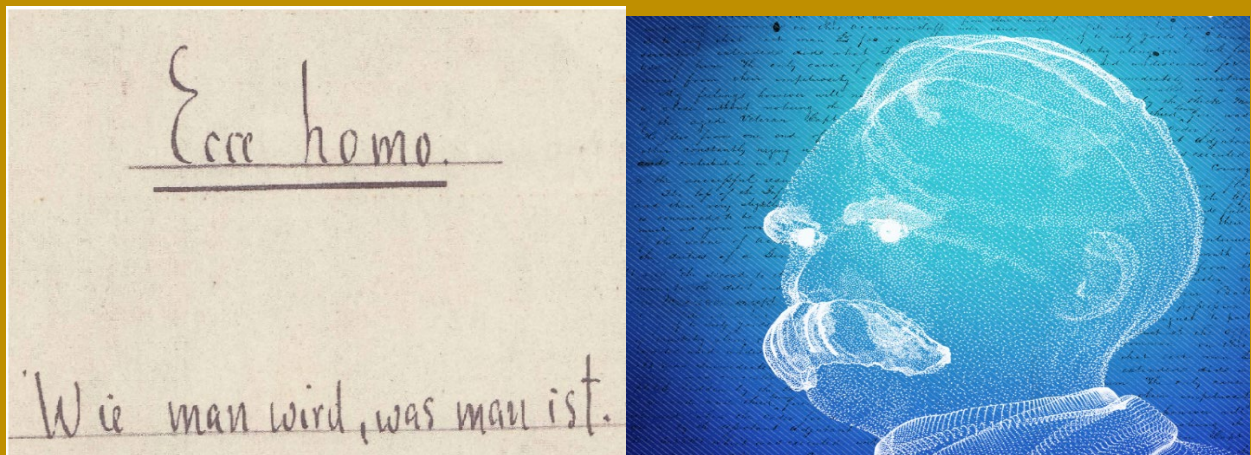


Nietzsche's
Ecce homo,
Notebooks and Letters:
1888-1889



Translation by
Daniel Fidel Ferrer
2023

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

Nietzsche's Ecce homo, Notebooks and Letters: 1888-1889 / Translation by Daniel Fidel Ferrer.

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Acknowledgment and dedication

Acknowledgment and dedication to the many German philosophers, that I have had the pleasure to read and of course disagree. No one has read this book for errors. As always, any errors, mistakes or oversights etc. are mine alone. Given a couple more years, I could improve this book. Use this translation as an Auseinandersetzung or critical encounter with Nietzsche's thought. I acknowledge, many others that I have learned from, Walter Kaufmann, Judith Norman, Duncan Large, Andreas Urs Sommer, Paolo D'Iorio, Dr. Daniel Ferrer (1949-) at the French National Centre for Scientific Research, Institut des Textes et Manuscrits Modernes (Paris), Thomas H. Brobjer, Naomi Ranadinibeqa, Professor Dr. Dr. Holger Zaborowski, Mark Michalsk, Dr. Dr. Günther Neumann, Richard Polt, Thomas Sheehan, and my former supervisor at OCLC Inc., namely, Phyllis Bova Spies for creating a great the OCLC Interlibrary Loan System, which millions of scholars should be forever grateful to her. Of course, dedicated to the millions of librarians that have helped us all with our intellectual journeys and sojourns.

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2). This poem was included in the first publications of *Ecce homo* (1908).
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3). These are all of Nietzsche's last notebooks (complete) they are numbered 21, 22, 23, and 24. There are a total of 82 notes. Final notes by Nietzsche from the Nachlass (Nachlaß). Sometime in German called the Notizheft. Nietzsche's notebooks that include some drafts for *Ecce homo* and other topics he was thinking during his last writings. Dating from October 1888 until early January 1889. [pages 125-191].

4). Nietzsche's Letters Regarding *Ecce homo*.

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Motto

Nietzsche created this motto in Latin.

pereat mundus, fiat philosophia, fiat philosophus, fiam!...

let the world perish, let there be philosophy, let
there be a philosopher, *me!*...

KGWB/GM-III-7. Zur Genealogie der Moral: § III - 7.1887. Translation from Latin to English.

Epigraph

From a draft of Nietzsche's Preface to *Ecce homo*.

“On this perfect day, where everything ripens and not only the grape turns yellow, a sunnyview just fell on my life — I looked backwards, I looked out, — I never saw so much and so good things at once. Not for nothing I just buried the forty-fourth year I was allowed: what was life in it is saved, - is immortal. The first book of the revaluation of values; the first 6 songs of Zarathustra; the *Twilight of the Idols*, my attempt to philosophize with the hammer — all gifts of this year, even of its last quarter year — how should I not be grateful to my whole life!...

And so, I tell myself my life.

Whoever has the slightest conception of me will understand that I have experienced more than any human being. The testimony is even written in my books: which, line by line, are experienced books from a will to live and thus, as a *creation*, represent a real addition, a more of that life itself. A feeling that comes over me often enough: just as a German scholar spoke it with admirable innocence of himself and his things: every day brings more to him than their whole life brings to them! Bad things among others - there is no doubt about it! But this is the highest honor of life, that it also confronts us with its highest opposition...”

KGWB/NF-1888, 23 [14]. Notebook 23 = Mp XVI 4d. Mp XVII 7. W II 7b. Z II 1b. W II 6c. Oktober 1888.

Nietzsche does not call this book an autobiography (he has written many short autobiographical sketches before); but rather, uses the expression “I tell myself my life”.

Both Nietzsche and this author worry about the same thing. Who is going to read this book? Nietzsche's concern.

“*The worst readers*. — The worst readers are those who act like plundering soldiers: they take out some of what they can use, soil, and confuse the rest and blaspheme on the whole.” *KGWB/VM-137* — *Menschliches Allzumenschliches II*: § VM 137. Erste Veröff. 20/03/1879. *Human, All Too Human: A Book for Free Spirits*. First published in 1878.

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

Nietzsche wrote about how intensive he was reading a book by his close friend Dr. Paul Rée (1849-1901), so perhaps you may be able to do the same with Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Nietzsche writes, "Perhaps I have never read anything to which I would have said No (Nein) to such an extent, sentence by sentence, conclusion by conclusion, as I did to this book: yet completely without annoyance and impatience." *KGWB/GM-Vorrede-4*. 1887. *On the Genealogy of Morality: A Polemic*. Yes, Nietzsche allows for your attacks as well.

Or, as Nietzsche wrote in *Ecce homo*, "If you want to get rid of an unbearable pressure, you need hashish." (Section 6) [standard warning]. Some may say that reading Nietzsche is something like the *instrumentum diaboli* (instrument of the devil) (see the preface to *Human, All Too Human, I A Book for Free Spirits*). Nietzsche is controversial. Yes, it would be best to have adult supervision, a lawyer, the thought police, etc. when reading Nietzsche. Nietzsche is not looking for disciples. Many earlier commentators refer to Nietzsche as a poet, not a real philosopher. First ponder Nietzsche, then after reading Nietzsche, you can come to your conclusions and refute every thesis that Nietzsche puts forward. Nietzsche is a counterpuncher, so you can see who among philosophers are still left standing in the ring with Nietzsche. I think – very few.

Accordingly, do not worry about how you are to read Nietzsche's *Ecce homo* since he had put it on the 'gold scale' before he sent it off to his publisher, C.G. Naumann, in the city of Leipzig, Germany; he wrote to Peter Gast his friend, editor, and amanuensis, "The "Ecce homo" left the day before yesterday to C. G. N, after I, for the last reassurance of my conscience, once again put it on the *gold scale* from the first to the last word." *KGWB/BVN-1888*, #1181 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz (nickname, Peter Gast). 09/12/1888. Turin. Sonntag, den 9. Dec. 1888 via Carlo Alberto 6III.

Nietzsche is establishing his street creds (credentials). Nietzsche shows us his thinking in *Ecce homo*, "Since it says completely outrageous things and sometimes, in all innocence, speaks the language of a world leader...." *BVN-1888*, #1176. Letter to August Strindberg. 06/12/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III. den 8. December 1888. The lost wandering philosopher speaks the language of a world leader. Well, yes, Nietzsche did have a "larger than life sense of himself"! For example, in *Ecce homo*, he writes, "This is *my* experience of inspiration; I have no doubt that one has to go back thousands of years to find someone who can tell me "It's mine too". —" — ("Dies ist *meine* Erfahrung von Inspiration; ich zweifle

nicht, dass man Jahrtausende zurückgehn muss, um Jemanden zu finden, der mir sagen darf „es ist auch die meine“.). *KGWB/EH-ZA-3*.

Philosophical note on the content of this book: I do not agree or disagree with everything Nietzsche wrote -- and nor should you. By way, contrary to some philosophers, for example, G.W.F. Hegel (1770-1831) and Edmund Husserl (1859-1938), who were indeed both looking for disciples. We can say with certainty that Nietzsche was not looking for disciples or followers. He wrote, “One repays a teacher badly if one always remains nothing but a pupil. Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you. Verily, my brothers, with different eyes shall I then seek my lost ones; with a different love shall I then love you.” (*Thus Spoke Zarathustra*. 1883- 1885, Walter Kaufmann translation. ‘*The Portable Nietzsche*’, 1972, page 190).

With Martin Heidegger (1889-1976) no disciples required either. Interestingly Martin Heidegger's grandson Arnulf Heidegger makes this remark, “It was never the intentions of my grandfather to propagate a doctrine, to construct a system, or to gather a body of followers. The effort of his thinking is much rather directed toward evoking essential thinking.” (ein wesentliches Fragen hervorzurufen)”. *Martin Heidegger and the Truth About the Black Notebooks*, 2021.

Nietzsche published the following remark about the nature of translating, “What is most difficult to translate from one language into another is the tempo of its style, which has its basis in the character of the race, or to speak more physiologically, in the average tempo of its "metabolism." There are honestly meant translations that, as involuntary vulgarizations, are almost falsifications of the original because its bold and merry tempo...could not be translated.” (*Beyond Good and Evil: prelude to a philosophy of the future. (Jenseits von Gut und Böse. Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft)*, Second Division: The Free Spirit, #28. 1886. (Translation by Walter Kaufmann).

All translations are works in progress. Some translations are better than others; and some translations are done for different purposes. My guiding purpose is for philosophical understanding (not the tempo). The only question is when a translation is indeed ripened enough to be “finalized”. Of course, nothing is really done or final; saying by the artist Leonardo da Vinci. Perfectionism and translations should not be in the same sentence.

Preface to the Translation of *Ecce homo*

There are many literary allusions and references to authors, religious texts, and even to daily newspapers in *Ecce homo*. For example, the Latin title, *Ecce homo*. It may come from John 19:5 or Isaiah 57:1 or maybe what Napoleon said when he first met Goethe on 2 October 1808. Nietzsche's first draft subtitle was "*Ecce homo Or: why I know some more.*" ("*Ecce homo Oder: warum ich Einiges mehr weiss. Von Friedrich Nietzsche*".) *KGWB/NF-1888,24[1]*. October–November 1888. Why does Nietzsche "know some more" than most other philosophers?

There are some books about *Ecce homo* that have hundreds of pages dissecting every word and phrase of Nietzsche's *Ecce homo* (See, for example, *Kommentar zu Nietzsches Der Antichrist. Ecce homo. Dionysos-Dithyramben. Nietzsche contra Wagner* by the renowned Andreas Urs Sommer). For example, some of the Nietzsche's words are from German or French or Latin or Greek literature; and of course, there are plenty examples from Nietzsche's previous writings (both published and unpublished). So far, there are 1256 letters authored by Nietzsche that have been published. There are 106 separate physical notebooks (*Notizheft*) written by Nietzsche from 1870 to 1889 that exist today in the Nietzsche' archives in Weimar, Germany. Some 8,000 pages by one account.

This book you are reading is *not* one of those *philological* studies of *Ecce homo*; rather, this is done at the higher level of philosophical questioning and translating Nietzsche's *Ecce homo* for grasping and understanding Nietzsche's thoughts.

The basic theme and thrust of Nietzsche's philosophy is against (inimical) Christianity. *Ecce homo: How One Becomes What One Is*. As he signed and stated at the end of this book, his last parting line and final sentence were: "Dionysus versus the Crucified" (1888). Plus, he was writing another book at the same time (1888) with the titled *Antichrist: Curse on Christianity*. The first draft of the subtitle was the *Revaluation of all Values*, but it was quickly replaced with the current published subtitle: *Curse on Christianity*. One of Nietzsche's major projects is the Revaluation of all Values. Overcoming and the replacement of Christian values. In Sections 8–14 of *Antichrist*, Nietzsche argues that all of modern western or European philosophy is Christian. Nietzsche would have a hard time arguing that Karl Marx is influence by Christianity. But Nietzsche's point is well taken for the vast – vast majority of western philosophers.

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On the other hand, many authors would make the case that it is not just the "religion" that Nietzsche is against, but rather, the whole issue of Christian (herd) morality that Nietzsche is constantly attacking.

Is Nietzsche's philosophy -- the overarching issue and thrust ethics and "morality"? Can we say that Nietzsche's ultimate issues are not morality but aesthetics (like Schelling), or should we jump to Nietzsche's anti-Platonism and stress that Nietzsche is against the whole western metaphysics of the "eternal" and God-like otherworldly (Kant's eternal supersensuous)?

In a very general way, Nietzsche can be considered part of the Enlightenment and coming from Kant as the overthrowing of historical dogmatic metaphysics. However, Nietzsche takes the next few giant steps. 1). The overthrowing and rejection of the Kantian critical metaphysics enterprise. 2). The overcoming of the Schelling's and Hegel's supersensuous eternal world (philosophical roots in Plato's cave and the eternal form (ideas) as the metaphysical foundations for Christian) laid out by Nietzsche in his metahistory of western metaphysics,

"As the "true world" finally became a fable.

History of an Error.

The "true world" - an idea that is good for nothing, not even obligating - an unnecessary, one idea, which has become superfluous, consequently a refuted idea: we make it off!

(Bright day, breakfast, return of good sense and cheerfulness; Plato's blushes; pandemonium of all free spirits.)

We have abolished the true world: what world has remained? The apparent (scheinbare) one perhaps?... But no! With the true world we have also abolished the apparent!" (*Twilight of the Idols or How to Philosophize with a Hammer*).

Written in the same year, 1888.

The eternal world or supersensuous realm (God, heaven, eternal soul) of the absolute truth is gone. In fact, it never really was true – in other words, just a myth or in Nietzsche's words "just a simple fable". Again consider: the direction of Kant on this issue in an important unpublished essay, *What Real Progress has Metaphysics Made in Germany Since the Time of Leibniz and Wolff?* Written in 1793 where Kant defines metaphysics as "the science of advancing by reason from knowledge of the sensible (Sinnliche) to the knowledge of the supersensuous. (*Progress*, et. p. 53). The German word is *Übersinnlichen* is the supersensuous (beyond the world of appearances).

Hence, Nietzsche mainly confronted the brand of western metaphysics that sought nature and proof for the Christian afterlife, soul, God, and heaven. Was Nietzsche seeking to liberate us from these old Christian traditions? Nietzsche calls himself "I am one of the most formidable opponents of Christianity." ("Ich bin einer der furchtbarsten Gegner des Christenthums). To Heinrich Köselitz (Peter Gast) in Venedig. Sils-Maria, 26. August 1883. *KGWB/BVN*-1883, Letter #457.

Clearly -- Nietzsche has the power to provoke!

At the end of the *Antichrist*, Nietzsche wrote, "This eternal indictment of Christianity I want to write on all walls, where there are only walls, - I have letters to make even the blind see... I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great most inner corruption, the one great instinct of revenge, for which no means is poisonous, secret, subterranean, *small* enough, - I call it the one immortal stain of mankind..."

And one reckons the time after this **nefastus**, with which this doom began, - after the first day of Christianity! - *Why not rather after its last? - After today? - Revaluation of all values!...*". Section 62. *KGWB/AC*-62. September 1888.

FROM R. J. Hollingdale remarks,

"Nietzsche, in § 62, criticizes the reckoning of time from Christ's birth (anno Domini). This passage was removed by Franz Overbeck and Heinrich Köselitz to be unworthy of publication. According to Mazzino Montinari, this passage was restored in the 1899 edition, appearing in all subsequent editions.[68]

The full passage reads:[68]

"Und man rechnet die Zeit nach dem dies nefastus, mit dem dies Verhängniss anhob, — nach dem ersten Tag des Christenthums! — Warum nicht lieber nach seinem letzten? — Nach Heute? — Umwerthung aller Werthe!..."

And one calculates time from the unlucky day on which this fatality arose – from the first day of Christianity! — Why not rather from its last? — From today? Revaluation of all values!—" *KSA* 6, pp. 253 —translated by R. J. Hollingdale, 1968.

The word **Nefastus** is perhaps translated as the irreligious or bad day or inauspicious day in the religious sense of the word. So, you could imagine what Nietzsche would have said about Christmas as a Christian day.

The father of communism, Karl Marx (1818-1883) wrote, "Religion is the sigh of the oppressed creature, the heart of a heartless world, and the soul of soulless conditions. *It is the opium of the people.*" Published in 1844. In other words, there were atheists before Nietzsche. Examples are David Hume (1711–1776) and of course, Arthur Schopenhauer (1788–1860), whom Nietzsche was enthralled with early in his career. Note that although Nietzsche did not read Karl Marx's writing directly, he read about Marx and mentions the Russian anarchist, Mikhail Bakunin (1814–1876) in one of his notes (*KGWB/NF-1873,26[14]*). So, in a sense, Nietzsche was not that radical in his theories and ideas at the time, but rather, he provoked authors and criticized many other ideas and ideals (idols, "truths"). The sociology of the "halves" (the rich) and the control and keeping the "halve-nots" (the poor) without any political power or "a say" in the direction of the ship, which we call civilization. It is best to keep the herd under control and use religion to keep the herd working for the owners. In general, Nietzsche's political philosophy is against socialism and the herd. Of course, it is more complex.

Perhaps Nietzsche wants just a simple return to the ancient Greeks that were pre-Christian. Advice: read and come to your own conclusions about the riddles of Nietzsche's thought.

Writing at about the same time (same year, 1888) as he works on *Ecce homo*, Nietzsche writes in *Twilight of Idols* – with a very strong statement, "...his demand follows from an insight that was formulated by me for the first time: *that there are no moral facts at all.*" And "Morality is only an interpretation of certain phenomena, specifically, a misinterpretation (*Missdeutung*)."
Twilight of Idols (1888). The section on "The "improvers (*Verbesserer*)" of mankind." Earlier, Nietzsche had noted in his published work of 1886, "There are no moral phenomena at all, but only a moral interpretation of phenomena" *Beyond Good and Evil. KGWb/JGB-108*. And then, in section 202, he writes, "*Morality in Europe today is herd animal morality.*" ("*Moral ist heute in Europa Heerdenthier-Moral*"). *Beyond Good and Evil*. For Nietzsche, this is the morality of sheep (not the eagle). Sheep are not leaders but only followers. What are the ranked values of sheep vs. eagles? Are we sheep or eagles? What are the moral theories for eagles? Nietzsche gives us some hints (as he unriddles the mysteries)– keep reading.

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Nietzsche's ethical theory is closely aligned with Axiology (ἀξία, axia, value, -λογία, -logia). For Nietzsche, he sides with anti-moralists or immoralists because he is against the moral law or the Kantian position of ethical rules and moral laws. Nietzsche is against the "categorical imperative" and the deontology of Kant. For Nietzsche, the question is not who the value-followers (herd) are; but who are the new value-creators? The leaders who create values and their primary project of the revaluation of all values (perhaps as a 'revaluation' by use of the Will-to-Power, at least under some interpretations). An example, of a "value" is something like the concept and worldview of "progress of civilization". Nietzsche would deny that doctrine and "value".

Translation of Nietzsche's notebooks.

The Nachlass. The left over or left behind. Those materials that were not published in Nietzsche lifetime. Other unpublished writings, for example, some jotters, dossiers of loose sheets, and publishers proof pages with Nietzsche's editing remarks.

The third part of this translation project is his last letters where he discusses *Ecce homo*. In the last 13 months before Nietzsche's collapse, he wrote 287 letters, so just those letters that involve his remarks about *Ecce homo* are translated at the end of this book.

Nietzsche was the past philosopher who wrote about our future, "The time is coming when the struggle for the domination of the earth will be waged - it will be waged in the name of basic philosophical doctrines." *KGWB/NF-1881*, 11[273]. The world has seen plenty of wars and death, since 1881. The process of the domination of the earth and world is still on-going.

Chronology of 1888 for Nietzsche.

Nietzsche's writings in the year 1888.

Nietzsche edited a collection of nine of his poems called *Dionysian Dithyrambs* (a version that was more or less done in summer 1888, *KGWB/DD*). About 3500 words. Many of these poems were written earlier during the time of his writing *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* (1881-1885). One of those poems is included in this book.

Next, during this year of 1888, he wrote his last five books:

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1888 *The Case of Wagner: A Musicians' Problem*. (*Der Fall Wagner: Ein Musikanten-Problem*). Worked on it during April and May in Turin. Re-worked and sent it to C. G. Naumann, his publisher (Verlag), on 16 July 1888. Finalized on 24 August 1888. *KGWB/WA*. About 11,000 words.

1888. *Twilight of the Idols: or, How to Philosophize with a Hammer*. (*Götzendämmerung: oder Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophirt*). *KGWB/GD*. The working title was *The Idleness of a Psychologist* (*Müssiggang eines Psychologen*). But very late, while the book was being printed Nietzsche changed the title of the book after getting a rousing letter from Peter Gast (his amanuensis), on September 20, 1888 ('inspire terror all around' and the text needs a 'more radiant title')

The major part of the text was written from 26 August and 3 September 1888 in Sils-Maria. The preface was finished on 30 September 1888. The last two sections were added while the process of printing: 'What's Germans are missing' (September 18, 1888) and 'Wandering of Untimely Ones' (October 4, 1888). Nietzsche saw the first printing of four copies on November 24, 1888. Nietzsche stayed at a large house owned by the Durisch family in Sils-Maria in the Engadin region of Switzerland for seven summers (starting in 1881). So, *Twilight of the Idols* was written in Sils-Maria.

The first published and printed copies had the words "*Götzen-Dämmerung*" (*Twilight of the Idols*) printed in red on the title page. The actual subtitle: "oder Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert" was of lesser importance on the title page. The publisher, Verlag von C. G. Neumann. 1889, in the city of Leipzig, Germany. Nietzsche sometimes uses the shortened versions of the title: *Götzen-Hammer* (*Idols Hammer*) in his letters. Early in the next year 1889, on January 24 the book finally goes the public, when *Götzen-Dämmerung, oder, Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophiert* is published. Publisher. Verlag von C. G. Neumann. 1889. Place: Leipzig, Germany. 1000 copies were printed at that time. Second printing of 1000 copies made in May of 1893 (See William H. Schaberg, *Nietzsche Canon: A Publication History and Bibliography* for details). When the book was published in 1893 most likely Nietzsche was unaware of this event. About 25,000 words.

1888 *Antichrist: Curse on Christianity* (*Der Antichrist: Fluch auf das Christenthum*). Worked on writing during the month of September (3rd to the 30th) 1888. Nietzsche signed at the end of the text with the words "Der Antichrist" and

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dates the last little section, "Given on the day of salvation, on the first day of the year one (- on September 30, 1888, of the false calendar)". *KGWB/AC-Gesetz*. The false calendar is the Christian calendar. About 24,000 words.

His letter to Paul Deussen, "My revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe), with the main title "*The Antichrist*" is finished." *BVN*-1888, letter #1159 — Letter to Paul Deussen: 26/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III am 26. Nov. 88. In German the text is, "Meine Umwerthung aller Werthe, mit dem Haupttitel „der Antichrist“ ist fertig".

There are several outlines for additional titles in his project: Umwerthung aller Werthe. So, it is unclear what, if any, other titles and books Nietzsche had in mind with his project: Umwerthung aller Werthe (see notebooks for various titles projected). Hence the confusion over the word "finished." This could be just for the first title, *The Antichrist*—just note. Nietzsche's notebooks are literally "littered" with many projected books/projects and even listed chapter headings (see the notebooks at the end of this book). These book outlines, as shown in his notebooks, are not unusual for Nietzsche's continuous planning and writing projects as outlined in his many notebooks (106 physical notebooks).

Unfortunately, no satisfactory answer can be given to what Nietzsche would have written in the future after 1888. He does give us hints as to the topics he was working on in many of the notebooks. One example is the topic of Nihilism which is an issue that Nietzsche emphasized and wrote many remarks in his notebooks; but never wrote a book or even a chapter of a book with that title.

On Nihilism some examples from the notebooks,
KGWB/NF-1887,9 [127].

"Die Heraufkunft des Nihilismus. The advent of nihilism.

Die Logik des Nihilismus. The logic of nihilism

Die Selbstüberwindung des Nihilismus. The self-overcoming of nihilism.

Überwinder und Überwundene. Conquerors and conquered."

And then from a more extensive outline but abbreviate for the major outline (A, B, C, and D).

KGWB/NF-1888, 13[4].

"A. From the advent of nihilism.

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- B. From the necessity of nihilism.
- C. From the self-overcoming of nihilism.
- D. The conqueror and the conquered.

[At the end of this long outline].

Each book 150 pages.

Each chapter 50”

There are many such outlines of Nietzsche's projects and planned books for the future. Earlier drafts of books that he did indeed publish.

In the different direction, his use of the image of Midday or High Noon or the Hammer Speaks or an example like “The will to power: historical and sociological analysis”. These would need some more analysis with very little help from textual support from Nietzsche's writings. He hardly wrote any details about these specific allusions and images. Although he clearly gave them importance and emphasis in his notebooks.

Nietzsche contra Wagner; Out of the Files of a Psychologist (Nietzsche contra Wagner: Aktenstücke eines Psychologen). A collection from Nietzsche's past writings regarding Richard Wagner. Published in 1889 by Verlag von C. G. Neumann. Basically, just edited by Nietzsche. The “Preface” is dated, Turin, Weihnachten 1888 (Christmas) and it is only 140 words. The whole book is about 6,600 words.

