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In the face of evil consequences one is too ready to lose the proper standpoint from which one's deed ought to be considered. What I reproach the pitiful with is, that they are too ready to forget shame, reverence, and the delicacy of feeling which knows how to keep at a distance; they do not remember that this gushing pity stinks of the mob, and that it is next of kin to bad manners—that pitiful hands may be thrust with results fatally destructive into a great destiny, into a lonely and wounded retirement, and into the privileges with which great guilt endows one. Beware even of every striking word, of every striking attitude! They are all so many risks which the instinct runs of "understanding itself" too soon. 6 Freedom from resentment and the understanding of the nature of resentment—who knows how very much after all I am indebted to my long illness for these two things? Another consideration leads to this idea. But to this day I am still seeking for a work which would be a match to Tristan in [Pg 44] dangerous fascination, and possess the same gruesome and dulcet quality of infinity; I seek among all the arts in vain. During the seven years in which I taught Greek to the sixth form of the College at Bâle, I never had occasion to administer a punishment; the laziest youths were diligent in my class. It seems to me that to take up one[Pg 56] of my books is one of the rarest honours that a man can pay himself—even supposing that he put his shoes from off his feet beforehand, not to mention boots.... Never have I eaten with more pleasant sensations, never has my sleep been better. These Dionysus Dithyrambs were prepared ready for press by Nietzsche himself. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. Only a few old gentlemen decided in my favour, and for very diverse and sometimes unaccountable reasons. Who doubts that I, old artillery-man that I am, would be able if I liked to point my heavy guns at Wagner?—Everything decisive in this question I kept to myself—I have loved Wagner.—After all, an attack upon a more than usually subtle "unknown person" whom another would not have divined so easily, lies in the meaning and path of my life-task. Storm-tossed seamen! Wreckage of ancient stars Ye seas of the future! Uncompassed heavens! At all lonely ones I now throw my fishing-rod. Now, by what signs are Nature's lucky strokes recognised among men? The third essay replies to the question as to the origin of the formidable power of the ascetic ideal, despite the fact that this ideal is essentially detrimental, that it is a will to nonentity and to decadence. As a matter of fact it contradicts five or six of my friend's utterances: only read the introduction to The Genealogy of Morals on this question.—The passage above referred to reads: "What, after all, is the principal axiom to which the boldest thinker, the author of the book "On the Origin of Moral Sensations" (read Nietzsche, the first Immoralist), "has attained by means of his incisive and decisive analysis of human actions? MUSIC BY FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE. Those propositions about which all the world is fundamentally agreed—not to speak of fashionable philosophy, of moralists and other empty-headed and cabbage-brained people—are to me but ingenuous blunders: for instance, the belief that "altruistic" and "egoistic"; are opposites, while all the time the "ego" itself is merely a "supreme swindle," an "ideal." ... "To withdraw my hand when their hand is ready stretched forth like the waterfall that wavers, wavers even in its fall:—thus do I thirst for wickedness. Having admitted all this, do I need to say that I am experienced in questions of decadence? The command, "Harden yourselves!" and the deep conviction that all creators are hard, is the really distinctive sign of a Dionysian nature. They are all based on falsehood: there will be wars, the like of which have never been seen on earth before. So in storm breaks forth The flaming curse of Zarathustra's wrath. Grimly whirl the pallid snow-flakes, grimly Roars the swollen brook unto the plain. I have a predilection in favour of[Pg 32] those places where in all directions one has opportunities of drinking from running brooks (Nice, Turin, Sils). Albeit, the truth remains that for many years I have considered almost every letter that has reached me as a piece of cynicism. I know of no more heartrending reading than Shakespeare: how a man must have suffered to be so much in need of playing the clown! Is Hamlet understood? All my other relationships with men I treat quite lightly; but I would not have the days I spent at Tribschen—those days of confidence, of cheerfulness, of sublime flashes, and of profound moments—blotted from my life at any price. Hermit! Do I aright interpret thee? Women all like me.... Let us sit beneath the arbour Singing songs in praise of friendship. Widmann in the paper called the Bund, under the heading "Nietzsche's Dangerous Book," and a general account of all my works, from the pen of Herr Karl Spitteler, also in the Empire,[2] only too many are condemned to determine their choice too soon, and then to pine away beneath a burden that they can no longer throw off.... False shores and false harbours were ye taught by the good. Sick to-day from tenderness, [Pg 177]A dewy wind, Zarathustra sits waiting, waiting on his mountains— Sweet and stewing In his own juice, Beneath his own summit, Beneath his ice, Weary and happy, A Creator on his seventh day. See paragraph 1.E below. If only he had gone into a herd of swine! But among Germans! Some day, for the edification of posterity, one ought really to have a genuine Bayreuthian stuffed, or, better still, preserved in spirit,—for it is precisely spirit that is lacking in this quarter,—with this inscription at the foot of the jar: "A sample of the spirit whereon the 'German Empire' was founded." ... It was on these two roads that all Zarathustra came to me, above all, Zarathustra himself as a type—I ought rather to say that it was on these walks that he waylaid me. [Pg xiii] And this final collapse might easily have been foreseen. Although I admit that this knowledge came to me somewhat late, it already formed part of my experience even as a child. The whole book is profoundly and politely silent concerning Christianity: the latter is neither Apollonian nor Dionysian; it denies all æsthetic values, which are the only values that The Birth of Tragedy recognises. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens—these names prove something, namely:[Pg 34] that genius is conditioned by dry air, by a pure sky—that is to say, by rapid organic functions, by the constant and even enormous quantities of strength. To be the first in this new realm may amount to a curse; at all events, it is a fatality: for one is also the first to despise. "The knight of knowledge must be able not only to love his enemies, but also to hate his friends. Nothing that exists must be suppressed, nothing can be dispensed with. We would not enter the kingdom of heaven, The kingdo grev stone A sudden light breaks forth— Such light I once beheld, and marked the sign. But in this matter I have always been the same. Strong as an ass? THE WORD I dearly love the living word, That flies to you like a merry bird, Ready with pleasant nod to greet, E'en in misfortune welcome, sweet, Yet it has blood, can pant you deep: Then to the dove's ear it will creep: And curl itself, or start for flight—Whate'er it does, it brings delight, for Piano BY ADRIAN COLLINS. I myself have said somewhere—What has been the greatest objection to Life hitherto?—God.... My experiences even with those on whom every other man has burnt his fingers, speak without exception in their favour; I tame every bear, I can make even clowns behave decently. The unmasking of Christian morality is an event which unequalled in history, it is a real catastrophe. "Something unquenched and unquenched and unquenched in history, it is a real catastrophe." Something unquenched and unque indeed with French alimentation, seems to me to constitute a "return to Nature,"—that is to say, to cannibalism,—is profoundly opposed to my own instincts. A stringed instrument, my soul, Sang, imperceptibly moved, A gondola song by stealth, Gleaming for gaudy blessedness. His "religion," which it would be better to call a system of hygiene, in order to avoid confounding it with a creed so wretched as Christianity, depended for its effect upon the triumph over resentment: to make the soul free therefrom was considered the first step towards recovery. Wagner's previous works seemed beneath me—they were too commonplace, too "German." ... A curse on ugly trades I cry That doom all little Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre; or, to point to one of strong race, a genuine Latin, of whom I am particularly fond, Guy de Maupassant. 99 They are cold, these men of learning! Would that a lightning-flash might strike their food, And their mouths could learn to eat fire! 101 Your false love For the past, A love for the graves of the dead, Is a theft from life That steals all the future. And when I say beyond the Alps, all I really mean is Venice. What will the answer be? The sun of my wisdom Blinded the eyes Of these poor bats.... [Pg 139] 7 Have you understood me? LUDOVICI. Not only have the Germans entirely lost the breadth of vision which enables one to grasp the course of culture and the values of culture; not only are they one and all political (or Church) puppets; but they have also actually put a ban upon this very breadth of vision. All those things which mankind has valued with such earnestness heretofore are not even real; they are mere creations of fancy, or, more strictly speaking, lies born of the evil euphoria—that is to say, that state of highest well-being and capacity which often precedes a complete breakdown, cannot, I suppose, be questioned; for his style, his penetrating vision, and his vigour, reach their zenith in the works written in this autumn of 1888; but the contention that the matter, the substance, of these works reveals any signs whatsoever of waning mental health, or, as a certain French biographer has it, of an inability to "hold himself and his judgments in check," is best contradicted by the internal evidence itself. 6 This work stands alone. Up to the present Christian morality has been the Circe of all thinkers—they stood at her service. In this sense Zarathustra calls "the good," now "the last men," and anon "the beginning of the end"; and above all, he considers them as the most detrimental kind of men, because they secure their existence at the cost of truth and at the cost of the Future. Strong as God? 164, 165),—to my mind the Germans are impossible. The Germans were given the chance of blundering and immortalising their stupidity once more on my account, and they still have just enough time to do it in. That "Russian fatalism" of which I have spoken manifested itself in me in such a way that for years I held tenaciously to almost insufferable conditions, places, habitations, and companions, once chance had placed them on my path—it was better than changing them, than feeling that they could be changed, than revolting against them.... Every great crime against culture for the last four centuries lies on their conscience.... Now that the possibility that it is not mankind that is in a state of degeneration, but only that parasitical kind of man—the priest, [Pg 141] who, by means of morality and lies, has climbed up to his position of determinator of values, who divined in Christian morality his road to power. This alteration in his plans is due to his belief that it is an injustice and an indiscretion on the part of posterity to surprise an author, as it were, in his négligé, or, in plain English, "in his shirt-sleeves." Authors generally are very sensitive on this point, and even finished pictures not yet framed are not readily shown by the careful artist. Virtue and fame are ever in accord [Pg 188]So long as time term, Christian morality. Whither the innocence of all these falsehoods? Such creatures crave for Wagner as for an opiate,—they are thus able to forget themselves, to be rid of themselves for a moment.... 48 They chew gravel, They are thus able to forget themselves, to be rid of themselves for a moment.... 48 They chew gravel, They lie on their bellies Before little round things, They adore all that falleth not down—These last servants of God Believers (in reality)! 50 They made their God out of nothing, What wonder if now he is naught? This double origin, taken as it were from the highest and lowest rungs of the ladder of life, at once a decadent and a beginning, this, if anything, explains that neutrality, that freedom from partisanship in regard to the general problem of existence, which perhaps distinguishes me. Grasp at a poniard. At bottom, my desire in this essay was to do something very different from writing psychology: an unprecedented educational problem, a new understanding of self-discipline and self-defence carried to the point of hardness, a road to greatness and to world-historic duties, yearned[Pg 81] to find expression. chap The loftiest and the basest powers of human nature, the sweetest, the lightest, and the most terrible, rush forth from out one spring with everlasting certainty. The cawing crows Townwards on whirring pinions roam: Soon come the snows— Woe unto him who hath no home! My Answer The man presumes— Good Lord!—to think that I'd return To those warm rooms Where snug the German ovens burn My friend, you see 'Tis but thy folly drives me far,— Pity for thee And all that German blockheads are! VENICE ON the bridge I stood, Mellow was the night, Music came from far— Drops of gold outpoured On the shimmering waves. 51 Ye loftier men! There have once been More thoughtful times, more reflective, Than is our to-day and to-morrow. Fourthly, I attack only those things from which all personal differences are excluded, in which any such thing as a background of disagreeable experiences is lacking." And now notice the gentleness with which, in Chapter II., Wagner—the supposed mortal enemy, the supposed envied rival to Nietzsche—is treated. Thus do all believers; therefore is all believers; therefore is all believers; therefore is all believers and the spring Answer his call —Yet we their answer only see. The question concerning the origin of moral valuations is therefore a matter of the highest importance to me because it determines the future of mankind. It is even a little comical—try and imagine a "classically cultured" citizen of Leipzig!—Indeed, I can say, that up to a very mature age, my food was[Pg 30] entirely bad—expressed morally, it was "impersonal," "selfless," "altruistic," to the glory of cooks and all other fellow-Christians. 17 A lightning-flash became my wisdom: With sword of adamant it clove me every darkness! 19 A thought finally Oppresses itself with laws. Thus oft in sullenness perverse and free, Bent hideous like a savage at his altar, There Melancholy, held I thought of thee, [Pg 150]A penitent, though youthful, with his psalter. Roughly speaking, I seized two famous and, theretofore, completely undefined types by the forelock, after the manner in which one seizes opportunities, simply in order to speak my mind on certain questions, in order to have a few more formulas, signs, and means of expression at my disposal. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official version poste a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. But a Philosopher! As that you really rate him? I do not set up any new idols; may old idols only learn what it costs to have legs of clay. "THE BIRTH Of TRAGEDY" 1 In order to be fair to the Birth of Tragedy (1872) it is necessary to forget a few things. If you remember that this book follows upon Zarathustra, you may possibly guess to what system of diet it owes its life. Thus driveth it the hammer to the stone. Warm breathes the rock: Did happiness at noonday Take its siesta well upon it? "When man discovers, woman must invent."—— TO FALSE The fir flings its roots Where the rock itself gazes Shuddering at the depths,— The fir pauses before the abysses Where all around Would fain descend: Amid the impatience Of wild, rolling, leaping torrents It waits so patient, stern and silent, Lonely.... If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. He who stirred me from this fatalism, he who violently tried to shake me into consciousness, seemed to me then a mortal enemy—in point of fact, there was danger of death each time sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. One must part with all that which compels one to repeat "no," with ever greater frequency. Ye fear a man might set his arrow to the bow? "A north wind am I unto ripe figs. How faded grew the world! On weary, slackened strings the wind Playeth his tune. Other learned cattle have suspected me of Darwinism on account of this word: even the "hero cult" of that great unconscious and involuntary swindler, Carlyle,—a cult which I repudiated with such roguish malice,—was recognised in my doctrine. The first onslaught (1873) was directed against German culture, upon which I looked down even at that time with unmitigated contempt Without either sense, substance, or goal, it was simply "public opinion." There could be no more dangerous misunderstanding that one is utterly out of hand, with the very distinct consciousness of an endless number of fine thrills and titillations descending to one's very toes;—there is a depth of happiness in which the most painful and gloomy parts do not act as antitheses to the rest, but are produced and required as necessary shades of colour in such an overflow of light. Otherwise he belongs hopelessly to that open-hearted, open-minded—alas! and always very good-natured! A man lowers himself by frequenting the society of Germans are canaille. But the Germans are canaille. But the German places every one on an equal footing. Zarathustra was the first to see in the struggle between good and evil the essential wheel in the working of things. If I cannot recall one single happy reminiscence of my childhood and youth, it is nonsense to suppose that I lacked companions that could have satisfied me; for this fact is the same to-day as it ever was, and it does not prevent me from being cheerful and brave. 88 Too long he sat in the cage, That runaway! Too long he dreaded A gaoler! Timorous now he goeth his ways, All things make him to stumble. As the outcome of this "Idealism" I regard all the blunders, the great aberrations of instinct, and the "modest specialisations" which drew me aside from the task of my life; as, for instance, the fact that I became a philologist—why not at least a medical man or anything else which might have opened my eyes? The physiologist insists upon the removal of degenerated parts, he denies all fellow-feeling for such parts, and has not the smallest feeling of pity for them. SONGS TO MELANCHOLY[1] O Melancholy, be not wroth with me That I this pen should point to praise thee only, And in thy praise, with head bowed to the knee, Squat like a hermit on a tree-stump lonely. 85 Be a tablet of gold, They will grave upon thee In golden script. You perceive that I should not like to see rudeness undervalued; it is by far the most humane form of contradiction, and, in the midst of modern effeminacy, it is one of our first virtues; If one is sufficiently rich for it, it may even be a joy to be wrong. Back to yourself to come you pine Or fly from out your house. "THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS: A POLEMIC" The three essays which constitute this genealogy are, as regards expression aspiration, and the art[Pg 117] of the unexpected, perhaps the most curious things that have ever been written. Supposing, however, that the fate of music be as dear to man as his own life, because joy and suffering are alike bound up with it; then he will find this pamphlet comparatively mild and[Pg 122] full of consideration. Among them was one, Ewald of Göttingen, who made it clear that my attack on Strauss had been deadly. And even if we confine ourselves simply to the substance of this work and put the question—Is it a new Nietzsche or the old Nietzsche that we find in these pages? When the completed book ultimately reached me,—to the great surprise of the serious invalid I then was —I sent, among others, two copies to Bayreuth. Silvery, light, a fish [Pg 184]Now my vessel swims out.... Beware, lest from thy doleful mood A countenance 90 dark is brewed That men in seeing thee divine A hate more bitter than the brine. Such things can reach only the most elect; it is [Pg 5] a rare privilege to be a listener here; not every? He possessed that pleasant kind of depravity which distinguishes us Thuringians, and which makes even a German sympathetic—even in the pursuit of truth we prefer to avail ourselves of roundabout ways. Indeed, it is while reading that I recover from my earnestness. I promise the advent of a tragic age: the highest art in the saying of yea to life, "tragedy," will be born again when mankind has the knowledge of the hardest, but most necessary of wars, behind it, without, however, suffered the experience of seeing even his oldest friends, including Rhode, show the most complete indifference to his lot, this wrestler with Fate, for whom recognition, in the persons of Brandes, Taine, and Strindberg, had come all too late, and whom even support, sympathy, and help, arriving as it did at last, through Deussen and from Madame de Salis Marschlins, could no longer cheer or comfort,—this was the man who was able notwithstanding to inscribe the device amor fati upon his shield on the very eve of his final collapse as a victim of the unspeakable suffering he had endured. Or when he reads the granite sentences at the end of the third book, wherein a fate for all times is first given a formula? Little use though head wag gaily, If the heart contain no glow. "Alas, ye men, within the stone there sleepeth an image for me, the image of all my dreams! Alas, that it should have to sleep in the hardest and ugliest stone! "Now rageth my hammer ruthlessly against its prison. In each case the beginning is calculated to mystify; it is cool, scientific, even ironical, intentionally thrust to the fore, intentionally reticent. International donations and ugliest stone! "Now rageth my hammer ruthlessly against its prison. In each case the beginning is calculated to mystify; it is cool, scientific, even ironical, intentionally reticent. International donations and ugliest stone! are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. In this sense I have the right to regard myself as the first tragic philosopher—that is to say, the most extreme antithesis and antipodes of a pessimistic philosopher. Who knows? Instead of health, we find the The very last thing I should promise to accomplish would be to "improve" mankind. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Tribschen—remote island of bliss: not the shadow of a resemblance! The incomparable days devoted to the laying of the first stone, the small group of the initiated who celebrated them, and who were far from lacking fingers for the handling of delicate things: not the shadow of a resemblance! What had become master! German master! German beer!... Her brother, Krause, the Professor a sort of superior Realism. 2 For, apart from the fact that I am a decadent, I am also the reverse of such a creature. I have never had a desire. A man must first and foremost be "German," he must belong to "the race"; then only can he establish them.... There are no such things as egoistic or altruistic actions: both concepts are psychological nonsense. Zarathustra has more pluck in his body than all other thinkers put together. With a nature like mine, which is so strange to everything Teutonic, that even the presence of a German retards my digestion, my first meeting with Wagner was the first moment in my life inner thinkers put together. which I breathed freely: I felt him, I honoured him, as a foreigner, as the opposite and the incarnate contradiction of all "German virtues." We who as children breathed the marshy atmosphere of the fifties, are necessarily pessimists in regard to the concept "German"; we cannot be anything else than revolutionaries—we can assent to no state of affairs which allows the canting bigot to be at the top. This "culture," which from first to last teaches one to lose sight of actual things and to hunt after thoroughly problematic and so-called ideal aims, as, for instance, "classical culture"—as if it were not hopeless from the start to try to unite "classical" and "German" in one concept. "Not through hostility is hostility put to flight; through friendship does hostility end": this stands at the beginning of Buddha's teaching—this is not a precept of morality, but of physiology. It was scarcely four-and-twenty years of age. These people are not at liberty to "know,"—decadents stand in need of lies,—it is one of their self-preservative measures. The second essay contains the psychology of conscience: this is not, as you may believe, "the voice of God in man"; it is the instinct of cruelty, which turns inwards once it is unable to discharge itself outwardly. Stendhal is one of the happiest accidents of my life—for everything[Pg 39] that marks an epoch in it has been brought to me by accident and never by means of a recommendation. This knowledge is part of my Dionysian patrimony. 67 Throw thy pain in the depths, Man, forget! Man, forget! Divine is the art of forgetting! Wouldst fly? But all the world disagrees with me. Among my acquaintances I have a number of experimental subjects, in whom I see depicted all the different, reactions which follow upon a perusal of my works. To-day I will be hospitable 'Gainst the unwelcome, 'Gains is the concept "free will," was invented in order to confuse and muddle our instincts, and to render the mistrust of them man's second nature! In the morning I used to start out in a southerly direction up the glorious road to Zoagli, which rises up through a forest of pines and gives one a view far out to sea. Commanding even as he lay in death, And his command that man annihilate. Turn my life about as you may, you will find but seldom—perhaps indeed only once—any trace of some one's having shown me ill-will. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you strain?" The good bird speaks, staying his song: "I lure not thee,—no, thou art wrong—With these my trills I lure my mate from off the hills—Nor heed thy plight. In Germany I am treated with gloomy caution: for years I have rejoiced in the privilege of such absolute freedom of speech, as no one nowadays, least of all in the "Empire," has enough liberty to claim. Three decisive overtures on the part of a psychologist to a Transvaluation of all Values.—This book contains the first psychology of the priest. One thing is certain, that ye are taught only the values of decadence as the highest values. And, to make a confession; I feel instinctively certain and convinced that Lord Bacon is the originator doctrines! I was the first to see the actual contrast: the degenerate instinct which turns upon life with a subterranean lust of vengeance (Christianity, [Pg 71] Schopenhauer's philosophy, and in some respects too even Plato's philosophy. an abundance and a superabundance of life—a I yea-saying free from all reserve, applying even to suffering, and guilt, and all that is questionable and strange in existence.... Then followed a melancholy spring in Rome, where I only just managed to live—and this was no easy matter. Simply by being compelled to keep constantly on his guard, a man guilt, and all that is questionable and strange in existence.... luckiest strokes, [Pg 58] as opposed to "modern" men, to "good" men, to Christians and other Nihilists,—a word which in the mouth of Zarathustra, the annihilator of morality, acquires a very profound meaning,—is understood almost everywhere, and with perfect innocence, in the light of those values to which a flat contradiction was made manifest in the figure of Zarathustra—that is to say, as an "ideal" type, a higher kind of man, half "saint" and half "genius." ... 5 In yet another respect I am no more than my father over again, and as it were the continuation of his life after an all-too-early death. Looking into this book a little more closely, you perceive a pitiless spirit who knows all the secret does not seem to be a very estimable thing.... Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation." *You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. Begun on the 4th of November of the same year, and, but for a few trifling modifications and additions, is just as Nietzsche left it. To be one's enemy's equal—this is the first condition of an honourable duel. I snot Zarathustra, because of these things, a seducer? The latter treated my Zarathustra, for instance as "advanced exercises in style," and expressed[Pg 57] the wish that later on I might try and attend to the question of substance as well; Dr. Widmann assured me of his respect for the courage I showed in endeavouring to abolish all decent feeling. Ten years have elapsed, and no one has yet felt it a duty to his conscience to defend my name against the absurd silence beneath which it has been entombed. In saying this I do not mean to underestimate in any way my Thuringian brother, the intelligent Leopold von Ranke....) 10 You may be wondering why I should actually have related all these trivial and, according to traditional accounts, insignificant details to you; such action can but tell against me, more particularly if[Pg 52] I am fated to figure in great causes. "Alas, this is the hatred of light for that which shineth: pitiless it runneth its course. [Pg 164]One death, one happiness, one fame. He was full of loyal respect for the Prussian King, Frederick William the Fourth, from whom he obtained his living at Röcken; the events of 1848 saddened him extremely. He robbed me of the best atheistic joke, which I of all people could have perpetrated: "God's only excuse is that He does not exist" ... Might I be allowed, perhaps, to suggest the word "German" as an international epithet denoting this psychological depravity?—At the moment of writing, for instance, the German Emperor is declaring it to be his Christian duty to liberate the slaves in Africa; [Pg 128] among us Europeans, then, this would be called simply "German." ... Dionysus, as you know, is also the god of darkness. "Verily, I beseech you: take your leave of me and arm yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still, be ashamed of him! Maybe he hath deceived you. Just the reverse of that which any "Sage," "Saint," "Saviour of the world," and other decadent would say.... My boat now stands idle. 1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. What secret whispered unto thee The Night, That icy shudders deck thy cheek, Thy cheek of purple hue? I care not a jot whether this canting bigot acts in different colours to-day, whether he dresses in scarlet or dons the uniform of a hussar.