

## Further passages from Nietzsche

### *The Birth of Tragedy*

Lessing, the most honest of theoretical men, dared to state openly that searching for the truth meant more to him than truth itself; thereby the fundamental secret of science is revealed, much to the astonishment, indeed annoyance, of the scientifically minded. Admittedly, alongside this isolated recognition (which represents an excess of honesty, if not of arrogance), one also finds a profound *delusion* which first appeared in the person of Socrates, namely the imperturbable belief that thought, as it follows the thread of causality, reaches down into the deepest abysses of being, and that it is capable, not simply of understanding existence, but even of *correcting* it. This sublime metaphysical illusion is an instinct which belongs inseparably to science, and leads it to its limits time after time, at which point it must transform itself into *art*; *which is actually, given this mechanism, what it has been aiming at all along.*

...the image of the *dying Socrates*, of a man liberated from fear of death by reasons and knowledge, is the heraldic shield over the portals of science, reminding everyone of its purpose, which is to make existence appear comprehensible and thus justified; and if reasons are insufficient to achieve that end, then it must ultimately be served by *myth*—which I have just defined as the necessary consequence, indeed intention, of science. [from §15]

It is an eternal phenomenon: by means of an illusion spread over things, the greedy Will always finds some way of detaining its creatures in life and forcing them to carry on living. One person is held fast by the Socratic pleasure in understanding and by the delusion that he can thereby heal the eternal wound of existence; another is ensnared by arts seductive veil of beauty fluttering before his eyes; a third by the metaphysical solace that eternal life flows on indestructibly beneath the turmoil of appearances—to say nothing of the commoner and almost more powerful illusions which the Will constantly holds in readiness. Indeed, these three levels of illusion are only for those equipped with nobler natures, who generally feel the burden and heaviness of being with more profound aversion and who have to be tricked by exquisite stimulants into ignoring their aversion. Everything we call culture consists of such stimulants; depending on the proportions of the mixture, we have a culture which is predominantly *Socratic* or *artistic* or *tragic*; or, if historical illustrations are permitted, a culture is either Alexandrian or Hellenic or Buddhistic. [from §18]

there are an infinite number of points on the periphery of the circle of science, and while we have no way of foreseeing how the circle could ever be completed, a noble and gifted man inevitably encounters, before the mid-point of his existence, boundary points on the periphery like this, where he stares into that which cannot be illuminated. When, to his horror, he sees how logic curls up around itself at these limits and finally bites its own tail, then a new form of knowledge breaks through, *tragic knowledge*, which, simply to be endured, needs art for protection and as medicine. [also from §18]

## ***Human, All Too Human***

*Everyday standard.* One will rarely err if extreme actions be ascribed to vanity, ordinary actions to habit, and mean actions to fear. [§74]

*Twofold misjudgment.* The misfortune suffered by clear-minded and easily understood writers is that they are taken for shallow and thus little effort is expended on reading them: and the good fortune that attends the obscure is that the reader toils at them and ascribes to them the pleasure he has in fact gained from his own zeal. [§181]

*Main deficiency of active people.* Active men are usually lacking in higher activity—I mean individual activity. They are active as officials, businessmen, scholars, that is, as generic beings, but not as quite particular, single and unique men. In this respect they are lazy.

It is the misfortune of active men that their activity is almost always a bit irrational. For example, one must not inquire of the money-gathering banker what the purpose for his restless activity is: it is irrational. Active people roll like a stone, conforming to the stupidity of mechanics.

Today as always, men fall into two groups: slaves and free men. Whoever does not have two-thirds of his day for himself, is a slave, whatever he may be: a statesman, a businessman, an official, or a scholar. [§283]

*Benevolent dissimulation.* When trafficking with men we often need to practice a benevolent dissimulation; we have to pretend we do not see through the motives of their actions. [§293]

*Arrogance of the meritorious.* Arrogance on the part of the meritorious is even more offensive to us than the arrogance of those without merit: for merit itself is offensive. [§332]

*Of friends...* [H]ow manifold are the occasions for misunderstanding, for hostility and rupture... how uncertain is the ground upon which all alliances and friendships rest, how close at hand are icy downpours of stormy weather, how isolated each man is!...yes there are friends, but it is error and deception regarding yourself that led them to you; and they must have learned how to keep silent in order to remain your friend; for such human relationships almost always depend upon the fact that two or three things are never said or even so much as touched upon: if these little boulders do start to roll, however, friendship follows after them and shatters. Are there not people who would be mortally wounded if they discovered what their dearest friends actually know about them?

Through knowing ourselves and regarding our own nature as a moving sphere of moods and opinions, and thus learning to despise ourself a little, we restore our proper equilibrium with others. It is true we have good reason to think little of each of our acquaintances, even the greatest of them; but equally good reason to direct this feeling back onto ourself.

And so, since we can endure ourself, let us also endure other people; and perhaps to each of us there will come the more joyful hour when we exclaim: '*Friends, there are no friends!*' thus says the dying sage; '*Foes, there are no foes!*' say I, the living fool. [from §376]

*Enemies of truth.* Convictions are more dangerous enemies of truth than lies. [§483]

*Everyone superior in one thing.* In civilized circumstances, everyone feels superior to everyone else in at least one way; this is the basis of the general goodwill, inasmuch as everyone is someone who, under certain conditions, can be of help, and need therefore feel no shame in allowing himself to be helped. [§509]

*Unhappiness.* The distinction that lies in being unhappy (as if to feel happy were a sign of shallowness, lack of ambition, ordinariness) is so great that when someone says, “But how happy you must be!” we usually protest. [§534]

*Trick of the prophet.* To predict the behavior of ordinary people in advance, one only has to assume that they will always try to escape a disagreeable situation with the smallest possible expenditure of intelligence. [§551]

*Model for others.* He who wants to set a good example must add a grain of foolishness to his virtue; then others can imitate and, at the same time, rise above the one being imitated - something which people love. [§561]

