

BOOK FIVE

WE FEARLESS ONES

*Carcasse, tu trembles?
Tu tremblerais bien davantage, si
tu savais, où je te mène.*

TURENNE*

* "You tremble, carcass? You would tremble a lot more if you knew where I am taking you."

Henri de la Tour d'Auvergne, Vicomte de Turenne (1611-75), was one of the greatest French generals of all time, made Marshal of France in 1643, and buried in the Invalides in Paris by order of Napoleon.

Cf. Paul Robert, *Dictionnaire alphabétique et analogique de la langue française* (Paris, 1951) under *carcasse*:

"Quelquefois, pendant une bataille, il (Turenne) ne pouvait s'empêcher de trembler; . . . alors, il parlait à son corps comme on parle à un serviteur. Il lui disait: 'Tu trembles, carcasse; mais si tu savais où je vais te mener tout à l'heure, tu tremblerais bien davantage.' Lavisse, *Histoire de France (Cours moyen, 1^{re} et 2^e années)*, Ch. XIV, p. 107." (Sometimes during a battle he could not help trembling. Then he talked to his body as one talks to a servant. He said to it: "You tremble, carcass; but if you knew where I am taking you right now, you would tremble a lot more.")

The striking motto explains Nietzsche's conception of fearlessness.

is that they affirm some consensus of the nations, at least of tame nations, concerning certain principles of morals, and then they infer from this that these principles must be unconditionally binding also for you and me; or, conversely, they see the truth that among different nations moral valuations are *necessarily* different and then infer from this that *no* morality is at all binding. Both procedures are equally childish.

The mistake made by the more refined among them is that they uncover and criticize the perhaps foolish opinions of a people about their morality, or of humanity about all human morality—opinions about its origin, religious sanction, the superstition of free will,¹⁴ and things of that sort—and then suppose that they have criticized the morality itself. But the value of a command “thou shalt” is still fundamentally different from and independent of such opinions about it and the weeds of error that may have overgrown it—just as certainly as the value of a medication for a sick person is completely independent of whether he thinks about medicine scientifically or the way old women do. Even if a morality has grown out of an error, the realization of this fact would not as much as touch the problem of its value.¹⁵

Thus nobody up to now has examined the *value* of that most famous of all medicines which is called morality; and the first step would be—for once to *question* it. Well then, precisely this is our task.—¹⁶

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Our question mark.— But you do not understand this? Indeed, people will have trouble understanding us. We are looking

¹⁴ Cf. the section on “The error of free will” in *Twilight of the Idols* (VPN, 499ff.) and *Beyond Good and Evil*, section 19 (BWN, 215–17).

¹⁵ What is here suggested is that the value of a morality depends on its relation to health, or life, or ultimately power.

¹⁶ The task is to question whether the effects of morality on those who are moral are beneficial. This question, of course, does not commit one to the assumption that there is only one standard of value. One might make a start by comparing what has become of man under different moralities and by asking what might become of him without any morality.

for words; perhaps we are also looking for ears. Who are we anyway? If we simply called ourselves, using an old expression, godless, or unbelievers, or perhaps immoralists, we do not believe that this would even come close to designating us: We are all three in such an advanced stage that one—that *you*, my curious friends—could never comprehend how we feel at this point. Ours is no longer the bitterness and passion of the person who has torn himself away and still feels compelled to turn his unbelief into a new belief, a purpose, a martyrdom. We have become cold, hard, and tough in the realization that the way of this world is anything but divine; even by human standards it is not rational, merciful, or just. We know it well, the world in which we live is ungodly, immoral, "inhuman"; we have interpreted it far too long in a false and mendacious way, in accordance with the wishes of our reverence, which is to say, according to our *needs*. For man is a reverent animal. But he is also mistrustful; and that the world is *not* worth what we thought it was, that is about as certain as anything of which our mistrust has finally got hold. The more mistrust, the more philosophy.

We are far from claiming that the world is worth *less*; indeed it would seem laughable to us today if man were to insist on inventing values that were supposed to *excel* the value of the actual world. This is precisely what we have turned our backs on as an extravagant aberration of human vanity and unreason that for a long time was not recognized as such. It found its final expression in modern pessimism,¹⁷ and a more ancient and stronger expression in the teaching of Buddha; but it is part of Christianity also, if more doubtfully and ambiguously so but not for that reason any less seductive.

The whole pose of "man *against* the world," of man as a "world-negating" principle, of man as the measure of the value of things, as judge of the world who in the end places existence itself upon his scales and finds it wanting—the monstrous insipidity of this pose has finally come home to us and we are sick of it. We laugh as soon as we encounter the juxtaposition of "man *and* world," separated by the sublime presumption of the little word "and." But look, when we laugh like that, have

¹⁷ Schopenhauer's philosophy.

we not simply carried the contempt for man one step further? And thus also pessimism, the contempt for that existence which is knowable by *us*? Have we not exposed ourselves to the suspicion of an opposition—an opposition between the world in which we were at home up to now with our reverences that perhaps made it possible for us to *endure* life, and another world *that consists of us*—an inexorable, fundamental, and deepest suspicion about ourselves that is more and more gaining worse and worse control of us Europeans and that could easily confront coming generations with the terrifying Either/Or: “Either abolish your reverences or—*yourselves!*” The latter would be nihilism; but would not the former also be—nihilism?¹⁸—This is *our* question mark.

