

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

Beyond Good and Evil
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

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Preface

Suppose that truth is a woman – and why not? Aren't there reasons for suspecting that all philosophers, to the extent that they have been dogmatists, have not really understood women? That the grotesque seriousness of their approach towards the truth and the clumsy advances they have made so far are unsuitable ways of pressing their suit with a woman? What is certain is that she has spurned them – leaving dogmatism of all types standing sad and discouraged. *If* it is even left standing! Because there are those who make fun of dogmatism, claiming that it has fallen over, that it is lying flat on its face, or more, that dogmatism is in its last gasps. But seriously, there are good reasons for hoping that all dogmatizing in philosophy was just noble (though childish) ambling and preambing, however solemn, settled and decisive it might have seemed. And perhaps the time is very near when we will realize again and again just *what* actually served as the cornerstone of those sublime and unconditional philosophical edifices that the dogmatists used to build – some piece of folk superstition from time immemorial (like the soul-superstition that still causes trouble as the superstition of the subject or I), some word-play perhaps, a seduction of grammar or an over-eager generalization from facts that are really very local, very personal, very human-all-too-human. Let us hope that the dogmatists' philosophy was only a promise over the millennia, as was the case even earlier with astrology, in whose service perhaps more labor, money, ingenuity, and patience was expended than for any real science so far. We owe the great style of architecture in Asia and Egypt to astrology and its "supernatural" claims. It seems that all great things, in order to inscribe eternal demands in the heart of humanity, must first wander the earth under monstrous and terrifying masks; dogmatic philosophy

was this sort of a mask: the Vedanta doctrine in Asia, for example, or Platonism in Europe. We should not be ungrateful towards dogmatism, but it must nonetheless be said that the worst, most prolonged, and most dangerous of all errors to this day was a dogmatist's error, namely Plato's invention of pure spirit and the Good in itself. But now that it has been overcome, and Europe breathes a sigh of relief after this nightmare, and at least can enjoy a healthier – well – sleep, we, *whose task is wakefulness itself*, are the heirs to all the force cultivated through the struggle against this error. Of course: talking about spirit and the Good like Plato did meant standing truth on its head and disowning even *perspectivism*, which is the fundamental condition of all life. In fact, as physicians we could ask: “How could such a disease infect Plato, the most beautiful outgrowth of antiquity? Did the evil Socrates corrupt him after all? was Socrates in fact the corrupter of youth? did he deserve his hemlock?” – But the struggle against Plato, or, to use a clear and “popular” idiom, the struggle against the Christian–ecclesiastical pressure of millennia – since Christianity is Platonism for the “people” – has created a magnificent tension of spirit in Europe, the likes of which the earth has never known: with such a tension in our bow we can now shoot at the furthest goals. Granted, the European experiences this tension as a crisis or state of need; and twice already there have been attempts, in a grand fashion, to unbend the bow, once through Jesuitism, and the second time through the democratic Enlightenment: – which, with the help of freedom of the press and circulation of newspapers, might really insure that spirit does not experience itself so readily as “need”! (Germans invented gunpowder – all honors due! But they made up for it – they invented the press.) But we, who are neither Jesuits nor democrats, nor even German enough, we *good Europeans* and free, *very* free spirits – we still have it, the whole need of spirit and the whole tension of its bow! And perhaps the arrow too, the task, and – who knows? the *goal* . . .

Sils-Maria, Upper Engadine,
June, 1885

Part 1 On the prejudices of philosophers

I

The will to truth that still seduces us into taking so many risks, this famous truthfulness that all philosophers so far have talked about with veneration: what questions this will to truth has already laid before us! What strange, terrible, questionable questions! That is already a long story – and yet it seems to have hardly begun? Is it any wonder if we finally become suspicious, lose patience, turn impatiently away? That *we ourselves* are also learning from this Sphinx to pose questions? *Who* is it really that questions us here? *What* in us really wills the truth? In fact, we paused for a long time before the question of the cause of this will – until we finally came to a complete standstill in front of an even more fundamental question. We asked about the *value* of this will. Granted, we will truth: *why not untruth instead?* And uncertainty? Even ignorance? The problem of the value of truth came before us, – or was it we who came before the problem? Which of us is Oedipus? Which one is the Sphinx? It seems we have a rendezvous of questions and question-marks. – And, believe it or not, it ultimately looks to us as if the problem has never been raised until now, – as if we were the first to ever see it, fix our gaze on it, *risk it*. Because this involves risk and perhaps no risk has ever been greater.

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“How *could* anything originate out of its opposite? Truth from error, for instance? Or the will to truth from the will to deception? Or selfless action from self-interest? Or the pure, sun-bright gaze of wisdom from a covetous leer? Such origins are impossible, and people who dream about

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such things are fools – at best. Things of the highest value must have another, separate origin *of their own*, – they cannot be derived from this ephemeral, seductive, deceptive, lowly world, from this mad chaos of confusion and desire. Look instead to the lap of being, the everlasting, the hidden God, the ‘thing-in-itself’ – *this* is where their ground must be, and nowhere else!”¹ – This way of judging typifies the prejudices by which metaphysicians of all ages can be recognized: this type of valuation lies behind all their logical procedures. From these “beliefs” they try to acquire their “knowledge,” to acquire something that will end up being solemnly christened as “the truth.” The fundamental belief of metaphysicians is the *belief in oppositions of values*. It has not occurred to even the most cautious of them to start doubting right here at the threshold, where it is actually needed the most – even though they had vowed to themselves “*de omnibus dubitandum*.”² But we can doubt, first, whether opposites even exist and, second, whether the popular valuations and value oppositions that have earned the metaphysicians’ seal of approval might not only be foreground appraisals. Perhaps they are merely provisional perspectives, perhaps they are not even viewed head-on; perhaps they are even viewed from below, like a frog-perspective, to borrow an expression that painters will recognize. Whatever value might be attributed to truth, truthfulness, and selflessness, it could be possible that appearance, the will to deception, and craven self-interest should be accorded a higher and more fundamental value for all life. It could even be possible that whatever gives value to those good and honorable things has an incriminating link, bond, or tie to the very things that look like their evil opposites; perhaps they are even essentially the same. Perhaps! – But who is willing to take charge of such a dangerous Perhaps! For this we must await the arrival of a new breed of philosophers, ones whose taste and inclination are somehow the reverse of those we have seen so far – philosophers of the dangerous Perhaps in every sense. – And in all seriousness: I see these new philosophers approaching.

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I have kept a close eye on the philosophers and read between their lines for long enough to say to myself: the greatest part of conscious thought

¹ Cf. *Human, All too Human*, I, §1.

