
saiven Voraussetzung, dass der Schmerz schwinden müsste,
wenngleich erst der Irrthum in ihm erkannt ist — aber siehst du er
hältete sich, zu schwinden . . . ) Man bekämpft ersterstens jede
dominierende Unlust durch Mittel, welche das Lebensgefühl
überhaupt auf den niedrigsten Punkt herabsetzen. Womöglich
überhaupt kein Wissen, kein Wunsch mehr; Allem, was Affekt
macht, was "Blut" macht, ausweichen (kein Salz essen: Hygiene
des Fakirs); nicht lieben; nicht hassen; Gleichmut; nicht sich
rühren; nicht sich bereichern; nicht arbeiten; beteilen; womöglich
kein Weib, oder so wenig Weib als möglich: in geistiger Hinsicht
das Prinzip Pascals: il faut s'abêtir. Resultat, psychologisch
moralisch ausgedrückt: "Entslebung", "Heiligung"; physiologisch
ausgedrückt: Hypnotisierung, — der Versuch Etwas für den
Menschen annehmbar zu erscheinen, was der Winterschlauf
für einige Thierarten, der Sommerschlauf für viele Pflan-
zen der heissen Klimaten ist, ein Minimum von Stoffverbrauch
und Stoffwechsel, bei dem das Leben gerade noch besteht, ohne
eigentlich noch in's Bewusstsein zu treten. Auf dieses Ziel ist
eine erstaunliche Menge menschlicher Energie verwandt worden
— umsonst etwa . . .
There can be no doubt that these *sportsmen* of "sanctity" who proliferate in almost all ages and all peoples have in fact discovered a real release from that which they combated with such rigorous *training*; *in countless cases they have really freed* themselves from that profound physiological depression by means of their system of hypnotics, which thus counts among the most universal facts of ethnology. Nor is there any ground for considering this program of starving the body and the desires as necessarily a symptom of lunacy (as a certain clumsy kind of beast-eating "free spirits" and Squire Christopher are wont to do). But it is certainly capable of opening the way to all kinds of spiritual disturbances, to "an inner light" for instance, as with the Hesychasts of Mount Athos, to auditory and visual hallucinations, to voluptuous inundations and ecstasies of sensuality (the case of St. Theresa). It goes without saying that the interpretation which those subject to these states have placed upon them has always been as enthusiastic and false as possible; but we should not overlook the note of utterly convinced gratitude that finds expression in the very *will* to offer that kind of interpretation. The supreme state, *redemption* itself, total hypnotization and repose at last achieved, is always accounted the mystery as such for whose expression even the supreme symbols are inadequate, as entry and return into the ground of things, as liberation from all illusion, as "knowledge," as "truth," as "being," as release from all purpose, all desire, all action, as a state beyond even good and evil. "Good and evil," says the Buddhist—"both are fetters: the Perfect One became master over both"; "what is done and what is not done," says the believer of the Vedanta, "give him no pain; as a sage, he shakes good and evil from himself; no deed can harm his kingdom; he has gone beyond both good and evil": this idea is common to all of India, Hindu and Buddhist. (Neither in the Indian nor in the Christian conception is this "redemption" *attainable* through virtue, through moral improvement, however highly they may esteem the value of virtue

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8 Nietzsche uses the English word; also *training* later in the same sentence and in some later passages.

8 A sect of mystics that originated among the monks on Mount Athos in the fourteenth century.
as a means of hypnotization: one should remember this—here they are true to the facts. To have remained true in this may perhaps be regarded as the finest piece of realism in the three great religions, which are in other respects so steeped in moralization. "For the man of knowledge there are no duties."

"Redemption cannot be attained through an increase in virtue; for redemption consists in being one with Brahma, in whom no increase in perfection is possible; nor through a decrease in faults: for Brahma, with whom to be one constitutes redemption, is eternally pure." These are passages from the commentary of Shankara, quoted by the first European expert in Indian philosophy, my friend Paul Deussen. Let us therefore honor "redemption" as it appears in the great religions. But it is not easy for us to take seriously the high valuation placed on deep sleep by these people, so weary of life that they are too weary even to dream—deep sleep, that is, as an entry into Brahma, as an achieved unio mystica with God.

"When he is completely asleep"—it says in the oldest and most venerable "scripture"—"and perfectly at rest, so that he no longer dreams, then, dearly beloved, he is united with What Is, he has entered into himself—embraced by the cognitive self, he is no longer conscious of what is without or within. Over this bridge come neither day nor night, nor death, nor suffering, nor good works, nor evil works."

"In deep sleep," says the faithfull of this deepest of the three great religions, "the soul rises out of the body, enters into the supreme light and thus steps forth in its real form: there it is the supreme spirit itself that walks about, joking and playing and amusing itself, whether with women or with carriages or with friends; there it thinks no more of this appendage of a body to which the prana (the breath of life) is harnessed like a beast to a cart."

Nonetheless, we must bear in mind here, as in the case of

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7 Paul Deussen (1845–1919) translated sixty Upanishads into German, wrote pioneering works on the Vedanta and on Indian philosophy generally, as well as a multi-volume history of philosophy—and Erinnerungen an Friedrich Nietzsche (Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1901: "Reminiscences of Friedrich Nietzsche").
"redemption," that, although it is arrayed in Oriental exaggeration, what is expressed is merely the same appraisal as that of the clear, cool, Hellenically cool, but suffering Epicurus: the hypnotic sense of nothingness, the repose of deepest sleep, in short absence of suffering—sufferers and those profoundly depressed will count this as the supreme good, as the value of values; they are bound to accord it a positive value, to experience it as the positive as such. (According to the same logic of feeling, all pessimistic religions call nothingness God.)

18

Much more common than this hypnotic muting of all sensitivity, of the capacity to feel pain—which presupposes rare energy and above all courage, contempt for opinion, "intellectual stoicism"—is a different training against states of depression which is at any rate easier: mechanical activity. It is beyond doubt that this regimen alleviates an existence of suffering to a not inconsiderable degree: this fact is today called, somewhat dishonestly, "the blessings of work." The alleviation consists in this, that the interest of the sufferer is directed entirely away from his suffering—that activity, and nothing but activity, enters consciousness, and there is consequently little room left in it for suffering: for the chamber of human consciousness is small!

Mechanical activity and what goes with it—such as absolute regularity, punctilious and unthinking obedience, a mode of life fixed once and for all, fully occupied time, a certain permission, indeed training for "impersonality," for self-forgetfulness, for "incursus sui"—: how thoroughly, how subtly the ascetic priest has known how to employ them in the struggle against pain! When he was dealing with sufferers of the lower classes, with work-slaves or prisoners (or with women—who are mostly both at once, work-slaves and prisoners), he required hardly more than a little ingenuity in name-changing and rebaptizing to make them see benefits and a relative happiness in things they formerly hated: the slave's

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1 Lack of care of self.
discontent with his lot was at any rate not invented by the priest.

An even more highly valued means of combating depression is the prescribing of a petty pleasure that is easily attainable and can be made into a regular event; this mediation is often employed in association with the previous one. The most common form in which pleasure is thus prescribed as a curative is that of the pleasure of giving pleasure (doing good, giving, relieving, helping, encouraging, consoling, praising, rewarding); by prescribing “love of the neighbor,” the ascetic priest prescribes fundamentally an excitement of the strongest, most life-affirming drive, even if in the most cautious doses—namely, of the will to power. The happiness of “slight superiority,” involved in all doing good, being useful, helping, and rewarding, is the most effective means of consolation for the physically inhibited, and widely employed by them when they are well advised: otherwise they hurt one another, obedient, of course, to the same basic instinct.

When one looks for the beginnings of Christianity in the Roman world, one finds associations for mutual aid, associations for the poor, for the sick, for burial, evolved among the lowest strata of society, in which this major remedy for depression, petty pleasure produced by mutual helpfulness, was consciously employed: perhaps this was something new in those days, a real discovery? The “will to mutual aid,” to the formation of a herd, to “community,” to “congregation,” called up in this way is bound to lead to fresh and far more fundamental outbursts of that will to power which it has, even if only to a small extent, aroused: the formation of a herd is a significant victory and advance in the struggle against depression. With the growth of the community, a new interest grows for the individual, too, and often lifts him above the most personal element in his discontent, his aversion to himself (Goeulinx’s “despectio sui”). All the sick and sickly instinctively strive after a herd organization as a means of shaking off their dull displeasure and feeling of weakness: the ascetic priest divines this instinct and furthers it; wherever there are herds, it is the instinct of weakness that has willed the herd and the prudence of the priest.

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2 Self-contempt. Arnold Goeulinx (1624–1669) was a Belgian philosopher.
that has organized it. For one should not overlook this fact: the strong are as naturally inclined to separate as the weak are to congregate; if the former unite together, it is only with the aim of an aggressive collective action and collective satisfaction of their will to power, and with much resistance from the individual conscience; the latter, on the contrary, enjoy precisely this coming together—their instinct is just as much satisfied by this as the instinct of the born “masters” (that is, the solitary, beast-of-prey species of man) is fundamentally irritated and disquieted by organization. The whole of history teaches that every oligarchy conceals the lust for tyranny; every oligarchy constantly trembles with the tension each member feels in maintaining control over this lust. (So it was in Greece, for instance: Plato bears witness to it in a hundred passages—and he knew his own kind—and himself...)

19

The means employed by the ascetic priest that we have discovered up to now—the general muting of the feeling of life, mechanical activity, the petty pleasure, above all “love of one’s neighbor,” herd organization, the awakening of the communal feeling of power through which the individual’s discontent with himself is drowned in his pleasure in the prosperity of the community—these are, by modern standards, his innocent means in the struggle with displeasure; let us now turn to the more interesting means, the “guilty” ones. They all involve one thing: some kind of an orgy of feeling—employed as the most effective means of deadening dull, paralyzing, protracted pain; hence priestly inventiveness in thinking through this single question—“how can one produce an orgy of feeling?”—has been virtually inexhaustible.

This sounds harsh; obviously it would sound more pleasant and be more ingratiating if I said: “the ascetic priest has at all times made use of the enthusiasm that lies in all strong affects.” But why stroke the effeminate ears of our modern weaklings? Why should we give way even one step to their tartuffery of words? For us psychologists this would constitute a tartuffery in deed, quite apart from the fact that it would nauseate us. For if a psychologist...
today has good taste (others might say, integrity) it consists in resistance to the shamefully moralized way of speaking which has gradually made all modern judgments of men and things slimy. One should not deceive oneself in this matter: the most distinctive feature of modern souls and modern books is not lying but their inveterate innocence in moralistic mendacity. To have to rediscover this “innocence” everywhere—this constitutes perhaps the most disgusting job among all the precarious tasks a psychologist has to tackle today; it is a part of our great danger—it is a path that may lead precisely us toward great nausea.

I have no doubt for what sole purpose modern books (if they last, which we fortunately have little reason to fear, and if there will one day be a posterity with a more severe, harder, healthier taste)—for what purpose everything modern will serve this posterity: as an emetic—and that on account of its moral mawkishness and falseness, its innermost feminism that likes to call itself “idealism” and at any rate believes it is idealism. Our educated people of today, our “good people,” do not tell lies—that is true; but that is not to their credit! A real lie, a genuine, resolute, “honest” lie (on whose value one should consult Plato) would be something far too severe and potent for them: it would demand of them what one may not demand of them, that they should open their eyes to themselves, that they should know how to distinguish “true” and “false” in themselves. All they are capable of is a dishonest lie; whoever today accounts himself a “good man” is utterly incapable of confronting any matter except with dishonest mendacity—a mendacity that is abysmal but innocent, truehearted, blue-

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**Footnote:**
1 Here as much as anywhere Freud is Nietzsche’s great heir who did more than anyone else to change the style of the twentieth century. Freud’s insistence on using the term “sexual” rather than “erotic” is a case in point; so is his stubborn insistence on the crucial importance of sexual factors. This was indeed influenced by the time and place in which he lived, as his critics have long claimed—but not in the sense intended by them; rather, he fought against the thinly idealized of the age. And he was quick to suspect, not without reason, that erstwhile followers who developed more ingratiating variations on his theories were guilty of “tartuffery in deed” and not merely in words. He seems to have felt—and this is at any rate one of Nietzsche’s central motifs—that a cleansing of the atmosphere and a radical change in tone were indispensable presuppositions of major scientific advances in psychology.
eyed, and virtuous. These “good men”—they are one and all moralized to the very depths and ruined and botched to all eternity as far as honesty is concerned: who among them could endure a single truth “about man”? Or, put more palpably: who among them could stand a true biography?

A couple of pointers: Lord Byron wrote a number of very personal things about himself, but Thomas Moore was “too good” for them: he burned his friend’s papers. Dr. Gwinner, Schopenhauer’s executor, is said to have done the same: for Schopenhauer, too, had written a few things about himself and perhaps against himself (eis heauton). The solid American, Thayer, Beethoven’s biographer, suddenly called a halt to his work: at some point or other in this venerable and naïve life he could no longer take it.

Moral: what prudent man would write a single honest word about himself today?—he would have to be a member of the Order of Holy Foolhardiness to do so. We are promised an autobiography of Richard Wagner: who doubts that it will be a prudent autobiography?

Let us finally mention that ludicrous horror aroused in Germany by the Catholic priest Janssen with his incomparably artless and innocuous picture of the Reformation movement. What would happen if someone were to describe this movement differently, if a real psychologist were to describe a real Luther, not with the moralistic simplicity of a country parson, not with the sickly and discreet bashfulness of a Protestant historian, but, say, with the

2 Thomas Moore (1779–1852) was an Irish poet. A brief account of the episodes mentioned here may be found in the article on Moore in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th ed.
3 Wilhelm von Gwinner (1825–1917) was a German jurist and civil servant (Stadtgerichtsrat in Frankfurt a. M., and later Konsistorialpräsident). As Schopenhauer’s executor, he did indeed destroy his autobiographical papers—and then published three biographical studies of Schopenhauer: Arthur Schopenhauer aus persönlichem Umgang dargestellt (1862: “A. S. as seen at first hand”), Schopenhauer und seine Freunde (1863: “S. and his friends”), and Schopenhauers Leben (1878: “S.’s life”).
4 About, or against, himself.
But my point will have been taken—there is reason enough, is there not, for us psychologists nowadays to be unable to shake off a certain mistrust of ourselves.

Probably, we, too, are still "too good" for our job; probably, we, too, are still victims of and prey to this moralized contemporary taste and ill with it, however much we think we despise it—probably it infects even us. What was the warning that diplomat gave his colleagues? "Let us above all mistrust our first impulses, gentlemen!" he said; "they are almost always good."—Thus should every psychologist, too, address his colleagues today.

And with that we return to our problem, which in fact demands a certain severity of us, especially a certain mistrust of "first impulses." The ascetic ideal employed to produce orgies of feeling—whoever recalls the preceding essay will anticipate from these nine words the essence of what is now to be shown. To wrench the human soul from its moorings, to immerse it in terrors, ice, flames, and raptures to such an extent that it is liberated from all petty displeasure, gloom, and depression as by a flash of lightning: what paths lead to this goal? And which of them do so most surely?

Fundamentally, every great affect has this power, provided it explodes suddenly: anger, fear, voluptuousness, revenge, hope, triumph, despair, cruelty; and the ascetic priest has indeed pressed into his service indiscriminately the whole pack of savage hounds in man and let loose now this one and now that, always with the

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6 Again, it was Freud who did more than anyone else to change the tone and standards of biography—including discussions of Luther.
7 Perhaps the most renowned German historian of his time (1795–1866).
8 Stronger cause.
same end in view: to awaken men from their slow melancholy, to
hunt away, if only for a time, their dull pain and lingering misery,
and always under cover of a religious interpretation and "justifica-
tion." Every such orgy of feeling has to be paid for afterward, that
goes without saying—it makes the sick sicker; and that is why this
kind of cure for pain is, by modern standards, "guilty." Yet, to be
fair, one must insist all the more that it was employed with a good
conscience, that the ascetic priest prescribed it in the profoundest
faith in its utility, indeed indispensability—and even that he was
often almost shattered by the misery he had caused; one must also
add that the violent physiological revenge taken by such excesses,
including even mental disturbances, does not really confuse the
sense of this kind of medication, which, as has been shown above,
does not aim at curing the sickness but at combating the depression
by relieving and deadening its displeasure. This is one way of at-
taining that end.

The chief trick the ascetic priest permitted himself for making
the human soul resound with heart-rending, ecstatic music of all
kinds was, as everyone knows, the exploitation of the sense of guilt.
Its origin has been briefly suggested in the preceding essay—as a
piece of animal psychology, no more: there we encountered the
sense of guilt in its raw state, so to speak. It was only in the hands
of the priest, that artist in guilt feelings, that it achieved form—oh,
what a form! "Sin"—for this is the priestly name for the animal's
"bad conscience": (cruelty directed backward)—has been the
greatest event so far in the history of the sick soul: we possess in it
the most dangerous and fateful artifice of religious interpretation.
Man, suffering from himself in some way or other but in any case
physiologically like an animal shut up in a cage, uncertain why or
wherefore, thirsting for reasons—reasons relieve—thirsting, too,
for remedies and narcotics, at last takes counsel with one who
knows hidden things, too—and behold! he receives a hint, he re-
ceives from his sorcerer, the ascetic priest, the first hint as to the
"cause" of his suffering: he must seek it in himself, in some guilt, in
a piece of the past, he must understand his suffering as a punish-
ment.

He has heard, he has understood, this unfortunate: from now

Zwecke, den Menschen aus der langsamen Traurigkeit aufzu-
wecken, seinen dumpfen Schmerz, sein zügernes Elend für Zei-
ten wenigstens in die Flucht zu jagen, immer auch unter einer
religiösen Interpretation und "Rechtfertigung". Jede derartige
Ausschweifung des Gefühls macht sich hierdurch bezahlt,
das versteht sich von selbst— sie macht den Kranken kränker—
und deshalb ist diese Art von Remedien des Schmerzes, nach
modernem Maasse gemessen, eine "schuldige" Art. Man muss je-
doch, weil es die Billigkeit verlangt, um so mehr darauf bestehen,
dass sie mit gutem Gewissen angewendet worden ist,
dass der asketische Priester sie im tiefsten Glauben an ihre Nütz-
lichkeit, ja Unentbehrlichkeit verordnet hat, — und oft genug
selbst vor dem Jammer, den er schuf, fast zerbendend; insge-
meinen, dass die vehementen physiologischen Revanchen solcher
Excesse, vielleicht sogar geistige Störungen, im Grunde dem gan-
zen Sinne dieser Art Medikation nicht eigentlich widersprechen:
as welche, wie vorher gezeigt worden ist, n i c h t auf Heilung
von Krankheiten, sondern auf Bekämpfung der Depressions-
Umlust, auf deren Linderung, deren Betäubung aus war. Dies
Ziel wurde auch s o erreicht.