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Believers and their need to believe.—How much one needs a *faith*¹⁹ in order to flourish, how much that is “firm” and that one does not wish to be shaken because one *clings* to it, that is a measure of the degree of one’s strength (or, to put the point more clearly, of one’s weakness).²⁰ Christianity, it seems to me, is still needed by most people in old Europe even today;²¹ therefore it still finds believers. For this is how man is: An article of faith could be refuted before him a thousand times—if he needed it, he would consider it “true” again and again, in accordance with that famous “proof of strength” of which the Bible speaks.²²

¹⁸ A few interpreters of Nietzsche have claimed that he was, by his own lights, a nihilist; but they have generally failed to specify the meaning of this term. Here two forms of nihilism are mentioned, and it is clear that Nietzsche is not a nihilist in either sense.

¹⁹ In German there is only one word for belief and faith, *Glaube*; and to believe is *glauben*.

²⁰ This crucial point, which recurs elsewhere in Nietzsche’s writings, makes clear, we might say, “how he is *not* pious,” and thus needs to be considered in interpreting section 344 above.

²¹ This was written in 1886.

²² Nietzsche also refers to the “proof of strength” in section 50 of *The Antichrist* and in notes 171 and 452 of *The Will to Power*. But it is

Metaphysics is still needed by some; but so is that impetuous *demand for certainty*²³ that today discharges itself among large numbers of people in a scientific-positivistic form. The demand that one *wants* by all means that something should be firm (while on account of the ardor of this demand one is easier and more negligent about the demonstration of this certainty)—this, too, is still the demand for a support, a prop, in short, that *instinct of weakness* which, to be sure, does not create religious, metaphysical systems, and convictions of all kinds but—conserves them.

Actually, what is steaming around all of these positivistic systems is the vapor of a certain pessimistic gloom, something that smells of weariness, fatalism, disappointment, and fear of new disappointments—or else ostentatious wrath, a bad mood, the anarchism of indignation, and whatever other symptoms and masquerades of the feeling of weakness there may be. Even the vehemence with which our most intelligent contemporaries lose themselves in wretched nooks and crannies, for example, into patriotism²⁴ (I mean what the French call *chauvinisme* and the

only in the passage above that Nietzsche claims that "the Bible speaks" of it. The reference is to I Corinthians 2.4, where the King James Bible has "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" and Luther "*in Beweisung des Geistes und der Kraft.*"

In theological and homiletical quotations the old-fashioned *Beweisung* gave way to *Beweis* (proof—the word Nietzsche uses) during the nineteenth century. Since Schleiermacher this passage became very popular, and the parallelism of *Geist* and *Kraft* was replaced by either *Geist* or, as in Nietzsche's case, *Kraft*. I am indebted to Professor Otto A. Piper for this information.

²³ At first glance, this critique of the "demand for certainty" may seem to be at odds with section 2 above where "*the desire for certainty*" is what "separates the higher human beings from the lower." But when both passages are read in context, the contradiction disappears. Section 2 deals with "*The intellectual conscience*" and the importance of giving ourselves an account of what speaks for *and against* our beliefs. What is attacked is the easy certainty of those who fail to consider objections. Actually, "the desire for certainty" is not the best phrase for what is clearly meant; "the desire for intellectual cleanliness" would be better: what counts is the desire to determine whether one is entitled to feel certain.

²⁴ *Vaterländerei.*

Germans "German") or into petty aesthetic creeds after the manner of French *naturalisme* (which drags up and bares only that part of nature which inspires nausea and simultaneous amazement—today people like to call this part *la vérité vraie*²⁵) or into nihilism à la Petersburg (meaning the *belief in unbelief* even to the point of martyrdom²⁶) always manifests above all the *need* for a faith, a support, backbone, something to fall back on.

Faith is always coveted most and needed most urgently where will is lacking; for will, as the affect of command, is the decisive sign of sovereignty and strength. In other words, the less one knows how to command, the more urgently one covets someone who commands, who commands severely—a god, prince, class, physician, father confessor, dogma, or party conscience. From this one might perhaps gather that the two world religions, Buddhism and Christianity, may have owed their origin and above all their sudden spread to a tremendous collapse and *disease of the will*. And that is what actually happened: both religions encountered a situation in which the will had become diseased, giving rise to a demand that had become utterly desperate for some "thou shalt." Both religions taught fanaticism in ages in which the will had become exhausted, and thus they offered innumerable people some support, a new possibility of willing, some delight in willing. For fanaticism is the only "strength of the will" that even the weak and insecure can be brought to attain, being a sort of hypnotism of the whole system of the senses and the intellect for the benefit of an excessive nourishment (hypertrophy) of a single point of view and feeling that henceforth becomes dominant—which the Christian calls his *faith*. Once a human being reaches the fundamental conviction that he *must* be commanded, he becomes "a believer." Conversely, one could conceive of such a pleasure and power of self-determination, such a *freedom of the will*²⁷ that

²⁵ the true truth.