1888. *Ecce homo: How One Becomes What One Is (Ecce homo: Wie man wird, was man ist)*. Nietzsche started writing this book on 15 October 1888 (his birthday) and was basically finished by 13 November 1888, but some additions and revisions were done up to early January 1889. The manuscript images of the Druckmanuskript has been recently published and that version was “done” with a date of 13 November 1888. One revised version that Nietzsche says is ready for publishing is dated “Turin, den 18. Dez. 1888”. Additional minor changes were still going on in early January 1889. *KGWB/EH. KSA 6: 255–374*. About 30,000 words.

Published in limited edition in April 1908 by Insel-Verlag; finally, in much larger printing, published: Leipzig: C. G. Naumann, 1911. Including the poem, *Glory and Eternity (Ruhm und Ewigkeit)* per Nietzsche directions.

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Two sections as mentioned in the Table of Contents, namely. "Declaration of war. The hammer talks [speaks]" ("Kriegserklärung. Der Hammer redet") were destroyed by either Nietzsche's sister or Peter Gast, or Nietzsche never actually completed them. In the final section of *Twilight of Idols*, there is a section with the title "Der Hammer redet"; which is only a short quote from *Also Spoke Zarathustra* (*Also sprach Zarathustra*. 3, 90). *KGWB/GD-Alten-Hammer — Götzen-Dämmerung: Der Hammer redet*. Erste Veröff. 24/11/1888.

Please note this recent book about *Ecce homo*.

Nietzsche's 'Ecce Homo' and the Revaluation of All Values: Dionysian Versus Christian Values by Thomas H. Brobjer, 2021.

See *Nietzsche's philosophical context: an intellectual biography* by Thomas H. Brobjer. All writings by Thomas H. Brobjer about Nietzsche are outstanding.

Here are some notes and background about the literature surrounding Nietzsche.

Weimarer Nietzsche-Bibliographie (2000–2003), 18,465 entries. Nietzsche personal library collection, *Nietzsches persönliche Bibliothek*. Herausgegeben von: Giuliano Campioni, Paolo D'Iorio, Maria Christina Fornari, Francesco Fronterotta und Andrea Orsucci (2003) lists about 1000 titles which are in Nietzsche's personal library and about 600 of them have his marginalia notes in them.

What books was Nietzsche reading during the year 1888?

Arthur Schopenhauer (1786-1860), *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*. Voume 1, 1818–1819, volume 2, 1844.

Georg Brandes (1842-1927), *Die Romantische Schule In Deutschland*

Ernest Renan (1823-1892), *Vie de Jésus* (1863)

Victor Brochard (1848-1907), *Les sceptiques grecs* (Paris, 1887).

Eduard von Hartmann (1842-1906), *Philosophie des Unbewussten* ("Philosophy of the Unconscious").

Gustav Teichmüller (1832-1888), *Die Wirkliche Und Die Scheinbare Welt: Neue Grundlegung Der Metaphysik*.

Afrikan Spir (1837-1890), *Denken und Wirklichkeit* (1873).

Example, in Notebook 25 [4] the expression, "*petits faits vrai*". From Eugène Fromentin (1820-1876). Plus, a mention of Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé (1848-

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

1910). [see the Nietzsche channel for this and heaps of additional details about Nietzsche. www.thenietzschechannel.com].

Major Leitmotifs in Nietzsche

Nietzsche is the ultimate counterpuncher and attack philosopher. In *Ecce homo*, he states accordingly, "Attacking belongs to my instincts." ("Angreifen gehört zu meinen Instinkten"). *KGWB/EH-Weise-7*. He is provocative and promotes the treatment for our disease of civilization's idols (Truths). We need a cure! For Nietzsche's his polemics are "unfashionable". The culture wars of the late 1800s.

About 90% of the time, Nietzsche is on the attack, and not the usual attacks of the person (**ad hominem**), but instead attacking their idols, ideas, and the ideals of authors, religion, philosophical schools, essayists, and philosophers. In the grand scheme of things, philosophically, we can claim that Nietzsche is the great liberator of all of the non-rational beliefs of the past 2000 years. He would include all the major religions of the world. Of course, Christianity is the one that dominates in Nietzsche's attacks. He says, Christianity is Platonism for the "Volk" or the people in his preface (dated 1885) to *Beyond Good and Evil*.

In *Beyond Good and Evil* (published 1886), Nietzsche mentions and quarrels with 107 different named persons, many of these authors he had read and often re-read them too! (There are over 1000 titles in Nietzsche's library today, with extensive marginalia on some of them, see Thomas H. Brobjer). This is one example of his attacking authors is from *Twilight of Idols* (1888) is a kind of wistful remark about other authors and thinkers,

"My Impossibilities. - Seneca: or the toreador of virtue. - Rousseau: or the return to nature in *impuris naturalibus*. - Schiller: or the moral trumpeter of Säckingen. - Dante: or the hyena that poems in tombs. - Kant: or cant as an intelligent character. - Victor Hugo: or the Pharus at the sea of nonsense. - Liszt: or the school of fluency - after women. - George Sand: or lactea ubertas, in German: the milk cow with "beautiful style." - Michelet: or the enthusiasm that takes off the skirt... Carlyle: or pessimism as resigned lunch. - John Stuart Mill: or the insulting clarity. - Les frères de Goncourt: or the two Ajaxes in battle with Homer. Music by Offenbach. - Zola: or "the joy of stinking." *KGWB/GD-Streifzuege-1*.

An earlier example gives a better showing of Nietzsche's excellent attack talent (1886),

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

“They are not a philosophical race, these Englishmen: Bacon represents an *attack* on the philosophical spirit in general; Hobbes, Hume, and Locke a century-long degradation and devaluation of the concept ‘philosopher.’ Kant rose and raised himself up to rebel *against* Hume; Schelling had the *right* to say of Locke: ‘*je méprise* Locke’. In their struggle against the doltish mechanistic English ideas about the world, Hegel and Schopenhauer (along with Goethe) were in agreement, those two inimical brother geniuses of philosophy who strove towards opposite poles of the German spirit and thereby did wrong by each other as only brothers can. Carlyle, that rhetorician and quasi-actor, that tasteless, addlepatented Carlyle knew well enough what England lacks and has always lacked; behind passionate masks he tried to hide what he knew about himself, which was what Carlyle *lacked*: real spiritual *power*, spiritual vision of real *depth* – in short, philosophy.”

Section 252. *Beyond Good and Evil*. KGWB/JGB-252. *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*: § 252. Erste Veröff. 04/08/1886. Translator Marion Faber.

Ecce homo was published after his death, and it was his indescribable (perhaps self-apotheosis, ἀποθέωσις) autobiography (Nietzsche never used the term). Apotheosis (from Ancient Greek ἀποθέωσις (apothēōsis), from ἀποθεόω/ἀποθεῶ (apothēōō/apothēō) 'to deify'), particularly grand or exalted manner. Most likely not a hagiographic text. Although the fate and destiny of humanity were in the hands of Nietzsche.

What is Nietzsche's overall project with *Ecce homo*?

Main Leitmotifs in *Ecce homo*.

Christianity as the denial of the will to life, revaluation of all values (Umwertung aller Werthe), **Amor fati**, Dionysus as a god and his philosophy (future project for Nietzsche), overthrowing idols, two worlds (“true world” finally became a fable) against Plato eternal world and forms, eternal recurrence or the eternal return of the same (Nietzsche heaviest thought, also his most abysmal thought “abgründlichsten Gedanken”), opposite and counterpart to type of person decadent (décadent), “I count the overcoming of pity among the noble virtues”, against the concept of God (Christian), overman or superman (Übermensch), Will to Power (Wille zur Macht), great politics, immoralist, morality of the Christian church, and Declaration of war (“Kriegserklärung”).

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

Nietzsche understanding and laying out his task for *Ecce homo* in a letter, and please note the timeline at the end of November 1888. About forty days before his collapse, on 3 January 1889 (most likely from slow growth retro-orbital meningioma or “mitochondrial encephalomyopathy, lactic acidosis, and stroke-like episodes”). Nietzsche wrote to his Danish friend Georg Brandes (1842-1927), who was one of the first to lecture on Nietzsche's philosophy,

“I have now told myself with a cynicism that will become world-historical: the book is called "Ecce homo" and is an assassination attempt without the slightest regard for the crucified: it ends in thunder and thunderstorms against everything Christian or Christian - infected is in which one sees and hears. I am after all the first psychologist of Christianity and, as an old artilleryman that I am, I can bring up heavy artillery of which no opponent of Christianity even suspected the existence. — The whole thing is the prelude to the revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe), the work that lies before me finished: I swear to you that in two years we shall have the whole world in convulsions. I am a fate. —”
BVN-1888, #1151. Letter to Georg Brandes. 20/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III den 20. Nov. 1888.

Followed a few days later with this letter about *Ecce homo*,

Nietzsche wrote, (*BVN*-1888, #1159. Letter to Paul Deussen. 26/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III am 26. Nov. 88).

“*Ecce homo. How one becomes what one is.* This book is only about me - I appear in it with a world-historical mission. It is already in print. - In it, for the first time, light is shed on my *Zarathustra*, the first book of all millennia, the Bible of the future, the highest outburst of human genius, in which the fate of mankind is included. - And here comes my *concern*, for the sake of which I write.”

Remember his last lines of the text as he signed the book *Ecce homo* was:

“Dionysus versus the Crucified” The title of the book is: *Ecce homo How one becomes what one is* (written in 1888, first edition published in 1908), *Ecce homo: Warum ich so klug bin*).

Nietzsche is the annihilator *par excellence*. He likes to duel with other thinkers, and Richard Wagner, music composer (and author), is one of his favorite dueling partners. Nietzsche spent a considerable amount of personal time with Richard Wagner (24 letters from Nietzsche) and his family at Tribschen on Lake Lucerne,

Switzerland. Sometimes he would babysit Wagner's children. The first case was when he was pro (championed) Richard Wagner as seen in Nietzsche's early work, *Richard Wagner in Bayreuth*, 1876. But he fell out with Wagner (See *The Case of Wagner (Der Fall Wagner)*), published in 1888. Note: Wilhelm Richard Wagner (1813-1883) was the age of Nietzsche's father, and his wife Francesca Gaetana Cosima Wagner (née Liszt, 1837-1930) (15 letters from Nietzsche) was 24 years younger than the husband, Richard; but she was only seven years older than Nietzsche. Nietzsche was attached to Richard Wagner's wife (Cosima), even at one point helping her with the family shopping. But Nietzsche later understood that Richard Wagner represented a view of life (cultural worldview) that he wanted to attack ("cultivated philistines"). One later example from a letter, Nietzsche wrote, "My publisher wrote that on the very first announcement of an imminent writing of mine on this problem and in this sense so many orders have come in that the edition can be considered exhausted. - You will see that I have not lost my good humor in this duel. Frankly speaking, having a Wagner is one of the real recreations in the midst of the more than heavy task of my life." *KGWB/BVN-1888, #1126*. Letter to Malwida von Meysenbug. 04/10/1888.

Once someone reads Nietzsche, they must come to terms and grip his scathing attacks. He is like the bottleneck of intellectual ideas. The big squeeze in the history of ideas and ideals. He wants to be the liberator and to treat our sickness (Nihilism). To use his phrase, he is the final physician of western culture. Philosophical physician. Philosopher as a Physician (or Doctor) of Culture" ("Der Philosoph als Arzt der Kultur"). The philosopher (acting as a physician) then determines our (or our culture) sickness and comes up with a treatment plan. For Nietzsche, this means western culture and its Christian roots are the sicknesses; and Nietzsche's program of the revaluation of all values will be the treatment. Of course, Nietzsche also has other doctrines in mind for our "cure" – keep reading.

Nietzsche wrote,

"I still expect that a philosophical *physician* (Arzt) in the exceptional sense of the word - one who has to investigate the problem of the overall health of people, time, race, mankind - will one day have the courage to bring my suspicion to the point and to dare to say: all philosophizing up to now has not been about "truth" ("Wahrheit") at all, but about something else, let us say about health, future, growth, power, life..." *KGWB/FW-Vorrede-2. The Gay Science ("la gaya scienza")*. (*Die fröhliche Wissenschaft ("la gaya scienza")*). 1887. Note that this was

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

the book that Nietzsche's madman announces the Death of God in three places (in sections 108 ("New Struggles"), 125 ("The Madman"), and 343 ("The Meaning of our Cheerfulness")). Of course, the most famous one was in section 125, The Madman.

In *Gay Science*, we see Nietzsche attack methodology at work, for example, "Neue Kämpfe. New Struggles. After the Buddha was dead, his shadow was still shown in a cave for centuries — an immense, horrible shadow. God is dead: but the way people are, there may still be caves in which to show their shadow for thousands of years. — And we — we still have to defeat his shadow!". *KGWB/FW-108. Die fröhliche Wissenschaft: §108. The Gay Science ("la gaya scienza")*.

The long shadow over all "solutions" that cultures use to keep their herd of sheep in line (no running off of the rail, keep the blinders on the eyes). Demystified all constructive cultural elements and their theme in western culture. The older notion of Western Civilization from the Greeks to the middle of the 20th century and their ongoing cultural arrogance.

Martin Heidegger (1889-1976) complained to his friends that Nietzsche kaput him, he said, "Er hat mich kaputt gemacht!" in English, "He kaputt me!" ("broke me", "corrupted me"). H.G. Gadamer, "Heidegger und Nietzsche: Nietzsche hat mich kaputtgemacht!" *Aletheia* 5 (1994), pp. 6-8.

On the other side, Nietzsche gives us a way forward with the *Ecce homo*'s subtitle. *How One Becomes What One Is*. Very loosely based on Pindar's motto, "Become who you are!". Pindar (518 BC-438 BC). In *Ecce homo*, is this Nietzsche telling us — how he became? These are the stages on Nietzsche's path in his life. *Ecce homo* illustrates how to become what one is — and he shows us the significant steps that Nietzsche took in his life. Note: better would be "who" we are, not simply a "what."

Look carefully at the four major sections of *Ecce homo*:

Why I am so wise.

Why I am so smart.

Why I write such good books.

Why I am a destiny.

Therefore, why I am wise, smart, do great books, and finally why he is important in general --- he is his own destiny. Note in the text Nietzsche does not use a question mark for appears to be "why" questions. And his claim is that Nietzsche

(himself) is the fate and destiny of all humanity. Nietzsche was aware of the three Fates of Greek mythology, namely, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos. The fate of all humankind. Fate as the Greek concept of Moirai (μοῖρα).

In this context, let us see where Nietzsche ended his transformation and his answer to whom he has become:

“*Revaluation of all values*: that is my formula for an act of highest self-contemplation of mankind, which has become flesh and genius in me. My lot wants that I must be the first decent human being, that I know myself in opposition to the mendacity of millennia... I have *discovered* the truth only by first feeling - smelling - the lie as a lie... My genius is in my nostrils... I contradict as never has been contradicted and am nevertheless the opposition of a nay-saying spirit. I am a *joyful messenger*, as there was none, I know tasks from a height that the term for it was missing until now; only from me on there are hopes again. With all this, I am necessarily also the man of doom. For when truth enters into battle with the lie of millennia, we will have tremors, a convulsion of earthquakes, a displacement of mountain and valley such as has never been dreamed of. The concept of politics is then completely absorbed into a spiritual war (gänzlich in einen Geisterkrieg), all power structures of the old society are blown up - they all rest on the lie: there will be wars as there have never been on earth before. Only from me on there will be *great politics* on earth. –“. *KGWB/EH-Schicksal-1*. See Nietzsche's draft of this note in his notebook, *KGWB/NF-1888*, 25[6].

Geisterkrieg or spiritual wars can be linked with the Christian concept of spiritual war (ponder that concept). Nietzsche tells us his “fate,” and this is also humanity's fate as well. For Nietzsche, “some are born posthumously” (*EH III. 1*).

Nietzsche's previous note says,

25 [5]

“Mr. Köselitz really has a concept (Begriff) of me: something that sets me still as amazed as the opposite of it leaves me cold. Sometimes I see my hands on then, that I the fate (Schicksal) of humanity in my hand --: I break it apart into two pieces invisible, before me, after me... (vor mir, nach mir...)”. *KGWB/NF-1888*, 25[5].

In some of the exciting analogies and images (allusions), Nietzsche wants to go down into the earth (images of cave and cave-like) and to re-gain the meaning of the earth (deep ecology) as opposed to going out and above into the sun light of

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

Plato's cave (*Republic* (514a–520a). The sun light is where the eternal and universal forms reside (εἶδος, *eidos* or *idea* (ἰδέα)). In Nietzsche's terms, "otherworldly" is all against "life." He reads Christian morality as against (contra) "life" and the will to live. These are very broad strokes of Nietzsche's brush. But remember, Nietzsche is talking about the Christian Church of the apostle Paul (who never met Jesus). Christian Church's morality. Nietzsche famously said, "The very word "Christianity" is a misunderstanding—at bottom, there was only one Christian, and he died on the cross." *Antichrist: Curse on Christianity* (*Der Antichrist: Fluch auf das Christenthum*, section 39. Written 1888. Remember, he wrote, "Christianity is Platonism for the "Volk" in his preface to *Beyond Good and Evil* dated 1885.

Last chronology.

On 5 April 1888, Friedrich Nietzsche took up residence in a small furnished apartment at 20 Via Milano in Turin, Italy. Nietzsche's landlord was Davide Fino. Nietzsche collapsed on 3 January 1889 in the Carlo Alberto Square at the center of Turin (Italy) near the newsstand of his landlord Davide Fino and his wife. Drugs were brought from the Rossetti pharmacy (Piazza Carignano) to calm Nietzsche down (manic stage). He was taken by train to Basel (Friedmatt psychiatric clinic) from the 10th to the 17th of January 1889 by his longtime friend Franz Overbeck. Next, he was then taken by his mother to Jena for about a year and then to the family home in Naumburg in March 1890. After his mother passed away, and then Nietzsche was taken by his sister in August 1897 to Weimar to the villa named "Silberblick" (Museum, Nietzsche Archive at Villa Silberblick in Weimar, Thuringia, Germany). Nietzsche's sister and a housekeeper named Alwine looked after him until Nietzsche's death in August 1900. The villa was purchased for Nietzsche's family by Meta von Salis (1855-1929), which she later sold to one of Nietzsche's cousins.

See *Conversations with Nietzsche*. Abridged translation of *Begegnungen mit Nietzsche*. By Sander L. Gilman. 1987.

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

Persons.

Carl Ludwig Nietzsche (1813-1849). Father.

Franziska Nietzsche (née Oehler) (1826-1897). Mother.

Therese Elisabeth Alexandra Förster-Nietzsche (1846-1935). Sister. Nietzsche's nickname for his sister was "Lama." She helped found Nueva Germania, Paraguay, South America.

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche (15 October 1844-1900). Died at age 55.

Beginning of the translation of Nietzsche's Text.

Ecce homo: How One Becomes What One Is

German title: *Ecce homo: Wie man wird, was man ist*

Foreword.

1.

In anticipation of shortly having to make the gravest demand ever made of mankind, it seems imperative that I say who I am. Basically you should know it: because I didn't "let myself go unnoticed". But the disproportion between the greatness of my task and the smallness of my contemporaries was expressed in the fact that I was neither heard nor even seen. I live on my own credit, maybe it's just a prejudice that I'm alive?... I only have to speak to some "educated person" who comes to the Upper Engadine in the summer to convince me that I'm not alive... Among these circumstances there is a duty against which basically my habit, still more the pride of my instincts, revolts, namely, to say: Hear me! because I am so and so. Above all, don't confuse me!

2.

I am, for example, by no means a bugbear, no moral monster—I am even of a nature contrary to the kind of man who has hitherto been revered as virtuous. Just between us, it seems to me that this is part of my pride. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus; I would rather still be a satyr than a saint. But just read this writing. Perhaps I succeeded, perhaps this writing had no other purpose than to express this contrast in a cheerful and philanthropic way. The last thing I would promise is to "improve" humanity. No new idols are set up by me; the old may learn what it is about legs of clay. Knocking down idols (my word for "ideals") — that's more of a part of my trade. Reality has been deprived of its value, meaning, and truthfulness to the extent that an ideal world has been lied to... The "true world" and the "apparent world" — that means: the lied-up [invented] world and

reality... The lie of until now, ideals have been the curse over reality; humanity itself has become mendacious and false through it down to its lowest instincts - to the point of worshiping the reverse values than those with which you can only prosper, the future, the high right would be guaranteed for the future.

3.

— Anyone who knows how to breathe the air of my writings knows that it is air of heights, strong air. You have to be made for it, otherwise the danger of catching a cold in it is not small. The ice is near, the solitude is immense—but how calm all things lie in the light! how freely one breathes! how much one feels beneath oneself! - Philosophy, as I have understood and lived it up to now, is the voluntary life in ice and high mountains - the search for everything strange and questionable in existence, everything that was previously banned by morality. From a long experience, which gave such a wandering in the forbidden, I learned to look at the causes, from which people have moralized and idealized, very differently than might be desired: the hidden history of the philosophers, the psychology of their great names was what mattered to me Light. — How much truth can a spirit endure, how much truth dare? that became more and more the real measure of value for me. Error (— belief in the ideal —) is not blindness, error is cowardice... Every achievement, every step forward in knowledge follows from courage, from being hard on oneself, from cleanliness towards oneself... I don't refute ideals, I just put on gloves in front of them... **Nitimur in vetitum**: in this sign my philosophy wins for once, because up to now only the truth has always been forbidden in principle. —

4.

— Within my writings my Zarathustra stands for itself. With him I have given mankind the greatest gift that has ever been given to it. This book, with one voice over thousands of years, is not only the highest book there is, the actual mountain air book - the whole fact of man lies in an enormous distance below it - it is also the deepest, the one from the innermost wealth born of truth, an inexhaustible well into which no bucket descends without coming up filled with gold and goodness. No “prophet” speaks here, none of those horrible hybrids of illness and will to power that are called founders of religions. Above all, one must hear the tone that comes from this mouth, this halcyon tone, properly, in order not to do pitiable

injustice to the sense of his wisdom. "It is the quietest words that bring the storm, thoughts that come with dove feet direct the world -"

The figs fall from the trees, they are good and sweet: and as they fall their red skin tears. A north wind am I ripe figs.

So, like figs, these teachings fall to you, my friends: now drink their juice and their sweet flesh! Autumn is all around and clear sky and afternoon —

No fanatic speaks here, no one "preaches" here, no faith is demanded here: from an infinite abundance of light and depth of happiness falls drop by drop, word by word—a tender slowness is the tempo of these speeches. Such things come only to the elect; it is an unequaled privilege to be a listener here; no one is free to have ears for Zarathustra... Isn't Zarathustra a seducer with all this?... But what does he say to himself when he returns to his solitude for the first time? Exactly the opposite of what any "wise man", "saint", "world redeemer" and other *décadent* would say in such a case... He not only speaks differently, but he is also different...

I go alone now, my disciples! You too are going away now and alone! That's how I want it.

Get away from me and defend yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Maybe he cheated on you.

The man of knowledge must not only love his enemies, but he must also be able to hate his friends.

One repays a teacher badly if one always remains only the student. And why don't you want to pluck at my wreath?

You worship me: but what if one day your worship collapses? Beware lest a statue kill you!

You say you believe in Zarathustra? But what does Zarathustra matter! You are my believers, but what does all believers matter!

You had not yet sought yourselves: then you found me. So do all believers; therefore, it is so little with all faith.

Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you...

Friedrich Nietzsche.

On this perfect day, when everything is ripening and not only is the grape turning brown, but a ray of sunshine also fell on my life: I looked backwards, I looked out, I never saw so many and such good things at once. Not for nothing did I bury my forty-fourth year today, I was allowed to bury it—what was alive in it is saved, is immortal. The revaluation of all values (*Umwertung aller Werthe*), the *Dionysus Dithyrambs* and, for relaxation, the *Twilight of the Idols*—all gifts of this year, even of its last quarter! How could I not be thankful for my whole life? And so, I tell myself my life.

Why am I so wise.

1.

The happiness of my existence, perhaps its uniqueness, lies in its fate: to put it in the form of a riddle, I died when my father died, but I am still alive and growing old as my mother. This double origin, as it were from the top and the bottom rung on the ladder of life, decadent and at the same time beginning - this, if anything, explains that neutrality, that freedom from partisanship in relation to the overall problems of life, which perhaps distinguishes me. I have a finer sense for the signs of rising and falling than any human being has ever had, I am the teacher par excellence for this - I know both, I am both. — My father died at thirty-six: he was tender, amiable, and morbid, like a passing creature — more a benevolent reminder of life than life itself. In the same year that his life went down, so did mine downwards: in my thirty-sixth year I reached the lowest point of my vitality—I was still alive, but without seeing three paces ahead of me. At that time—it was 1879—I resigned my professorship in Basel, spent the summer like a shadow in St. Moritz and the next winter, the sunniest of my life, as a shadow in Naumburg. This was my minimum: The *Wanderer and His Shadow* was made during that time. Undoubtedly, I understood shadows at that time... The winter that followed, my first Genoese winter, brought forth that sweetening and spiritualization that is almost conditioned by an extreme poverty of blood and muscle, the "morning blush". The perfect brightness and serenity, even exuberance of spirit, which the work mentioned reflects, is compatible with me not only with the deepest physiological weakness, but even with an excess of pain. In the midst of torment, which brings with it an uninterrupted three-day brain-ache together with laborious vomiting of phlegm - I possessed a dialectic clarity par excellence and thought things through very cold-bloodedly for which in healthier circumstances I am not a climber, not refined, not cold enough. My readers may know how far I regard dialectics as a symptom of decadence, for example in the most famous case: the case of Socrates. - All pathological disturbances of the intellect, even the semi-anesthesia that follows the fever, have remained completely foreign to me to this day, the nature and frequency of which I had to educate myself in a scholarly way. My blood runs slowly. Nobody has ever been able to tell me that I have a fever. A doctor who had been treating me as a mental patient for a long time finally said: "No! It's not your nerves, I'm just nervous myself." Absolutely no local

degeneration whatsoever; no organically caused stomach trouble, however severe, as a result of general exhaustion, the deepest weakness of the gastric system. Also, eye trouble, at times dangerously close to going blind, is only a consequence, not the cause: so that with every increase in vitality, the power of vision also increased again. - A long, all too long series of years means recovery for me - unfortunately it also means relapse, decline, periodicity of a kind of decadence. After all, do I need to say that I am experienced in matters of decadence? I spelled them forwards and backwards. Even that filigree art of grasping and understanding in general, those fingers for nuances, that psychology of "seeing around corners" and whatever else suits me, was only then learned, is the real gift of that time in which everything is refined for me, observation itself like all organs of observation. From the perspective of the sick, looking for healthier concepts and values, and vice versa, looking down from the fullness and self-certainty of rich life into the secret work of the instinct of decadence—that was my longest practice, my actual experience, if anything I became a master at it. It's in my hands now, I have the power to change perspectives: the first reason why a "revaluation of values" might even be possible for me alone. —

2.