² Everything is to be doubted.

must still be attributed to instinctive activity, and this is even the case for philosophical thought. This issue needs re-examination in the same way that heredity and “innate characteristics” have been re-examined. Just as the act of birth makes no difference to the overall course of heredity, neither is “consciousness” *opposed* to instinct in any decisive sense – most of a philosopher’s conscious thought is secretly directed and forced into determinate channels by the instincts. Even behind all logic and its autocratic posturings stand valuations or, stated more clearly, physiological requirements for the preservation of a particular type of life. For example, that the determinate is worth more than the indeterminate, appearance worth less than the “truth”: despite all their regulative importance for *us*, these sorts of appraisals could still be just foreground appraisals, a particular type of *niaiserie*,³ precisely what is needed for the preservation of beings like us. But this assumes that it is not man who is the “measure of things” . . .

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We do not consider the falsity of a judgment as itself an objection to a judgment; this is perhaps where our new language will sound most foreign. The question is how far the judgment promotes and preserves life, how well it preserves, and perhaps even cultivates, the type. And we are fundamentally inclined to claim that the falsest judgments (which include synthetic judgments *a priori*) are the most indispensable to us, and that without accepting the fictions of logic, without measuring reality against the wholly invented world of the unconditioned and self-identical, without a constant falsification of the world through numbers, people could not live – that a renunciation of false judgments would be a renunciation of life, a negation of life. To acknowledge untruth as a condition of life: this clearly means resisting the usual value feelings in a dangerous manner; and a philosophy that risks such a thing would by that gesture alone place itself beyond good and evil.

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What goads us into regarding all philosophers with an equal measure of mistrust and mockery is not that we are struck repeatedly by how innocent

³ Silliness.

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they are – how often and easily they err and stray, in short, their childish childlikeness – but rather that there is not enough genuine honesty about them: even though they all make a huge, virtuous racket as soon as the problem of truthfulness is even remotely touched upon. They all act as if they had discovered and arrived at their genuine convictions through the self-development of a cold, pure, divinely insouciant dialectic (in contrast to the mystics of every rank, who are more honest than the philosophers and also sillier – they talk about “inspiration” –): while what essentially happens is that they take a conjecture, a whim, an “inspiration” or, more typically, they take some fervent wish that they have sifted through and made properly abstract – and they defend it with rationalizations after the fact. They are all advocates who do not want to be seen as such; for the most part, in fact, they are sly spokesmen for prejudices that they christen as “truths” – and *very* far indeed from the courage of conscience that confesses to this fact, this very fact; and very far from having the good taste of courage that also lets this be known, perhaps to warn a friend or foe, or out of a high-spirited attempt at self-satire. The stiff yet demure tartuffery used by the old Kant to lure us along the clandestine, dialectical path that leads the way (or rather: astray) to his “categorical imperative” – this spectacle provides no small amusement for discriminating spectators like us, who keep a close eye on the cunning tricks of the old moralists and preachers of morals. Or even that hocus pocus of a mathematical form used by Spinoza to arm and outfit his philosophy (a term which, when all is said and done, really means “*his* love of wisdom”) and thus, from the very start, to strike terror into the heart of the attacker who would dare to cast a glance at the unconquerable maiden and Pallas Athena: – how much personal timidity and vulnerability this sick hermit’s masquerade reveals!

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I have gradually come to realize what every great philosophy so far has been: a confession of faith on the part of its author, and a type of involuntary and unself-conscious memoir; in short, that the moral (or immoral) intentions in every philosophy constitute the true living seed from which the whole plant has always grown. Actually, to explain how the strangest metaphysical claims of a philosopher really come about, it is always good (and wise) to begin by asking: what morality is it (*is he* –) getting at? Consequently, I do not believe that a “drive for knowledge” is the father of

philosophy, but rather that another drive, here as elsewhere, used knowledge (and mis-knowledge!) merely as a tool. But anyone who looks at people's basic drives, to see how far they may have played their little game right here as *inspiring* geniuses (or daemons or sprites –), will find that they all practiced philosophy at some point, – and that every single one of them would be only too pleased to present *itself* as the ultimate purpose of existence and as rightful *master* of all the other drives. Because every drive craves mastery, and *this* leads it to try philosophizing. – Of course: with scholars, the truly scientific people, things might be different – “better” if you will –, with them, there might really be something like a drive for knowledge, some independent little clockwork mechanism that, once well wound, ticks bravely away *without* essentially involving the rest of the scholar's drives. For this reason, the scholar's real “interests” usually lie somewhere else entirely, with the family, or earning money, or in politics; in fact, it is almost a matter of indifference whether his little engine is put to work in this or that field of research, and whether the “promising” young worker turns himself into a good philologist or fungus expert or chemist: – it doesn't *signify* anything about him that he becomes one thing or the other. In contrast, there is absolutely nothing impersonal about the philosopher; and in particular his morals bear decided and decisive witness to *who he is* – which means, in what order of rank the innermost drives of his nature stand with respect to each other.

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How malicious philosophers can be! I do not know anything more venomous than the joke Epicurus allowed himself against Plato and the Platonists: he called them Dionysiokolakes.⁴ Literally, the foreground meaning of this term is “sycophants of Dionysus” and therefore accessories of the tyrant and brown-nosers; but it also wants to say “they're all *actors*, there's nothing genuine about them” (since *Dionysokolax* was a popular term for an actor). And this second meaning is really the malice that Epicurus hurled against Plato: he was annoyed by the magnificent style, the *mise-en-scène* that Plato and his students were so good at, – that Epicurus was not so good at! He, the old schoolmaster from Samos, who sat hidden in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books,

⁴ Epicurus, Fragment 93.

who knows? perhaps out of anger and ambition against Plato? – It took a hundred years for Greece to find out who this garden god Epicurus had been. – Did it find out?