²⁶ Again it is clear that Nietzsche dissociates himself from nihilism.

²⁷ This conception of "freedom of the will" (*alias*, autonomy) does not involve any belief in what Nietzsche called "the superstition of free will" in section 345 (*alias*, the exemption of human actions from an otherwise universal determinism).

the spirit would take leave of all faith and every wish for certainty, being practiced in maintaining himself on insubstantial ropes and possibilities and dancing even near abysses. Such a spirit would be the *free spirit* par excellence.²⁸

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On the origin of scholars.— In Europe scholars grow out of all kinds of classes and social conditions, like plants that require no particular soil. Therefore they belong by their very nature and quite involuntarily to the carriers of the democratic idea. But this origin betrays itself. Once one has trained one's eyes to recognize in a scholarly treatise the scholar's intellectual *idiosyncrasy*—every scholar has one—and to catch it in the act, one will almost always behold behind this the scholar's "pre-history," his family, and especially their occupations and crafts.

Where the feeling finds expression "Now this has been proved and I am done with it," it is generally the ancestor in the blood and instinct of the scholar who approves from his point of view "the finished job"; the faith in a proof is merely a symptom of what in a hard-working family has for ages been considered "good workmanship." One example: When the sons of clerks and office workers of every kind, whose main task it has always been to bring order into diverse materials, to distribute it over different files, and in general to schematize things, become scholars, they manifest a tendency to consider a problem almost as solved when they have merely schematized it. There are philosophers who are fundamentally merely schematizers; for them the formal aspect of their fathers' occupation has become content. The talent for classifications, for tables of categories,²⁹ betrays something; one pays a price for being the child of one's parents.³⁰

²⁸ Nietzsche still wants to be a free spirit in the best sense of that word—a liberated, autonomous spirit. Cf. *Twilight*, section 49 (VPN, 554). Cf. also *The Antichrist*, sections 50–55 (VPN, 631–42).

²⁹ An allusion to Kant.

³⁰ *Man ist nicht ungestraft das Kind seiner Eltern.* Cf. Ottilie's Diary in Goethe's *Elective Affinities*, 2, 7: *Es wandelt niemand ungestraft unter Palmen* (no one walks under palmtrees without paying for it).

The son of an advocate will have to be an advocate as a scholar, too; he wants above all that his cause should be judged right, and next to that perhaps also that it should be right. The sons of Protestant ministers³¹ and school teachers may be recognized by their naive certainty when, as scholars, they consider their cause proved when they have merely stated it with vigor and warmth; they are thoroughly used to being *believed*, as that was part of their fathers' job. A Jew, on the other hand, in keeping with the business circles and the past of his people, is least of all used to being believed. Consider Jewish scholars in this light: All of them have a high regard for logic, that is for *compelling* agreement by force of reasons; they know, with that they are bound to win even where they encounter race and class prejudices and where one does not like to believe them. For nothing is more democratic than logic; it is no respecter of persons and makes no distinction between crooked and straight noses. (Incidentally, Europe owes the Jews no small thanks for making people think more logically and for establishing *cleanlier* intellectual habits—nobody more so than the Germans who are a lamentably *dérisonnable*³² race who to this day are still in need of having their "heads washed" first. Wherever Jews have won influence they have taught men to make finer distinctions, more rigorous inferences, and to write in a more luminous and cleanly fashion; their task was ever to bring a people "to listen to *raison*."³³)

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Once more the origin of scholars.— The wish to preserve oneself is the symptom of a condition of distress, of a limitation of the really fundamental instinct of life which aims at *the expansion of power* and, wishing for that, frequently risks and

³¹ Nietzsche's father and grandfathers had been Protestant ministers. He may not have realized that further back many of his ancestors had been butchers.

³² unreasonable.

³³ reason. The French words underline Nietzsche's determination to dissociate himself from the Germans—and from German anti-Semitism.

even sacrifices self-preservation.³⁴ It should be considered symptomatic when some philosophers—for example, Spinoza who was consumptive—considered the instinct of self-preservation decisive and *had* to see it that way; for they were individuals in conditions of distress.