### ***Daybreak***

*The eulogists of work.* Behind the glorification of ‘work’ and the tireless talk of the “blessings of work” I find the same thought as behind the praise of impersonal activity for the public benefit: the fear of everything individual. At bottom, one now feels when confronted with work—and what is invariably meant is relentless industry from early till late—that such work is the best Police—that it keeps everybody in-harness and powerfully obstructs the development of reason of covetousness, of the desire for independence. For it uses up a tremendous amount of nervous energy and takes it away from reflection, brooding, dreaming, worry, love and-hatred; it always sets a small goal before one’s eyes and permits easy and regular satisfactions. In that way a society in which the members continually work hard will have more security: and security is now adored as the supreme goddess. [§173]

*Corruption.* The surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently. [§297]

For those who need consolation no means of consolation is so effective as the assertion that in their case no consolation is possible: it implies so great a degree of distinction that they at once hold up their heads again. [from §380]

### ***The Gay Science***

*The teachers of the purpose of existence*—Whether I contemplate men with benevolence or with an evil eye, I always find them concerned with a single task...to do what is good for the preservation of the human race. Not from any feeling of love for the race, but merely because nothing in them is older, stronger, more inexorable and unconquerable than this instinct—because this instinct constitutes *the essence* of our species, our herd...

From time to time...the instinct for the preservation of the species...tries with all the force at its command to make us forget that at bottom it is instinct, drive, folly, lack of reasons. Life *shall* be loved, *because*—! Man *shall* advance himself and his neighbor *because*—! What names all these Shalls and Because receive and may yet receive in the future! In order that what happens necessarily and always, spontaneously and without any purpose, may henceforth appear to be done for some purpose and strike man as rational and an ultimate commandment...  
...man has become a fantastic animal that has to fulfill one more condition of existence than any other animal: man *has to* believe, to know, from time to time *why* he exists; his race cannot flourish without a periodic trust in life—without faith in *reason in life*. And again and again the human race will decree from time to time: “There is something at which it is absolutely forbidden to laugh.” The most cautious friend of man will add: “Not only laughter and gay wisdom but the tragic, too, with all its sublime unreason, belongs among the means and necessities of the preservation of the species.” [from §1]

*Noble and common*—Common natures consider all noble, magnanimous feelings inexpedient and therefore first of all incredible. They blink when they hear of such things and seem to feel like saying: “Surely, there must be some advantage involved; one cannot see through everything.” They are suspicious of the noble person, as if he surreptitiously sought his advantage. When they are irresistibly persuaded of the absence of selfish intentions and gains, they see the noble person as a kind of fool; they despise him in his joy and laugh at his shining eyes...What distinguishes the common type is that it never loses sight of its advantage...

Compared to them, the higher type is more *unreasonable*...when they are at their best, their reason pauses. An animal that protects its young at the risk of its life, or that during the mating period follows the female even into death, does not think of danger and death; its reason also pauses, because the pleasure in its young or in the female and the fear of being deprived of this pleasure dominate it totally...they reduce the intellect to silence or to servitude: at that point their heart displaces the head, and one speaks of “passion”...

The unreason or counterreason of passion is what the common type despises in the noble, especially when this passion is directed toward objects whose value seems quite fantastic and arbitrary. One...cannot comprehend how anyone could risk his health and honor for the sake of a passion for knowledge. The taste of the higher type is for exceptions, for things that leave most people cold and seem to lack sweetness; the higher type has a singular value standard. [from §3]

*On the doctrine of the feeling of power*—Benefiting and hurting others are ways of exercising one’s power upon others...We benefit and show benevolence to those who are already dependent on us in some way (which means that they are used to thinking of us as causes); we want to increase their power because in that way we increase ours, or we want to show them how advantageous it is to be in our power; that way they will become more satisfied with their condition and more hostile to and willing to fight against the enemies of *our* power. Whether benefiting or hurting others involves sacrifices for us does not affect the ultimate value of our actions. Even if we offer our lives, as martyrs do for their church, this is a sacrifice that is offered for *our* desire for power or for the purpose of preserving our feeling of power. [from §13]

*To the teachers of selfishness*—A man’s virtues are called good depending on their probable consequences not for him but for us and society...When you have a virtue, a real, whole virtue (and not merely a mini-instinct for some virtue), you are its *victim*. But your neighbor praises

your virtue precisely on that account...The neighbor praises selflessness *because it brings him advantages*. If the neighbor himself were “selfless” in his thinking, he would repudiate this diminution of strength, this mutilation for *his* benefit...he would manifest his selflessness by *not* calling it good!

This indicates the fundamental contradiction in the morality that is very prestigious nowadays: the *motives* of this morality stand opposed to its *principle*. [from §21]

*A dangerous resolve*—The Christian resolve to find the world ugly and bad has made the world ugly and bad. [§130]

*Against Christianity*—What is now decisive against Christianity is our taste—no longer our reasons. [§132]

*Being profound and seeming profound*—Those who know that they are profound strive for clarity. Those who would like to seem profound to the crowd strive for obscurity. For the crowd believes that if it cannot see to the bottom of something it must be profound. It is so timid and dislikes going into the water. [from §173]

Thoughts are the shadows of our feelings—always darker, emptier, simpler. [from §179]

*The thinker*. He is a thinker, that means he know how to make things simpler than they are. [§189]

[T]he secret for harvesting from existence the greatest fruitfulness and the greatest enjoyment is: to *live dangerously!* Build your cities on the slopes of Vesuvius! Send your ships into uncharted seas! Live at war with your peers and yourselves! Be robbers and conquerors as long as you cannot be rulers and possessors, you seekers of knowledge! [from §283]

*One must learn to love*— This is what happens to us in music: First one has to *learn to hear* a figure and melody at all, to detect and distinguish it, to isolate it and delimit it as a separate life. Then it requires some exertion and good will to *tolerate* it in spite of its strangeness, to be patient with its appearance and expression, and kindhearted about its oddity. Finally, there comes a moment when we are *used* to it, when we wait for it, when we sense that we should miss it if it were missing; and now it continues to compel and enchant us relentlessly until we have become its humble and enraptured lovers who desire nothing better from the world than it and only it.