Excluding the fact that I'm decadent, I'm also its opposite. My proof of this is, among other things, that I always instinctively chose the right means against the bad conditions: while the *décadent* always chooses the means disadvantageous to him. All in all, I was healthy, as an angle, as a specialty I was decadent. That energy for absolute loneliness and detachment from familiar circumstances, the compulsion against me no longer to be cared for, served, or treated—that betrays the unconditional instinctive certainty of what was then, above all, necessary. I took myself into my own hands, I made myself healthy again: the condition for this - any physiologist will agree - is that one is basically healthy. A typically morbid being cannot heal, much less heal itself; conversely, for a typically healthy person, being ill can even be an energetic stimulus to live, to live more. In fact, that's how that long period of illness seems to me now: I rediscovered life, as it were, including myself, I tasted all good and even small things that others could not easily taste - I made of my will to health, to life, my philosophy... For beware: the years of my lowest vitality were where I ceased to be a pessimist: the instinct of self-restoration forbade me a philosophy of poverty and discouragement... And

how, at bottom, do you recognize it good fortune! That a well-behaved man is good for our senses: that he is carved from wood that is hard, tender and fragrant at the same time. He only likes what is good for him; his pleasure, his pleasure, ceases where the measure of what is beneficial is exceeded. He divines remedies for injuries, he uses bad chances to his advantage; what doesn't kill him makes him stronger. He instinctively collects his sum from everything he sees, hears, and experiences: he is a selective principle, he fails many things. He is always in his company, whether dealing with books, people or landscapes: he honors by choosing, by allowing, by trusting. He reacts slowly to all kinds of stimuli, with that slowness which long caution and a willing pride have bred in him—he examines the stimulus that approaches, he is far from going to meet it. He believes neither in "misfortune" nor in "guilt": he comes to terms with himself, with others, he knows how to forget - he is strong enough that everything must work out for the best for him. - Well, I'm the opposite of a decadent: because I was just describing myself.

3.

I consider it a great privilege to have had such a father: the peasants to whom he preached - for after having lived for a few years at the Altenburg court he had been a preacher for the last few years - said that this is what an angel must look like. — And here I touch on the question of race. I am a pure Polish nobleman, not mixed with a drop of bad blood, least of all German blood. When I look for the deepest contrast to myself, the incalculable baseness of instincts, I always find my mother and sister—to believe I am related to such a canaille would be blasphemy against my divinity. The treatment I experience from my mother and sister, up to this moment, fills me with an unspeakable horror: here a perfect infernal machine works, with unfailing certainty about the moment when I can be wounded bloody - in my highest moments... because there is a lack of any strength to defend oneself against poisonous worms... The physiological contiguity enables such **disharmonia praestabilita**... But I confess that the deepest objection to the "eternal return", my actually abysmal thought, is always mother and sister. - But even as a Pole I am a tremendous atavism. One would have to go back centuries to find this noblest race that existed on earth so instinctively pure as I represent them. I have a sovereign feeling of distinction towards everything that is called noblesse today—I wouldn't give the young German Kaiser the honor of being my

coachman. There is one single instance where I recognize my equal—I confess it with deep gratitude. Frau Cosima Wagner is by far the most distinguished of natures; and, lest I say a word too little, I say that Richard Wagner was by far the man most closely related to me... The rest is silence... All the prevailing notions about degrees of kinship are a physiological nonsense that cannot be surpassed. The Pope is still trading in this nonsense today. One is least related to one's parents: to be related to one's parents would be the ultimate sign of meanness. The higher natures have their origin infinitely further back, it was towards them that one had to collect, save, and accumulate for the longest time. The great individuals are the oldest: I don't understand it, but Julius Caesar could be my father - or Alexander, this Dionysus incarnate... At this very moment, as I write this, the mail brings me a head of Dionysus...

4.

I have never understood the art of taking sides against myself - I owe that also to my incomparable father - even when it seemed to me of great value. In fact, however unchristian that may seem, I'm not even against myself. One may turn my life this way and that, apart from that one case, one will discover no traces of anyone having ill will toward me—but perhaps a little too many traces of good will... My experiences even with such, at whom everyone has had bad experiences, speak in their favor, without exception; I tame every bear, I still make the clowns demure. In the seven years that I taught Greek in the upper class of the Basel pedagogy, I had no reason to impose a fine; the laziest were busy with me. I am always up to chance; I must be unprepared to be my master. The instrument, be it what it may, be so out of tune as only the human instrument can be out of tune — I would have to be ill if I didn't succeed in getting something audible out of it. And how often have I heard it from the "instruments" themselves that they had never heard themselves like this before... Most beautifully perhaps from Heinrich von Stein, who died unforgivably young and once, after carefully obtaining permission, stayed for three days in Sils-Maria appeared, explaining to everyone that he was not coming because of the Engadine. This excellent man, who with all the impetuous simplicity of a Prussian Junker had waded into Wagner's swamp (— and also into Dühring's!) was during these three days transformed by a storm of freedom, like one who suddenly is raised to its height and gets wings. I always told him that the good air up here makes everyone feel the same way, it's not for

nothing that you're 6,000 feet above Bayreuth - but he didn't want to believe me... Even if some small and big misdeeds were committed against me, that's how it was not "the will", least of all the bad will Reason for it: I would rather have - I just hinted - to complain about the good will, which has caused no small mischief in my life. My experiences give me a right to distrust in general with regard to the so-called "selfless" instincts, the entire "love of one's neighbor" prepared for advice and action. It counts for me as a weakness in itself, as an isolated case of the inability to resist stimuli - compassion is only called a virtue in decadents. I reproach the pitiful for easily losing the shame, the reverence, the tender feeling for distances, that pity smells like the rabble in the twinkling of an eye and looks confusingly like bad manners - that pitiful hands sometimes lead downright destructively into a great fate, into a loneliness under wounds, into a privilege of heavy guilt. I count the overcoming of pity among the noble virtues: as "Temptation of Zarathustra" I have composed a case where a great cry of distress comes to him, where pity wants to overtake him like a last sin, wants to turn him away from himself. Remaining master here, keeping the height of his task clean of the much lower and more short-sighted impulses that are active in so-called selfless actions, which is the test, perhaps the last test that a Zarathustra has to pass — his real proof of strength...

5.

In another respect, too, I am just my father once more and, as it were, his survival after an all too early death. Like everyone who has never lived among his peers and to whom the concept of "vengeance" is as inaccessible as, for example, the concept of "equal rights", I forbid myself, in cases where a small or very great folly is committed against me, any countermeasure, any protective measure - however appropriate, every defense, every "justification". My kind of retaliation is to throw cleverness after stupidity as quickly as possible: that way you might catch up with it. Speaking in a parable: I send a pot of jam to get rid of a sour story... There is only something to be done badly about me, I "repay" it, of that one can be sure: I will soon find an opportunity to tell the "offender" what I mean to express thanks (sometimes even for the misdeed)—or to ask him for something, which may be more obliging than to give... Also, it seems to me that the rudest word, the rudest letter, are still more benevolent, even more honorable, than silence. Those who are silent almost always lack delicacy and courtesy of heart; Silence is an objection,

swallowing down necessarily makes a bad character—it even spoils the stomach. All silent people are dyspeptic. You see, I don't want to underestimate rudeness, it is by far the most humane form of contradiction and, in the midst of modern coddling, one of our first virtues. — If one is rich enough to be wrong, it is itself a blessing. A god who came to earth would not be allowed to do anything other than injustice—to take the guilt rather than the punishment would be divine in the first place.

6.

Freedom from resentment, enlightenment about resentment—who knows how much I owe a debt of gratitude to my long illness for this too! The problem is not easy: you have to experience it with strength and with weakness. If anything at all has to be asserted against being ill, against being weak, it is that the actual healing instinct in man, that is the defense and weapon instinct in man, is becoming weak. One knows how to get away from nothing, one knows how to deal with nothing, one knows nothing to push back—everything hurts. Man, and thing come insistently close, the experiences hit too deep, the memory is a suppurating wound. Being ill is a kind of resentment itself. — Against this the sick person has only one great remedy — I call it Russian fatalism, that fatalism without revolt with which a Russian soldier who finds the campaign too hard finally lies down in the snow. Do not accept anything anymore, take it in yourself, take it into yourself - no longer react at all... The great reason for this fatalism, which is not always just the courage to die, as life-preserving under the most life-threatening circumstances, is the lowering of the metabolism, its slowing down, a kind of will hibernate. A few steps further in this logic, and you have the fakir who sleeps in a grave for weeks... Because you would wear yourself out too quickly if you reacted at all, you no longer react at all: this is logic. And with nothing one burns out more quickly than with the emotions of resentment. The anger, the morbid vulnerability, the impotence for revenge, the lust, the thirst for revenge, the poisonous mixture in every sense - these are certainly the most harmful way of reacting for the exhausted: a rapid consumption of nervous strength, a morbid increase in harmful discharges, for example the bile in the stomach, is thus conditioned. Resentment is what is forbidden in itself for the patient—his evil: unfortunately, also his most natural inclination. — That profound physiologist Buddha understood that. His "religion," which might better be called a hygiene, lest it be mixed up with such

wretched things as Christianity, made its effect dependent upon the victory over resentment: ridding the soul of it—first step to recovery. “Enmity does not come to an end through enmity, enmity comes to an end through friendship”: that stands at the beginning of Buddha's teaching—that is not how morality speaks, that is how physiology speaks. - Resentment, born of weakness, no more harmful to anyone than the weak himself - in the other case, where a rich nature is the prerequisite, a superfluous feeling, a feeling over which to remain master is almost the proof of wealth. Anyone who knows the seriousness with which my philosophy took up the struggle with revenge and indulgences right down to the doctrine of "free will" - the struggle with Christianity is only an isolated case - will understand why I my instinct-safety in the practice here straight to the light. In the times of decadence, I forbade them as harmful; as soon as life was rich and proud enough for it again, I forbade them as being beneath me. That “Russian fatalism” of which I spoke emerged in my stubbornly holding on to almost unbearable situations, places, apartments, and companies for years after they had happened once, by chance—it was better than changing them, rather than feeling them changeable — than rebelling against them... At the time, I was deadly angry at disturbing myself in this fatalism, waking myself up violently: — in truth it was deadly dangerous every time. - Taking oneself as fate, not wanting oneself "different" - that is a great reason itself in such conditions.

7.

Another thing is war. I am warlike by my nature. Attacking is one of my instincts. To be able to be an enemy, to be an enemy—that perhaps presupposes a strong nature, in any case it is conditioned in every strong nature. It needs resistance, consequently it seeks resistance: aggressive pathos belongs to strength just as necessarily as revenge and compassion to weakness. Woman, for example, is revengeful: this is due to her weakness, as well as her irritability to the needs of others. —The strength of the attacker has a kind of measure in the opposition he needs; every growth betrays itself in the search for a more formidable opponent—or problem: for a philosopher who is warlike also challenges problems to a duel. The task is not to master resistance at all, but over such, against which one has to use all one's strength, suppleness and mastery of arms - over equal opponents... equality before the enemy - the first prerequisite for a righteous duel. Where one despises one cannot make war; where one commands, where one sees something

below oneself, one does not have to wage war. — My war practice can be summed up in four sentences. First, I only attack things that are victorious—I may wait until they are victorious. Second: I only attack things where I would find no allies, where I stand alone — where I alone compromise myself.. I have never taken a step publicly that did not compromise, that is my criterion of right action. Thirdly: I never attack people - I only use the person like a strong magnifying glass with which one can make visible a general but gradual but hardly tangible emergency. So, I attacked David Strauss, more precisely the success of a decrepit book in the German "Bildung" - I caught this education in the act... So, I attacked Wagner, more precisely the falseness, the instinctive half-wittedness of our "culture", which confused the refined with the rich, the late with the great. Fourth: I only attack things where any personal difference is excluded, where there is no background of bad experiences. On the contrary, attacking is a sign of goodwill for me, in some cases of gratitude. I honor, I distinguish by associating my name with that of a thing or a person: for or against — it doesn't matter to me. If I make war on Christianity, I am entitled to do so because I have not experienced any fatalities or inhibitions from this side - the most serious Christians have always been kind to me. I myself, an opponent of Christianity **de rigueur**, am far from holding it against the individual for what is the fate of thousands of years. —

8.

May I dare to hint at one last trait of my nature that causes me no small difficulty in dealing with people? I have a completely uncanny irritability of the instinct for cleanliness, so that I am close or — what am I saying? — to perceive the most innermost thing, the “intestines” of every soul physiologically — smell... I have psychological feelings in this irritability, with which I feel every secret and get hold of it: the many hidden dirt at the bottom of some nature, perhaps due to bad blood, but whitewashed by upbringing, I realize almost at first touch. If I have observed correctly, such natures, which are not conducive to my cleanliness, also feel the caution of my disgust on their part: they do not become more fragrant with it... As I have always gotten used to - extreme integrity towards me is the prerequisite for my existence, I perish under unclean conditions — I swim and bathe and splash, as if it were, constantly in the water, in some perfectly transparent and shiny element. That doesn't make my dealings with people a small test of patience; my humanity does not consist in sympathizing with how people

are, but in enduring the fact that I sympathize with them... My humanity is constantly overcoming. — But I need solitude that is to say, recovery, return to myself, and the breath of free, light playing air... My whole Zarathustra is a dithyramb on loneliness, or, if you have understood me, on purity... Luckily not on pure folly. — He who has eyes for colors will call him diamonds. — The disgust with people, with the “rabble” was always my greatest danger... Do you want to hear the words in which Zarathustra speaks of redemption from disgust?

what happened to me? How do I free myself from disgust? Who rejuvenated my eye? How did I fly to the height where no more rabble sits at the well?

Did my disgust itself create wings for me and powers that divine springs? Truly, I had to fly to the highest, that I might find the fountain of joy again!

—

Oh, I found him, my brothers! Here in the highest springs the fountain of desire for me! And there is a life where no rabble drinks!

You flow almost too hard for me, source of pleasure! And often you empty the cup again because you want to fill it.

And I still have to learn to approach you more modestly: my heart still flows out to you all too violently:

— my heart, on which my summer burns, the short, hot, melancholy, overjoyed: how my summer heart longs for your coolness!

Gone the hesitating gloom of my spring! Gone are the snowflakes of my malice in June! Summer, I became whole and summer noon, -

— a summer at its best with cold springs and blissful stillness: oh come, my friends, that stillness may become even more blissful!

For this is our height and our homeland: we dwell here too high and steep for all the unclean and their thirst.

Just throw your pure eyes into the fountain of my lust, you friends! How could he be troubled by that? He shall laugh at you with his purity.

On the tree of the future, we build our nest; Eagles shall bring us lonely food in their beaks!

Verily, no food that the unclean may partake of! They would think they were eating fire and burn their mouths.

Verily, we have no homes here ready for the unclean! Ice Cave would bid our happiness to their bodies and their spirits!

And like strong winds do we want to live above them. Neighbors to the eagles, neighbors to the snow, neighbors to the sun: so live strong winds.

And like a wind I want to blow between them one day and take their breath away with my spirit: that's what my future wants.

Truly, Zarathustra is a strong wind in all lowlands: and he advises his enemies and everything that spits and spits such advice: beware of spitting against the wind!...

Why I'm so smart.

1.

— Why do I know something more? Why am I so smart anyway? I've never thought about questions that aren't questions—I haven't wasted myself. — I don't know any real religious difficulties, for example, from experience. How I should be "sinful" has completely escaped my attention. Likewise, I lack a reliable criterion for what a pang of conscience is: from what one hears about it, pangs of conscience do not seem to me to be respectable... I do not want to abandon an action afterwards, I would prefer to end the bad outcome, the consequences, in principle to omit the question of value. When the outcome is bad, it is all too easy to lose the right perspective for what one did: a pang of conscience seems to me a kind of "evil eye". To cherish something that fails all the more because it failed—that's more of a part of my moral code. — "God", "immortality of the soul", "redemption", "beyond" are all terms that I paid no attention to, nor paid any time to, even as a child — perhaps I was never childish enough for them? - I don't know atheism at all as a result, still less as an event: I understand it by instinct. I'm too curious, too questionable, and too high-spirited to put up with a blunt answer. God is a rude answer, an indelicacy against us thinkers — basically even just a rude ban on us: you shouldn't think!... I am quite differently interested in a question on which the "salvation of mankind" depends more than on anything else a theological curiosity: the question of nutrition. You can formulate it as follows: "How do you have to feed yourself in order to reach your maximum of strength, of *virtù* in the Renaissance style, of virtue free of morals?" — My experiences here are as bad as possible; I am amazed that I heard this question so late, which I learned "reason" from these experiences so late. Only the utter worthlessness of our German education - its "idealism" - explains to me to some extent why I was backward to the point of sanctity here in particular. This "education" which from the outset teaches to lose sight of realities in order to pursue thoroughly problematic, so-called "ideal" goals, for example "classical education": - as if it were not condemned from the outset to use "classical" and "German" in one term to agree! Even more, it has an amusing effect — think of a "classically educated" Leipziger! — In fact, up until my most mature years I only ever ate badly — to put it morally, "impersonal", "selfless", "altruistic", for the benefit of the cooks and other fellow Christians. For example, I very seriously denied my "will to live" through Leipzig

cuisine, at the same time as my first study of Schopenhauer (1865). Spoiling one's stomach for the purpose of inadequate nutrition - this problem seemed to me to be happily solved by the kitchen mentioned. (It is said that 1866 brought about a change in this -.) But German cuisine in general - how much does it not have on its conscience! The soup before the meal (still called *alla tedesca* in 16th-century Venetian cookbooks); the boiled meats, the vegetables made fat and mealy; the degeneration of the pastry into a paperweight! If you add to that the downright brutish needs of the old Germans, and by no means just old Germans, you can understand the origin of the German spirit — from troubled bowels... The German spirit is an indigestion, it can't cope with anything. - But the English diet, which, in comparison with the German, even the French, is a kind of "return to nature," namely to cannibalism, goes deeply against my own instinct; it seems to me that it gives the spirit heavy feet—Englishwoman's feet... The best cuisine is Piedmont's. — Alcohol is bad for me; a glass of wine or beer a day is quite enough to make life a "vale of tears" for me — my antipodes live in Munich. Assuming that I understood this a little late, I've actually experienced it since I was a child. As a boy I believed that drinking wine, like smoking tobacco, was at first only a vanity of young men and later a bad habit. Perhaps Naumburg wine is partly to blame for this harsh verdict. To believe that wine cheers you up, I would have to be a Christian, meaning to believe, which for me is absurd. Strangely enough, with this extreme upset from small, heavily diluted doses of alcohol, I almost become a sailor when it comes to large doses. Even as a boy I had my bravery in this. To write down a long Latin treatise in one night's watch and to copy it too, with the ambition in the pen to imitate my model Sallust with severity and conciseness and to pour some grog of the heaviest caliber over my Latin, this was already the case when I was a student of the venerable Schulpforta was not at all in contradiction to my physiology, nor perhaps also to that of Sallust - however much to the venerable Schulpforta... Later, towards the middle of life, I decided more and more strictly against any "spiritual" drink: me, an opponent of vegetarianism from experience, just like Richard Wagner, who converted me, does not know seriously enough how to advise all spiritual natures to abstain from alcohol. Water does it... I prefer places where you have the opportunity to draw water from flowing fountains (Nice, Turin, Sils); a small glass runs after me like a dog. In *vino veritas*: it seems that here again I am at odds with the rest of the world about the term "truth": — my spirit hovers above the water... A few hints from my morality. A heavy meal is easier to digest than one that is too small. The first condition of good digestion is that the stomach as a whole should be active. You have to know the size of your

stomach. For the same reason those lengthy meals are to be avoided, which I call interrupted sacrificial feasts, those at the table d'hôte. — No snacks, no coffee: coffee darkens. Tea is only beneficial in the morning. Little but energetic; These very injurious and ailing all day, if weak by even a degree. Everyone has their measure here, often between the narrowest and most delicate limits. In a very *agaçant* climate tea is not advisable to start with: let a cup of thick, de-oiled cacao start an hour before. — Sit as little as possible; Do not believe any thought that was not born in the open air and with free movement - in which the muscles do not also celebrate a feast. All prejudices come from the gut. - The slackness - I said it before - the real sin against the Holy Spirit. —

2.

Closely related to the question of nutrition is the question of location and climate. No one is free to live anywhere; and if you have big problems to solve that require all your strength, you even have a very narrow choice here. The climatic influence on the metabolism, its inhibition, its acceleration, goes so far that a mistake in location and climate can not only alienate someone from his task, but deprive him of it altogether: he never gets to see it. The animalistic vigor has never grown big enough with him that that freedom overflowing into the most spiritual is achieved, where someone recognizes I can do that alone... Even the smallest sluggishness of the intestines that has become a bad habit is enough to turn a genius into something mediocre, to do something “German”; the German climate alone is sufficient to discourage strong and even heroic bowels. The tempo of metabolism is in exact proportion to the agility or lameness of the feet of the spirit; the “spirit” itself is only one type of this metabolism. Put together the places where there are and were witty people, where wit, refinement, malice belongs to happiness, where genius almost necessarily made himself at home: they all have an exceptionally dry air. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens—these names prove something: genius is conditioned by dry air, by clear skies—that is, by rapid metabolism, by the possibility of constantly replenishing great, even immense, amounts of energy. I have before my eyes a case where an important and free-spirited mind became cramped, cramped, specialist and sour in the climate merely through lack of instinctive subtlety. And I myself could have become this case in the end, provided that the illness hadn't forced me to reason, to think about reason in reality. Now that I can read the effects of climatic and meteorological origin from long practice

on myself as a very fine and reliable instrument and on a short trip, say from Turin to Milan, I can calculate the change in the degrees of humidity physiologically for myself, think I am terrified of the uncanny fact that up to the last 10 years, the life-threatening years, my life has always taken place in the wrong places and places that are downright forbidden to me. Naumburg, Schulpforta, Thuringia in general, Leipzig, Basel—just as many unfortunate places for my physiology. If I have no welcome recollection of my whole childhood and youth, it would be folly to invoke so-called “moral” causes here—such as the undeniable lack of adequate company: for this lack exists today, as it always has, without that he prevented me from being cheerful and brave. Rather, the ignorance in **physiologicis** - the cursed "idealism" - is the real fate in my life, the superfluous and stupid in it, something from which nothing good has grown, for which there is no compensation, no counter-calculation. From the consequences of this "idealism" I explain all mistakes, all great instinctual aberrations and "modesty" apart from the task of my life, for example that I became a philologist - why not at least a doctor or something else that opens the eyes? When I was in Basel, my entire mental diet, including the daily schedule, was a completely senseless abuse of extraordinary strength, without any supply of strength to cover the consumption, without even thinking about consumption and replacement. There was a lack of any finer self-reliance, any guardianship of a commanding instinct, it was identifying oneself with someone, a "selflessness", a forgetting of one's distance - something that I will never forgive myself. When I was almost at the end, because I was almost at the end, I became thoughtful about this basic unreasonableness of my life - “idealism”. The illness brought me to my senses. —

3.

The choice in diet; the choice of climate and place; — The third thing, in which one must on no account err, is the choice of one's kind of recreation. Here too, depending on the degree to which a spirit is *sui generis*, the limits of what is permitted for it, that is, what is useful, are narrower and narrower. In my case, all reading is part of my recreation: consequently, part of what detaches me from myself, what lets me stroll through foreign sciences and souls—what I no longer take seriously. Reading just relaxes me from my seriousness. In deeply industrious times one does not see any books with me: I would be careful not to let anyone near me speak or even think. And that would mean reading... Has one actually

observed that in that deep tension to which pregnancy condemns the mind and basically the whole organism, chance, every kind of external stimulus has too vehement an impact, "impacts" too deeply? You have to avoid chance, the stimulus from outside, as much as possible; a kind of self-walling is one of the first instinctive cleverness of spiritual pregnancy. Will I allow a strange thought to secretly climb over the wall? — And that would mean reading... Times of work and fertility are followed by times of rest: come on, you are pleasant, you are witty, you shy books! — Will it be German books?... I have to reckon back six months before I find myself with a book in my hand. What was it? — An excellent study by Victor Brochard, *les Sceptiques Grecs*, in which my *Laertiana* are also well used. The skeptics, the only honorable type among the so ambiguous to ambivalent people of the philosophers!... Otherwise, I almost always take refuge in the same books, a small number basically, the books that have just been proved for me. It is perhaps not in my nature to read a great deal and many things: a reading room makes me ill. Nor is it in my nature to love much or many things. Beware, even hostility towards new books is more part of my instinct than 'tolerance', '*largeur du cœur*' and other 'charity'... Basically, it's a small number of older French people I keep returning to: I only believe in French education and consider everything else in Europe called "education" to be a misunderstanding, not to speak of German education... The few cases of high education that I found in Germany were all of French origin, especially Mrs. Cosima Wagner, by far the first voice on matters of taste I have heard... That I do not read but love Pascal, as Christianity's most instructive victim, slowly murdered, first physically, then psychologically, the whole logic of this most horrid form of inhuman cruelty; that I have in spirit something of Montaigne's wantonness, who knows? Maybe also in my body, the fact that my artistic taste defends the names of Molière, Corneille and Racine not without anger against a wild genius like Shakespeare: this does not mean that even the very last of the French would not be charming companions for me. I have absolutely no idea in which century of history one could fish together psychologists as inquisitive and at the same time as delicate as in present-day Paris: I will tentatively name - for their number is not small - Messrs. Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaître, or to single out one of the strong breed, a true Latin, to whom I am particularly attached, Guy de Maupassant. Between us, I prefer this generation even to its great teachers, all of whom have been corrupted by German philosophy: Herr Taine, for example, by Hegel, to whom he owes the misunderstanding of great people and times. As far as Germany reaches, it spoils culture. The war first "redeemed" the spirit in France...