That our modern natural sciences have become so thoroughly entangled in this Spinozistic dogma (most recently and worst of all, Darwinism with its incomprehensibly onesided doctrine of the "struggle for existence") is probably due to the origins of most natural scientists: In this respect they belong to the "common people"; their ancestors were poor and undistinguished people who knew the difficulties of survival only too well at firsthand. The whole of English Darwinism breathes something like the musty air of English overpopulation, like the smell of the distress and overcrowding of small people.³⁵ But a natural scientist should come out of his human nook; and in nature it is not conditions of distress that are *dominant* but overflow and squandering, even to the point of absurdity. The struggle for existence is only an *exception*, a temporary restriction of the will to life. The great and small struggle always revolves around superiority,³⁶ around growth and expansion, around power—in accordance with the will to power which is the will of life.

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*In honor of the homines religiosi.*³⁷— The fight against the church is certainly among other things—for it means many things—also the fight of the more common, merrier, more familiar, ingenuous, and superficial type against the dominion of the graver, deeper, more meditative, that is, more evil and suspi-

³⁴ This whole section provides some reasons for Nietzsche's doctrine of the will to *power* as opposed to the more fashionable notion of a will to *life* or *survival*.

³⁵ Cf. "Anti-Darwin" in *Twilight* (VPN, 522f.): "One should not mistake Malthus for nature." Thomas Robert Malthus (1766–1834) had published his immensely influential *An Essay on the Principle of Population* in 1798.

³⁶ *Übergewicht*.

³⁷ the religious, or the religious type.

cious human beings who brood with an enduring suspicion about the value of existence and also about their own value; the common instinct of the people, their sensuous jollity, their "good heart" rebelled against them. The entire Roman church rests upon a southern suspicion about the nature of man, and this is always misunderstood in the north. The European south has inherited this suspicion from the depths of the Orient, from primeval and mysterious Asia and its contemplation. Protestantism already is a people's rebellion for the benefit of the ingenuous, guileless, and superficial (the north has always been more good-natured and shallower than the south); but it was only the French Revolution that actually and solemnly placed the scepter in the hands of "the good human being" (the sheep, the ass, the goose, and all who are incurably shallow squallers, ripe for the nut house of "modern ideas").

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In honor of the priestly type.— I rather think that it is precisely from what the common people³⁸ take for wisdom (and who today is not "common people"?)—this clever, bovine piety, peace of mind, and meekness of country pastors that lies in the meadow and *observes* life seriously while ruminating—that the philosophers have always felt most remote, probably because they were not sufficiently "common people" or country pastors for that. It is likely that they of all people will be the last to learn to believe that the common people could possibly understand anything of what is most remote from them: the great *passion* of the seeker after knowledge who lives and must live continually in the thundercloud of the highest problems and the heaviest responsibilities (by no means as an observer, outside, indifferent, secure, and objective).

The common people revere an altogether different human type when they construct *their* ideal of "the sage," and they are amply entitled to lavish the best words and honors on this type—namely, the mild, serious and simple-minded, chaste priestly

³⁸ Throughout this section *Volk* is rendered as common people. Quotation marks are Nietzsche's.

type and what is related to it. When the common people stand in awe of wisdom, their praise is intended for this type. And to whom would the common people have more reason to show gratitude than these men who belong to them and come from among them but as men who are consecrated, selected, and *sacrificed* for the welfare of the common people—they themselves believe that they are being sacrificed to God. It is to these men that the common people can spill their hearts with impunity, to them one can *get rid of* one's secrets, worries, and worse matters (for as a human being "communicates himself" he gets rid of himself, and when one "has confessed" one forgets).

It is a deep need that commands this; for the filth of the soul also requires sewers with pure and purifying waters in them, it requires rapid streams of love and strong, humble, pure hearts who are willing to perform such a service of non-public hygiene, sacrificing *themselves*—for this does involve a sacrifice, and a priest is and remains a human sacrifice.

The common people attribute *wisdom* to such serious men of "faith" who have become quiet, meaning that they have acquired knowledge and are "certain"³⁹ compared to one's own uncertainty. Who would want to deny them this word and this reverence?—But it is also fair, conversely, when philosophers consider priests as still "common people" and *not* men of knowledge—above all, because they simply do not believe in any "men of knowledge"; in this belief, or rather superstition, they smell the "common people." It was *modesty* that invented the word "philosopher" in Greece⁴⁰ and left the magnificent overweening presumption in calling oneself wise to the actors of the spirit—the modesty of such monsters of pride and sovereignty as Pythagoras, as Plato—⁴¹

³⁹ *sicher* means secure as well as certain, and *Unsicherheit* means insecurity as well as uncertainty.

⁴⁰ Which means literally, lover of wisdom.