[2] Very well, then! Wagner was a revolutionary—he fled from the Germans.... My health was not very good; the winter was cold and exceptionally rainy; and the small albergo in which I lived was so close to the water that at night my sleep was disturbed if the sea was rough. "And yet must I learn to draw near thee more humbly. In my case, too, the Germans... will attempt to make a great fate give birth merely to a mouse. We only know that he sank. To regard one's self as a destiny, not to wish one's self as a destiny, not to wish one's self. Everything in this essay is a prophecy: the proximity of the resurrection of the Greek spirit, the need of men who will be counter-Alexanders, who will once more tie the Gordian knot of Greek culture, after it has been cut. Only from my time and after me will politics on a large scale exist on earth. 5 As I am speaking here of the recreations of my life, I feel I must express a word or two of gratitude for that which has refreshed me by far the most heartily and most profoundly. Accident and external stimuli must, as far as possible, be avoided: a sort of walling-of-one's-self-in is one of the primary instinctive precautions of spiritual pregnancy. With it, I gave my fellow-men the greatest[Pg 4] gift that has ever been bestowed upon them. How much truth can a certain mind endure; how much truth can it dare?—these questions became for me ever more and more the actual test of values. To consider distress of all kinds as an objection, as something which must be done away with, is the greatest nonsense on earth; generally speaking, it is nonsense of the most disastrous sort, fatal in its stupidity—almost as mad as the will to abolish bad weather, out of pity for the poor, so to speak. (The last note of the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. "Do but cast your pure eyes into the well of my joyfulness, my friends! How could it thus become muddy! It will laugh back at you with its purity. Ever so slight a tendency to laziness in the intestines, once it has become a habit, is quite sufficient to make something mediocre, somethin them inside and out. In order to understand even a little of my Zarathustra, perhaps a man must be situated and constituted very much as I am myself—with one foot beyond the realm of the living. Thanks to a little trick of destiny, every sentence in these criticisms seemed, with a consistency that I could but admire, to be an inverted truth. Hitherto the Christian has been the "moral being," a peerless oddity, and, as "a moral being," he was more absurd, more thoughtless, and a greater disadvantage to himself, than the greatest despiser of humanity could have deemed possible. With my rudder I smite Your folly full square. "But to man doth it ever drive me anew, my[Pg 114] burning, creative will. My sun stood hot above me at noonday: A greeting to you that are coming, Ye sudden winds, Ye cool spirits of afternoon! The air is strange and pure. In a letter dated the 27th of December 1888, addressed to the musical composer Fuchs, the author declares the object of the work to be to dispose of all discussion, doubt, and inquiry concerning his own personality, in order to leave the public mind free to consider merely "the things for the sake of which he existed" ("die Dinge, derentwegen ich da bin"). It was thus that He recovered from being a God.... The genius of the heart, from contact with which every man goes away richer, not 'blessed' and overcome, not as though favoured and crushed by the good things of others; [Pg 68] but richer in himself, fresher to himself than before, opened up, breathed upon and sounded by a thawing wind; more delicate, more fragile, more bruised; but full of hopes which as yet lack names, full of a new will and striving, full of a new unwillingness and counter-striving." ... In vain have I sought among them for a sign of tact and delicacy towards myself. Many times I've faced death's plight, Yet steam and light and breath am I. "Mine eyes no longer melt into tears at the sight of the suppliant's shame; my hand hath become too hard to feel the guivering of laden hands. The task is not to overcome opponents in general, but only those opponents against whom one has to summon all one's strength, one's skill, and one's swordsmanship—in fact, opponents who are one's equals.... In precisely these limits of space and in this accessibility to opposite Zarathustra feels himself the highest of all living things; and when you hear how he defines this highest, you will give up trying to find his equal. "The emancipation of women,"—this is the instinctive hatred of physiologically botched—that is to say, barren—women for those of their sisters who are well constituted: the fight against "man" is always only a means, a pretext, a piece of strategy. I recognised nothing that I saw; I scarcely recognised Wagner. Newby Chief Executive and Director gbnewby@pglaf.org Section 4. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the products of disease and of the instinct of revenge: they are so many monsters laden with rottenness, so many hopeless incurables, who avenge themselves on life; it not only allowed, it actually commanded, me to forget; it bestowed upon me the necessity of lying still, of having leisure, of waiting, and of exercising patience.... That is why I am now going to tell myself the story of my life. There is an ecstasy so great that the immense strain of it is sometimes relaxed by a flood of tears, during which one's steps now involuntarily rush and anon involuntarily lag. Not only because he has had longer and greater experience of the subject than any other thinker,—all history is indeed the experimental[Pg 134] refutation of the so-called moral order of thinkers. In my moments of decadence I forbade myself the indulgence of the above feelings, because they were harmful; as soon as my life recovered enough riches and pride, however, I regarded them again as forbidden, but this time because they were beneath me. 104 Our chase after truth, Is't a chase a as there is some misunderstanding abroad on this point, is not by me: it was the astounding inspiration of a voung Russian lady. Miss Lou von Salome, with whom I was then on friendly terms. I am not a man, I am dynamite. If, therefore, I now calculate from that day forward the sudden production of the book, under the most unlikely circumstances. in February 1883,—the last part, out of which I quoted a few lines in my preface, was written precisely in the hallowed hour when Richard Wagner gave up the ghost in Venice,—I come to the conclusion that the period of gestation covered eighteen months. "Ye say ye believe in Zarathustra? Fair is the night: On, on he strides, nor slackens speed, [Pg 153]And knows not where his path will lead. Charles Baudelaire, the very man who first understood Delacroix—that typical decadent, in whom a whole generation of artists saw their reflection; he was perhaps the last of them too.... The strength of the aggressor can be measured by the opposition which he needs; every increase of growth betrays itself by a seeking out of more formidable opponents—or problems: for a philosopher who is combative challenges even problems to a duel. I can think in German—I can do most things; but this is beyond my powers.... Nowhere else can you meet with this passion for questions of form, this earnestness in matters of mise-en-scène, which is the Parisian earnestness par excellence. He is a selective principle; he rejects much. What! is humanity itself in a state of degeneration? Verily to the loftiest heights did I need to fly, to find once more the spring of joyfulness. The sting from God? Or the proposition that "man pursues happiness"; or the proposition that "happiness is the reward of virtue." ... This city, which is absolutely unsuited to the poet-author of Zarathustra, and for the choice of which I was not responsible, made me inordinately miserable. The periods of vork and fruit-fulness are followed by periods of recuperation: come hither, ye delightful, intelligent books! Shall I read German books?... With this feeling of distance how could I even wish to be read by the "moderns" whom I know! My triumph is just the opposite of what Schopenhauer's was—I say "Non legar,"—Not that I should like to underestimate the pleasure I have derived from the innocence with which my works have frequently been contradicted. Zarathustra created this most portentous of all errors,—morality; therefore he must be the first to expose it. Like every[Pg 19] man who has never been able to meet his equal, and unto whom the concept "retaliation" is just as incomprehensible as the notion of "equal rights," I have forbidden myself the use of any sort of measure of security or protection—and also, of course, of defence and "justification"—in all cases in which I have been made the victim either of trifling or even very great foolishness. ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER That which he taught, has had its day, That which he lived, shall live for aye: Look at the man! No bondsman he! Nor e'er to mortal bowed his knee! TO RICHARD WAGNER O You who chafe at every fetter's link, A restless spirit, never free: Who, though victorious aye, in bonds still cowered, Disgusted more and flayed and scoured, Till from each cup of balm you poison drink, Alas! and by the Cross all helpless sink, You too, you too, among the overpowered! For long I watched this play so weirdly shaped, Breathing an air of prison, vault, and dread, With churchly fragrance, clouds of incense spread, And yet I found all strange/in terror gaped. "He who giveth risketh to lose his shame; he that is ever distributing groweth callous in hand and heart therefrom. This flame is mine own soul, Insatiable for new distances, Speeding upward, upward its silent heat. After all, I have absolutely no reason to renounce the hope for a Dionysian future of music. My concept "Dionysian" here became the highest deed; compared with it everything that other men have done seems poor and limited. one who likes can have ears to hear Zarathustra. The word "free spirit" in this book must not be understood as anything else than a spirit that has become free, that has once more taken possession of itself. And if the reader takes leave of this book with a feeling of timid caution in regard to everything which has hitherto been honoured and even worshipped under the name of morality, it does not alter the fact that there is not one negative[Pg 92] word, not one attack, and not one single piece of malice in the whole work—on the contrary, it lies in the sunshine, smooth and happy, like a marine animal, basking in the sun between two rocks. Truth to tell, it was Peter Gast, at that time a student at the University of Bâle, and a devoted friend of mine, who was responsible for the book. Where one despises, one cannot wage war. My soul, Insatiable with its tongue, Has already tasted of all things good and evil, And has dived into all depths. The fact that a Goethe or a Shakespeare would not for an instant have known how to take breath in this atmosphere of passion and of the heights; the [Pg 107] fact that by the side of Zarathustra, Dante is no more than a believer, and not one who first creates the truth—that is to say, not a world-ruling spirit, a Fate; the fact that the poets of the distance, of the azure solitude, in which this work dwells. It was in vain that I called up reminiscences. To compose a long Latin essay in one night, to revise and recopy it, to aspire with my pen to emulating the exactitude and the terseness of my model, Sallust, and to pour a few very strong grogs over it all—this mode of procedure, while I was a pupil at the venerable old school of Pforta, was not in the least out of keeping with my physiology, nor perhaps with that of Sallust, however much it may have been alien to dignified Pforta. Considering that, in those days, my trade was that of a scholar psychology which suddenly makes its appearance in this essay is not without importance: it expresses the feeling of distance, and my profound certainty regarding what was my real life-task, and what were merely means, intervals, and accessory work to me. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life. The condition of the existence of the good is falsehood: or, otherwise expressed, the refusal at any price to see how reality is actually constituted. He divines remedies for injuries; he knows how to turn serious accidents to his own advantage; that which does not kill him makes him stronger. He wrote the final manuscript during the summer of 1888 in Sils Maria; their actual composition, however, belongs to an earlier date. 1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Trademark LLC, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. I attach great value to this definition. Finally—to keep the worst to the last—by the notion of the good man, all that is favoured which is weak, ill, botched, and sick-in-itself, which ought to be wiped out. * * * * How can I get through the city-gate Who had forgotten to live among dwarfs? Where one despises one cannot wage war. Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks. M.A. [Pg 210] [Pg 211] [Pg 212] [Pg 213] [Pg 214] [Pg 215] [Pg 216] [Pg 217] End of Project Gutenberg's Ecce Homo, by Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche *** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ECCE HOMO *** ***** This and all associated files of various formats will be found in: Produced by Marc D'Hooghe at (Images generously made available by the Hathi Trust.) Updated editions will replace the previous one-the old editions will be renamed. May I venture to suggest, incidentally, that I know women? Who hath made mine eye younger? AMONG FOES (OR AGAINST CRITICS) (After a Gipsy Proverb) Here the gallows, there the cord, And the hangman's ruddy beard. Thanks to a miraculous flash of intelligence on the part of chance, there reached me precisely at the same time a splendid copy of the Parsifal text, with the following inscription from Wagner's pen: "To his dear friend Friedrich Nietzsche, from Richard Wagner, Ecclesiastical Councillor." At this crossing of the two books I seemed to hear an ominous note. "And whatever harm the slanderers of the world may do, the harm of the good is the most calamitous of all harm." [Pg 137] 5 Zarathustra, as the first psychologist of the good man, is perforce the friend of the evil man. And it was out of this feeling of repulsion that he grew the wings which allowed him to soar into remote futures. It is not unlikely that her mother, my great grandmother, is mentioned in young Goethe's diary under the name of "Muthgen." She married twice, and her second husband was Superintendent Nietzsche of Eilenburg. Never in my life have I experienced such an autumn; nor had I ever imagined that such things were possible on earth—a Claude Lorrain extended to infinity, each day equal to the last in its wild perfection. 2 Morning's past: the sun of noonday Scorches with hot ray our heads. Why stolest into Thyself, thyself?... Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition. 11 Thus I began, I unlearned all self-pity! 13 Not in shattering idols, But in shattering the idol-worshipper in thee, Consisted thy valour. Thank goodness I am not willing to let myself be torn to pieces! the perfect woman tears you to pieces when she loves you: I know these amiable Mænads.... See how Zarathustra goes down from the mountain and speaks the kindest words to every one! See with what delicate fingers he touches his

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very adversaries, the priests, and how he suffers with them from themselves! Here, at every moment, man is overcome, and the concept "Superman" becomes the greatest reality,—out of sight, almost far away beneath him, lies all that which heretofore has been called great in man. Cohn Release Date: May 30, 2016 [EBook #52190] Language
English Character set encoding: UTF-8 *** START OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK ECCE HOMO *** Produced by Marc D'Hooghe at (Images generously made available by the Hathi Trust.) CONTENTS TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION PREFACE WHY I AM SO CLEVER WHY I WRITE SUCH EXCELLENT BOOKS THE
BIRTH OF TRAGEDY THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON "HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN THE DAWN OF DAY JOYFUL WISDOM: LA GAYA SCIENZA THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS THE CASE OF WAGNER WHY I AM A FATALITY EDITORIAL NOTE TO POETRY
POETRY— SONGS, EPIGRAMS, ETC. 39 Gentle am I towards man and chance; Gentle with all men, and even with grasses: A spot of sunshine on winter curtains, Moist with tenderness, A thawing wind to snow-bound souls: * * * * Proud-minded towards trifling Gains, where I see the huckster's long finger, 'Tis aye my pleasure To be bamboozled:
[Pg 197]Such is the bidding of my fastidious taste. The chords of my soul, moved By unseen impulse, throbbed Secretly into a gondola song, With thrills of bright-hued ecstasy. But my truth is terrible: for hitherto lies have been called truth. He can no longer look it full in the face. The definite proof of the fact that the priest (including the priest in
disguise, the philosopher) has become master, not only within a certain limited religious community, but everywhere, and that the morality of decadence, the will to nonentity, has become morality everywhere. Oh, I have still quite a number of
other "unknown persons" to unmask besides a Cagliostro of Music! Above all, I have to direct an attack against the German people, who, in matters of the spirit, grow every day more indolent, poorer in instincts, and more honest who, with an appetite for which they are to be envied, continue to diet themselves on contradictions, and gulp down
"Faith" in company with science, Christian love together with anti-Semitism, and the will to power (to the "Empire"), dished up with the gospel of the humble, without showing the slightest signs of indigestion. The scholar who, in sooth, does little else than handle books—with the philologist of average attainments their number may amount to two
hundred a day—ultimately forgets entirely and completely the capacity of thinking for himself. But, above all, the vow I made I What I am to-day, the place I now hold—at a height from which I speak no longer with words but with thunderbolts!—oh, how far I was from all this in those days! But I saw the land—I did not deceive myself for one moment
as to the way, the sea, the danger—and success! The great calm in promising, this happy prospect of a future which must not remain only a promise!—In this book every word has been lived, profoundly and intimately; the most painful things are not lacking in it; it contains words which are positively running with blood. If any one should desire to
obtain a rapid sketch of how everything, before my time, was standing on its head, he should begin reading me in this book. There was at all events one advantage in the choice of this day: my birthday throughout the whole of my childhood was a day of public rejoicing. Hanging me is useless quite: Die? Strangeness is to me too dear—Genoa has sunk
and passed— Heart, be cool! Hand, firmly steer! [Pg 163]Sea before me: land—at last? Wagner is the counter-poison to everything essentially German—the fact that he is a poison too, I do not deny. To point, as many have done, to the proximity of all Nietzsche's autumn work of the year 1888 to his breakdown at the beginning of 1889, and to argue
that in all its main features it foretells the catastrophe that is imminent, seems a little too obvious and simple to require refutation. Let anybody only give me offence, I shall "retaliate," he can be quite sure of that: before long I discover an opportunity of expressing my thanks to the "offender" (among other things even for the
offence)—or of asking him for something, which can be more courteous even than giving. Rather was a feeling born. For my own part, I have already said elsewhere, is the real sin against the Holy Spirit. Here, again, according to the extent
to which a spirit is sui generis, the limits of that which he can allow himself—in other world"—in plain English, the fictitious world and reality.... THE LAST DESIRE[1] So would I die As then I saw him die, The friend, who like a godd reality....
Into my darkling youth Threw lightning's light and fire: Buoyant yet deep was he, Yea, in the battle's strife With the gay dancer's heart. WHY I WRITE SUCH EXCELLENT BOOKS 1 I am one thing, my creations are another. I took the same lodgings as I had occupied in the spring, 6111 Via Carlo Alberto, opposite the mighty Palazzo Carignano, in
which Vittorio Emanuele was born; and I had a view of the Piazza Carlo Alberto and [Pg 121] above it across to the hills. Solitude withers And knows not whither; When the storms roar behind And the lightning bears witness against him, And his cavern breeds
spectres [Pg 201] And fills him with dread. Thus they cannot even be called shallow. And my soul too is the song of a lover. In these matters great wisdom, perhaps even the highest wisdom and highe
one's self, narrowing one's self, and making one's self mediocre, amount to reason itself. [Pg 119] 2 There is no reality, no "ideality," which has not been touched! what a cautious euphemism!). "And like a wind shall I one day blow amidst them, and take away their soul's breath with my spirit: thus my future willeth it. On the 30th
September, tremendous triumph; the seventh day; the leisure of a god on the banks of the Po.[2] On the same day, I wrote the Preface to The Twilight of the Idols, the correction of the proofs of which provided me with recreation during the month of September. Loss of ballast, resistance[Pg 95] offered to natural instincts, selflessness, in fact—this is
what has hitherto been known as morality. But all this means thinking!... The concepts "beyond" and "true world" were invented in order to depreciate the only world that exists—in order to depreciate the order to depreciate th
cheerful in such circumstances, and laugh good-naturedly with others at one's self,—ridendodicere severum[1] when the verum dicere would justify every sort of hardness,—is humanity itself. See how the night Leers at me with eyes askance, Like a seducer!... Ah, a devil's mouth is mine. It was part of my fate to be a scholar for a while. Is e'en for
chamois here no track? By means of it, I do honour to a thing, I distinguish a thing; whether I associate my name with that of an institution or a person, by being against or for either, is all the same to me. Forks of[Pg 108] lightning are hurled towards futures of which no one has ever dreamed before. For the task of transvaluing values, more
capacities were needful perhaps than could well be found side by side in one individual; and above all, antagonistic capacities which had to be free from the mutual strife and destruction which they involve. He trembles who beholds thine awful mask; He quails to whom thy dread right hand is given. This is the strangest kind of "objectivity" that ever
existed: my absolute certainty in regard to what I am, projected itself into any chance reality—truth about myself was voiced from out appalling depths. What has my piping done to thee, Thou roaming wight?" The good bird pondered, silent quite, "Why doth my piping change his plight? I do not refute ideals; all I do is to draw on my gloves in their
presence.... Bear-elephants, with trunks all greedy, Knock first! Where have your manners fled? I do not wish to be mistaken for another—and to this end I must not mistake myself. It is not error as error which infuriates me at the sight of this spectacle; it is not the millenniums of absence of "goodwill," of discipline, of decency, and of bravery in
spiritual things, which betrays itself in the triumph of Christianity; it is rather the absence of nature, it is the perfectly[Pg 140] ghastly fact that anti-nature itself received the highest honours as morality and as law, and remained suspended over man as the Categorical Imperative. Saw thy bright orbs gleam, thy right hand shaking With the mace of
thunder hurled amain. There will come a day $ when my name will recall the memory of something formidable—a crisis the like of which has never been known on earth, the memory of the most profound clash of consciences, and the passing of a sentence upon all that which theretofore had been believed, exacted, and hallowed. All questions of
politics, of social order, of education, have been falsified, root and branch, owing to the fact that the most noxious men have been taken for great men, and that people were taught to despise the small things, or rather the fundamental things, or life. The curiosity of the psychologist is so great in me, that I regard it as quite a special privilege to have
lived at the right time, and to have lived precisely among Germans, in order to be ripe for this work. A little woman, pursuing her vengeance, would force open even the iron gates of Fate itself. "Hellenism and Pessimism"—this work the Greeks succeeded
in disposing: of pessimism—in what manner they overcame it.[Pg 69] ... To look upon healthier concepts and values from the standpoint of him who is laden and self-reliant with the richness of life—this has been my longest exercise, my
principal experience. To "will" something, to "strive" after something, to have an "aim" or a "desire" in my mind—I know none of these things from experience. "Alone do I now go, my disciples! Get ye also hence, and alone! Thus would I have it. 28 Looking for love and finding masks, Finding accursed masks and having to break them! 29 Do I love
you? And nothing on earth consumes a man more quickly than the passion of resentment. Oh, ye innocents! 79 Art thou strong? [Pg 72] 3 The extent to which I had by means of these doctrines discovered the idea of "tragedy," the ultimate explanation of what the psychology of tragedy is, I discussed finally in The Twilight of the Idols (Aph. Wherefore
so steadfast? As a whole I was sound, but in certain details I was a decadent. Beware of all picturesque men! Life was easy—in fact easiest—to me, in those periods when it exacted the heaviest duties from me. had we a path?" Each whispers the other: "It really seems that we have a path." [The numbering given corresponds to that of the original,
several fragments having been omitted.—TR.] HYMN TO LIFE. Admirably! my dear Germans. We are no longer in the nineteenth century. From the first chapter, in which he frankly acknowledges the decadent elements within him, to the last page, whereon he characterises his mission, his life-task, and his achievement, by means of the one symbol,
Dionysus versus Christ,—everything comes straight from the shoulder, without concealment. If the most insignificant organ within the body neglects, however slightly, to assert with absolute certainty its self-preservative powers, its recuperative claims, and its egoism, the whole system
degenerates. Yet tender doth the word remain, [Pg 166]Soon it is ill, soon well again: So if its little life you'd spare, O grasp it lightly and with care, Nor heavy hand upon it lay, For e'en a cruel glance would slay! There it would lie, unsouled, poor thing! All stark, all formless, and all cold, Its little body changed and battered, By death and dying rudely
shattered. "And all my creativeness and effort is but this, that I may be able to think and recast all these fragments and dismal accidents into one piece. But ye can never recover the time lost. Give answer to the flame's impatience, Let me, the fisher on high mountains, [Pg 186]Catch my seventh, last solitude!—— FAME AND ETERNITY[2]
I Speak, tell me, how long wilt thou brood Upon this adverse fate of thine? I lacked all subtlety in egoism, all the fostering care of an imperative instinct; I was in a state in which one is ready to regard one's equal, a state of "disinterestedness," a forgetting of one's distance from others—something, in short, for which I can never
forgive myself. Through him all contradictions are bound up into a new unity. 3 I should not like to say that the last two essays in the Thoughts out of Season, associated with the names of Schopenhauer and Wagner respectively, serve any special purpose in throwing light upon these two cases, or in formulating their psychological problems. A thing
that has flattered me more than anything else hitherto, is the fact that I had to pay for this privilege almost with my life, certainly does not make it a bad bargain. There are five or six things which I have always made points of honour. [Pg 25]
May I be allowed to hazard a suggestion concerning one last trait in my character, which in my intercourse with other men has led me into some difficulties? —Glows not the ice of my summit yet? Too lone and tall my crest did soar: I wait: what am I waiting for? But I have already said quite[Pq 43] enough on the subject of Wagner's real nature (see
Beyond Good and Evil, Aphorism 269), and about those to whom he is most closely related. Bend, adore me! Worm of Earth and Will o' Wisp—or die!" [Pg 152] HYMNS TO FRIENDSHIP (Two Fragments) 1 Goddess Friendship, deign to hear the song That we sing in friendship's honour! Where the eye of friendship glances, Filled with all the joy of
friendship Come thou night o aid me, Rosy dawn in thy gaze and In holy hand the faithful pledge of youth eternal. 58 You cannot endure it more, Your tyrannous destiny, Love it—you're given no choice! 59 These alone free us from woes (Choose now I) Sudden death [Pg 200]Or long-drawn-out love. 1.F. 1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and
employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Is not my father Prince Plenty? But ever, like the cork, It swims to the surface again, And floats like oil upon brown seas: Because of this soul men call me
fortunate. And, to tell the truth, this is my opinion. I would do it better daily. On the contrary, I am the very[Pg 2] opposite in nature to the kind of man that has been honoured hitherto as virtuous. [Pg 206]To what doth she yield But to violence? Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the
IRS. Before my time there was no psychology. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887. Idealism is foreign to me: the title of the [Pg 83] book means: "Where ye see ideal things I see—human, alas! all-too-human things!" ... Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the
Foundation's web site and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact For additional contact information: Dr. Gregory B. If falsehood insists at all costs on claiming the word "truth" for its own particular standpoint, the really truthful man must be sought out among the despised. "The good—they cannot create; they are ever the beginning of the end.