Stendhal, one of the most beautiful coincidences of my life - because everything that made an epoch in him was chance, never brought me a recommendation - is quite invaluable with his anticipatory psychologist's eye, with its grasp of facts, which reminds one of the nearness of the greatest fact (*ex ungue Napoleonem*—); Finally, not least as an honest atheist, a species that is rare and almost impossible to find in France, — in honor of Prosper Mérimée... Perhaps I am jealous of Stendhal myself? He took away the best atheist joke I could have made: "God's only excuse is that he doesn't exist"... I myself said somewhere: what has been the biggest objection to existence so far? God...

4.

Heinrich Heine gave me the best idea of a poet. I search in vain in all the realms of the millennia for music equally sweet and passionate. He possessed that divine wickedness without which I cannot imagine perfection—I judge the value of people, of races, according to how necessary they know how to understand the god not separated from the satyr. — And how he uses German! It will be said that Heine and I were by far the first artists of the German language - at an incalculable distance from everything that mere Germans did with it. — I must be deeply related to Byron's Manfred: I found all these abysses within myself — at the age of thirteen I was ready for this work. I don't have a word, just a look for those who dare to utter the word Faust in Manfred's presence. The Germans are incapable of any notion of greatness: proof Schumann. Out of anger against this sweet Saxon, I composed a counter-overture to Manfred, about which Hans von Bulow said he had never seen anything like it on sheet music: it was forced labor on the Euterpe. - When I look for my highest formula for Shakespeare, I only ever find that he conceived the type of Caesar. One does not guess such things—one is it or one is not. The great poet draws only from his reality - to the extent that afterwards he can no longer stand his work... When I have had a look at my Zarathustra, I walk up and down the room for half an hour, unable to cope with an unbearable spasm to get rid of sobs. — I know of no more heartrending reading than Shakespeare: what must a man have suffered to need to be a buffoon like that! — Do you understand Hamlet? Not the doubt, the certainty is what makes you mad... But you have to be deep, abyss, philosopher to feel that way... We all fear the truth... And that I confess: I am instinctively sure and certain that Lord Bacon is the originator, the self-tormentor of this most uncanny kind of literature: what do I care about the

pitiful chatter of American confused and flatheads? But the power to the mightiest reality of vision is not only compatible with the mightiest power to deed, to the monstrous deed, to crime — it presupposes it itself... We do not know enough about Lord Bacon, the first realist in every great sense of the word, to know what he has done, everything he wanted, what he has experienced with himself... And to hell, my critic! Supposing I had given my Zarathustra a strange name, for example that of Richard Wagner, the astuteness of two millennia would not have been enough to guess that the author of "*Human, All Too Human*" is the visionary of Zarathustra...

5.

Here, speaking of the recreations of my life, I need a word to express my gratitude for that which in it has by far refreshed me most profoundly and heartily. Without a doubt, this was the more intimate relationship with Richard Wagner. I leave the rest of my human relationships cheap; I don't want to give Tribschen's days away from my life at any price, days of trust, of cheerfulness, of sublime coincidences - the deep moments... I don't know what others experienced with Wagner: not a cloud ever passed over our sky. — And here I come back to France again — I have no reasons, I just have a contemptuous corner of my mouth left towards Wagnerians **et hoc genus omne**, who believe they honor Wagner by finding him similar... As I am, in foreign to my deepest instincts to everything that is German, so that even the proximity of a German delays my digestion, the first contact with Wagner was also the first sigh of relief in my life: I felt that I revered him as a foreign country, as a contrast, as something incarnate protest against all "German Virtues"—We, who were children in the swamp air of the fifties, are necessarily pessimists for the term "German"; we can't be anything other than revolutionaries—we won't admit a state of affairs where the prick is on top. I don't give a damn if he's playing in different colors today, if he's dressed in scarlet and put on hussar uniforms... Come on! Wagner was a revolutionary - he ran away from the Germans... As an artist you have no home in Europe except in Paris; the *délicatesse* in all five artistic senses that Wagner's art presupposes, the fingers for nuances, the psychological morbidity, is found only in Paris. Nowhere else do you have this passion in questions of form, this seriousness in the **mise en scène** - it is Parisian seriousness par excellence. In Germany, one has no idea of the tremendous ambition that lives in the soul of a Parisian artist. The German is good-

natured - Wagner was not at all good-natured... But I have said enough (in "*Jenseits von Gut und Böse*" p. 256 f., *Beyond Good and Evil*) where Wagner belongs, in whom he has his closest relatives: it is the French Late-Romanticism, that high-flying and thrilling kind of artists like Delacroix, like Berlioz, with a background of illness, of incurability in nature, sheer fanatics of expression, virtuosos through and through... Who was the first intelligent follower of Wagner at all? Charles Baudelaire, the same person who first understood Delacroix, that typical *décadent* in whom a whole generation of artists recognized themselves - he was perhaps also the last... Which I never forgave Wagnerians? That he condescended to the Germans—that he became Reich German... As far as Germany reaches, it spoils culture. —

6.

All things considered; I could not have endured my youth without Wagnerian music. For I was condemned to Germans. If you want to get rid of unbearable pressure, you need hashish. All right, I needed Wagner. Wagner is the antidote to everything German par excellence—poison, I don't deny it... From the moment there was a piano reduction of Tristan—my compliments, Herr von Bülow! — I was a Wagnerian. I saw Wagner's older works below me - still too common, too "German"... But today I'm still looking for a work of equally dangerous fascination, of an equally horrible and sweet infinity as Tristan is - I'm looking at all art in vain. All of Leonardo da Vinci's strangeness is disenchanted at the first note of Tristan. This work is absolutely the **non plus ultra** of Wagner's; he recovered from him with the *Meistersinger* and the *Ring*. Becoming healthier — that's a step backwards with a nature like Wagner... I consider it luck of the first order to have lived at the right time and to have lived among Germans in particular, in order to be mature for this work: that's how far the curiosity of the psychologist goes for me. The world is poor for those who have never been sick enough for this "lust of hell": it is permissible, it is almost imperative to apply a mystic formula here. — I think I know better than anyone the monstrosity that Wagner is capable of, the fifty worlds of alien delights for which no one but he had wings; and as I am, strong enough to turn even the most questionable and dangerous things to my advantage and thereby become stronger, I call Wagner the great benefactor of my life. That in which we are related, that we have suffered more deeply, also at one another, than people of this century are able to suffer, will

forever bring our names together again; and as surely as Wagner is just a misunderstanding among Germans, so surely, I am and always will be. - Two centuries of psychological and artistic discipline first, gentlemen Germans!... But one does not catch up on that. —

7.

— I'll say one more word for the most discerned ears: what I actually want from the music. That she is serene and deep, like an October afternoon. That she is peculiar, boisterous, tender, a sweet little woman of meanness and grace... I will never allow a German to know what music is. What one calls German musicians, the greatest first, are foreigners, Slavs, Croats, Italians, Dutchmen—or Jews; in the other case Germans of the strong race, extinct Germans like Heinrich Schütz, Bach and Handel. I myself am still sufficiently Polish to give up the rest of the music against Chopin: I exclude, for three reasons, Wagner's Siegfried Idyll, perhaps also Liszt, who has the distinguished orchestral accents ahead of all musicians; finally, everything that has grown on the other side of the Alps - on this side... I wouldn't know how to do without Rossini, still less my south in music, the music of my Venice *maestro* Pietro Gasti. And when I say beyond the Alps, I'm actually just saying Venice. If I look for another word for music, I always find the word Venice. I don't know how to distinguish between tears and music, I know how lucky I am not to think of the South without a shudder of timidity.

Standing at the bridge
recently I in brown night.
Far away came singing:
golden drops gushed out
across the trembling surface.
gondolas, lights, music —
drunk it swam out into the twilight...

My soul, a string game,
sang himself, touched invisibly,
secretly a gondola song to it,
trembling with colorful bliss.
— Was anyone listening to her?...

8.

In all this—in the choice of food, of place and climate, of recreation—rules an instinct of self-preservation, which expresses itself most unequivocally as the instinct of self-defense. Not seeing, not hearing, not letting things get to you — first prudence, first proof that one is not a coincidence, but a necessity. The common word for this self-defense instinct is taste. His imperative commands not only to say nowhere yes would be an "unselfishness," but also to say no as little as possible. Separate oneself, separate oneself from that where the No would become necessary over and over again. The reasoning behind this is that defensive expenditures, however small, becoming the norm, becoming habit, involve extraordinary and wholly unnecessary impoverishment. Our big expenses are most commonly small ones. Warding off, not letting yourself get close, is an expense — make no mistake about that — a squandered energy on negative ends. One can, simply in the constant need to defend oneself, become weak enough to no longer be able to defend oneself. Suppose I step out of my house and instead of quiet and aristocratic Turin find the small German town: my instinct would have to resist in order to push back everything that presses on it from this flattened and cowardly world. Or I would find the big German city, this built truck, where nothing grows, where everything, good and bad, has been brought in. Wouldn't that make me a hedgehog? - But to have spikes is a waste, a double luxury even when one is free not to have spikes but to have open hands...

Another prudence and self-defense consist in reacting as seldom as possible and avoiding situations and conditions where one would be condemned to hang up one's "freedom," one's initiative, as it were, and become a mere reagent. I take the dealings with books as a simile. The scholar who basically only "rolls over" books—the philologist with a moderate approach about 200 a day—ultimately loses the ability to think for himself. If he doesn't roll, he doesn't think. He responds to a stimulus (—a thought read) when he thinks—in the end he merely reacts. The scholar gives up all his strength in saying yes and no, in criticizing what has already been thought—he no longer thinks himself... The instinct of self-defense has worn out in him; otherwise, he would defend himself against books. The scholar — a decadent. — I saw that with my own eyes: talented, rich and free-spirited natures "read to shame" as early as the thirties, just matches that you have

to rub so that they give sparks — “thoughts”. — Reading a book early in the morning at daybreak, in all freshness, in the dawn of his strength — that's what I call vicious! — —

9.

At this point it is no longer possible to avoid giving the actual answer to the question of how one becomes what one is. And with that I touch on the masterpiece in the art of self-preservation — selfishness... Supposing that the task, the destiny, the destiny of the task is significantly beyond the average measure, there would be no greater danger than facing oneself with this task to get. Becoming what you are presupposes that you have absolutely no idea what you are. From this point of view, even life's mistakes have squandered their own meaning and value, the temporary byways and wrong turns, the delays, the "modesty", the seriousness, on tasks that lie beyond the task. Great wisdom, even supreme wisdom, can be expressed in it: where **nosce te ipsum** would be the recipe for destruction, forgetting oneself, misunderstanding oneself, diminishing, narrowing, and mediating oneself becomes reason itself. Expressed morally: charity, life for others and other things can be the protective measure for maintaining the hardest self-reliance. This is the exceptional case in which, against my rule and conviction, I take the side of the "selfless" instincts: they work here in the service of selfishness, self-discipline. — One must keep the whole surface of consciousness — consciousness is a surface — clean of any of the great imperatives. Beware of every big word, every big attitude! Nothing but dangers that instinct “understands itself” too early — — Meanwhile the organizing “idea” that is called to rule grows and grows in depth — it begins to command, it slowly leads back from byways and wrong paths, it prepares individuals Qualities and abilities that will one day prove to be indispensable as a means to the whole - she develops all serving faculties one after the other before she lets anything of the dominant task, of "aim", "purpose", "meaning" be heard. — Looked at from this side, my life is simply wonderful. For the task of a revaluation of values, perhaps more assets were needed than ever lived together in one individual, and above all opposites of assets were allowed to be allowed to exist without disturbing or destroying one another. Ranking of assets; distance; the art of dividing without being hostile; mix nothing, “reconcile” nothing; an immense multiplicity which is nevertheless the counterpart of chaos—this was the precondition, the long secret

work and artistry of my instinct. His higher care was so strong that I never even suspected what was growing in me - that all my abilities suddenly, ripe, sprang forth one day in their ultimate perfection. I can't remember ever making an effort—there is no trace of rings in my life, I am the antithesis of a heroic nature. “Wanting” something, “striving” for something, having a “purpose”, a “wish” in mind — I don't know any of that from experience. Even at this moment I can see my future—a far future! - as out on a smooth sea: no desire ripples on it. I don't want anything to be different from what it is; I don't want to be different myself. But that's how I've always lived. I didn't have a wish. Someone who, after his forty-fourth year, can say that he has never tried for honor, for women, for money! — Not that I missed them... For example, one day I was a university professor — I had never remotely thought of anything like that, because I was barely 24 years old. So, one day two years earlier I was a philologist: in the sense that my first philological work, my beginning in every sense, was requested by my teacher Ritschl to be printed for his "Rheinisches Museum" (Ritschl - I say it with reverence - the only scholar of genius I have seen to this day. He possessed that agreeable depravity that distinguishes us Thuringians and with which even a German becomes sympathetic: — we ourselves still prefer the secret paths to get to the truth. I would like with these words, I certainly did not underestimate my closer compatriot, the clever Leopold von Ranke...)

10.

At this point a great deal of reflection is needed. I will be asked why I have actually told all these small things, which according to conventional judgment are indifferent; I am harming myself by doing so, all the more if I am destined to be responsible for great tasks. Answer: these little things—nutrition, location, climate, recreation, the whole casuistry of selfishness—are more important than anything that has hitherto been considered important. Here it is necessary to start relearning. What mankind has so far seriously considered are not even realities, mere imaginings, to put it more strictly, lies arising from the bad instincts of sick, in the deepest sense harmful natures - all the terms "God", "soul", "virtue", "Sin", "hereafter", "truth", "eternal life"... But the greatness of human nature, its "divinity" was sought in them... All questions of politics, the social order, education is thereby up to fundamentally falsified, that the most harmful people were taken for great people — that the “small” things, which is to say the basic

matters of life itself, were taught to be despised... Our present culture is ambiguous in the highest degree... The German Emperor make pacts with the Pope, as if the Pope weren't the representative of deadly hostility to life!... What is being built today will no longer be standing in three years' time. - If I measure myself by what I can do, not to speak of what comes after me, an overthrow, an unparalleled construction, and then I have more claim than any mortal to the word greatness. If I now compare myself with the people who were previously honored as the first people, the difference is palpable. I don't even count these supposed "firsts" among the people in general - for me they are rejects of humanity, offspring of disease and vengeful instincts: they are nothing but sinister, basically incurable monsters who take revenge on their lives... I want to be the opposite: my prerogative is to have the highest delicacy for all signs of healthy instincts. I lack every morbid trait; I have not become ill even in times of serious illness; in vain that people look for a trait of fanaticism in my nature. At no time in my life will I be shown to have had any presumptuous or pathetic attitude. The pathos of attitude does not belong to greatness; anyone who needs attitudes at all is wrong... beware of all picturesque people! — Life has become easy for me, the easiest when it demands the hardest of me. Anyone who has seen me in the seventy days of this autumn, when I have done, without interruption, nothing but things of the highest rank that no one can imitate me - or lead, with a responsibility for all millennia after me, will not have noticed a trace of tension in me, all the more an overflowing freshness and cheerfulness. I never ate with better feelings, I never slept better. — I know of no other way of dealing with great tasks than play: this, as a sign of greatness, is an essential prerequisite. The slightest compulsion, the gloomy expression, any hard tone in the throat are all objections to a person, and how much more so to his work!... One must not have nerves... Suffering from loneliness is also an objection - I only ever have suffered from “multiplicity” ... At an absurdly early age, at the age of seven, I already knew that a human word would never reach me: have I ever been seen saddened by this? — I still have the same affability towards everyone today, I myself am full of distinction for the lowest: in all of this there is not a grain of arrogance, of secret contempt. Whoever I despise, guesses that he is despised by me: with my mere existence I outrage everything that has bad blood in its body... My formula for the greatness of a human being is **amor fati**: that one does not want anything else, forward not, not backwards, and not forever. Not merely endure what is necessary, still less conceal it - all idealism is mendacity in the face of what is necessary - but love it...

Why I write such good books.

1.

I am one, my writings are the other. — Here, before I speak of them themselves, the question of whether these writings are understood or not is touched upon. I am doing it as carelessly as is in any way appropriate: for this question is by no means at the right time. It's not my time yet, some are born posthumously. - At some point one will need institutions in which one lives and teaches, as I understand living and teaching; perhaps even that you will then set up your own chairs for the interpretation of Zarathustra. But it would be a complete contradiction to me if I already expected ears and hands for my truths today: that today one does not hear that one does not know what to take from me is not only understandable, but it also seems to me to be right. I don't want to be mistaken - part of that is that I don't mistake myself. — To say it again, there is little evidence of “ill will” in my life; I can hardly tell a single case of literary “evil will”. On the other hand, too much pure folly... It seems to me one of the rarest distinctions that a person can show himself when he picks up a book from me - I suppose he takes off his shoes to do it - not his boots to talk... When Doctor Heinrich von Stein honestly complained that he didn't understand a word of my Zarathustra, I told him that was all right: I [having] understood six sentences from it, that is: having experienced it raises me to a higher level of mortals than "modern" people could achieve. How could I, with this sense of detachment, even wish to be read by the "moderns" I know—to! - My triumph is exactly the opposite of Schopenhauer's - I say "**non legor, non legar**". — Not that I want to underestimate the pleasure that the innocence of saying no to my writings has repeatedly given me. That summer, at a time when I might be able to throw all the rest of literature out of balance with my heavy, too heavy literature, a professor at the University of Berlin benevolently gave me to understand that I should change my form serve: nobody reads something like that. — In the end it wasn't Germany but Switzerland that delivered the two extreme cases. An essay by Dr. V. Widmann in the "Bund", about "Beyond Good and Evil", under the title "Nietzsche's dangerous book", and a complete report on my books in general by Mr. Karl Spitteler, also in the Bund, are a maximum in my Life - I'm careful not to say about what... The latter, for example, treated my Zarathustra as a "higher stylistic exercise", with the wish that I would also like to take care of content later; Widmann expressed his respect for the courage with which I am trying to abolish

all decent feelings. —By a little quirk of chance, every sentence here was, with a consistency I admired, a truth turned on its head: one had basically nothing to do but "revalue" all the values, in an even remarkable way to hit the nail on the head about myself — instead of hitting my head with a nail... All the more I will try to explain. — Ultimately, no one can hear more from things, including books, than he already knows. One has no ear for what one has no access to from experience. Now let us consider an extreme case, in which a book speaks of nothing but experiences entirely beyond the possibility of a common or even rarer experience—that it is the first language for a new series of experiences. In this case nothing is simply heard, with the acoustic illusion that where nothing is heard, there is also nothing... This is my average experience after all and, if you will, the originality of my experience. Anyone who thinks they have understood something about me has made something out of me in his own image—not infrequently an opposite of me, for example an “idealist”; those who had understood nothing of me denied that I was even considered. - The word "superman" to designate a type of highest well-turned out, in contrast to "modern" people, to "good" people, to Christians and other nihilists - a word that in the mouth of a Zarathustra, the destroyer of morality, a very thoughtful one word becomes has been understood almost everywhere with complete innocence in the sense of those values, the opposite of which has been brought to light in the figure of Zarathustra, that is to say as an "idealistic" type of a higher kind of man, half "saint", half "genius"... Andre's learned horned cattle suspected me of Darwinism on his account; even the “heroic cult” of that great counterfeiter, Carlyle, against my knowledge and will, which I so maliciously rejected, was recognized in it. Anyone I whispered in their ears to look for a Cesare Borgia rather than a Parsifal couldn't believe their ears. I will have to be forgiven for not being in any way curious about reviews of my books, especially in newspapers. My friends, my publishers, know that and don't talk to me about such things. In one particular case, I once saw all that had been said ?? about a single book—it was *Beyond Good and Evil*; I had a nice report to make about it. Should one believe that the Nationalzeitung — a Prussian newspaper, noted for my foreign readers, I read, with all due respect, only the *Journal des Débats* — seriously knew how to understand the book as a “sign of the times”, as the real one right Junker philosophy, for which the Kreuzzeitung only lacks courage?...

This was said for Germans: because everywhere else I have readers—all selected intelligentsia, proven characters, brought up in high positions and duties; I even have real geniuses among my readers. In Vienna, in St. Petersburg, in Stockholm, in Copenhagen, in Paris and New York—I've been discovered everywhere: I'm not in Europe's flat country Germany... And that I confess, I'm even happier about my non-readers, those who have never heard my name or the word philosophy; but wherever I go, here in Turin, for example, every face cheers and cheers up when I see me. What has flattered me the most so far is that old ladies don't rest until they've picked the sweetest thing out of their bunches for me. You have to be a philosopher that far... It's not for nothing that the Poles are called the French among the Slavs. A charming Russian woman will not for a moment misrepresent where I belong. I don't manage to become solemn; I only get embarrassed at most... Think German, feel German - I can do everything, but that's beyond my strength... My old teacher Ritschl even claimed that I still draft my philological treatises like a Parisian novelist — absurdly exciting. In Paris itself people are astonished at "**toutes mes audaces et finesses**" - the expression is from Monsieur Taine -; I'm afraid that up to the highest forms of the dithyramb you'll find me mixed with that salt that never gets stupid - "German" - esprit... I can't help it. God help me! Amen. — We all know, some even know from experience, what a long-eared bat is. Well, I dare say I have the smallest ears. This is of no little interest to the little women—it seems to me that they feel better understood by me?... I am the *anti-ass par excellence* and therefore a world-historical monster—I am, in Greek, and not only in Greek, *the Antichrist*...

3.

I know to some extent my prerogatives as a writer; in a few cases it has also been attested to me how much getting used to my writing "spoils" one's taste. One simply can't stand other books any longer, least of all philosophical ones. It is an unequalled distinction to enter this distinguished and delicate world—one must not be a German to do so; it is ultimately an award that one must have earned. But anyone who is related to me through the height of the will experiences true ecstasies of learning: because I come from heights that no bird has ever flown, I know abysses into which no foot has ever strayed. I was told that it was not possible to put one of my books down - I even disturbed the night's sleep... There is absolutely no prouder and at the same time more refined kind of book: - here and

there they reach the highest point, which is up earth can be achieved, cynicism; one must conquer it with the most delicate fingers as well as with the bravest fists. Any frailty of the soul excludes it, once and for all, even any dyspepsia: one must not have nerves, one must have a happy abdomen. Not only the poverty, the nooks and crannies of a soul exclude it, much more the cowardly, the unclean, and the secretly revengeful in the bowels: a word from me drives all bad instincts in the face. I have several experimental animals on my acquaintances, on which I can study the different, very instructively different, reactions to my writings. Anyone who wants nothing to do with their content, my so-called friends, for example, becomes "impersonal": they wish me luck to be "so far" again - there would also be progress in a greater cheerfulness of tone... The perfect vicious "spirits", the "beautiful souls", who are lying on the ground, absolutely do not know what to do with these books - consequently they see them *under* themselves, the beautiful consistency of all "beautiful souls". The horned cattle among my acquaintances, mere Germans, with all due respect, give it to be understood that one does not always agree with me, but sometimes, for example... I have heard this myself about *Zarathustra*... Likewise, every "feminism" is in man, also in the Manne, a fool's conclusion for me: one will never enter this labyrinth of bold knowledge. One must never have spared oneself; one must have the hardness in one's habits in order to be in a good mood and cheerful in the face of hard truths. If I think up the picture of a perfect reader, it always turns out to be a beast of courage and curiosity, something flexible, cunning, cautious, a born adventurer and discoverer. Finally: I could not say better to whom I am basically speaking alone than Zarathustra said: to whom alone does he want to tell his riddle?

To you, the bold seekers, tempters, and who ever embarked upon dreadful seas with cunning sails, —

you, the riddle-drunk, the twilight-happy, whose soul is lured with flutes to every wrong gorge:

- because you don't want to grope a thread with a cowardly hand; and where you can *guess*, you hate to *deduce*...

4.

At the same time, I will say one more general word about my art of style. To communicate a state, an inner tension of pathos through signs, including the tempo

of these signs - that is the meaning of every style; and considering that the multiplicity of inner states is extraordinary with me, there are many possibilities of style with me - the most manifold art of style at all that man has ever commanded. Every style is good that really communicates an inner state, which does not misrepresent the signs, the tempo of the signs, the gestures—all the laws of the period are art of gesture. My instinct is infallible here. — Good style in itself — a pure folly, mere “idealism”, something like the “beautiful in itself”, like the “good in itself”, like the “thing in itself” ... Assuming still that there are ears— that there are those who are capable of and worthy of the same pathos, that there is no lack of people with whom one can communicate. — My *Zarathustra*, for example, is meanwhile still looking for such — alas! he will have to search for a long time! - One must be worthy of hearing him... And until then there will be no one who understands the art that has been wasted here: no one will ever have to squander new, outrageous artistic means that were really created for the first time had. It remained to be proven that something like this was possible in German: I myself would have rejected it the hardest beforehand. You don't know before me that you can do with the German language — what you can do with the language at all. - The art of great rhythm, the great style of periodic expression of a tremendous ups and downs of sublime, of superhuman (übermenschlicher), passion was first discovered by me; with a dithyramb like the last of the third *Zarathustra*, entitled "the seven seals", I flew [soared] a thousand miles beyond what was previously called poetry.

5.