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In every philosophy there is a point where the philosopher's "conviction" steps onto the stage: or, to use the language of an ancient Mystery:

adventavit asinus
pulcher et fortissimus.⁵

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So you want to *live* "according to nature?" Oh, you noble Stoics, what a fraud is in this phrase! Imagine something like nature, profligate without measure, indifferent without measure, without purpose and regard, without mercy and justice, fertile and barren and uncertain at the same time, think of indifference itself as power – how *could* you live according to this indifference? Living – isn't that wanting specifically to be something other than this nature? Isn't living assessing, preferring, being unfair, being limited, wanting to be different? And assuming your imperative to "live according to nature" basically amounts to "living according to life" – well how could you *not*? Why make a principle out of what you yourselves are and must be? – But in fact, something quite different is going on: while pretending with delight to read the canon of your law in nature, you want the opposite, you strange actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to dictate and annex your morals and ideals onto nature – yes, nature itself –, you demand that it be nature "according to Stoa" and you want to make all existence exist in your own image alone – as a huge eternal glorification and universalization of Stoicism! For all your love of truth, you have forced yourselves so long, so persistently, and with such hypnotic rigidity to have a *false*, namely Stoic, view of nature, that you can no longer see it any other way, – and some abysmal piece of arrogance finally gives you the madhouse hope that *because* you know how to tyrannize yourselves – Stoicism is self-tyranny –, nature lets itself be

⁵ "In came the ass / beautiful and very strong." According to *KSA* these lines could be taken from G. C. Lichtenberg's *Vermischte Schriften* (*Miscellaneous Writings*) (1867), V, p. 327.

tyrannized as well: because isn't the Stoic a *piece* of nature? . . . But this is an old, eternal story: what happened back then with the Stoics still happens today, just as soon as a philosophy begins believing in itself. It always creates the world in its own image, it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most spiritual will to power, to the "creation of the world," to the *causa prima*.⁶

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All over Europe these days, the problem "of the real and the apparent world" gets taken up so eagerly and with such acuity – I would even say: shrewdness – that you really start to think and listen; and anyone who hears only a "will to truth" in the background here certainly does not have the sharpest of ears. In rare and unusual cases, some sort of will to truth might actually be at issue, some wild and adventurous streak of courage, a metaphysician's ambition to hold on to a lost cause, that, in the end, will still prefer a handful of "certainty" to an entire wagonload of pretty possibilities. There might even be puritanical fanatics of conscience who would rather lie dying on an assured nothing than an uncertain something. But this is nihilism, and symptomatic of a desperate soul in a state of deadly exhaustion, however brave such virtuous posturing may appear. With stronger, livelier thinkers, however, thinkers who still have a thirst for life, things look different. By taking sides *against* appearance and speaking about "perspective" in a newly arrogant tone, by granting their own bodies about as little credibility as they grant the visual evidence that says "the earth stands still," and so, with seemingly good spirits, relinquishing their most secure possession (since what do people believe in more securely these days than their bodies?), who knows whether they are not basically trying to re-appropriate something that was once possessed even *more securely*, something from the old estate of a bygone faith, perhaps "the immortal soul" or perhaps "the old God," in short, ideas that helped make life a bit better, which is to say stronger and more cheerful than "modern ideas" can do? There is a *mistrust* of these modern ideas here, there is a disbelief in everything built yesterday and today; perhaps it is mixed with a bit of antipathy and contempt that can no longer stand the bric-a-brac of concepts from the most heterogeneous sources, which is

⁶ First cause.

how so-called positivism puts itself on the market these days, a disgust felt by the more discriminating taste at the fun-fair colors and flimsy scraps of all these reality-philosophasters who have nothing new and genuine about them except these colors. Here, I think, we should give these skeptical anti-realists and epistemo-microscopists their just due: the instinct that drives them away from *modern* reality is unassailable, – what do we care for their retrograde shortcut! The essential thing about them is not that they want to go “back”: but rather, that they want to get – *away*. A bit *more* strength, flight, courage, artistry: and they would want to get *up and out*, – and not go back! –

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It seems to me that people everywhere these days are at pains to divert attention away from the real influence Kant exerted over German philosophy, and, in particular, wisely to overlook the value he attributed to himself. First and foremost, Kant was proud of his table of categories,⁷ and he said with this table in his hands: “This is the hardest thing that ever could have been undertaken on behalf of metaphysics.” – But let us be clear about this “could have been”! He was proud of having *discovered* a new faculty in humans, the faculty of synthetic judgments *a priori*. Of course he was deceiving himself here, but the development and rapid blossoming of German philosophy depended on this pride, and on the competitive zeal of the younger generation who wanted, if possible, to discover something even prouder – and in any event “new faculties”! – But the time has come for us to think this over. How are synthetic judgments *a priori possible*? Kant asked himself, – and what really was his answer? *By virtue of a faculty*, which is to say: *enabled by an ability*.⁸ Unfortunately, though, not in these few words, but rather so laboriously, reverentially, and with such an extravagance of German frills and profundity that people failed to hear the comical *niaiserie allemande*⁹ in such an answer. In fact, people were beside themselves with joy over this new faculty, and the jubilation reached its peak when Kant discovered yet another faculty, a moral faculty: – because the Germans were still moral back then, and

⁷ The reference in this section is to Kant’s *Kritik der reinen Vernunft* (*Critique of Pure Reason*) (1781, 1787).

⁸ In German: *Vermöge eines Vermögens*.

⁹ German silliness.

Part 5 On the natural history of morals

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In Europe these days, moral sentiment is just as refined, late, multiple, sensitive, and subtle as the “science of morals” (which belongs with it) is young, neophyte, clumsy, and crude: – an attractive contrast, and one that occasionally becomes visible, embodied in the person of the moralist himself. Considering what it signifies, the very phrase “science of morals” is much too arrogant and offends *good* taste, which always tends to prefer more modest terms. We should admit to ourselves with all due severity exactly *what* will be necessary for a long time to come and *what* is provisionally correct, namely: collecting material, formulating concepts, and putting into order the tremendous realm of tender value feelings and value distinctions that live, grow, reproduce, and are destroyed, – and, perhaps, attempting to illustrate the recurring and more frequent shapes of this living crystallization, – all of which would be a preparation for a *typology* of morals. Of course, people have not generally been this modest. Philosophers have all demanded (with ridiculously stubborn seriousness) something much more exalted, ambitious, and solemn as soon as they took up morality as a science: they wanted morality to be *grounded*, – and every philosopher so far has thought that he has provided a ground for morality. Morality itself, however, was thought to be “given.” What a distance between this sort of crass pride and that supposedly modest little descriptive project, left in rot and ruin, even though the subtlest hands and senses could hardly be subtle enough for it. Precisely because moral philosophers had only a crude knowledge of moral *facta*, selected arbitrarily and abbreviated at random – for instance, as the morality of

Apart from the value of claims like “there is a categorical imperative in us,” the question remains: what do claims like this tell us about the people who make them? There are moralities that are supposed to justify their creator in the eyes of others, and other moralities that are supposed to calm him down and allow him to be content with himself; still other moralities allow him to crucify and humiliate himself. He can use some moralities to take revenge, others to hide, and still others to transfigure himself and place himself far and away. There are moralities that help their creator to forget, and others that let him – or something about him – be forgotten. Many moralists would like to wield power and impose their creative whims on humanity; many others (perhaps even Kant himself) want to make it clear through their morality that “the worthy thing about me is that I can obey – and it *should* be the same for you as it is for me!” – in short, even morality is just a *sign language of the affects!*