⁴¹ The claim here is that not only Socrates made a point of not knowing matters of which many others falsely claimed to have knowledge but that even such "monsters of pride" as Plato did not believe they had knowledge. This claim is at the very least debatable.

witness of the opposite. No, the Germans of today are *no* pessimists. And Schopenhauer was a pessimist, to say it once more, as a good European and *not* as a German.—⁸⁴

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The peasant rebellion of the spirit.— We Europeans confront a world of tremendous ruins. A few things are still towering, much looks decayed and uncanny, while most things already lie on the ground. It is all very picturesque—where has one ever seen more beautiful ruins?—and overgrown by large and small weeds. The church is this city of destruction: We see the religious community of Christianity shaken to its lowest foundations; the faith in God has collapsed; the faith in the Christian-ascetic ideal is still fighting its final battle. An edifice like Christianity that had been built so carefully over such a long period—it was the last construction of the Romans!—naturally could not be destroyed all at once. All kinds of earthquakes had to shake it, all kinds of spirits that bore, dig, gnaw, and moisten have had to help. But what is strangest is this: Those who exerted themselves the most to preserve and conserve Christianity have become precisely its most efficient destroyers—the Germans.

It seems that the Germans do not understand the nature of a church. Are they not spiritual enough for that? or not mistrustful enough? The edifice of the church at any rate rests on a *southern* freedom and enlightenment of the spirit as well as a southern suspicion of nature, man, and spirit; it rests on an altogether different knowledge of man and experience of man than is to be found in the north. The Lutheran Reformation was, in its whole breadth, the indignation of simplicity against

⁸⁴ When one considers this section as a whole, it differs from the other passages in which Nietzsche deals at length with the Germans (see the first footnote to this section) by not being stridently and centrally anti-German. The achievements of Leibniz, Kant, and Hegel, which are credited to the Germans, are genuine. This suggests that an event after the above section was written, but before *Twilight* was written, changed Nietzsche's mind about the Germans. If so, it was surely the accession to the throne of the last Kaiser (see the first section of the discussion of *Zarathustra* in *Ecce Homo*, including the material cited in note 6: BWN, 753f.). But sections 134, 149, and 377 of *The Gay Science* point toward Nietzsche's final views. See also p. 23f. above.

"multiplicity" or, to speak cautiously, a crude, ingenuous misunderstanding in which there is much that calls for forgiveness. One failed to understand the expression of a *triumphant* church and saw nothing but corruption; one misunderstood the noble skepticism, that *luxury* of skepticism and tolerance which every triumphant, self-assured power permits itself.

Today it is easy enough to see how in all cardinal questions of power Luther's disposition was calamitously myopic, superficial, and incautious. He was a man of the common people who lacked everything that one might inherit from a ruling caste; he had no instinct for power. Thus his work, his will to restore that Roman work became, without his knowing or willing it, nothing but the beginning of a work of destruction. He unraveled, he tore up with honest wrath what the old spider had woven so carefully for such a long time. He surrendered the holy books to everybody—until they finally got into the hands of the philologists,⁸⁵ who are the destroyers of every faith that rests on books. He destroyed the concept of the "church" by throwing away the faith in the inspiration of the church councils; for the concept of the "church" retains its power only on condition that the inspiring spirit that founded the church still lives in it, builds in it, and continues to build its house. He gave back to the priest sexual intercourse with woman; but three quarters of the reverence of which the common people, especially the women among the common people, are capable.

⁸⁵ This is more amusing than correct. Luther's magnificent translation of the Bible was made possible by the work of some great philologists. Johann Reuchlin (1455–1522) made a great reputation as a Greek and Hebrew scholar, was the first Christian to publish a Hebrew grammar (1506), and urged the Emperor Maximilian to establish two chairs of Hebrew learning at every German university. Desiderius Erasmus (1466–1536) published the Greek text of the New Testament with his own Latin translation and notes in 1516, and it was reprinted with some corrections in 1519, 1522, 1527, 1535. The philological value of his edition has been denied outright by modern scholars, but "it revealed that the Vulgate, the Bible of the church, was not only a second-hand document, but in places an erroneous document. A shock was thus given to the credit of the clergy . . . equal to that which was given in the province of science by the astronomical discoveries of the 17th century" (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 11th ed., vol. 9, p. 732).

rests on the faith that a person who is an exception at this point will be an exception in other respects as well; it is here that the popular faith in something superhuman in man, in the miracle, in the redeeming god in man, finds its subtlest and most insidious advocate. Luther, having given the priest woman, had to *take* away from him auricular confession; that was right psychologically. With that development the Christian priest was, at bottom, abolished, for his most profound utility had always been that he was a holy ear, a silent well, a grave for secrets. "Everyone his own priest"—behind such formulas and their peasant cunning there was hidden in Luther the abysmal hatred against "the higher human being" and the dominion of "the higher human beings" as conceived by the church. He smashed an ideal that he could not attain, while he seemed to abhor and to be fighting only against the degeneration of this ideal. Actually, he, the man who had found it impossible to be a monk, pushed away the *dominion* of the *homines religiosi*, and thus he himself made within the *ecclesiastical* social order what in relation to the *civic* social order he attacked so intolerantly—namely, a "peasant rebellion."