Der Hauptgriff, den sich der asket-
siche Priester erlaubte, um auf der menschlichen Seele jede Art
von verzerrender und verzückender Musik zum Erklingen zu brin-
gen, war damit gethan — Jedermann weiss das —, dass er sich
das Schuldgefühl zu Nutze machte. Dessen Herkunft hat die
vorige Abhandlung kurz angedeutet — als ein Stück Thier-
psychologie, als nicht mehr; das Schuldgefühl trat uns dort gleich-
sam in seinem Rohzustande entgegen. Erst unter den Händen des
Priesters, dieses eigentlichen Künstlers in Schuldgefühlen, hat es
gestalt gewonnen — oh was für eine Gestalt! Die "Sünde" —
dann so lautet die priesterliche Umdeutung des thierischen
schlechten Gewissens" (der rückwärts gewendeten Grausamkeit)
— ist bisher das grösste Ereigniss in der Geschichte der kranken
Seele gewesen: in ihr haben wir das gefährlichste und verhäng-
nissvolle Kunststück der religiösen Interpretation. Der Mensch,
an sich selbst leidend, irgendwie, jedenfalls physiologisch, etwa
wie ein Thier, das in den Käfig gesperrt ist, unklar, warum, wo-
zur begehrlieh nach Gründen — Gründe erleichtern —, begeh-
rlieh auch nach Mitteln und Narkosen, berüth sich endlich mit
Einen, der auch das Verborgene weiss — und sieht da er be-
kommt einen Wink, er bekommt von seinem Zauberner, dem
asketischen Priester, den ersten Wink über die "Ursache"
seines Leidens: er soll sie in sich suchen, in einer Schuld,
in einem Stück Vergangenheit, er soll sein Leiden selbst als einen
Strafzustand verstehn, er hat gehört, er hat verstan-
den, der Unglüdliehliehe: jetzt
on he is like a hen imprisoned by a chalk line. He can no longer get out of this chalk circle: the invalid has been transformed into "the sinner."

For two millennia now we have been condemned to the sight of this new type of invalid, "the sinner"—shall it always be so?—everywhere one looks there is the hypnotic gaze of the sinner, always fixed on the same object (on "guilt" as the sole cause of suffering); everywhere the bad conscience, that "abominable beast," as Luther called it; everywhere the past regurgitated, the fact distorted, the "jaundiced eye" for all action; everywhere the will to misunderstand suffering made the content of life, the reinterpretation of suffering as feelings of guilt, fear, and punishment; everywhere the scourge, the hair shirt, the starving body, contradiction everywhere the sinner breaking himself on the cruel wheel of a restless, morbido lascivious conscience; everywhere dumb torment; extreme fear, the agony of the tortured heart, convulsions of an unknown happiness, the cry for "redemption." The old depression, heaviness, and weariness were indeed overcome through this system of procedures; life again became very interesting: awake, everlasting awake, sleepless, glowing, charred, spent and yet not weary—thus was the man, "the sinner," initiated into this mystery. This ancient mighty sorcerer in his struggle with displeasure, the ascetic priest—he had obviously won, his kingdom had come: no longer protested against pain, one thirsted for pain; "more pain" more pain! the desire of his disciples and initiates has cried for centuries. Every painful orgy of feeling, everything that shattered, bowed over, crushed, enraptured, transported; the seer of the torture chamber, the inventiveness of hell itself—all were henceforth discovered, divined, and exploited; all stood in the service of the sorcerer, all served henceforward to promote the victory of his ideal, the ascetic ideal.— "My kingdom is not of this world"—he continued to say, as before: but did he still have the right to say it?

Goethe claimed there were only thirty-six tragic situations: one could guess from that, if one did not know it anyway, that Goethe was no ascetic priest. He—knows more.—

gehört es ihm wie der Henne, um die

ein Strich gezogen ist. Er kommt aus diesem Kreis von Strichen

nicht wieder heraus: aus dem Kranken ist "der Sünden" gemacht...

Und nun wird man den Aspekt dieses neuen Kranken, "des Sünders", für ein paar Jahrtausende nicht los, — wird man ihn ja wieder lost? — wohin man nur sieht, überall der hypnotische Blick des Sünders, der sich immer in der Einen Richtung bewegt (in der Richtung auf "Schuld", als der einzige Leidens-Causalität); überall das böse Gewissen, dies "gewöhnliche Tier", mit Luther zu reden; überall die Vergangenheit zurückgekäult, die That verdreht, das "grüne Auge" für alles Thun; überall das zum Lebensinhalt gemachte Missverstehen wollen des Leidens, dessen Umdeutung in Schuld, Fortschritt und Strafgefühl; überall die Geissel, das härte Hemd, der verhungern Leib, die Zerknirschung; überall das Sich-selbst-Räden des Sünders in dem grausamen Räuderwerk eines unruhigen, kränklichen, lästernen Gewissens; überall die stumme Qual, die äußerste Fortschritt, die Agonie des geräuschten Herzens, die Krämpfe eines unbekannten Glücks, der Schrei nach "Erlösung". In der That, mit diesem System von Prozeduren war die alte Depression, Schwere und Müdigkeit gründlich überwunden, das Leben wurde wieder sehr interessant: wach, ewig wach, übernächtigt, glühend, verkohl't, erschöpft und doch nicht müde — so nahm sich der Mensch aus, "der Sünden", der in diese Mysterien eingeweiht war. Dieser alte grosse Zauberer im Kampf mit der Unlust, der asketischen Priester — er hatte erschüttert gesagt, sein Reich war gekommen: schon klagte man nicht mehr gegen den Schmerz, man lebte nach dem Schmerz, "mehr Schmerz" mehr Schmerz!" so schrie das Verlangen seiner Jünger und Eingeweihten Jahrhunderte lang. Jede Ausschweifung des Gefühls, die wehe, das Alles war herzdreich, umworf, zermalmte, entrückte, verzückte, das Geheimnis der Foltersätzen, die Erfindsamkeit der Höllen selbst — Alles war nunmehr entdeckt, erraten, ausgesucht, Alles stand dem Zauberer zu Diensten; Alles diente förderh ein den Siege seines inneren, des asketischen Ideals ... Mein Reich ist nicht von diesem Welten — redete er nach wie vor: hatte er wirklich das Recht noch, so zu reden? ... Goethe hat behauptet, es gäbe nur sechs und dreissig tragische Situationen: man erreicht daraus, wenn man's sonst nicht wüsste, dass Goethe kein asketischer Priester war. Der — kennt mehr...
It would be pointless to indulge in criticism of this kind of priestly medication, the "guilty" kind. Who would want to maintain that such orgies of feeling as the ascetic priest prescribed for his sick people (under the holiest names, as goes without saying, and convinced of the holiness of his ends) ever benefited any of them? At least we should be clear on the meaning of the word "benefit." If one intends it to convey that such a system of treatment has improved men, I shall not argue: only I should have to add what "improved" signifies to me—the same thing as "tamed," "weakened," "discouraged," "made refined," "made effete," "emasculated" (thus almost the same thing as harmed.) But when such a system is chiefly applied to the sick, distressed, and depressed, it invariably makes them sicker, even if it does "improve" them; one need only ask psychiatrists what happens to patients who are methodically subjected to the torments of repentance, states of contrition, and fits of redemption. One should also consult history: wherever the ascetic priest has prevailed with this treatment, sickness has spread in depth and breadth with astonishing speed. What has always constituted its "success"? A shattered nervous system added to any existing illness—and this on the largest as on the smallest scale, in individuals as in masses.

In the wake of repentance and redemption training we find tremendous epileptic epidemics, the greatest known to history, such as the St. Vitus' and St. John's dances of the Middle Ages; as another aftereffect we encounter terrible paralyses and protracted states of depression, which sometimes transform the temperament of a people or a city (Geneva, Basel) once and for all into its opposite; here we may also include the witch-hunt hysteria, something related to somnambulism (there were great epidemic outbreaks of this between 1564 and 1605 alone); we also find in its wake those death-seeking mass delirias whose dreadful cry "evviva la morte!" was heard all over Europe, interspersed now

1 *Irrenärzte*: we probably ought to think of physicians working in lunatic asylums, as psychiatrists in the twentieth-century sense did not exist in 1657.
2 Long live death!
with voluptuous idiosyncrasies, now with rages of destruction; and the same alternation of affects, accompanied by the same intermissions and somersaults, is to be observed even today whenever the ascetic doctrine of sin again achieves a grand success. (The religious neurosis appears as a form of evil; there is no doubt about that. What is it? Quaritur.) Broadly speaking, the ascetic ideal and its sublimely moral cult, this most ingenious, unscrupulous, and dangerous systematization of all the means for producing orgies of feeling under the cover of holy intentions, has inscribed itself in a fearful and unforgettable way in the entire history of man—and unfortunately not only in his history.

I know of hardly anything else that has had so destructive an effect upon the health and racial strength of Europeans as this ideal; one may without any exaggeration call it the true calamity in the history of European health. The only thing that can be compared with its influence is the specifically Teutonic influence: I mean the alcoholic poisoning of Europe, which has hitherto gone strictly in step with the political and racial hegemony of the Teutons (wherever they infused their blood they also infused their vice).—Third in line would be syphilis—magnus sed proxima intervallo.8

The ascetic priest has ruined psychical health wherever he has come to power; consequently he has also ruined taste in artibus et litteris—the is still ruining it. "Consequently?" I hope I shall be granted this "consequently"; at any rate, I don’t want to bother to prove it. Just one pointer: it concerns the basic book of Christian literature, its model, its "book in itself." Even in the midst of Graeco-Roman splendor, which was also a splendor of books, in the face of an ancient literary world that had not yet eroded and been ruined, at a time when one could still read some books for whose possession one would nowadays exchange half of some national literatures, the simplicity and vanity of Christian agitators—

8 That is the question.

4 After a great interval, though next.

1 In arts and letters.
they are called Church Fathers—had the temerity to declare: "we, too, have a classical literature, we have no need of that of the Greeks"; and saying this they pointed proudly to books of legends, letters of apostles, and apologetic tracts, rather as the English "Salvation Army" today employs similar literature in its struggle against Shakespeare and other "pagans."

I do not like the "New Testament," that should be plain; I find it almost disturbing that my taste in regard to this most highly esteemed and overestimated work should be so singular (I have the taste of two millennia against me): but there it is! "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise" 2—I have the courage of my bad taste. The Old Testament—that is something else again: all honor to the Old Testament! I find in it great human beings, a heroic landscape, and something of the very rarest quality in the world, the incomparable naïveté of the strong heart; what is more, I find a people. In the New one, on the other hand, I find nothing but petty sectarianism, mere rococo of the soul, mere involutions, nooks, queer things, the air of the conventicle, not to forget an occasional whiff of bucolic mawkishness that belongs to the epoch (and to the Roman province) and is not so much Jewish as Hellenistic. Humility and self-importance check-by-jowl; a garrulousness of feeling that almost stupefies; impassioned vehemence, not passion; embarrassing gesticulation; it is plain that there is no trace of good breeding. How can one make such a fuss about one's little lapses as these pious little men do! Who gives a damn? Certainly not God. Finally, they even want "the crown of eternal life," these little provincial people; but for what? to what purpose? Presumption can go no further. An "immortal" Peter: who could stand him? Their ambition is laughable: people of that sort regurgitating their most private affairs, their stupidities, sorrows, and petty worries, as if the Heart of Being were obliged to concern itself with them; they never grow tired of involving God himself in even the pettiest troubles they have got themselves into. And the appalling taste of this perpetual familiarity with God! This Jewish and not merely Jewish obtrusiveness of pawing and nuzzling God!

2 Luther's famous words at the Diet of Worms.
There are despised little "pagan nations" in eastern Asia from whom these first Christians could have learned something important, some tact in reverence; as Christian missionaries witness, these nations do not even utter the name of their god. This seems to me delicate enough; it is certainly too delicate not only for "first" Christians: to see the full contrast, one should recall Luther, for instance, that "most eloquent" and presumptuous German has ever produced, and the tone he preferred when conversing with God. Luther's attack on the meditating saints of the church (and especially on "the devil's sow, the pope") was, beyond any doubt, fundamentally the attack of a lout who could not stomach the good etiquette of the church, that reverential etiquette of the hieratic taste which permits only the more initiated and silent into the holy of holies and closes it to louts. Here of all places the louts were to be kept from raising their voices; but Luther, the peasant, wanted it altogether different: this arrangement was not German enough for him: he wanted above all to speak directly, to speak himself, to speak "informally" with his God. — Well, he did it.

It is easy to see that the ascetic ideal has never and nowhere been a school of good taste, even less of good manners—at best it was a school of hieratic manners: that is because its very nature includes something that is the deadly enemy of all good manners—lack of moderation, dislike of moderation; it itself is a "non plus ultra.""8

The ascetic Ideal has not only ruined health and taste, it has also ruined a third, fourth, fifth, sixth thing as well—I beware of enumerating everything (I'd never finish). It is my purpose here to bring to light, not what this ideal has done, but simply what it means; what it indicates; what lies hidden behind it, beneath it, in it; of what it is the provisional, indistinct expression, overlaid with question marks and misunderstandings. And it is only in pursuit of

8 Ultimate extreme.
this end that I could not spare my readers a glance at its monstrous and calamitous effects, to prepare them for the ultimate and most terrifying aspect of the question concerning the meaning of this ideal. What is the meaning of the power of this ideal, the monstrous nature of its power? Why has it been allowed to flourish to this extent? Why has it not rather been resisted? The ascetic ideal expresses a will: where is the opposing will that might express an opposing ideal? The ascetic ideal has a goal — this goal is so universal that all the other interests of human existence seem, when compared with it, petty and narrow; it interprets epochs, nations, and men inexorably with a view to this one goal; it permits no other interpretation, no other goal; it rejects, denies, affirms, and sanctions solely from the point of view of its interpretation, (and has there ever been a system of interpretation more thoroughly thought through?); it submits to no power, it believes in its own predominance over every other power, in its absolute superiority of rank over every other power — it believes that no power exists on earth that does not first have to receive a meaning, a right to exist, a value, as a tool of the ascetic ideal, as a way and means to its goal, to one goal. — Where is the match of this closed system of will, goal, and interpretation? Why has it not found its match? — Where is the other "one goal"?

But they tell me it is not lacking. It has not merely waged a long and successful fight against this ideal, it has already conquered this ideal in all important respects: all of modern science⁴ is supposed to bear witness to that — modern science which, as a genuine philosophy of reality, clearly believes in itself alone, clearly possesses the courage for itself and the will to itself, and has up to now survived well enough without God, the beyond, and the virtues of denial. Such noisy agitators' chatter, however, does not impress me: these trumpeters of reality are bad musicians, their voices obviously do not come from the depths, the abyss of the scientific

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⁴ Wissenschaft does not refer only, or primarily, to the natural sciences, and when Nietzsche refers to scholars later in this section he is by no means changing the subject. It seems best to call attention to this while using "science" to translate Wissenschaft. Cf. Part Six, "We Scholars" (Wir Gelehrten, sections 204–13) in Beyond Good and Evil.
THIRD ESSAY, SECTION 23

conscience does not speak through them—for today the scientific conscience is an abyss—the word “science” in the mouths of such trumpeters is simply an indecency, an abuse, and a piece of impudence. The truth is precisely the opposite of what is asserted here: science today has absolutely no belief in itself, let alone an ideal above it—and where it still inspires passion, love, arder, and suffering at all, it is not the opposite of the ascetic ideal but rather the latest and noblest form of it. Does that sound strange to you?

Today there are plenty of modest and worthy laborers among scholars, too; who are happy in their little nooks; and because they are happy there, they sometimes demand rather modestly that one ought to be content with things today, generally—especially in the domain of science, where so much that is useful remains to be done. I am not denying that; the last thing I want is to destroy the pleasure these honest workers take in their craft: for I approve of their work. But that one works rigorously in the sciences and that there are contented laborers certainly does not prove that science as a whole possesses a goal, a will, an ideal, or the passion of a great faith. The opposite is the case, to repeat: where it is not the latest expression of the ascetic ideal—and the exceptions are too rare, noble, and atypical to refute the general proposition—science today is a hiding place for every kind of discontent, disbelief, gnawing worm, despectio sui, bad conscience—it is the unrest of the lack of ideals, the suffering from the lack of any great love, the discontent in the face of involuntary contentment.

Oh, what does science not conceal today! How much, at any rate, is it meant to conceal! The proficiency of our finest scholars, their heedless industry, their heads smoking day and night, their very craftsmanship—how often the real meaning of all this lies in the desire to keep something hidden from oneself! Science as a means of self-narcosis: do you have experience of that?

Whoever associates with scholars knows that one occasionally wounds them to the marrow with some harmless word; one incenses one’s scholarly friends just when one means to honor them.

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2 *Braves und bescheidenes Arbeitervolk:* the following remarks about these laborers (where the English text speaks of “workers” the original again has *Arbeiter*) should be compared with *Beyond Good and Evil*, section 211.
one can drive them beside themselves merely because one has been too coarse to realize with whom one was really dealing—with sufferers who refuse to admit to themselves what they are, with drugged and heedless men who fear only one thing: regaining consciousness.—

24

And now look, on the other hand, at those rarer cases of which I spoke, the last idealists left among philosophers and scholars: are they perhaps the desired opponents of the ascetic ideal, the counteridealist? Indeed, they believe they are, these "unbelievers" (for that is what they are, one and all); they are so serious on this point, so passionate about it in word and gesture, that the faith that they are opponents of this ideal seems to be the last remnant of faith they have left—but does this mean that their faith is true?

We "men of knowledge" have gradually come to mistrust believers of all kinds; our mistrust has gradually brought us to make inferences the reverse of those of former days: wherever the strength of a faith is very prominently displayed, we infer a certain weakness of demonstrability, even the improbability of what is believed. We, too, do not deny that faith "makes blessed": that is precisely why we deny that faith proves anything—a strong faith that makes blessed raises suspicion against which is believed; it does not establish "truth," it establishes a certain probability—of deception. What is the situation in the present case?

These Nay-sayers and outsiders of today who are unconditional on one point—theyir insistence on intellectual cleanliness; these hard, severe, abstinent, heroic spirits who constitute the 1

1 In German there is a single word for belief and faith, Glaube. To believe is glauben; unbelievers, Ungläubige. In the translation, "faith" is called for rather than belief; for Nietzsche emphasizes the unconditional and religious character of the faith he discusses.