Violence she needs. Who cares for coffins, shrouds, and spooks? As German philosophies, however, are said to go to Oxford only when they die, we may, perhaps, conclude from this want of appreciation in that quarter, how very much alive Nietzsche's doctrine still is. Round, the venom-glancing horde:— Nothing new to me's appeared. 46 Your God,
you tell me, Is a God of love? From the moment that Tristan was arranged for the piano—all honour to you, Herr von Bülow!—I was a Wagnerite. The Preface came into being on 3rd September 1888. May truth approach me to-day Gilded by smiles, Sweetened by the sun, browned by love,— A ripe truth I would fain break off from the tree. To remain
one's own master in such circumstances, to keep the sublimity of one's mission pure in such cases,—pure from the many ignoble and more short-sighted impulses which a Zarathustra has to undergo—the actual proof of his power. From a theological standpoint—
now pay ye heed; for it is but on rare occasions that I speak as a theologian—it was God Himself who, at the end of His great work, coiled Himself up in the form of a serpent at the foot of the tree of knowledge. Shall I allow a strange thought to steal secretly over the wall? I live on my own self-made credit, and it is probably only a prejudice to
suppose that I am alive at all. All silent people are dyspeptic. Lonely! Who would venture Here to be guest—[Pg 179]To be thy guest? "Little Angel" call they me, And where'er a little flame Gleams for me, I, like a lamb, Go my journey eagerly (I was always such a lamb!). "And how could I bear to be a man, if man were not also a poet, a riddle reader
and a redeemer of chance! "To redeem all the past, and to transform every 'it was' into 'thus would I have it'—that alone would be my salvation!" In another passage he defines as strictly as possible what to him alone "man" can be,—not a subject for love nor yet for pity—Zarathustra became master even of his loathing of man: man is to him a thing
unshaped, raw material, an ugly stone that needs the sculptor's chisel. Did not the union of these two Beget me, the enigmatic beast—Me, the monster of light—Me, Zarathustra, the squanderer of all wisdom? From out an infinite treasure of light—a slow and gentle gait is the cadence of these
discourses. Professor Michael S. The clouds are grown too nigh of late, 'Tis the first lightning I await. Whatever the instrument was, even if it were as out of tune as the instrument [Pg 17] "man" can possibly be,—it was only when I was ill that I could not succeed in making it express something that was worth hearing. Woman is incalculably more
wicked than man, she is also cleverer. What led him astray? Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. The problem is not exactly simple: a man must have experienced both through his strength and through his weakness, If illness and weakness are to be
charged with anything at all, it is with the fact that when they prevail, the very instinct of defence and of war in man, becomes decayed. In an enervating climate tea is not a good beverage with which to start the day: an hour before taking it an excellent thing is to drink a cup of thick cocoa, feed from oil. For ordinary
purposes, it may be formulated as follows: "How precisely must thou feed thyself in order to attain to thy maximum of power, or virtue free from moralic acid?" My experiences in regard to this matter have been as bad as they possibly could be; I am surprised that I set myself this question so late in life, and that it
took me so long to draw "rational" conclusions from my experiences. They may be modified and printed by U.S. copyright law. A bird of prey, perchance Joyous at others' misfortune, Will cling persistent To the hair of the steadfast watcher, With
frenzied laughter, A vulture's laughter.... Where one commands, where one sees something beneath one, one ought not to wage war. 61 The worst of pleas I have hidden from you—that life grew tedious! Throw it away, that ye find it again to your taste! 62 Lonely days, Ye must walk on valorous feet! 63 Loneliness Plants naught, it ripens.... The fee is
owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to the project Gutenberg-tm trademark.
Christianity, I feel justified in doing so, because in that quarter I have met with no fatal experiences and difficulties—the most earnest Christians have always been kindly disposed to me. Is it true that ye mount, [Pg 199]Ye loftier men? I do not doubt but that I should have to go back thousands of years before I could find another who could say to me:
"It is mine also!" 4 For a few weeks afterwards I lay an invalid in Genoa. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property.
(trademark/copyright) agreement. And have they fallen in with my plans? [Pg 33] 2. Owing to the fact that one would be used up too quickly if one reacted, one no longer reacts at all: this is the principle. To speak in a parable: I dispatch a pot of jam in order to get rid of a bitter experience.... [Pg 131] WHY I AM A FATALITY 1 I know my destiny. The
overcoming of morality by itself, through truthfulness, the moralist's overcoming of himself in his opposite—in me—that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth. 4 I have never understood the art of arousing ill-feeling against myself,—this is also something for which I have to thank my incomparable father,—even when it seemed to me
highly desirable to do so. "Did my very loathing forge me wings and the strength to scent fountains afar off? He who longs to [Pg 100] feel in his own soul the whole range of values and aims that have prevailed on earth until his day, and to sail round all the coasts of this ideal 'Mediterranean Sea'; who, from the adventures of his own inmost
experience, would fain know how it feels to be a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal;—as also how it is with the artist, the saint, the legislator, the saint, the saint, the saint, the legislator, the saint, the saint, the saint, the legislator, the saint, the sai
but also constantly acquires and must acquire, because he is continually sacrificing it again, and is compelled to sacrifice it! And now, therefore, after having been long on the way, we Argonauts of the ideal, whose pluck is greater than prudence would allow, and who are often shipwrecked and bruised, but, as I have said, healthier than people would
like to admit, dangerously healthy, and for ever recovering our health—it would seem as if we had before us, as a reward for all our toils, a country still undiscovered, the horizon of which no one has yet seen, a beyond to every country and every refuge of the ideal that man has ever known, a world so overflowing with beauty, strangeness, doubt,
terror, and divinity, that both our curiosity and our lust of possession are frantic with eagerness. In plain English, The Twilight of the Idols means that I endured: it seemed as if I had discovered life afresh, my own self included. Otherwise I almost always
take refuge in the same books: altogether their number is small; they are books which are precisely my proper fare. Among Jews I did indeed find it, but not among Germans. And in order to leave no doubt in your minds in regard to my opinion, which, on this matter, is as honest as it is severe, I will reveal to you one more clause out of my moral code
against vice—with the word "vice" I combat every kind of! opposition to Nature, or, if you prefer fine words, idealism. All the complete Dionysus Dithyrambs[Pg 146] appear in this volume, save those which are duplicates of verses already translated in the Fourth Part of Zarathustra. 40 A strange breath breathes and spits at me, Am I a mirror, that
straightway is clouded? Their own unswerving will do they follow: that is their coldness. This last, most joyous, most exuberant and exultant yea to life, is not only the highest, but also the profoundest conception, and one which is most strictly confirmed and supported by truth and science. The language of the dithyramb. Why fled he swift from all
continents? This fact is not without interest to women—it seems to me they feel that I understand them better!... 1.C. The Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm
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powerful use of parables that has yet existed is poor beside it, and mere child's-play compared with this return of language to the nature of imagery. Reply: it flourished not because God was active behind the priests, as is generally believed, but because it was[Pg 118] a faute de mieux—from the fact that hitherto it has been the only ideal and has had
no competitors. Godless it seemed to the ancients To disturb the earth's bowels for treasures And once more this godlessness revives, [Pg 195]Hear ye not earth's bowels thunder? This is so to such an extent, that often after a lapse of time he can no longer endure his own work.... An intrinsically morbid nature cannot become healthy. Obviously there
is no new or even deformed Nietzsche here, because he is still faithful to the position which he assumed in Thus spake Zarathustra, five years previously, and is perfectly conscious of this fidelity (see p. A dead word is a hateful thing, thing-ting-ting. In him the instinct of self-defence has decayed, otherwise he would defend himself
against books. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. 105 Truth Is a woman,
no better, Cunning in her shame: Of what she likes best She will know naught, And covers her face.... Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other
suffered, in varying degrees of intensity, at the hands of almost every one who came near me; it would seem that nothing inflicts a deeper wound than suddenly to make one's distance felt. Animal vigour never acquires enough strength in him in order to reach that pitch of artistic freedom which makes his own soul whisper to him: I, alone, can do
that.... Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. Amidst such kin One place alone, the lowest, would
win. And thus, about two years before hurling the destructive thunderbolt of the Transvaluation, which will send the whole of civilisation into convulsions, I sent my Case of Wagner out into the world. This picture (none need wis) I kissed the other day. There is the waste of an all-too-rich autumn in this book: you trip over truths. Be this as it may, if I
have been the victim of many a small or even great offence, it was not "will," and least of all ill-will that actuated the offenders; but rather, as I have already suggested, it was goodwill, the cause of no small amount of mischief in f my life, about which I had to complain. To repeat what I have already said, I can point to but few instances of ill-will in my
every act which proceeds from the most intimate, most secret, and most concealed recesses of a man's being. Here fly open unto thee all the speech and word shrines of the world, here would all existence become speech, here would all existence become speech, here would all existence become speech and word shrines of the world, here would all existence become speech, here would all existence become speech and word shrines of the world, here would all existence become speech and word shrines of the world.
representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States. Negation and annihilation are inseparable from a yea-saying attitude towards life. Did I well to-day or no? To-day my hand knows the trick, I now have the knack of reversing perspectives: the first reason perhaps why a [Pq 12] Transvaluation of all
Values has been possible to me alone. Secondly, I attack only those things against which I find no [Pg 24] allies, against which I stand alone—against which I stand alone.
voice which speaks in my works is that of a psychologist who has not his peer, is perhaps the first conclusion at which a good reader will arrive—a reader such as I deserve, and one who reads me just as the good old philologists used to read their Horace. If there are any signs of change, besides those of mere growth, in this work, they certainly
succeed in eluding the most careful search, undertaken with a full knowledge of Nietzsche's former opinions, and it would be interesting to know precisely where they are found by those writers whom the titles of the chapters, alone, seem so radically to have perturbed. My destiny ordained that I should be the first decent human being, and that I
should feel myself opposed to the falsehood of millenniums. —Mocks he so cruel: He must have wings, who loves the abyss, He must not stay on the cliff, As thou who hangest there!— O Zarathustra, Cruellest Nimrod! Of late still a hunter of God, A spider's web to capture virtue, An arrow of evil! Now Hunted by thyself, Thine own prey Caught in the
grip of thine own soul. * * * * Who hanker after the pay of it? A star went out in the desolate void, [Pg 202]And lone was the void. He who has any notion of the visions which even at that time had flitted across my path, will be able to guess what I felt when one day I came to my senses in Bayreuth. [Pg 6][Pg 7] On this perfect day, when
everything is ripening, and not only the grapes are getting brown, a ray of sunshine has fallen on my life: I looked before me, and never have I seen so many good things all at once. Oh, the solitude of all givers! Oh, the silence of all beacons! "Many are the suns that circle in barren space; to all that is dark do they speak with their
light—to me alone are they silent. A charming Russian lady will not be mistaken for a single moment concerning my origin. A purple dragon Lurks in the abyss of her maiden's glance. We do not know half enough about Lord Bacon—the first realist in all the highest acceptation of this word—to be sure of everything he did, everything he willed, and
everything he experienced in his inmost soul.... I know not what Wagner may have been for others; but no cloud ever darkened our sky. The German is a good fellow. And always for the same reason, always owing to their bottomless cowardice in the face of reality, which is also cowardice in the face of truth; always owing to the love of falsehood
which has become almost instinctive in them—in short, "idealism." It was the Germans who caused Europe to lose the fruits, the whole meaning of her last period of great intellect have been found, and are still found; where wit, subtlety, and malice
constitute happiness; where genius is almost necessarily at home: all of them rejoice in exceptionally dry air. "There are so many dawns which have not yet shed their light"—this Indian maxim is written over those who have neithe
heard of my name nor of the word philosophy. Whither all good people? And I am notwithstanding, or rather not notwithstanding, the mouthpiece of truth; for nothing more blown-out with falsehood has ever existed, than a saint. I can do nought else. And all this was believed in as morality!—Ecrasez l'infâme! 9 Have you understood me? A proof of
this, and as strong a proof as you could have, is my essay, Wagner in Bayreuth: in all its decisive psychological passages I am the only person concerned—without any hesitation you may read my name or the word "Zarathustra" wherever the text contains the name of Wagner. The bird that once appeared on earth As phœnix, is your, quest. —Silence!
My truth is speaking!— "Woe to thee, Zarathustra! Thou lookest like one That hath swallowed gold: [Pg 178]They will slit up thy belly yet! Thou art too rich, Thou corrupter of many! Thou makest too many jealous, Too many poor.... When I try to picture the character of a perfect reader, I always imagine a monster of courage and curiosity, as well as
of suppleness, cunning, and prudence—in short, a born adventurer and explorer. Came a distant song: In golden drops it rolled Over the glittering rim away. The yea-saying to the impermanence and annihilation of things, which is the decisive feature of a Dionysian[Pg 73] philosophy; the yea-saying to contradiction and war, the postulation of
Becoming, together with the radical rejection even of the concept Being— in all these things, at all events, I must recognise him who has come nearest to me in thought hither to. The art of grand rhythm, of grand[Pg 64] style in periods, for expressing the tremendous fluctuations of sublime and superhuman passion, was first discovered by me: with
the dithyramb entitled "The Seven Seals," which constitutes the last discourse of the third part of Zarathustra, I soared miles above all that which heretofore has been called poetry. "The man who remaineth a pupil requiteth his teacher but ill. 122). "Away from God and gods did this will lure me: what would there be to create if there were gods?
Christianity is most profoundly nihilistic, whereas in the Dionysian symbol, the most extreme limits of a yea-saying attitude to life are attained. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE
the whole of my intellectual routine, including my daily time-table, was an absolutely senseless abuse of extraordinary powers, without the slightest compensation for the strength that I spent, without even a thought of what I was squandering and how its place might be filled. In a trice I realised, with appalling clearness, how much time had already
been squandered—how futile and how senseless my whole existence as a philologist appeared by the side of my life-task. I am fond of clearing the air. The Project Gutenberg EBook of Ecce Homo, by Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with
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this, a certain superfluity of strength: for a man can approach only as near to truth as he has the courage to advance—that is to say, everything depends strictly upon the measure of his strength. I except no one, and least of all my friends,—I only trust that this has not prejudiced my reputation for humanity among them? Gradually less calmness
prevails; here and there a flash of lightning defines the horizon; exceedingly unpleasant truths break upon your ears from out remote distances with a dull, rumbling sound,—until very soon a fierce tempo is attained in which everything presses forward at a terrible degree of tension. To be able to be an enemy—maybe these things
presuppose a strong nature; in any case all strong natures involve these things. Let us look a century ahead, and let us suppose that my attempt to destroy two millenniums of hostility to Nature and of the violation of humanity be crowned with success That new party of life-advocates, which will undertake the greatest of all tasks, the elevation and
perfection of mankind, as well as the relentless destruction of all degenerate and parasitical elements, will make that superabundance of life on earth once more possible, out of which the Dionysian state will perforce arise again. This period of exactly eighteen months, might suggest, at least to Buddhists, that I am in reality a female elephant The
interval was devoted to the Gaya Scienza, which contains hundreds of indications of the proximity of something unparalleled; for, after all, it shows the beginning of Zarathustra, since it presents Zarathustra, since 
breach, any sort of violent and offensive step. To the first indications of ascending or of descending life my nostrils are more sensitive than those of any man that has yet lived. At the Court of Prussia I fear that Herr von Treitschke is regarded as deep. Shuddering, I heard through midnight breaking Raptures of thy voice—and howls of pain. Through
the good everything hath become false and crooked from the roots." Fortunately the world is not built merely upon those instincts which would secure to the good-natured herd animal his paltry happiness. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate While we cannot and do not
solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate. Those musicians who are called German, the greatest and most famous foremost, are all foreigners, either Slavs, Croats, Italians,
Dutchmen—or Jews; or else, like Heinrich Schütz, Bach, and Händel, they are Germans of a strong race which is now extinct. If a man wish to get rid of a feeling with a custom which I have long observed,—pure habits and honesty
towards myself are among the first conditions of my existence, I would die in unclean surroundings,—I swim, bathe, and splash about, as it were, incessantly in water, in any kind of perfectly transparent and shining element. Arr. The act of keeping things off, of holding them at a distance, amounts to a discharge of strength,—do not deceive yourselves
on this point!—and an expenditure of energy directed at purely negative ends. This is the exceptional case in which I, contrary to my principle and conviction, take the side of the altruistic instincts; for here they are concerned in subserving selfishness and self-discipline. Not only his words, but he himself is other than they. Came the spark right from the spa
the heart? The line in italics is my pretext for this remark. I am essentially the anti-ass, and on this account alone a monster in the world's history—in Greek, I am the Antichrist. After looking carefully about me, I have discovered that a large number of young men are all in the same state of distress: one kind of unnatural
practice perforce leads to another. The bond which unites us is the fact that we have suffered greater agony, even at each other's hands, than most men are able to bear nowadays, and this will always keep our names associated in the minds of men. The morality of self-renunciation is essentially the morality of degeneration; the fact, "I am going to
the dogs," is translated into the imperative," Ye shall all go to the dogs"—and not only into the imperative. Every kind of life, the most unfavourable circumstances, illness, poverty—anything seemed to me preferable to that undignified "selfishness" into which I had fallen; in the first place, thanks to my ignorance and youth, and in which I had
afterwards remained owing to laziness—the so-called "sense of duty." At this juncture there came to my help, in a way[Pg 88] that I cannot sufficiently admire, and which, at bottom, is no more than a predisposition to die young. In this respect there is
some sense in the fact that it was the hundredth anniversary of Voltaire's death that served, so to speak, as an excuse for the publication of the book as early as 1878. * * * Hast thou the lust to buy? "THE TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS: HOW TO PHILOSOPHISE WITH THE HAMMER" 1 This work—which covers scarcely one hundred and fifty
pages, with its cheerful and fateful tone, like a laughing demon, and the production of which occupied so few days that I hesitate to give their number—is altogether an exception among books: there is no work more rich in substance, more independent, more upsetting—more wicked. I, personally, the most essential opponent of Christianity, am far
from holding the individual responsible for what is the fatality of long ages. Downward from every height you've sunk, And in the depths still shine: The drunkenness of all the drunk, [Pg 169]Why do you ask for—wine? In 1813, the year of the great war, when Napoleon with his general staff entered Eilenburg on the 10th of October, she gave birth to
son. What meaning have those lying concepts, those handmaids of morality, "Soul," "Free will," "
which nothing could equal; and, certain at each moment of my immortality, I cut sign after sign upon tablets of brass with the sureness of Fate. When, after having written it down, I went out into the open that morning, I was greeted by the most beautiful day I had ever seen in the Upper Engadine—clear, glowing with colour, and presenting all the
contrasts and all the intermediary gradations between ice and the south. Song, gondolas, light, Floated a-twinkling out into the dusk. Nitimur in vetitum; with this device my philosophy will one day be victorious; for that which has hitherto been most stringently forbidden is, without exception, Truth. To this end, a man must never have spared himself
he must have been hard in his habits, in order to be good-humoured and merry among a host of inexorable truths. Until his coming no one knew what was height, or depth, and still less what was truth. "Feminism," whether in mankind or in man, is likewise a barrier to my writings; with it, no one could ever enter into this labyrinth of fearless
formulæ is it infected with the bitter odour of corpses which is peculiar to Schopenhauer. When he thinks, he responds to a stimulus (a thought he has read),—finally all he does is to react. Plato made use of Socrates in the same way—that is to say, as a cipher for Plato. Those noble natures are scarce who[Pg 106] know not how to live unless they can
revere. My old master Ritschl[Pg 60] went so far as to declare that I planned even my philological treatises after the manner of a Parisian novelist—that I made them absurdly thrilling. My form of retaliation consists in this: as soon as possible to
overtake it. Wagner himself had a notion of the truth; he did not recognise himself in the essay.—In this way, "the idea of Bayreuth" was changed into something which to those who are acquainted with my Zarathustra will be no riddle—that is to say, into the Great Noon when the highest of the elect will consecrate themselves for the greatest of all
duties—who knows? Do ye not flee from yourselves, O ye climbers? My experience gave me a right to feel suspicious in regard[Pg 18] to all so-called "unselfish" instincts, in regard to the whole of "neighbourly love" which is ever ready and waiting with deeds or with advice. Granting that one's life-task—the determination and the fate of one's life-task
—greatly exceeds the average measure of [Pg 49] such things, nothing more dangerous could be conceived than to come face to face with one's self by the side of this life-task and all its world-historic consequences, is well revealed throughout the
book, but more particularly in one very significant passage, despite the fact that, with my instinctive cunning, I once more circumvented the use of the little word "I,"—not however, this time, in order to shed world-historic glory on the names of Schopenhauer and Wagner, but on that of another of my friends, the excellent Dr. Paul Rée—fortunately
much too acute a creature to be deceived—others were less subtle. But of; what account is Zarathustra? START: FULL LICENSE THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by
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range of general or even rare experience—suppose it to be the first language to express a whole series of experiences. Are these the words and the thoughts of a man who Has lost, or who is losing control? BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL: "THE PRELUDE TO A PHILOSOPHY OF THE FUTURE" 1 My work for the years that followed was prescribed as
distinctly as possible. Before my time people did not know what could be done with the German language—what could be done with language in general. But just read this book! Maybe I have here succeeded in expressing this contrast in a cheerful and at the same time sympathetic manner—maybe this is the only purpose of the present work. Or
suppose I were to find a large German city—that structure of vice in which nothing grows, but where every single thing, whether good or bad, is squeezed in from outside. Ever fewer are they that mount with me to ever loftier heights. These prostitutes to gold, These merchant folk. [Pg 8][Pg 9] HOW ONE BECOMES WHAT ONE IS WHY I AM SO
WISE 1 The happiness of my existence, its unique character perhaps, consists in its fatefulness: to speak in a riddle, as my own father I am already dead, as my own father I 
pessimist: the instinct of self-recovery forbade my holding to a philosophy of poverty and desperation. There is contradiction in every word that he utters, this most yea-saying of all spirits. Creature of merry jest And favourite near and far, Pious with kindness blest, Amorosissima! What broke so soon the chain, What does your heart deplore? * * *
  * Amongst these virtuous, I prefer to be One guilty of all vile and horrid sin! And when I see fame's importunity So advertise her shameless harlotry, Ambition turns to gall. In this way I attacked David Strauss, or rather the success given to a senile book by the cultured classes of Germany—by this means I caught German culture red-handed. 3 Hush
I see vastness!—and of vasty things Shall man be dumb, unless he can enshrine Them with his words? If I now choose to compare myself with those creatures who have hitherto been honoured as the first among men, the difference becomes elevated
entirely to the sphere of spiritual warfare. A virtue-monster Mantled in white. These old friends, whose vanity as Würtembergians and Swabians I had deeply wounded in regarding their unique animal, their bird of Paradise, as a trifle comic, replied to me as ingenuously and as grossly as I could have wished. Once, when I whispered to a man that he
would do better I to seek for the Superman in a Cæsar Borgia than in a Parsifal, he could not believe his ears. One hears—one does not seek; one takes—one does not seek for the Superman in a Cæsar Borgia than in a Parsifal, he could not believe his ears.