What afterward grew out of his Reformation, good as well as bad, might be calculated approximately today; but who would be naive enough to praise or blame Luther on account of these consequences? He is innocent of everything; he did not know what he was doing. The European spirit became shallower, particularly in the north—*more good-natured*, if you prefer a moral term—and there is no doubt that this development advanced a large step with the Lutheran Reformation. The mobility and restlessness of the spirit, its thirst for independence, its faith in a right to liberty, its "naturalness"—all this also grew owing to the Reformation. If in connection with this last point one wanted to concede it the value of having prepared and favored what we today revere as "modern science," one would surely have to add that it also shares the responsibility for the degeneration of the modern scholar, for his lack of reverence, shame, and depth, for the whole naive guilelessness and ostentatious ingenuousness in matters of knowledge—in short, for that *plebeianism of the spirit* which is a peculiarity of the last two centuries and from which even pessimism has not yet liberated us.

"Modern ideas" also belong to this peasant rebellion of the north against the colder, more ambiguous and mistrustful spirit of the south that built its greatest monument in the Christian church. Let us not forget in the end what a church is, as opposed to any "state." A church is above all a structure for ruling⁸⁶ that secures the highest rank for the *more spiritual* human beings and that *believes* in the power of spirituality to the extent of forbidding itself the use of all the cruder instruments of force; and on this score alone the church is under all circumstances a *nobler* institution than the state.⁸⁷

⁸⁶ *Herrschafts-Gebilde*.

⁸⁷ Cf. the last note on the preceding section: Again there is a significant change in 1888. Some of the motifs sounded here and in some of Nietzsche's earlier works are retained, but the image of Luther in *The Antichrist* is nevertheless importantly different: "like Luther, like Leibniz, Kant was one more clog for German honesty, which was none too steady in the first place" (section 10, VPN, 577); "'Faith' was at all times, for example, in Luther, only a cloak, a pretext, a *screen* behind which the instincts played their game—a shrewd *blindness* about the dominance of *certain* instincts" (section 39, VPN, 613); "Luther . . . the opposition-type of the strong spirit who has *become free*" (section 54, VPN, 639); and above all, "Luther *restored the church*: he attacked it. . . . Oh, these Germans what they have cost us already! In vain—that has always been the doing of the Germans. The Reformation, Leibniz, Kant and so-called German philosophy, the Wars of 'Liberation' [against Napoleon], the *Reich*—each time and in vain for something that had already been attained, for something irrevocable" (section 61, VPN, 654; cf. *Ecce Homo*, the second section of the discussion of *The Case of Wagner*, BWN, 776).

That Nietzsche felt a certain ambivalence about Luther is hardly remarkable; anyone who knows enough about Luther is likely to admire some aspects of his character and his accomplishments while being appalled by others. And there is some consistency in Nietzsche's image of Luther; even some of the same epithets keep recurring. But in *The Gay Science* he is said to have destroyed the church, while in 1888 Nietzsche blames him for having restored the church by attacking it. As it happens, he did destroy the church in an obvious and very important sense—but he also revitalized Christianity for some time. And in *The Antichrist* and in *Ecce Homo* Nietzsche has in mind Christianity rather than the edifice of the church.

What has changed emphatically in the works written in 1888 is the tenor of Nietzsche's remarks about the Germans; he sees them as an utter disaster.

*The revenge against the spirit and other ulterior motives*⁸⁸ of morality.—Morality—where do you suppose that it finds its most dangerous and insidious advocates?

There is a human being who has turned out badly,⁸⁹ who does not have enough spirit to be able to enjoy it but just enough education to realize this; he is bored, disgusted, and despises himself; having inherited some money, he is deprived even of the last comfort, "the blessings of work," self-forgetfulness in "daily labor." Such a person who is fundamentally ashamed of his existence—perhaps he also harbors a few little vices—and on the other hand cannot keep himself from becoming more and more spoiled and irritable by reading books to which he is not entitled or by associating with more spiritual company than he can digest; such a human being who has become poisoned through and through—for spirit becomes poison, education becomes poison, possessions become poison, solitude becomes poison for those who have turned out badly in this way—eventually ends up in a state of habitual revenge, will to revenge.

What do you suppose he finds necessary, absolutely necessary, to give himself in his own eyes the appearance of superiority over more spiritual people and to attain the pleasure of an *accomplished revenge* at least in his imagination? Always *morality*; you can bet on that. Always big moral words. Always the rub-a-dub of justice, wisdom, holiness, virtue. Always the Stoicism of gesture (how well Stoicism conceals what one lacks!). Always the cloak of prudent silence, of affability, of mildness, and whatever may be the names of all the other idealistic cloaks in which incurable self-despisers, as well as the incurably vain, strut about.

Do not misunderstand me: Among such born *enemies of the spirit* there comes into being occasionally the rare piece of humanity that the common people revere, using such names as saint and sage. It is from among men of this sort that those monsters of morality come who make noise, who make history

⁸⁸ literally: backgrounds (*Hintergründe*).