Every morality, as opposed to *laissez-aller*,⁴ is a piece of tyranny against both “nature” and “reason.” But this in itself is no objection; for that, we would have to issue yet another decree based on some other morality forbidding every sort of tyranny and unreason. What is essential and invaluable about every morality is that it is a long compulsion. In order to understand Stoicism or Port-Royal or Puritanism, just remember the compulsion under which every language so far has developed strength and freedom: the compulsion of meter, the tyranny of rhyme and rhythm. Look at how much trouble the poets and the orators of every country have to go through! (including some of today’s prose writers, who have an inexorable conscience in their ear) – and all “for the sake of some stupidity,” as utilitarian fools say (and think they are clever for saying it) – or “in obsequious submission to arbitrary laws,” as anarchists say (and then imagine themselves “free,” even free-spirited). But the strange fact is that everything there is, or was, of freedom, subtlety, boldness, dance, or masterly assurance on earth, whether in thinking itself, or in ruling, or in speaking and persuading, in artistic just as in ethical practices, has only developed by virtue of the “tyranny of such arbitrary laws.” And, in all

⁴ Letting go.

seriousness, it is not at all improbable that *this* is what is “nature” and “natural” – and *not* that *laisser-aller*! Every artist knows how far removed this feeling of letting go is from his “most natural” state, the free ordering, placing, disposing and shaping in the moment of “inspiration” – he knows how strictly and subtly he obeys thousands of laws at this very moment, laws that defy conceptual formulation precisely because of their hardness and determinateness (compared with these laws, there is something floundering, multiple, and ambiguous about even the most solid concept –). I will say it again: what seems to be essential “in heaven and on earth” is that there be *obedience* in one direction for a long time. In the long term, this always brings and has brought about something that makes life on earth worth living – for instance: virtue, art, music, dance, reason, intellect – something that transfigures, something refined, fantastic, and divine. The long un-freedom of spirit, the mistrustful constraint in the communicability of thought, the discipline that thinkers imposed on themselves, thinking within certain guidelines imposed by the church or court or Aristotelian presuppositions, the long, spiritual will to interpret every event according to a Christian scheme and to rediscover and justify the Christian God in every chance event, – all this violence, arbitrariness, harshness, terror, and anti-reason has shown itself to be the means through which strength, reckless curiosity, and subtle agility have been bred into the European spirit. Admittedly, this also entailed an irreplaceable loss of force and spirit, which have had to be crushed, stifled, and ruined (since here, just like everywhere else, “nature,” shows itself in its utterly wasteful and *indifferent* glory, which is outrageous but noble). The fact that, for thousands of years, European thinkers have been thinking only in order to prove something (these days it is the other way around: we are suspicious of any thinker who “has something to prove”) – the fact that the results which were *supposed* to emerge from their most intense contemplations were in fact already firmly established (somewhat like earlier Asian astrology or even the present-day innocuous Christian-moral interpretation of the most personal events “to the glory of god” and “to save the soul”): – this tyranny, this arbitrariness, this stern and grandiose stupidity has *trained* the spirit. Slavery, in both the crude and refined senses of the term, seems to be the indispensable means of disciplining and breeding even the spirit. We can look at every morality in the following way: whatever “nature” it contains teaches us to hate the *laisser-aller*, the all-too-great freedom, and plants in us the need for

limited horizons and the closest tasks. It teaches a *narrowing of perspective* and so, in a certain sense, stupidity as a condition for life and growth. “You should obey someone, anyone, and for a long time: *or else* you will deteriorate and lose all respect for yourself” – this seems to me to be the moral imperative of nature, which is clearly neither “categorical,” as the old Kant demanded it to be (hence the “or else” –), nor directed to the individual (what does nature care about the individual!), but rather to peoples, races, ages, classes, and above all to the whole “human” animal, to *the* human.

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The industrious races find it extremely difficult to tolerate idleness: it was a stroke of genius on the part of the *English* instinct to spend Sundays in tedium with a *te deum* so that the English people would unconsciously lust for their week- and workdays. It is the same type of cleverly invented, cleverly interpolated period of *fasting* that you find all over the ancient world (although there, as is often the case with southern peoples, it is not exactly associated with work –). There need to be many types of fasts; and wherever powerful drives and habits rule, the law-makers have to be sure to put in leap days when these drives are chained up and made to relearn what hunger feels like. Entire generations or epochs, emerging in the grips of some moral fanaticism or another, seem (from a higher viewpoint) to be just such interposed periods of compulsion and fasting, the times when a drive learns to cower and submit, but also to keep itself *clean* and *sharp*. Some philosophical sects can be interpreted in this way as well (like the Stoa in the midst of a Hellenistic culture whose air had become heavy and lascivious with the fragrance of aphrodisiacs). – This also suggests an explanation for the paradox of why it was precisely during Europe’s Christian period and only under the pressure of Christian value judgments that the sex drive sublimated itself into love (*amour-passion*⁵).

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There is something in Plato’s moral philosophy that does not really belong to him, but is there in spite of him, as it were: namely, the Socratism that

⁵ Love as passion.

destroyed – its faith in itself, its backbone, as it were, is broken: as a result, these are the very drives that will be denounced and slandered the most. A high, independent spiritedness, a will to stand alone, even an excellent faculty of reason, will be perceived as a threat. Everything that raises the individual over the herd and frightens the neighbor will henceforth be called *evil*; the proper, modest, unobtrusive, equalizing attitude and the *mediocrity* of desires acquire moral names and honors. Finally, in very peaceable circumstances there are fewer and fewer opportunities and less and less need to nurture an instinct for severity or hardness; and now every severity starts disturbing the conscience, even where justice is concerned. A high and hard nobility and self-reliance is almost offensive, and provokes suspicion; “the lamb,” and “the sheep” even more, gains respect. – There is a point in the history of a society when it becomes pathologically enervated and tenderized and it takes sides, quite honestly and earnestly, with those who do it harm, with *criminals*. Punishment: that seems somehow unjust to this society, – it certainly finds the thoughts of “punishment” and “needing to punish” both painful and frightening. “Isn’t it enough to render him *unthreatening*? Why punish him as well? Punishment is itself fearful!” – with these questions, the herd morality, the morality of timidity, draws its final consequences. If the threat, the reason for the fear, could be totally abolished, this morality would be abolished as well: it would not be necessary any more, it would not *consider itself* necessary any more! Anyone who probes the conscience of today’s European will have to extract the very same imperative from a thousand moral folds and hiding places, the imperative of herd timidity: “we want the day to come when there is *nothing more to fear!*” The day to come – the will and way *to that day* is now called “progress” everywhere in Europe.