74 Who is there that could bestow right upon thee? Away, away, ye truths That look so gloomy! I will not have on my mountains [Pg 176]Bitter, impatient truths. ("Here do all things come caressingly to thy discourse and flatter thee, for they would fain ride upon thy back. That energy with which I sentenced myself to absolute solitude, and to a
severance from all those conditions in life to which I had grown accustomed; my discipline of myself, and my refusal to be tended hand and foot, and to be doctored—all this betrays the absolute certainty of my instincts respecting what at that time was most needful to me. "Thus the greatest evil belongeth unto the
greatest good: but this is the creative good." I am by far the most terrible man that has ever existed; but this does not alter the fact that I shall become the most beneficent. Hillebrand could speak only in the terms of the highest respect, of the form of my book, of its consummate taste, of its perfect tact in discriminating between persons and causes
he characterised it as the best polemical work in the German language,—the best performance in the art of polemics, which for [Pg 79] Germans is so dangerous and so strongly to be deprecated. It is the only definition worthy of a philosopher. Only in one place does he appear to conceal something, and then he actually leads one to understand that he
is doing so. A sting of love? I require no "believers," it is my opinion that I am too full of malice to believe even in myself; I never address myself to masses. On every simile thou ridest here unto every truth. But now I throw my fool's cap o'er my head, [Pg 170]For I escaped! MUSIC OF THE SOUTH[5] All that my eagle e'er saw clear, I see and feel in
heart to-day (Although my hope was wan and gray) Thy song like arrow pierced mine ear, A balm to touch, a ba
poem, will divine why I preferred and admired it: there is greatness in them. It would seem as if a second consciousness had grown up in me, as if the "life-will" in me had thrown a light upon the downward path along which it has been running throughout the ages. But to have prickles amounts to a squandering of strength; they even constitute a
twofold luxury, when, if we only chose to do so, we could dispense with them and open our hands instead.... From this standpoint even the blunders of hesitation and of modesty, the earnestness wasted upon duties which lie outside the actual life
task. "Reason" at any cost, as a dangerous, life-undermining force. [Pg 14] 3 This double thread of experiences, this means of access to two worlds that seem so far asunder, finds in every detail its counterpart in my own nature—I am my own complement: I have a "second" sight, as well as a first. Yesterday, I had a thought, Was't a thought?—you
laugh and scorn! Did you ever have a thought? In a little spot called Klingenbrunn, deeply buried in the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness—and, from time to time, under the general title of "The Plough-share," I wrote a sentence or two down in my note-book, nothing but in the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness—and, from time to time, under the general title of "The Plough-share," I wrote a sentence or two down in my note-book, nothing but in the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness—and, from time to time, under the general title of "The Plough-share," I wrote a sentence or two down in my note-book, nothing but in the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness—and, from time to time, and the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness—and, from time to time, and the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and my contempt of Germans about with me like an illness—and, from time to time, and the recesses of the Bohmerwald, I carried my melancholy and the recesses of the Bohmerwald my m
severe psychological stuff, which[Pg 86] it is possible may have found its way into Human, all-too-Human. Whatever was hard —Sank into blue oblivion. But the most striking thing of all, the miracle, so to speak, of this autobiography, is the absence from it of that loathing, that suggestion of surfeit, with which a life such as the one Nietzsche had led
would have filled any other man even of power approximate to his own. DIONYSUS-DITHYRAMBS FRAGMENTS OF DIONYSUS-DITHYRAMBS HYMN TO LIFE, COMPOSED BY F. "Oh, I found it, my brethren! Up here, on the loftiest height, the spring of joyfulness gusheth forth for me. As a matter of fact, this ought to be pretty well known already, for
I have not "held my tongue" about myself. Are ye not, pray, Like to a ball Sped to the heights By the lowest that's in you? After all, no one can draw more out of things, books included, than he already knows. 1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any
word processing or hypertext form. When he has not a book between his fingers he cannot think. Not to cast out terror and pity, or to purge one's self of dangerous passion by discharging it with vehemence,—this was Aristotle's[2] misunderstanding of it.—but to be far beyond terror and pity and to be the eternal lust of Becoming
which also involves the joy of destruction." ... 1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS', WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY
PURPOSE. Now stand'st thou pale, A frozen pilgrimage thy doom, Like smoke whose trail Cold and still colder skies consume. This is bad indeed; but, that we should regard his worthiest aims and my publishers know this, and never
speak to me of such things. Zarathustra,[1] the first who recognised that the optimist is just as degenerate as the pessimist, though perhaps more[Pg 136] detrimental, says: "Good men never speak the truth. From the stone the fragments fly: what's that to me? The mouse that gave a mountain birth Is you yourself confessed! You're all and naught
you're inn and wine, You're phœnix, mountain, mouse. 2 This was said for the benefit of Germans: for everywhere else I have my readers—all of them exceptionally intelligent men, characters that have won their spurs and that have been reared in high offices and superior duties; I have even real geniuses among my readers. At heart I am a warrior
Thus, I am necessarily a man of Fate, Far too eagerly doth my heart jump to meet thee. In a chamber high above the Piazza just mentioned, from which one obtained a general view of Rome, and could hear the fountains plashing far below, the loneliest of all songs was composed—"The Night-Song," About this time I was obsessed by an unspeakably
sad melody, the refrain of which I recognised in the affords, "dead through immortality," ... * * * * The world stands never still, Night loves the glowing day— Sweet sounds to ear "I will!" [Pg 172]And sweeter still, Night loves the glowing day— Sweet sounds to ear "I will!" [Pg 172]And sweeter still, Night loves the glowing day— Sweet sounds to ear "I will!" [Pg 172]And sweeter still "I may!" THE HALCYONIAN[6] Addressing me most bashfully, A woman to-day said this: "What would you be like in ecstasy, If
sober you feel such bliss?" FINALE[6] Laughter is a serious art. No one hitherto has felt Christian morality beneath him; to that end there were needed height, a remoteness of vision, and an abysmal psychological depth, not believed to be possible hitherto. And my soul too is a gushing spring. He instinctively gathers his material from all he sees,
hears, and experiences. 55 All that you thought You had to despise, Where you only renounced! 56 All men repeat the refrain! No, no, and thrice say No! What's all this yap-yap talk of heaven? I made a note of the idea on a sheet of paper, with the postscript: "Six thousand feet beyond man and time." That day I happened to be wandering through the
woods alongside of the Lake of Silvaplana, and I halted not far from Surlei, beside a huge rock that towered aloft like a pyramid. Let the critics go to hell! Suppose I had christened my Zarathustra with a name not my own,—let us say with Richard Wagner's name,—the acumen of two thousand years would not have sufficed to guess that the author of
Human, all-too-Human was the visionary of Zarathustra. He, however, who is related to me through loftiness of will, experiences genuine raptures of understanding in [Pq 61] my books: for I swoop down from heights into which no bird has ever soared; I know abysses into which no foot has ever slipped. How did I deliver myself from loathing? Is it the
old countenance with which we are familiar, or are the features distorted, awry, disfigured? The last poem of all, "To the Mistral,"—an exuberant dance song in which, if you please, the new spirit dances freely upon the corpse of morality,—is a perfect Provençalism. The reply rang out from all sides, and certainly not only from old friends of David
Strauss, whom I had made ridiculous as the type of a German Philistine of Culture and a man of smug self-content—in short, as the author of that suburban gospel of his, called The Old and the New Faith (the term "Philistine of Culture" passed into the current language of Germany after the appearance of my book). of the present work; consider the
reserve and the restraint with which the idea in Aphorism 7 of that chapter is worked out,—not to speak of the restraint and self-mastery in the idea itself, namely:— "To be one's enemy's equal—this is the first condition of an honourable duel. Alas, my brethren! What are the—gods to me now?" Let me call attention to one last point of view. THE
LITTLE BRIG NAMED "LITTLE ANGEL"[6] "Little Angel" call they me!— Now a ship, but once a girl, Ah, and still too much a girl! My steering-wheel, so bright to see, [Pg 158]But for sake of love doth whirl. Looking back now, I find that exactly two months before this inspiration I had an omen of its coming in the form of a sudden and decisive changes.
in my tastes—more particularly in music. An essay on Beyond Good and Evil, by Dr. V. 20 Such is my will: And since 'tis my will, All goes as I wish—That was my final wisdom: I willed what I must, "And thus I forced every "must,"—Since then has been for me no "must." 23 Deceit Is war's whole art The fox's skin Is my secret shirt of mail 25 We of the
new underworld Grub for new treasures. Have the Germans ever produced even a book that had depth? I am more particularly anxious therefore to discover an explanation. It may be very harmful, and indispose you for the whole day, if it be taken the least bit too weak. For faster from the rock leaps down The torrent stream, as though to greet, And
stands, like a white column trembling, All yearning there. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. Distrustful, cankered, dour, his home Is shut so long from human sight? The idea of revelation, in the sense that
something which profoundly convulses and upsets one becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy—describes the simple fact. Or the proposition that "pleasure and pain are opposites." ... Would you hearken to the words spoken by Zarathustra concerning deliverance from loathing? Mortification, morbid
susceptibility, the inability to wreak revenge, the desire and thirst for revenge, the concoction of every sort of poison—this is surely the most injurious manner of reacting which could possibly be conceived by exhausted men. Time is reckoned up before him and after him. The first thing I ask myself when I begin analysing a man, is, whether he has a
feeling for distance in him; whether he sees rank, gradation, and order everywhere between man and man; whether he makes distinctions; for this is what constitutes a gentleman. It is even part of my ambition to be considered as essentially a despiser of Germans. Meanwhile the organising "idea," which is destined to become master, grows and
continues to grow into the depths,—it begins to command, it leads you slowly back from your[Pg 50] deviations and aberrations, it prepares individual qualities and capacities, which one day will make themselves felt as indispensable to the whole of your task,—step by step it cultivates all the serviceable faculties, before it ever whispers a word
concerning the dominant task, the "goal," the "object," and the "meaning" of it all. The concepts "soul," "spirit," and last of all the concept "immortal soul," were invented in order to make it sick and "holy," in order to make it s
seriously, i.e. the questions of nutrition and habitation, of intellectual diet, the treatment of the sick, cleanliness, and weather. The after-effects of this essay of mine proved invaluable to me in my life. 7 To the most exceptional of my readers I should like to say just one word about what I really exact from music. (It is said that in the year 1866 changes
were introduced into this department.) But as to German cookery in general—what has it not got on its conscience! Soup before the meal (still called alla tedesca in the Venetian cookery books of the sixteenth century); meat boiled to shreds, vegetables cooked with fat and flour; the degeneration of pastries into paper-weights! And, if you add thereto
the absolutely bestial post-prandial drinking habits of the ancients, and not alone of the ancient Germans, you will understand where German intellect took its origin—that is to say, in sadly disordered intestines.... Cruelty is here exposed, for the first time, as one of the oldest and most indispensable elements in the foundation of culture. General
Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Even to suffer from solitude is an objection—the only thing I have always suffered from is "multitude."[5][Pg 54] At an absurdly tender age, in fact when I was seven years old, I already knew that no human speech would ever reach me: did any one ever see me sad on that account? Truth to
tell, the emancipated are the anarchists in the "eternally feminine" world, the physiological mishaps, the most deep-rooted instinct of whom is revenge. Pathetic attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness; he who needs attitudes are not in keeping with greatness.
fact that one becomes what one is, presupposes that one has not the remotest suspicion of what one is. Another form of prudence and self-defence consists in trying to react as seldom as possible, and to keep one's "liberty" and one's
initiative, and become a mere reacting medium. [Pg 48] As an example of this I point to the intercourse with books. I am so constituted as to be gentle and kindly to every one,—I have the right not to draw distinctions,—but this does not prevent my eyes from being open. And with what mastery he wields his native tongue! One day it will be said of
Heine and me that we were by far the greatest artists of the German language an incalculable distance [Pg 40] behind us. And how often have I not been told by the "instruments" themselves, that they had never before heard their voices express such
beautiful things.... ANTHONY M. All this sort of thing refreshes a man. One must not have nerves.... I refuse to be a saint; I would rather be a clown. 2 In all its essential points, this book (1886) is a criticism of modernity, embracing the modern sciences, arts, even politics, together with certain indications as to a type which would be the reverse of
modern man, or as little like him as possible, a noble and yea-saying type. Previous to taking over the pastorship of the education of the four princesses. And in giving it, I shall have to touch upon that masterpiece in the art of self-
preservation, which is selfishness. He does not conceal the fact that his type of man is one which is relatively superhuman—especially as opposed to the "good" man, and that the good and the just would regard his superman as the devil. Have people had ears to hear my definition of love? [Pg 133] "And he who would be a creator in good and evil—
verily, he must first be a destroyer, and break values into pieces. I have known scholars who thought that Kant was deep. As far as I in particular am concerned, reading in general belongs to my means of recuperation; consequently it belongs to that which enables me to wander in strange sciences and strange souls—to
that, in fact, about which I am no longer in earnest. For three reasons I would except Wagner's Siegfried Idyll, and perhaps also one or two things of Liszt, who excelled all other musicians in the noble tone of his orchestration; and finally everything that has been produced beyond the Alps. [3] I could not possibly dispense with
Rossini, and still less with my Southern soul in music, the work of my Venetian maestro, Pietro Gasti. The most striking example of this was Madame Cosima Wagner, by far the most decisive voice in matters of taste that I have ever heard. Who are my father and mother? Ten days sufficed. "What forsooth hath come unto me? It was through the
cooking in voque at Leipzig, for instance, together with my first study of Schopenhauer (1865), that I earnestly renounced my "Will to Live." To spoil one's stomach by absorbing insufficient nourishment—this problem seemed to my mind solved with admirable felicity by the above-mentioned cookery. All the verses, unless otherwise stated, have been
translated by Mr. Paul Victor Cohn. I am gifted with a sense of cleanliness the keenness of which is phenomenal; so much so, that I can ascertain physiologically—that is to say, smell—the proximity, nay, the inmost core, the "entrails" of every human soul.... That which is called "deep" in Germany, is precisely this instinctive uncleanliness towards
one's self, of which I have just spoken: people refuse to be clear in regard to their own natures. 42 My wisdom was like to the sun, I longed to give them light, But I only deceived them. Of actual religious difficulties, for instance, I have no experience. A strong wind blows between the trees and in all directions fall the fruit—the truths. This of course
does not apply to a few details. To-day I stretch my hands Toward the tresses of chance, Wise enough to lead, To outwit chance like a child. I call all good, [Pg 196] Leaves and grass, happiness, blessing, and rain. I refer to their laxity in matters historical. Fancy this absence of party-feeling in the presence of opposites! Fancy this gastric neutrality and
"disinterestedness"! Behold this sense of justice in the German palate, which can grant equal rights to all,—which finds everything tasteful! Without a shadow of a doubt the German palate, which can grant equired no effort on my part to be
a "good European." On the other hand, I am perhaps more German than modern Germans—mere Imperial Germans—can hope to be.—I, the last anti-political German, "Little Angel" call they me— Think you I can bark and whine Like a dog, this mouth of mine Throwing smoke and flame full free? 80 Beware, And ne'er beat the drum Of thy destiny I Go
out of the way From all pom-pom of fame! * * * Be not known too soon! Be one that has hoarded renown! 81 Wilt thou grasp at the thorns? Ne'er I by fear more fell was shaken— Vanished my golden dreaming mood. At all events we both felt this was so, for each of us remained silent. 6 But I have chosen the title of Immoral is t as a surname
and as a badge of honour in yet another sense; I am very proud to possess this name which distinguishes me from all the rest of mankind. The reply to such a dithyramb on the sun's solitude in light would be Ariadne. If I try to find a new word for music, I can never find any other than Venice. In the history of knowledge, Germans are represented only
by doubtful names, they have been able to produce only "unconscious" swindlers (this word applies to Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Hegel, and Schleiermachers).[6] The Germans must not have the honour of seeing the first upright intellect in their history of intellects,
that intellect in which truth ultimately got the better of the fraud of four thousand years, reckoned as one with the German intellect. Secondly, I attack only those things against which I find no allies, against which I stand alone—against which I stand alone—against which I stand alone—against which I stand alone—against which I find no allies, against which I find no allies, against which I stand alone—against which
hand to hesitate and grasp more tenderly; which scents the hidden and forgotten treasure, the pearl of goodness and sweet spirituality, beneath thick black ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold, long buried and imprisoned in heaps of mud and sand.... This was fully grasped by that profound physiologist Buddha. At the blue he gazes ever,
Distance doth his soul enchain. My father died in his six-and-thirtieth year: he was delicate, lovable, and morbid, like one who is preordained to pay simply a flying visit—a gracious reminder of life rather than life itself. "My heart, whereon my summer burneth, my short, hot, melancholy, over-blessed summer: how my summer heart yearneth for thy
coolness! [Pg 27] "Farewell, the lingering affliction of my spring! Past is the wickedness of my snowflakes in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer noontide! "A summer in the loftiest heights, with cold springs and blessed! "For this is our height and our home
too high and steep is our dwelling for all the unclean and their appetites. 3 People have never asked me as they should have done, what the name of Zarathustra precisely meant in my mouth, in the mouth of the first immoralist; for that which distinguishes this Persian from all others in the past is the very fact that he was the exact reverse of an
immoralist. At the best one encounters a sort of revolt. I tasted all good things and even trifles in a way in which it was not easy for others to taste them—out of my Will to Health and to Life I made my[Pg 13] philosophy.... The lightning flash of truth struck precisely that which theretofore had stood highest: he who understands what was destroyed by
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that flash should look to see whether he still holds anything in his hands. But the greatness of human nature, its "divinity," was sought for in them.... Those—who keep silent are almost always lacking in subtlety and refinement of heart; silence is an objection, to swallow a grievance must necessarily produce a bad temper—it even upsets the stomach
I am much more interested in another question,—a question upon which the "salvation of humanity" depends to a far greater degree than it does upon any piece of theological curiosity: I refer to nutrition. Those aspects of life which Christians and other Nihilists reject, belong to an incalculably higher order in the hierarchy of values, than that which
the instinct of degeneration calls good, and may call good. A man has no ears for that to which experience has given him no access. The songs of Prince Free-as-a-Bird, which, for the most part, were written in Sicily, remind me quite forcibly of that Provencal notion of "Gaya Scienza," of that union of singer, knight, and free spirit, which distinguishes
that wonderfully early culture of the Provencals from all ambiguous cultures. The body is inspired: let us waive the question of soul." I might often have been seen dancing in those days, and I could then walk for seven or eight hours on end over the hills without a suggestion of fatigue. The fact that such things were possible in the German language
still awaited proof; formerly, I myself would have denied most emphatically that it was possible. Well then, I venture to assert that I have ever been seen. 2 If you should require a formula for a destiny of this kind that has taken human form, you will find it in my Zarathustra. My whole life is essentially a proof of this remark.
He believes neither in "ill-luck" nor "guilt"; he can digest himself and others; he knows how to forget—he is strong enough to make everything turn to his superabundance of light and power, thanks to the sun within him, is condemned never
to love. Goodness in a woman is already a sign of degeneration. Through long experience, derived from such wanderings in forbidden country, I acquired an opinion very different from that which may seem generally desirable, of the causes which hitherto have led to men's moralising and idealising. Maybe the poor wine of Naumburg was partly
responsible for this poor opinion of wine in general. The sceptics!—the only honourable types among that double-faced and sometimes quintuple-faced throng, the philosophers!.... The whole panorama of the dithyrambic artist is the representation of the already existing author of Zarathustra, and it is drawn with an abysmal depth which does not even
once come into contact with the real Wagner. During this period I wrote The Wanderer and His Shadow. He reacts slowly to all kinds of stimulus; he would not dream of meeting it half-way. It also seems to me that the rudest word, the
rudest letter, is more good-natured, more straightforward, than silence. 1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm
License. There is no prouder or at the same time more subtle kind of books: they sometimes attain to the highest pinnacle of earthly endeavour, cynicism; to capture their thoughts a man must have the tenderest fingers as well as the most intrepid fists. TREE IN AUTUMN Why did ye, blockheads, me awaken While I in blissful blindness stood? In the
great economy of the whole universe, the terrors of reality (in the passions, in the desires, in the will to power) are incalculably more necessary than that form of petty happiness which is called "goodness"; it is even needful to practise leniency in order so much as to allow the latter a place at all, seeing that it is based upon a falsification of the
 instincts. That is why my relations with my fellows try my patience to no small extent; my humanity does not consist in the fact that I understand the feelings of my fellows, but that I can endure to understand.... In this domain I am a master to my backbone—I know both sides, for I am both sides. Fly, bird, and screech, Like desert-fowl, thy song apart
Hide out of reach, Fool! in grim ice thy bleeding heart. If in anything at all, it was in this that I became a master. The name of Voltaire on one of my writings—that was verily a step forward—in my direction.... "A tombstone fool!" you laugh: I kissed—I'll not deny— E'en the long epitaph. Opera and revolution, for instance.... Is there any one except me
who knows the way out of this cul-de-sac? He is quite priceless, with his psychologist's eye, quick at forestalling and anticipating; with his grasp of facts (ex ungue Napoleonem); and, last but not least, as an honest atheist—a specimen which is both rare and difficult to discover
in France—all honour to Prosper Mérimée!... It took Nietzsche barely three weeks to write this story of his life. "But in mine own light do I live, ever back into myself do I drink the flames I send forth. I am the first immoralist, and in this sense I am essentially the annihilator. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply
to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. And who, pray, would not fain, If you loved him, adore?—You're mute, but from your eye, The tear-drop is not far, You're mute; you'll yearn and die, Amorosissima? On that account alone, this treatise was an event in
Wagner's life: thenceforward great hopes surrounded the name of Wagner. For the same reasons all those interminable meals, which I call interrupted sacrificial feasts, and which are to be had at any table d'hôte, are strongly to be deprecated. There is an instinct for rhythmic relations which embraces a whole world of forms (length, the need of a
wide-embracing rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of an inspiration, a sort of counterpart to its pressure and divinity. 107 Love thy foe, Let the robber rob thee: The woman hears and—does it. 78 What none can refute Ye
say must be true? Take heed, lest a statue crush you. I know men better. "The saying of yea to life, and even to its weirdest and most difficult problems: the will to life rejoicing at its own infinite vitality in the sacrifice of its highest types—that is what I meant as the bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. "Alas,
about me there is ice, my hand burneth itself against ice! "Alas, within me is a thirst that thirsteth for your thirst! "It is night: now doth my longing burst forth like a spring,—for speech do I long. In one part of the book the Christian priesthood is referred to as
a "perfidious order of goblins," as "subterraneans." 2 This start of mine was remarkable beyond measure. I threw—and fear has made me speedy— [Pg 162]Dishes of ripe fruit—at your head. I still remained a little doubtful about Heraclitus, in whose presence, alone, I felt warmer and more at ease than anywhere else. Luther and the "rebirth of
morality"! May all psychology go to the devil! Without a shadow of a doubt the Germans are idealists. But in order to feel this, one must be an abyss, a philosopher.... Grasp them, they pinch you; Leave them alone, and they walk backward. For Chorus and Orchestra. It is war, but war without powder and smoke, without warlike
attitudes, without pathos and contorted limbs—all these things would still be "idealism." One error after the other is quietly laid upon ice; the ideal is not refuted,—it freezes. Such natures need resistance, consequently they go in search of obstacles: the pathos of aggression belongs of necessity to strength as much as the feelings of revenge and of
rancour belong to weakness. It needs no skill. No one has ever existed who has had more novel, more strange, and purposely created art forms to fling to the winds. Even to this day, people remind me, sometimes in the middle of Parsifal, that it rests on my conscience if the opinion, that this movement is of great value to culture, at length became
prevalent I have often seen the book quoted as "The Second Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music": people had ears only for new formulæ for Wagner's art, his object and his mission—and in this way the real hidden value of the book was overlooked. Nay, nay, I cannot die! THE NEW COLUMBUS[8] "Dearest," said Columbus, "never Trust a
 Genoese again. It is in regard to Wagner, the greatest friend of his life. The involuntary nature of the figures and similes is the most remarkable thing; one loses all perception of what is imagery and metaphor; everything seems to present itself as the readiest, the truest, and simplest means of expression. When a degenerate kind of man has
succeeded to the highest rank among the human species, his position must have been gained at the cost of the reverse type—at the cost of the strong man who is certain of life. On the contrary, attacking is to me a proof of goodwill and, in certain circumstances, of gratitude. 43 Blacker and eviller things didst thou see than ever a seer did: Through
the revels of Hell no sage had ever journeyed. I fear that on one occasion, to avoid bad[Pg 104] smells as much as possible, I actually inquired at the Palazzo del Quirinale whether they could not provide a quiet room for a philosopher. The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states
of the United States. Everybody has his own standard in this matter, often between the narrowest and most delicate limits. No one can point to any moment of my life in which I have to check the laws of the country where you are located before
using this ebook. Through his perfection I suffered most from men.[1] 36 "Man is evil." So spake the wisest For my consolement. The few instances of higher culture with which I have[Pg 38] met in Germany were all French in their origin. In the autumn of 1886 I chanced to be there again when he was revisiting this small forgotten
world of happiness for the last time. "Thus, like figs, do these precepts drop down to you, my friends; now drink their juice and their sweet pulp. Alcoholic drinks do not agree with me; a single glass of wine or beer a day is amply sufficient to turn life into a valley of tears[Pg 31] for me;—in Munich live my antipodes. Now that, from some distance, I
can look back upon the conditions of which these essays are the testimony, I would be loth to deny that they refer simply to me. There was also the Hegelian, Bruno Bauer, who from that time became one of my most attentive readers. I contradict as no one has contradicted hitherto, and am nevertheless the reverse of a negative spirit. God help me
Amen.—We all know, some of us even from experience, what a "long-ears" is. Thirdly, I never make personal attacks—I use a personality merely as a magnifying-glass, by means of which I render a general, but elusive and scarcely noticeable evil, more apparent.... The popular word for this instinct of defence is taste. [Pg 174][Pg 175] OF THE
POVERTY OF THE RICHEST Ten years passed by—Not a drop reached me, No rain-fraught wind, no dew of love —A rainless land.... The foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. The downward path—hitherto this had been called the road to "Truth." All obscure impulse—"darkness and dismay"—is at an end, the "good
man" was precisely he who was least aware of the proper way.[1] And, speaking in all earnestness, no one before me knew the proper way, the way upwards: only after my time could men once more find hope, life-tasks, and roads mapped out[Pg 120] that lead to culture—I am the joyful harbinger of this culture. I build me a mountain range of ever
holier mountains." If all the spirit and goodness of every great soul were collected together, the whole could not create a single one of Zarathustra's discourses. But I need solitude—that is to say, recovery, [Pg 26] return to myself, the breathing of free, crisp, bracing air.... He who not only understands the word "Dionysian," but understands himself in
that term, does not require any refutation of Plato, or of Christianity, or of Schopenhauer—for his nose scents decomposition. In this case nothing is heard there is nothing to hear.... To-day, to-day alone, My soul to tears is stirred, At thee,
the pictured stone, At thee, the graven word. Here are a few more indications as to my morality. "Ye honour me; but what if your reverence should one day break down? I am not successful at being pompous, the most I can do is to appear embarrassed.... Religions are matters for the mob; after coming in contact with a religious man, I always feel that
I must wash my hands.... Morality, the Circe of mankind, has falsified everything psychological, root and branch—it has demoralised everything, even to the terribly nonsensical point of calling love "unselfish." A man must first be firmly poised, he must stand securely on his two legs, otherwise he cannot love at all.[Pg 65] This indeed the girls know
only too well: they don't care two pins about unselfish and merely objective men.... TO FRIENDSHIP Hail to thee, Friendship! My hope consummate, My first red daybreak! [Pg 161]Alas, so endless Oft path and night seemed, And life's long road Aimless and hateful! Now life I'd double In thine eyes seeing Dawn-glory, triumph, Most gracious goddess.