The ideas expressed here are developed further in The Antichrist, sections 50ff. (Portable Nietzsche, pp. 63ff.)

See also Kaufmann's Nietzsche, Chapter 12, section III (about ten pages on "Faith versus Reason"). Most of the relevant passages, from the Dawn on, are cited there.

2 This unconditional attitude, this refusal to question one point, is what seems objectionable to Nietzsche.

meint, man bringt sie ausser Rand und Band, bloss weil man zu
grob war, um zu errathen, mit wem man es eigentlich zu thun
hat, mit Leidenden, die es sich selbst nicht eingestehn wol-
len, was sie sind, mit Betrübten und Besinnungslösern, die nur
Eins fürchten: zum Bewusstsein zu kommen...

24

— Und nun sehe man sich jene seltenen Fälle an,
von denen ich sprach, die letzten Idealisten, die es heute unter
Philosophen und Gelehrten giebt: hat man in ihnen vielleicht die
gesuchten Gegen des asketischen Ideals, dessen Gegen-
Idealisten? In der That, sie glauben sich als solche,
diese "Ungläubigen" (denn das sind sie allesamt); es scheint
gerecht das ihr letztes Stück Glaube, Gegen dieses Ideals zu sein,
so ernsthaft sind sie an dieser Stelle, so leidenschaftlich wird da
gerade ihr Wort, ihre Gebärde: — brauche es deshalb schon
wahr zu sein, was sie glauben?... Wir "Erkennenden" sind
nachgerade misstrauisch gegen alle Art Gläubige; unter Miss-
trauen hat uns allmählich darauf eingeführt, umgekehrt zu schlie-
sen, als man eheemal schloss: nämlich überall, wo die Stärke eines
Glaubens sehr in den Vordergrund tritt, auf eine gewisse
Schwäche der Beweisbarkeit, auf Unwahrscheinlichkeit
selbst des Glaubens zu schliessen. Auch wir leugnen
nicht, dass der Glaube "selig macht": eben deshalb leug-
nen wir, dass der Glaube Etwas beweist, — ein starker
Glaube, der selig macht, ist ein Verdacht gegen Das, woran er
glaubt, er begründet nicht "Wahrheit", er begründet eine gewisse
Wahrscheinlichkeit — der Täuschung. Wie steht es nun in
 diesem Falle? — Diese Verneinenden und Abseitigen von Heute,
diese Unbedingten in Einen, im Anspruch auf intellektuelle
Sauberkeit, diese harten, strenge, enthalsamen, heroischen Gel-
honor of our age; all these pale atheists, anti-Christians, immoralists, nihilists; these skeptics, epicurean, "hectics of the spirit" (they are all hectics in some sense or other); these last idealists of knowledge in whom alone the intellectual conscience dwells and is incarnate today—they certainly believe they are as completely liber-

8. Antichristen could also mean Antichrists; and when Nietzsche, a year later, entitled one of his last books Der Antichrist, he plainly meant The Antichrist: the content of that book makes that clear, nor can there be any doubt about his wish at that time to be as provocative as possible. In the last sentence of section 5 of the Preface, which Nietzsche had added to the new edition of The Birth of Tragedy in 1886, the year before, the grammatical form no less than the meaning makes it clear that "the Antichrist" is meant. The enumeration in the text above raises the question whether the critique Nietzsche offers is not applicable to himself: after all, he had also called himself an immoralist both in Beyond Good and Evil, section 32, and in the Preface added to the new edition of The Dawn (section 4); and in Ecce Homo, the following year, he several times called himself "the first immoralist." Nevertheless, the plural in the text above and the whole "feel" of the passage make "anti-Christians" the more plausible reading. For all that, the points just mentioned color the tone: the men he speaks of are plainly very close to him.

4. In section 9 above, Nietzsche explained the "ephectic bent": it is the propensity to suspend judgment. The primary denotation of the next word, "hec-
tics," is consumptive.

8. This, from Nietzsche, is high praise indeed. Cf., e.g., The Gay Science, section 2: "The Intellectual Conscience. . . . By far the most lack an intellec-
tual conscience. . . . I mean: by far the most do not find it contemptible to believe this or that and to live according to it, without first having become conscious of the last and surest reasons pro and con, and without even taking the trouble to consider such reasons afterward; the most gifted men and the most noble women still belong to these "by far the most." Yet what is good-heartedness, refinement, and genius to me, when the human being who has these virtues tolerates slack feelings in his faith and judgments, and when the demand for certainty is not to him the inmost craving and the deepest need—that which distinguishes the higher from the lower men. . . . Not to question, not to tremble with the craving and the joy of questioning. . . . that is what I feel to be contemptible . . . ."

Nietzsche never renounced these views. See, e.g., one of his very last works, The Antichrist (section 50; Portable Nietzsche, p. 632): "At every step one has to wrestle for truth; one has to surrender for it almost everything to which the heart, to which our love, our trust in life, cling otherwise. That requires greatness of soul: the service of truth is the hardest service. What does it mean, after all, to have integrity in matters of the spirit? That one is severe against one's heart, that one despises 'beautiful sentiments,' that one makes of every Yes and No a matter of conscience. Faith makes blinded; consequently it lies."

Nietzsche's objection to those "in whom alone the intellectual conscience dwells and is incarnate today" is that there is "one point" they refuse to question; that there is one "beautiful sentiment" they still permit themselves. As Nietzsche puts it a few lines later: "they still have faith in truth."
ated from the ascetic ideal as possible, these "free, very free spirits"; and yet, to disclose to them what they themselves cannot see—for they are too close to themselves: this ideal is precisely their ideal, too; they themselves embody it today and perhaps they alone; they themselves are its most spiritualized product, its most advanced front-line troops and scouts, its most captious, tender, intangible form of seduction—if I have guessed any riddles, I wish that this proposition might show it!—They are far from being free spirits: for they still have faith in truth.

When the Christian crusaders in the Orient encountered the invincible order of Assassins, 6 that order of free spirits par excellence, whose lowest ranks followed a rule of obedience the like of which no order of monks ever attained, they obtained in some way or other a hint concerning that symbol and watchword reserved for the highest ranks alone as their secretum: "Nothing is true, everything is permitted."—Very well, that was freedom of spirit; in that way the faith in truth itself was abrogated. 7

Has any European, any Christian free spirit ever strayed into this proposition and into its labyrinthine consequences? Has one of them ever known the Minotaur of this cave from experience?—I doubt it; 8 more, I know better: nothing is more foreign to these

6 An Islamic sect, founded in the eleventh century. "As for the initiated, they knew the worthlessness of positive religion and morality; they believed in nothing . . . " (Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th ed.)

7 The striking slogan is plainly neither Nietzsche's coinage nor his motto. It is a quotation on which he comments, contrasting it with the unquestioning faith in the truth that characterizes so many so-called free spirits.

8 The Assassins' slogan is often mistaken for Nietzsche's coinage and derived from Dostoevskiy; e.g., by Danto: it "must surely be a paraphrase of the Russian novelist he so admired" (op. cit., p. 193).

In Dostoevskiy's Brothers Karamazov we encounter the idea that, if mankind lost the belief in God and immortality, "everything would be permitted." But what matters to Nietzsche in this section is the first half of his quotation, "nothing is true," which has no parallel in Dostoevskiy. Moreover, the quotation from The Brothers is not particularly profound: it "works" in its context in the novel but expresses no great insight; taken by itself.

Incidentally, Nietzsche never read The Brothers (originally serialized in Russia in 1879–80); and this novel was not translated into French until 1888, in a mutilated version. On March 7, 1887, Nietzsche wrote Gast that he had read, first, L'Esprit souterrain (translated, 1886: Notes from Underground); then La maison des morts (tr., 1886: The House of the Dead); finally, Humilés et offensés (tr., 1884: The Injured and the Insulted)—the
men who are unconditional about one thing, these so-called “free spirits,” than freedom and liberation in this sense; in no respect are they more rigidly bound; it is precisely in their faith in truth that they are more rigid and unconditional than anyone. I know all this from too close up perhaps: that venerable philosopher’s abstinence to which such a faith commits one; that intellectual stoicism which ultimately refuses not only to affirm but also to deny; that desire to halt before the factual, the factum brutum; that fatalism of “petits faits” (ce petit fatalisme, as I call it) through which French scholarship nowadays tries to establish a sort of moral superiority over German scholarship; that general renunciation of all interpretation (of forcing, adjusting, abbreviating, omitting, padding, inventing, falsifying, and whatever else is of the essence of interpreting)—all this expresses, broadly speaking, as much ascetic virtue as any denial of sensuality (it is at bottom only a particular mode of this denial). That which constrains these men, however, this unconditional will to truth, is faith in the ascetic ideal itself, even if as an unconscious imperative—don’t be deceived about that—it is the faith in a metaphysical value, the absolute value of truth. sanctioned and guaranteed by this ideal alone (it stands or falls with this ideal).

Strictly speaking, there is no such thing as science “without any presuppositions”; this thought does not bear thinking through first of Dostoevsky’s novels to be translated into French). On October 14, 1888, Nietzsche wrote Gast: “The French have produced a stage version of Dostoevsky’s main novel.” This was Le Crime et le châtiment (cf., 1884: Crime and Punishment). Cf. F. W. J. Hemmings, The Russian Novel in France, 1864–1914 (New York, Oxford University Press, 1950), especially p. 241. See also the note on section 15 above.

Finally, see section 602 of The Will to Power, probably written in 1884: “... ‘Everything is false! Everything is permitted!’...”

9 Nietzsche returns to his objection.

10 Is Nietzsche here referring to himself? Without ruling out the possibility that he also had some first-hand experience of the attitude he goes on to describe—at least as a possibility—I find the portrait very different from him. On the other hand, “that intellectual stoicism which ultimately refuses not only to affirm but also to deny”—and not only this trait—seems as close to Nietzsche’s best friend, Franz Overbeck (professor of church history at Basel, and an unbeliever), as it seems remote from Nietzsche’s own spirit.

11 The pun is less felicitous in English: small facts (the small factalism, as I call it).
it is paralogical: a philosophy, a "faith," must always be there first of all, so that science can acquire from it a direction, a meaning, a limit, a method, a right to exist. (Whoever has the opposite notion, whoever tries, for example, to place philosophy "on a strictly scientific basis," first needs to stand not only philosophy but truth itself on its head—the grossest violation of decency possible in relation to two such venerable females!) There is no doubt of it—and here I cite the fifth book of my *Gay Science* (section 34412):

"The truthful man, in the audacious and ultimate sense presupposed by the faith in science, *thereby affirms another world* than that of life, nature, and history; and insofar as he affirms this 'other world,' does this not mean that he has to deny its antithesis, this world, *our* world? . . . It is still a *metaphysical faith* that underlies our faith in science—and we men of knowledge of today, we godless men and anti-metaphysicians, we, too, still derive our flame from the fire ignited by a faith millennia old, the Christian faith, which was also Plato's, that God is truth, that truth is divine.—But what if this belief is becoming more and more unbelievable, if nothing turns out to be divine any longer unless it be error, blindness, lies—if God himself turns out to be our longest lie?"

At this point it is necessary to pause and take careful stock. Science itself henceforth *requires* justification (which is not to say that there is any such justification).13 Consider on this question both the earliest and most recent philosophers: they are all oblivious of how much the will to truth itself first requires justification; here there is a lacuna in every philosophy—how did this come about? Because the ascetic ideal has hitherto *dominated* all philosophy, because truth was posited as being, as God, as the highest court of appeal—because truth was not *permitted* to be a problem

12 In the following quotation, the three dots mark Nietzsche's omission of a few words (about one line) from the text he quotes. Most of section 344 will be found in the *Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 448-50. See also Kaufmann's *Nietzsche*, Chapter 12, section III.
13 Neither is it to say that no justification is possible. The point is that the problem has to be considered in all seriousness. Even as it is naïve to suppose that we know what is good and what is evil—and it is Nietzsche's intent to show us how problematic morality is—it is also naïve to overlook that the justification of science poses a problem.
at all. Is this "permitted" understood? — From the moment faith in the God of the ascetic ideal is denied, a new problem arises: that of the value of truth.

The will to truth requires a critique — let us thus define our own task — the value of truth must for once be experimentally called into question.  

(Whoever feels that this has been stated too briefly should read the section of the Gay Science entitled "To What Extent We, Too, Are Still Pious" (section 344), or preferably the entire fifth book of that work, as well as the Preface to The Dawn.)

25

No! Don’t come to me with science when I ask for the natural antagonist of the ascetic ideal, when I demand: “where is the opposing will expressing the opposing ideal?” Science is not nearly self-reliant enough to be that; it first requires in every respect of an ideal of value, a value-creating power, in the service of which it could believe in itself — it never creates values. Its relation to the ascetic ideal is by no means essentially antagonistic; it might even be said to represent the driving force in the latter’s inner development. It opposes and fights, on closer inspection, not the ideal itself but only its exteriors, its guise and masquerade, its temporary dogmatic hardening and stiffening, and by denying what is exotic in this ideal, it liberates what life is in it. This pair, science and the ascetic ideal, both rest on the same foundation — I have already indicated it: on the same overestimation of truth (more exactly: on the same belief that truth is inestimable and cannot be criticized). Therefore they are necessarily allies, so that if they are to be fought they can only be fought and called in question together. A depreciation of the ascetic ideal unavoidably involves a depreciation of science: one must keep one’s eyes and ears open to this fact!

(Ari — to say it in advance, for I shall some day return to this subject at greater length — art, in which precisely the lie is sanctified and the will to deception has a good conscience, is much more

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Footnote: 14 This is the conclusion to which Nietzsche has been working up.
former respect for himself, as if this had been nothing but a piece of bizarre conceit. One might even say that its own pride, its own austere form of stoical ataraxy, consists in sustaining this hard-won self-contempt of man as his ultimate and most serious claim to self-respect (and quite rightly, indeed: for he that despises is always one who “has not forgotten how to respect” . . .) Is this really to work against the ascetic ideal? Does one still seriously believe (as theologians imagined for a while) that Kant’s victory over the dogmatic concepts of theology (“God,” “soul,” “freedom,” “immortality”) damaged that ideal? — it being no concern of ours for the present whether Kant ever had any intention of doing such a thing. What is certain is that, since Kant, transcendentalists of every kind have once more won the day — they have been emancipated from the theologians: what joy! — Kant showed them a secret path by which they may, on their own initiative and with all scientific respectability, from now on follow their “heart’s desire.”

In the same vein: who could hold it against the agnostics if, as votaries of the unknown and mysterious as such, they now worship the question mark itself as God? (Xaver Doudan once spoke of the ravages worked by “l’habitude d’admirer l’inintelligible au lieu de rester tout simplement dans l’inconnu,” he thought the ancients had avoided this.) Presuming that everything man “knows” does not merely fail to satisfy his desires but rather contradicts them and produces a sense of horror, what a divine way out to have the right to seek the responsibility for this not in “desire” but in “knowledge”!

“There is no knowledge: consequently — there is a God”: what a new elegancia syllogismi! what a triumph for the ascetic ideal! —

6Ximéens Doudan (1800–1872), a French critic, contributed to the Journal des Débats and was the author of the posthumously published Mélanges et lettres (1876–77; Mixed writings and letters), Lettres (1878; Letters), and Pensées et fragments, suivis des révolutions du goût (1881: Thoughts and fragments, and the revolutions of taste).
7The habit of admiring the unintelligible instead of staying quite simply in the unknown.
8Elegance of the syllogism.
26

Or does modern historiography perhaps display an attitude more assured of life and ideals? Its noblest claim nowadays is that it is a mirror; it rejects all teleology; it no longer wishes to "prove" anything; it disdains to play the judge and considers this a sign of good taste—it affirms as little as it denies; it ascertains, it "describes". . . . All this is to a high degree ascetic; but at the same time it is to an even higher degree nihilistic, let us not deceive ourselves about that! One observes a sad, stern, but resolute glance—an eye that looks far, the way a lonely Arctic explorer looks far (so as not to look within, perhaps? so as not to look back? . . .) Here is snow; here life has grown silent; the last crows whose cries are audible here are called "wherefore?", "in vain!", "nada!"—here nothing will grow or prosper any longer, or at the most Petersburg metapolitics and Tolstian "pity."

As for that other type of historian, an even more "modern" type perhaps, a hedonist and voluptrous who flirts both with life and with the ascetic ideal, who employs the word "artist" as a glove and has today taken sole lease of the praise of contemplation: oh how these sweetish and clever fellows make one long even for ascetics and winter landscapes! No! the devil take this type of "contemplative"! I would even prefer to wander through the gloomy, gray, cold fog with those historical nihilists! Indeed, if I had to choose I might even opt for some completely unhistorical, anti-historical person (such as Dühring, whose voice today intoxicates in Germany a hitherto shy and unavowed species of "beautiful soul," the species anarchistica within the educated proletariat).

The "contemplatives" are a hundred times worse: I know of nothing that excites such disgust as this kind of "objective" arm-chair scholar, this kind of scented voluptuary of history, half parson, half satyr, perfume by Renan, who betrays immediately with

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1 Ernest Renan (1823–1892), a prolific French scholar and writer, is remembered chiefly for his immensely successful Life of Jesus, published in June 1863. Before November 1863, 60,000 copies were in circulation. This was his first volume on the Origins of Christianity, followed shortly by
the high falsetto of his applause what he lacks, where he lacks it, where in this case the Fates have applied their cruel shears with, alas, such surgical skill! This offends my taste; also my patience: let him have patience with such sights who has nothing to lose by them—such a sight arouses my ire, such "spectators" dispose me against the "spectacle" more than the spectacle itself (the spectacle of history, you understand); I fall unwares into an Anacreontic mood. Nature, which gave the bull his horns and the lion his chasms of odontòn, why did nature give me my foot? ... To kick, Holy Anacreon! and not only for running away; for kicking to pieces these rotten armchairs, this cowardly contemplativeness, this lascivious historical eunuchism, this flirting with ascetic ideals, this justice-tartuffery of impotence!