But that is what happens to us not only in music. That is how we have *learned to love* all things that we now love. In the end we are always rewarded for our good will, our patience, fairmindedness. and gentleness with what is strange: gradually, it sheds its veil and turns out to be a new and indescribable beauty. That is its *thanks* for our hospitality. Even those who love themselves will have learned it in this way; for there is no other way. Love, too, has to be learned. [§334]

*How we, too, are still pious*—...*To make it possible for this discipline to begin*, must there not be some prior conviction—even one that is so commanding amid unconditional that it sacrifices all other convictions to itself? We see that science also rests on a faith... The question whether *truth* is needed must not only have been affirmed in advance. but affirmed to such a degree that the

principle, the faith, the conviction finds expression: *Nothing* is needed *more* than truth, and in relation to it everything else has only second-rate value.

This unconditional will to truth—what is it? Is it the will *not to allow oneself to be deceived*? Or is it the will *not to deceive*? ...But why not deceive? But why not allow oneself to be deceived?

...One does not want to allow oneself to be deceived because one assumes that it is harmful, dangerous, calamitous to be deceived. In this sense, science would be a long-range prudence, a caution, a utility; but one could object in all fairness: How is that? Is wanting not to allow oneself to be deceived really less harmful, less dangerous, less calamitous? What do you know in advance of the character of existence to be able to decide whether the greater advantage is on the side of the unconditionally mistrustful or of the unconditionally trusting?

...Thus—the faith in science...must have originated *in spite of* the fact that the disutility and dangerousness of the will to truth, of truth at any price is proved to it constantly. At any price: how well we understand these words once we have offered and slaughtered one faith after another on this altar!

Consequently, will to truth does *not* mean I will not allow myself to be deceived but—there is no alternative—I will not deceive, not even myself; *and with that we stand on moral ground*. For you only have to ask yourself carefully. Why do you not want to deceive? especially if it should seem—and it does seem!—as if life aimed at semblance, meaning error, deception, simulation, delusion, self-delusion, and when the great sweep of life has actually always shown itself to be on the side of the most unscrupulous... Charitably interpreted, such a resolve might perhaps be a quixotism, a minor slightly mad enthusiasm; but it might also be something more serious, namely, a principle that is hostile to life and destructive. —Will to truth—that might be a concealed will to death.

Thus the question ‘Why science?’ leads back to the moral problem: *Why have morality at all* when life, nature, and history are not moral? No doubt, those who are truthful in that audacious and ultimate sense that is presupposed by the faith in science *thus affirm another world* than the world of life, nature, and history; and insofar as they affirm this other world—look, must they not by the same token negate its counterpart, this world, *our* world? —But you will have gathered what I am driving at, namely, that it is still a *metaphysical faith* upon which our faith in science rests—that even we seekers after knowledge today, we godless anti-metaphysicians still take our fire, too, from the flame lit by a faith that is thousands of years old, that Christian faith which was also the faith of Plato, that God is the truth, that truth is divine.—But what if this should become more and more incredible, if nothing should prove to be divine any more unless it were error, blindness, the lie—if God himself should prove to be our most enduring lie? [from §344]

*Two kinds of causes that are often confounded.*—This seems to me to be one of my most essential steps and advances: I have learned to distinguish the cause of acting from the cause of acting in a particular way, in a particular direction, with a particular goal. The first kind of cause is a quantum of dammed-up energy that is waiting to be used up somehow, for something, while the second kind is, compared to this energy, something quite insignificant, for the most part a little accident in accordance with which this quantum “discharges” itself in one particular way—a match versus a ton of powder. Among these little accidents and “matches” I include so-called “purposes” as well as the even much more so-called “vocations:” They are relatively random, arbitrary, almost indifferent in relation to the tremendous quantum of energy that presses, as I

have said, to be used up somehow. The usual view is different: People are accustomed to consider the goal (purposes, vocations, etc.) as the *driving force*, in keeping with a very ancient error; but it is merely the *directing* force—one has mistaken the helmsman for the steam. And not even always the helmsman, the directing force.

Is the “goal,” the “purpose” not often enough a beautifying pretext, a self-deception of vanity after the event that does not want to acknowledge that the ship is *following* the current into which it has entered accidentally? That it “wills” to go that way *because it—must?* That it has a direction, to be sure, but—no helmsman at all? We still need a critique of the concept of “purpose.” [§360]

*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 anyone finds it impossible to understand: perhaps that was part of the authors intention; he did not want to be understood by just anybody. All the nobler spirits and tastes select their audience when they wish to communicate; and choosing that, one at the same time erects barriers against the others. All the more subtle laws of any style have their origin at this point: they at the same time keep away, create a distance, forbid entrance, understanding, as said above—while they open the ears of those whose ears are related to ours. And let me say this among ourselves and about my own case: I don’t want either my ignorance or the liveliness of my temperament to keep me from being understandable for you. my friends—not the liveliness, however much it compels me to tackle a matter swiftly to tackle it at all. For I approach deep problems like cold baths: quickly into them and quickly out again. That one does not get to the depths that way, not deep enough down, is the superstition of those afraid of the water. the enemies of cold water; they speak without experience. The freezing cold makes one swift. And to ask this incidentally: does a matter necessarily remain understood and unfathomed merely because it has been touched only in flight, glanced at, in a flash? Is it absolutely imperative that one settles down on it? that one has brooded over it as over an egg? [from §381]

### ***Thus Spoke Zarathustra***

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home...and when into the mountains. Here he had the enjoyment of his spirit and his solitude and he did not weary of it for ten years. But at last his heart turned—and one morning he rose with the dawn, stepped before the sun, and spoke to it thus:...Behold! I am weary of my wisdom, like a bee that has gathered too much honey; I need hands outstretched to take it... To that end, I must descend into the depth: as you do at evening, when you go behind the sea and bring light to the underworld too, superabundant star! Like you I must *go down*—as men, to whom I want to descend, call it...Behold! This cup wants to be empty again, and Zarathustra wants to be a man again. Thus began Zarathustra’s down-going. [from *Zarathustra’s Prologue*, §1]