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Let us immediately repeat what we have already said a hundred times before, since there are no ready ears for such truths – for *our* truths – these days. We know all too well how offensive it sounds when someone classifies human beings as animals, without disguises or allegory; and we are considered almost *sinful* for constantly using expressions like “herd,” and “herd instinct” with direct reference to people of “modern ideas.” So what? We cannot help ourselves, since this is where our new insights happen to lie. Europe, we have found, has become unanimous in all major

moral judgments; and this includes the countries under Europe's influence. People in Europe clearly *know* what Socrates claimed not to know, and what that famous old snake once promised to teach, – people these days “know” what is good and evil. Now it must sound harsh and strike the ear quite badly when we keep insisting on the following point: what it is that claims to know here, what glorifies itself with its praise and reproach and calls itself good is the instinct of the herd animal man, which has come to the fore, gaining and continuing to gain predominance and supremacy over the other instincts, in accordance with the growing physiological approach and approximation whose symptom it is. *Morality in Europe these days is the morality of herd animals*: – and therefore, as we understand things, it is only one type of human morality beside which, before which, and after which many other (and especially *higher*) moralities are or should be possible. But this morality fights tooth and nail against such a “possibility” and such a “should”: it stubbornly and ruthlessly declares “I am morality itself and nothing else is moral!” And in fact, with the aid of a religion that indulged and flattered the loftiest herd desires, things have reached the point where this morality is increasingly apparent in even political and social institutions: the *democratic* movement is the heir to Christianity. But there are indications that the tempo of this morality is still much too slow and lethargic for those who have less patience, those who are sick or addicted to the above-mentioned instinct. This is attested to by the increasingly frantic howling, the increasingly undisguised snarling of the anarchist dogs that now wander the alleyways of European culture, in apparent opposition to the peaceable and industrious democrats and ideologists of revolution, and still more to the silly philosophasters and brotherhood enthusiasts who call themselves socialists and want a “free society.” But, in fact, they are one and all united in thorough and instinctive hostility towards all forms of society besides that of the *autonomous* herd (even to the point of rejecting the concepts of “master” and “slave” – *ni dieu ni maître*¹² reads a socialist formula –); they are united in their dogged opposition to any special claims, special rights, or privileges (which means, in the last analysis, that they are opposed to *any* rights: since when everyone is equal, no one will need “rights” anymore –); they are united in their mistrust of punitive justice (as if it were a violation of those who are weaker, a wrong against the *necessary*

¹² Neither God nor master.

result of all earlier societies –); but they are likewise united in the religion of pity, in sympathy for whatever feels, lives, suffers (down to the animal and up to “God”: – the excessive notion of “pity for God” belongs in a democratic age –); they are all united in the cries and the impatience of pity, in deadly hatred against suffering in general, in the almost feminine inability to sit watching, to *let* suffering happen; they are united in the way they involuntarily raise the general level of sensitivity and gloom under whose spell Europe seems threatened with a new Buddhism; they are united in their faith in the morality of *communal* pity, as if it were morality in itself, the height, the *achieved* height of humanity, the sole hope for the future, the solace of the present, the great redemption of all guilt from the past: – they are all united in their faith in the community as *Redeemer*, which is to say: in the herd, in “themselves” . . .

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We who have a different faith –, we who consider the democratic movement to be not merely an abased form of political organization, but rather an abased (more specifically a diminished) form of humanity, a mediocritization and depreciation of humanity in value: where do *we* need to reach with our hopes? – Towards *new philosophers*, there is no alternative; towards spirits who are strong and original enough to give impetus to opposed valuations and initiate a revaluation and reversal of “eternal values”; towards those sent out ahead; towards the men of the future who in the present tie the knots and gather the force that compels the will of millennia into *new* channels. To teach humanity its future as its *will*, as dependent on a human will, to prepare for the great risk and wholesale attempt at breeding and cultivation and so to put an end to the gruesome rule of chance and nonsense that has passed for “history” so far (the nonsense of the “greatest number” is only its latest form): a new type of philosopher and commander will be needed for this some day, and whatever hidden, dreadful, or benevolent spirits have existed on earth will pale into insignificance beside the image of this type. The image of such leaders hovers before *our* eyes: – may I say this out loud, you free spirits? The conditions that would have to be partly created and partly exploited for them to come into being; the probable paths and trials that would enable a soul to grow tall and strong enough to feel the *compulsion* for these tasks; a revaluation of values whose new pressure and hammer will

steel a conscience and transform a heart into bronze to bear the weight of a responsibility like this; and, on the other hand, the necessity of such leaders, the terrible danger that they could fail to appear or simply fail and degenerate – these are *our* real worries and dark clouds, do you know this, you free spirits? These are the heavy, distant thoughts and storms that traverse the sky of *our* lives. There are few pains as intense as ever having seen, guessed, or sympathized while an extraordinary person ran off course and degenerated: but someone with an uncommon eye for the overall danger that “humanity” itself will *degenerate*, someone like us, who has recognized the outrageous contingency that has been playing games with the future of humanity so far – games in which no hand and not even a “finger of God” has taken part! – someone who has sensed the disaster that lies hidden in the idiotic guilelessness and credulity of “modern ideas,” and still more in the whole of Christian-European morality: someone like this will suffer from an unparalleled sense of alarm. In a single glance he will comprehend everything that *could be bred from humanity*, given a favorable accumulation and intensification of forces and tasks; he will know with all the prescience of his conscience how humanity has still not exhausted its greatest possibilities, and how often the type man has already faced mysterious decisions and new paths: – he will know even better, from his most painful memories, the sorts of miserable things that generally shatter, crush, sink, and turn a development of the highest rank into a miserable affair. The *total degeneration of humanity* down to what today’s socialist fools and nitwits see as their “man of the future” – as their ideal! – this degeneration and diminution of humanity into the perfect herd animal (or, as they say, into man in a “free society”), this brutalizing process of turning humanity into stunted little animals with equal rights and equal claims is no doubt *possible*! Anyone who has ever thought this possibility through to the end knows one more disgust than other men, – and perhaps a new *task* as well! . . .

seen in all things that have perfected themselves. Perhaps our great virtue of historical sense is necessarily opposed to *good* taste, at least to the very best taste, and it is only poorly and haltingly, only with effort that we are able to reproduce in ourselves the trivial as well as greatest serendipities and transfigurations of human life as they light up every now and then: those moments and marvels when a great force stands voluntarily still in front of the boundless and limitless –, the enjoyment of an abundance of subtle pleasure in suddenly harnessing and fossilizing, in settling down and establishing yourself on ground that is still shaking. *Moderation* is foreign to us, let us admit this to ourselves; our thrill is precisely the thrill of the infinite, the unmeasured. Like the rider on a steed snorting to go further onward, we let the reins drop before the infinite, we modern men, we half-barbarians – and *we* feel supremely happy only when we are in the most – *danger*.