All honor to the ascetic ideal insofar as it is honest! so long as it believes in itself and does not play tricks on us! But I do not like all these coquettish bedbugs with their insatiable ambition to smell out the infinite, until at last the infinite smells of bedbugs; I do not like these whitened sepulchers who impersonate life; I do not like these weary and played-out people who wrap themselves in wisdom and look "objective"; I do not like these agitators dressed up as heroes who wear the magic cap of ideals on their straw hats; I do not like these ambitious artists who like to pose as ascetics and priests but who are at bottom only tragic buffoons; and I also do not like these latest speculators in idealism, the anti-Semitic, who today roll their eyes in a Christian-Aryan-bourgeois manner and exhaust one's patience by trying to rouse up all the horned-beast elements in the people by a brazen abuse of the cheapest of all agitator's tricks, moral attitudinizing (that no kind of swindle fails to succeed in

The Apostles (1866) and St. Paul (1869). In 1876 the fourth volume appeared, Renan's Antichrist, which dealt with the reign of Nero; and by 1881 two more volumes came out, The Christian Church and Marcus Aurelius. Renan published many other works as well.

Nietzsche's references to him are uniformly hostile; see Beyond Good and Evil, section 48; Twilight, "Skirmishes," sections 2 and 6 (Portable Nietzsche, pp. 513 and 516); and Antichrist, sections 17, 29, 31, and 32 (ibid., pp. 584, 600, and 604).

1 "Nature gave horns to the bull... to the lion a chasm of teeth" is what Anacreon, the Greek lyrical poet who flourished in 540 B.C., wrote in one of his odes (number 24).
Germany today is connected with the undeniable and palpable stagnation of the German spirit; and the cause of that I seek in a too exclusive diet of newspapers, politics, beer, and Wagnerian music, together with the presuppositions of such a diet: first, national constrictions and vanity, the strong but narrow principle "Deutschland, Deutschland über alles," and then the paralysis agitans of "modern ideas".

Europe is rich and inventive today above all in means of excitation; it seems to need nothing as much as it needs stimulants and brandy: hence also the tremendous amount of forgery in ideals, this most potent brandy of the spirit; hence also the repellive, ill-smelling, mendacious, pseudo-alcoholic air everywhere. I should like to know how many shiploads of sham idealism, heroic trappings and grand-word-rattles, how many tons of sugared sympathy-spirits (distillers: *la religion de la souffrance*), how many "noble-indignation" stilts for the aid of the spiritually flatfooted, how many comedians of the Christian-moral ideal would have to be exported from Europe today before its air would begin to smell fresh again.

With this overproduction there is obviously a new opening for trade here; there is obviously a "business" to be made out of little ideal-ids and the "idealists" who go with them: don't let this opportunity slip! Who has the courage for it? — we have in our hands the means to "idealize" the whole earth!

But why am I speaking of courage: only one thing is needed here, the hand, an uninhibited, a very uninhibited hand.

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3 Shaking palsy, *alias* Parkinson's disease.
4 The religion of suffering.
European Nihilism"; it will be contained in a work in progress: The Will to Power: Attempt at a Revaluation of All Values). All I have been concerned to indicate here is this: in the most spiritual sphere, too, the ascetic ideal has at present only one kind of real enemy capable of harming it: the comedians of this ideal—for they arouse mistrust of it. Everywhere else that the spirit is strong, mighty, and at work without counterfeit today, it does without ideals of any kind—the popular expression for this abstinence is "atheism"—except for its will to truth. But this will, this remnant of an ideal, is, if you will believe me, this ideal itself in its strictest, most spiritual formulation, esoteric through and through, with all external additions abolished, and thus not so much its remnant as its kernel. Unconditional honest atheism (and its is the only air we breathe, we more spiritual men of this age!) is therefore not the antithesis of that ideal, as it appears to be; it is rather only one of the latest phases of its evolution, one of its terminal forms and inner consequences—it is the awe-inspiring catastrophe of two thousand years of training in truthfulness that finally forbids itself the lie involved in belief in God.

(The same evolutionary course in India, completely independent of ours, should prove something; the same ideal leads to the same conclusion; the decisive point is reached five centuries before the beginning of the European calendar, with Buddha; more exactly, with the Sankhya philosophy, subsequently popularized by Buddha and made into a religion.)

What, in all strictness, has really conquered the Christian God? The answer may be found in my Gay Science (section 357): "Christian morality itself, the concept of truthfulness taken more and more strictly, the confessional subtlety of the Christian conscience translated and sublimated into the scientific conscience, into intellectual cleanliness at any price. To view nature as if it were a proof of the goodness and providence of a God; to interpret

1 Nietzsche never finished this work nor any part of it. But many of his notes were published posthumously under the title The Will to Power: Attempt at a Revaluation of All Values (1st ed., 1901; 2nd, radically revised ed., 1906), and the second chapter of this collection was entitled "On the History of European Nihilism." (English edition with commentary by Walter Kaufmann, New York, Random House, 1967.)
einer göttlichen Vernunft, als beständiges Zeugnis einer sittlichen Weltordnung und sittlicher Schlussabsichten; die eigenen Erlebnisse auslegen, wie sie fromme Menschen lange genug ausgelegt haben, wie als ob Alles Fügung, Alles Wink, Alles dem Heil der Seele zu Liebe ausgedacht und geschickt sei: das ist nunmehr vorbei, das hat das Gewissen gegen sich, das gilt allen feineren Gewissen als unanständig, unehrlich, als Lügner, Feminismus, Schwachheit, Feigheit, — mit dieser Strenge, wenn irgend womit, sind wir eben gute Europäer und Erben von Europas längster und tapferster Selbstüberwindung. ..." 

Alle grossen Dinge gehen durch sich selbst zu Grunde, durch einen Akt der Selbstüberhebung: so will es das Gesetz des Lebens, das Gesetz der notwendigen „Selbstüberwindung“ im Wesen des Lebens, — immer ergiebt zuletzt an den Gesetzgeber selbst der Ruf: „patere legem, quam ipse tulisti.“ Dergestalt gieng das Christenthum als Dogma zu Grunde, an seiner eigenen Moral; dergestalt muss nun auch das Christenthum als Moral noch zu Grunde gehen, — wir stehen an der Schwelle dieses Ereignisses. Nachdem die christliche Wahrhaftigkeit einen Schluss nach dem andern gezogen hat, zieht sie am Ende ihren stärksten Schluss, ihren Schluss gegen sich selbst; dies aber geschieht, wenn sie die Frage stellt „was bedeutet all mein Problem an mein Problem, unser Problem, meine unbekannten Freunde — denn noch weiß ich von keinem Freund; welchen Sinn hätte unser ganzes Sein, wenn nicht den, dass in uns jener Wille zur Wahrheit sich selbst als Problem zum Bewusstsein gekommen wäre?... An diesem Sich-bewusst-sein, des Willens zur Wahrheit geht von nun an — daran ist kein Zweifel — die Moral zu Grunde: Jenes grosse Schauspiel in hundert Akten, das den nächsten zwei Jahrhunderten Europas aufgespart bleibt, das furchtbarste, fragwürdigste und vielleicht auch hoffnungsreichste aller Schauspiele...
Apart from the ascetic ideal, man, the human *animal*, had no meaning so far. His existence on earth contained no goal; "why man at all?"—was a question without an answer; the will for man and earth was lacking; behind every great human destiny there sounded as a refrain a yet greater "in vain!" *This* is precisely what the ascetic ideal means: that something was *lacking*, that man was surrounded by a fearful void—he did not know how to justify, to account for, to affirm himself; he *suffered* from the problem of his meaning. He also suffered otherwise, he was in the main a sickly animal: but his problem was *not* suffering itself, but that there was no answer to the crying question, "why do I suffer?"

Man, the bravest of animals and the one most accustomed to suffering, does *not* repudiate suffering as such; he *desires* it, he even seeks it out, provided he is shown a *meaning* for it, a *purpose* of suffering. The meaningless suffering, *not* suffering itself, was the curse that lay over mankind so far—and the ascetic ideal *offered* man meaning! It was the only meaning offered so far; any meaning is better than none at all; the ascetic ideal was in every sense the "*faute de mieux* par excellence" so far. In it, suffering was *interpreted*; the tremendous void seemed to have been filled; the door was closed to any kind of suicidal nihilism. This interpretation—there is no doubt of it—brought fresh suffering with it, deeper, more inward, more poisonous, more life-destructive suffering; it placed all suffering under the perspective of guilt.

But all this notwithstanding—man was saved thereby, he possessed a meaning, he was henceforth no longer like a leaf in the wind, a plaything of nonsense—the "sense-less"—he could now will something; no matter at first to what end, why, with what he willed: the will itself was saved.

We can no longer conceal from ourselves what is expressed by all that willing which has taken its direction from the ascetic ideal: this hatred of the human, and even more of the animal, and more still of the material, this horror of the senses, of reason itself, this fear of happiness and beauty, this longing to get away from all

Sieht man vom asketischen Ideale ab: so hatte der Mensch, das Thier Mensch bisher keinen Sinn. Sein Dasein auf Erden enthielt kein Ziel; „wozu Mensch überhaupt?“—war eine Frage ohne Antwort; der Wille für Mensch und Erde fehlte; hinter jedem großen Menschen-Schicksale klang als Refrain ein noch größeres „Umsonst!“ Das eben bedeutet das asketische Ideal: dass Etwas fehlte, dass eine ungeheure Lücke den Menschen umstand, — er wusste sich selbst nicht zu rechtferigen, zu erklären, zu bejahen, er litt am Probleme seines Sinns. Er litt auch sonst, er war in der Hauptsache ein krankhaftes Thier: aber nicht das Leiden selbst war sein Problem, sondern dass die Antwort fehlte für den Schrei der Frage „wozu leiden?“

Der Mensch, das tapferste und leidgewohnteste Thier, verneint an sich *nicht* das Leiden: er *will* es, er sucht es selbst auf, vorausgesetzt, dass man ihm seinen Sinn dafür aufzeigt, ein Dazu des Leidens. Die Sinnlosigkeit des Leidens, nicht das Leiden, war der Fluch, der bisher über der Menschheit ausgebreitet lag, — und das asketische Ideal bot ihm einen Sinn! Es war bisher der einzige Sinn; irgend ein Sinn ist besser als gar kein Sinn; das asketische Ideal war in jedem Begriff das „*faute de mieux* par excellence“, das es bisher gab. In ihm war das Leiden ausgelegt; die ungeheure Leere schien ausgefüllt; die Thür schloss sich vor allem selbstmörderischen Nihilismus zu. Die Auslegung — es ist kein Zweifel — brachte neues Leiden mit sich, tieferes, innerlicheres, giftigeres, am Leben nagenderes: sie brachte alles Leiden unter die Perspektive der Schuld... Aber trotzdem — der Mensch war damit gerettet, er hatte einen Sinn, er war förderhin nicht mehr wie ein Blatt im Winde, ein Spielball des Unsinns, des „Ohne-Sinns“, er konnte nunmehr Etwas wollen, — gleichgültig zunächst, wohin, wozu, womit er wollte: der Wille selbst war gerettet. Man kann sich schlechterdings nicht verbergen, was eigentlich jenes ganze Wollen ausdrückt, das vom asketischen Ideale her seine Richtung bekommen hat: dieser Hass gegen das Menschliche, mehr noch gegen das Thierische, mehr noch gegen das Stoffliche, dieser Ab- scheu vor den Sinnen, vor der Vernunft, diesem Durst vor dem Glück und der Schönheit, diesem Verlangen hinweg aus allem
appearance, change, becoming, death, wishing, from longing itself—all this means—let us dare to grasp it—a will to nothingness, an aversion\(^1\) to life, a rebellion against the most fundamental presuppositions of life; but it is and remains a will\(\cdots\) And, to repeat in conclusion what I said at the beginning: man would rather will nothingness than not will.\(^2\)

\(^1\) Widerwillen.
\(^2\) Lieber will noch der Mensch das Nichts wollen, als nicht wollen . . .

\(\cdots\) Schein, Wechsel, Werden, Tod, Wunsch, Verlangen selbst — das Alles bedeutet, wagen wir es, dies zu begreifen, einen Willen zum Nichts, einen Widerwillen gegen das Leben, eine Auflehnung gegen die grundsätzlichsten Voraussetzungen des Lebens, aber es ist und bleibt ein Wille! . . . Und, um es noch zum Schluss zu sagen, was ich Anfangs sagte: lieber will noch der Mensch das Nichts wollen, als nicht wollen . . .
APPENDIX

Seventy-five Aphorisms
from Five Volumes
Dual prehistory of good and evil.— The concept of good and evil has a dual prehistory; first, in the soul of the ruling tribes and castes. Whoever has the power to repay good with good, evil with evil, and also actually repays, thus being grateful and vengeful, is called good; whoever is powerless and unable to repay is considered bad. As one who is good, one belongs to the “good,” a community that possesses communal feeling because all individuals are knit together by the sense of repayment. As one who is bad, one belongs to the “bad,” a group of subjected, impotent human beings who have no communal feeling. The good are a caste, the bad a mass like dust. Good and bad are for a time the same as noble and low, master and slave. But the enemy is not considered evil, he can repay. Trojan and Greek are both good in Homer. Not he that does us harm but he that is contemptible is considered bad. In the community of the good, good is inherited; it is impossible that a bad person should grow out of such good soil. If one of the good nevertheless does something unworthy of the good, then one has recourse to excuses; one blames a god, for example, saying that he struck the good man with delusion and madness.

Then, in the soul of the oppressed, the powerless. Here all other human beings are considered hostile, ruthless, exploiting, cruel, cunning, whether they be noble or low. Evil is the characteristic word for man; indeed for every living being believed in, for example for a god; human or divine means as much as devilish or evil. The signs of graciousness, helpfulness, pity are taken anxiously as wiles, as preludes to a disastrous conclusion, sororifics and craft, in short, as refined malice. As long as individuals have such an attitude, a community can hardly come into being; at best, only its rudiments: hence, wherever this conception of good and evil rules, the ruination of individuals, their tribes and races, is near.
Our current morality has grown on the soil of the ruling tribes and castes.¹

Origin of justice.—Justice (fairness)² originates among those who are approximately equally powerful, as Thucydides (in the terrible conversation between the Athenian and Melian ambassadors) comprehended correctly: where there is no clearly recognizable predominance and a fight would mean inconclusive mutual damage, there the idea originates that one might come to an understanding and negotiate one’s claims: the initial character of justice is the character of a trade. Each satisfies the other inasmuch as each receives what he esteems more than the other does. One gives another what he wants, so that it becomes his, and in return one receives what one wants. Thus justice is repayment and exchange on the assumption of an approximately equal power position; revenge originally belongs in the domain of justice, being an exchange. Gratitude, too.

Justice naturally derives from prudent concern with self-preservation; that means, from the egoism of the consideration: "Why should I harm myself uselessly and perhaps not attain my goal anyway?"

So much on the origin of justice. In accordance with their intellectual habits, men have forgotten the original purpose of so-called just, fair actions, and for millennia children have been taught to admire and emulate such actions. Hence it has gradually come

¹ The theme of this section is taken up again in Beyond Good and Evil (1886), section 260, where we gain the distinct impression—though Nietzsche is not as emphatic as in the last sentence above—that our current morality is a mixed type. It would seem that this became his considered view, notwithstanding the widespread misapprehension that he considered modern morality an example of "slave morality." Most important: as the above aphorism makes abundantly clear, Nietzsche is not concerned to divide the men among whom he lives into masters and slaves; he is concerned with the history, the genesis, the genealogy of morals. And in the Preface to the Genealogy of Morals (1887), Nietzsche refers to several early aphorisms, including this one.

² Die Gerechtigkeit (Billigkeit) . . .
to appear as if a just action were unegoistic; but the high esteem for it depends on this appearance, and this esteem, moreover, continues to grow all the time, like all esteem; for whatever is highly esteemed becomes the object of striving, emulation, and multiplication, coupled with many sacrifices, and grows further because the value of the effort and zeal is added by every individual to the value of the thing he esteems.

How little the world would look moral without forgetfulness! A poet might say that God made forgetfulness the guard he placed at the threshold of human dignity.

96

_Mores and moral._—Being moral or ethical means obeying ancient established law or custom. Whether one submits to it with difficulty or gladly, that is immaterial; it is enough that one does it. "Good" is what one calls those who do what is moral as if they did it by nature, after long heredity—in other words, easily and gladly—whatever may be moral in this sense (practicing revenge, for example, when practicing revenge belongs, as it did among the more ancient Greeks, to good mores). He is called good because he is good "for something"; but because benevolence, pity, and that sort of thing have always been felt to be, through many changes in mores, "good for something" and useful, it has come to pass that now the benevolent and helpful are pre-eminently considered "good."

Being evil is being "not moral" (immoral), practicing immorality, resisting tradition, however reasonable or stupid tradition may be. Harming the neighbor, however, has been felt to be pre-eminently harmful in all the moral laws of different ages, until now the word "evil" is associated primarily with the deliberate harming of the neighbor.

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_Sitte und sittlich._—Moralisch; sittlich, ethisch sein heißt Gehorsam gegen ein altbrüderliches Gesetz oder Herkommen haben. Ob man mit Mühle oder gern sich ihn unterwirft, ist dabei gleichgültig, genug, dass man es tut. "Gut" nennt man Den, welcher, wie von Natur, nach langer Vererbung, also leicht und gern das Sittliche tut, je nachdem dies ist (zum Beispiel: Radist übt, wenn Radist üben, wie bei den älteren Griechen, zur guten Sitte gehört). Er wird gut genannt, weil er "wozu" gut ist; da aber Wohlwollen, Meinungen und dergleichen in dem Wechsel der Sitten immer als "gut wozu", als nützlich empfunden wurde, so nennt man jetzt vornehmlich den Wohlwollenden, Hülfreichen "gut".

Böse ist, "nicht sittlich" (unsittlich) sein, Unsitte üben, dem Herkommen widersprechen, wie vernünftig oder dumm dasselbe auch sei; das Schädigen des Nächsten ist aber in allen den Sittengesetzen der verschiedenen Zeiten, vornehmlich als schädlich empfunden worden, so dass wir jetzt namentlich bei dem Wort "böse" an die freiwillige Schädigung des Nächsten denken.
SEVENTY-FIVE APHORISMS

Not "egoistic" and "un egoistic" is the fundamental pair of contraries that has led men to distinguish moral and immoral, good and evil, but rather: being tied to a tradition and law, and detachment from them. How the tradition originated is indifferent; in any case it was without any regard for good and evil or any immanent categorical imperative, but above all in order to preserve a community, a people: every superstitious custom that originated on the basis of some misinterpreted accident involves a tradition that it is moral to follow; for detaching oneself from it is dangerous, even more dangerous for the community than for the individual (because the deity punishes the community—and the individual only indirectly—for the sacrilege and the violation of divine privileges). Now every tradition becomes ever more venerable the more remote its origins are and the more they have been forgotten; the veneration shown it is accumulated, generation upon generation; finally, the tradition becomes holy and inspires reverence; and thus the morality of pious regard for the old is certainly a much more ancient morality than that which demands un egoistic actions.