PINE TREE AND LIGHTNING O'er man and beast I grew so high, And speak—but none will give reply. All this am I—shuddering I feel it all—O butterfly beguiled, O lonely flower, The vulture and the ice-pent waterfall, The moaning storm—all symbols of thy power,—Thou goddess grim before whom deeply bowed, With head on knee, my lips with
pæans bursting, I lift a dreadful song and cry aloud For Life, for Life song and cry aloud For Life song and cry aloud For Life, for Life song and cry aloud For Life song and cry alo
the song of a lover." 8 Such things have never been written, never been suffered: only a God, only Dionysus suffers in this way. As I was born on the 15 th of October, the birthday of the king above mentioned, I naturally received the Hohenzollern names of Frederick William. With my head wrapped in bandages, and extremely painful,
I dictated while he wrote and corrected as he went along—to be accurate, he was the real composer, whereas I was only the author. Here, take another handful—stay, Take all I have, you swine—you may Eat till your filth is purged away. What was it? The definition of morality; Morality is the idiosyncrasy of decadents, actuated by a desire to avenge
 themselves with success upon life. To me it seems that these instincts are a sign of weakness, they are an example of the inability to withstand a stimulus—it is only among decadents that this pity is called a virtue. This, at least, has been my usual experience, and proves, if you will, the originality of my experience. "I walk among men as among
fragments of the future: of that future which I see. If, however, they demand a like modesty on the part of the truly great; if they raise their voices against Nietzsche's famous remark: "Nur Lumpe sind bescheiden" (Only nobodies are
ever modest). THE WANDERER[3] All through the night a wanderer walks Sturdy of stride, With winding vale and sloping height E'er at his side. Art thou proud? 5, part 10).... I must go back six months to catch myself with a book in[Pg 37] my hand. Mankind can begin to have fresh hopes, only now that I have lived. "On the tree called Future do we
build our nest: eagles shall bring food in their beaks unto us lonely ones! "Verily not the food whereof the understand this type, you must first be quite clear concerning its fundamental physiological condition: this condition is what I call great healthiness. For Heaven's sake do not confound me with any one else! 2
I am, for instance, in no wise a bogey man, or moral monster. The fact that he condescended to the Germans—that he became a German Imperialist.... If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. Morality conceived as Vampirism.... The refusal to see that this reality is not so constituted as always to be
stimulating beneficent instincts, and still less, so as to suffer at all moments the intrusion of ignorant and good-natured hands. Now Lonely to me and thee, Twofold in thine own knowledge, Mid a hundred mirrors False to thyself, Mid a hundred mirrors False to the 
knower! [Pg 180]Self-hangman! Why didst bind thyself With the noose of thy wisdom? Why stand'st thou now? Neither for the second, the first, nor the third part, have I required a day longer. The devil is simply God's moment of idleness, on that seventh day. If my observation has been correct, such people, whom my sense of cleanliness rejects, also
become conscious, on their part, of the cautiousness to which my loathing prompts me: and this does not make them any more fragrant.... When on one occasion Dr. Heinrich von Stein honestly complained that he could not understand a word of my Zarathustra, I said to him that this was just as it should be: to have understood six sentences in that
book—that is to say, to have lived them—raises a man to a higher level among mortals than "modern" men can attain. It is called a book for free spirits: almost every sentence in it is the expression of a triumph—by means of it I purged myself of everything in me which was foreign to my nature. Without a doubt I was conversant with shadows then.
"Little Angel" call they me!— Now a ship, but once a girl, Ah, and still too much a girl! My steering-wheel, so bright to see, For sake of love alone doth whirl. Disraeli says in Contarini Fleming (Part iv. Ye are my believers: but of what account are all believers? Thus oft thou saw'st me,—yesterday, at least,— Full in the morning sun and its hot beaming
While, visioning the carrion of his feast, The hungry vulture valleyward flew screaming. Fair Hope fled far— He waileth after. By its very fulness did my virtue grow weary of itself. A few steps farther in this direction we find the fakir, who will sleep for weeks in a tomb.... The great poet draws his creations only from out of his own reality. I tried to
leave it. See paragraph 1.C below. In vino Veritas: it seems that here once more I am at variance with the rest of the world about the concept "Truth"—with me spirit moves on the face of the waters.... Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution. Thirdly, I never make personal attacks—I use a personality
merely as a magnifying-glass, by means of which I render a general, but elusive and scarcely noticeable evil, more apparent. I have heard this said even about Zarathustra, which of my friends would have seen more in it than a piece of unwarrantable, though fortunately harmless, arrogance? I was the first to
discover truth, and for the simple reason that I was the first who became conscious of falsehood—that is to say, I smelt it as such. On pages 174 and 175 the style of Zarathustra is described and foretold with incisive certainty, and no more magnificent expression will ever be found than that on pages 144-147 for the event for which
Zarathustra stands—that prodigious act of the purification and consecration of mankind. "For such vengeance doth my lone in which men will live and teach, as I understand living and teaching; maybe, also, that by that time, chairs will be founded and
endowed for the interpretation of Zarathustra. It was then that [Pg 97] the thought struck me. People are silent. This, without the slightest doubt, was my intimate relationship with Richard Wagner. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. Again and again I said to him
that this was all owing to the splendid air; everybody felt the same,—one could not stand 6000 feet above Bayreuth for nothing,—but he would not believe me.... How could I help being thankful to the whole of my life? Meanwhile, I had slowly to look about me for my peers, for those who, out of strength, would proffer me a helping hand in my work of
destruction. The latter spent the whole of her youth in good old Weimar, not without coming into contact with Goethe's circle. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. If a man would not do a sad wrong to his wisdom, he must, above all give proper heed
to the tones—the halcyonic tones—that fall from the lips of Zarathustra:— "The most silent words are harbingers of the storm; thoughts that come on dove's feet lead the world. Knowledge, and the affirmation of reality, are just as necessary to the strong man as cowardice, the flight from reality—in fact, the "ideal"—are necessary to the weak inspired
by weakness.... 2 This book was begun during the first musical festival at Bayreuth; a feeling of profound strangeness towards everything that surrounded me there, is one of its first conditions. "THOUGHTS OUT OF SEASON" 1 The four essays composing the Thoughts out of Season are thoroughly warlike in tone. Our greatest expenditure of strength
is made up of those small and most frequent discharges of it. You have understood my meaning. Good style, in itself, " or "the thing-in-itself." All this takes for granted, of course, that there exist ears that can hear, and such men as are capable and
worthy of a like pathos, that those are not wanting unto whom one may communicate one's self. The man who[Pg 142] unmasks morality has also unmasked the worthlessness of the values in which men either believe or have been
pronounced holy; all he can see in them is the most fatal kind of abortions, fatal, because they fascinate. In any case, the Stoics, who derived nearly all their fundamental ideas from Heraclitus, show traces of it. You even crush some to death, there are too many of them. But the power for the greatest realism in vision is not only compatible with the
greatest realism in deeds, with the monstrous in deeds, with the monstrous in deeds, with crime—it actually presupposes the latter. The essays made him foresee a great future for me, namely, that of bringing about a sort of crisis and decisive turning-point in the problem of atheism, of which he recognised in me the monstrous in deeds, with crime—it actually presupposes the latter. The essays made him foresee a great future for me, namely, that of bringing about a sort of crisis and decisive turning-point in the problem of atheix me the monstrous in deeds, with the monstrous in deeds, with the monstrous in deeds, with crime—it actually presupposes the latter. The essays made him foresee a great future for me, namely, that of bringing about a sort of crisis and decisive turning-point in the problem of atheix me the monstrous in deeds, with the monstrous indicates and the monstrous 
better than any one the prodigious feats of which Wagner was capable, the fifty worlds of strange ecstasies to which no one else had wings to soar; and as I am alive to-day and strong enough to turn even the most suspicious and most dangerous things to my own advantage, and thus to grow stronger, I declare Wagner to have been the greatest
benefactor of my life. Allow me to congratulate you. And there is a life at the well of which no rabble can drink with you. Song upon trembling song by starts and fits I chant, in rhythm all my thought unfolding, The black ink flows, the pointed goose-quill spits, O goddess—leave me to my scolding! [Pg 151] AFTER A NIGHT STORM[2] To-day
in misty veils thou hangest dimly, Gloomy goddess, o'er my window-pane. Any style is good which genuinely communicates an inner condition, which does not blunder over the signs, or over moods—all the laws of phrasing are the outcome of representing moods artistically. * *
loves, I touch with gloves, And scorning beat Beneath my feet. In the ensuing winter, beneath the halcyon sky of Nice, which then for the first time poured its light into my life, I found the third Zarathustra—and came to the end of my task: the whole having occupied me scarcely a year. 2 But here nothing shall stop me from being rude, and from
telling the Germans one or two unpleasant home truths: who else would do it if I did not? Music, gondolas, lights—Drunk, swam far forth in the gloom.... Without a shadow of doubt the Germans are idealists. Around but waves and play. 3 Golden gaiety, come! Thou, the sweetest foretaste—Foretaste—Foretaste of death!—Went I my way too swiftly? Maybe that
I am even envious of Stendhal? 34 Ah, my friends, Whither has flown all that is called "good"? Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1. 1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply
 with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9. 1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that * You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your
applicable taxes. So here I wait and firmly clasp What eye and hand will let me grasp! Five-foot-broad ledge, red morning's breath, And under me—world, man, and death! JOYFUL WISDOM This is no book—for such, who looks? This was the superfluous and foolish element in my existence; something from which nothing could spring, and for which
there can be no settlement and no compensation. "Who doubts," he says, "that I, old artillery-man that I am, would be able if I liked to point my heavy guns at Wagner" (p. The law of selection is thwarted, an ideal is made out of opposition to the proud
well-constituted man, to him who says yea to life, to him who is certain of the future—this man is henceforth called the evil one. The psychological problem presented by the type of Zarathustra is, how can he, who in an unprecedented manner says no, and acts no, in regard to all that which has been affirmed hitherto
remain nevertheless a yea-saying spirit? Before my time no such thing existed as this translation of the Dionysian phenomenon into philosophic emotion: tragic wisdom was lacking; in vain have I sought for signs of it even among the great Greeks in philosophy—those belonging to the two centuries before Socrates. For my part, these things have
never caused me any pain; that which is necessary does not offend me. Such things a man cannot guess—he either is the thing, or he is not. Ten years were behind me, during which I had added not a single useful fragment to my knowledge, and had forgotten
whole, the overestimation of goodness and kindness seems to me already a consequence of decadence, a symptom of weakness, and incompatible with any ascending and yea-saying life. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition left in one, it would hardly be possible completely to set aside the idea that one is the mere[Pg 102] incarnation,
passage, and from no other, that you must set out to understand the goal to which Zarathustra aspires—the kind of man that he[Pg 138] conceives sees reality as it is; he is strong enough for this—he is not estranged or far removed from it, he is that reality himself, in his own nature can be found all the terrible and questionable character of reality.
only thus can man have greatness. The halcyonic brightness, the light feet, the presence of wickedness and exuberance throughout, and all that is the essence of the type Zarathustra, was never dreamt of before as a prerequisite of greatness. He has, therefore, made a very plentiful selection from the Songs and Epigrams, nearly all of which are to be
robbing existence of its greatest character, castrating man, and reducing humanity to a sort of wretched Chinadom. What man, before my time, had descended into the underground caverns from out of which the poisonous fumes of this ideal—of this slandering of the world—burst forth? A man's imperative command is not only to say "no" in cases
deformed even in thy grave, [Pg 181]Deformed spirit! And of late still so proud On all the stills of thy pride! Of late still to proud on all the stills of thy pride! The scarlet prince of every devilment!... W. Expressed morally, to love one's neighbour and to live for others and for other things may be the means of protection employed
to maintain the hardest kind of egoism. Maybe I am a clown. * * * Speak, why does Zarathustra roam Upon the towering mountain-height? Title: Ecce Homo Complete Works, Volume Seventeen Author: Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche Editor: Oscar Levy Translator: Anthony M. Everything which until then was called truth, has been revealed as the
fall, their red skins are rent. If I do not read, but literally love Pascal? 30 His pity is cruel, His loving hand-clasp bruises, Give not a giant your hand! 31 Ye fear me? 64 Once more must ye plunge in the throng—In the throng—In the throng—In the throng ye grow hard and smooth. In his teaching alone is truthfulness upheld as the highest virtue—that is to say, as the reverse of the
cowardice of the "idealist" who takes to his heels at the sight of reality. Fancy blundering in this way, not as a people, but as a whole species! as humanity! To teach the contempt of all the principal instincts of life; to posit falsely the existence of a "soul," of a "spirit," in order to be able to defy the body; to spread the feeling that
there is something impure in the very first prerequisite of life—in sex; to seek the principle of evil in the profound need of growth and expansion—that is to say, in severe self-love (the term itself is slanderous); and conversely to see a higher moral value—but what am I talking about?—I mean the moral value per se, in the typical signs of decline, in the
antagonism of the instincts, in "selflessness," in the loss of ballast, in "the suppression of the personal element," and in "love of one's neighbour" (neighbour" the suppression of the personal element," and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and in "love of one's neighbour" the suppression of the personal element, and the suppression of the personal element element
their desire, Stretches its neck towards ever pure foolery"![3] He who has an eye for colour will call him a diamond. A craving for love is within me, which itself speaketh the language of love. [Pg 1] PREFACE 1 As it is my
intention within a very short time to confront my fellow-men with the very greatest demand that I am. My cure was simply the result of it. Ages and peoples, the first as well as the last, philosophers and old women, with the exception of five or six
moments in history (and of myself, the seventh), are all alike in this. Let thy purse be deep, And let their greedy paws unhindered creep Into its depths. The state of my eyes alone put an end to all book-wormishness, or, in plain English—philology: I was thus delivered from books; for years I ceased from reading, and this was the greatest boon I ever
conferred upon myself! That nethermost self, which was, as it were, entombed, and which had grown dumb because it had been forced to listen perpetually to other selves (for that is what reading means!), slowly awakened; at first it was shy and doubtful, but at last it spoke again Never have I rejoiced more over my condition than during the sickest
and most painful moments of my life. "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word, That my lover, when he heard, Fast and far away did flee: Yes, I killed him with that word! "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word, That my lover, when he heard, Fast and far away did flee: Yes, I killed him with that word! "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word, That my lover, when he heard, Fast and far away did flee: Yes, I killed him with that word! "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word, That my lover, when he heard, Fast and far away did flee: Yes, I killed him with that word! "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word, That my lover, when he heard, Fast and far away did flee: Yes, I killed him with that word! "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word, That my lover, when he heard, Fast and far away did flee: Yes, I killed him with that word! "Little Angel" call they me— Once I spoke a bitter word."
allurement of that[Pg 143] which is detrimental, the inability to discover one's own advantage and self-destruction, are made into absolute qualities, into the "duty," the "holiness," and the "divinity" of man. As the German edition, however, contains nearly all that Nietzsche left behind, either in small notebooks or on scraps of paper, the editor could
not well suppress everything that was not prepared for publication by Nietzsche himself, more particularly as some of the verses are really very remarkable. Throw thy heaviest load in the sea! Here is the sea, hurl thyself in the sea! Divine is the art of forgetting! 69 Look forward, never look back! We sink to the depths If we peer ever into the depths
So crouched did I enjoy the vulture's span, The thunder of the avalanche's paces, Thou spakest to me—nor wast false like man, Thou spakest, but with stern and dreadful faces. As to what I understand by being a philosopher,—that is to say, a terrible explosive in the presence of [Pg 82] which everything is in danger; as to how I sever my idea of the
philosopher by miles from that other idea of him which includes even a Kant, not to speak of the academic "ruminators" and other professors of philosophy,—concerning all these things this essay provides invaluable information, even granting that at bottom, it is not "Schopenhauer as Educator" but "Nietzsche as Educator," who speaks his sentiments
in it. As late as last summer, at a time when I was attempting, perhaps by means of my weighty, all-too-weighty literature off its balance, a certain professor of Berlin University kindly gave me to understand that I ought really to make use of a different form: no one could read such stuff as I wrote.—Finally, it was not
Germany, but Switzerland that presented me with the two most extreme cases. 60 Of death we are sure, So why not be merry? Did it not sound as if two swords had crossed? And if I make not straight my track, But, far as may be, wind and bend, That's how the sage begins his tack, And that is how the fool will—end. Without hesitating, or allowing
myself to be disturbed for a single moment, I returned to my work, only the last quarter of which had still to be written. Coffins and shrouds, naught else, are books! What's dead and gone they make their prey, [Pg 167]Yet in my book lives fresh To-day. "Whither have ye fled, the tears of mine eyes and the bloom of my heart? In 2001, the Project
Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. A man pays dearly for being immortal: to this end he must die many times over during his life. "THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA: A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE" 1 I now wish to relate the history of
Zarathustra. And so a good conscience I took. The same applies once more and in the highest degree to La Gaya Scienza: in almost every sentence of this book, profundity and playfulness go gently hand in hand. Why stands he now, That luckless, roaming wight?" TO THE GLACIER At noontide hour, when first, Into the mountains Summer
treads, Summer, the boy with eyes so hot and weary, Then too he speaks, [Pg 154]Yet we can only see his speech. nay, Why be so rudely modest, pray? The unexpected has always found me equal to it; I must be unprepared in order to keep my self-command. perhaps even the liberum veto[1] When I think of the number of times in my travels that I
have been accosted as a Pole, even by Poles themselves, and how seldom I have been taken for a German in them. We happen to know from another artist and profound thinker, Benjamin Disraeli, who himself had experienced a dangerous breakdown, what the
consequences precisely are of indulging in excessive activity in the sphere of the spirit, more particularly when that spirit is highly organised. He who with lightning-flash would touch Must long remain a cloud! THE NEW TESTAMENT[3] Is this your Book of Sacred Lore, For blessing, cursing, and such uses?— Come, come now: at the very door God
some one else's wife seduces? —Silence! A truth passes over me Like a cloud,— With invisible lightnings it strikes me, On broad, slow stairs, Its happiness climbs to me: Come, come, beloved truth! —Silence! 'Tis my truth! From timid eyes, From velvet shudders, Her glance meets mine, Sweet and wicked, a maiden's glance. Alas! how happy I should
be to prove a false prophet in this matter! My natural readers and listeners are already Russians, Scandinavians, and Frenchmen—will they always be the same? If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or
limitation permitted by the applicable state law. 1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Six solitudes he knows already—But even the sea was not lonely enough for him, On the island he could climb, on the mount he became flame, At the seventh solitude He casts a fishing-rod far o'er
his head. The ice is near, the loneliness is terrible—but how serenely everything lies in the sunshine! how freely one can breathe! how much, one feels, lies beneath one! Philosophy, as I have understood it hitherto, is a voluntary retirement into regions of ice and mountain-peaks—the seeking—out of everything strange and questionable in existence,
everything upon which, hitherto, morality has set its ban. 'The moral man,' he says is no nearer to the intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for there is no intelligible (metaphysical) world than is the physical man, for the moral man, f
other, perhaps in some future period,—1890!—serve as the axe which is applied to the root of the 'metaphysical need' of man,—whether more as a blessing than a curse to the general welfare it is not easy to say; but in any case as a theory with the most important consequences, at once fruitful and terrible, and looking into the world with that Janus-
face which all great knowledge possesses."[4] "THE DAWN OF DAY: THOUGHTS ABOUT MORALITY AS A PREJUDICE" 1 With this book I open my campaign against morality. It was a foreigner, a Dane, who first showed sufficient keenness of instinct and of courage to do this, and who protested indignantly against my so-called friends. He is one of
involves her susceptibility in the presence of other people's suffering. 75-76, 80, 81, 82), a summing up which a most critical analysis of the essays in question can but verify. [Pg xii] Romanticism, idealism, Christianity, are still scorned and despised; another outlook, a nobler, braver, and more earthly outlook, is still upheld and revered; the great year
to life, including all that it contains that it contains that is terrible and questionable, is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, Christians, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, Christians, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, Christians, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, Christians, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, Christians, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, Christians, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, anarchists, and other decadents; and Germany, "Europe's flatland," is still pronounced in the teeth of pessimists, nihilists, anarchists, and other decadents; and the teeth of pessimists and the teeth of 
not, I will describe it. And in so doing they laid on their conscience everything that followed, everything that exists to-day,—this sickliness and want of reason which Europe is suffering acutely; this eternal subdivision of Europe into petty states, with
politics on a municipal scale: they have robbed Europe itself of its significance, of its reason,—and have stuffed it into a cul-de-sac. In the Transvaluation of all Values, in an emancipation from all moral values, in a saying of yea, and in an attitude of trust, to all that which hitherto has been forbidden, despised, and damned. But majesty you thus deride
— Genii majestatem! To HAFIZ (Toast Question of a Water-Drinker) What you have builded, yonder inn, O'ertops all houses high: The posset you have brewed therein The world will ne'er drink dry. They also wish to "improve" mankind, after their own fashion—that is to say, in their own image; against that which I stand for and desire, they would
 wage an implacable war, if only they understood it; the whole gang of them still believe in an "ideal." ... "My joy in giving died with the deed. They have never undergone a seventeenth century of hard self-examination, as the French have,—a La Rochefoucauld, a Descartes, are a thousand times more upright than the very first among Germans,—the
latter have not yet had any psychologists. The whole surface of consciousness—for consciousness—for consciousness is a surface—must be kept free from any one of the great imperatives. And perhaps I also have a third sight. On the other hand, I have met with far too much pure foolery!... This morality of self-renunciation, which is the only kind of morality that has
been taught hitherto, betrays the will to nonentity—it denies life to the very roots. * * * Ye, who have roofs, go quickly, creep and hide! To bed, ye tenderlings! For thunders loud Upon the blasts of storm triumphant ride, [Pg 187]And bastions and ramparts sway and rock, The lightning sears the dusky face of night, And eerie truths like gleams
of Hades mock The sense familiar. Set Darwin up by Goethe's side? When earnestness is diverted from the instincts that aim at self-preservation and an increase of life; when anæmia is raised to an ideal and the contempt of the body is construed as "the salvation of the soul," what is all this if it is not a recipe for
decadence? 37 And only when I to myself am a burden Do ye fall heavy upon me! 38 Too soon, already I laugh again: For a foe 'tis easy To make me amends. "Light am I: would that I were night! But this is my loneliness, that I am begirt with light. I am the inventor of the dithyramb. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws. No one has ever tried to meddle with me since. All the morbid disturbances of the intellect, even that semi-stupor which accompanies fever, have, unto this day, remained completely unknown to me; and for my first information concerning their nature and
frequency, I was obliged to have recourse to the learned works which have been compiled on the [Pg 11] subject. "Almost too fiercely dost thou empty the pitcher again in trying to fill it. And darker yet and truer looks the fir-tree Than e'er before. Nobody is so constituted as to be able to
live everywhere and anywhere; and he who has great duties to perform, which lay claim to all his strength, has, in this respect, a very limited choice. Those who will have nothing to do with the contents of my books, as for instance my so-called friends, assume an "impersonal" tone concerning them: they wish me luck, and congratulate me for having
produced another work; they also declare that my writings show progress, because they exhale a more cheerful spirit....—Hearkened any thereto? NIETZSCHE [Pg vii] TRANSLATOR'S INTRODUCTION Ecce Homo is the last prose work that Nietzsche wrote. 2 This fame, which all the wide world loves, I touch with gloves, And scorning beat Beneath
my feet. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm Project Gutenberg-tm Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. But I should regard it as a complete contradiction of myself, if I expected to find ears and
eyes for my truths to-day: the fact that no one listens to me, that no one knows how to receive at my hands to-day, is not only comprehensible, it seems to me quite the proper thing. This was said to me most delightfully perhaps by that young fellow Heinrich von Stein, who died at such an unpardonably early age, and who, after having considerately
asked leave to do so, once appeared in Sils-Maria for a three days' sojourn, telling everybody there that it was not for the Engadine that he had come. Thy loveliness, to all—obscurity, What? "THE CASE OF WAGNER: A MUSICIAN'S PROBLEM" 1 In order to do justice to this essay a man ought to suffer from the fate of music as from an open wound.
From what do I suffer when I suffer from the fate of music? When I cast about me for my highest formula of Shakespeare, I find invariably but this one: that he conceived the type of Cæsar. To this I reply that these trivial matters—diet, locality, climate, and one's mode of recreation, the whole casuistry of; self-love—are inconceivably more important
 than, all that which has hitherto been held in high esteem! It is precisely in this quarter that we must begin to learn afresh. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. Ludovici Paul V. And my mother Silent Laughter? "I know not the
happiness of the hand stretched forth to grasp; and oft have I dreamt that stealing must be more blessed than taking. No one has ever been able to detect fever in me. As a confirmation of my inmost personal experience I had discovered the only example of this fact that history possesses,—with this I was the first to understand the amazing Dionysian
phenomenon. The article appeared in the Augsburg Gazette, and it can be read to-day, couched in rather more cautious language, among his collected essays. Hitherto the lie of the ideal has been the curse of reality; by means of it the very source of mankind's instincts has become mendacious and false; so much so that those values have come to be
 worshipped which are the exact opposite of the ones which would ensure man's prosperity, his future, and his great right to a future. Before Zarathustra there was no wisdom, no probing of the soul, no art of speech: in his book, the most familiar and most vulgar thing utters unheard-of words. Forth must thou fare, On, onward ever, resting ne'er.