*On the Three Metamorphoses*—Three metamorphoses of the spirit I name for you: how the spirit becomes a camel, and the camel a lion, and finally the lion a child. To the spirit there is much that is heavy; to the strong, carrying spirit imbued with reverence. Its strength demands what is heavy and heaviest. What is heavy? Thus asks the carrying spirit. It kneels down like a camel and wants to be well loaded. What is heaviest, you heroes? thus asks the carrying spirit, so that I

might take it upon myself and rejoice in my strength. Is it not this: lowering oneself in order to hurt one's pride? Letting one's foolishness glow in order to mock one's wisdom? Or is it this: abandoning our cause when it celebrates victory? Climbing high mountains in order to tempt the tempter? Or is it this: feeding on the acorns and grass of knowledge and for the sake of truth suffering hunger in one's soul? Or is it this: being ill and sending the comforters home and making friends with the deaf who never hear what you want? Or is it this: wading into dirty water when it is the water of truth, and not shrinking away from cold frogs and hot toads? Or is it this: loving those who despise us, and extending a hand to the ghost when it wants to frighten us? All of these heaviest things the carrying spirit takes upon itself, like a loaded camel that hurries into the desert, thus it hurries into its desert. But in the loneliest desert the second metamorphosis occurs. Here the spirit becomes lion, it wants to hunt down its freedom and be master in its own desert. Here it seeks its last master, and wants to fight him and its last god. For victory it wants to battle the great dragon.

Who is the great dragon whom the spirit no longer wants to call master and god? Thou shalt is the name of the great dragon. But the spirit of the lion says I will. Thou shalt stands in its way, gleaming golden, a scaly animal, and upon every scale thou shalt! gleams like gold. The values of millennia gleam on these scales, and thus speaks the most powerful of all dragons: the value of all things—it gleams in me. All value has already been created, and the value of all created things—that am I. Indeed, there shall be no more I will! Thus speaks the dragon. My brothers, why is the lion required by the spirit? Why does the beast of burden, renouncing and reverent, not suffice? To create new values—not even the lion is capable of that: but to create freedom for itself for new creation—that is within the power of the lion. To create freedom for oneself and also a sacred No to duty: for that, my brothers, the lion is required. To take the right to new values—that is the most terrible taking for a carrying and reverent spirit. Indeed, it is preying, and the work of a predatory animal. Once it loved thou shalt as its most sacred, now it must find delusion and despotism even in what is most sacred to it, in order to wrest freedom from its love by preying. The lion is required for this preying. But tell me, my brothers, of what is the child capable that even the lion is not? Why must the preying lion still become a child? The child is innocence and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a wheel rolling out of itself, a first movement, a sacred yes-saying. Yes, for the game of creation my brothers a sacred yes-saying is required. The spirit wants its will, the one lost to the world now wins its own world.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit I named for you: how the spirit became a camel, and the camel a lion, and finally the lion a child. —Thus spoke Zarathustra. And then he sojourned in the town which is called The Pied Cow. [Part I, §1]

Untroubled, scornful, outrageous—that is how wisdom wants us to be: She is a woman and never loves anyone but a warrior. You tell me Life is hard to bear...but do not pretend to be so tender! We are all of us pretty fine asses and asses of burden! What have we in common with the rosebud, which trembles because a drop of dew is lying on it? It is true: We love life, not because we are used to living, but because we are used to loving. There is always a certain madness in love. But also there is always some reason in madness. [from Part I, §7]

[I]f you have an enemy, do not requite him evil with good, for that would put him to shame. Rather prove that he did you some good. And rather be angry than put to shame... And should a great injustice be done you, do five little injustices besides. He who bears injustice alone is terrible to behold. [from Part I, §19]



*Of Voluntary Death*—Many die too late, and a few die too early. The doctrine still sounds strange: “Die at the right time!” Die at the right time—thus teaches Zarathustra.

...As yet men have not learned how one hallows the most beautiful festivals. I show you the death that consummates—a spur and a promise to the survivors. He that consummates his life dies his death victoriously, surrounded by those who hope and promise. Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival where one dying thus does not hallow the oaths of the living.

...My death I praise to you, the free death which comes to me because I want it. And when shall I want it? He who has a goal and an heir will want death at the right time for his goal and heir. And from reverence for his goal and heir he will hang no more dry wreaths in the sanctuary of life. Verily, I do not want to be like the ropemakers: they drag out their threads and always walk backwards.

...One must cease letting oneself be eaten when one tastes best: that is known to those who want to be loved long. There are sour apples, to be sure, whose lot requires that they wait till the last day of autumn: and they become ripe, yellow, and wrinkled all at once. In some, the heart grows old first; in others, the spirit. And some are old in their youth: but late youth preserves long youth.

For some, life turns out badly: a poisonous worm eats its way to their heart. Let them see to it that their dying turns out that much better. Some never become sweet; they rot already in the summer. It is cowardice that keeps them on their branch.

All-too-many live, and all-too-long they hang on their branches. Would that a storm came to shake all this worm-eaten rot from the tree! Would that there came preachers of quick death! I would like them as the true storms and shakers of the trees of life. But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with everything “earthly.”

Alas, do you preach patience with the earthly? It is the earthly that has too much patience with you, blasphemers! Verily, that Hebrew died too early whom the preachers of slow death honor; and for many it has become a calamity that he died too early. As yet he knew only tears and the melancholy of the Hebrew, and hatred of the good and the just—the Hebrew Jesus: then the longing for death overcame him. Would that he remained in the wilderness and far from the good and the just! Perhaps he would have learned to live and love the earth—and laughter too.

Believe me, my brothers! He died too early; he himself would have recanted his teaching, had he reached my age. Noble enough was he to recant. But he was not yet mature. Immature is the love of the youth, and immature his hatred of man and earth. His mind and the wings of his spirit are still tied down and heavy.

But in the man there is more of the child than in the youth, and less melancholy: he knows better how to die and to live. Free to die and free in death, able to say a holy No when the time for Yes has passed: thus he knows how to die and to live.