136

On Christian asceticism and holiness.—Strongly as individual thinkers have endeavored to present the rare phenomena of morality that are usually called asceticism and holiness as if they were marvels that it would almost be sacrilege and desecration to illuminate by raising the torch of rational explanation up to their face—the temptation to commit this sacrilege is just as strong. A powerful impulse of nature has led men in all ages to protest against these phenomena as such; science, insofar as it is, as mentioned, an imitation of nature, at least takes the liberty to object to their alleged inexplicability and even unapproachability. To be sure, so far it has not succeeded: these phenomena are still unexplained, much to the delight of the said admirers of moral marvels. For, to speak generally: the unexplained should by all means be unexplainable, the unexplainable by all means unnatural, supernatural, miraculous—

4 Moral der Pietät (emphasis in the original).
thus goes the demand in the souls of all the religious and metaphysicians (of artists, too, if they are at the same time thinkers); while the scientific person sees in this demand the "evil principle."

The general first probability one encounters as one contemplates holiness and asceticism is this: their nature is complicated; for almost everywhere, in the physical world as well as in the moral world, one has succeeded in reducing the allegedly miraculous to the complicated which depends on many conditions. Let us dare then to begin by isolating single impulses in the souls of holy men and ascetics, and to conclude by thinking of them as grown together.

There is a defiance of oneself among whose most sublimated expressions some forms of asceticism belong. For certain human beings have such a great need to exercise their force and lust to rule that, lacking other objects, or because they have always failed elsewhere, they finally have recourse to tyrannizing certain parts of their own nature, as if they were sections or stages of themselves.

Thus some thinkers profess views that evidently do not serve to increase or improve their reputations; some practically conjure up the disrespect of others for them, although it would be easy for them to remain highly respected, simply by keeping still. Others recant former opinions and are not afraid of henceforth being called inconsistent: on the contrary, they exert themselves to that end and behave like exuberant riders who like their horse best when it has gone wild, is covered with sweat, and shying.

Thus man ascends the highest mountains on dangerous paths, to laugh scornfully at his anxiety and his trembling knees; thus the philosopher professes views of asceticism, humility, and sanctity in whose splendor his own image is made exceedingly ugly. This breaking of oneself, this mockery of one's own nature, this *spernere se spem* of which religions have made so much, is really a very high degree of vanity. The whole morality of the Sermon on the Mount belongs here: man experiences a veritable voluptuousness

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8 Scorn of one's being scorned.
in violating himself by means of exaggerated demands and in then deifying this tyrannically demanding force in his soul.

In every ascetic morality man adores part of himself as God and to that end needs to diabolize the rest.

To sum up what has been said here: that state of the soul which the holy man or the man who is becoming holy enjoys is composed of elements which all of us know quite well; they merely take on a different coloring when they are influenced by nonreligious ideas, and then they are usually reproached by men just as much as they can count—or at least could count in former times—on admiration, even worship, when associated with religion and the ultimate meaning of existence.

Sometimes the holy man practices that defiance against himself which is closely related to the lust to rule at any price and which gives even the loneliest the feeling of power; sometimes his swollen feeling changes from the craving to let his passions run their course into the craving to make them collapse like wild horses under the powerful pressure of a proud soul; sometimes he wants the complete cessation of all feelings that disturb, torment, provoke—a wakeful sleep, an enduring rest in the lap of a dumb, animal- or plant-like indolence; sometimes he seeks a fight and inflames it within himself because boredom fixes him with a yawning countenance: he scourges his self-deification with self-contempt and cruelty; he delights in the wild rebellion of his desires, in the sharp pain of sin, even in the idea that he is lost; he knows how to lay a snare for his affects, that of the most extreme lust to rule, for example, so that it changes into the most extreme humiliation and this contrast completely unbalances his hounded soul; and finally: if he should crave visions or conversation with the dead or with divine beings, this is at bottom a rare kind of voluptuousness that he desires, but perhaps that voluptuousness in which all the others are tied up into one knot. Novalis, one of the authorities on questions

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of holiness, both by experience and by instinct, once expressed the whole secret with a naïve joy: "It is marvelous enough that the association of voluptuousness, religion, and cruelty has not long attracted the attention of men to their close kinship and common tendency."

Not what the holy man is but what he signifies in the eyes of those who are not holy gives him his world-historical value. It was because one was wrong about him, because one misunderstood the states of his soul and drew as sharp a line as possible between oneself and him, as if he were something utterly incomparable and strangely superhuman—that he gained that extraordinary power with which he could dominate the imagination of whole peoples and ages. He did not know himself; he understood the writing of his moods, inclinations, and actions according to an art of interpretation which was just as extravagant and artificial as the pneumatic interpretation of the Bible. What was eccentric and sick in his nature, with its fusion of spiritual poverty, faulty knowledge, spoilt health, and overexcited nerves remained concealed from his own eyes and from the eyes of those who looked at him. He was not an especially good person, even less an especially wise person; but he signified something that exceeded all human measure of goodness and wisdom. The faith in him supported the faith in the divine and miraculous, in a religious meaning of all existence, in an impending final day of judgment. In the evening splendor of the world-end’s sunset that illuminated the Christian peoples, the shadowy figure of the holy man grew into something enormous—indeed, to such a height that even in our time, which no longer believes in God, there are still thinkers who believe in the holy man.⁷

It scarcely needs saying that this sketch of the holy man, being drawn after the average of the whole species, can be countered with

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⁷ For example—but not only—Schopenhauer.
many sketches that tend to produce a more agreeable feeling. Single exceptions stand out from the species, whether by virtue of great mildness and humanitarianism or by the magic of unusual energy; others are attractive in the highest degree because certain delusions inundate their whole nature with light—as is the case, for example, with the celebrated founder of Christianity who considered himself the inborn son of God and therefore felt he was without sin; thus, by virtue of an illusion—which should not be judged too harshly, for the whole of antiquity was full of sons of gods—he attained the same goal, the feeling of complete freedom from sin, complete lack of responsibility, which is now available to everybody by means of science!

I have also ignored the holy men of India who occupy an intermediate stage between the Christian holy man and the Greek philosopher, and thus do not represent a pure type: knowledge, science—insofar as science existed—raising oneself above other men through the logical discipline and training of thought, were just as much demanded among the Buddhists, as a sign of holiness, as the same qualities were repudiated and pronounced heretical in the Christian world where they were held to be signs of unholiness.

Mixed Opinions
and Maxims (1879)

Mores and their victim.— The origin of mores may be found in two thoughts: “society is worth more than the individual,” and “enduring advantage is to be preferred to ephemeral advantage”—from which it follows that the enduring advantage of society must be given precedence, unconditionally, over the advantage of the individual, especially over his momentary well-being but also over his enduring advantage and even his continued existence. Whether the individual suffers from an institution that is good for the whole,
whether it causes him to atrophy or perish—mores must be preserved, sacrifices must be made. But such an attitude *originates* only in those who are not its victims—for they claim in their behalf that the individual may be worth more than many, also that present enjoyment, the moment in paradise, may have to be valued higher than a pallid continuation of painless or complacent states. The philosophy of the sacrificial animal, however, is always sounded too late; and so we retain mores and *morality*—which is no more than the feeling for the whole quintessence of mores under which one lives and has been brought up—brought up not as an individual but as a member of a whole, as a digit of a majority. Thus it happens constantly that an individual brings to bear upon himself, by means of his morality, the tyranny of the majority.2

130

Readers' bad manners.—A reader is doubly guilty of bad manners against the author when he praises his second book at the expense of the first (or vice versa) and then asks the author to be grateful for that.

137

The worst readers.—The worst readers are those who proceed like plundering soldiers: they pick up a few things they can use, soil and confuse the rest, and blaspheme the whole.

145

Value of honest books.—Honest books make the reader honest, at least by luring into the open his hatred and aversion which his sly prudence otherwise knows how to conceal best. But against a book one lets oneself go, even if one is very reserved toward people.

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1 So bleibt es bei der Sitte und der Sittlichkeit.
2 Sich selbst ... majorisiert.
157

Sharpest criticism.— One criticizes a person, a book, most sharply when one pictures their ideal.

168

Praise of aphorisms.— A good aphorism is too hard for the tooth of time and is not consumed by all millennia, although it serves every time for nourishment: thus it is the great paradox of literature, the intrinsory amid the changing, the food that always remains esteemed, like salt, and never loses its savor, as even that does.

200

Original.— Not that one is the first to see something new, but that one sees as new what is old, long familiar, seen and overlooked by everybody, is what distinguishes truly original minds. The first discoverer is ordinarily that wholly common creature, devoid of spirit and addicted to fantasy—accident.

201

Philosophers' error.— The philosopher supposes that the value of his philosophy lies in the whole, in the structure; but posterity finds its value in the stone which he used for building, and which is used many more times after that for building—better. Thus it finds the value in the fact that the structure can be destroyed and nevertheless retains value as building material.

206

Why scholars are nobler than artists.— Science requires nobler natures than poetry does: they have to be simpler, less ambitious,

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2 Edler.
more abstinent, quieter, not so concerned about posthumous fame, and forget themselves over matters that rarely seem worthy in the eyes of many of such a sacrifice of one’s personality. To this must be added another loss of which they are conscious: the type of their work, the continual demand for the greatest sobriety, weakens their will; the fire is not kept as strong as on the hearth of poetic natures—and therefore they often lose their highest strength and bloom at an earlier age than those men do—and, as mentioned, they realize this danger. In any case they appear less gifted because they shine less, and they will be considered inferior to what they are.

251

In parting. — Not how one soul comes close to another but how it moves away shows me their kinship and how much they belong together.

298

Virtue has not been invented by the Germans. — Goethe’s nobility4 and lack of envy, Beethoven’s noble5 hermit’s resignation, Mozart’s charm and grace of the heart, Handel’s unbendable manliness and freedom under the law, Bach’s confident and transfixed inner life that does not even find it necessary to renounce splendor and success—are these in any way German qualities? — But if not, it at least shows for what Germans should strive and what they can attain.

309

Siding against oneself. — Our adherents never forgive us if we take sides against ourselves: for in their eyes this means not only rejecting their love but also exposing their intelligence.

4 Vornehmheit.
5 Edle.

1. Vernichtete Meinungen und Spräche 244—311

enthalsamer, stiller,

10 nicht, so auf Nachruhm bedacht sein, und sich über Sachen vergessen, welche selten dem Auge Vieler eines solchen Opters der Persönlichkeit würdig erscheinen. Dazu kommt eine andere Einbuße, deren sie sich bewusst sind: die Art ihrer Beschäftigung, die fortwährende Aufforderung zur größten Nüchternheit, schwächt ihren Willen, das Feuer wird nicht so stark unterhalten, wie auf dem Heerde der dichterischen Natur: und dies halb verlieren sie häufig in früheren Lebensjahren als jene ihre höchste Kraft und Blüthen, und wie gesagt, sie wissen, um diese Gefahr, unter allen Umständen erscheinen sie unbegabter, weil sie weniger glänzen, und werden für weni- ger gelten, als sie sind.

251.

Im Scheiden. — Nicht darin, wie eine Seele sich der anderem nähert, sondern wie sie sich von ihr entfernt, erkenne ich ihre Verwandtschaft und Zusammengehörigkeit mit der andern.

298.

Die Tugend ist nicht von den Deutschen er- funden. — Goethe’s Vornehmheit und Neidlosigkeit, Beethoven’s edle einsiedlerische Resignation, Mozart’s Anmut und Grazie des Herzens, Händel’s unbegüsst Männlichkeit und Freiheit unter dem Gesetz, Bach’s getrostes und verbürgtes Innenleben, welches nicht einmal nötig hat, auf Glanz und Erfolg zu verzichten, — sind denn diese deutsche Eigenscha- fen? — Wenn aber nicht, so zeigt es wenigstens, wonach Deutsche streben sollen und was sie erweisen können.

309.

Gegen sich Partei ergreifen. — Unsere Anhänger vergeben es uns nie, wenn wir gegen uns selbst Partei ergreifen: denn dies heisst, in ihren Augen, nicht nur ihre Liebe zurück- weisen, sondern auch ihren Verstand blossstellen.
Opinions.— Most people are nothing and are considered nothing until they have dressed themselves up in general convictions and public opinions—in accordance with the tailor philosophy: clothes make people. Of the exceptional person, however, it must be said: *only he that wears it makes the costume,* here opinions cease to be public and become something other than masks, finery, and disguises.

Loving the master.— Not as apprentices do, loves a master a master.†

Being misunderstood.— When one is misunderstood as a whole, it is impossible to remove completely a single misunderstanding. One has to realize this lest one waste superfluous energy on one’s defense.

How duty acquires splendor.— The means for changing your iron duty to gold in everyone’s eyes is this: always keep a little more than you promise.

Prayer to men.— “Forgive us our virtues”—thus one should pray to men.

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6 Erst der Träger macht die Tracht.
† Based on Nietzsche’s relationship to Wagner.
The Wanderer and His Shadow (1880)

Elements of revenge.— The word "revenge" is said so quickly, it almost seems as if it could not contain more than one root concept and feeling. And so people are still trying to find this root—just as our economists still have not got tired of smelling such a unity in the

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8 This is the final aphorism with which the book, published in 1879, ended. In a later note (Musaion edition, 1920-29, vol. XIV, p. 109) Nietzsche jotted down: "My ancestors: Hercules, Empedocles, Spinoza, Goethe." And his eyes were much more consistently fixed on Socrates than on Epicurus and Montaigne. His references to Pascal and Rousseau, especially Rousseau, are generally very critical.
word “value” and of looking for the original root concept of value. As if all words were not pockets into which now this and now that has been put, and now many things at once! Thus “revenge,” too, is now this and now that, and now something very composite.

Let us distinguish, first, that return blow of resistance which is almost an involuntary reflex, executed even against lifeless objects that have harmed us (such as moving machines): the sense of this countermove is to stop the harm by bringing the machine to a halt. Occasionally, the strength of the counterblow must be so strong to succeed in this that it smashes the machine; but where that is too strong to be destructible immediately by an individual, he will nevertheless strike as hard as he can—making, as it were, an all-out-attempt. One behaves the same way against persons who harm one, as long as one feels the harm immediately: if you want to call this action an act of revenge, all right; but consider that it is only self-preservation that has here put its rational machinery into motion, and that in the last analysis one does not think at all of the harming person in such a case but only of oneself: we act that way without any wish to do harm in return, merely in order to get away with life and limb.

Time is needed—when instead of concentrating on oneself one begins to think about one’s opponent, asking oneself how one can hurt him the most. This happens in the second type of revenge: reflection on the other person’s vulnerability and capacity for suffering is its presupposition; one wants to hurt. Protecting oneself against further harm, on the other hand, is so little a consideration for the seeker of such vengeance that he almost regularly brings about further harm to himself and quite often anticipates this in cold blood. In the first type of revenge it was fear of a second blow that made the counterblow as strong as possible; here we find almost total indifference to what the opponent will do yet; the strength of the counterblow is determined solely by what he has

1 A remarkably clear and vivid statement of a point that is widely held to be one of Ludwig Wittgenstein’s major contributions to philosophy; cf. Wittgenstein’s Philosophical Investigations (1953), sections 65ff. The great antipode of Nietzsche and Wittgenstein is Plato’s theory of Ideas, which holds that all the instances called by the same name participate in the same idea or form, which alone embodies to perfection the quality named.
THE WANDERER AND HIS SHADOW

181

done to us: But what has he done? And what use is it to us if he now suffers after we have suffered on his account? What matters is a restoration, while the act of revenge of the first type serves only self-preservation: Perhaps we have lost through our opponent possessions, rank, friends, children: such losses are not brought back by revenge; the restoration concerns solely a loss incidental to all these losses. The revenge of restoration does not protect against further harm; it does not make good the harm suffered—except in one case. If our honor has suffered from our opponent, then revenge can restore it. But this has suffered damage in every instance in which suffering has been inflicted on us deliberately; for our opponent thus demonstrated that he did not fear us. By revenge we demonstrate that we do not fear him either: this constitutes the equalization, the restoration. (The intent of showing one’s utter lack of fear goes so far in some persons that the danger their revenge involves for them—loss of health or life or other damage—is for them an indispensable condition of all revenge. Therefore they choose the means of a duel although the courts offer them help in obtaining satisfaction for the insult: but they do not accept an undangerous restoration of their honor as sufficient, because it cannot demonstrate their lack of fear.)

In the first type of revenge it is fear that strikes the counterblow; here, on the other hand, it is the absence of fear that, as I have tried to show, wants to prove itself by means of the counterblow.

Nothing therefore seems more different than the inner motivation of the two ways of action that are called by one name, "revenge." Nevertheless it happens quite frequently that the person seeking revenge is unclear about what really induced him to act: perhaps he delivered the counterblow from fear and in order to preserve himself, but later, when he has time to think about the point of his injured honor, he convinces himself that he avenged himself for his honor’s sake—after all, this motive is nobler than the other one. Moreover, it is also important whether he believes his honor to have been injured in the eyes of others (the world) or only in the eyes of the opponent who insulted him: in the latter case he will prefer secret revenge, in the former public revenge.

Menschliches, Allzumenschliches II

Was hat er denn getan? Und wäschnützt er uns, wenn er nun Leiden, nachdem wir durch ihn gelitten haben? Es handelt sich um eine Wiederherstellung; während der Rache-Akt derer Art nur der Selbst-Erhaltung dient. Vielleicht verloren wir durch den Gegner Besitz, Rang, Freunde, Kindheit,liche Verluste; aber der Rache nicht. Rückgängig, die Wiederherstellung bezieht sich allein auf einen Nebenverlust, bei allen den erwähnten Verlusten. Die Rache der Wiederherstellung bewahrt nicht vor weiterem Schaden, sie macht den verlorenen Schaden nicht wieder gut, sondern in einem Falle. Wenn unsere Freiheit durch den Gegner gelitten hat, so vermag die Rache sie wiederherzustellen. Sie hat aber in jedem Falle einen Schaden erlitten, wenn man uns absichtlich ein Leid zufügte: denn der Gegner bewies damit, dass er uns nicht fürchtete. Durch die Rache beweisen wir, dass wir auch ihn nicht fürchten; darin liegt die Ausgleichung, die Wiederherstellung. (Die Absicht, den vollen Mangel an Fürcht zu zeigen, geht bei einigen Personen so weit, dass ihnen die Gefährlichkeit der Rache für sie selbst (Einbese der Gesundheit, des Lebens, der andere Verluste) als eine unerlässliche Bedingung jeder Rache gilt. Deshalb gehen sie den Weg des Duells, obwohl sie die Gelehrte ihnen den Arm bieten, um auch so Genugthung für die Beleidigung zu erhalten; sie nehmen aber die gefahrlose Wiederherstellung ihrer Ehre nicht als genügend an, weil sie ihren Mangel an Fürcht nicht beweisen kann.)