⁸⁹ *ein missratener Mensch*.

—St. Augustine is one of them. Fear of the spirit, revenge against the spirit—how often these propelling vices have become the roots of virtues! Even nothing less than virtues.

And a confidential question: Even the claim that they possessed *wisdom*, which has been made here and there on earth by philosophers, the maddest and most immodest of all claims—has it not always been to date, in India as well as in Greece, *a screen above all*? At times perhaps a screen chosen with pedagogical intent, which hallows so many lies; one has a tender regard for those still in the process of becoming, of growing—for disciples, who must often be defended against themselves by means of faith in a person (by means of an error).

Much more often, however, it is a screen behind which the philosopher saves himself because he has become weary, old, cold, hard—as a premonition that the end is near, like the prudence animals have before they die: they go off by themselves, become still, choose solitude, hide in caves, and become *wise*.

What? Wisdom as a screen behind which the philosopher hides from—spirit?—

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Two kinds of causes that are often confounded.— This seems to me to be one of my most essential steps and advances: I have learned to distinguish the cause of acting from the cause of acting in a particular way, in a particular direction, with a particular goal. The first kind of cause is a quantum of dammed-up energy that is waiting to be used up somehow, for something, while the second kind is, compared to this energy, something quite insignificant, for the most part a little accident in accordance with which this quantum “discharges” itself in one particular way—a match versus a ton of powder. Among these little accidents and “matches” I include so-called “purposes” as well as the even much more so-called “vocations”: They are relatively random,⁹⁰ arbitrary, almost indifferent in relation to the tremendous quantum of energy that presses, as

⁹⁰ *beliebig*.

APPENDIX



SONGS OF PRINCE VOGELFREI*

* *Vogelfrei*, literally "bird-free" or free as a bird, usually signifies an outlaw whom anybody may shoot at sight. The ambiguity is, of course, intentional. The author of *Beyond Good and Evil*, which had appeared during the previous year, sees himself as outside the law; but several of the poems concern birds and establish the connection, especially "In the South," which originally bore the title *Prinz Vogelfrei*. The name has been left untranslated above not only to preserve the ambiguity but also because in German it sounds like a real name, the more so because one of the very greatest early German poets was Walther von der Vogelweide.

Fürchte, fürchte meinen Grimm!—
 Doch der Dichter—Reime flicht er
 Selbst im Grimm noch schlecht und recht.
 —„Ja, mein Herr, Sie sind ein Dichter“
 Achselzuckt der Vogel Specht.

Im Süden

So häng' ich denn auf krummem Aste
 Und schaukle meine Müdigkeit.
 Ein Vogel lud mich her zu Gaste,
 Ein Vogelnest ist's, drin ich raste.
 Wo bin ich doch? Ach, weit! Ach, weit!

Das weisse Meer liegt eingeschlafen,
 Und purpurn steht ein Segel drauf.
 Fels, Feigenbäume, Turm und Hafent,
 Idylle rings, Geblök von Schafen,—
 Unschuld des Südens, nimm mich auf!

Nur Schritt für Schritt—das ist kein Leben,
 Stets Bein vor Bein macht deutsch und schwer.
 Ich hiess den Wind mich aufwärts heben,
 Ich lernte mit den Vögeln schweben,—
 Nach Süden flog ich übers Meer.

Vernunft! Verdrüssliches Geschäfte!
 Das bringt uns allzubald ans Ziel!
 Im Fliegen lern' ich, was mich äffte,—
 Schon fühl' ich Mut und Blut und Säfte
 Zu neuem Leben, neuem Spiel . . .

Einsam zu denken nenn' ich weise,
 Doch einsam singen—wäre dumm!
 So hört ein Lied zu eurem Preise
 Und setzt euch still um mich im Kreise,
 Ihr schlimmen Vögelchen, herum!

So jung, so falsch, so umgetrieben
 Scheint ganz ihr mir gemacht zum Lieben

Fear, oh fear my evil will!—
 But the poet rhymes, although it
 Angers him: he has a tic.
 —“Yes, my friend, you are a poet,”
 Mocks the pecker with a flick.

In the South

On a crooked branch I sway
 And rock my weariness to rest.
 A bird invited me to stay,
 And I sit in a bird-built nest.
 But where am I? Far, far away.

The white sea stretches, fast asleep,
 A crimson sail, bucolic scents,
 A rock, fig trees, the harbor's sweep,
 Idyls around me, bleating sheep:
 Accept me, southern innocence!

Step upon step—this heavy stride
 Is German, not life—a disease:
 To lift me up, I asked the breeze,
 And with the birds I learned to glide;
 Southward I flew, across the seas.

Reason is businesslike—a flood
 That brings us too soon to our aim.
 In flight I rose above the mud;
 Now I have courage, sap, and blood
 For a new life, for a new game.