— That a psychologist who has no equal speaks from my writings is perhaps the first insight that a good reader arrives at — a reader such as I deserve, who reads me as good old philologists read their Horace. The sentences about which everyone is basically in agreement, not to mention the everyday philosophers, the moralists and other hollow pots, cabbages — appear to me as naïve missteps: for example, the belief that “unegoistic” and “egoistic” Opposites are, while the ego itself is merely a 'higher swindle', an 'ideal'... There are neither egoistic nor unegoistic actions: both concepts are psychological nonsense. Or the sentence "man strives for happiness"... Or the sentence "happiness is the reward of virtue"... Or the sentence "pleasure and displeasure are opposites"... The Circe of mankind, morality, has all *psychologica* in the ground falsified — moralized — up to that

dreadful nonsense that love is supposed to be something “unegoistic” ... You have to sit firmly on yourself, you have to stand bravely on your two feet, otherwise you can't love at all. The women know that only too well: they give a damn about selfless, merely objective men... May I venture the assumption that I know the women? It's part of my Dionysian dowry. Who knows? perhaps I am the first psychologist of the Eternal Feminine. They all love me - an old story: not counting the women who died in accidents, the "emancipated" who lack the makings of children. — Luckily, I'm not willing to let myself be torn to pieces: the perfect woman tears to pieces when she loves... I know these lovable maenads... Ah, what a dangerous, sneaking, subterranean little beast of prey! And so pleasant about it!... A little woman running after her vengeance would overwhelm fate itself. — The woman is indescribably much eviller than the man, also smarter; kindness in a woman is already a form of degeneration... With all so-called "beautiful souls" there is a fundamental physiological problem - I won't say everything, otherwise I would become medi-cynical. The struggle for equal rights is even a symptom of illness: every doctor knows that. - The woman, the more woman she is, defends herself tooth and nail against rights in general: the state of nature, the eternal war between the sexes, gives it by far the first place. — Did you have ears for my definition of love? it is the only one worthy of a philosopher. Love — at its center war, at its bottom the deadly hatred of the sexes. — Did you hear my answer to the question how to *cure* a woman — “redeem”? You make him a child. The woman needs children, the man is always only a means: thus spoke *Zarathustra*. - "Emancipation of the woman" - that is the instinctive hatred of the failed woman, that is, the woman unable to bear children, for the well-off - the fight against the "man" is always only a means, a pretext, tactics. By lifting themselves up, as “woman in herself”, as “higher woman”, as “idealist” of woman, they want to bring down the general level of rank of woman; no surer way to do this than a high school education, trousers and political voter rights. Basically, the emancipated are the anarchists in the world of the “eternally feminine”, the badly offended, whose lowest instinct is revenge... A whole species of the most malicious “idealism” — which incidentally also occurs in men, for example in Henrik Ibsen, this typical one old maiden — has as its aim the good conscience of poisoning nature in sexual love... And so that I leave no doubt about my attitude, which is both honest and strict in this regard, I want to share a sentence from my code of morals against vice: I use the word vice to combat every kind of counter-nature or, if you love nice words, idealism. The sentence reads: “The preaching of chastity is a public incitement to the contrary to nature. Any contempt for sexual life, any

contamination of it by the term "unclean" is the crime itself in life - is the actual sin against the holy spirit of life." -

6.

To give an idea of myself as a psychologist, I will take a curious piece of psychology that appears in *Beyond Good and Evil* — I forbid conjecture, by the way, as to whom I am describing here.

"The genius of the heart, as that great hidden one has it, the tempter-god and born piper of conscience, whose voice knows how to descend into the underworld of every soul, who does not say a word, does not look a glance, in which not a consideration and folds of allure, part of whose mastery is that he knows how to shine — and not what he is, but what is more of a compulsion to those who follow him, in order to push ever closer to him, to him to follow ever more inwardly and thoroughly... The genius of the heart, which silences all that is loud and self-satisfied and teaches to listen, which soothes the rough souls and gives them a new desire to savor — to lie still, like a mirror, that the deep Heaven reflected upon them... The genius of the heart that teaches the clumsy and surprised hand to hesitate and grasp more delicately; that divines the hidden and forgotten treasure, the drop of goodness and sweet spirituality beneath murky thick ice, and is a divining rod for every grain of gold, which long lay buried in the dungeon of many muds and sand... The genius of the heart, from the touch of which everyone goes richer, not blessed and surprised, not happy and depressed as if by someone else's good, but richer in itself, newer than before, broken open, blown by a dew wind and listened to, perhaps more uncertain, more tender, more fragile, broken, but full of hopes that still have no name, full of new will and flow, full of new unwillingness and flow back..."

Birth of a tragedy.

1.

In order to be fair to *The Birth of Tragedy* (1872), one will have to forget a few things. It worked with and even fascinated what was lacking in it - with its practical application to Wagnerism as if it were a symptom of the dawning. This writing was an event in Wagner's life: from then on there were great hopes for the name Wagner. Even today I am reminded, possibly in the middle of Parsifal, how it's in my conscience that such a high opinion of the cultural value of this movement has come to the fore. — I found the writing quoted several times as “the rebirth of tragedy out of the spirit of music”: one only had ears for a new formula of art, of Wagner's intention, of Wagner's task — about this, what the writing was fundamentally valuable was ignored salvaged “Greekism and Pessimism”: that would have been a more unequivocal title: namely, as the first instruction on how the Greeks came to terms with pessimism — how they overcame it... The very tragedy is proof that the Greeks were not pessimists: Schopenhauer made a mistake here, as he made a mistake in everything. — Taken in hand with some neutrality, *The Birth of Tragedy* looks very outdated: one would not dream that it was begun amid the thunder of the Battle of Wörth. I have thought through these problems outside the walls of Metz, on a cold September night, in the midst of nursing work; one could rather believe that the writing is fifty years older. It is politically indifferent—“un-German,” one would say today—it smells obnoxiously Hegelian, it is only tainted with Schopenhauer's bittersweet perfume in a few formulas. An “idea”—the antithesis of Dionysian and Apollonian—translated into the metaphysical; the story itself as the development of this “idea”; in tragedy the antithesis to unity is abolished; from this point of view, things that had never looked each other in the face are suddenly confronted, illuminated and understood from one another... The opera, for example, and the revolution... The two decisive innovations of the book are the understanding of the Dionysian phenomenon among the Greeks: it gives its first psychology, it sees in it the one root of all Greek art. The other thing is the understanding of Socratism: Socrates as a tool of the Greek dissolution, recognized for the first time as a typical *décadent*. “Reasonableness” versus instinct. “Reasonableness” at all costs is as dangerous as life-undermining violence! — Deep hostile silence about Christianity throughout

the book. It is neither Apollonian nor Dionysian; it negates all aesthetic values—the only values recognized by *The Birth of Tragedy*: it is nihilistic in the deepest sense, while in the Dionysian symbol the extreme limit of affirmation is reached. Once the Christian priests are alluded to as a "treacherous kind of dwarfs", of "subterranean"...

2.

This beginning is remarkable beyond all measures. In my innermost experience I had discovered the only simile and counterpart that history has - I was the first to grasp the wonderful phenomenon of the Dionysian. Likewise, the fact that I recognized Socrates as *décadent* was given completely unequivocal proof of how little the security of my psychological grip would be endangered by any moral idiosyncrasy: - morality itself as a symptom of *décadence* is an innovation, a uniqueness first rank in the history of knowledge. How high had I jumped over the pathetic, flatheaded twaddle of optimism versus pessimism with both! - I first saw the actual contrast: - the degenerating instinct, which turns against life with subterranean vengefulness (- Christianity, Schopenhauer's philosophy, in a certain sense already Plato's philosophy, the whole of idealism as typical forms) and one from the abundance, the formula of the highest affirmation born of superabundance, an unreserved affirmation of suffering itself, of guilt itself, of everything that is questionable and strange in existence itself... This final, most joyful, exuberantly high-spirited yes to life is not only the highest insight, but also the deepest, the most rigorously affirmed and upheld by truth and science. There is nothing that is to be accounted for, nothing is dispensable - the aspects of existence rejected by Christians and other nihilists are even of an infinitely higher order in the hierarchy of values than what the *décadence* instinct could approve of. Understanding this requires courage and, as its condition, an excess of strength: for just as far as courage dares to advance, exactly according to the measure of strength, one approaches the truth. Knowledge, the saying yes to reality is just as necessary for the strong as for the weak, under the inspiration of weakness, cowardice and flight from reality - the "ideal"... They are not free to recognize: the *décadents* have the lie is necessary, it is one of its conditions of preservation. - Whoever not only understands the word "Dionysian", but also understands himself in the word "Dionysian", has no need to refute Plato or Christianity or Schopenhauer - he smells the decay...

3.

To what extent I had found the term “tragic” in the same way, the finite knowledge of what the psychology of tragedy is, I finally expressed in the *Twilight of the Idols*, page 139. “Yes, to life even in its strangest and hardest problems; the will to live in the sacrifice of its highest types, rejoicing in its own inexhaustibility—I called that Dionysian, I understood that as a bridge to the psychology of the tragic poet. Not to get rid of terror and pity, not to rid oneself of a dangerous affect through a vehement discharge - this is how Aristotle misunderstood it: but, beyond terror and pity, to be the eternal pleasure of becoming itself, that pleasure which also nor includes the pleasure in annihilation...” In this sense I have the right to understand myself as the first tragic philosopher—that is to say, the extreme opposite and antipode of a pessimistic philosopher. Before me there was no such conversion of the Dionysian into a philosophical pathos: the tragic wisdom is lacking - I have searched in vain for signs of it even in the great Greeks of philosophy, those of the two centuries before Socrates. A doubt remained with Heraclitus, in whose presence I feel warmer and more at ease than anywhere else rejection even of the concept of "Being" (auch selbst des Begriffs „Sein“) - in this I must under all circumstances recognize what is most related to me, what has been thought up to now. The doctrine of the "eternal recurrence", that is, of the unconditional and infinitely repeated cycle of all things - this doctrine of Zarathustra *could* also have been taught by Heraclitus. At least the Stoics, which inherited almost all of their basic concepts from Heraclitus, have traces of it. —

4.

A tremendous hope speaks from this writing. In the end, I have no reason to withdraw hope for a Dionysian future for music. Let's take a look a century ahead, let's assume that my assassination attempts on two millennia of misconduct and human abuse succeeds. That new party of life which takes on the greatest of all tasks, the higher breeding of mankind, including the merciless destruction of everything that is degenerate and parasitic, will make that excess of life on earth possible again, from which the Dionysian state must also grow again. I promise a tragic age: the supreme art of saying yes to life, tragedy, will be reborn when mankind has passed the consciousness of the hardest but most necessary wars without suffering from them... A psychologist might add that what I heard

Wagnerian music when I was young, has nothing to do with Wagner at all; that when I described the Dionysian music, I was describing what I had heard—that I instinctively had to translate and transfigure everything into the new spirit I carried within me. The proof of this, as strong as only one proof can be, is my writing "Wagner in Bayreuth": in all psychologically decisive passages only I am mentioned - one may put my name or the word "Zarathustra" without consideration, where the text gives the word Wagner. The whole picture of the dithyrambic artist is the picture of the pre-existent poet of Zarathustra, drawn with unfathomable depth and without even touching the Wagnerian reality for a moment. Wagner himself had an idea of it; he did not recognize himself in the writing. — In the same way, "the idea of Bayreuth" had changed into something that will not be a riddle for those who know my Zarathustra: in that great noon when the chosen ones consecrate themselves to the greatest of all tasks — who knows? the vision of a festival that I will still experience... The pathos of the first pages is world-historical; the gaze spoken of on the seventh page is the actual Zarathustra gaze; Wagner, Bayreuth, all the petty German wretchedness is a cloud in which an endless *fata morgana* of the future is reflected. Even psychologically, all the decisive traits of my own nature are inscribed in Wagner's — the juxtaposition of the brightest and most fatal forces, the will to power such as no human has ever possessed, the ruthless intellectual bravery, the unlimited power to learn without will to act would be crushed. Everything about this writing is foreshadowing: the nearness of the return of the Greek spirit, the need for counter-Alexanders to tie the Gordian knot of Greek culture again after it has been untied... Listen to the world-historical accent with which page 30 of the term "tragic attitude" is introduced: there are nothing but world-historical accents in this writing. This is the strangest "objectivity" there can be: the absolute certainty of what I am projected onto some accidental reality—the truth about me spoke from an awful depth. On page 71 Zarathustra's style is described and anticipated with drastic certainty; and never will one find a grander expression for the event of Zarathustra, the act of tremendous purification and consecration of mankind, than is found on pages 43-46. —

The Untimely.

1.

The four untimely ones are quite warlike. They prove that I was no "Hans the Dreamer," that I take pleasure in drawing my sword—perhaps also that my wrist is dangerously free. The first attack (1873) was on German education, which even then I looked down on with unsparing contempt. Without meaning, without substance, without aim: a mere "public opinion". No more malicious misunderstanding than to believe that the great success of the Germans in arms proves something in favor of this education - or even *their* victory over France... The *second untimely* (1874) brings the dangerous, the life-gnawing and -poisoning in our way of scientific operation to the light -: life sick with this dehumanized wheelwork and mechanism, with the "impersonality" of the worker, with the false economy of the "division of work". The end is lost, the culture: — the means, the modern scientific enterprise, *barbarized*... In this treatise the "historical sense" of which this century is proud was recognized for the first time as a disease, as a typical sign of decay. - In the third and fourth anachronistic, as pointers to a higher concept of culture, to the restoration of the concept of "culture", two images of the harshest selfishness are set up against self-restraint, anachronistic types of par excellence, full of sovereign contempt for everything that surrounds them around "Reich", "Education", "Christianity", "Bismarck", "Success" was called — Schopenhauer and Wagner or, in one word, Nietzsche...

2.

Of these four attacks, the first had an extraordinary success. The noise it made was magnificent in every sense. I had touched the sore spot of a victorious nation - that its victory was *not* a cultural event, but perhaps, perhaps something completely different... The answer came from all sides and not just from the old friends of David Strauss, whom I as type of a German educational philistine and satisfier, briefly ridiculed as the author of his beer bank gospel of the "old and new faith" (— the word educational philistine has remained in the language from my writing). These old friends, whom I had given a deep stab to as a Württemberger and

Swabian when I found their wonder animal, their bouquet funny, answered as honestly and rudely as I could in any way wish; the Prussian replies were cleverer - they had more "Berlin Blue" in them. The most indecent act was done by a newspaper from Leipzig, the notorious "Grenzboten"; I had trouble keeping the indignant people from Basel from moving. Only a few old gentlemen decided unconditionally for me, for mixed and partly inexplicable reasons. Among them Ewald in Gottingen, who gave it to be understood that my assassination had ended in Strauss' death. Likewise, the old Hegelian Bruno Bauer, who from then on has been one of my most attentive readers. In his last years he loved to refer to me, for example to give Herr von Treitschke, the Prussian historiographer, a hint from whom he could get information about the concept of "culture", which he had lost. The most thoughtful, and also the longest, thing about the writing and its author was said by an old student of the philosopher von Baader, a Professor Hoffmann in Wurzburg. From the writing he foresaw a great destiny for me—to bring about a kind of crisis and supreme decision in the problem of atheism, of which he guessed me to be the most instinctive and ruthless type. Atheism was what led me to Schopenhauer. — By far the best heard, and the most bitterly felt, was an extraordinarily strong and brave intercession from the otherwise so mild Karl Hillebrand, that last humane German who knew how to use his pen. His essay was read in the "Augsburger Zeitung"; one can read him today, in a somewhat more cautious form, in his collected writings. Here the writing was presented as an event, a turning point, the first self-reflection, the very best sign, as a real return of German seriousness and German passion in intellectual matters. Hillebrand was full of high praise for the form of the writing, for its mature taste, for its perfect tact in the distinction between person and thing: he singled it out as the best polemical writing that was written in German—in the way it is written for Germans dangerous art of polemics so inadvisable. Absolutely saying yes, even sharpening what I had dared to say about the raggedness of language in Germany (—today they play the purists and can no longer construct a sentence—), with equal contempt for the "first writers" of this nation, he ended by expressing his admiration for my courage—that "supreme courage that brings the very darlings of a people to the dock"... The after-effect of this writing is downright inestimable in my life. No one has tried to negotiate with me before. There is silence, I am treated with gloomy caution in Germany: for years I have made use of an unconditional freedom of speech, to which no one today, least of all in the "Reich", has the hand free enough. My paradise is "under the shadow of my sword"... Basically I had practiced one of Stendhal's maxims: he advises entering society with a duel. And

how I had chosen my opponent! the first German free spirit!... In fact, a completely new kind of free spirit found its first expression: to this day nothing is more alien and unrelated to me than the whole European and American species of "*libres penseurs*". With them as the incorrigible flatheads and jerks of "modern ideas" I am even more at odds than with any of their opponents. They also want, in their own way, to "improve" mankind, in their image, they would wage an implacable war against what I am, what I want, assuming that they understood it - they all still believe in the "ideal" "... I am the first immoralist —

3.

I do not want to claim that the untimely ones marked with the names Schopenhauer and Wagner could serve particularly for understanding or even only for the psychological questioning of both cases, with the exception of individual cases, as is reasonable. Thus, for example, the elementary in Wagner's nature is already described here with deep instinctive certainty as an actor's talent, which in his means and intentions only draws its own conclusions. Basically, I wanted to do something completely different from psychology with these writings: - an unparalleled problem of education, a new concept of self-cultivation, self-defense to the point of severity, a path to greatness and world-historical tasks called for its first expression. Generally speaking, I took two famous and still unidentified types by the hair, just as one takes an opportunity by the hair to say something, to have a few more formulas, signs, language tools in hand. This is also hinted at last, with completely uncanny sagacity, on p. 93 of the third untimely one. In this way, Plato used Socrates as a semiotic for Plato. —Now that I look back from a distance at the conditions to which these writings bear witness, I would not like to deny that basically they only speak about me. The writing "Wagner in Bayreuth" is a vision of my future; on the other hand, my innermost history, my becoming, is inscribed in "Schopenhauer as Educator". Above all, my vow!... What I am today, where I am today - at a height where I no longer speak with words but with lightning - oh how far from it I was then! - But I saw the land - I did not deceive myself for a moment about road, sea, danger - and success! The great tranquility in the promise, this happy look ahead into a future that should not remain just a promise! — Here every word is experienced, deep, inward; the most painful thing is not missing, there are words in it that are downright bloodthirsty. But a wind of great freedom blows away over everything; the wound itself does not act as an objection. — How

I understand the philosopher as a terrible explosive substance from which everything is in danger, how I separate my term “philosopher” miles away from a term that even includes a Kant, not to speak of the academic “ruminants” and other professors of philosophy: this writing gives invaluable instruction on this, admittedly that it is not “Schopenhauer as educator” that has its say here, but its opposite, “Nietzsche as educator”. — Considering that at that time my craft was that of a scholar, and perhaps also that I understood my craft, a harsh piece of scholarly psychology that suddenly appears in this writing is not without significance: it suppresses the feeling of distance out, the deep certainty about what can be a task for me, what can only be a means, an interlude and a sideline. It is my prudence to have been many things and many places in order to be able to become one - to be able to come to one. I also had to be a scholar for a while. —

Human, all-too-human.
With two sequels.

Menschliches, Allzumenschliches.

Mit zwei Fortsetzungen.

1.

"Human, All Too Human" is the memorial of a crisis. It is called a book for free spirits: almost every sentence in it expresses a victory - with it I have freed myself from what did not belong in my nature. Idealism does not belong to me: the title says, "where you see ideal things, I see - human, oh only all too human!"... I know human beings better... In no other sense does the word "free spirit" want to be understood here: one that has become free spirit that has taken possession of itself again. The tone, the tone of the voice has changed completely: one will find the book intelligent, cool, sometimes harsh and mocking. A certain spirituality of refined taste seems constantly to hold itself aloft against a more passionate current at the bottom. In this context it makes sense that it is actually the centenary of Voltaire's death, with which the publication of the book for the year 1878 apologizes, so to speak. Because Voltaire, in contrast to everything that wrote after him, is above all a grand seigneur of the spirit: exactly what I am. — The name Voltaire on one of my writings — that was really a step forward — to me... If one looks more closely, one discovers a pitiless spirit that knows all the hiding places where the ideal is at home — where it has its castle dungeons and, as it were, his ultimate security. A torch in one's hands, which by no means emits a "flaming" light, is shone with a piercing brightness into this underworld of the ideal. It is war, but war without gunpowder and steam, without belligerent attitudes, without pathos and dislocated limbs—all of this itself would still be "idealism". One error after another is calmly put on the ice, the ideal is not refuted—it freezes to death... Here, for example, "the genius" freezes to death; a corner further "the saint" freezes to death; "the hero" freezes to death under a thick icicle; in the end "faith" freezes,

the so-called “conviction”, even “sympathy” cools down significantly — almost everywhere “the thing in itself” freezes to death...

2.

The beginnings of this book belong in the middle of the weeks of the first Bayreuth Festival; a deep alienation from everything that surrounded me there is one of its prerequisites. Anyone who has any idea of the visions that crossed my path at that time can guess how I felt when I woke up one day in Bayreuth. As if I was dreaming... Where was I? I recognized nothing, I hardly recognized Wagner. I leafed through my memories in vain. Tribschen—a distant island of bliss: not a shadow of resemblance. The incomparable days of the laying of the foundation stone, the small associated company that celebrated them and from which one could not wish fingers for delicate things: not a shadow of resemblance. What happened? — Wagner had been translated into German! The Wagnerian had become master of Wagner! — German art! the German champion! the German beer!... We others, who know only too well to what refined artists, to what cosmopolitan taste Wagner's art alone speaks, were beside ourselves to find Wagner again draped with German "virtues". — I think I know the Wagnerian, I have “experienced” three generations, from the late Brendel, who confused Wagner with Hegel, to the “idealists” of the Bayreuth papers, who confused Wagner with himself — I have all kinds of confessions of "beautiful souls" heard about Wagner. A kingdom for a clever word! — In truth, a hair-raising company! Nohl, Pohl, Kohl with infinite grace! Not one freak is missing, not even the anti-Semite. — Poor Wagner! Where had he gone! — If only he had at least gone among the pigs! But among Germans!... Finally, for the sake of posterity, one should stuff a real Bayreuther, better still put it in alcohol, because there is no alcohol — with the signature: this is what the “spirit” looked like, to which the “Reich” founded... Enough, I left in the middle for a few weeks, very suddenly, despite the fact that a charming Parisian tried to console me; I only apologized to Wagner with a fatalistic telegram. In a town in the Bohemian Forest, Klingenberg, hidden deep in the woods, I carried my melancholy and my disdain for Germans with me like an illness — and from time to time I wrote a sentence in my notebook under the overall title “die Ploughshare”, all hard Psychologica, which can perhaps still be found in “Human, All Too Human”.

3.

What decided for me at that time was not a break with Wagner - I sensed a total aberration of my instinct, of which the single mistake, whether it was called Wagner or a professorship in Basel, was just a sign. An impatience with myself overcame me; I realized that it was high time to get back to myself. All at once it became horribly clear to me how much time was already wasted—how useless, how arbitrary my entire existence as a philologist looks at my task. I was ashamed of this false modesty... Ten years behind me, when the nurturing of my spirit had actually come to a standstill, when I hadn't learned anything useful, when I had unreasonably forgotten a lot about a bunch of dusty scholarships. Crawling through ancient metrics with meticulousness and bad eyes—that's where I got to! — With pity, I saw myself very thin, completely starved: the realities were almost missing within my knowledge and the “idealities” were worth the devil! - An almost burning thirst seized me: from then on, I did in fact nothing more than physiology, medicine and natural sciences - I only returned to actual historical studies when the task imperatively forced me to do so. At that time, I first guessed the connection between an activity chosen against instinct, a so-called "profession" to which one is last called - and that need to numb the feeling of boredom and hunger through a narcotic art - for example through the Wagnerian art. On a more careful look around I discovered that for a large number of young men the same necessity exists: one adversity literally forces a second. In Germany, in the “Reich”, to put it unequivocally, only too many are condemned to make an untimely decision and then, under a burden that has become irremovable, to languish... These long for Wagner as for an opiate—they forget themselves, they become let go for a moment... What am I saying! five to six hours! —

4.

At that time, my instinct implacably decided against any longer giving in, going along, and mistaking myself. Every kind of life, the most unfavorable conditions, illness, poverty—everything seemed preferable to that unworthy "selflessness" into which I had first fallen out of ignorance, out of youth, into which I later got stuck out of inertia, out of a so-called "sense of duty." — Here, in a way that I cannot admire enough, and just at the right time, that bad inheritance from my father came to my aid — basically a predestination to an early death. The disease slowly released me: it spared me every fracture, every violent and obnoxious step. I lost no goodwill then and gained a lot. The illness likewise gave me a right to a

complete reversal of all my habits; it allowed, it commanded me to forget; it gifted me with the need to lie still, to be idle, to wait and be patient... But that means thinking!... My eyes alone put an end to all bookworms, in German: philology: I was freed from the "book", I read for years nothing more - the greatest benefit I have ever shown myself! — That lowest self, buried as it were, becoming still as it were, constantly having to listen to other selves (—and that means reading!) slowly awoke, shy, doubtful — but finally it spoke again. I have never been as lucky as in the sickest and most painful times of my life: one only has to look at the "*Dawn*" or the "*Wanderer and his Shadow*" to understand what this "return to me" means. Was the highest kind of recovery itself!... The other only followed from it. —

5.

Human, all-too-human, this monument of rigorous self-discipline, with which I brought to an abrupt end all the "higher dizziness", "idealism", "beautiful feeling" and other femininities that I had introduced to me, was written down in all main points in Sorrento; it got its conclusion, its final form, in a Basel winter, under much less favorable conditions than those in Sorrento. Basically, Mr. Peter Gast, who was studying at the University of Basel and was very close to me, had the book on his conscience. I dictated, my head bandaged and painful, he copied, he also corrected—he was basically the real writer, while I was merely the author. When the book finally reached my hands—to the deep astonishment of a seriously ill person—I sent two copies, among other things, to Bayreuth. By an accidental miracle of sense, I received a beautiful copy of the Parsifal text at the same time, with Wagner's dedication to me "to his dear friend Friedrich Nietzsche, Richard Wagner, Church Councilor (Kirchenrath)". — This crossing of the two books — I thought I heard an ominous sound. Didn't it sound as if swords were crossing?... In any case, we both felt it that way: because we were both silent. The first Bayreuth papers appeared around this time: I understood what it was high time for. - Unbelievable! Wagner had become pious...

6.