—Bald der ersterwähnten Art der Rache ist es gerade die Rache, die den Gegner ausführt; hier dagegen ist es die Abwesenheit der Rache, welche, wie gesagt, durch den Gegner-Schlag sich beweisen will. —Nichts scheint also verschieden als die innere Motivierung der beiden Handlungsweisen, die mit: Einen Wunsch der Rache benannt werden; und trotzdem kommt es sehr häufig vor, dass der der Rache-Uebende in Unklarheit ist, was ihm eigentümlich zur That bestimmt hat; vielleicht, dass er aus Fürcht und um sich zuerhalten den Gegner-Schlag führte, hinterher aber, als der Zeit hatte, über den Gesechpunct der verletzten Ehre nachzudenken; selbst sich einredet, seiner Ehre halber sich gerächt zu haben; dieser Motiv ist ja jedenfalls vör nimmer, als das andere. Dabei ist noch wesentlich, ob der Ehr-Laden der Anderen (der Welt) beschädigt sie, oder nur in den Augen des Beleidigers: im letzteren Falle wird der die geheime Rache vorziehen, im ersteren aber die öffentliche.
Seven-Five Aphorisms

Depending on whether he projects himself strongly or weakly into the soul of his opponent and the spectators, his revenge will be more embittered or tamer; if he lacks this type of imagination entirely, he will not think of revenge at all, for in that case the feeling for "honor" is not present in him and hence cannot be injured. Just so, he will not think of revenge if he despises the doer and the spectators of the deed—because they, being despised, cannot accord him any honor and hence also cannot take it away. Finally, he will forgo revenge in the not unusual case in which he loves the doer: to be sure, he thus loses honor in his opponent's eyes and perhaps thus becomes less worthy of being loved in return. But even forgoing all such counterlove is a sacrifice that love is prepared to make if only it does not have to hurt the beloved being: that would mean hurting oneself more than this sacrifice hurts.

Thus: everybody will revenge himself unless he is without honor or full of contempt or full of love for the person who has harmed and insulted him. Even when he has recourse to the courts he wants revenge as a private person—but besides, being a member of society who thinks further and considers the future, he also wants society's revenge on one who does not honor it. Thus judicial punishment restores both private honor and the honor of society—which means, punishment is revenge.

Indubitably, it also contains that other element of revenge—which we described first, insofar as society uses punishment for its self-preservation and deals a counterblow in self-defense. Punishment desires to prevent further damage; it desires to deter. Thus both of these so different elements of revenge are actually tied together in punishment, and perhaps this is the main support of that above-mentioned conceptual confusion by virtue of which the individual who revenges himself usually does not know what he really wants.

194

Dreams.—On the rare occasions when our dreams succeed and achieve perfection—most dreams are bungled—they are symbolic chains of scenes and images in place of a narrative poetic.

2. Der Wanderer und sein Schatten 190—196

Je nachdem ersicht stark oder schwach
in die Seele des Thäters und der Zuschauer: hineindenkt, wird seine Rache erbitterter oder zahmer sein, so fehlt ihm diese Art Phantasie ganz; so wird er gar nichts an Rache denken; denn das Gefühl der "Ehre" ist dann bei ihm nicht vorhanden, also auch nicht zu verletzen. Ebenso wird er nicht an Rache denken, wenn er den Thäter und die Zuschauer der That verschmähte; weil sie ihm keine Ehre geben können, als Verachtete, und demnach keine Ehre nehmen können. Endlich wird er auf Rache in dem nicht ungewöhnlichen Falle verzichten, dass er den Thäter liebt:
freiwillig, büst er so in dessen Augen an Ehre ein und wird vielleicht der-Gegenliebe dadurch weniger würdig. Aber auch auf alle-Gegenliebe Verzicht leisst, ist ein Opfer, welches die Liebe zurbringt—begrüßt ist, wenn sie dem geliebten Wesen nur nicht wehe thun muss: dies hieße sich selber mehr weh thun, als jenes Opfer wehe thut. — Also: Jedermann wird sich rächen,
weit denn ehrloser voll Versuchung oder voll Liebe gegen den Schädiger und Beleidiger, Auch wenn er sich an die Gerichte wendet, so will er die Rache als private Person: nie bei der
aber noch, als weiterdenkender vorsichtiger Mensch der Gesell-
schaft, die Rache der Gesellschaft an einem; der sie nicht thut.
So wird durch die gerichtliche Strafe sowohl die Privatrede als auch die Gesellschaftserehre wieder hergestellt: das leisst
— Strafe ist Rache!

Es gibt in ihr unzweifelhaft auch noch jenes andere, zuerst beschriebene Element der Rache, insofern
die sie die Gesellschaft ihrer Selbst-Erhaltung dient
und der Not, welcher haben einen Gegenschlag führt: Die
 Strafe will das weitere Schädigen verhüten, sie will ab-
schrecken eine Aufstörs sind vielleicht in der Strafe bald so verschieden die Elemente der Rache verküpfen, und dies mag
vielleicht am meisten, dahin-wirken, jenes erwähnte Begriffsver-
richtung zu unterhalten, vermöge deren der Einzelt, der sich
rächt, gewöhnlich nicht weiß, was er eigentlich will.

194

Der Traum. — Unsere Träume sind, wenn sie einmal
ausnahmsweise gelingen und vollkommen werden — für ge-
wohnlich ist der Traum eine Pfuscher-Arbeit —, symbolische
Scenen- und Bilder-Ketten an Stelle einer erzählden Dichter-
language; they circumscribe our experiences or expectations or situations with such poetic boldness and decisiveness that in the morning we are always amazed at ourselves when we remember our dreams. We use up too much artistry in our dreams—and therefore often are impoverished during the day.

202

Tourists.— They climb mountains like animals, stupid and sweating; one has forgotten to tell them that there are beautiful views on the way up.

203

Too much and too little.— All men now live through too much and think through too little: they suffer at the same time from extreme hunger and from colic, and therefore become thinner and thinner, no matter how much they eat.— Whoever says now, “I have not lived through anything”—is an ass.

204

End and goal.— Not every end is the goal. The end of a melody is not its goal; and yet: as long as the melody has not reached its end, it also hasn’t reached its goal. A parable.

208

How to have all men against you.— If anyone dared to say now, “Whoever is not for me, is against me,” he would immediately have all men against him.— This does our time honor.

249

Positive and negative.— This thinker needs nobody to refute him: for that he suffices himself.

2Mat. 12:30; Luke 11:23.
Way to equality.— A few hours of mountain climbing turn a villain and a saint into two rather equal creatures. Exhaustion is the shortest way to equality and fraternity—and liberty is added eventually by sleep.

Not to wish to see too soon.— As long as one lives through an experience, one must surrender to the experience and shut one's eyes instead of becoming an observer immediately. For that would disturb the good digestion of the experience: instead of wisdom one would acquire indigestion.

From the practice of wise men.— To become wise, one must wish to have certain experiences and run, as it were, into their gaping jaws. This, of course, is very dangerous; many a wise guy has been swallowed.

A testimony of love.— Somebody said: "About two persons I have never reflected very thoroughly: that is the testimony of my love for them." ⁸

How one tries to improve bad arguments.— Some people throw a bit of their personality after their bad arguments, as if that might straighten their paths and turn them into right and good arguments—just as a man in a bowling alley, after he has let go of the ball, still tries to direct it with gestures.

⁸ Nietzsche may have thought particularly of his mother and sister.

307.


317.


322.


323.

25. *Nie anrühren!* — Es gibt schreckliche Menschen, welche ein Problem, anstatt es zu lösen, für Alle, welche sie mit ihm abgeben wollen, verfüttern und schwerer lösbar machen.
after. Whoever can't hit the nail on the head should, please, not hit it at all.

333

Dying for the "truth."— We should not let ourselves be burnt for our opinions; we are not that sure of them. But perhaps for this: that we may have and change our opinions.

The Dawn (1881)

1

Rationality ex post facto.— Whatever lives long is gradually so saturated with reason that its irrational origins become improbable. Does not almost every accurate history of the origin of something sound paradoxical and sacrilegious to our feelings? Doesn't the good historian contradict all the time?

18

The morality of voluntary suffering.— What is the supreme enjoyment for men who live in the state of war of those small, continually endangered communities which are characterized by the strictest mores? In other words, for vigorous, vindictive, vicious, suspicious souls who are prepared for what is most terrible and hardened by deprivations and mores? The enjoyment of cruelty; and in these circumstances it is even accounted among the virtues of such a soul if it is inventive and insatiable in cruelty. The community feels refreshed by cruel deeds, and casts off for once the gloom of continual anxiety and caution. Cruelty belongs to the most ancient festive joys of mankind. Hence one supposes that the gods, too, feel refreshed and festive when one offers them the sight of cruelty; and so the idea creeps into the world that voluntary suffering, torture one has chosen oneself, has value and makes good sense.

Morgenröthe.

Wer es nicht versteht, den Nagel auf den Kopf zu treffen, soll ja gebeten sein, ihn gar nicht zu treffen.


Morgenröthe.

Nachträgliche Vernünftigkeit.— Alle Dinge, die lange leben, werden allmählich so mit Vernunft durchtränkt, dass ihre Abkunft aus der Unvernünftigkeit unwahrscheinlich wird. Klingt nicht fast jede genaue Geschichtserei eines Entstehens als Gefühl paradox und frevelhaft? Widerspricht der gute Historiker im Grunde nicht fortwährend?

Gradually, the mores shape a communal practice in accordance with this idea: all extravagant well-being henceforth arouses some mistrust, and all hard and painful states more and more confidence. One supposes that the gods might look upon us ungraciously because of our happiness, and graciously because of our suffering—not by any means with pity. For pity is considered contemptible and unworthy of a strong and terrible soul. Rather, graciously, because it delights them and puts them into good spirits; for those who are cruel enjoy the supreme titillation of the feeling of power.\(^1\)

Thus the concept of the "most moral man" of the community comes to contain the virtue of frequent suffering, deprivation, a hard way of life, and of cruel self-mortification—not, to say this again and again, as a means of self-discipline, self-control, and the desire for individual happiness, but as a virtue that makes the community look good to the evil gods, stemming up to them like a continual sacrifice of atonement upon some altar. All those spiritual leaders of peoples who succeeded in stirring something in the inert but fertile mud of their mores, had need not only of madness but also of voluntary torture to engender faith—and most and first of all, their faith in themselves. The more their own spirit moved along novel paths and was therefore tormented by pangs of conscience and anxieties, the more cruelly they raged against their own flesh, their own desires, and their own health—as if they wanted to offer the deity some substitute gratification in case it should perhaps be embittered on account of customs one had neglected and fought against and new goals one had championed.

Let us not believe too quickly that now we have rid ourselves completely of such a logic of feeling. Let the most heroic souls question themselves about this. Every smallest step on the field of free thought and the individually formed life has always been fought for with spiritual and physical torments: not only moving forward, no, above all moving, motion, change have required innumerable martyrs, all through the long path-seeking and basic-mil-

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\(^1\) This was written before Nietzsche developed his conception of the will to power. The function of The Dawn in the development of this idea is discussed in detail in Chapter 6 of Kaufmann's Nietzsche.
lennia of which, to be sure, people don’t think when they talk, as usual, about “world history,” that ridiculously small segment of human existence. And even in this so-called world history, which is at bottom much ado about the latest news, there is no really more important theme than the primordial tragedy of the martyrs who wanted to move the swamps.

Nothing has been bought more dearly than that little bit of human reason and of a feeling of freedom that now constitutes our pride. But it is this very pride that now makes it almost impossible for us to feel with those vast spans of time characterized by the “morality of mores” which antedate “world history” as the real and decisive main history that determined the character of humanity—when suffering was a virtue, cruelty a virtue, dissimulation a virtue, revenge a virtue, the slander of reason a virtue, while well-being was a danger, the craving for knowledge a danger, peace a danger, pity a danger, being pitied ignominy, work ignominy, madness divine, change immoral and pregnant with disaster.

You think that all this has changed, and that humanity must thus have changed its character? You who think you know men, learn to know yourselves better!

112

On the natural history of duty and right.—Our duties—are the rights others have against us. How did the others acquire these rights? By taking us to be capable of contracts and of repayment, as equal and similar to them; by entrusting us with something on this basis and educating, correcting, and supporting us. We do our duty—that means: we justify this idea of our power on the basis of which we have been treated this way; we give back in the same measure in which one has given to us. Thus it is our pride that bids us do our duty—we want to regain our sovereignty when we balance what others have done for us with something we do for them—for in this way they have intruded into the sphere of our power

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2 Sittlichkeit der Sitte.
3 Unstillich: practically by definition.

Morgenröte


Nichts ist theurer, als das Gewebe von menschlicher Vernunft und von Gefühl der Freiheit, welches jetzt unseren Stolz ausmacht. Dieser Stolz aber ist es, dessen wahren und uns Jetzt fast unmöglich wird; mit jenen ungeheuern Zeittrocken, der „Sittlichkeit der Sitte“, zu empfinden, welche der „Weltgeschichte“ vorausliegen, als die wirklich und entscheidende Hauptgeschichte, welches den Charakter der Menschheit fest gesteckt hat: wo das Leiden als Tugend, die Grausamkeit als Tugend, die Verstümmelung als Tugend, die Rache als Tugend, die Verleugnung der Vernunft als Tugend, dem Wohlbefinden als Gefahr, die Wissbegier als Gefahr, der Friede als Gefahr, das Mittel als Gefahr, das Bemühen, die Tugend, die Arbeit als Gefahr, der Wahn der Selbsttäuschung, die Veränderung des Umschreibens und Verderbenschwangers in Geltung war. Ihr meint, es habe sich alles diese geändert, und die Menschheit müsse somit ihren Charakter vertauschen? Oh, ihr Menschenknecht, lernt euch’s besser kennen! 112.

Zur Naturgeschichte von Pflicht und Recht.—Unsere Pflichten—das sind die Rechte Andrer auf uns. Woraus haben sie diese erworben? Dadurch, dass sie uns für vertragende und verpflichtende Menschen, für gleich und ähnlich mit sich ansetzen, dass sie uns darunter Etwas anvertrauen, uns erzogen, zurechtwiesen, unterstützt haben. Wir erfüllen unseren Pflichten—das heißt, wir rechtfertigen jene Vorstellung von unserer Macht, auf welche hin uns Alles erwiesen würde, wir geben zurück, in dem Massen, als man uns gab. So ist unser Stolz, der die Pflicht zu tun gegeben, — wir wollen unser Selbstwürdigkeit wiederherstellen, wenn wir dem was Andrer für uns thaten, —Etwas entgegengerichtet, das wir für sie thun, — dem Jene hafte; damit in die Schätze unserer Macht eingegrieffen
and would keep their hand in it constantly if we did not repay them with our “duty,” which means that we intrude into their power. The rights of others can relate only to what is within our power; it would be unreasonable if they wanted something from us that does not belong to us. To be more precise one should say: only to what they suppose is within our power, assuming that it is the same thing we suppose to be within our power. The same error could easily be made on both sides: the sense of a duty depends on our sharing with the others the same faith about the extent of our power: namely, that we promise certain things and are capable of incurring these duties (“freedom of the will”).

My rights: they define that part of my power which the others have not only conceded to me but in which they wish to preserve me. What leads the others to do this? First, their prudence and fear and caution—whether they expect something similar in return from us (protection of their rights), or consider a fight with us dangerous or pointless, or see in every diminution of our strength a disadvantage for themselves because it would render us unfit for an alliance with them against a third and hostile power. Then, deeding or ceding. In this case the others have power enough, more than enough, to be able to give some of it away and to guarantee the piece they give away to the person who receives it—in which case a slight feeling of power is assumed in the person who accepts the present. Thus rights originate: recognized and guaranteed degrees of power. If the proportions of power are changed drastically, rights pass away, and new rights come to be—which is apparent in international law with its constant passing away and coming to be. If our power is decreased drastically, the feelings of those who have so far guaranteed our rights change: they consider whether they can restore us to our old full possession—and if they feel incapable of that, then they deny our “rights” henceforth. Just so, when our power is increased drastically, the feelings of those who have so far recognized it and whose recognition we no longer need: they may try to reduce our power to its former measure, they may wish to interfere, invoking their “duty”—but this is just a waste of words. Where right rules, a state and degree of power is preserved, and a diminution and increase are resisted. The right of

20 und würden dauernd ihre Hand in ihr haben, wenn wir nicht mit der „Pflicht“ eine Wiedervergeltung üben, das heißt in ihre Macht eingreifen. Nur auf das, was in unserer Macht steht, können sich die Rechte Anderer beziehen; es wäre unvernünftig, wenn sie etwas von uns wollten, das uns selber nicht gehört.

25 Genauer muss man sagen: nur auf das, was sie meinen, dass es in unserer Macht steht; vorzusetzend, dass es das Selbe ist, von dem wir meinen; es stieße in unserer Macht. Es könnte leicht auf beiden Seiten der gleiche: Erthum sein; das Gefühl der Pflicht hängt daran, dass wir in Bezug auf den Umkreis unserer Macht die selbe Glaubwürdigkeit haben, wie die Anderen: nämlich dass wir bestimmte Dinge versprechen, uns zu ihnen verpflichtet zu fühlen („Freiheit des Willens“).

others is the concession of our feeling of power to the feeling of power among these others. When our power is proved to have been profoundly shaken and broken, our rights cease; on the other hand, when we have become a great deal more powerful, the rights of others cease for us, at least in the form in which we have so far conceded them.

The "fair person" constantly needs the fine tact of a scale for the degrees of power and right which, in view of the transitory nature of human affairs, will always be balanced only for a short time, while for the most part they either sink or rise: to be fair is therefore difficult and requires much practice, good will, and a great deal of good spirit.—

231

Of German virtue.—How degenerate in taste, how slavish before offices, classes, robes, pomp, and splendor must a people have been when it evaluated the simple [schlicht] as the bad [schlecht], the simple man as the bad man! One should counter the moral arrogance of the Germans with this one little word, schlecht, and nothing more.4

232

From a disputation.—A: My friend, you have talked yourself hoarse. B: Then I stand refuted. Let us not discuss the matter any further.

236

Punishment.—A strange thing, our punishment! It does not cleanse the criminal, it is no atonement; on the contrary, it pollutes worse than the crime does.