That your dying be no blasphemy against man and earth, my friends, that I ask of the honey of your soul. In your dying, your spirit and virtue should still glow like a sunset around the earth: else your dying has turned out badly.

Thus I want to die myself that you, my friends, may love the earth more for my sake; and to earth I want to return that I may find rest in her who gave birth to me.

Verily, Zarathustra had a goal; he threw his ball: now you, my friends, are the heirs of my goal; to you I throw my golden ball. More than anything, I like to see you, my friends, throwing the golden ball. And so I still linger a little on the earth; forgive me for that.

Thus spoke Zarathustra. [Part I, §21]

...you aspire to the bestowing virtue, as I do... You thirst to become sacrifices and gives yourselves; and that is why you thirst to heap up all riches in your soul... You compel all things to come to you and into you, that they may flow back from your fountain as gifts of your love. Truly, such a bestowing love must become a thief of all values; but I call this selfishness healthy and holy. There is another selfishness, an all-too-poor, a hungry selfishness that always wants to steal, that selfishness of the sick, the sick selfishness. It looks with the eye of a thief upon all lustrous things, with the greed of hunger it measures him who has plenty to eat; and it is always skulking about the table of the givers... Our way is upward, from the species across to the super-species. But the degenerate mind which says All for me is a horror to us. [from Part I, sect. 23.1]

### ***Beyond Good and Evil***

Whoever reaches his ideal transcends it *eo ipso*. [§73]

Whoever despises himself still respects himself as one who despises. [§78]

Who has not, for the sake of his good reputation—sacrificed himself once?— [§92]

“You want to prepossess him in your favor? Then pretend to be embarrassed in his presence—” [§113]

He who fights with monsters should look to it that he himself does not become a monster. And when you gaze long into an abyss the abyss also gazes into you. [from §146]

Having a talent is not enough: one also requires your permission for it—right, my friends? [§151]

What is done out of love always occurs beyond good and evil. [§153]

Objections, digressions, gay mistrust, the delight in mockery are signs of health: everything unconditional belongs in pathology. [§154]

Madness is rare in individuals—but in groups, parties, nations, and ages it is the rule. [§156]

Talking much about oneself can also be a means to conceal oneself. [§169]

The vanity of others offends our taste only when it offends our vanity. [§176]

“I don’t like him.”—Why?—“I am not equal to him.”—Has any human being ever answered that way? [§185]

*The noble soul has reverence for itself.* [from §287]

## *Twilight of the Idols*

To live alone one must be an animal or a god—says Aristotle. There is yet a third case: one must be both—a philosopher. [“Maxims and arrows,” §3]

For once and for all, I want not to know many things. —Wisdom sets limits on knowledge too. [“Maxims and arrows,” §5]

He who has a *Why* in life can tolerate almost any *How*. [from “Maxims and arrows,” §12]

I distrust all systematizers and avoid them. The will to a system is a lack of integrity. [“Maxims and arrows,” §26]

Wherever authority is still considered good form, so that one does not give reasons but commands, the dialectician is a sort of clown. One laughs at him; one does not take him seriously. —Socrates was the clown who *succeeded in making people take him seriously*; what actually happened there?

...It is well-known that [dialectic] creates mistrust, that it is not very convincing. Nothing can be wiped away more easily than a dialectician’s effect; this is proven by the experience of every gathering where people speak. It can only be a *last resort* deployed by those who have no other weapons. One needs to get one’s rights by *force*; otherwise, one makes no use of it. This is why the Jews were dialecticians. Reynard the Fox was one. What? And Socrates was one too?

Is Socrates irony an expression of revolt? Of the rabble’s *ressentiment*? Does he, as one of the oppressed, relish his own ferocity in the knife-thrusts of the syllogism? Does he take *revenge* on the nobles whom he fascinates?...He infuriates and at the same time paralyzes. The dialectician *disempowers* the intellect of his opponent.—What? Is dialectic just a form of *revenge* in Socrates? [from “The problem of Socrates,” §§5-7]

As long as life *is ascending* happiness is the same as instinct. [from “The problem of Socrates,” §11]

*The natural value of egoism*—Selfishness is worth only as much as the physiological value of the selfish person: it can be worth a lot or it can be worthless and despicable. Individuals can be seen as representing either the ascending or the descending line of life. This gives you a canon for deciding the value of their selfishness. If they represent the ascending line then they have a really extraordinary value, - and since the whole of life advances through them, the effort put into their maintenance, into establishing their optimal conditions, might even be extreme. Of course, individuals, as peoples and philosophers have understood them so far, are a mistake: individuals are nothing in themselves, they are not atoms, they are not links in the chain, they are not just legacies of a bygone era—each individual is the entire single line of humanity up through himself . . . If he represents descending development, decay, chronic degeneration, disease (—illnesses are fundamentally consequences of decay, not its causes), then he is of little value and in all fairness he should be taking away as little as possible from those who have turned out well. He is really just a parasite on them . . . [from “Expeditions of an untimely man,” §33]

It is my ambition to say in ten sentences what everyone else says in a whole book—what everyone else does *not* say in a whole book. [from “Expeditions of an untimely man,” §51]

### *The Antichrist*

Hope, in its stronger forms, is a great deal more powerful stimulant to life than any sort of realized joy can ever be. Man must be sustained in suffering by a hope so high that no conflict with actuality can dash it—so high, indeed, that no fulfilment can satisfy it. [from §23]

What are the ‘glad tidings’? True life, eternal life is found—it is not promised, it is here, it is *within you*: as life lived in love, in love without deduction or exclusion, without distance... ‘The kingdom of God *is within you*’... ‘Sin’ every kind of distancing relationship between God and man, is abolished—*precisely this is the ‘glad tidings’*. Blessedness is not promised, it is not tied to any conditions: it is the *only* reality... The *consequence* of such a condition projects itself into a new *practice*... It is not a ‘belief’ which distinguishes the Christian: the Christian acts, he is distinguished by a *different* mode of acting. Neither by words nor in his heart does he resist the man who does him evil. He makes no distinction between foreigner and native, between Jew and non-Jew... He is not angry with anyone, does not disdain anyone... Under no circumstances, not even in the case of proved unfaithfulness, does he divorce his wife.—All fundamentally *one* law, all consequences of *one* instinct.—