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Hedonism, pessimism, utilitarianism, eudamonianism: these are all ways of thinking that measure the value of things according to *pleasure* and *pain*, which is to say according to incidental states and trivialities. They are all foreground ways of thinking and naivetés, and nobody who is conscious of both *formative* powers and an artist's conscience will fail to regard them with scorn as well as pity. Pity for *you!* That is certainly not pity as you understand it: it is not pity for social “distress,” for “society” with its sick and injured, for people depraved and destroyed from the beginning as they lie around us on the ground; even less is it pity for the grumbling, dejected, rebellious slave strata who strive for dominance – they call it “freedom.” *Our* pity is a higher, more far-sighted pity: – we see how humanity is becoming smaller, how *you* are making it smaller! – and there are moments when we look on *your* pity with indescribable alarm, when we fight this pity –, when we find your seriousness more dangerous than any sort of thoughtlessness. You want, if possible (and no “if possible” is crazier) to *abolish suffering*. And us? – it looks as though *we* would prefer it to be heightened and made even worse than it has ever been! Well-being as you understand it – that is no goal; it looks to us like an *end!* – a condition that immediately renders people ridiculous and despicable – that makes their decline into something *desirable!* The discipline of suffering, of *great* suffering – don't you know that *this* discipline has

been the sole cause of every enhancement in humanity so far? The tension that breeds strength into the unhappy soul, its shudder at the sight of great destruction, its inventiveness and courage in enduring, surviving, interpreting, and exploiting unhappiness, and whatever depth, secrecy, whatever masks, spirit, cunning, greatness it has been given: – weren't these the gifts of suffering, of the disciple of great suffering? In human beings, *creature* and *creator* are combined: in humans there is material, fragments, abundance, clay, dirt, nonsense, chaos; but in humans there is also creator, maker, hammer-hardness, spectator-divinity and seventh day: – do you understand this contrast? And that *your* pity is aimed at the “creature in humans,” at what needs to be molded, broken, forged, torn, burnt, seared and purified, – at what necessarily needs to *suffer* and *should* suffer? And *our* pity – don't you realize who our *inverted* pity is aimed at when it fights against your pity as the worst of all pampering and weaknesses? – Pity *against* pity, then! – But to say it again: there are problems that are higher than any problems of pleasure, pain, or pity; and any philosophy that stops with these is a piece of naiveté. –

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We immoralists! – This world as it concerns *us*, in which *we* need to love and be afraid, this almost invisible, inaudible world of subtle command, subtle obedience, a world of the “almost” in every respect, twisted, tricky, barbed, and loving: yes, it is well defended against clumsy spectators and friendly curiosity! We have been woven into a strong net and shirt of duties, and *cannot* get out of it –, in this sense we are “people of duty,” – even us! It is true that we sometimes dance quite well in our “chains” and between our “swords”; it is no less true that *more* often we grind our teeth and feel impatient at all the secret harshness of our fate. But we can do as we please: fools and appearances will speak up against us, claiming “those are people *without* duties” – fools and appearances are always against us!

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Genuine honesty,⁸ assuming that this is our virtue and we cannot get rid of it, we free spirits – well then, we will want to work on it with all the

⁸ In German: *Redlichkeit*.

her will and lets *Tristan und Isolde* “wash over her” – what they all enjoy and crave with a mysterious thirst to pour down their throats is “cruelty,” the spiced drink of the great Circe. We clearly need to drive out the silly psychology of the past; the only thing this psychology was able to teach about cruelty was that it originated from the sight of *another’s* suffering. But there is abundant, overabundant pleasure in your own suffering too, in making yourself suffer, – and wherever anyone lets himself be talked into self-denial in the *religious* sense, or self-mutilation (as the Phoenicians or ascetics did), or into desensitization, disembowelment or remorse in general, or into puritanical penitential spasms, vivisections of conscience or a Pascalian *sacrificio dell’intelletto*¹³ – wherever this is the case, he is secretly being tempted and urged on by his cruelty, by that dangerous thrill of *self-directed* cruelty. Finally, people should bear in mind that even the knower, by forcing his spirit to know *against* its own inclination and, often enough, against the wishes of his heart (in other words, to say “no” when he would like to affirm, love, worship), this knower will prevail as an artist of cruelty and the agent of its transfiguration. Even treating something in a profound or thorough manner is a violation, a wanting-to-hurt the fundamental will of the spirit, which constantly tends towards semblances and surfaces, – there is a drop of cruelty even in every wanting-to-know.

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Perhaps people will not immediately understand what I have said here about a “fundamental will of the spirit”: let me explain. – The commanding element (whatever it is) that is generally called “spirit” wants to dominate itself and its surroundings, and to feel its domination: it wills simplicity out of multiplicity, it is a binding, subduing, domineering, and truly masterful will. Its needs and abilities are the same ones that physiologists have established for everything that lives, grows, and propagates. The power of spirit to appropriate foreign elements manifests itself in a strong tendency to assimilate the new to the old, to simplify the manifold, to disregard or push aside utter inconsistencies: just as it will arbitrarily select certain aspects or outlines of the foreign, of any piece of the “external world,” for stronger emphasis, stress, or falsification in its own interest. Its

¹³ Sacrifice of the intellect.