4 The etymology is sound—and the aphorism invites comparison with Genealogy of Morals, I, section 4.
The Gay Science (1882)

51

Sense of truth.— I think well of all skepticism to which I may reply: "Let us try it." But I no longer want to hear anything of all those things and questions which do not permit experiments. This is the limit of my "sense of truth": for there courage has lost its rights.

108

New struggles.— After Buddha was dead, his shadow was still shown for centuries in a cave—a tremendous, gruesome shadow. God is dead: but given the way men are, there may still be caves for thousands of years in which his shadow will be shown.— And we—we still have to vanquish his shadow, too.1

121

Life no argument.— We have fixed up a world for ourselves in which we can live—assuming bodies, lines, planes, causes and effects, motion and rest, form and content: without these articles of faith, nobody now would endure life. But that does not mean that they have been proved. Life is no argument; the conditions of life could include error.2

129

The conditions of God.— "God himself cannot exist without wise men"—Luther said, and was right. But "God can exist even less without unwise men"—that good old Luther did not say.

1 Cf. section 125 (Portable Nietzsche, pp. 95f.)
2 Cf. Beyond Good and Evil, section 4.
130

A dangerous resolve.—The Christian resolve to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad.

142

Incense.—Buddha said: "Do not flatter your benefactor." This saying should be repeated in a Christian church—right away it clears the air of everything Christian.

163

After a great victory.—What is best about a great victory is that it rids the victor of fear of defeat. "Why not also lose for once?" he says to himself; "now I am rich enough for that."

173

Being deep and appearing deep.—Whoever knows he is deep, strives for clarity; whoever would like to appear deep to the crowd, strives for obscurity. For the crowd considers anything deep if only it cannot see to the bottom: the crowd is so timid and afraid of going into the water.

200

Laughter.—Laughter means: being schadenfroh,8 but with a good conscience.

205

Need.—A need is considered the cause of the origin: in truth, it is often merely an effect of what did originate.

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8 The word is famous for being untranslatable: it signifies taking a mischievous delight in the discomfort of another person.
228

Against mediators.—Those who wish to be mediators between two resolute thinkers are marked as mediocre: they lack eyes to see the unparalleled; seeing things as similar and making them the same is the mark of weak eyes.

231

"Thorough."—Those slow in knowledge suppose that slowness belongs to knowledge.⁴

232

Dreams.—We have no dreams at all or interesting ones. We should learn to be awake the same way—not at all or in an interesting manner.

258

Those who deny chance.—No victor believes in chance.

273

Whom do you call bad?—Those who always want to put to shame.

274

What do you consider most humane?—To spare someone shame.

275

What is the seal of attained freedom?—No longer being ashamed in front of oneself.

⁴ Cf. section 381, below, and Beyond Good and Evil, section 27.
292

To the preachers of morals.—I have no wish to establish morals, but I have this advice for those who do: if you want to do the best things and states out of all honor and worth, then continue to talk about them as you have been doing. Place them at the head of your morality and talk from morning till night of the happiness of virtue, of peace of soul, of just things and immanent retribution: the way you are carrying on, all these good things finally acquire a popularity and are shouted about in the streets; but at the same time all of their gold will be worn off, and even worse—all the gold that was in them will have been changed to lead. Truly, you are masters of inverse alchemy, of the devaluation of the most valuable things. Why don’t you reach, experimentally, for another recipe, lest you keep attaining the opposite of what you seek: deny these good things, deprive them of the mob’s acclaim and their constant currency; restore them to the concealed bashfulness of solitary souls; say that morality is something forbidden. Perhaps you will in that way gain the support for these things of the only type of men that matter—those who are heroic. But then they must have a quality that inspires fear, and not, as hitherto, nausea. Should we not say of morality today what Master Eckhart\(^8\) said: “I ask God that he rid me of God.”

312

My dog.—I have given a name to my pain and call it “dog”: it is just as faithful, just as obtrusive and shameless, just as entertaining, just as clever as any other dog—and I can scold it and vent my bad moods on it, as others do with their dogs, servants, and wives.

\(^8\)Meister Eckhart (1260–1327) was the greatest German mystic of the Middle Ages.
316

Prophetic men.— You have no feeling for the fact that prophetic men are men who suffer a great deal: you merely suppose that they have been granted a beautiful “gift,” and you would even like to have it yourself. But I shall express myself in a parable. How much may animals suffer from the electricity in the air and clouds! We see how some species have a prophetic faculty regarding the weather; monkeys, for example (as may be observed even in Europe, and not only in zoos—namely, on Gibraltar). But we do not heed that it is their pains that make them prophets. When a strong positive electrical charge, under the influence of an approaching cloud that is as yet far from visible, suddenly changes into negative electricity, these animals behave as if an enemy were drawing near and prepare for defense or escape; most often they try to hide: they do not understand bad weather as a kind of weather but as an enemy whose hand they already feel.

322

Parable.— Those thinkers in whom all stars move in cyclic orbits are not the most profound: whoever looks into himself as into vast space and carries galaxies in himself also knows how irregular all galaxies are; they lead into the chaos and labyrinth of existence.

325

What belongs to greatness.— Who will attain anything great if he does not possess the strength and the will to inflict great suffering? Being able to suffer is the least thing: weak women and even slaves often attain mastery in that. But not to perish of inner distress and uncertainty when one inflicts great suffering and hears the cry of this suffering—that is great, that belongs to greatness.  

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6 This aphorism is surely quite as much prompted by personal experience as the three that precede it. Nietzsche is thinking of the suffering that his ideas
Taking seriously.— In the great majority, the intellect is a clumsy, gloomy, creaking machine that is difficult to start. They call it "taking the matter seriously," when they work with this machine and want to think well: how onerous they must find thinking well! The lovely beast, man, seems to lose its good spirits every time it thinks well: it becomes "serious." And "where laughter and gaiety are found, the quality of thought is poor"—that is the prejudice of this serious beast against all "gay science."— Well, then, let us prove that it is a prejudice.\(^7\)

332

The bad hour.— Every philosopher has probably had a bad hour when he thought: what do I matter if one does not accept my bad arguments, too?— And then some mischievous\(^8\) little bird flew past him and twittered: "What do you matter? What do you matter?"

331\(^9\)

On the question of being understandable.— One does not only wish to be understood when one writes; one wishes just as surely not to be understood. It is not by any means necessarily an objection to a book when anybody finds it impossible to understand: perhaps that was part of the author's intention—he did not want to be understood by just "anybody." Every more noble spirit

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{This aphorism, and the whole conception of the "gay science," should be recalled in connection with Nietzsche's inquiry concerning "asetic ideals" in the Genealogy. Science and scholarship, he argues there, involve variations of asceticism. But his solution does not consist in renouncing reason: he wants to develop a "gay science."}
\footnote{Schadenfrohes.}
\footnote{From the Fifth Book, added in 1887.}
\end{footnotes}

Die fröhliche Wissenschaft

337.

Ernst nehmen.— Der Intellekt ist bei den Ältern eine schwerfällige, finstere und knarrende Maschine, welche über in Gang zu bringen ist: sie nennen es "die Sache ernst nehmen!", wenn sie mit dieser Maschine arbeiten und gut denken wollen — oh, wie lästig muss ihnen das Gut-Denken sein! Die liebliche, liebliche, siehst du das? — jar, wie es scheint, die gute Laune, wenn sie gut denkt; sie wird "ernst"! Und, wie Lebens und Fröhlichkeit ist, da taugt das Denken Nichts! — so-lauter das Vorurteil dieser ernsten Bestie gegen die fröhliche Wissenschaft! — Wohl! Zeigen wir, dass es ein Vorurteil ist! —

Die böse Stunde.— Es hat wohl für jeden Philosophie-eine böse Stunde gegeben, wo er dachte: was liegt an mir, wenn man mir nicht auch meine schlechten Argumente glaubt! — Und dann flog irgend ein schadenfrohes Vögeldin an ihm vorüber und zwitscherte: "Was liegt an dir? Was liegt an dir?"
Die fröhliche Wissenschaft

wählts sich, wenn er-sich mittheilen will, auch seine Zuhörer; indem er sie wählt, zieht er zugleich gegen „die Anderen“ seine Schranken: Alle feineren Gesetze eines Stils haben da ihren Ursprung: sie halten zugleich fern, sie schaffen Distanz; sie verbieten „den Eingang“, das Verständniss; wie geächt — während sie denen die Ohren aufmachen, die uns mit den Ohren verwandt sind.


intubando, wie Newton von sich selbst sagt? Zum Mindesten giebt es Wahrheiten von einer besonderen Schon- und Kitzlidkeit, deren man nicht anders habhaft wird, als plötzlich, die man überschätzen oder lassen muss... Endlich hat meine Kürze noch einen andern Werth: innerhalb solcher Fragen, wie sie mich beschäftigen, muss ich Viel zu kurz sagen, damit es noch kürzer geblieben wird. Man hat nämlich als Immaterialist zu verhüten, dass man die Unzulässigkeit der neuen Ideen der alten Jungfern vermittelt; Geschichte, die Nichts von Leben hinterlassene Unzulässigkeit mehr noch meine Sichtenser sollensie begeistern, erheben, zur Tugend ermutigen. Ich wüsste Nichts auf Erden, was lustiger wäre als begeisternde alte Exil zu sein und Jungfern, welche durch die süssen Gefühle der Tugend erregt werden und „das habe ich gesehen“ — also sprach Zarathustra.

ing, and the most scholarly among us are close to discovering that
they know too little. But it would be still worse if it were different
—and we knew too much; our task is and remains above all not to
mistake ourselves for others. We are something different from
scholars, although it is unavoidable for us to be also, among other
things, scholarly. We have different needs, grow differently, and
also have a different digestion; we need more, we also need less.
How much a spirit needs for its nourishment, for this there is no
formula; but if its taste is for independence, for quick coming and
going, for roaming, perhaps for adventures for which only the
swiftest are a match, it is better for such a spirit to live in freedom
with little to eat than unfree and stuffed. It is not fat but the great-
est possible suppleness and strength that a good dancer desires
from his nourishment—and I would not know what the spirit of a
philosopher might wish more to be than a good dancer. For the
dance is his ideal, also his art, and finally also his only piety, his
“service of God.”

Die fröhliche Wissenschaft

die Gelehrte... von uns sind nahe daran
to entdecken, dass sie zu wenig wissen. Aber schlimmer wäre es
immer noch, wenn es anders stände, — wenn wir zu viel
wüssten...; unsere Aufgabe ist... mit schlecht
zu verwechseln. Wir sind etwas Änderes als Gelehrte: ob
wohl es nicht zu unterscheiden, dass wir auch, unter Anderem,
gelehrt sind: Wir haben...; ein anderes...; eine andere
Verdauung: wir brauchen mehr; wir brauchen auch weniger. Wie viel ein Geist zu seiner Ernährung nötig
hat, dafür gibt es keine Formel; ist aber sein Geschmack auf
Unabhängigkeit gerichtet, auf schnelles Kommen und Gehen; auf
Wanderung, auf Abenteuer; vielleicht, denken nur die Geister
wenigsten gewachsen sind, die leichter freilich mit schwächeren...; als unfrei und...; Nicht Fett... sondern die größte...; der größte Ge-

schmeidigkeit und Kraft ist das, was der Tänzer von sei-
nem Nahrungswillen, — und ich wüsste nicht, was der Geist eines
Philosophen mehr zu sein wünschte, als ein guter Tänzer. Der
Tanz nämlich ist sein Ideal, auch seine Kunst, zuletzt auch seine
einzige Frömmigkeit: sein „Gottesdienst.”
INDEX

On the Genealogy of Morals

Arabic figures refer to sections, not to pages. Roman numerals refer to the three essays that comprise the Genealogy. E refers to the editor's Introduction, P to Nietzsche's Preface, n to the editor's notes. For references to Nietzsche's works, see Nietzsche.

A separate Index for the Appendix follows this Index.

A

Achilles, III 4
activity, mechanical, III 18, III 19
Adam, II 21
adaptation, II 12
aesthetic contemplation, III 6; physiology of aesthetics, III 8
Aegisthus, II 23
affect(s), II 2, III 15, III 16, III 19, III 20, III 21
agnosticism, II 12n; agnostics, III 25
alcoholism, German, III 21
alienation, II 14
amor fati, E4, E 4n, I 16n
Anacreon, III 26, III 26n
anarchism, I 5; anarchists, II 11; species anarchistics, III 26. See also nihilism
ancestors, fear of, II 19
anathema, I 10, I 10n
Antichrist, III 24, III 24n
anti-Semites, II 11, III 14, III 26; anti-Semitism, E3, I 5n
aphorisms, E1, E3, P8
Apocalypse of John, I 16
Aquinas, Thomas, I 15, I 15n

Arabian nobility, I II
Arbesman, Rudolph, I 15n
Aristophanes, The Clouds, III 7n
Aristotle, I 5n
art, III 6, III 25, III 25n; artists, II 17, II 18, III 1–6, III 8, III 26
Artemis, temple of, III 8
Aryan, I 5, III 26; pre-Aryan populace, I 11
ascetic ideals, E3, I 6, II 3, III, passion; ascetic priests, see priests
Asia, III 22
Assassins, Order of, III 24, III 24n
astronomy, III 25
atheism, II 20, III 27
Athenians, I 11, I 11n
aufheben, II 10n, III 27n
autonomous, individual, II 2, II 2n

B

bad conscience, see conscience
barbarians, I 11
Barker, Ernest, E 3n
beasts of prey, I 11, III 14, III 15, III 18; birds of prey, I 13
beauty, Kant's concept of, III 6
Beethoven, Ludwig van, III 19, III 19n
Beyle, Henri, see Stendhal
beyond good and evil, I 12, III 17
Bion, Rodolph, T4n
biology, honest, III 19
birds of prey, see beasts of prey
Bismarck, Otto von, I 5n
Black Beast, I 11n
blind beast(s), I 11, I 11n, II 17, II 17n
Bogos, III 14
bonus, I 5, I 5n
bourgeois morality, see morality
Brahma, Brahmins, I 6, III 10, III 17
British, see England
Buber, Martin, E3
Buckland, Henry Thomas, I 4, I 4n
Buddha, III 7, III 27; Buddhist (-ism), F5, I 6, II 21, III 17
buyer-seller, creditor-debtor, relationship, II 4, II 4n, II 5, II 7, II 8, II 9, II 19, II 21. See also creditor, debt
Byron Lord, III 19
Calvin, John, II 7
Cambodia, III 9
Camus, Albert, E3
 candidacy, I 5n
categorical imperative, F3, II 6
Catholic(s), III 3
Celt(s), I 5
Charles the Bold, III 9
chastity, II 2, II 8
child, E4
Chinese, I 12, I 16; Chinese law, II 13
Christian (-ity), E3, I 1, I 9, I 12,
I 15n, I 16, II 17, II 21, II 21n,
II 22, III 3, III 7, III 18, III 22,
III 24, III 26, III 27; anti-Christian(s), III 24, III 24n; Christian paradise, I 15
Christopher, Squire, III 17, III 17n
church, I 9, I 16, III 16, III 22;
Church Father(s), I 15, III 22
common, I 3, I 4, I 10; common
man, I 5, I 10
community, II 9, II 10, II 13, III 9,
III 18, III 19; as creditor, II 9;
"commune," inclination for, I 5;
tribal community, II 19
conscience, II 2, II 3, II 5, II 6, II 11,
II 14, II 21, II 24, III 27; bad conscience,
E4, II 1n, II 4, II 11, II 14-19, II 21-24, III 20, III 23; intellectual,
III 24n; morus conscientiae, II 15
consciousness, II 1, II 16; bad, II 1n;
of power, II 10
consolation, III 17
contempt, I 10
Copernicus, Nicholas, III 25
creditor(s), II 4-6, II 8-10, II 19,
II 21, II 21n
crime, treatment of, II 10; criminal,
II 14
cruelty, II 5-7, II 9, II 18, III 19,
III 20; as a festival, II 6, II 7; cruelty of man turned inward, II
22, III 10, III 20
culture, I 11
Cynics, III 7
Dante Alighieri, I 15
Danto, Arthur C., P8n, I 11n, II 1n,
III 24n
Darwin, Charles, P7; Darwinism, II 2
debt, to ancestors, II 19; to the deity,
II 20, II 21; debtor, II 4, II 4n, II
5, II 8, II 9, II 19, II 21. See also
buyer-seller, creditor-debtor relation-
ship
deed, I 13
delus, deliaos, II 5, I 10, I 10n
democracy, I 5, III 25; democratic
diopsychia, II 12
Demosthenes, I 11n
denny, E4
Devil, II 22
devil, II 22
diabolizing of nature, II 21
Diet of Worms, III 22
Dionysian drama, P7; Dionysian vi-
sion, E4; Dionysus, E4
Donaldson, James, I 15n
Don Quijote, II 6
Dostoevsky, Fedor Mikhailovich,
III 15n, III 24n
Dostoyevsky, Fedor Mikhailovich
Don Juan, Ximenes, III 25, III 25n
Dilherring, Eugen, II 11, II 11n, III 14,
III 26
duty, II 6, II 8, II 21. See also guilt
dysticheln, I 10, I 10n
Dutch, II 2
Egoistic/unegoistic, I 2, II 3, II 18
Egyptians, II 5
Eliot, George III 3n
Else, Gerald F., Aristotel's Poetics: The
Argument, I 5n
enemy (-ies), I 10, I 11
England, Friedrich, II 11n, III 3n
Facts, III 3; English, E3, P4, P7, I
16; English biologists, I 17; English
philosophers, I 1-3; English
"Salvation Army," III 22
Epheisians, III 8
Epicurus, III 6, III 17
esthics and kakos, I 5, I 5n
eu prattein, I 10, I 10n
Europe (-ans), F5, I 2, I 5, I 11, I
12, I 16, I 17, II 3, II 7, II 13, II
23, III 5, III 14, III 21, III 24,
III 25, III 26, III 27; European
health, see health; European man-
darin, II 3; European Weltanschau-
nung, III 17; "good European," E3
evangelical freedom, II 2.2
"everything has its price," II 8
evil, F3, P4, P6, I 7, II 15, II 15,
II 23, III 13n, III 14, III 17, III 21;
"the Evil One," I 10
"evolution" of a thing, II 12
failures, III 14
fairness, II 8; scientific, II 11
faith, III 24, III 24n; in opposite val-
ues, E4
faiths, III 26
Fates, III 26
Faust, P3n, III 4, III 13n
fear, of ancestors, II 19; of man, III
14; of oneself, III 10
feelings, see affects
Feuerbach, Ludwig, III 3, III 3n
Fin-Gal, I 5
Fischer, Kunz, II 15, II 15n
Forbes, Elliot, III 19n
forgetfulness, II 1, II 3; forgetting, I
2, I 3
France, French, E3, I 16; French
Revolution, I 16; French schola-
ship, III 24
Frauenstädt, Julius, III 6n
freedom of the will, III 10; free will,
II 1, II 2, II 4, II 7; instinct for
freedom, II 17, II 18; evangelical
freedom, III 2
Froud, Sigmund, E3, II 16n, III 19n,
III 20n
G
Gast, Peter, E2, II 24n
gay science, P7
genial, I 10, I 10n
German(s), E3, I 11, I 16, I 16n,
III 3, III 9, III 12, III 13, III 17,
III 19; German alcoholism, III 21;
German nationalism, I 11n; pun-
ishments, II 3, German scholar-
ship, III 24; Germany, I 5, III 5,
III 14, II 17, III 19, III 22, III 26
Gibbon, Edward, I 15n
Gilbert, André, E3
Glazer, Nathan, II 2n
God, F3, I 6-8, I 13-15, I 15n, II 7,
II 15, II 20-24, III 1, III 8, III 17,
III 22-25, III 27; God on the cross,
I 8; the Lord, I 15n, II 22;
"Kingdom of God," I 5, I 15n
"god(s), II 7, II 19, II 20, II 21, II
23, III 6, III 10, III 15; godliness,
I 14; Greek, II 23; the godlike, I 5
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, P8n,
II 11n, II 18, II 21, II 3, III 14n,
III 20; Faust, III 15n
Golding, Francis, II 11n, II 17n
Gomme, A. W., I 11n
INDEX