The life of the redeemer was nothing else than *this* practice—his death too was nothing else... He no longer required any formulas, any rites for communicating with God—not even prayer. He has settled his accounts with the whole Jewish penance-and-reconciliation doctrine; he knows that it is through the *practice* of one’s life that one feels ‘divine’, ‘blessed’, ‘evangelic’, at all times a ‘child of God’. It is *not* ‘penance’, *not* ‘prayer for forgiveness’ which leads to God... What was *abolished* with the Evangel was the Judaism of the concepts ‘sin’, ‘forgiveness of sin’, ‘faith’, ‘redemption by faith’—the whole of Jewish *ecclesiastical* teaching was denied in the ‘glad tidings’...

This ‘bringer of glad tidings’ died as he lived, as he *taught*—*not* to ‘redeem mankind’ but to demonstrate how one ought to live. What he bequeathed to mankind is his *practice*: his bearing before the judges, before the guards, before the accusers and every kind of calumny and mockery—his bearing on the *Cross*. He does not resist, he does not defend his rights, he takes no steps to avert the worst that can happen to him—more, *he provokes it*... And he entreats, he suffers, he loves *with* those, *in* those who are doing evil to him. His words to the *thief* on the cross contain the whole Evangel. ‘That was verily a *divine* man, a child of God!’—says the thief. ‘If thou feelest this’—answers the redeemer—‘*thou art in Paradise*, thou art a child of God.’ *Not* to defend oneself, *not* to grow angry, *not* to make responsible... But not to resist even the evil man—to *love* him...

The word ‘Christianity’ is already a misunderstanding—in reality there has been only one Christian, and he died on the Cross. The ‘Evangel’ *died* on the Cross. What was called ‘Evangel’ from this moment onwards was already the opposite of what *he* had lived: ‘*bad tidings*’, a *dysangel*. It is false to the point of absurdity to see in a ‘belief’, perchance the belief in redemption through Christ, the distinguishing characteristic of the Christian: only Christian *practice*, a life such as he who died on the Cross *lived*, is Christian... *Not* a belief but a doing, above all a *not*-doing of many things, a different *being*...

States of consciousness, beliefs of any kind, holding something to be true for example—every psychologist knows this—are a matter of complete indifference and of the fifth rank compared with the value of the instincts: to speak more strictly, the whole concept of spiritual causality is false. To reduce being a Christian, Christianness, to a holding something to be true, to a mere phenomenality of consciousness, means to negate Christianness. *In fact there have been no Christians at all.* The ‘Christian’, that which has been called Christian for two millennia, is merely a psychological self-misunderstanding. Regarded more closely, that which has ruled in him, *in spite of* all his ‘faith’, has been *merely* the instincts—and what instincts! ‘Faith’ has been at all times, with Luther for instance, only a cloak, a pretext, a *screen*, behind which the instincts played their game—a shrewd *blindness* to the dominance of *certain* instincts.... ‘Faith’—I have already called it the true Christian *shrewdness*—one has always *spoken* of faith, one has always *acted* from instinct....

... ‘How *could* God have permitted [the crucifixion]?’ For this question the deranged reason of the little community found a downright terrifyingly absurd answer: God gave his Son for the forgiveness of sins, as a *sacrifice*. All at once it was all over with the Gospel! The *guilt sacrifice*, and that in its most repulsive, barbaric form, the sacrifice of the *innocent man* for the sins of the guilty! What atrocious paganism!—For Jesus had done away with the concept ‘guilt’ itself—he had denied any chasm between God and man, he *lived* this unity of God and man as *his* ‘glad tidings’...

On the heels of the ‘glad tidings’ came the *worst of all*: those of Paul. In Paul was embodied the antithetical type to the ‘bringer of glad tidings’, the genius of hatred, of the vision of hatred, of the inexorable logic of hatred. *What* did this dysangelist not sacrifice to his hatred! The redeemer above all: he nailed him to *his* Cross. The life, the example, the teaching, the death, the meaning and the right of the entire Gospel—nothing was left once this hate-obsessed false-coiner had grasped what alone he could make use of. *Not* the reality, *not* the historical truth! [from §§29 through 42]

There are questions whose truth or untruth *cannot* be decided by man; all the supreme questions, all the supreme problems of value are beyond human reason... To grasp the limits of reason—only *this* is truly philosophy. [from §55]

The most spiritual human beings, as the *strongest*, find their happiness where others would find their destruction: in the labyrinth, in severity towards themselves and others, in attempting; their joy lies in self-constraint: with them asceticism becomes nature, need, instinct. They consider the hard task a privilege, to play with vices which overwhelm others a *recreation*... Knowledge—a form of asceticism. —They are the most venerable kind of human being: this does not exclude their being the most cheerful, the most amiable. [from §57]

The privilege of each is determined by the nature of his being. Let us not underestimate the privileges of the *mediocre*. Life becomes harder and harder as it approaches the *heights*—the coldness increases, the responsibility increases. A high culture is a pyramid: it can stand only on a broad base, its very first prerequisite is a strongly and soundly consolidated mediocrity. The crafts, trade, agriculture, *science*, the greater part of art, in a word the entire compass of *professional* activity, are in no way compatible with anything other than mediocrity in ability and desires; these things would be out of place among the elite, the instinct pertaining to them is as much opposed to aristocracy as it is to anarchy. To be a public utility, a cog, a function, is a

natural vocation, it is *not* society, it is the kind of *happiness* of which the great majority are alone capable, which makes intelligent machines of them. For the mediocre it is happiness to be mediocre; mastery in one thing, specialization, is for them a natural instinct. It would be quite unworthy of a more profound mind to see an objection in mediocrity as such. It is even the *prime* requirement for the existence of exceptions...When an exceptional human being handles the mediocre more gently than he does himself or his equals, this is not mere politeness of the heart—it is simply his *duty*...Whom among today's rabble do I hate the most? The Socialist rabble...who undermine the worker's instinct, his pleasure, his feeling of contentment with his little state of being—who make him envious, who teach him revengefulness... Injustice never lies in unequal rights, it lies in the claim to *equal* rights...What is *bad*?...everything that proceeds from weakness, from envy, from *revengefulness*. [also from §57]