intention here is to incorporate new “experiences,” to classify new things into old classes, – which is to say: it aims at growth, or, more particularly, the *feeling* of growth, the feeling of increasing strength. This same will is served by an apparently opposite drive of spirit, a suddenly emerging resolution in favor of ignorance and arbitrary termination, a closing of its windows, an inner nay-saying to something or other, a come-no-closer, a type of defensive state against many knowable things, a contentment with darkness, with closing horizons, a yea-saying and approval of ignorance: all of which are necessary in proportion to the degree of its appropriating force, its “digestive force,” to speak metaphorically – and really, “spirit” resembles a stomach more than anything. The spirit’s occasional will to be deceived belongs here too, perhaps with a playful hunch that things are *not* one way or the other, that people just accept things as one way or the other, a sense of pleasure in every uncertainty and ambiguity, a joyful self-delight at the arbitrary narrowness and secrecy of a corner, at the all-too-close, the foreground, at things made bigger, smaller, later, better, a self-delight at the sheer caprice in all these expressions of power. Finally, the spirit’s not quite harmless willingness to deceive other spirits and to act a part in front of them belongs here too, that constant stress and strain of a creative, productive, mutable force. What the spirit enjoys here is its multiplicity of masks and its artfulness, and it also enjoys the feeling of security these provide, – after all, its Protean arts are the very things that protect and conceal it the best! – *This* will to appearances, to simplification, to masks, to cloaks, in short, to surfaces – since every surface is a cloak – meets *resistance* from that sublime tendency of the knower, who treats and *wants* to treat things in a profound, multiple, thorough manner. This is a type of cruelty on the part of the intellectual conscience and taste, and one that any brave thinker will acknowledge in himself, assuming that he has spent as long as he should in hardening and sharpening his eye for himself, and that he is used to strict discipline as well as strict words. He will say “There is something cruel in the tendency of my spirit”: – just let kind and virtuous people try to talk him out of it! In fact, it would sound more polite if, instead of cruelty, people were to accuse, mutter about and praise us as having a sort of “wild honesty” – free, *very* free spirits that we are: – and perhaps *this* is what our reputation will really be – posthumously? In the meantime – because this won’t be happening for a while – we are the least likely to dress ourselves up with these sorts of moral baubles and beads: all the work we have done so far has spoiled our taste for precisely this sort

of bright opulence. These are beautiful, twinkling, tinkling, festive words: genuine honesty, love of truth, love of wisdom, sacrifice for knowledge, the heroism of truthfulness, – there is something about them that makes you swell with pride. But we hermits and marmots, we convinced ourselves a long time ago and in all the secrecy of a hermit's conscience that even this dignified verbal pageantry belongs among the false old finery, debris, and gold dust of unconscious human vanity, and that the terrible basic text of *homo natura*¹⁴ must be recognized even underneath these fawning colors and painted surfaces. To translate humanity back into nature; to gain control of the many vain and fanciful interpretations and incidental meanings that have been scribbled and drawn over that eternal basic text of *homo natura* so far; to make sure that, from now on, the human being will stand before the human being, just as he already stands before the *rest* of nature today, hardened by the discipline of science, – with courageous Oedipus eyes and sealed up Odysseus ears, deaf to the lures of the old metaphysical bird catchers who have been whistling to him for far too long: “You are more! You are higher! You have a different origin!” – This may be a strange and insane task, but it is a *task* – who would deny it! Why do we choose it, this insane task? Or to ask it differently: “Why knowledge at all?” – Everyone will be asking us this. And we who have been prodded so much, we who have asked ourselves the same question a hundred times already, we have not found and are not finding any better answers . . .

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Learning transforms us, it acts like all other forms of nourishment that do not just “preserve” –: as physiologists know. But at our foundation, “at the very bottom,” there is clearly something that will not learn, a brick wall of spiritual *fatum*,¹⁵ of predetermined decisions and answers to selected, predetermined questions. In any cardinal problem, an immutable “that is me” speaks up. When it comes to men and women, for instance, a thinker cannot change his views but only reinforce them, only finish discovering what, to his mind, “is established.” In time, certain solutions are found to problems that inspire *our* strong beliefs in particular; perhaps they will

¹⁴ Natural man.

¹⁵ Fate.

physical strength, – they were *more complete* people (which at any level amounts to saying “more complete beasts” –).

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Corruption, as an expression of the fact that anarchy threatens inside the instincts and that the foundation of the affects, which we call “life,” has been shaken: corruption means fundamentally different things, depending on the life-form in which it manifests itself. When, for instance, an aristocracy like that in France at the beginning of the Revolution throws away its privileges with a sublime disgust and sacrifices itself to an excess of its moral feeling, then this is corruption. It was really just the final act of that centuries-long corruption in which the aristocracy gradually relinquished its dominant authority and was reduced to a mere *function* of the kingdom (and, in the end, to its trinket and showpiece). But the essential feature of a good, healthy aristocracy is that it does *not* feel that it is a function (whether of the kingdom or of the community) but instead feels itself to be the *meaning* and highest justification (of the kingdom or community), – and, consequently, that it accepts in good conscience the sacrifice of countless people who have to be pushed down and shrunk into incomplete human beings, into slaves, into tools, all *for the sake of the aristocracy*. Its fundamental belief must always be that society *cannot* exist for the sake of society, but only as the substructure and framework for raising an exceptional type of being up to its higher duty and to a higher state of *being*. In the same way, the sun-seeking, Javanese climbing plant called the *sipo matador* will wrap its arms around an oak tree so often and for such a long time that finally, high above the oak, although still supported by it, the plant will be able to unfold its highest crown of foliage and show its happiness in the full, clear light.

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Mutually refraining from injury, violence, and exploitation, placing your will on par with the other’s: in a certain, crude sense, these practices can become good manners between individuals when the right conditions are present (namely, that the individuals have genuinely similar quantities of force and measures of value, and belong together within a single body). But as soon as this principle is taken any further, and maybe even

held to be the *fundamental principle of society*, it immediately shows itself for what it is: the will to *negate* life, the principle of disintegration and decay. Here we must think things through thoroughly, and ward off any sentimental weakness: life itself is *essentially* a process of appropriating, injuring, overpowering the alien and the weaker, oppressing, being harsh, imposing your own form, incorporating, and at least, the very least, exploiting, – but what is the point of always using words that have been stamped with slanderous intentions from time immemorial? Even a body within which (as we presupposed earlier) particular individuals treat each other as equal (which happens in every healthy aristocracy): if this body is living and not dying, it will have to treat other bodies in just those ways that the individuals it contains *refrain* from treating each other. It will have to be the embodiment of will to power, it will want to grow, spread, grab, win dominance, – not out of any morality or immorality, but because it is *alive*, and because life *is* precisely will to power. But there is no issue on which the base European consciousness is less willing to be instructed than this; these days, people everywhere are lost in rapturous enthusiasms, even in scientific disguise, about a future state of society where “the exploitative character” will fall away: – to my ears, that sounds as if someone is promising to invent a life that dispenses with all organic functions. “Exploitation” does not belong to a corrupted or imperfect, primitive society: it belongs to the *essence* of being alive as a fundamental organic function; it is a result of genuine will to power, which is just the will of life. – Although this is an innovation at the level of theory, – at the level of reality, it is the *primal fact* of all history. Let us be honest with ourselves to this extent at least! –