346
347
good, E4, P3, P4, P6, I 4, I 5, I 5n, II 3, II 7, II 15, II 20, III 13n, III 17; good men, I 11, II 24, III 19; "good one," I 10; doing good, III 18; good-naturedness, II 8; good will, II 8
Goeth, I, I 11, I 11n
Greek (s), E3, I 5, I 5n, I 10, I 11n, II 7, II 17, II 23, III 9, III 22; Greece, III 18; Greek gods, II 23; Greek philosophers, II 7; Greek nobility, see nobility; Greek tragedy, III 9n
guilt (y), E4, II 4, II 4n, II 6, II 8, II 14, II 17, II 20, II 21, II 23, II 23n, III 16, III 19, III 21; before God, II 22
Gwiner, Dr. Wilhelm von, III 19

H
Haff, II 12
happiness, I 10; right to, of the healthy, III 14
hatred, I 14, III 14
health (y), II 24, III 14–16, II 21–23; European health, III 21
Hegel, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich, E2, E3, II 10n, III 7; Hegelian, III 3n
Heidegger, Martin, E2, E3
Hemings, F. W. J., III 24a
Heraclitus, II 16, III 7, III 8
Herakles of duty, II 7
hers, I 9, II 13, II 15, II 18, III 19; herd, II 14; herd instinct, I 2
Herwegh, Georg, III 5, III 5n
Heide, II 1
Hesychasts of Mount Athos, III 17, III 17n
historiography, modern, III 26; historical, I 2
Homer, I 5n, I 11, I 11n, I 14, II 7, II 23n, III 4; Homeric heroes, I 11; Plato vs. Homer, III 25, III 25n
Horace, Satires, I 5n
hubris, III 9, III 9n
Hume, David, III 4n
humility, I 11 8
Huxley, Aldous; Brave New World,
I 11n, II 12n; Julian, II 12n; Thomas Henry, II 12, II 12n
I
Idealism, III 19, III 19n; ideals, II 24. See also ascetic ideals
impotence, I 10, I 13, II 4; priestly impotence, I 7
impure, see pure
India (Indians), III 7, III 8, III 17, III 27
injustice, I 14. See also justice
innocence, III 19; second, II 20
Innocent III, pope, II 7
ipsychation, II 1, II in
instinct (s), II 2, II 7, II 16; animal, II 22; for freedom, II 17, II 18; historical, II 14
intellectuals, British: attitude of toward Nietzsche, E3
internalization of man, II 16, II 16n
Israel, see Jews
Italian, E3; Italy, I 5
Ixion, wheel of, III 6

J
Janssen, Johannes, III 19
Jaspers, Karl, E3
Jesus of Nazareth, I 8, I 16; Christ, I 15; I 15n, "redeemer," I 8
Jews, E3, I 5n, I 7, I 8, I 9, I 15, I 15n, I 16, I 16n, III 22. See also anti-Semitism
John, Apocalypse of, I 16
Jove, I 15, I 15n
Judas, I 15, I 15n
Just, see Jews
juxta primae noctis, III 9
justice, II 4, II 4; II 8, II 10, II 11, II 14, III 14; retribution as origin of, see retribution

K
kakos, see ethikos
Kant, Immanuel, P3, P5, II 2n, II 6, III 6, III 7, III 25; anti-Kantian, P3; Kantian, I 13, III 6, III 12
kingdom of heaven, I 15, I 15n

L
language, Nietzsche's, E3; origin of, II 2
La Rochefoucauld, Francois Duc de, P5
Latin, E3
law, II 5, II 6, II 10, II 11, III 9
Chinese law, II 13; penal, II 10; purpose of, II 12; Twelve Tables of Rome, II 5; lawbreaker, II 9; legal obligations, II 5–6
Leibniz, Gottfried Wilhelm von, E3, III 7
lies, lying, III 19
life, III 13; aversion to, III 28; curative instinct of, III 16; life-inanimat species, III 11
Loeb and Leopold, E1
Louis XVI, III 9
love, II 22; of one's enemies, I 14; of one's neighbor, III 19
Luther, Martin, II 7, III 2, III 19, III 19n, III 20, III 22, III 22n; Luther's wedding, III 2

M
malfactor, II 10. See also crime
Malraux, Andre, E3
mala, melas, I 5
man, I 6, I 11, I 12, II 1, II 3, II 4, II 6–8, II 16, II 28, III 28; aggressive, II 11; common, I 5, I 10; European, I 12; good, I 14, III 19; higher, I 2, I 11; internalization of, II 16, II 16a; last, II 2; man as animal with right to make promises, II 1, II 2; man of the future, II 24; reactive, II 11; redeeming II 24; sickly, see sickness; stronger species of, II 12; overman, I 11n
Mann, Thomas, E3
marriage, III 7, III 9
Marx, Karl, II 11n, III 3n
Mary, I 10
mask, P6, III 10
master (s), I 5, I 7, I 9, I 13, II 12, II 17, III 18; right of, in punishing, see punishment; master race, I 5,

N
Napoleon Bonaparte, I 16
nausea, II 24, III 14, III 14n
Nazis, I 11n
Neander, Dr., I 15n
Negroes, I 11n, II 7
New/Old Testament, III 22
Nietzsche: works, The Antichrist, III 24n, III 26n; Beyond Good and Evil, E3, E4, P8n, I 7, I 16n, I 17n, II 6, III 9, III 9n, III 9n, III 13n, III 24n, III 26n; The Birth of Tragedy, III 6n, III 24n, III 25n, III 25n; The Case of Wagner, III 8n; The Dawn, P4, P8n, I 4, I 2, II 2n, II 6, II 10n, III 9, III 9n, III 10, III 24, III 24n; Ego and Homo, E4, I 24n; The Gay Science, E2, E3, II 24, III 24n, III 25n, III 27; Human, All-Two-Human, E1, P2, P4, II 2n; Nietzsche contra Wagner, III 2n, III 8n; Thus Spoke Zarathustra, E4, P8n, I 11n, II 12n, II 10a, III 14n; Twilight of the
Idols, I 11n, III 8n, III 15n, III 26n; The Wanderer and His Shadow, P4, II 13n, The Will to Power, E2, II 3n, III 3n, III 24n, III 25, III 27, III 27n; Zur Geschichte der Theognidischen Sprachsammlung, I 15n.

nihilism, P5, I 12, II 24, III 14, III 27; administrative, II 12, III 26, "On the History of European Nihilism," I 27, III 27, III 27n. See also nothingness

Nirvana, I 6

noble, nobility, P4, I 2, I 4, I 5, I 7–11, I 16, II 19, II 20, II 23, III 9; noble inclinations, III 14; noble man, I 10, I 11

nothingness, I 6, II 24, III 1, III 14, III 17, III 25, and passim; will to, III 28. See also nihilism

objective, II 8, III 12, III 26, and passim

obligations, legal, see law

oikos, I 10, I 10n

Old Testament vs. New, III 22

oligarchy, I 18

origin of feeling, III 19, III 20, III 21, original sin, II 21, III 9

Orwell, George (1984), I 11n

Overbeck, Franz, III 15n, III 24n

overman, I 11n

P

pagans, I 15n

pain, II 4, II 5, II 7, III 11, III 19, III 20; psychological, III 16

paradise, Christian, see Christian

Parsifal, III 3, III 4

Pascal, Blaise, III 17, III 17n

pathos of distance, I 2

Paul, St., I 6

Pericasts, I 15n

Persian Empires, II 8

perspective(s), III 12, III 12n, III 17

pessimism, I 15n, III 17

Peter, St., I 16, III 22

petty pleasure, as cure for depression, III 18, III 19

Pharisees, I 14

philosophers, P2, P5, I 15, I 15n, I 17, II 1, III 1, III 7n, III 8–10, III 12, III 17, III 24; Greek moral, II 7; Indian, III 8, III 17, III 17n; and marriage, III 7; philosophy, II 5, III 5, III 9, III 10, III 24; Sankhya philosophy, III 27; "spectators" of beauty, III 6

physiological inhibition, III 17

plity, P5, P6, II 14, III 14n, III 25; Tolstoi, III 26; tragic, II 7

Plato, P5, I 1, III 7, III 18, III 19, III 24; Plato vs. Homer, III 25, III 25n

plebeianism, I 4

Podach, Erich, III 11n

póneor, I 10, I 10n

poverty, III 8

pregnancy image, E4

pride, II 8

priests (ly), I 6, III 1, III 9, III 10; artist in guilt feelings, III 20; ascetic priests, III 10, III 11, III 13, III 15, III 17, II 17–22, III 26; impotence in, I 7

promises, II 3, II 5

punishment, P4, II 3–5, II 7, II 9, II 10, II 10n, II 12–16, II 22, III 20; as festival, II 6, II 7, II 13; eternal, III 21, II 22; revenge as purpose of, II 12; right of masters in, II 5

pure/impure, I 6; pure reason, III 12

Pygmalion, III 6

R

Rahula, III 7

rank, order of, P3, I 2; order of rank among values, I 17

Ranke, Leopold von, III 19, III 19n

reading, P8, P8n

reality, redemption of, II 24

reason, II 3, II 6, III 12

redemption, II 17, II 20, and passim; through love, II 22; of reality, II 24

Rée, Dr. Paul, P4, P7

Reformation, I 16, III 19

religion, III 17; and guilt, II 20, II 21; religious cults, III 3; religious neurosis, III 21. See also Christianity; God; priests

Renaissance, I 16

Renan, Ernest, III 26, III 26n

responsibility, origins of, II 2

ressentiment, E3, I 10, I 11, I 13, I 14, I 16, II 11, II 17, II 11, III 14–16; not origin of justice, II 11

revenge, II 7, I 8, I 14, II 6, II 10n, II 11, III 9, III 14, II 20; as purpose of punishment, II 12

Rhadamanthus, I 15n

rhathymia, I 11

Riesman, David, II 2n

Rikke, Rainer Maria, E3

Roberts, Alexander, I 15n

Rome, Roman, I 5, I 11n, I 15, I 16, III 18; nobility, I 11; values, I 16;

Twelve Tables of Rome, II 5

Russians, II 15

S

sacrifices, II 19

St. John's dance, III 21

St. Thomas, I 15, I 15n

St. Vitus dance, III 21

saints, III 1

Salvation Army, British, III 22

sanctity, I 17

Sankhya philosophy, III 27

Sartre, Jean-Paul, E3, II 23n

Schadenfreude, I 1n

Scheler, Max, E3

Scheleuta, Karl, II 6n

scholars, III 23–24; Nietzsche "scholars."

Schopenhauer, Arthur, P5, III 4–7, III 19, III 19n

science, I 13, III 23–25, III 23n

Selbstaufhebung, II 10n, II 27n

Selbstverwürfelt, I 24n

Selbstverwürfnis, III 27n

self-overcoming, II 10, II 10n, II 27

self-sacrifice, P5, II 18, III 11

self-torture, II 24, III 10

sensuality, III 2, III 3, III 6–8, III 10, III 24

seriousness, III 11

Shakespeare, William, I 11n, III 17, III 17n, III 22; Taming of the Shrew, III 17n

shame, II 7

Shankara, I 17

Shaw, George Bernard, E3

sickness, I 11, I 12, II 22, III 9, III 13, III 14, III 16–18, III 20, II 21, III 28; brain-sickness, I 2; the sick, III 14, III 15, III 18

sin, sinfulness, sinners, III 16, III 20, III 21; original sin, II 9, III 9

slave revolt in morality, E3, I 7, I 10, I 11

Slavic, I 5

sleep, deep, III 17

slippery, III 13, III 19n

socialists, I 5

Socrates, III 7, III 7n; artistic Socrates, III 25n

soul, I 13, II 16; salvation of, III 9

spectator, III 6

Spencer, Herbert, I 3, I 3n, II 12

Spinoza, Baruch, P5, II 6, III 15, II 15n, III 7

spirit(s), I 2, III 8, III 10, III 15, III 27; free spirits, I 9, III 24, III 24n; historical, I 2

state, beginning of, II 17

Stendhal, III 6, III 15n

strong, the, I 13, III 14, III 18

suffering, II 6, II 7, III 9, III 11, III 15, III 17, III 18, III 20, III 23, III 28; pleasure in causing suffering, I 5, II 6; religion of, III 26

sympathia malevolentia, II 6

syphilis, II 21

T

Taine, Hippolyte, III 17

Tertullian, I 15n

Teutons, I 11n, Teutonic influence, III 21

Thayer, Alexander Wheelock, III 19, III 19n

Thebes, I 11

Thelwall, S., I 15n

Theognis, I 5, I 5n

theology, theologians, III 25
INDEX

Seventy-five Aphorisms

Arabic figures refer to sections, not pages. The following abbreviations have been employed:

D: Dawn; GS: Gay Science; H: Human, All-Too-Human; MM: Mixed Opinions and Maxims;
S: The Wanderer and His Shadow.

For references to Nietzsche's works, see Nietzsche.

A
aphorisms, MM168, GS381  
criticism, MM168  
crowd, the, GS173  
cruelty, D18

B
Bach, Johann Sebastian, MM298  
Benevolence, H96  
Beethoven, Ludwig van, MM298  
Bible, the, H143  
books, honest, MM145  
Buddha, GS108, GS142; Buddhists, H144

C
chance, GS258  
Christianity, Christians, H143, H144, GS130, GS142; founder of, H144. See also asceticism, Christian community, H45, H96, D18. See also society convictions, S317, S317n  
cruelty, D18

D
dance, GS381

dead, S322, S333

depth, GS173, GS381

dog, GS112

dreams, S194, GS232

duty, MM404, D112

equality, S263

eternal aliveness, MM408

E
Eckhart, Meister, GS292, GS292n

egoistic/ungoegoistic, H92, H96

Empedocles, MM408n

and goal, S204

Epicurus, MM408, MM408n

end, S203, S297, S298

F
fear, S3
forgetfulness, H92
fraternity, S283
freedom, GS75; freedom of the will, D112

G
gay science, see science
German virtue, MM298, D231
Gibraltar, GS16

goal, S204
God, H92, H1137, H145, GS108, GS129, GS292, GS381; son of, H144
god(s), H45, D18
Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, MM298, MM408, MM408n
good, H45, H96
greatness, GS25
Greek(s), H45, H96; Greek philosopher, H144

H
Hades, journey to, MM408
Handel, George Frederick, MM298
Hardenberg, Frieidrich von (pseud. Novalis), see Novalis
harmony, S97
Heraclitus, MM408n
holy man, see Christian asceticism
holiness of man, H144
Homer, H45
honor, S33

I
immoral, immorality, H96
individual vs. society, MM89
intellect, GS297
intelligibility, GS381

J
justice, H92, GS292

K
knowledge, GS231, GS381

L
laughter, GS200
law, H96
liberty, S263
life, GS121
love, S301, S301n
Luther, Martin, GS129

M
master, love of, MM341
masters and slaves, H45n
mediators, GS228
misunderstanding, MM346, GS381
Montaigne, Michel Eyquem de, MM408, MM408n
morality, morals, H45n, H137, MM89, GS292; being moral, H96; morality of custom, D18; morality of voluntary suffering, D18; most moral man, D18; slave morality, H45n. See also mores
mores, H96, MM89, D18
Mozart, Wolfgang Amadeus, MM298

N
need, GS205
Newton, Sir Isaac, GS381
Nietzsche, understanding of, GS381; works: The Antichrist, S17n; Beyond Good and Evil, H45n, H96n, GS121n; The Dawn, D18a; On the Genealogy of Morals, H45n, H96n, D231n, GS327a
Novalis, H142, H142n

O
Odysseus, MM408
old, regard for, H96
opinions, MM325, S317, S333
original, MM200

P
pain, GS312
Pascal, Blaise, MM408, MM408n
philosopher(s), H137, GS332, GS381;

R
rationality ex post facto, D1
readers, MM130, MM137, MM145
religion, H142. See also asceticism
remorse, S323
revenge, S33
rights, see duty
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, MM408, MM408n

S
schadenfroh, GS200, GS200n, GS322
schlecht/schlicht, D231, D231n
scholars versus artists, MM206
Schopenhauer, Arthur, H143n, MM408
science, H136, H144, MM206, GS381; gay science, GS327, GS327n
self-preservation, S33
Sermon on the Mount, H137
shame, GS273–275, GS381
siding against oneself, MM309
skepticism, GS51
society, MM89. See also community
Socrates, MM408n
spernere se sperni, H137, H137n

T
taking leave, S307
"taking the matter seriously," GS327
thinkers, thinking, GS322, GS327.
See also philosophers, scholars
Thucydides, H92
tourists, S202
tradition, H96
Trojan, H45
truth, sense of, GS51

U
ungoistic, see egoistic

V
victory, great, GS163
virtue(s), MM405, GS292; German, D231

W
Wagner, Richard; Nietzsche's relationship to, MM341, MM341n; Wagner circle, GS325n
"whoever is not for me, is against me," S208
will, freedom of, D112
will to power, D18a
wise men, S298, GS129
Wittgenstein, Ludwig. Philosophical Investigations, S33n

Z
Zarathustra, GS381
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