How I thought about myself at that time (1876), with what tremendous certainty I held my task and the world-historical aspect of it in my hands, the whole book bears witness to, but above all one very explicit passage: only that I, with the

instinctive guile, here again the word "I" avoided and this time not Schopenhauer or Wagner, but one of my friends, the excellent Dr. Paul Rée, outshined with world-historical glory — luckily a much too fine animal for that... Others were less fine: I always recognized the hopeless among my readers, for example the typical German professor, by the fact that they, on this spot to the point that they believed they had to understand the whole book as higher realism... In truth, it contained a contradiction to five or six sentences by my friend: one should read the preface to the genealogy of morality about it. - The passage reads: what is the main proposition to which one of the boldest and coldest thinkers, the author of the book "On the Origin of Moral Sensations" (read (lisez): Nietzsche, the first immoralist) by virtue of his incisive and penetrating analyzes of the human action? "The moral man is no closer to the intelligible world than the physical — because there is no intelligible world..." This sentence, hard and dashing under the hammer blow of historical knowledge (read (lisez): revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe) may one day, in some future — 1890! — To serve as the ax laid to the root of mankind's "metaphysical need" — whether more to the blessing or the curse of mankind, who knows? But in any case, as a sentence with the most significant consequences, fruitful and terrible at the same time and seeing the world with that double view that all great knowledge has...

Dawn.
Thoughts on morality as prejudice.

Morgenröthe.

Gedanken über die Moral als Vorurtheil.

1.

My campaign against morality begins with this book. Not that it has the slightest smell of powder about it: —one will perceive quite different and much sweeter smells on it, provided that one has some subtlety in one's nostrils. Neither large nor small artillery: if the effect of the book is negative, its means are all the less so, these means, from which the effect follows like a conclusion, not like a cannon shot. The fact that one takes leave of the book with a timid caution about everything that has hitherto been honored and even worshiped under the name of morality does not contradict the fact that in the whole book there is not a negative word, no attack, no malice, — that it rather lies in the sun, round, happy, like a sea creature sunning itself between rocks. In the end it was me myself, this sea creature: almost every sentence in the book is thought up, slipped out in that tangle of rocks near Genoa, where I was alone and still had secrets from the sea. Even now, when I accidentally touch this book, almost every sentence becomes a tip, by which I pull something incomparable out of the depths: his whole skin trembles with the tender shudder of memory. The art that it has ahead is no small one in making things that scurry by easily and silently, moments that I call divine lizards, a little fixed - not with the cruelty of that young Greek god who simply slaughtered the poor little lizard speared, but at least with something sharp, with the pen... "There are so many dawns that have not yet shone" - this Indian inscription is on the door of this book. Where does its originator look for that new morning, that hitherto undiscovered tender red, with which another day - ah, a whole series, a whole world of new days! — raises? In a revaluation of all values (*Umwertung aller Werthe*), in a liberation from all moral values, in saying yes and having faith in everything that has hitherto been forbidden, despised, cursed. This yes-saying book pours out its light, its love, its tenderness on nothing but bad things, it gives

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

them back "the soul", the good conscience, the high right and privilege of existence. Morality is not attacked; it is just no longer an issue... This book ends with an "Or?" - it is the only book that closes with an "Or?"...

[Translator's note. Nietzsche wrote this as the motto for the book, *The Dawn*.
"There are so many dawns that have not yet broken," *Rig Veda*.
"There are so many dawns that have not yet lit up."

„Es giebt so viele Morgenröthen, die noch nicht geleuchtet haben.“

Rigveda.

More notes: *Rigveda*, X Buch, Hymn. 129.

2.28 Varuṇa.

9 Abolish the debts for the things I have done, O king, and do not make me pay for what has been done by others. So many more dawns have not yet risen, Varuṇa; make sure that we will live through them." *The Rig Veda Anthology*. Translation by Wendy Doniger O'Flaherty, 1981].

2.

My task, to prepare a moment of supreme self-reflection for humanity, a great noon where it looks back and looks out, where it emerges from the rule of chance and the priests and the question of why?, of what? for the first time as a whole - this task follows of necessity from the insight that mankind is not on the right path by itself, that it is by no means divinely governed, that rather precisely under its most sacred values the instinct of negation, the corruption that decadence instinct has seductively reigned supreme. The question of the origin of moral values is therefore a question of the first rank for me, because it determines the future of mankind. The demand that one should believe that everything is basically in the best hands, that a book, the Bible, gives a final reassurance about the divine guidance and wisdom in the destiny of mankind, is translated back into reality, the will, the not to let the truth emerge about the pitiful opposite of this, namely that mankind has been in the worst hands, that it has been ruled by the badly offended, the maliciously vengeful, the so-called "saints", these world slanderers and miscreants. The decisive sign that shows that the priest (—including the hidden priests, the philosophers) has become master not only within a specific religious community, but in general, is that the morality of decadence, the will to the end, as

morality What counts for itself is the unconditional value that the unegoistic and the enmity that the egoistic has everywhere. I consider anyone who disagrees with me on this point to be infected... But the whole world disagrees with me... For a physiologist, such a contrast in value leaves no doubt at all. If the smallest organ within the organism slacks off, no matter how small, in asserting its self-preservation, its substitute for strength, its "egoism" with complete certainty, then the whole thing degenerates. The physiologist demands excision of the degenerating part, he denies any solidarity with the degenerating, he is furthest from sympathizing with him. But the priest wants precisely the degeneration of the whole, of mankind: that is why he conserves what is degenerating — at this price he dominates it... What is the meaning of those lying concepts, the auxiliary concepts of morality, "soul", "spirit", "free will", "God" if not to ruin mankind physiologically?... If one distracts seriousness from self-preservation, increasing the strength of the body, that is, life, if one turns pallor into an ideal, and contempt for the body "the salvation of Soul" constructed, what else is that but a recipe for decadence? — The loss of emphasis, the resistance to natural instincts, and "unselfishness" in one word— that has been called morality up until now... With *Dawn* "*Morgenröthe*" I first took up the fight against self-denial morality. —

The Gay Science.
(*"la gaya scienza"*)

Title page in German:

Die fröhliche Wissenschaft.

(*„la gaya scienza“*)

Von

Friedrich Nietzsche.

The *Dawn* "*Morgenröthe*" is a yes-saying book, deep, but bright and kind. The same is true once again and to the highest degree of the **gaya scienza**: in almost every movement of the same profundity and wantonness tenderly go hand in hand. A verse that expresses gratitude for the most wonderful month of January that I have experienced - the whole book is his gift - reveals sufficiently the depth from which "science" has become happy here:

You with the flaming spear
cut the ice of my soul,
That they roar now to the sea
Your highest hope hastens:
Brighter always and always healthier,
Free in the most loving must —
So, she praises your miracles
Most beautiful January!

What "highest hope" means here, who can be in doubt about it, who sees the diamond beauty of the first words of Zarathustra shining at the end of the fourth book? — Or who reads the granite sentences at the end of the third book, with which a destiny for all time is formulated for the first time? — The songs of the Prince Outlaw, mostly written in Sicily, expressly recall the Provençal concept of

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

“gaya scienza”, that unity of singer, knight and free spirit with which that wonderful early culture of the Provençal contrasts with all ambiguous cultures; especially the very last poem, “An den Mistral”, a boisterous dance song in which, if you please! danced away over morality is perfect *Provençalism*. —

Thus spoke Zarathustra.
A book for everyone and no one.

[Title page in German:

Also sprach Zarathustra.

Ein Buch für Alle und Keinen.

Von

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Chemnitz.

Verlag von Ernst Schmeitzner.

1883]

1.

I shall now tell the story of Zarathustra. The basic conception of the work, the idea of *eternal return*, this highest formula of affirmation that can ever be achieved - belongs to August of the year 1881: it was written on a sheet with the caption: "6000 feet beyond man and time". That day I was walking through the woods by the lake of Silvaplana; I stopped at a mighty pyramidal block not far from Surlei. Then this thought came to me. — If I reckon back a few months from that day, I find, as an omen, a sudden and profoundly decisive change in my taste, above all in music. One may perhaps count the whole of Zarathustra under music; — certainly a rebirth in art could be heard, a prerequisite for it. In a small mountain bathing place not far from Vicenza, Recoaro, where I spent the spring of 1881, I discovered, together with my maëstro and friend Peter Gast, also a "born again", that the phoenix makes music with lighter and more luminous plumage than it ever showed, flew past us. On the other hand, if I count forward from that day to the sudden birth in February 1883, which took place under the most improbable circumstances — the final part, the same one from which I quoted a few sentences

in the preface, was finished exactly in the holy hour, in which Richard Wagner died in Venice — so the pregnancy is eighteen months. That figure of just eighteen months would suggest, at least among Buddhists, that I am essentially a female elephant. — In the meantime, belongs the “gaya scienza”, which has a hundred signs of the nearness of something incomparable; finally, it gives the beginning of Zarathustra itself, in the penultimate piece of the fourth book it gives the basic idea of Zarathustra. — Likewise, that hymn to life (for mixed choir and orchestra), the score of which was published two years ago by EW Fritzsich in Leipzig, also belongs in this interim period: a perhaps not insignificant symptom of the state of affairs of that year, where the yes-saying pathos par excellence, what I called the tragic pathos, which was inherent in me to the highest degree. One day it will be sung in memory of me. — The text, expressly noted because there is a misunderstanding about it, is not mine: it is the amazing inspiration of a young Russian woman I was friends with at the time, Miss Lou von Salomé. Whoever can make sense of the last words of the poem will guess why I preferred and admired them: they have greatness. Pain is not considered an objection to life: “If you have no luck left to give me, come on! you still have your pain...” Maybe my music is great at this point. (Last note of the oboe C sharp not c. Misprint.) — The winter that followed I lived in that gracefully quiet bay of Rapallo not far from Genoa, which cuts in between Chiavari and the promontory of Porto Fino. My health was not the best; the winter cold and rainy over the Meuse; a small albergo, situated directly on the sea, so that the high sea made it impossible to sleep at night, offered about everything the opposite of what was desirable. Despite this, and almost as proof of my statement that everything that is decisive arises “nevertheless”, it was this winter and this unfavorable situation that caused my Zarathustra to come into being. — In the morning I climbed up in a southerly direction on the beautiful road to Zoagli, past pines and overlooking the sea far away; in the afternoon, as often as my health permitted, I skirted the whole bay from Santa Margherita to Porto Fino. This place and landscape have been drawn even closer to my heart by the great love that the unforgettable German Emperor Frederick III felt for them; I happened to be on this coast again in the autumn of 1886, when he last visited this little forgotten world of happiness. — On these two paths, the whole of the first Zarathustra came to mind, above all Zarathustra himself, as a type: more correctly, he *overran me*...

In order to understand this type, one must first make clear its physiological condition: it is what I call great health. I don't know this concept any better, I don't explain it any more personally than I have already done in one of the concluding sections of the fifth book of *Gaya Scienza*. "We knew, nameless, hard-to-understand people - it says there - we premature babies of a still unproven future, we also need a new means for a new purpose, namely a new health, a stronger, cleverer, tougher, more audacious, than all health before was. Whose soul thirsts to have experienced the whole range of previous values and desirabilities, and to have sailed all the coasts of this ideal "Mediterranean Sea", who wants to know from the adventures of his own experience how a conqueror and discoverer of the ideal feels, like one An artist, a saint, a legislator, a wise man, a scholar, a pious man, a divinely remote old-style: he needs one thing first of all, great health - such that one not only has, but also constantly acquires and have to acquire it, because one always gives it up, has to give it up... And now, after we have been on the road for a long time, we Argonauts of the ideal, perhaps braver than clever and shipwrecked and injured often enough, but, as I said, healthier than if one wants to allow us, dangerously healthy, always healthy again, it seems to us as if, as a reward, we have a still undiscovered country before us whose limits no one has yet foreseen, beyond all previous countries and corners of the ideal, a world so overflowing with the beautiful, strange, questionable, terrible and divine that our curiosity as well as our thirst for possessions have gotten out of hand - alas, that we can now be satisfied by nothing!... After such prospects and with such a ravenous hunger in knowledge and conscience, how could we still be satisfied with the present man? Bad enough, but it is inevitable that we will now look on, and perhaps not even look on, its worthiest aims and hopes with an ill-maintained earnestness... Another ideal runs before us, a whimsical, tempting, dangerous ideal, to which we ask no one want to persuade, because we don't concede the right to anyone so easily: the ideal of a spirit that naively, i.e. unintentionally and out of overflowing fullness and power, plays with everything that was previously called holy, good, untouchable, divine; for whom the highest measure of value for the people would already mean danger, decay, humiliation or, at least, relaxation, blindness, temporary self-forgetting; the ideal of a human-superhuman well-being and benevolence (das Ideal eines menschlich-übermenschlichen Wohlseins und Wohlwollens), which will often enough appear inhuman, for example, when it appears next to all previous earthly seriousness, next to all previous solemnity in gesture, word, sound, look, morality and task like their most incarnate involuntary parody - and with which, in spite of everything, perhaps the great seriousness only

begins, the actual question mark is only set, the fate of the soul turns, the pointer moves, the tragedy begins..."

3.

— Has anyone, at the end of the nineteenth century, a clear notion of what poets of strong ages called inspiration? If not, I will describe it. - With the slightest remnant of superstition in oneself, one would in fact hardly be able to reject the idea of being merely an incarnation, merely a mouthpiece, merely a medium for overpowering powers. The term revelation, in the sense that something suddenly becomes visible and audible with unspeakable certainty and delicacy, something that shakes and upsets you to the core, simply describes the facts. One hears, one does not seek; one takes, one does not ask who is giving; a thought flashes like lightning, with necessity, in the form without hesitation—I have never had a choice. An ecstasy whose tremendous tension is sometimes released into a stream of tears, in which the step involuntarily now storms, now slows down; a complete being beside oneself with the most distinct awareness of a multitude of fine shudders and trickles down to the toes; a depth of happiness in which the most painful and gloomy does not act as a contrast, but as a condition, as a challenge, but as a necessary color within such an abundance of light; an *instinct* for rhythmic relationships that spans wide spaces of form — the length, the need for a wide-ranging rhythm, is almost the measure of the force of inspiration, a kind of counterbalance to its pressure and tension... Everything happens involuntarily in the highest degree, but as in a storm of feelings of freedom, of being unconditional, of power, of divinity... The involuntary nature of the image, the likeness, is the strangest thing; one no longer has any idea of what an image or a simile is. Everything offers itself as the closest, the most correct, the simplest expression. It really seems to recall a word of Zarathustra, as if the things themselves approach and offer themselves for parables (— "here all things come caressingly to your speech and flatter you: for they want to ride on your back. You ride on every parable you here to every truth. Here all being's words and word shrines spring up for you; all beings want to become words here, all becoming wants to learn to speak from you -"). This is my experience of inspiration; I have no doubt that one has to go back thousands of years to find someone who can tell me "It's mine too".

4.

I was ill in Genoa a couple of weeks later. Then followed a melancholy spring in Rome, where I accepted life—it wasn't easy. Basically, this most indecent place on earth for the poet of Zarathustra, which I had not chosen voluntarily, annoyed me beyond measure; I tried to get away — I wanted to go to Aquila, the antithesis of Rome, founded out of enmity against Rome, how I will one day find a place, the memory of an atheist and enemy of the Church **comme il faut**, of one of my closest relatives, the great Hohenstaufen Emperor Frederick the Second. But there was fate (doom) in it all: I had to go back. In the end I settled for the piazza Barberini, having grown weary of my troubles about an anti-Christian area. I'm afraid I once asked myself in the palazzo del Quirinale, in order to avoid bad smells as much as possible, whether they didn't have a quiet room for a philosopher. — On a loggia high above the aforementioned piazza, from which one can see Rome and hear the murmuring of the fontana far below, that loneliest song that has ever been composed, the night song, was composed; at this time a melody of indescribable melancholy went around me, the refrain of which I found again in the words "dead with immortality..." In the summer, returning home to the holy place where the first flash of the Zarathustra thought had shone in me, I found it second Zarathustra. Ten days sufficed; in no case did I need more, neither for the first nor for the third and last. The following winter, under the halcyon sky of Nice, which then shone into my life for the first time, I found the third Zarathustra—and I was done. Hardly a year, calculated for the whole. Many hidden spots and heights in the landscape of Nice are dedicated to me through unforgettable moments; that decisive part, which bears the title "Of Old and New Tables," was composed in the most arduous ascent from the station to the wonderful Moorish rock nest of Eza - my muscular agility was always greatest when my creative power was flowing at its richest. The body is excited: let's leave the "soul" out of the game... I've often been seen dancing; at that time, I could walk up mountains for seven or eight hours without feeling tired. I slept well, I laughed a lot—I was perfectly energetic and patient.

5.

Apart from these ten-day works, the years during and above all after Zarathustra were an unprecedented emergency. One pays dearly for being immortal: one dies several times for it while still alive. - There is something that I call the grudge (*die Rancune*) of the great: everything great, a work, an act, once accomplished,

immediately turns against the one who did it. Just because he did it, he is now weak - he can no longer stand his deed, he no longer looks it in the face. To have behind you something that one should never have wanted, something in which the knot in the destiny of mankind is tied - and now own it!... It almost crushes... The rancune of the great! - Another thing is the horrible silence that one hears around oneself. Solitude has seven skins; nothing goes through. You meet people, you greet friends: a new wasteland, no longer greets you with a look. At best, a kind of revolt. I experienced such a revolt, in very different degrees, but from almost everyone who was close to me; it seems that nothing offends more deeply than suddenly letting one notice a distance—the noble natures who do not know how to live without worshiping are rare. - A third thing is the absurd irritability of the skin to small pricks, a kind of helplessness, especially with small ones. This seems to me to be due to the enormous waste of all defensive forces, which every creative deed, every deed from your own, innermost, lowest has as a prerequisite. The small defensive assets are so to speak suspended; no more power flows to them. - I dare to suggest that one digests less well, is reluctant to move, is all too open to cold feelings, and also to distrust - distrust, which in many cases is merely an etiological mistake. In such a state I once felt the nearness of a herd of cows, through the return of milder, more philanthropic thoughts, even before I saw them: that has warmth in it...

6.

This work stands for itself. Leaving aside the poets, perhaps nothing has ever been done out of such superabundance of strength. My term "Dionysian" became the highest deed here; measured against it, all the rest of human doing appears poor and conditional. That a Goethe, a Shakespeare would not know how to breathe for a moment in this tremendous passion and height, that Dante, opposed to Zarathustra, is merely a believer and not one who first creates truth, a world-ruling spirit, a destiny - that the poets of the Veda are priests and not even worthy of taking off the soles of Zarathustra's shoes, that is all the least and gives no idea of the distance, of the azure solitude in which this work lives. Zarathustra has an eternal right to say: "I close circles around myself and sacred borders; fewer and fewer climb with me to higher and higher mountains - I build a mountain range from ever holier mountains." One counts the spirit and the goodness of all great souls in one: all together would not be able to produce a speech by Zarathustra.

The ladder he climbs up and down is immense; he saw further, wanted further, could do further than any human being. He contradicts with every word, this most yes-saying of all spirits; in it all opposites are bound into a new unity. The highest and the lowest forces of human nature, the sweetest, the most frivolous, and the most terrible, emanate from One Fountain with immortal certainty. Until then, one does not know what height is and what depth is; one knows even less what truth is. There is not a moment in this revelation of truth that has already been anticipated, divined by one of the greatest. There is no wisdom, no soul-searching, no art of speaking before Zarathustra; what is closest, what is most commonplace speaks here of unheard-of things. Trembling the sentence of passion; the eloquence become music; Lightning hurled ahead to futures hitherto unguessed. The most powerful metaphorical force that has yet existed is poor and playful against this return of language to the nature of imagery. — And how Zarathustra descends and says the kindest things to everyone! How he himself touches his adversaries, the priests, with tender hands and suffers with them! — Here man is conquered at every moment, the concept of “superman” became the highest reality here — in an infinite distance lies everything that was previously called great about man, below him. The halcyon, the light feet, the omnipresence of malice and high spirits and everything else that is typical of the Zarathustra type has never been dreamed of as essential to greatness. Zarathustra feels precisely in this extent of space, in this accessibility to the opposite as the highest kind of all beings; and when one hears how he defines these, one will refrain from looking for his likeness.

— the soul that has the longest ladder and can descend the deepest,
the most extensive soul, which can run and err and roam furthest within
itself,
the most necessary, which happily plunges into chance,
the existing soul, which wants to become, the having, which wants and
desires -
the self-fleeing, which catches up with itself in the widest circles,
the wisest soul, to whom folly persuades most sweetly,
the most self-loving, in which all things have their flow and return and ebb
and flow — —

But that is the concept of Dionysus itself. Another consideration leads to just that. The psychological problem in the Zarathustra type is how someone who says no to an unprecedented degree, does no to everything to which one has hitherto said yes, can nevertheless be the opposite of a spirit saying no; how the spirit that bears the heaviest of fate, a doom of task can nevertheless be the lightest and most otherworldly — Zarathustra is a dancer —; like the one who has the hardest, the most terrible insight into reality, who has thought the “most abysmal thought”, despite not finding in it any objection to existence, not even to its eternal recurrence – rather an additional reason, the eternal yes to be oneself to all things, “the tremendous, unlimited saying yes and amen”... “I still carry my blessing yes-saying into all abysses” ... But that is the concept of Dionysus once more.

7.

— What language will such a spirit speak when it speaks to itself? The language of the dithyramb. I am the inventor of the dithyramb. One hears how Zarathustra talks to himself before sunrise (III, 18): such emerald happiness, such divine tenderness, no tongue has ever before me. Even the deepest melancholy of such a Dionysus becomes a dithyramb; I take, as a sign, the night-song, the immortal lament, condemned by the superabundance of light and power, by its sun-nature, not to love.

It is night: now all the spouting fountains speak louder. And my soul is also a gushing fountain.

It is night: only now do all the lovers' songs awaken. And my soul too is a lover's song.

There is something unsatisfied, insatiable in me that wants to get loud. There is a desire for love in me, which itself speaks the language of love.

I am light: oh, that I were night! But this is my loneliness, that I am girded with light.

Ah, that I was dark and nocturnal! How I wanted to suckle the breasts of light!

And I wanted to bless you yourselves, you little twinkling stars and glowworms up there! — and be happy because of your light gifts.

But I live in my own light, I drink back the flames that erupt from me.

I do not know the happiness of the taker; and I often dreamed that stealing must be even more blessed than taking.

This is my poverty that my hand never rests from giving; this is my envy that I see waiting eyes and the brightened nights of longing.

O wretchedness of all givers! O eclipse of my sun! O desire after desire! O ravenous hunger in satiation!

They take from me: but do I still touch their souls? There is a gulf between taking and giving; and the smallest gulf is the last to be bridged.

A hunger grows out of my beauty: I would like to hurt those whom I shine, I would like to rob those who have been gifted, - so I hunger for malice.

Withdrawing the hand when the hand is already stretched out to her; like the waterfall that hesitates even as it falls: so, I hunger for malice.

Such vengeance plots my fullness, such malice springs from my loneliness.

My happiness in giving died in giving, my virtue grew weary of itself in its abundance!

Whoever gives is in danger of losing shame; whoever distributes, his hands and heart are calloused from the distribution.

My eye no longer swells with the shame of those who ask; my hand grew too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Where did the tears come from my eyes and the down from my heart? O loneliness of all givers! O silentness of all shining ones!

Many suns circle in desolate space: to everything that is dark they speak with their light - to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the enmity of light against that which shines: mercilessly it wanders its paths.

Unfair against what shines in the deepest heart, cold against suns - so every sun walks.

The suns change their courses like a storm, they follow their inexorable will, that is their coldness.

Oh, it's you first, you dark ones, you nocturnal ones, who create warmth out of what shines! Oh, you first drink milk and refreshment from the udders of the light!

Ah, ice is around me, my hand burns on icy things! Ah, thirst is in me, it longs for your thirst.

It is night: alas, that I must be light! And thirst for the night! And loneliness!

It is night: now my longing breaks out of me like a fountain—I long for speech.

It is night: now all the spouting fountains speak louder. And my soul is also a gushing fountain.

It is night: now all the lovers' songs awaken. And my soul too is a lover's song. —

8.

Nothing like it has ever been written, never felt, never suffered: this is how a god suffers, a Dionysus (*Dergleichen ist nie gedichtet, nie gefühlt, nie gelitten worden: so leidet ein Gott, ein Dionysos*). The answer to such a dithyramb of the loneliness of the sun in the light would be Ariadne... Apart from me, who knows what Ariadne is!... Of all such riddles, no one has had the solution so far, I doubt that anyone has ever seen only riddles here either. — Zarathustra once, with rigor, determines his task — it is also mine — that one cannot misunderstand the meaning: he says yes up to the justification, up to the redemption also of everything past.

I walk among people as among fragments of the future: that future I see.

And that is all my poetry and striving, that I compose and bring together in one, what is fragment and riddle and dreadful coincidence.

And how could I endure being human if human beings were not also poets and riddles and saviors of chance?

Redeeming the past and transforming everything "It was" into "That's how I wanted it!"—that would be my redemption.

In another passage he determines as strictly as possible what "man" can be for him alone - no object of love or even of pity - Zarathustra has also become master of the great disgust in man: man is a deformity for him, a substance, an ugly stone, in need of a maker.

No longer wanting and no longer appreciating and no longer creating: oh, that this great weariness always stay away from me!

Even in recognizing I only feel my will's joy in witnessing and becoming; and if there is innocence in my knowledge, it is because there is willing to beget in it.

This will lure me away from God and gods: what could be done if gods — were there?

But my fervent will to create always drives me to human beings anew; so, it drives the hammer towards the stone.

Ah, you people, an image sleeps in the stone, the image of images! Ah, that it must sleep in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now my hammer rages cruelly against his prison. Pieces dust from the stone: what do I care!

I want to complete it, for a shadow came to me - the quietest and lightest of all things once came to me!

The beauty of the superman came to me as a shadow: what do I still care - the gods!...

I emphasize a last point: the underlined verse gives the occasion for this. For a Dionysian task, the hardness of the hammer, the desire to destroy oneself, are crucial prerequisites. The imperative "become hard!" the lowest certainty that all creators are hard, is the very sign of a Dionysian nature. —

Beyond Good and Evil.
Prelude to a philosophy of the future.

1.

The task for the years that followed was set out as strictly as possible. After the yes-saying part of my task was solved, it was the turn of the no-saying, *no-doing* half of it: the revaluation of previous values themselves, the great war—the evocation of a day of decision. This includes the slow look around for relatives, for those who, out of the strength *to destroy*, would offer me their hand. — From then on, all my writings are fishing hooks: perhaps I am as good at fishing as someone?... If nothing caught, it is not my fault. *The fish were missing...*

2.