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As I was wandering through the many subtle and crude moralities that have been dominant or that still dominate over the face of the earth, I found certain traits regularly recurring together and linked to each other. In the end, two basic types became apparent to me and a fundamental distinction leapt out. There is a *master morality* and a *slave morality*; – I will immediately add that in all higher and more mixed cultures, attempts to negotiate between these moralities also appear, although more frequently the two are confused and there are mutual misunderstandings. In fact, you sometimes find them sharply juxtaposed – inside the same person even,

within a single soul. Moral value distinctions have arisen within either a dominating type that, with a feeling of well-being, was conscious of the difference between itself and those who were dominated – or alternatively, these distinctions arose among the dominated people themselves, the slaves and dependants of every rank. In the first case, when dominating people determine the concept of “good,” it is the elevated, proud states of soul that are perceived as distinctive and as determining rank order. The noble person separates himself off from creatures in which the opposite of such elevated, proud states is expressed: he despises them. It is immediately apparent that, in this first type of morality, the contrast between “good” and “bad” amounts to one between “noble” and “despicable” (the contrast between “good” and “evil” has a different lineage). People who were cowardly, apprehensive, and petty, people who thought narrowly in terms of utility – these were the ones despised. But the same can be said about distrustful people with their uneasy glances, about grovelers, about dog-like types of people who let themselves be mistreated, about begging flatterers and, above all, about liars: – it is a basic belief of aristocrats that base peoples are liars. “We who are truthful” – that is what the nobility of ancient Greece called themselves. It is obvious that moral expressions everywhere were first applied to *people* and then, only later and derivatively, to *actions* (which is why it is a tremendous mistake when historians of morality take their point of departure from questions such as “why do acts of pity get praised?”). The noble type of person feels that *he* determines value, he does not need anyone’s approval, he judges that “what is harmful to me is harmful in itself,” he knows that he is the one who gives honor to things in the first place, he *creates values*. He honors everything he sees in himself: this sort of morality is self-glorifying. In the foreground, there is the feeling of fullness, of power that wants to overflow, the happiness associated with a high state of tension, the consciousness of a wealth that wants to make gifts and give away. The noble person helps the unfortunate too, although not (or hardly ever) out of pity, but rather more out of an impulse generated by the over-abundance of power. In honoring himself, the noble man honors the powerful as well as those who have power over themselves, who know how to speak and be silent, who joyfully exercise severity and harshness over themselves, and have respect for all forms of severity and harshness. “Wotan has put a hard heart in my breast,” reads a line from an old Scandinavian saga: this rightly comes from the soul of a proud Viking. This sort of a man

is even proud of *not* being made for pity: which is why the hero of the saga adds, by way of warning, “If your heart is not hard when you are young, it will never be hard.” The noble and brave types of people who think this way are the furthest removed from a morality that sees precisely pity, actions for others, and *désintéressement*¹ as emblematic of morality. A faith in yourself, pride in yourself, and a fundamental hostility and irony with respect to “selflessness” belong to a noble morality just as certainly as does a slight disdain and caution towards sympathetic feelings and “warm hearts.” – The powerful are the ones who *know* how to honor; it is their art, their realm of invention. A profound reverence for age and origins – the whole notion of justice is based on this double reverence –, a faith and a prejudice in favor of forefathers and against future generations is typical of the morality of the powerful. And when, conversely, people with “modern ideas” believe almost instinctively in “progress” and “the future,” and show a decreasing respect for age, this gives sufficient evidence of the ignoble origin of these “ideas.” But, most of all, the morality of dominating types is foreign and painful to contemporary taste due to its stern axiom that people have duties only towards their own kind; that when it comes to creatures of a lower rank, to everything alien, people are allowed to act as they see fit or “from the heart,” and in any event, “beyond good and evil” –: things like pity might have a place here. The capacity and duty to experience extended gratitude and vengefulness – both only among your own kind –, subtlety in retaliation, refinement in concepts of friendship, a certain need to have enemies (as flue holes, as it were, for the affects of jealousy, irascibility, arrogance, – basically, in order to be a good *friend*): all these are characteristic features of noble morality which, as I have suggested, is not the morality of “modern ideas,” and this makes it difficult for us to relate to, and also difficult for us to dig it up and lay it open. – It is different with the second type of morality, *slave morality*. What if people who were violated, oppressed, suffering, unfree, exhausted, and unsure of themselves were to moralize: what type of moral valuations would they have? A pessimistic suspicion of the whole condition of humanity would probably find expression, perhaps a condemnation of humanity along with its condition. The slave’s gaze resents the virtues of the powerful. It is skeptical and distrustful, it has a *subtle* mistrust of all the “good” that is honored there –, it wants to convince

¹ Disinterestedness.

itself that even happiness is not genuine there. Conversely, qualities that serve to alleviate existence for suffering people are pulled out and flooded with light: pity, the obliging, helpful hand, the warm heart, patience, industriousness, humility, and friendliness receive full honors here —, since these are the most useful qualities and practically the only way of holding up under the pressure of existence. Slave morality is essentially a morality of utility. Here we have the point of origin for that famous opposition between “good” and “evil.” Evil is perceived as something powerful and dangerous; it is felt to contain a certain awesome quality, a subtlety and strength that block any incipient contempt. According to the slave morality then, “evil” inspires fear; but according to the master morality, it is “good” that inspires and wants to inspire fear, while the “bad” man is seen as contemptible. The opposition comes to a head when, following the logic of slave morality, a hint of contempt (however slight and well disposed) finally comes to be associated with even its idea of “good,” because within the terms of slave morality, the good man must always be *unthreatening*: he is good-natured, easy to deceive, maybe a bit stupid, *un bonhomme*.² Wherever slave morality holds sway, language shows a tendency for the words “good” and “stupid” to come closer together. — A final fundamental distinction: the desire for *freedom*, the instinct for happiness, and subtleties in the feeling of freedom necessarily belong to slave morals and morality, just as an artistry and enthusiasm in respect and devotion are invariant symptoms of an aristocratic mode of thinking and valuing. — This clearly shows why love *as passion* (our European specialty) must have had a purely noble descent: it is known to have been invented in the knightly poetry of Provence, by those magnificent, inventive men of the “*gai saber*.”³ Europe is indebted to these men for so many things, almost for itself.

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Vanity is perhaps one of the most difficult things for a noble person to comprehend: he will be tempted to keep denying it when a different type of man will almost be able to feel it in his hands. He has difficulty imagining creatures who would try to inspire good opinions about themselves that they themselves do not hold — and consequently do not “deserve”

² A good simple fellow.

³ Gay science.