From the fact that music has lost its world-transfiguring, yea-saying character—that it is decadent music and no longer the flute of Dionysus. 4 It was Heinrich Heine who gave me the most perfect idea of what a lyrical poet could be. No one, however, who is initiated, no one who reads this world-transfiguring, will be in need of this introductory.
note of mine; for, to all who know, these pages must speak for themselves. It must be original, exuberant, and like a dainty, soft woman in roguishness and grace ... An idea—the antagonism of the two concepts Dionysian and Apollonian—is translated into metaphysics; history itself is depicted as the development of this idea; in tragedy this idea; idea; idea; idea; idea; idea; idea; idea; idea; 
historicis, an observation of Vischer the Swabian æsthete, since happily deceased, made the round of the German must assent The observation was this: "The Renaissance and the Reformation only together constitute a whole—the æsthetic rebirth, and the moral rebirth." When I listen to such things, it is to such that the constitute a whole—the assent the constitute a whole—the assent the observation was this: "The Renaissance and the Reformation only together constitute a whole—the assent the constitute a whole the 
lose all patience, and I feel inclined, I even feel it my duty, to tell the Germans, for once in a way, all that they have on their conscience. As an artist, a man has no home in Europe save in Paris; that subtlety of all the five senses which Wagner's art presupposes, those fingers that can detect slight gradations, psychological morbidity—all these things
can be found only in Paris. And this some have tried to do! It is precisely this that men called morality. It must be cheerful and yet profound, like an October afternoon. One day Zarathustra severely[Pg 113] determines his life-task—and it is also mine. The rationale of this principle is that all discharges of[Pg 47] defensive forces, however slight they
may be, involve enormous and absolutely superfluous losses when they become regular and habitual. [Pg 89] 5 Human, all-too-Human, this monument of a course of vigorous self-discipline, by means of which I put an abrupt end to all the "Superior Bunkum," "Idealism," "Beautiful Feelings," and other effeminacies that had percolated into my being
was written principally in Sorrento; it was finished and given definite shape during a winter at Bâle, under conditions far less favourable than those in Sorrento. Incredible! Wagner had become pious. As a boy I believed that the drinking of wine and the smoking of tobacco were at first but the vanities of youths, and later merely bad habits. My time
Life—is the essential crime against the Holy Spirit of Life." [Pg 67] In order to give you some idea of myself as a psychologist, let me take this curious piece of psychologist ps
mental image takes the form of a German. TO THE DARWINIANS[4] A fool this honest Britisher Was not ... Here, before I speak of the books themselves, I shall touch upon the question of the understanding with which they have met. Here, for instance, "genius" freezes; round the corner the "saint" freezes; under a thick icicle
the "hero" freezes; and in the end "faith"[Pg 84] itself freezes. In the midst of the agony of a headache which lasted three days, accompanied by violent nausea, I was possessed of most singular dialectical clearness, and in absolutely cold blood I then thought out things, for which, in my more healthy moments, I am not enough of a climber, not
sufficiently subtle, not sufficiently cold. He can no longer endure his deed. Yet didst thou err, foul bird, albeit I, So like a mummy 'gainst my log lay leaning! Thou couldst not see these eyes whose ecstasy Rolled hither, thither, proud and overweening. But whithersoever I go, here in Turin, for instance, every face brightens and softens at the sight of
me. This screed Wisdom long ago begot: "Follow woman must, not lead; If she thinks, she follows not." Wisdom speaks—I credit naught: Rather hops and stings like flea: "Woman seldom harbours thought; If she thinks, no good is she!" To this wisdom, old, renowned, Bow I in deep reverence: Now my wisdom I'll expound [Pg 160]In its very
quintessence. The slightest constraint, a sombre mien, any hard accent in the voice—all these things are objections to a man, but how much more to his work!... In his later years he liked to refer to [Pq 78] me, when, for instance, he wanted to give Herr von Treitschke, the Prussian Historiographer, a hint as to where he could obtain information about
the notion "Culture," of which he (Herr von T.) had completely lost sight. 14 See, there stand Those heavy cats of granite, Those old, old Values. 90 Narrow souls! Huckster-souls! When money leaps into it too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, amid fearful too![2] 92 Are ye women, That ye wish to suffer [Pg 205]From that which ye love? At the end, in each case, and the end of t
thunderclaps, a new truth shines out between thick clouds. Thus, for instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays, with a profound certainty of instance, in the second of the two essays.
grows light, When, sorrowful, his child Gives him embrace and kiss: Surely once more the flame of light Wells out, and glowing into life The dead eye speaks. "My child! Ah child, you know I love you true!" So all things glow and speak—the glacier speaks, The brook, the fir, Speak with their glance the selfsame words: We love you true! "So all things glow and speak—the glacier speaks, The brook, the fir, Speak with their glance the selfsame words: We love you true! "So all things glow and speak—the glacier speaks."
 child, you know we love you, love you true! And he, Summer, the boy with eyes so hot and weary, Woe-worn, gives kisses More ardent ever, And will not go: But like to veils he blows his words From out his lips, His cruel words: "My greeting's parting, My coming going, In youth I die." All round they hearken And scarcely breathe (No songster sings)
 And shuddering run Like gleaming ray Over the mountain; All round they ponder,— Nor speak— Twas at the noon, At noontide hour, when first Into the mountains Summer treads, Summer, the boy with eyes so not and weary. But psychology is almost the standard of measurement for the cleanliness or uncleanliness of a race.... For this reason I was
in need of a word which conveyed the idea of a challenge to everybody. The very fact that he is its author makes him weak at this time. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works. But Fate lay behind it
all: I had to return again to Rome. The clause reads: "Preaching of chastity is a public incitement to unnatural practices. 141); neither can he be even on the verge of any marked change, because the whole of the third chapter, in which he reviews his life-work, is simply a reiteration and a confirmation of his old points of view, which are here made all
the more telling by additional arguments suggested, no doubt, by maturer thought. God is a too palpably clumsy solution of things; a solution which shows a lack of delicacy towards us thinkers—at bottom He is really no more than a coarse and rude prohibition of us: ye shall not think!... 7 What language will such a spirit speak, when he speaks unto
his soul? Indeed I actually suggest this, with most unearthly sagacity, on page 183 of Schopenhauer as Educator. If nothing was caught, it was not I who was at fault There were no fish to come and bite. Where does its author seek that new morning, that delicate red, as yet undiscovered, with which another day—ah! a whole series of days, a whole
world of new days!—will begin? In the same way, two years previously, I had one day become a philologist, in the sense that my first philologist philo
met. He is always in his own company, whether his intercourse be with books, with men, or with natural scenery; he honours the things he acknowledges, the things he acknowledges, the things he trusts. "Reason" versus Instinct. 87 Already he mimics himself, Already he mimics himself, Already he seeks the paths he has trod—[Pg 204]Who of late still loved
all tracks untrodden! Secretly burnt— Not for his faith, Rather because he had lost the heart To find new faith. We who know only too well the kind of refined artists and cosmopolitanism in taste, to which alone Wagner's art can appeal, were beside ourselves at the sight of Wagner bedecked with German virtues. At what German University to-day
would such lectures on my philosophy be possible, as those which Dr. Brandes delivered last spring in Copenhagen, thus proving once more his right to the title psychologist? One goes among men; one greets friends: but these things are only new deserts, the looks of those one meets no longer bear a greeting. 1.E.2. If an individual Project
Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. People have told me that it is impossible to lay down a book of
mine—that I disturb even the night's rest.... The Prussian replies were smarter; they contained more "Prussian blue." The most disreputable attitude was assumed by a Leipzig paper, the egregious Grentzboten; and it cost me some pains to prevent my indignant friends in Bâle from taking action against it. The best cooking is that of Piedmont. Silent
art thou, nor dost reply—Who speaketh still?— "Tis Autumn:—Autumn yet shall break thy heart! Fly away! — "I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall break thy heart! Fly away!—"I am not fair,"—So speaks the lone star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower,—"Yet men I love And comfort men—Many flowers shall be a star-flower
far fairer things than I:— I see it—see it—see it—see it—and I perish so." 'Tis Autumn:—Autumn yet shall break thy heart! Fly away! fly 
yourselves To immortal life will carry along. 52 Our time is like a sick woman—Let her but shriek, rave, scold, And break the tables and dishes! 54 Ye mount? Refinement in form, in aspiration, and in the art of keeping silent, are its more or less obvious qualities; psychology is handled with deliberate hardness and cruelty,—the whole book does not
contain one single good-natured word.... In regard to this idea I cannot make my meaning more plain or more personal than I have done already in one of the last aphorisms (No. 382) of the fifth book of the Gaya Scienza: "We new, nameless, and unfathomable creatures," so reads the passage, "we firstlings of a future still unproved—we who have a
new end in view also require new means to that end, that is to say, a new healthiness, a stronger, keener, tougher, bolder, and merrier healthiness than any that has existed heretofore. He who disagrees with me on this point, I regard as infected. 103 Only the poet who can lie Wilfully, skilfully, can tell the truth. * You provide, in accordance with
paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work. Be hard, ye sages! Ye must compel her, That shamefaced Truth.... Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit
card donations. 8 Have you understood me? 41 Little people, Confiding, open-hearted, But low-built portals, Where only the low of stature can enter. 3 I am to a great extent aware of my privileges as a writer: in one or two cases it has even been brought home to me how very much the habitual > reading of my works "spoils" a man's taste. 4 In my
lifework, my Zarathustra holds a place apart. An excellent study by Victor Brochard upon the Greek sceptics, in which my Laertiana[1] was used to advantage. Tragedy itself is the proof of the fact that the Greeks were not pessimists: Schopenhauer blundered here as he blundered in everything else.—Regarded impartially, The Birth of Tragedy is a
book quite strange to its age: no one would dream that it was begun in the thunder of the battle of Wörth. Who knows the reason why? My wisdom consists in my having been many things, and in many places, in order to become one thing—in order to become one thing—in order to be able to attain to one thing. But a wind of great freedom blows over the whole; even its wounds do
not constitute an objection. Looked at from this standpoint my life is simply amazing. To be ill is a sort of resentment in itself. I am the harbinger of joy, the like of which has never existed before; I have discovered tasks of such lofty greatness that, until my time, no one had any idea of such things. To accept nothing more, to undertake nothing more,
to absorb nothing more—to cease entirely from reacting.... Dionysus versus Christ. Every conquest, every step forward in knowledge, is the outcome of courage, of hardness towards one's self, of cleanliness towards one's self. It is true that the pamphlet Nietzsche contra Wagner was prepared a month later than the Autobiography; but we cannot
consider this pamphlet as anything more than a compilation, seeing that it consists entirely of aphorisms drawn from such previous works as Joyful Wisdom, Beyond Good and Evil, The Genealogy of Morals, etc. And even then you must have the sun for your friend. And, until that time, there will be no one who will understand the art that has been
squandered in this book. I shall have an excellent opportunity of showing the incalculably calamitous consequences to the whole of history, of the credo of optimism, this monstrous offspring of the homines optimi. Not to have awakened to these discoveries before, struck me as being the sign of the greatest uncleanliness that mankind has on its
conscience, as self-deception become instinctive, as the fundamental will to be blind to every phenomenon, all causality and all reality; in fact, as an almost criminal fraud in psychologicis. Who, in sooth, was the first intelligent follower of Wagner? 2 My life-task is to prepare for humanity one supreme moment in which it can come to its senses, a
Great Noon in which it will turn its gaze backwards and forwards, in which it will step from under the yoke of accident and of priests, and for the first time set the question of the Why and Wherefore of humanity as a whole—this life-task naturally follows out of the conviction that mankind does not get on the right road of its own accord, that it is by no
means divinely ruled, but rather that it is precisely under the cover of its most holy valuations that the instinct of negation, of corruption, and of degeneration has held such a seductive sway. BY HERMAN SCHEFFAUER. Even that filigree art of prehension and comprehension in general, that feeling for delicate shades of difference, that psychology of
 "seeing through brick walls," and whatever else I may be able to do, was first learnt then, and is the specific gift of that period during which everything in me was subtilised,—observation itself, together with all the organs of observation. I am horribly frightened that one day I shall be pronounced "holy." You will understand why I publish this book
beforehand—it is to prevent people from wronging me. What am I saying!—for five or six hours. Who can guess the kind of recreation that is necessary after such an expenditure of goodness as is to be found in Zarathustra? I must be profoundly related to Byron's Manfred: of all the dark abysses in this work I found the counterparts in my own soul—at
the age of thirteen I was ripe for this book. Oh! what a dangerous, creeping, subterranean little beast of prey she is! And so agreeable withal! ... To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org
Section 3. A Dionysian life-task needs the hardness of the har
too plainly absent from my stock of knowledge, and what the "idealities" were worth the devil alone knew! A positively burning thirst overcame me: and from that time forward I have done literally nothing else than study physiology, medicine, and natural science—I even returned to the actual study of history only when my life-task compelled me to.
44 Back! on my heels too closely ye follow! Back! lest my wisdom should tread on you, crush you! 45 "He goes to hell who goes thy ways!" So be it I to my hell [Pg 198]I'll pave the way myself with well-made maxims. I thought out these problems on cold September nights beneath the walls of Metz, in the midst of my duties as nurse to the wounded; it
would be easier to think that it was written fifty years earlier. Have I made myself clear? In fact, if anything at all is new in this work, it is its cool certainty, its severe deliberateness, and its extraordinarily incisive vision, as shown, for instance, in the summing up of the genuine import of the third and fourth essays in the Thoughts out of Season (pp.
Have you heard my reply to the question how a woman can be cured, "saved" [Pg 66] in fact?—Give her a child! A woman needs children, man is always only a means, thus spake Zarathustra. Amid the warriors His was the lightest heart, Amid the conquerors His brow was dark with thought—He was a fate poised on his destiny: Unbending, casting
thought into the past And future, such was he. I do not know how to think either of joy, or of the south, without a shudder of fear. It's a yea-saying to the point of justifying, to the point of redeeming even all that is past. So take thy right! 75 O ye waves, Wondrous waves, are ye wroth with me? pp. Why flew Zarathustra from beasts and men? In the lies
of the good were ye born and bred. The Foundation's principal office is in Fairbanks, Alaska, with the mailing address: PO Box 750175, Fairbanks, AK 99775, but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Who knows, but I, who Ariadne is! To all such riddles no one heretofore had ever found an answer; I doubt even
whether any one had ever seen a riddle here. IN LONESOMENESS[9] The cawing crows Townwards on whirring pinions roam; Soon come the snows—Thrice happy now who hath a home! Fast-rooted there, Thou gazest backwards—oh, how long! Thou fool, why dare Ere winter come, this world of wrong? The doctrine of the "Eternal Recurrence"—
that is to say, of the absolute and eternal repetition of all things in periodical cycles—this doctrine of Zarathustra's might, it is true, have been taught before. To communicate a state[Pg 63] an inner tension of pathos by means of signs, including the tempo of these signs,—that is the meaning of every style; and in view of the fact that the multiplicity of
inner states in me is enormous. I am capable of many kinds of style—in short, the most multifarious art of style that any man has ever had at his disposal. To donate, please visit; www.gutenberg.org/donate Section 5. Firmly let us plant our feet, Ne'er can we give up this game— From the distance what doth greet? And, true to his intention, Nietzsche's
honesty in these pages is certainly one of the most remarkable features about them. The translation of morality into the realm of metaphysics, as force, cause, end-in-itself, is his work. It is not doubt, but certitude that drives one mad.... Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic
works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. I left Sils-Maria only on the 20th of September. To become more healthy—this in a nature like Wagner's amounts to going backwards. I wanted to go to Aquila—the opposite of
Rome in every respect, and actually founded in a spirit of hostility towards that city, just as I also shall found a city some day, as a memento of an atheist and genuine enemy of the Church, a person very closely related to me, the great Hohenstaufen, the Emperor Frederick II. I expressed my suspicions of the German character even at the age of six-
and-twenty (see Thoughts out of Season, vol. That decisive chapter, entitled "Old and New Tables," was composed during the arduous ascent from the station to Eza—that wonderful Moorish village in the rocks. A heavy meal is digested more easily than an inadequate one. What I owe to him above all is this, that I do not need any special intention,
but[Pg 16] merely a little patience, in order involuntarily to enter a world of higher and more delicate things. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work. Naumburg, Pforta, Thuringia in general, Leipzig, Bâle, Venice—so many
ill-starred places for a constitution like mine. Many times I've seen the sight, Now laughing in your face I cry, "Hanging me is useless quite: Die? Fear'st not to unveil before my seeing? "No longer to value, no longer to val
will to beget and to grow; and if there be innocence in my knowledge, it is because my procreative will is in it. At about this time the first Bayreuth Pamphlets appeared: and I then understood the move on my part for which[Pg 90] it was high time. If you are not located in the United States, you'll have to check the laws of the country where you are
located before using this ebook. He possessed that divine wickedness, without which perfection itself becomes unthinkable to me,—I estimate the value of men, of races, according to the extent to which they are unable to conceive of a god who has not a dash of the satyr in him. Such chapter headings as "Why I am so Wise," "Why I am a Fatality,"
"Why I write such Excellent Books,"—however much they may have disturbed the equanimity, and "objectivity" in particular, of certain Nietzsche biographers, can be regarded as pathological only in a democratic age in which people have lost all sense of graduation and rank and in which the virtues of modesty and humility have to be preached far
and wide as a corrective against the vulgar pretensions of thousands of wretched nobodies. What matter words? Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. 3 And after all, why should I not express my suspicions? "Alas, it is ye alone, ye creatures of gloom, ye spirits of the night, that take your warmth
from that which shineth. The world must indeed be empty for him who has never been unhealthy enough for this "infernal voluptuousness": it is allowable, it is even imperative, to employ a mystic formula for this purpose. "Little Angel" call they me— Then my soul, like cat in flight Straight did on this ship alight Swiftly bounding—one, two, three! [Pg
159]Yes, its claws are swift to smite. A psychologist might add that what I heard in Wagnerian[Pg 74] music in my youth and early manhood had nothing whatsoever to do with Wagner; that when I described Dionysian music, I described merely what I personally had heard—that I was compelled instinctively to translate and transfigure everything into
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the new spirit which filled my breast. The sentence quivers with passion. Then take the might which brings The heart upon thy tongue, charmed wisdom mine! * * * * I look above, there rolls the star-strown sea. We must needs love those Whom we cannot escape. The more womanly a woman is, the more she fights tooth and nail against rights in
general: the natural order of things, the eternal war between the sexes, assigns to her by far the foremost rank. I placed myself in my own hands, I restored myself to health: the first condition of success in such an undertaking, as every physiologist will admit, is that at bottom a man should be sound. The thoroughly vicious people, the "beautiful
souls," the false from top to toe, do not know in the least what to do with my books—consequently, with the beautiful consistency of all[Pg 62] beautiful souls, they regard my work as beneath them. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. My genius resides in my nostrils. The concept
"God" was invented as the opposite of the concept life—everything detrimental, poisonous, and slanderous, and all deadly hostility to life, wad bound together in one horrible unit in Him. Let no one misunderstand its meaning. To the sick man resentment ought to be more strictly forbidden than anything else—it is his special danger: unfortunately,
however, it is also his most natural propensity. Let me halt for a moment at the question of the [Pq 135] psychology of the good man. Where on earth was I? "It is night: now do all gushing springs raise their voices. The stir which it created was in every way gorgeous. And I myself might have been an example of the same thing, if illness had not
compelled me to reason, and to reflect upon reason realistically. And though in error lain, 'Tis but your own dear child, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you and gives you pain, Your flesh and blood, That tortures you have flesh and blood, That tortures you have flesh and blood and the pain of the pain 
own prescription, in your ear, My remedy against such spleen— "Who loves his God, chastises him, I ween," RESOLUTION I should be wise to suit my mood, Not at the beck of other men: God made as stupid as he could The world—well, let me praise him then. One day people will sing it to my memory. Now that the yea-saying part of my life-task was
accomplished, [Pg 115] there came the turn of the negative portion, both in word and deed: the transvaluation of all values that had existed hitherto, the great war,—the conjuring-up of the day when the fatal outcome of the struggle would be decided. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation Project
Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without wide spread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. How did I soar to the height
where there are no more rabble sitting about the well? On the bridge I stood Lately, in gloomy night. Nay, nay, I cannot die!" Beggars all! Ye envy me Winning what ye never won! True, I suffer agony, But for you—your life is done. The tempo of the body's functions is closely bound up with the agility or the clumsiness of the spirit's feet; spirit itself is
indeed only a form of these organic functions. Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. "Alas, why am I not dark and like unto the night! How joyfully would I then suck at the breasts of light! "And even you would I bless, ye twinkling starlets and glow-worms on high! and be blessed in the gifts of
your light. 110 A proud eye With silken curtains, Seldom clear, Honours him that may see it unveiled. 35 Not through his sins and greatest follies. I am the first Immoralist. But my mother, Franziska Oehler, is at any rate something very German; as is also my paternal grandmother, Erdmuthe Krause. A man who, after his four-and-fortieth year, can
say that he has never bothered himself about honours, women, or money!—not that they did not come his way.... His pupils are the Queen of Hanover, the Grand-Duchess Constantine, the Grand-Duchess of Oldenburg, and the Princess Theresa of Saxe-Altenburg. Section 1. Besides confirming my standpoint, he laid even greater stress upon what I had
dared to say about the deterioration of language in Germany (nowadays writers assume the airs of Purists[1] and can no longer even construct a sentence); sharing my contempt for the literary stars of this nation, he concluded by expressing his admiration for my courage—that "greatest courage of all which places the very favourites of the people in
the dock." ... The first principle of a good digestion is that the stomach should become active as a whole. THE "TRUE GERMAN" "O Peuple des meillures Tartuffes, To you I'm true, I wis." He spoke, but in the swiftest skiff [Pg 168]Went to Cosmopolis. For I was condemned to the society of Germans. In the same year that his life declined mine also
declined: in my six-and-thirtieth year I reached the lowest point in my vitality,—I still lived, but[Pg 10] my eyes could distinguish nothing that lay three paces away from me. When the gregarious animal stands in the glorious rays of the purest virtue, the exceptional man must be degraded to the rank of the evil. In such circumstances should I not be
compelled to become a hedgehog? 'Tis Autumn:—Autumn yet shall break thy heart! Fly away! O fruit of the tree, Thou tremblest, fallest? The genius of the heart, which makes all loud and self-conceited things hold their tongues and lend their tongues and
that the deep heavens may be reflected in them.... [Pg 77] 2 Of these four attacks, the first met with extraordinary success. All those things of which the age is proud,—as, for instance, far-famed "objectivity," "sympathy with all that suffers," "the historical sense," with its subjection to foreign tastes, with its lying-in-the-dust before petits faits, and the
rage for science,—are shown to be the contradiction of the type recommended, and are regarded as almost ill-bred. DIONYSUS-DITHYRAMBS (1888) These are the songs of Zarathustra which a man is always in bad company, which; has no idea of nuances—
woe to me! I am a nuance—and which has not esprit in its feet, and cannot even walk withal! In short, the Germans have no feet at all, they simply have legs. [Pg 147][Pg 148][Pg 149] SONGS, EPIGRAMS, ETC. The secret history of philosophers, the psychology of their great names, was revealed to me. In Recoaro, a small mountain resort near
Vicenza, where I spent the spring of 1881, I and my friend and maestro, Peter Gast—who was also one who had been born again, discovered that the phœnix music hovered over us, in lighter and brighter plumage than it had ever worn before. To me alone the night's not fair. In Germany no one has any idea of the tremendous ambition that fills the
heart of a Parisian artist. At present I still possess the same affability towards everybody, I am even full of consideration for the lowest: in all this is precisely a matter on which I may feel proud. Ye alone suck your milk and comfort from the udders of
light. Remain seated as little as possible, put no trust in any thought that is not born in the open, to the accompaniment of free bodily motion—nor in one in which even the muscles do not celebrate a feast. His breath is panting, like the sick man's breath On fevered couch. "They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables; they sacrifice unto
themselves the future; they crucify the whole future of humanity! "The good—they are ever the beginning of the end. TO SPINOZA Of "All in One" a fervent devotee Amore Dei, of reasoned piety, Doff shoes! A land thrice holy this must be!—Yet underneath this love there sate A torch of vengeance, burning secretly The Hebrew God was gnawed by
Hebrew hate. Meanwhile my Zarathustra, for instance, is still in quest of such people—alas! he will have to seek a long while yet! A man must be worthy of listening to him... 70 Beware, beware Of warning the reckless! Thy warning will drive them To leap into every abyss! 71 Why hurled he himself from the heights? Resentment born of weakness is
not more deleterious to anybody than it is to the weak man himself[Pg 22]—conversely, in the case of that man whose nature is fundamentally a rich one, resentment is a superfluous feeling, a feeling to remain master of which is almost a proof of riches. Not only the poverty of a man's soul and its stuffy air excludes all intercourse with them, but also,
and to a much greater degree, cowardice, uncleanliness, and secret intestinal revengefulness; a word from my lips suffices to make the colour of all evil instincts rush into a face. If a god were to descend to this earth, he would have to [Pg 20] do nothing but wrong—to take guilt not punishment, on one's shoulders, is the first proof of divinity. For little
people can be endured only as modest citizens; or humble Christians. But it was ignorance[Pg 35] in physiological matters—that confounded "Idealism"—that was the real curse of my life. I even think it probable that one does not digest so well, that one is less willing to move, and that one is much too open to sensations of coldness and suspicion; for,
in a large number of cases, suspicion is merely a blunder in etiology. On this account alone I am also a fatality. Once it was done I should hate to leave an action of mine in the lurch; I should prefer completely to omit the evil outcome, the consequences, from the problem concerning the value of an action. Copyright laws in most countries are in a
constant state of change. In Vienna, in St Petersburg, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Paris, and New York—I have been discovered everywhere: I have been discovered everywhere: I have been discovered out of such a superabundance of strength
Those things that you can grasp, however, are quite unquestionable; they are irrevocable decrees. It is to a small number of old French authors, that I always return again and again; I believe only in French culture, and regard everything else in Europe which calls itself "culture" as a misunderstanding. Seventh Solitude! Never felt! Sweet certainty
nearer, Or warmer the sun's ray. "Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all low lands; and this is his counsel to his foes and to all those who spit and spew: 'Beware of spitting against the wind!'" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 1 Why do I know more things than other people? For that is what reading would mean.... You can easily comply with the terms of this foes and to all those who spit and spew: 'Beware of spitting against the wind!'" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 1 Why do I know more things than other people? For that is what reading would mean.... You can easily comply with the terms of this foes and to all those who spit and spew: 'Beware of spitting against the wind!'" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 1 Why do I know more things than other people? For that is what reading would mean.... You can easily comply with the terms of this foes and to all those who spit and spew: 'Beware of spitting against the wind!'" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 1 Why do I know more things than other people? For that is what reading would mean... You can easily comply with the terms of this foes and the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 1 Why do I know more things than other people? For that is what reading would mean... You can easily comply with the terms of this foes and the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 1 Why do I know more things that the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 2 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more things the spitting against the wind!" WHY I AM SO CLEVER 3 Why do I know more the wind!" 