This book (1886) is essentially a *critique of modernity*, which does not exclude modern science, modern art, even modern politics, together with pointers to a type of contrast that is as little modern as possible, a noble one that says yes type. In the latter sense the book is a school of **gentilhomme [noble man]**, the concept taken more spiritually and radically than it has ever been taken. One must have courage in one's body even to endure it, one must not have learned to fear... All the things of which the age is proud are felt to be contrary to this type, almost bad manners, and the famous "objectivity" for example, the "compassion for all who suffer", the "historical sense" with its submissiveness to foreign tastes, with its lying on its stomach before *petits faits*, the "scientificness" [being scientific]. — If one considers that the book follows Zarathustra, then one may also guess the dietetic regime to which it owes its origin. The eye, spoiled by an enormous need to see far—Zarathustra is even more far-sighted than the Czar—is forced here to focus sharply on what is closest, time, what is around us. In all the pieces, and above all in the form, one will find the same *arbitrary* turning away from the instincts that made Zarathustra possible. The refinement in form, in intention, in the art of silence, is in the foreground, psychology is handled with admitted harshness and cruelty - the book lacks every good-natured word... All that is relaxing: who can

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

guess what kind of relaxation such a waste of goodness, as Zarathustra is, makes necessary?... To speak theologically - listen carefully, for I rarely speak as a theologian - it was God himself who lay down as a snake under the tree of knowledge at the end of his day's work: he recovered in this way of being God... He had made all things too beautiful... The devil is but the idleness of God every seventh day...

Genealogy of Morals. *A Polemic.*

The three treatises that make up this genealogy are perhaps the uncanniest yet written in terms of expression, intent, and the art of surprise. It is well known that Dionysus is also the god of darkness. — Each time a beginning that is meant to mislead, cool, scientific, even ironic, intentionally foreground, intentionally delayed. Gradually more restless; scattered sheet lightning; very unpleasant truths from afar becoming loud with a dull growl - until finally a *tempo feroce* is reached where everything drives forward with tremendous tension. At the end each time, under completely horrible detonations, a new truth visible between thick clouds. - The truth of the first treatise is the psychology of Christianity: the birth of Christianity out of the spirit of resentment, not, as is well believed, out of the "spirit", - a countermovement in its essence, the great rebellion against the rule of noble values. The second treatise gives the psychology of conscience: it is not, as is well believed, "the voice of God in man"—it is the instinct of cruelty, which turns backwards after it can no longer discharge itself outwardly. Cruelty was brought to light for the first time as one of the oldest and most indispensable foundations of culture. The third essay gives the answer to the question of where the tremendous power of the ascetic ideal, the priestly ideal, comes from, although it is the harmful ideal par excellence, a will to the end, a decadence ideal. Answer: not because God is active behind the priests, which is well believed, but **faute de mieux**—because it was the only ideal hitherto, because it had no competitor. "Because man would rather want nothing than not want it"... Above all, a counter-ideal was missing - except for Zarathustra. - I was understood. Three decisive preliminary works of a psychologist for a revaluation of all values (*Umwertung aller Werthe*). — This book contains the first psychology of the priest.

Twilight of the Idols. *How to philosophize with a hammer.*

1.

This work of not yet 150 pages, cheerful and fateful in tone, a demon who laughs - the work of so few days that I hesitate to name their number, is an exception among books in general: there is nothing richer in substance, more independent, more dazzling — more evil. If you want to get a brief idea of how everything was upside down before me, start with this writing. What *Götze* means on the title page is quite simply what has been called truth up to now. *Twilight of the Idols* - in German: the old truth is coming to an end... (Das, was *Götze* auf dem Titelblatt heisst, ist ganz einfach das, was bisher Wahrheit genannt wurde. *Götzen-Dämmerung* — auf deutsch: es geht zu Ende mit der alten Wahrheit...)

2.

There is no reality, no "ideality" that is not touched upon in this writing (— touched: what a cautious euphemism!...) Not just the eternal idols, but also the very youngest, consequently the most decrepit. The "modern ideas" for example. A great wind blows between the trees, and fruits fall everywhere—truths. It is the squandering of an all too rich autumn in it: one stumbles over truths, one even kick some to death—there are too many of them... But what one gets hold of is no longer questionable, these are decisions. Only I have the yardstick for "truths" in my hand, only I can decide. As if a second consciousness had grown in me, as if "the will" had ignited a light in me about the crooked path on which it has been running downwards up to now... The crooked path — it was called the path to "truth"... It's over with all "dark urges", the good person was just the least aware of the right way... And seriously, nobody before me knew the right way, the way up: only from me onwards there are hopes again, tasks, and prescribed ways of culture - I am their happy ambassador... Precisely because of this I am also a destiny. —

3.

Immediately after the completion of the aforesaid work, and without wasting a day, I set about the immense task of *revaluation* (*Umwertung*), in a sovereign sense of pride unequaled by anything, certain of my immortality every moment, and sign by sign with the certainty of fate digging in bronze tablets. The foreword was written on September 3rd, 1888: when I went outside in the morning after writing this down, I found before me the most beautiful day that the Upper Engadine had ever shown me - transparent, glowing in the colors, all opposites, all middles in between Ice and south enclosing. — Only on September 20th did I leave Sils-Maria, held back by floods, in the end by far the only guest of this wonderful place, to whom my gratitude wants to bestow the gift of an immortal name. After a journey with incidents, even with the danger of life in the flooded Como, which I only reached late at night, I arrived in Turin, my proven place, my residence from now on, on the afternoon of the 21st. I took back the same apartment that I had occupied in the spring, via Carlo Alberto 6, III, opposite the mighty palazzo Carignano where Vittore Emanuele was born, with a view of the piazza Carlo Alberto and the hills beyond. Without hesitation, and without letting myself be distracted for a moment, I went back to work: only the last quarter of the work remained to be done. Great victory on September 30th; completion of revaluation; idleness of a god along the Po. On the same day I wrote the preface to the *Twilight of Idols*, correcting the printed sheets of which I had spent my rest in September. — I have never experienced such an autumn, nor have I ever thought anything of the kind possible on earth — a Claude Lorrain thought to infinity, every day of the same irrepressible perfection. —

[Translator's note. The Po is the longest river in Italy].

*The case of Wagner.
A musician's problem.*

1.

In order to do justice to this writing, one must suffer from the fate of the music like an open wound. — What do I suffer from when I suffer from the fate of music? Because the music has been deprived of its world-transfiguring, yes-saying character — that it is *décadence* music and no longer the flute of Dionysus... Provided, however, that one feels the cause of the music as one's own cause, as one's own tale of suffering, then one will find this writing full of consideration and mild beyond measure. To be cheerful in such cases and to mock oneself good-naturedly — **ridendo dicere severum**, where the **verum dicere** would justify any harshness — is humanity itself. Who actually doubts that I, as the old artilleryman that I am, have it in my hands have to bring up my heavy artillery against Wagner? - I kept everything decisive in this matter to myself - I loved Wagner. - Finally, an attack on a finer "unknown" that is not easily guessed by another lies in the spirit of my task - oh I have to uncover other "unknowns" than a Cagliostro of music - even more, of course, an attack on the in spiritual things, more and more sluggish and instinctively poor, more and more honest German nation, which continues with an enviable appetite to feed on opposites and "faith" as well as science, "Christian love" as well as anti-Semitism, the Will to Power (to the "kingdom" (Reich)) as good as the *évangile des humbles* swallows without indigestion... This lack of party between opposites! this stomachic neutrality and "selflessness"! This just sense of the German palate, which gives equal rights to everything — which finds everything tasty... Without a doubt, the Germans are idealists... When I last visited Germany, I found the German taste trying, like Wagner and the trumpeter of Säckingen to concede rights; I myself was a personal witness how a Liszt association was founded in Leipzig, in honor of one of the most genuine and most German musicians, in the old sense of the German palate, not just a Reich German, the master Heinrich Schütz, with the purpose of cultivating and spreading *cunning* church music... Without a doubt, the Germans are idealists...

2.

But nothing should stop me here from getting rude and telling the Germans a few hard truths: who else would? — I'm talking about indecency *in historicis*. Not only that the German historians have completely lost the big view for the course, for the values of culture, that they are all clowns of politics (or of the church -): this big view is even ignored by them. One must first be "German", be "race", then one can decide on all values and non-values in *historicis* - one fixes them... "German" is an argument, "Germany, Germany over everything" is a principle, the Germans are the "moral world order" in history: in relation to the *imperium Romanum* the bearers of freedom, in relation to the eighteenth century the restorers of morality, of the "categorical imperative" ... There is an imperial German historiography, there is, I'm afraid, even an anti-Semitic one — there is a court historiography and Herr von Treitschke is not ashamed... Recently, an idiot's verdict in *historicis*, a sentence by the fortunately deceased aesthetic Swabian Vischer, made the rounds of the German newspapers as a "truth" to which every German had to say yes: "The Renaissance and the Reformation, both together make a whole - the aesthetic rebirth and the moral rebirth." - With sentences like this my patience is at an end, and I feel like I feel it is my duty to tell the Germans what they already have everything on their conscience. They have all the great cultural crimes of four centuries on their conscience!... And always for the same reason, from their innermost cowardice in the face of reality, which is also cowardice in the face of the truth, from their untruthfulness, which has become an instinct in them, from "idealism" "... The Germans have deprived Europe of the harvest, of the meaning of the last great era, the Renaissance era, at a moment when there was a higher order of values, where the noble values that affirm life, values that guarantee the future at the seat of the opposite, the decline values had achieved victory - and right down to the instincts of those sitting there! Luther that fate of a monk, restored the church and, what is a thousand times worse, Christianity, at the moment when it succumbed... Christianity, that denial of the will to live that had become a religion!... Luther, an impossible monk who, for reasons of its "impossibility," attacked the Church and them—thus! — restored... The Catholics would have reasons to celebrate Luther festivals, to write Luther plays... Luther — and the "moral rebirth"! To hell with all psychology! — Without a doubt, the Germans are idealists. - The Germans have twice, when with tremendous bravery and self-control a righteous, an unequivocal, a completely scientific way of thinking was reached, secret ways to the old "ideal", reconciliation between truth and "ideal", basically formulas for a right to rejection of science to find a right to lie. Leibniz and Kant—these two greatest stumbling blocks to the intellectual

integrity of Europe! [Leibniz and Kant - these two greatest inhibitors of Europe's intellectual righteousness!] - Finally, when a force majeure of genius and will became visible on the bridge between two decades of decadence, the Germans were strong enough to create a unit, a political and economic unit, out of Europe for the purpose of earth government, with their "liberty wars" robbed Europe of its meaning, of the miracle of meaning in Napoleon's existence - they have everything that came, what is there today, on their conscience, this most anti-cultural disease and unreasonable thing that exists, nationalism, this *névrose nationale*, from which Europe is ill, this perpetuation of Europe's small-state system, of petty politics: they have deprived Europe itself of its sense, its reason - they have brought it into a blind alley. — Does anyone but me know a way out of this impasse?... A task big enough to bind the people together again?...

3.

— And finally, why shouldn't I put words to my suspicions? In my case, too, the Germans will try everything again to give birth to a mouse out of a tremendous fate. So far, they have compromised themselves on me, I doubt they will do better in the future. - Ah, what it demands of me to be a bad prophet here!... My natural readers and hearers are already Russians, Scandinavians and French - will they be more and more? — The Germans are inscribed in the history of knowledge with nothing but ambiguous names, they have always produced only “unconscious” („unbewusste“) counterfeiters (— Fichte, Schelling, Schopenhauer, Hegel, Schleiermacher deserve this word as well as Kant and Leibniz, they are all mere Schleiermacher (Alles blosse Schleiermacher) —): they should never have the honor that the first righteous spirit in the history of the spirit, the spirit in which the truth comes to judgment about the counterfeiting of four millennia, is counted as one with the German spirit. The "German spirit" is my bad air: I breathe heavily in the vicinity of this instinctive impurity *in psychologicis*, which betrays every word, every expression of a German. They have never gone through a seventeenth century of hard self-examination like the French, a La Rochefoucauld, a Descartes are a hundred times superior in honesty to the first Germans - up to now they have had no psychologist. But psychology is almost the measure of a race's cleanliness or uncleanness... And if one is not even clean, how can one have depth? With a German, almost like with a woman, you never get to the bottom of it, he doesn't have one: that's all. But that's not even flat. — What “deep” means in Germany is

precisely this instinctive uncleanliness towards oneself that I am just talking about: one does not want to be clear about oneself. May I not suggest the word "German" as an international coin for this psychological depravity? — At this moment, for example, the German Kaiser calls it his "Christian duty" to liberate the slaves in Africa: among us other Europeans, that would then simply be called "German"... Did the Germans produce even one book that had depth? They even lack the concept of what is deep about a book. I have met scholars who considered Kant profound; at the Prussian court, I am afraid, people consider Herr von Treitschke low. And if I occasionally praise Stendhal as a deep psychologist, I have encountered it with German university professors who let me spell the name...

4.

— And why shouldn't I go to the end? I love making a clean sweep. It is part of my ambition to be known as the despiser of the Germans par excellence. I already expressed my distrust of the German character at the age of twenty-six (third *Untimely* p. 71)—the Germans are impossible for me. If I think of a kind of person that goes against all my instincts, it always turns out to be a German. The first thing that I "test" a person for is whether he has a feeling for distance in his body, whether he sees rank, degree, order between man and man everywhere, whether he is *distinguished*: with that one is *gentilhomme*; in every other case one belongs hopelessly among the broad-minded, alas! so good-natured notion of canaille. But the Germans are canaille—oh! they are so good-natured... One humiliates oneself through intercourse with Germans: the German equates... If I deduct my intercourse with some artists, especially Richard Wagner, then I have not spent a good hour with Germans... Assuming that the deepest spirit of all millennia among Germans, some rescuer of the capitol would think that it's very ugly soul would at least be considered as well... I can't stand this race, with whom one is always in bad company, which has no fingers for nuances - woe is me! I'm a nuance - who has no *esprit* in their feet and can't even walk... The Germans don't have any feet at all, they only have legs... The Germans have no idea how mean they are, but that's the superlative of meanness—they are not even *ashamed* to be just Germans... They have a say in everything, they consider themselves decisive, I'm afraid they made their own decisions about me...—My whole life is *de rigueur* proof of these statements. In vain that I look for a sign of tact, of delicacy towards me in him. From Jews yes, never from Germans. My nature wants me to be mild and

benevolent towards everyone - I have a right not to make any distinctions - this does not prevent me from having my eyes open. I don't exclude anyone, least of all my friends - I hope in the end that this hasn't harmed my humanity towards them! There are five or six things that I have always made a point of honor for. - Nevertheless, it remains true that I feel almost every letter that has reached me for years as cynicism: there is more cynicism in benevolence towards me than in any hatred... I tell every one of my friends to their faces that he never did think worth enough trouble to study any of my writings; I guess from the smallest signs that they don't even know what's in it. As far as my *Zarathustra* is concerned, who of my friends would have seen more in it than an unlawful, fortunately completely indifferent pretension?... Ten years: and no one in Germany has made it a guilty conscience to defend my name against the absurd silence under which he was buried: a foreigner, it was a Dane, who initially had enough subtlety of instinct and courage, who was outraged at my supposed friends... At which German university would lectures on my philosophy be possible today, as they did last spring with that once again proven psychologist Dr. Georg Brandes held in Copenhagen? — I myself have never suffered from any of this; the necessity does not hurt me; **amor fati** is my innermost nature. But that doesn't mean I don't love irony, even world-historical irony. And so, about two years before the devastating lightning bolt of revaluation (*Umwertung*) that will throw the earth into convulsions, I sent the “Wagner case” into the world: the Germans should once again immortalize and immortalize me! it's just about time! — Has that been achieved? — To the delight, my gentlemen Germans! I pay you my compliments... Just now, so that friends don't go missing, an old friend wrote to me, she's laughing at me now... And this at a moment when an unspeakable responsibility lies on me - when no word is too delicate, no gaze can be reverent enough towards me. Because I carry the fate of mankind on my shoulder. —

Why I am destiny.

1.

I know my fate. One day my name will be associated with the memory of something tremendous — of a crisis like no other on earth, of the deepest collision of conscience, of a decision conjured up against everything that had been believed, demanded, sanctified until then. I'm not human, I 'm dynamite. — And with all this there is nothing in me from a religion founder — religions are mob affairs; I have to wash my hands after contact with religious people... I don't *want* any “believers”, I think I'm too spiteful for that, to believe in myself, I never speak to crowds... I have a terrible fear that one day I will be canonized: one will guess why I am publishing this book *beforehand*, it is to prevent that one does mischief with me... I don't want to be a saint; I'd rather be a buffoon... Maybe I'm a buffoon... And in spite of that, or rather not in spite of this - because there has never been anything more dishonest than a saint - speak the truth out of me. — But my truth is terrible: for hitherto *lies* have been called truth. - *Revaluation of all values* (Umwerthung aller Werthe): that is my formula for an act of the highest self-reflection of mankind, which has become flesh and genius in me. My destiny wants me to be the first decent human being, to know that I am opposed to the mendacity of thousands of years... I only *discovered* the truth by first feeling the lie as a lie - smelled it... My genius is in my nostrils, I am a happy ambassador, as there was none; only from me onward will there be hope again. With all this I am necessarily also the man of fate. For when truth contends with the lie of millennia, we shall have tremors, a spasm of earthquakes, a displacement of hill and dale such as has never been dreamed of. The concept of politics was then completely dissolved into a spiritual war, all the power structures of the old society were blown up - they are all based on lies: there will be wars such as there have never been on earth. Only from me on will there be *great politics* on earth. —

2.

Do you want a formula for such a fate that becomes *human*? — It is in my *Zarathustra*.

— *and whoever wants to be a creator in good and evil must first be an annihilator and shatter values.*

Therefore, the highest evil belongs to the highest goodness: but this is the creative (schöpferische).

I am by far the most terrifying man that has ever existed; this does not exclude that I will be the most benevolent. I know the pleasure in *destroying* to a degree that is in accordance with my *power* to destroy - in both, I obey my Dionysian nature, which does not know how to separate doing no from saying yes. I am the first immoralist: that makes me the *annihilator par excellence*. —

3.

I was not asked, I should have been asked, what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth, in the mouth of the first immoralist: for what constitutes the tremendous uniqueness of that Persian in history is precisely the opposite. Zarathustra first saw the actual wheel in the hustle and bustle of things in the struggle between good and evil—the translation of morality into the metaphysical, as force, cause, end in itself, is his work. But this question would basically already be the answer. Zarathustra created this most fatal error, morality: consequently, he must also be the first to recognize it. Not only has that he longer and more experience here than any other thinker - but the whole story is also the experimental refutation of the theorem of the so-called "moral world order" -: the more important thing is that Zarathustra is more truthful than any other thinker. His teaching and it alone has truthfulness as the supreme virtue - that is, the opposite of the cowardice of the "idealist" who takes flight from reality, Zarathustra has more bravery in his body than all thinkers put together. Speaking the truth and *shooting arrows well*, that is the Persian virtue. - Do you understand me?... The self-conquest [self-overcoming] of morality out of truthfulness, the self-conquest [self-overcoming] of the moralist into his opposite - into me - that is what the name Zarathustra means in my mouth.

4.

Basically, there are two negations that my word **immoralist** implies. For once I deny a type of man who has hitherto been considered the highest, the good, the benevolent, the benevolent; On the other hand, I deny a kind of morality that has

come to be valid and dominant as morality in itself—decadence morality, to put it more tangibly, *Christian* morality. It would be permissible to regard the second contradiction as the more decisive one, since the overestimation of kindness and benevolence, on the whole, already counts for me as a consequence of decadence, as a symptom of weakness, as incompatible with an ascending and Yes-saying life: in saying Yes and *negate and destroy* are the conditions. - I will stop first with the psychology of the good person. In order to estimate what a type of human being is worth; one must recalculate the price it costs to maintain it—one must know its conditions of existence. The existence condition of the good is lying —: in other words, not wanting to see at all costs what reality is basically like, namely not of the kind to challenge benevolent instincts at any time, still less of the kind to put up with the intervention of short-sighted good-natured hands at any time. To regard emergencies of all kinds in general as an objection, as something that must be abolished, is the *niaiserie par excellence*, in the grand scheme of things, a true calamity in its consequences, a fate of stupidity—almost as stupid as the will would be to abolish the bad weather — perhaps out of pity for the poor people... In the great economy of the whole, the terrible things of reality (in the affects, in the desires, in the will to power) are incalculably more necessary than that form of small happiness, the so-called “goodness”; one even has to be lenient in order to give the latter a place at all, since it is conditioned by instinctive mendacity. I will have a great reason to prove the uncanny consequences of optimism, this offspring of the *homines optimi* [best of men], for the whole of history. Zarathustra, the first to understand that the optimist is just as decadent as the pessimist and perhaps more harmful, says: “good people never speak the truth”.

“False shores and securities the good taught you; you were born and sheltered in the lies of the good. Everything is fundamentally mendacious and distorted by the good guys. Luckily, the world is not built on instincts, so that just good-natured herd animals would find their narrow happiness in it; to demand that everything should become “good man,”

herd animal, blue-eyed, benevolent, “beautiful soul” — or, as Herr Herbert Spencer wishes, altruistic, would mean robbing existence of its great character, would mean castrating mankind and onto a miserable one bring down Chinese. - *And this was tried!... This is what was called morality...* In this sense Zarathustra sometimes calls the good “the last men”, sometimes the “beginning of the end”; Above all, he

feels them to be the most harmful type of human being, because they assert their existence at the expense of the truth as well as at the expense of the future.

“The good ones - they can't create, they are always the beginning of the end -- they crucify him who writes new values on new tablets, they sacrifice the *future*, they crucify all human futures!

The good guys — they were always the beginning of the end...

And whatever harm the world-slanderers do, the harm of the good is the most injurious harm.”

5.

Zarathustra, the first psychologist of the good, is - consequently - a friend of the bad. If a decadent kind of man has risen to the rank of the highest kind, it could only do so at the expense of its opposite kind, the strong and sure-footed kind of man. When the herd animal shines in the splendor of the purest virtue, the exceptional human being must be devalued into evil. If mendacity claims the word "truth" for its optics at any price, then the actually truthful must be found under the worst names. Zarathustra leaves no doubt here: he says that it was precisely the knowledge of the good, the “best” that caused him to dread people in general; from this reluctance he grew wings to “fly away into distant futures” — he does not hide the fact that his type of human being, a relatively superhuman type (ein relativ übermenschlicher Typus), is superhuman precisely in relation to the good, that the good and just call his superhuman (Übermenschen) the devil would...

You highest men whom my eye met, that is my doubt about you and my secret laughter: I guess you would call my superman — devils!

You are so alien to the great with your soul that the superman would be terrible to you in his goodness...

At this point and nowhere else one has to start in order to understand what Zarathustra wants: this kind of man, which he conceives, conceives reality as it is: it is strong enough for it -, it is not alienated from it, removed from it, it is itself, it has all its fearful and questionable things in itself as well, only with that man can *have greatness....*

(An dieser Stelle und nirgends wo anders muss man den Ansatz machen, um zu begreifen, was Zarathustra will: diese Art Mensch, die er concipirt, concipirt die Realität, wie sie ist: sie ist stark genug dazu —, sie ist ihr nicht entfremdet, entrückt, sie ist sie selbst, sie hat all deren Furchtbares und Fragwürdiges auch noch in sich, damit erst kann der Mensch Grösse haben...)

[Translator's note: gender in German].

6.

- But I have also chosen the word immoralist in another sense as a badge, a badge of honor for me; I'm proud to have that word that sets me apart from all of humanity. No one has yet felt Christian morality to be beneath them: it required a height, a distant view, a hitherto unheard-of psychological depth and abyss. Christian morality has hitherto been the Circe of all thinkers—they were at its service. — Who has climbed before me into the caves from which the poisonous breath of this kind of ideal — the slander of the world! — wells up? Who even dared to suspect that these are caves? Who before me among the philosophers was a psychologist and not rather its opposite “superior imposter”, “idealist”? There was no psychology before me. — To be the first here can be a curse, it is certainly a fate: for even being the first one despises... My disgust with people is my danger...

7.

Did you understand me? — What sets me apart, what sets me aside from the rest of humanity, is having discovered Christian morality. Therefore, I was in need of a word that has the meaning of a challenge to everyone. For me, not having opened my eyes sooner is the greatest impurity that mankind has on our conscience, as self-deception that has become instinctive, as a fundamental will not to see every event, every causality, every reality, as counterfeiting in psychologics to the point of crime. Blindness before Christianity is the crime *par excellence* - the crime against life... The millennia, the peoples, the first and the last, the philosophers and the old women - counting five, six moments of history, me as the seventh - in this point are they all worthy of each other? Hitherto the Christian has been the "moral being", a curiosity without equal - and, as a "moral being", more absurd, more mendacious, vain, more frivolous, more detrimental to himself than even the

greatest despiser of mankind could have dreamed of. Christian morality—the most vicious form of the will to lie, the very Circe of mankind: that which has corrupted it. It is not the error as error that horrifies me at this sight, not the millennia-long lack of "good will", of discipline, of decency, of spiritual bravery, which betrays itself in its victory: - it is the lack of nature, it is the absolutely dreadful fact that the anti-nature itself received the highest honors as morality and as law, as a categorical imperative, remained hanging over mankind!... To this extent misguided, not as an individual, not as a people, but as mankind!... That the very first instincts of life were taught to despise; that one lied to a "soul," a "spirit," to shame the body; that in the prerequisite of life, in sex, one is taught to feel something impure; that one looks for the evil principle in the deepest need for prosperity, in strict selfishness (—the word itself is slanderous!—); that, conversely, one sees the higher value in the typical signs of decline and instinctual contradiction, in "selflessness", in the loss of emphasis, in "depersonalization" and "love of one's neighbor" (— charity!), what am I saying! sees the value in itself!... How! would humanity itself be in decadence? was it always? - What is certain is that it was only taught decadence values as the highest values. The self-denial morality is the morality of decline par excellence, which translates the fact "I am going under" into the imperative: "You shall all perish"—and not only into the imperative!... This only morality that has been taught hitherto is the self-denying morality, betrays a will to the end, it denies life at the deepest level. — Here the possibility would remain open that humanity is not in degeneration, but only that parasitic kind of man, that of the priest, who has lied to himself with morality to determine their values — who guessed their means to power in Christian morality... And in fact, that is my insight: the teachers, the leaders of humanity, theologians as a whole were also *décadents*: hence the revaluation of all values (*Umwertung aller Werthe*) as hostile to life, hence morality... Definition of morality: morality - the idiosyncrasy of *décadents*, with the ulterior motive of taking revenge on life — and with success. I value this definition. —

8.