To think in solitude is wise;
 Singing in solitude is silly.
 Hence I shall sing, dear birds, your praise,
 And you shall listen, willy-nilly,
 You wicked, dear birds, to my lays.

So young, so false, so full of schemes,
 You seem to live in loving dreams,

Und jedem schönen Zeitvertreib?
 Im Norden—ich gesteh's mit Zaudern—
 Liebt' ich ein Weibchen, alt zum Schaudern:
 „Die Wahrheit“ hiess dies alte Weib . . .

Die fromme Beppa

Solang noch hübsch mein Leibchen,
 Lohnt sich's schon, fromm zu sein.
 Man weiss, Gott liebt die Weibchen,
 Die hübschen obendrein.
 Er wird's dem armen Mönchlein
 Gewisslich gern verzeihn,
 Dass er, gleich manchem Mönchlein,
 So gern will bei mir sein.

Kein grauer Kirchenvater!
 Nein, jung noch und oft rot,
 Oft trotz dem grausten Kater
 Voll Eifersucht und Not.
 Ich liebe nicht die Greise,
 Er liebt die Alten nicht:
 Wie wunderbarlich und weise
 Hat Gott dies eingerichtet'!

Die Kirche weiss zu leben,
 Sie prüft Herz und Gesicht.
 Stets will sie mir vergeben,—
 Ja, wer vergibt mir nicht!
 Man lispelt mit dem Mündchen,
 Man knixt und geht hinaus,
 Und mit dem neuen Sündchen
 Löscht man das alte aus.

Gelobt sei Gott auf Erden,
 Der hübsche Mädchen liebt
 Und derlei Herzbeschwerden
 Sich selber gern vergibt.
 Solang noch hübsch mein Leibchen,

Attuned to all the games of youth.
 Up north—embarrassing to tell—
 I loved a creepy ancient belle:
 The name of this old hag was Truth.

Pious Beppa

As long as I look classy,
 Piety is no pity.
 We know, God loves a lassy,
 At least if she is pretty.
 And my poor little monk
 He'll pardon cheerfully
 That like many a monk
 He loves to be with me.

No church father who's sallow!
 But blushing youthful greed:
 Hung over, they still wallow
 In jealousy and need.
 He does not love old age,
 The old are not my line:
 How marvelous and sage
 Is our Lord's design!

The church knows how to live,
 It tries the heart and face,
 Sees me, and will forgive:
 Who does not show me grace?
 One lips of deep chagrin,
 A curtsey, and good-bye—
 And with another sin
 One wipes old sins away.

Praise be to God who lives
 And loves the pretty maids,
 And who gladly forgives
 Himself his escapades.
 As long as I look classy,

BEPPA THE PIOUS

1910 translation by Sister Maude Domenica Mary Petre (1863-1942) of
“*Die fromme Beppa*,” included in the 1886 *GS*
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Maude_Petre

While beauty in my face is,
Be piety my care,
For God, you know, loves lasses,
And, more than all, the fair.
And if yon hapless monkling
Is fain with me to live,
Like many another monkling,
God surely will forgive.

No grey old priestly devil,
But, young, with cheeks aflame—
Who e'en when sick with revel,
Can jealous be and blame.
To greybeards I'm a stranger,
And he, too, hates the old:
Of God, the world-arranger,
The wisdom here behold!

The Church has ken of living.
And tests by heart and face.
To me she'll be forgiving!
Who will not show me grace?
I lisp with pretty halting,
I curtsy, bid "good day,"
And with the fresh defaulting
I wash the old away!

Praise be this man-God's guerdon.
Who loves all maidens fair,
And his own heart can pardon
The sin he planted there.
While beauty in my face is,
With piety I'll stand,
When age has killed my graces,
Let Satan claim my hand!

So lang noch hübsch mein Leibchen,
Lohnt's sich schon, fromm zu sein.
Man weiss, Gott liebt die Weibchen,
Die hübschen obendrein.
Er wird's dem armen Mönchlein
Gewisslich gern verzeih'n,
Dass er, gleich manchem Mönchlein,
So gern will bei mir sein.

Kein grauer Kirchenvater!
Nein, jung noch und oft roth,
Oft trotz dem grausten Kater
Voll Eifersucht und Noth.
Ich liebe nicht die Greise,
Er liebt die Alten nicht:
Wie wunderlich und weise
Hat Gott dies eingerichtet!

Die Kirche weiss zu leben,
Sie prüft Herz und Gesicht.
Stets will sie mir vergeben, —
Ja, wer vergiebt mir nicht!
Man lispelt mit dem Mündchen,
Man knixt und geht hinaus,
Und mit dem neuen Sündchen
Löscht man das alte aus.

Gelobt sei Gott auf Erden,
Der hübsche Mädchen liebt
Und derlei Herzbeschwerden
Sich selber gern vergiebt.
So lang noch hübsch mein Leibchen,
Lohnt sich's schon, fromm zu sein:
Als altes Wackelweibchen
Mag mich der Teufel frein!