### ***Ecce Homo***

I know my fate. One day my name will be associated with the memory of something tremendous—a crisis without equal on earth, the most profound collision of conscience, a decision that was conjured up against everything that had been believed, demanded, hallowed so far. I am no man, I am dynamite. [from “Why I am a destiny,” §1]

I am much more interested in a question on which the salvation of humanity depends far more than on any theologians' curio: the question of *nutrition*...I am amazed how late I heard this question...Only the complete worthlessness of our German education—its idealism—explains...why...I was backward to the point of holiness...Indeed, till I reached a very mature age I always ate *badly*...Alcohol is bad for me: a single glass of wine or beer in one day is quite sufficient to turn my life into a vale of misery...To believe that wine *exhilarates* I should have to be a Christian—believing what is for me an absurdity...No meals between meals, no coffee: coffee spreads darkness...*Sit* as little as possible; give no credence to any thought that was not born outdoors while one moved about freely—in which the muscles are not celebrating a feast, too. All prejudices come from the intestines. The sedentary life...is the real *sin* against the holy spirit. [from “Why I am so clever,” §1]

The question of *place* and *climate* is most closely related to the question of nutrition...The influence of climate on our *metabolism*, its retardation, its acceleration, goes so far that a mistaken choice of place and climate can not only estrange a man from his task but can actually keep it from him...The slightest sluggishness of the intestines is entirely sufficient, once it has become a bad habit, to turn a genius into something mediocre... List the places where men with *esprit* are living or have lived,...where genius found its home almost of necessity: all of them have excellent dry air. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens....I reflect with horror on the *dismal* fact that my life, except for the last ten years, the years when my life was in peril, was spent entirely in the wrong places that were nothing short of *forbidden* to me. Naumburg, Schulpforta, the province of Thuringia quite generally, Leipzig, Basel, Venice—so many disastrous places for my physiology. [from “Why I am so clever,” §2]

Early in the morning, when day breaks, when all is fresh, in the dawn of one's strength—to *read a book* at such a time is simply depraved! [from “Why I am so clever,” §8]

One will ask me why on earth I've been relating all these small things which are generally considered matters of complete indifference...Answer: these small things—nutrition, place, climate, recreation...are inconceivably more important than everything one has taken to be important...All the problems of politics, of social organization, and of education have been falsified through and through...because one learned to despise little things, which means the basic concerns of life itself. [from "Why I am so clever," §10]

### ***The Will to Power***

This is the *antinomy*: Insofar as we believe in morality we pass sentence on existence. [from §6]

The predominance of suffering over pleasure or the opposite (hedonism): these two doctrines are already signposts to nihilism. For in both of these cases no ultimate meaning is posited except the appearance of pleasure or displeasure. But that is how a kind of man speaks that no longer dares to posit a will, a purpose, a meaning: for any healthier kind of man the value of life is certainly not measured by the standard of these trifles. And suffering might predominate, and in spite of that a powerful will might exist, a Yes to life, a need for this predominance.

Life is not worthwhile; resignation; why the tears? a weakly and sentimental way of thinking. *Un monstre gai vaut mieux qu'un sentimental ennuyeux.* [from §35]

[Our] lack of partiality...takes delight in a hundred things that formerly led people to suffer...Suffering in all its nuances has become interesting for us...even when we are shaken by the sight of suffering and moved to tears...In this voluntary desire to contemplate all sorts of distress and transgressions we have become stronger and more vigorous...it is a proof of our increase in vigor...We desire strong sensations as all coarser ages and social strata do. [from §119]

A man as he ought to be: that sounds to us as insipid as "a tree as it ought to be." [from §332]

a preference for questionable and terrifying things is a symptom of strength; while a taste for the pretty and dainty belongs to the weak and delicate. Pleasure in tragedy characterizes strong ages and natures: their non plus ultra is perhaps the *divina commedia*. It is the heroic spirits who say Yes to themselves in tragic cruelty: they are hard enough to experience suffering as a pleasure... It is a sign of one's feeling of power and well-being how far one can acknowledge the terrifying and questionable character of things; and whether one needs some sort of solution at the end.

This type of artist's pessimism is precisely the opposite of that religio-moral pessimism that suffers from the corruption of man and the riddle of existence—and by all means craves a solution. [from §852]

To those human beings who are of any concern to me I wish suffering, desolation, sickness, ill-treatment, indignities — I wish that they should not remain unfamiliar with profound self-contempt, the torture of self-mistrust, the wretchedness of the vanquished: I have no pity for them, because I wish them the only thing that can prove today whether one is worth anything or not—that one endures. [from §910]

The higher philosophical man, who has solitude not because he wishes to be alone but because he is something that finds no equals: what dangers and new sufferings have been reserved for him precisely today, when one has unlearned belief in order of rank and consequently does not know how to honor and understand this solitude! Formerly the sage almost sanctified himself in the mind of the crowd by going apart in this way—today the hermit sees himself surrounded as if by a cloud of gloomy doubts and suspicions. And not merely on the part of the envious and wretched: he must sense misunderstanding, neglect, and superficiality even in all benevolence shown him. He knows that crafty cunning of narrow-minded pity that feels itself good and holy when it tries to save him from himself, perhaps by means of more comfortable situations or more orderly, more reliable company—indeed, he will have to admire the unconscious instinct of destruction with which all the spiritually mediocre go to work against him, with a perfect faith in their right to do so!