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Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause. This book is conspicuous for no little art in gently catching things which whisk rapidly and silently away, moments which I call godlike lizards—not with the cruelty of that young Greek god who simply transfixed the poor little beast; but nevertheless with something pointed—with a pen. To those who
know Nietzsche's life-work, no apology will be needed for the form and content of this wonderful work. "It is night: now only do all lovers burst into song. I do but require to speak to any one of the scholars who come to the Ober-Engadine in the summer in order to convince myself that I am not alive.... Even the profoundest melancholy of such a
Dionysus takes shape as a dithyramb. I have not yet taken one single step before the public eye, which did not compromise me: that is my criterion of a proper mode of action. Wherever Germany spreads, she ruins culture. Suppose, for one moment, that the profoundest spirit of all ages were to appear among Germans, then one of the saviours of these saviours of the s
Capitol would be sure to arise and declare that his own ugly soul was just as great. After a journey that was full of incidents, and not without danger to life,—as for instance at Como, which was flooded when I reached it in the dead of night,—I got to Turin on the afternoon of the 21 st. At a moment when a higher order of values, values that were
noble, that said yea to life, and that guaranteed a future, had succeeded in triumphing over the opposite values, [Pg 125] the values of degeneration, in the very seat of Christianity itself,—and even in the hearts of those sitting there,—Luther, that cursed monk, not only restored the Church, but, what was a thousand times worse, restored Christianity, and that guaranteed a future, but a succeeded in triumphing over the opposite values, [Pg 125] the values of degeneration, in the very seat of Christianity itself,—and even in the hearts of those sitting there,—Luther, that cursed monk, not only restored the Church, but, what was a thousand times worse, restored Christianity, and the curse of the cu
and at a time too when it lay defeated. Only the absolute worth-1 lessness of German culture—its "idealism"—can to some extent explain how it was that precisely in this matter I was so backward that my ignorance was almost saintly. For virtue is fame's clever bawd. War, which he—and he alone among all the philosophers of Christendom—had
praised so whole-heartedly, at last struck him down in the full vigour of his manhood, and left him a victim on the battlefield—the terrible battlefield of thought, on which there is no quarter, and for which no Geneva Convention has yet been established or even thought of. My war tactics can be reduced to four principles A First, I attack only things
that are triumphant—if necessary I wait until they become triumphant. The ladder upon which he rises and descends is of boundless length; he has seen further, and afternoon." No fanatic speaks to you here; this is not a "sermon"; no faith is demanded
in these pages. Near my dreary couch I heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard the sashes, And thy voice: "Come! heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard the sashes, And thy voice: "Come! heard the sashes, And thy voice: "Come! heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard thy brazen chain strike 'gainst the sashes, And thy voice: "Come! heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the sashes, And thy voice: "Come! heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the sashes, And thy voice: "Come! heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the sashes of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, Heard the crashes Of thine armoured steps, heard weapons slam, heard we
I tread there corpses fall before me; From mine eyes the furious torches fly, And my brain thinks poisons. What is it that I have never forgiven Wagner? "Unto you who revel in riddles and in twilight, whose souls are lured by
flutes unto every treacherous abyss: "For ye care not to grope your way along a thread with craven fingers; and where ye are able to guess, ye hate to argue?" 4 I will now pass just one or two general remarks about my art of style. Coming at the end of a year in which he had produced the Case of Wagner, The Twilight of the Idols, and The Antichrist,
Ecce Homo is not only a coping-stone worthy of the wonderful creations of that year, but also a fitting conclusion to his whole life, in the form of a grand summing up of his character as a man, his purpose as a reformer, and his achievement as a thinker. Alas! how in the face of such vistas, and with such burning desire in our conscience and his achievement as a thinker.
consciousness, could we still be content with the man of the present day? To take just a few examples at random, examine the cold and calculating tone of self-analysis in Chapter I. But what, indeed, does he himself say, when for the first time he goes back to his solitude? I was seized with a fit of impatience with myself; I saw that it was high time
that I should turn my thoughts upon my own lot. Here it is not a "prophet" who speaks, one of those gruesome hybrids of sickness and Will to Power, whom men call founders of religions. On one occasion when I felt like this I became conscious of the proximity of a herd of cows, some time before I could possibly have seen it with my eyes, simply
owing to a return in me of milder and more humane sentiments: they communicated warmth to me.... What man had even dared to suppose that they were underground caverns? But enough! In the middle of the festivities I suddenly packed my trunk and left the place for a few weeks, despite the fact that a charming Parisian lady sought to comfort the festivities of the festivitie
me; I excused myself to Wagner simply by means of a fatalistic telegram. The teachers and I leaders of mankind—including the theologians—have been, every one of them, decadents: hence their) transvaluation of all values into a hostility towards; life; hence morality. I have not the slightest wish that anything should be otherwise than it is: I myself
would not be otherwise.... It was not published in Germany until the year 1908, eight years after Nietzsche's death. A prick of conscience strikes me as a sort of "evil eye." Something that has failed should be honoured all the more jealously, precisely because it has failed—this is much more in keeping with my morality.—"God," "the immortality of the
soul," "salvation," a "beyond"—to all these notions, even as a child, I never paid any attention whatsoever, nor did I waste any time upon them,—maybe I was never naif enough for that?—I am quite unacquainted with atheism as a result, and still less[Pg 29] as an event in my life: in me it is inborn, instinctive. Water answers the purpose.... Even at this may be I was never naif enough for that?—I am quite unacquainted with atheism as a result, and still less[Pg 29] as an event in my life: in me it is inborn, instinctive.
moment I look out upon my future—a broad future!—as upon a calm sea: no sigh of longing[Pg 51] makes a ripple on its surface. To this interval also belongs that Hymn to Life (for a mixed choice of nutrition, the choice of climate and locality, the
third matter concerning which one [Pg 36] must not on any account make a blunder, is the choice of the manner in which one recuperates one's strength. AUTUMN[4] 'Tis Autumn:—Autumn yet shall break thy heart! Fly away!—The sun creeps 'gainst the hill And climbs and climbs [Pg 156]And rests at every step. There is such a thing as
what I call the rancour of greatness: everything great, whether a work or a deed, once it is completed, turns immediately against its author. Fritsch, and which I call the tragic pathos, completely filled me heart and limb. It involves
a rapid wasting away of nervous energy, an abnormal increase of detrimental secretions, as, for instance, that of bile into the stomach. Nothing should be eaten between meals, coffee should be given up—coffee makes one gloomy. But the very question suggests its own answer. O night, mute silence, voiceless cry of stars! And lo! A sign! The heaven
its verge unbars— [Pg 189]A shining constellation falls towards me. As a matter of fact, quite a novel kind of free[Pg 80] thought found its expression in this way: up to the present nothing has been more strange and more foreign to my blood than the whole of that European and American species known as litres penseurs. He who thought he had
understood something in my work, had as a rule adjusted something in it to his own image—not infrequently the very opposite of myself, an "idealist," for instance. We have learned many things since then, and if caution is only one of these things, at least it will prevent us from judging a book such as this one, with all its apparent pontifical pride and
surging self-reliance, with undue haste, or with that arrogant assurance with which the ignorance of "the humble" and "the modest" has always confronted everything truly great. Wagner was by no means a good fellow.... THE BEACON Here, where the island grew amid the seas, A sacrificial rock high-towering, Here under darkling heavens,
Zarathustra lights his mountain-fires, A beacon for ships that I delight[Pg 76] in drawing the sword—and perhaps, also, that my wrist is dangerously supple. The first book of the Transvaluation of all Values, The Songs of Zarathustra, The Twilight of
the Idols, my attempt, to philosophise with the hammer—all these things are the gift of this year, and even of its last quarter. At that time I lost not a particle of the good will of others, but rather added to my store. They will "solve" thee, the doomed one! O
Zarathustra, Self-knower! [Pg 182]Self-hangman! THE SUN SINKS I Not much longer thirstest thou, O burnt-up heart! Promise is in the air, From unknown mouths I feel a breath, —The great coolness comes.... When there's so much to kiss Why did I kiss the—clay? All cases of "beautiful souls" in women may be traced to a faulty physiological
condition—but I go no further, lest I should become medicynical. 121 Wouldst catch them? I know the joy of annihilation to a degree which is commensurate with my power to annihilate. Trans. It seems to me to give the intellect heavy feet, in fact, Englishwomen's feet.... Be strong, my brave heart, And ask not "Why?" 2 The day of my life! The sun
sinks, And the calm flood Already is gilded. Then speak to them As to stray sheep: "Your path, your path You have lost!" They follow all That flatter them so: "What? German intellect is indigestion; it can assimilate nothing. Dare a woman think? For, after all, I was this marine animal: almost every sentence in the book was thought out, or rather
caught, among that medley of rocks in the neighbourhood of Genoa, where I lived quite alone, and exchanged secrets with the ocean. Not in vain have I buried my four-and-fortieth year to-day; I had the right to bury it—that in it which still had life, has been saved and is immortal. the vision of a feast which I may live to see.... Nietzsche's spiritual
death, like his whole life, was in singular harmony with his doctrine: he died suddenly and proudly,—sword in hand. As if half conscious of his approaching spiritual end, Nietzsche here bids his friends farewell, just in the manner in which, in the Twilight of the Idols (Aph. Love, in its means, is war; in its foundation, it is the mortal hatred of the sexes
But this, once more, is precisely the idea of Dionysus. In it my work was referred to as an excellent symptom, and as an excellent symptom are symptom.
exerted myself in vain to find an anti-Christian quarter. Later on, towards the middle of my life, I grew more and more opposed to alcoholic drinks: I, an opponent of vegetarianism, who have experienced what vegetarianism is,—just as Wagner, who converted me back to meat, experienced it,—cannot with sufficient earnestness advise all more
spiritual natures to abstain absolutely from alcohol. v.):— "I have sometimes half believed, although the suspicion is mortifying, that there is only one step between his state who deeply indulges in imaginative meditation, and insanity; for I well remember that at this period of my life, when I indulged in meditation to a degree that would now be
impossible, and I hope unnecessary, my senses sometimes appeared to be wandering." And artists are the proper judges of artists,—not Oxford Dons, like Dr. Schiller, who, in his imprudent attempt at dealing with something for which his pragmatic hands are not sufficiently delicate, eagerly av-ails himself of popular help in his article on Nietzsche in
the eleventh edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and implies the hackneyed and wholly exploded belief that Nietzsche's philosophy is madness in the making. Section 2. He enjoys that only which is good for him; his pleasure, his desire, ceases when the limits of that which is good for him are overstepped. Considering the extraordinary amount of
work he did, the great task of the transvaluation of all values, which he actually accomplished, and the fact that he endured such long years of solitude, which to him, the sensitive artist to whom friends were everything, must have been a terrible hardship, we can only wonder at his great health, and can well believe his sister's account of the
phenomenal longevity and bodily vigour of his ancestors. As a daughter of Saxony she was a great admirer of Napoleon, and maybe I am so still. "For man prefers to aspire at all." But above all, until the time of Zarathustra there was no such thing as a counter-ideal. Now entreat I my wisdom Not to become stingy in this
drought; Overflow thyself, trickle thy dew, Be thyself the rain of the parched wilderness! I once bade the clouds Depart from my mountains; Once I said to them, "More light, ye dark ones!" To-day I entice them to come: Make me dark with your udders: —I would milk you, Ye cows of the heights! Milk-warm wisdom, sweet dew of love I pour over the
land. There is more cynicism in an attitude [Pg 130] of goodwill towards me than in any sort of hatred. how can he who has the hardest and most terrible grasp of reality, and who has thoughts," nevertheless avoid conceiving these things as objections to existence, or even as objections to the eternal recurrence of existence?
—how is it that on the contrary he finds reasons for being himself the eternal affirmation of all things, "the tremendous and unlimited saying of Yea and Amen"?... There is no such thing as a morbid trait in me; even in times of serious illness I have never[Pg 53] grown morbid, and you might seek in vain for a trace of fanaticism in my nature. The
Germans are incapable of conceiving anything sublime: for a proof of this, look at Schumann! Out of anger for this mawkish Saxon, I once deliberately composed a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow declared he had never seen the like before on paper: such compositions amounted to a violation of Euterpe. I shall proceed to do this mawkish Saxon, I once deliberately composed a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow declared he had never seen the like before on paper: such compositions amounted to a violation of Euterpe. I shall proceed to do this mawkish Saxon, I once deliberately composed a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow declared he had never seen the like before on paper: such compositions amounted to a violation of Euterpe. I shall proceed to do this may be a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow declared he had never seen the like before on paper: such compositions amounted to a violation of Euterpe. I shall proceed to do this may be a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow declared he had never seen the like before on paper for this may be a counter-overture to Manfred, of which Hans von Bülow declared he had never seen the like before on paper for this may be a counter-overture to Manfred for the like before the like befo
in as perfunctory a manner as the occasion demands; for the time has by no means come for this question. In both cases I obey my Dionysian nature, which knows not how to separate the negative deed from the saying of yea. They are lacking in the mere idea of what constitutes a book. Those of my readers who know the earnestness-with which my
books is much more akin to my instinctive feeling than "toleration," largeur de cœur, and other forms of "neighbour-love." ... * * * They are all virtuous, yea every one. "Like a tempest do the suns fly over their course: for such is their way. "Wretched am I that my hand may never rest from giving: an envious fate is mine that I see expectant eyes
and nights made bright with longing. Now— Between two nothings Huddled up, A question-mark, A weary riddle, A riddle for vultures.... At that time—it was the year 1879—I resigned my professorship at Bâle, lived through the summer like a shadow in Naumburg
For when Truth enters the lists against the falsehood of ages, shocks are bound to ensue, and a spell of earthquakes, followed by the transposition of hills and valleys, such as the world has never yet imagined even in its dreams. Who cast themselves in the way of it? * * * * O shield of Destiny! O carven tablets of Eternity! Yea, verily, thou
knowest—what mankind doth hate, What I alone do love: thou art inviolate To strokes of change and time, of fates the fate! 'Tis only thou, O dire Necessity, Canst kindle everlasting love in me! * * * O loftiest crown of Life! O shield of Fate! That no desire can reach to invocate, That no desire c
print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. [Pg 144][Pg 145] EDITORIAL NOTE TO POETRY The editor begs to state that, contrary to his
announcement in the Editorial Note to The Joyful Wisdom, in which he declared his intention of publishing all of Nietzsche's poetry, he has nevertheless withheld certain less important verses from publication. I alone have the criterion of "truths" in my possession. Before [Pg 110] my time such emerald joys and divine tenderness had found no tongue
The demand made upon us to believe that everything is really in the best hands, that a certain book, the Bible, gives us the definite and comforting assurance that there is a Providence that wisely rules the fate of man,—when translated back into reality amounts simply to this, namely, the will to stifle the truth which maintains the reverse of all this,
which is that hitherto man has been in the worst possible hands, and that he has been governed by the physiologically botched, the men of cunning and burning revengefulness, and the so-called "saints[Pg 94]"—those slanderers of the world and traducers of humanity. This book, the voice of which speaks out across the ages, is not only the loftiest
book on earth, literally the book of mountain air,—the whole phenomenon, mankind, lies at an incalculable distance beneath it,—but it is also the deepest book, born of the inmost abundance of truth; an inexhaustible well, into which no pitcher can be lowered without coming up again laden with good and with goodness. The truth of the first essays the
everything decisive comes to life in defiance of every obstacle, it was precisely during this winter and in the midst of these unfavourable [Pg 99] circumstances that my Zarathustra originated. 3 That which had taken place in me, then, was not only a breach with Wagner—I was suffering from a general aberration of my instincts, of which a mere and in the midst of these unfavourable [Pg 99] circumstances that my Zarathustra originated. 3 That which had taken place in me, then, was not only a breach with Wagner—I was suffering from a general aberration of my instincts, of which a mere and in the midst of these unfavourable [Pg 99] circumstances that my Zarathustra originated. 3 That which had taken place in me, then, was not only a breach with Wagner—I was suffering from a general aberration of my instincts, of which a mere and in the midst of the midst 
isolated blunder, whether it were Wagner or my professorship at Bâle, was nothing more than a symptom. My danger is the loathing of mankind. My readers perhaps know to what extent I consider dialectic a symptom of decadence, as, for instance, in the most famous of all cases—the case of Socrates. —Zarathustra is no hedgehog. 3 He who knows
genuine and typical example of Tory philosophy,[1][Pg 59] for which the Kreuz-Zeitung had not sufficient courage?... This sensitiveness of mine is furnished with psychological antennæ, wherewith I feel and grasp every secret: the quality of concealed filth lying at the base of many a human character which may be the inevitable outcome of base
blood, and which education may have veneered, is revealed to me at the first glance. Turin is the only suitable place for me, and it shall be my home henceforward. In all the aphorisms and more particularly in the form of this book, the reader will find the same voluntary turning away from those instincts which made a Zarathustra a possible feat. Had
I a listener there?[Pg 165] EPIGRAMS CAUTION: POISON![1] He who cannot laugh at this had better not start reading; For if he read and do not laugh, physic he'll be needing! HOW TO FIND ONE'S COMPANY With jesters it is good to jest: Who likes to tickle, is tickled best. This world—a gate To myriad deserts dumb and hoar! Who lost through fater not start reading; For if he read and do not laugh, physic he'll be needing! HOW TO FIND ONE'S COMPANY With jesters it is good to jest: Who likes to tickle, is tickled best. This world—a gate To myriad deserts dumb and hoar! Who lost through fater not start reading; For if he read and do not laugh, physic he'll be needing! HOW TO FIND ONE'S COMPANY With jesters it is good to jest: Who likes to tickle, is tickled best. This world—a gate To myriad deserts dumb and hoar! Who lost through fater not start reading; For if he read and do not laugh, physic he'll be needing! HOW TO FIND ONE'S COMPANY With jesters it is good to jest: Who likes to tickle, is tickled best. This world—a gate To myriad deserts dumb and hoar! Who lost through fater not start reading is the physic he'll be needing! HOW TO FIND ONE'S COMPANY With jesters it is good to jest: Who lost through fater not start reading is the physic he'll be needing! HOW TO FIND ONE'S COMPANY With jesters it is good to jest.