It is necessary for these men of incomprehensible loneliness to wrap themselves vigorously and boldly in the cloak of external, spatial solitude, too: that is part of their prudence. Even cunning and disguise are needed today if such a man is to preserve himself, to keep himself aloft, in the midst of the dangerous, down-dragging currents of the age. [from §985]

### **Other sources**

[W]hen carried to its limits, the knowledge drive turns against itself in order to proceed to the *critique of knowing* [from “The philosopher,” 37]

[A]nimals do not know what yesterday and today are but leap about, eat, rest, digest and leap again...only briefly concerned with their pleasure and displeasure, enthralled by the moment and for that reason neither melancholy nor bored. It is hard for a man to see this, for he is proud of being human and not an animal and yet regards its happiness with envy because he wants nothing other than to live like the animal, neither bored nor in pain, yet wants it in vain because he does not want it like the animal. Man may well ask the animal: why do you not speak to me of your happiness but only look at me? The animal wants to answer and say: because I always immediately forget what I wanted to say—but then it already forgot this answer and remained silent: so that man could only wonder. [from “On the use and abuse of history for life,” §1]

A traveler who had seen many countries and peoples and several continents was asked what human traits he had found everywhere; and he answered: men are inclined to laziness. Some will feel that he might have said with greater justice: they are all timorous. They hide behind customs and opinions. At bottom, every human being knows very well that he is in this world just once... he knows it, but hides it like a bad conscience—why? From fear of his neighbor who insists on convention and veils himself with it. But what is it that compels the individual human being to fear his neighbor, to think and act herd-fashion, and not to be glad of himself? A sense of shame, perhaps, in a few rare cases. In the vast majority it is the desire for comfort, inertia—in short, that inclination to laziness of which the traveler spoke. He is right: men are even lazier than they are timorous, and what they fear most is the troubles with which any unconditional honesty and nudity would burden them. [from “Schopenhauer as educator,” §1]



Once upon a time, in some out of the way corner of that universe which is dispersed into numberless twinkling solar systems, there was a star upon which clever beasts invented knowing. That was the most arrogant and mendacious minute of “world history,” but nevertheless, it was only a minute. After nature had drawn a few breaths, the star cooled and congealed, and the clever beasts had to die. One might invent such a fable, and yet he still would not have adequately illustrated how miserable, how shadowy and transient, how aimless and arbitrary the human intellect looks within nature. There were eternities during which it did not exist. And when it is all over with the human intellect, nothing will have happened... [from “On truth and lies in a non-moral sense,” Part I]

Deception, flattering, lying, deluding, talking behind the back, putting up a false front, living in borrowed splendor, wearing a mask, hiding behind convention, playing a role for others and for oneself—in short, a continuous fluttering around the solitary flame of vanity—is so much the rule and the law among men that there is almost nothing which is less comprehensible than how an honest and pure drive for truth could have arisen among them. They are deeply immersed in illusions and in dream images; their eyes merely glide over the surface of things... What do human beings really know about themselves? Are they even capable of perceiving themselves in their entirety just once, stretched out as in an illuminated glass case? Does nature not remain silent about almost everything, even about our bodies, banishing and enclosing us within a proud, illusory consciousness, far away from the twists and turns of the bowels, the rapid flow of the blood stream and the complicated tremblings of the nerve-fibres? Nature has thrown away the key, and woe betide fateful curiosity should it ever succeed in peering through a crack in the chamber of consciousness, out and down into the depths, and thus gain an intimation of the fact that humanity, in the indifference of its ignorance, rests on the pitiless, the greedy, the insatiable, the murderous—clinging in dreams, as it were, to the back of a tiger. Given this constellation, where on earth can the drive to truth possibly have come from?

...What men avoid by excluding the liar is not so much being defrauded as it is being harmed by means of fraud. Thus, even at this stage, what they hate is basically not deception itself, but rather the unpleasant, hated consequences of certain sorts of deception. It is in a similarly restricted sense that man now wants nothing but truth: he desires the pleasant, life-preserving consequences of truth. He is indifferent toward pure knowledge which has no consequences; toward those truths which are possibly harmful and destructive he is even hostilely inclined. [also from “On truth and lies in a non-moral sense,” Part I]

[N]o one would strive to attain to education if he knew how incredibly small the number of truly educated people actually is, and can ever be. And even this number of truly educated people would not be possible if a prodigious multitude, from reasons opposed to their nature and only led on by an alluring delusion, did not devote themselves to education... Here lies the whole secret of education—namely, that an innumerable host of men struggle to achieve it and work hard to that end, ostensibly in their own interests, whereas at bottom it is only in order that it may be possible for the few to attain it.” [*On the Future of our Educational Institutions*, pp. 33-34]

[T]he people have won—or ‘the slaves’ or ‘the mob’ or ‘the herd’ or whatever you like to call them... The ‘redemption’ of the human race... (from ‘the masters,’ that is) is going forward, everything is visibly becoming Judaized, Christianized, mob-ized... [from *On the Genealogy of Morals*, “ ‘Good and evil,’ ‘good and bad’ “ §9]

[Moral fervor] 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 obstruction in the abdomen which impedes the blood circulation, or in degeneration of the ovaries, and the like. [from *On the Genealogy of Morals*, “What is the meaning of ascetic ideals?” §15]

Nothing would be more expensive than virtue: for in the end it would give us the Earth as an infirmary, and ‘Everyone to be everyone else’s nurse’ would be the pinnacle of wisdom. True, the much-desired ‘peace on Earth’ would have been achieved! But how little ‘good will among men’! How little beauty, exuberance, daring, danger! How few ‘works’ for whose sake it would still be worth living on the Earth! And oh! absolutely no more ‘deeds’ whatsoever! All the *great* works and deeds which have remained standing and not been washed away by the waves of time—were they not all, in the deepest sense, great immoralities? [from *Writings from the Late Notebooks*, 4(7)]

A very popular error: Having the courage of one’s convictions; rather it is a matter of having the courage for an attack on one’s convictions” [from the *Nachlass*, Musarion edition, 159]

that the name of Zarathustra is used in every Anti-Semitic Correspondence Sheet, *has almost made me sick several times*... These accursed anti-Semite deformities *shall not sully my ideal!!* [from letter to Elisabeth Nietzsche, 1887]