What thou hast lost, shall rest no more. The struggle for equal rights is even a symptom of disease; every doctor knows this. At the same time, by recognising Socrates as a decadent, I proved most conclusively that the certainty of my psychological grasp of things ran very little risk at the hands of any sort of moral idiosyncrasy: to regard morality
itself as a symptom of degeneration is an innovation, a unique event of the first order in the history of knowledge. An order of rank among capacities; distance; the art of separating without creating hostility; to refrain from confounding things; to keep from reconciling things; to possess enormous multifariousness and yet to be the reverse of chaos—all
this was the first condition, the long secret work, and the artistic mastery of my instinct. The fact that I am quite free from curiosity in regard to criticisms of my books, more particularly when they appear in newspapers, will have to be forgiven me. FRIEND YORICK Be of good cheer, Friend Yorick! If this thought gives pain, [Pg 171]As now it does, I
fear, Is it not "God"? Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below. "Little Angel" call they me, With hundred flags to ornament, A captain smart, on glory bent, Steers me, puffed with vanity (He himself's an ornament). It was atheism that had drawn me to Schopenhauer. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on
which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. What though they did not soar unto thine height, or reached those far-off, cloud-reared precipices, For that they sank the deeper so they might Within themselves light Destiny's abysses. This work is without question Wagner's non plus ultra; after its creation, the
composition of the Mastersingers and of the Ring was a relaxation to him. Many hidden corners and heights in the country round about Nice are hallowed for me by moments that I can never forget. "Thou who with cleaving fiery lances To enter with glorious hoping the
sea: Brighter to see and purer ever, Free in the bonds of thy sweet constraint,—So it praises thy wondrous endeavour, January, thou beauteous saint!"[1] Who can be in any doubt as to what "glorious hoping" means here, when he has realised the [Pg 96] diamond beauty of the first of Zarathustra's words as they appear in a glow of light at the close of
the fourth book? 4 In reality two negations are involved in my title Immoralist. To be Germany above all, "[4] is a principle; the Germany above all, "[4] is a principle above all, "[4] is a principle above above all, "[4] is a principle above above all, "[4] is a principle above abo
century, they are the restorers of morality, of the "Categorical Imperative." There is also history written with an eye to the Court, and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed of himself. ... Error (the belief in the ideal) is not
blindness; error is cowardice.... I alone can decide. "German intellect" is my foul air: I breathe with difficulty in the neighbourhood of this psychological uncleanliness which in every word and expression betrays a German. A man must be built[Pg 3] for it, otherwise the chances are that it will chil
him. Not only the eternal idols, but also the youngest—that is to say, the most senile: modern ideas, for instance. This yea-saying book projects its light, its love, its tenderness, over all evil things, it restores to them their soul, their clear conscience, and their superior right and privilege to exist on earth. [Pg 93] Morality is not assailed, it simply ceases
to be considered. Words fail me, I have only a look, for those who dare to utter the name of Faust in the presence of Manfred. 4 O loftiest, star-clustered crown of Being! O carved tablets of Eternity! And dost thou truly bend thy way to me? Do ye raise me your crests in wrath? A certain spirituality, of noble taste, seems to be ever struggling to
dominate a passionate torrent at its feet. Not that Nietzsche went mad so soon, but that he[Pg xiv] went mad so late is the wonders. This book closes with an "or?"—it is the only book which closes with an "or?"—it is the only book which closes with the word "or?"—it is the only book which closes with an "or?". If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be
short, a distinction which one must have deserved. My paradise is "in the shadow of my sword." At bottom all I had done was to put one of Stendhal's maxims into practice: he advises one to make one's entrance into society by means of a duel. In order to believe that wine was exhilarating, I should have had to be a Christian—in other words, I should
have had to believe in what, to my mind, is an absurdity. Zarathustra allows of no doubt here; he says that it was precisely the knowledge of the good, of the "best," which inspired his absolute horror of men. Harsh goddess thou of Nature wild and stark, Mistress, that com'st with threats to daunt and quell me, To point me out the vulture's airy are
And laughing avalanches, to repel me. With my own eyes I have seen gifted, richly endowed, and free-spirited natures already "read to ruins" at thirty, and mere wax vestas that have to be rubbed before they can give off any sparks—or "thoughts." To set to early in the morning, at the break of day, in all the fulness and dawn of one's strength, and to
read a book—this I call positively vicious! 9 At this point I can no longer evade a direct answer to the question, how one becomes what one is. A man ought, therefore, to know the size of his stomach. "The vastest soul that can run and stray and rove furthest in its own domain, "The
most necessary soul, that out of desire flingeth itself to chance, "The stable soul that plungeth into Becoming, the possessing soul that must needs taste of willing and longing, "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth from itself, and over-taketh itself in the widest circle, [Pg 109] "The wisest soul that flyeth 
things have their rise, their ebb and flow." But this is the very idea of Dionysus. I have a certain case in mind in which a man of remarkable intellect and independent spirit became a narrow, craven specialist and a grumpy old crank, simply owing to a lack of subtlety in his instinct for climate. Another ideal now leads us on, a wonderful, seductive
ideal, full of danger, the pursuit of which we should be loath to urge upon any one, because we are not so ready to acknowledge any one's right to it: the ideal of a spirit who plays ingenuously (that is to say, involuntarily, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that, hitherto, has been called holy, good, inviolable, and as the outcome of superabundant energy and power) with everything that he was a superabundant energy and power and he was a superabundant energy and he was a sup
divine; to whom even the loftiest thing that the people have with reason made their measure of value would be no better than a danger, a decay, and an abasement, or at least a relaxation and temporary forgetfulness of self: the ideal of a humanly superhuman well-being and goodwill, which often enough will seem inhuman—as when, for instance, it
stands beside all past earnestness on earth, and all past solemnities in hearing, speech, tone, look, morality, and duty, as their most lifelike and unconscious parody—but with which, nevertheless, great earnestness perhaps alone begins." 3
Has any one at the end of the nineteenth century any distinct notion of what poets of a stronger age understood by the word inspiration? In the summer, finding myself once more in the sacred place where the first thought of Zarathustra flashed like a light across my mind, I conceived the second part. With The Dawn of Day I first engaged in a
struggle against the morality of self-renunciation. The pathos of the first few pages is universal history; the look which is discussed on page 105[3] of the book, is the actual look of Zarathustra; Wagner, Bayreuth, the whole of this petty German wretchedness, is a cloud upon which an infinite Fata Morgana of the future is reflected. It created a
sensation and even fascinated by means of its mistakes—by means of its application to Wagnerism, as if the latter were the sign of an ascending tendency. Fearful beneath the weight of victory, Yet chanting, as both victory and death Came hand to him. On the other hand, to an intrinsically sound nature, illness may even constitute a
powerful stimulus to life, to a surplus of life. Christianity, the Denial of the Will to Live, exalted to a religion! Luther was an impossible monk who, thanks to his own "impossibility," attacked the Church, and in so doing restored it! Catholics would be perfectly justified in celebrating feasts in honour of Luther, and in producing festival plays[5] in his
honour. 4 And why should I not proceed to the end? I have never squandered my strength in saying either "yes" or "no" to matter which has already been thought out, or in criticising it—he is no longer capable of thought on his own account.... Has any one ever actually noticed, that, during the period of
profound tension to which the state of pregnancy condemns not only the mind, but also, at bottom, the whole organism, accident and every kind of external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too deep? To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's ears to much, to seal one's ears to much, to seal one's external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too deep? To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's eyes to much, to seal one's external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too deep? To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too deep? To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too deep? To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too acutely and strikes too acutely and strikes too deep? To close one's eyes to much, to seal one's external stimulus acts too acutely and strikes too acutely acutely acts acts accordingly to according to the strike too according
the fact that a man is not an accident but a necessity. I forbid, by the bye, any guessing as to whom I am describing in this passage. The second essay (1874) brings to light that which is dangerous, that which is dehumanised piece of clockwork and
mechanism, thanks to the "impersonality" of the workman, 1 and the false economy of the "division of labour." The object, which is culture, is lost sight of: modern scientific activity as a means thereto simply produces barbarism. I know not how to draw any distinction[Pg 46] between tears and music. A verse which expresses my gratitude for the most
wonderful month of January which I have ever lived—the whole book is a gift—sufficiently reveals the abysmal depths from which "wisdom" has here become joyful. They will know, at least, that a man either is, or is not, aware of his significance and of the significance of what he has accomplished, and that if he is aware of it, then self-realisation, even
of the kind which we find in these pages, is neither morbid nor suspicious, but necessary and inevitable. Lo then! I am the very reverse of a decadent, for he whom I have just described is none other than myself. This spot affected me all the more deeply because it was so dearly loved by the Emperor Frederick III. Volunteers and financial support to
provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. Be this as it may, my ancestors were Polish noblemen: it is owing to them that I have so much race instinct in my blood—who knows? It was
just as if I had been dreaming. In Paris itself people are surprised at "toutes mes audaces et finesses";—the words are Monsieur Taine's;—I fear that even in the highest forms of the dithyramb, that is, wit.... So proud as to flaunt [Pg
203]Unashamed thy conceit? But that's an old story: save, of course, the abortions among them, the emancipated ones, those who lack the where-withal to have children. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff. We were too distant, But now in this tiny hut, Pinned to one destiny, How could we still be foes? Incorrigible blockheads and clowns of
"modern ideas" that they are, I feel much more profoundly at variance with them than with any one of their adversaries. ii. This is no book—for such, who looks? 4 At this time my instincts turned resolutely against any further yielding or following on my part, and any further misunderstanding of myself. The fundamental idea of the work, the Eterna
Recurrence, the highest formula of a Yea-saying to life that can ever be attained, was first conceived in the month of August 1881. Between ourselves, I prefer this generation even to its masters, all of whom were corrupted by German philosophy (Taine, for instance, by Hegel, whom he has to thank for his misunderstanding of great men and great
periods). He knows not how to get rid of anything, how to come to terms with anything, and how to cast anything behind him. My formula for greatness in man is! amor fati: the fact that a man wishes nothing to be different. So now for
lands of southern fire To happy isles where Grecian nymphs hold sport! Thither now turn the ship's desire— No ship e'er sped to fairer port. The loathing of mankind, of the rabble, was always my greatest danger.... The cattle among my acquaintances, the mere Germans, leave me to understand, if you please, that they are not always of my opinion
though here and there they agree with me.... I am too inquisitive, too incredulous, too high spirited, to be satisfied with such a palpably clumsy solution of things. Zarathustra has an eternal right to say: "I draw around me circles and holy boundaries. They fold Their unctuous palms over the jingling fame, Whose ringing chink wins all the world's
acclaim. * You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works. Not that it is at all redolent of powder—you will find quite other and much nicer smells in it, provided that you have any keenness in your nostrils. I had put my finger on the vulnerable spot of a triumphant nation—I had told it that its
victory was not a red-letter day for culture, but, perhaps, something very different. Wouldst feel at home in the heights? His pity for all that is lowly led him astray, And now he lies there, broken, useless, and cold. Has it always been in this state? * * * An antiquary Is a craftsman of dead things, Who lives among coffins and skeletons. 48). To tell
the truth and to aim straight: that is the first Persian virtue. She has guessed the reason of my happiness, She has guessed me—ha! what is she thinking? At all events, the essential condition of its production was a second birth within me of the art of hearing. 1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of
Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. The essay
Wagner in Bayreuth is a vision of my own future; on the other hand, my most secret history, my development, is written down in Schopenhauer as Educator. It was the war which first saved the spirit of France.... I regard it as a great privilege to have had such a father: it even seems to me that this embraces all that I can claim in the matter of
privileges—life, the great yea to life, excepted. The tremendous sagacity of this fatalism, which does not always imply merely the courage for death, but which in the most dangerous cases may actually constitute a self-preservative measure, amounts to a reduction of activity in the vital[Pg 21] functions, the slackening down of which is like a sort of
will to hibernate. 111 Sluggard eyes That seldom love—But when they love, the levin flashes As from shafts of gold [Pg 207]Where a dagger keeps guard at the treasure of love. Ah, by light of haggard levins glaring, 'Neath the untamed thunder's roar and roll, 'Midst the valley's murk wast thou preparing—Sorceress! thy dank and poisoned bowl. In
fact it was most remarkable that all one had to do was to "transvalue all values," in order to hit the nail.... Fourthly, I attack only those things from which all personal differences are excluded, in which any such thing as a background of disagreeable experiences is lacking. And
this brings me back again to France,—I have no arguments against Wagnerites, and hoc genus omne who believe that they do honour to Wagner[Pg 42] by believing him to be like themselves; for such people I have only a contemptuous challenge
fights Against the heavens, midst clamorous crack and crash Of the great mountain! Cradled in the heights, Born as the fruit of hate and lightning's love, The wrath of Zarathustra dwells above And looms with menace of a thundercloud. The two decisive innovations in the book are, first, the comprehension of the Dionysian phenomenon among the
Greeks—it provides the first psychological analysis of this phenomenon, and sees in it the single root of all Greek dissolution, as a typical decadent. You have only to examine The Dawn of Day, or, perhaps, The Wanderer
and his Shadow,[3] in order to understand what this "return to myself" actually meant: in itself it was the highest kind of recovery!... The Germans are like women, you can scarcely ever I fathom their depths—they haven't any, and that's the end of it. A voice spoke in me yesterday As ever—listen if you can: "Woman is more beauteous aye, But more
                           "PIA, CARITATEVOLE, AMOROSISSIMA"[7] Cave where the dead ones rest, O marble falsehood, thee I love: for easy jest My soul thou settest free. I had been forced to delay my departure owing to floods, and I was very soon, and for some days, the only visitor in this wonderful spot, on which my gratitude bestows the gift of an
immortal name. I have never pondered over questions that are not questions. From that time onward, all my writings are so much bait: maybe I understand as much about fishing as most people? That which is called "Idols" on the title page is simply the old truth that has been believed in hitherto. A RIDDLE A riddle here—can you the answer scent? It
actually seems, to use one of Zarathustra's[Pg 103] own phrases, as if all things came to one, and offered themselves as similes. People and things draw importunately near, all experiences strike deep, memory is a gathering wound. Listen to the world-historic accent with which the concept "sense for the tragic" is introduced on page 180: there are
little else but world-historic accents in this essay. Even as a boy I showed my bravado in this respect. We do not solicit donations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. "An appetite is born from out my beauty: would that I might do harm to them of the gifts I have
given:—thus do I thirst for wickedness. Suppose I were to step out of my house, and, instead of the quiet and aristocratic city of Turin, I were to find a German provincial town, my instinct would have to brace itself together in order to repel all that which would pour in upon it from this crushed-down and cowardly world. My humanity is a perpetual
process of self-mastery. After casting a glance between the pages of my Zarathustra, I pace my room to and fro for half an hour at a time, unable to overcome an insufferable fit of tears. Pain is not regarded as an objection to existence: "And if thou hast no bliss now left to crown me—Lead on! Thou hast thy Sorrow still." Maybe that my music is also
great in this passage. With a torch in my hand, the light of which is not by any means a flickering one, I illuminate this nether world with beams that cut like blades. There is not a single passage in this revelation of truth which had already been anticipated and divined by even the greatest among men. After all, I could not describe better than
Zarathustra has done unto whom I really address myself: unto whom I really address myself: unto whom alone would he reveal his riddle? The Transvaluation of all Values, this is my formula for mankind's greatest step towards coming to its[Pg 132] senses—a step which in me became flesh and genius. During the time that I am deeply absorbed in my work, no books are found within my
reach; it would never occur to me to allow any one to speak or even to think in my presence. All prejudices take their origin in the intestines. "HUMAN, ALL-TOO-HUMAN" 1 Human all-too-Human, with its two sequels, is the memorial of a crisis. I can think of absolutely no century in history, in which a netful of more inquisitive and at the same time
more subtle psychologists could be drawn up together than in the Paris of the present day. And why would ye not pluck at my wreath? The small defensive forces are thus, as it were, suspended, and no fresh energy reaches them. Even to this day, when by chance I happen to turn over the leaves of this book, almost every sentence seems to me like a
hook by means of which I draw something incomparable out of the depths; its whole skin quivers with delicate shudders of recollection. My tone, the pitch of my voice, has completely changed; the book will be thought clever, cool, and at times both hard and scornful. A gulf is there 'twixt giving and taking; and the smallest gulf is the last to be
bridged. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus, and I would prefer to be even a satyr than a saint. Woe is me! How overthrow them? Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. When I had well-nice is included.
the end of my tether, simply because I had almost reached my end, I began to reflect upon the fundamental absurdity of my life—"Idealism." It was illness that I always instinctively select the proper remedy when my spiritual or bodily health is low; whereas the decadent, as such,
invariably chooses those remedies which are bad for him. 57 The will redeemeth, He that has nothing to do In a Nothing finds food for trouble. He whom I despise soon guesses that he is despised by me: the very fact of my existence is enough to rouse indignation in all those who have polluted blood in their veins. The review which received by far the
most attention, and which excited the most bitterness, was an extraordinarily powerful and plucky appreciation of my work by Carl Hillebrand, a man who was usually so mild, and the last humane German who knew how to wield a pen. Against this resentment the invalid has only one great remedy—I call it Russian fatalism, that fatalism which is free
from revolt, and with which the Russian soldier, to whom a campaign proves unbearable, ultimately lays himself down in the snow. A sick man now, Sick of serpent's poison, A captive now Who hast drawn the hardest lot: In thine own shaft Bowed as thou workest, In thine own cavern Digging at thyself, Helpless quite, Stiff, A cold corse Overwhelmed
with a hundred burdens, Overburdened by thyself, A knower! A self-knower! The wise Zarathustra!... One death, one happiness, one fame. Everything would think they ate fire and would burn their mouths! "Verily, no abodes for
the unclean do we here hold in readiness! To their bodies our happiness would seem an ice-cavern, and to their spirits also! "And like strong winds will we live above them, neighbours to the eagles, companions of the sun: thus do strong winds live. By trying to rise to "Woman per se," to "Higher Woman," to the "Ideal
Woman," all they wish to do is to lower the general level of women's rank: and the rights of voting cattle. A third thing is the absurd susceptibility of the skin to small pin-pricks, a kind of helplessness in the presence of all small things. It was at that time, too, that I
first divined the relation[Pg 87] between an instinctively repulsive occupation, a so-called vocation, which is a narcotic—by means of Wagner's art, for instance. I slept well and [Pg 105] laughed a good deal—I was perfectly
robust and patient. Yes, as the rider loves his steed, That carryeth him to his goal. Leibniz and Kant—these two great breaks upon the intellectual honesty of Europe! Finally, at a moment when there appeared on the bridge that spanned two centuries of decadence, a superior force of genius and will which was strong enough to consolidate Europe and
to convert it into a political and economic unit, with the object of ruling the world, the Germans, with their Wars of Independence, robbed Europe[Pg 126] of the significance—the marvellous significance—the marvellous significance—the marvellous significance, robbed Europe[Pg 126] of the significance—the marvellous significance—the marv
thereafter, were for me years of unparalleled distress. On two occasions when, at the cost of enormous courage and self-control, an upright, unequivocal, and perfectly scientific attitude of mind had been attained, the Germans were able to discover back stairs leading down to the old "ideal" again, compromises between truth and the "ideal," and, in
short, formulæ for the right to reject science and to perpetrate falsehoods. This is a promise, an act of will, A last bridge-breaking, for good or ill; A wind from sea, an anchor light, A whirr of wheels, a steering right. My circulation is slow. Any kind of spiritual decrepitude utterly excludes all intercourse with them—even any kind of dyspepsia: a man
must have no nerves, but he must have a cheerful belly. I have not uttered a single word which I had not already said five years ago through my mouthpiece Zarathustra. The latter is a misprint.) During the following winter, I was living on that charmingly peaceful Gulf of Rapallo, not far from Genoa, which cuts inland between Chiavari and Cape Porto
Fino. To have something at one's back which one could never have willed, something to which the knot of human destiny is attached—and to be forced thenceforward to bear it on one's shoulders! Why, it almost crushes one! The rancour of greatness! A somewhat different experience is the uncanny silence that reigns about one. Nietzsche's
sensorium, as his autobiography proves, was probably the most delicate instrument ever possessed by a human being; and with this fragile structure—the prerequisite, by the bye, of all genius,—his terrible will compelled him to confront the most profound and most recondite problems. [Pg 112] "Unfair in its inmost heart to that which shineth; cold
toward suns,—thus doth every sun go its way. 1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear project Gutenberg-tm License must appear project Gutenberg-tm License must appear project Gutenberg-tm Licen
Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed: This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. Whoever could have seen me during the seventy
days of this autumn, when, without interruption, I did a host of things of the highest rank—things that no man can do nowadays—with a sense of responsibility for all the ages yet to come, would have noticed no sign of tension in my condition, but rather a state of overflowing freshness and good cheer. Ye lack two centuries of psychological and artistic
discipline, my[Pg 45] dear countrymen!... Around us gnashing pants the lust to kill, The torment to win life in all its changes; Alluring on some cliff, abrupt and chill, Some flower craves the butterfly that ranges. "Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when ye have all denied me will I come back unto you." FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.
Wherever Germany extends her sway, she ruins culture. There I am at home, there alone does my inmost passion become free. Its superior guardianship manifested itself with such exceeding strength, that not once did I ever dream of what was growing within me—until suddenly all my capacities were ripe, and one day burst forth in all the perfection
of their highest bloom. I think I know the Wagnerite, I have experienced three generations of them, from Brendel of blessed memory, who confound Wagner with themselves,—I have been the recipient of every kind of confession about Wagner, from "beautiful
souls." My kingdom for just one intelligent word I—In very truth, a blood-curdling company! Nohl, Pohl, and Kohl[1] and others of their kidney to infinity! There was not a single abortion that was lacking among them—no, not even the anti-Semite.—Poor Wagner! Into whose hands had he fallen? Attacking belongs to my instincts. You might perhaps
discover, however, too many traces of goodwill.... This was my lowest ebb. Other books simply cannot be endured after mine, and least of all philosophical ones. "I will finish it: for a shadow came unto me—the stillest and lightest thing on earth once came unto me! "The beauty of the Superman came unto me as a shadow. 119 Crooked go great rivers
and men, Crooked, but turned to their goal; That is their highest courage, They dreaded not crooked paths. Eloquence has become music. To the question of nutrition, that of locality and climate is next of kin. Up to the present they have compromised themselves with me; I doubt whether the future will improve them. To this extent must a man be a
philosopher.... When I was last in German value of Leipzig to do honour to one of the most genuine and most German of musicians,—using German here in the old sense of the word,—a man who was
no mere German of the Empire, the master Heinrich Schütz, by founding a Liszt Society, the object of which was to cultivate and spread artful (listige[3]) Church music. as the most instinctive sacrifice to Christianity, killing himself inch by inch, first bodily, then spiritually, according to the terrible consistency of this most appalling form of inhuman
cruelty; if I have something of Montaigne's mischievousness in my soul, and—who knows?—perhaps also in my body; if my artist's taste endeavours to defend the names of Molière, Corneille, and Racine, and not without bitterness, against such a wild genius as Shakespeare—all this does not prevent me from regarding even the latter-day Frenchmen
also as charming companions. I shall never admit that a German can understand what music is. In the third and fourth essays, a sign-post is set up pointing to a higher concept of culture, to a re-establishment of the notion "culture"; and two pictures of the hardest self-love and self-discipline are presented, two essentially un-modern types, full of the
most sovereign contempt for all that which lay around them and was called "Empire," "Culture," "Christianity," "Bismarck," and "Success,"—these two types were Schopenhauer and Wagner, or, in a word, Nietzsche.... This excellent person, who with all the impetuous simplicity of a young Prussian nobleman, had waded deep into the swamp of
Wagnerism (and into that of Dübringism[2] into the bargain!), seemed almost transformed during these three days by a hurricane of freedom, like one who has been suddenly raised to his full height and given wings. Was a single one of the philosophers who preceded me a psychologist at all, and not the very reverse of a psychologist—that is to say, a
"superior swindler," an "Idealist"? "Into every abyss do I bear the benediction of my yea to Life." ... Not only must the necessary be borne, and on no account concealed,—all idealism is falsehood in the face of necessary be borne, and destroying.
Christian morality is the most malignant form of all false too the actual Circe of humanity: that which has corrupted mankind. Does anyone except me know of an aspiration which would be great enough to bind the people of Europe once more together? In this way I attacked Wagner, or rather the falsity or mongrel instincts of our "culture" which
confounds the super-refined with the strong, and the effete with the great. In the afternoon, or as often as my health allowed, I walked round the whole bay from Santa Margherita to beyond Porto Fino. The whole of Zarathustra might perhaps be classified under the rubric music. "The genius of the heart, as that great anchorite possesses it, the divine
tempter and born Pied Piper of consciences, whose voice knows how to sink into the inmost depths of every soul, who neither utters a word nor casts a glance, in which some seductive motive or trick does not lie: a part of whose masterliness is that he understands the art of seeming—not what he is, but that which will place a fresh constraint upon his
followers to press ever more closely upon him, to follow him ever more enthusiastically and whole-heartedly.... They are recognised by the fact that any such lucky stroke gladdens our senses; that he is carved from one integral block, which is hard, sweet, and fragrant as well. During those moments when my creative energy flowed most plentifully,
my muscular activity was always greatest. Why, in fact, am I so clever? The eye which, [Pg 116] owing to tremendous constraint, has become accustomed to see at a great distance,—Zarathustra is even more far-sighted than the Tsar,—is here forced to focus sharply that which is close at hand, the present time, the things that lie about him. 8 In all
these things—in the choice of food, place, climate, and recreation—the instinct of self-preservation is dominant, and this instinct manifests itself with least ambiguity when it acts as an instinct of defence. Amor fati is the core of my nature. To a physiologist a like antagonism between values admits of no doubt. 6 Taking everything into consideration, I
could never have survived my youth without Wagnerian music. Why luredst thyself Into the old serpent's paradise? 36, Part ix.), he declares that every one should be able to take leave of his circle of relatives and intimates when his time seems to have come—that is to say, while he is still himself while he still knows what he is about, and is able to
measure his own life and life in general, and speak of both in a manner which is not vouchsafed to the groaning invalid, to the man lying on his back, decrepit and [Pg 75] psychological standpoint, all the decisive traits in my character are introduced into Wagner's
nature—the juxtaposition of the most brilliant and most fatal forces, a Will to Power such as no man has ever possessed—inexorable bravery in matters spiritual, an unlimited power of learning unaccompanied by depressed powers for action. The influence of climate upon the bodily functions, affecting their acceleration or retardation, extends so far,
that a blunder in the choice of locality and climate is able not only to alienate a man from his actual duty, but also to withhold it from him altogether, so that he never even comes face to face with it. So let them take their fill, For if thou dost not offer them enough, Their "virtue" they'll parade, to hide their huff. My war tactics can be reduced to four
principles: First, I attack only things that are triumphant—if necessary I wait until they become triumphant. The winter in Genoa, brought forth that sweetness and spirituality which is almost inseparable from extreme poverty of blood and muscle, in the shape of The Dawn of Day. The perfect lucidity and cheerfulness, the
intellectual exuberance even, that this work reflects, coincides, in my case, not only with the most profound physiological weakness, but also with an excess of suffering. I tell every friend to his face that he has never thought it worth his while to study any one of my writings: from the slightest hints I gather that they do not even know what lies hidden
in my books. Friendship was our life's red dawning, And its sunset red shall be. In proportion as an ideal world has been falsely assumed, reality has been robbed of its value, its meaning, and its truthfulness.... * * * * Scratching cats, With paws that are fettered, There they sit [Pg 194]And their glance is poison. That which defines me, that which
makes me stand apart from the whole of the rest of humanity, is the fact that I unmasked Christian morality. There is nothing either of light or of heavy artillery in its composition, and if its general end be a negative one, its means are not so—means out of which the end follows like a logical conclusion, not like a cannon-shot. And when I happen to
praise Stendhal as a deep psychologist, I have often been compelled, in the company of German University Professors, to spell his name aloud. In one particular case, I once saw all the sins that had been committed against a single book—it was Beyond Good and Evil; I could tell you a nice story about it. [Pg 111] "Oh, the wretchedness of all them that
give! Oh, the clouds that cover the face of my sun! That craving for desire! that burning hunger at the end of the feast! "They take what I give them; but do I touch their soul? It should be taken in small quantities, but very strong. For her happiness She needs constraint—She is a woman, no better. The Germans have not the faintest idea of how vulgar
they are—but this in itself is the acme of vulgarity,—they are not even ashamed of being merely Germans. A whole species of the most malicious "idealism"—which, by the bye, also manifests itself in men, in Henrik Ibsen for instance, that typical old maid—whose object is to poison the clean conscience, the natural spirit, of sexual love.... And with it all
there is nought of the founder of a religion in me. I cannot remember ever having exerted myself, I can point to no trace of struggle in my life; I am the reverse of a heroic nature. Under these circumstances, it is a duty—and one against which my customary reserve, and to a still greater degree the pride of my instincts, rebel—to say: Listen! for I am
such and such a person. A doctor who treated me for some time as a nerve patient finally declared: "No! there is nothing wrong with your nerves, it is simply I who am nervous." It has been absolutely impossible to ascertain any local degeneration in me, nor any organic stomach trouble, however much I may have suffered from profound weakness of
the gastric system as the result of general exhaustion. Now that I have learnt through long practice to read the effects of climatic and meteorological influences, from my own body, as though from a very delicate and reliable instrument, and that I am able to calculate the change in degrees of atmospheric moisture by means of physiological
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