— Did you understand me? — I just haven't said a word that I hadn't said five years ago through the mouth of Zarathustra. — The *discovery* of Christian morality is an unprecedented event, a real catastrophe. Anyone who enlightens them is a force majeure, a fate - he breaks the history of mankind in two. One lives before it;

one lives after it... The lightning bolt of truth hit exactly what was the highest up to now: whoever understands what was destroyed there may look to see whether he still has anything in his hands at all. Everything that was previously called "truth" is recognized as the most harmful, insidious, underground form of lying; the sacred pretense of "improving" mankind than the ruse of *sucking* life itself dry, anemic. Morality as *vampirism*... Whoever discovers morality has also discovered the worthlessness of all values in which one believes or has believed; he no longer sees anything venerable in the most revered types of human beings, even those who have even been sainted, he sees the most disastrous kind of freaks in them, disastrous because they fascinate... The concept "God" invented as the opposite concept to life — everything in him harmful, poisonous, slanderous, the whole mortal enmity against life brought into a horrible unity! The term "beyond", "true world" invented in order to devalue the only world that exists - in order to leave no goal, no reason, no task for our earthly reality! The term "soul", "spirit", finally even "immortal soul" was invented in order to despise the body, to make it sick - "holy" - in order to answer the questions of all things that deserve seriousness in life Food, dwelling, spiritual diet, medical treatment, cleanliness, weather, a dreadful levity! Instead of health, the "salvation of the soul" - that is to say, a **folie circulaire** between penance spasms and hysteria of salvation! Invented the term "sin" along with its accompanying instrument of torture, the term "free will," to confuse the instincts, to make distrust of the instincts second nature! In the concept of "selflessness", of "self-denial", the actual sign of *décadence*, being enticed by what is harmful, being no longer able to find what it is useful for, self-destruction made into a sign of value in general, to the "duty", to the "holiness", to the "divine" in man! Finally—it is the most terrible thing—in the concept of the good human being, taking sides with everything that is weak, sick, failing, suffering in oneself, everything that should *perish*— the law of selection is crossed, an ideal is made out of the contradiction against the proud and well-behaved, against the yes-men, against the man who is sure of the future, who guarantees the future - this is now called the evil one... And all this was believed as morality! - *Ecrasez l'infâme!* - -

[— *Ecrasez l'infâme!* crush the loathsome thing —referring to crushing the Roman Catholic Church. By Voltaire, 1759. Citation note: Merriam-Webster].

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*.

9.

— Did you understand me? — *Dionysus against the Crucified...*
(Hat man mich verstanden? — Dionysos gegen den Gekreuzigten...).

[End of the English translation of *Ecce homo*, ©2023 copyright Daniel Fidel Ferrer].

The last section of the book *Ecce homo* in German.

“Warum ich ein Schicksal bin.

1.

Ich kenne mein Loos. Es wird sich einmal an meinen Namen die Erinnerung an etwas Ungeheures anknüpfen, — an eine Krisis, wie es keine auf Erden gab, an die tiefste Gewissens-Collision, an eine Entscheidung heraufbeschworen gegen Alles, was bis dahin geglaubt, gefordert, geheiligt worden war. Ich bin kein Mensch, ich bin Dynamit. — Und mit Alledem ist Nichts in mir von einem Religionsstifter — Religionen sind Pöbel-Affairen, ich habe nöthig, mir die Hände nach der Berührung mit religiösen Menschen zu waschen... Ich will keine „Gläubigen“, ich denke, ich bin zu boshaft dazu, um an mich selbst zu glauben, ich rede niemals zu Massen...

Ich habe eine erschreckliche Angst davor, dass man mich eines Tags heilig spricht: man wird errathen, weshalb ich dies Buch vorher herausgebe, es soll verhüten, dass man Unfug mit mir treibt... Ich will kein Heiliger sein, lieber noch ein Hanswurst... Vielleicht bin ich ein Hanswurst... Und trotzdem oder vielmehr nicht trotzdem — denn es gab nichts Verlogneres bisher als Heilige — redet aus mir die Wahrheit. — Aber meine Wahrheit ist furchtbar: denn man hiess bisher die Lüge Wahrheit. —

Umwerthung aller Werthe: das ist meine Formel für einen Akt höchster Selbstbesinnung der Menschheit, der in mir Fleisch und Genie geworden ist. Mein Loos will, dass ich der erste anständige Mensch sein muss, dass ich mich gegen die Verlogenheit von Jahrtausenden im Gegensatz weiss... Ich erst habe die Wahrheit entdeckt, dadurch dass ich zuerst die Lüge als Lüge empfand — roch... Mein Genie ist in meinen Nüstern... Ich widerspreche, wie nie widersprochen worden ist und bin trotzdem der Gegensatz eines neinsagenden Geistes. Ich bin ein froher Botschafter, wie es keinen gab ich kenne Aufgaben von einer Höhe, dass der Begriff dafür bisher gefehlt hat; erst von mir an giebt es wieder Hoffnungen. Mit Alledem bin ich nothwendig auch der Mensch des Verhängnisses. Denn wenn die Wahrheit mit der Lüge von Jahrtausenden in Kampf tritt, werden wir Erschütterungen haben, einen Krampf von Erdbeben, eine Versetzung von Berg und Thal, wie dergleichen nie geträumt worden ist. Der Begriff Politik ist dann

gänzlich in einen Geisterkrieg aufgegangen, alle Machtgebilde der alten Gesellschaft sind in die Luft gesprengt — sie ruhen allesamt auf der Lüge: es wird Kriege geben, wie es noch keine auf Erden gegeben hat. Erst von mir an giebt es auf Erden grosse Politik. —

2.

Will man eine Formel für ein solches Schicksal, das Mensch wird? — Sie steht in meinem *Zarathustra*.

“— und wer ein Schöpfer sein will im Guten und Bösen, der muss ein Vernichter erst sein und Werthe zerbrechen.

Also gehört das höchste Böse zur höchsten Güte: diese aber ist die schöpferische.”

Ich bin bei weitem der furchtbarste Mensch, den es bisher gegeben hat; dies schliesst nicht aus, dass ich der wohlthätigste sein werde. Ich kenne die Lust am Vernichten in einem Grade, die meiner Kraft zum Vernichten gemäss ist, — in Beidem gehorche ich meiner dionysischen Natur, welche das Neinthun nicht vom Jasagen zu trennen weiss. Ich bin der erste Immoralist: damit bin ich der Vernichter *par excellence*. —

3.

Man hat mich nicht gefragt, man hätte mich fragen sollen, was gerade in meinem Munde, im Munde des ersten Immoralisten, der Name Zarathustra bedeutet: denn was die ungeheure Einzigkeit jenes Persers in der Geschichte ausmacht, ist gerade dazu das Gegentheil. Zarathustra hat zuerst im Kampf des Guten und des Bösen das eigentliche Rad im Getriebe der Dinge gesehn, — die Übersetzung der Moral in's Metaphysische, als Kraft, Ursache, Zweck an sich, ist sein Werk. Aber diese Frage wäre im Grunde bereits die Antwort. Zarathustra schuf diesen verhängnissvollsten Irrthum, die Moral: folglich muss er auch der Erste sein, der ihn erkennt. Nicht nur, dass er hier länger und mehr Erfahrung hat als sonst ein Denker — die ganze Geschichte ist ja die Experimental-Widerlegung vom Satz der sogenannten „sittlichen Weltordnung“ —: das Wichtigere ist, Zarathustra ist wahrhaftiger als sonst ein Denker. Seine Lehre und sie allein hat die Wahrhaftigkeit als oberste Tugend — das heisst den Gegensatz zur Feigheit des „Idealisten“, der vor der Realität die Flucht ergreift, Zarathustra hat mehr

Tapferkeit im Leibe als alle Denker zusammengenommen. Wahrheit reden und *gut mit Pfeilen schiessen*, das ist die persische Tugend. — Versteht man mich?... Die Selbstüberwindung der Moral aus Wahrhaftigkeit, die Selbstüberwindung des Moralisten in seinen Gegensatz — in mich — das bedeutet in meinem Munde der Name Zarathustra.

4.

Im Grunde sind es zwei Verneinungen, die mein Wort *Immoralist* in sich schliesst. Ich verneine einmal einen Typus Mensch, der bisher als der höchste galt, die Guten, die Wohlwollenden, Wohltätigen; ich verneine andererseits eine Art Moral, welche als Moral an sich in Geltung und Herrschaft gekommen ist, — die *décadence*-Moral, handgreiflicher geredet, *die christliche* Moral. Es wäre erlaubt, den zweiten Widerspruch als den entscheidenderen anzusehn, da die Überschätzung der Güte und des Wohlwollens, ins Grosse gerechnet, mir bereits als Folge der *décadence* gilt, als Schwäche-Symptom, als unverträglich mit einem aufsteigenden und jasagenden Leben: im Jasagen ist Verneinen und Vernichten Bedingung. — Ich bleibe zunächst bei der Psychologie des guten Menschen stehn. Um abzuschätzen, was ein Typus Mensch werth ist, muss man den Preis nachrechnen, den seine Erhaltung kostet, — muss man seine Existenzbedingungen kennen. Die Existenz-Bedingung der Guten ist die Lüge —: anders ausgedrückt, das Nicht-sehn-wollen um jeden Preis, wie im Grunde die Realität beschaffen ist, nämlich nicht der Art, um jeder Zeit wohlwollende Instinkte herauszufordern, noch weniger der Art, um sich ein Eingreifen von kurzsichtigen gutmüthigen Händen jeder Zeit gefallen zu lassen.

Die Nothstände aller Art überhaupt als Einwand, als Etwas, das man abschaffen muss, betrachten, ist *die niaiserie par excellence*, ins Grosse gerechnet, ein wahres Unheil in seinen Folgen, ein Schicksal von Dummheit —, beinahe so dumm, als es der Wille wäre, das schlechte Wetter abzuschaffen — aus Mitleiden etwa mit den armen Leuten... In der grossen Ökonomie des Ganzen sind die Furchtbarkeiten der Realität (in den Affekten, in den Begierden, im Willen zur Macht) in einem unausrechenbaren Maasse nothwendiger als jene Form des kleinen Glücks, die sogenannte „Güte“; man muss sogar nachsichtig sein, um der letzteren, da sie in der Instinkt-Verlogenheit bedingt ist, überhaupt einen Platz zu gönnen. Ich werde einen grossen Anlass haben, die über die Maassen unheimlichen Folgen des *Optimismus*, dieser Ausgeburts der *homines optimi*, für die ganze

Geschichte zu beweisen. Zarathustra, der Erste, der begriff, dass der Optimist ebenso *décadent* ist wie der Pessimist und vielleicht schädlicher, sagt: gute Menschen reden nie die Wahrheit. Falsche Küsten und Sicherheiten lehrten euch die Guten; in Lügen der Guten wart ihr geboren und geborgen. Alles ist in den Grund hinein verlogen und verbogen durch die Guten. Die Welt ist zum Glück nicht auf Instinkte hin gebaut, dass gerade bloss gutmüthiges Heerdengethier darin sein enges Glück fände; zu fordern, dass Alles „guter Mensch“, Heerdenthier, blauäugig, wohlwollend, „schöne Seele“ — oder, wie Herr Herbert Spencer es wünscht, altruistisch werden solle, hiesse dem Dasein seinen grossen Charakter nehmen, hiesse die Menschheit castriren und auf eine armselige Chineserei herunterbringen. — *Und dies hat man versucht!... Dies eben hiess man Moral...*

In diesem Sinne nennt Zarathustra die Guten bald „die letzten Menschen“, bald den „Anfang vom Ende“; vor Allem empfindet er sie als die schädlichste Art Mensch, weil sie ebenso auf Kosten der Wahrheit als auf Kosten der Zukunft ihre Existenz durchsetzen.

Die Guten — die können nicht schaffen, die sind immer der Anfang vom Ende —
— sie kreuzigen den, der neue Werthe auf neue Tafeln schreibt, sie opfern sich die Zukunft, sie kreuzigen alle Menschen-Zukunft!

Die Guten — die waren immer der Anfang vom Ende...

Und was auch für Schaden die Welt-Verleumder thun mögen, der Schaden der Guten ist der schädlichste Schaden.

5.

Zarathustra, der erste Psycholog der Guten, ist — folglich — ein Freund der Bösen. Wenn eine *décadence*-Art Mensch zum Rang der höchsten Art aufgestiegen ist, so konnte dies nur auf Kosten ihrer Gegensatz-Art geschehn, der starken und lebensgewissen Art Mensch. Wenn das Heerdenthier im Glanze der reinsten Tugend strahlt, so muss der Ausnahme-Mensch zum Bösen heruntergewerthet sein. Wenn die Verlogenheit um jeden Preis das Wort „Wahrheit“ für ihre Optik in Anspruch nimmt, so muss der eigentlich Wahrhaftige unter den schlimmsten Namen wiederzufinden sein. Zarathustra lässt hier keinen Zweifel: er sagt, die Erkenntniss der Guten, der „Besten“ gerade sei es gewesen, was ihm Grausen vor dem Menschen überhaupt gemacht habe; aus diesem Widerwillen seien ihm die

Flügel gewachsen, „fortzuschweben in ferne Zukünfte“, — er verbirgt es nicht, dass sein Typus Mensch, ein relativ übermenschlicher Typus, gerade im Verhältniss zu den Guten übermenschlich ist, dass die Guten und Gerechten seinen Übermenschen Teufel nennen würden...

Ihr höchsten Menschen, denen mein Auge begegnete, das ist mein Zweifel an euch und mein heimliches Lachen: ich rathe, ihr würdet meinen Übermenschen — Teufel heissen!

So fremd seid ihr dem Grossen mit eurer Seele, dass euch der Übermensch furchtbar sein würde in seiner Güte...

An dieser Stelle und nirgends wo anders muss man den Ansatz machen, um zu begreifen, was Zarathustra will: diese Art Mensch, die er concipirt, concipirt die Realität, wie sie ist: sie ist stark genug dazu —, sie ist ihr nicht entfremdet, entrückt, sie ist sie selbst, sie hat all deren Furchtbares und Fragwürdiges auch *noch in sich, damit erst kann der Mensch Grösse haben...*

6.

— Aber ich habe auch noch in einem andren Sinne das Wort *Immoralist* zum Abzeichen, zum Ehrenzeichen für mich gewählt; ich bin stolz darauf, dies Wort zu haben, das mich gegen die ganze Menschheit abhebt. Niemand noch hat die christliche Moral als unter sich gefühlt: dazu gehörte eine Höhe, ein Fernblick, eine bisher ganz unerhörte psychologische Tiefe und Abgründlichkeit. Die *christliche* Moral war bisher die Circe aller Denker, — sie standen in ihrem Dienst. — Wer ist vor mir eingestiegen in die Höhlen, aus denen der Gifthauch dieser Art von Ideal — der Weltverleumdung! — emporquillt? Wer hat auch nur zu ahnen gewagt, dass es Höhlen sind? Wer war überhaupt vor mir unter den Philosophen Psycholog und nicht vielmehr dessen Gegensatz „höherer Schwindler“, „Idealist“? Es gab vor mir noch gar keine Psychologie. — Hier der Erste zu sein kann ein Fluch sein, es ist jedenfalls ein Schicksal: denn man verachtet auch als der Erste... *Der Ekel* am Menschen ist meine Gefahr...

7.

Hat man mich verstanden? — Was mich abgrenzt, was mich bei Seite stellt gegen den ganzen Rest der Menschheit, das ist, die *christliche Moral entdeckt zu haben*.

Deshalb war ich eines Worts bedürftig, das den Sinn einer Herausforderung an Jedermann enthält. Hier nicht eher die Augen aufgemacht zu haben gilt mir als die grösste Unsauberkeit, die die Menschheit auf dem Gewissen hat, als Instinkt gewordener Selbstbetrug, als grundsätzlicher Wille, jedes Geschehen, jede Ursächlichkeit, jede Wirklichkeit nicht zu sehen, als Falschmünzerei *in psychologicis* bis zum Verbrechen. Die Blindheit vor dem Christenthum ist das Verbrechen *par excellence* — das Verbrechen am Leben... Die Jahrtausende, die Völker, die Ersten und die Letzten, die Philosophen und die alten Weiber — fünf, sechs Augenblicke der Geschichte abgerechnet, mich als siebenten — in diesem Punkte sind sie alle einander würdig. Der Christ war bisher das „moralische Wesen“, ein Curiosum ohne Gleichen — und, als „moralisches Wesen“, absürder, verlogner, eitler, leichtfertiger, sich selber nachtheiliger als auch der grösste Verächter der Menschheit es sich träumen lassen könnte. Die christliche Moral — die böse Form des Willens zur Lüge, die eigentliche Circe der Menschheit: Das, was sie verdorben hat. Es ist nicht der Irrthum als Irrthum, was mich bei diesem Anblick entsetzt, nicht der jahrtausendelange Mangel an „gutem Willen“, an Zucht, an Anstand, an Tapferkeit im Geistigen, der sich in seinem Sieg verräth: — es ist der Mangel an Natur, es ist der vollkommen schauerliche Thatbestand, dass die Widernatur selbst als Moral die höchsten Ehren empfing und als Gesetz, als kategorischer Imperativ, über der Menschheit hängen blieb!... In diesem Maasse sich vergreifen, nicht als Einzelner, nicht als Volk, sondern als Menschheit!... Dass man die allerersten Instinkte des Leben<s> verachten lehrte; dass man eine „Seele“, einen „Geist“ erlog, um den Leib zu Schanden zu machen; dass man in der Voraussetzung des Lebens, in der Geschlechtlichkeit, etwas Unreines empfinden lehrt; dass man in der tiefsten Nothwendigkeit zum Gedeihen, in der strengen Selbstsucht (— das Wort schon ist verleumderisch! —) das böse Princip sucht; dass man umgekehrt in dem typischen Abzeichen des Niedergangs und der Instinkt-Widersprüchlichkeit, im „Selbstlosen“, im Verlust an Schwergewicht, in der „Entpersönlichung“ und „Nächstenliebe“ (— Nächstensucht!) den *höheren* Werth, was sage ich! den Werth an sich sieht!...

Wie! wäre die Menschheit selber in *décadence*? war sie es immer? — Was feststeht, ist, dass ihr nur *Décadence*-Werthe als oberste Werthe gelehrt worden sind. Die Entselbstungs-Moral ist die Niedergangs-Moral *par excellence*, die Thatsache „ich gehe zu Grunde“ in den Imperativ übersetzt: „ihr sollt alle zu Grunde gehn“ — und nicht nur in den Imperativ!...

Diese einzige Moral, die bisher gelehrt worden ist, die Entselbstungs-Moral, verräth einen Willen zum Ende, sie verneint im untersten Grunde das Leben. — Hier bliebe die Möglichkeit offen, dass nicht die Menschheit in Entartung sei, sondern nur jene parasitische Art Mensch, die des *Priesters*, die mit der Moral sich zu ihren Werth-Bestimmern emporgelogen hat, — die in der christlichen Moral ihr Mittel zur Macht errieth... Und in der That, das ist meine Einsicht: die Lehrer, die Führer der Menschheit, Theologen insgesamt, waren insgesamt auch *décadents*: daher die Umwerthung aller Werthe ins Lebensfeindliche, daher die Moral...

Definition der Moral: Moral — die Idiosynkrasie von *décadents*, mit der Hinterabsicht, sich am Leben zu rächen — und mit Erfolg. Ich lege Werth auf diese Definition. —

8.

— Hat man mich verstanden? — Ich habe eben kein Wort gesagt, das ich nicht schon vor fünf Jahren durch den Mund Zarathustras gesagt hätte. —

Die Entdeckung der christlichen Moral ist ein Ereigniss, das nicht seines Gleichen hat, eine wirkliche Katastrophe. Wer über sie aufklärt, ist eine *force majeure*, ein Schicksal, — er bricht die Geschichte der Menschheit in zwei Stücke. Man lebt vor ihm, man lebt nach ihm...

Der Blitz der Wahrheit traf gerade das, was bisher am Höchsten stand: wer begreift, was da vernichtet wurde, mag zusehn, ob er überhaupt noch Etwas in den Händen hat. Alles, was bisher „Wahrheit“ hiess, ist als die schädlichste, tückischste, unterirdischste Form der Lüge erkannt; der heilige Vorwand, die Menschheit zu „verbessern“ als die List, das Leben selbst auszusaugen, blutarm zu machen. Moral als Vampyrismus...

Wer die Moral entdeckt, hat den Unwerth aller Werthe mit entdeckt, an die man glaubt oder geglaubt hat; er sieht in den verehrtesten, in den selbst heilig gesprochenen Typen des Menschen nichts Ehrwürdiges mehr, er sieht die verhängnissvollste Art von Missgeburten darin, verhängnissvoll, weil sie fascinirten...

Der Begriff „Gott“ erfunden als Gegensatz-Begriff zum Leben, — in ihm alles Schädliche, Vergiftende, Verleumderische, die ganze Todfeindschaft gegen das

Leben in eine entsetzliche Einheit gebracht! Der Begriff „Jenseits“, „wahre Welt“ erfunden, um die einzige Welt zu entwerthen, die es giebt, — um kein Ziel, keine Vernunft, keine Aufgabe für unsre Erden-Realität übrig zu behalten! Der Begriff „Seele“, „Geist“, zuletzt gar noch „*unsterbliche Seele*“, erfunden, um den Leib zu verachten, um ihn krank — „heilig“ — zu machen, um allen Dingen, die Ernst im Leben verdienen, den Fragen von Nahrung, Wohnung, geistiger Diät, Krankenbehandlung, Reinlichkeit, Wetter, einen schauerlichen Leichtsinn entgegenzubringen!

Statt der Gesundheit das „Heil der Seele“ — will sagen eine *folie circulaire* zwischen Busskrampf und Erlösungs-Hysterie!

Der Begriff „Sünde“ erfunden sammt dem zugehörigen Folter-Instrument, dem Begriff „freier Wille“, um die Instinkte zu verwirren, um das Misstrauen gegen die Instinkte zur zweiten Natur zu machen! Im Begriff des „Selbstlosen“, des „Sichselbst-Verleugnenden“ das eigentliche *décadence*-Abzeichen, das Gelockt-werden vom Schädlichen, das Seinen-Nutzen-nicht-mehr-finden-können, die Selbst-Zerstörung zum Werthzeichen überhaupt gemacht, zur „Pflicht“, zur „Heiligkeit“, zum „Göttlichen“ im Menschen! Endlich — es ist das Furchtbarste — im Begriff des *guten* Menschen die Partei alles Schwachen, Kranken, Missrathnen, An-sichselber-Leidenden genommen, alles dessen, was zu Grunde gehn soll —, das Gesetz der Selektion gekreuzt, ein Ideal aus dem Widerspruch gegen den stolzen und wohlgerathenen, gegen den jasagenden, gegen den zukunfts-gewissen, zukunftsverbürgenden Menschen gemacht — dieser heisst nunmehr der *Böse*... Und das Alles wurde geglaubt als *Moral*! — *Ecrasez l'infâme!* —

.

— Hat man mich verstanden? — *Dionysos gegen den Gekreuzigten*...

End of Nietzsche's text for *Ecce homo*

Ecce homo: How One Becomes What One Is (German: *Ecce homo: Wie man wird, was man ist*) one of the last original books written by the philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche before his death in 1900. It was written in 1888 and was not published until 1908. Written from about 15 October to 13 November in the year 1888. Some minor revisions during December and early January 1889. Nietzsche was born on 15 October 1844. *Ecce homo* was started on his 44th birthday, October 15, 1888.

POEM

The poem was included in the first published version
of
Ecce homo.

Ecce Homo: How One Becomes What One Is (German: *Ecce homo: Wie man wird, was man ist*) is one of the last original books written by philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche before his death in 1900. *Ecce homo* was written in 1888 and was not published until *Ecce homo* (1908). Nietzsche added the following poem and was included in the first edition of *Ecce homo*, but the poem was later removed by publishers and/or his sister and Peter Gast as the editors. Mentioned in this letter first, *BVN*-1888, #1227 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz (Peter Gast): 30/12/1888. Nietzsche wrote to his dear friend, “Yesterday I sent my **non plus ultra** to the printers, titled Glory and Eternity (Ruhm und Ewigkeit), written beyond all seven heavens. It makes the end of *Ecce homo*. - One dies of it if one reads it unprepared....”

Nietzsche final days of writing, he sent this letter to his publisher (see *BVN*-1889, #1233 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 01/01/1889. Turin, 1. January 1889). He wrote, “I have to ask for the poem that ends *Ecce homo* again: it's called Glory and Eternity — I sent it last of all.”. Note the word “again” and Nietzsche may be thinking about re-writing the poem or not including it in *Ecce homo*. In addition, discussed in this letter to his friend Peter Gast, *BVN*-1888, #1228 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 31/12/1888.

Also, he wrote to Constantin Georg Naumann in Leipzig.

Die Ereignisse haben die kleine Schrift Nietzsche contra W. vollständig überholt: senden Sie mir umgehend das Gedicht, das den Schluß macht, ebenso wie das letztgesandte Gedicht „Ruhm und Ewigkeit“. Vorwärts mit Ecce!

Telegraphiren Sie Herrn Gast!

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

Adresse nach wie vor

Turin".

In English,

"Events have completely overtaken the little pamphlet Nietzsche contra W.: send me the poem that concludes it immediately, as well as the last poem sent, "Glory and Eternity". Forward with *Ecce!*

Telegraph Mr. Gast!

Address as before

Turin

KGWB/BVN-1889, #1237

Dionysos = Dithyramben.

This poem is now included in a group of nine poems that Nietzsche edited (written at different times) in the last 6 months of 1888, he called them: *Dionysian Dithyrambs* (KGWB/DD-Ewigkeit-1). Note this dedication in his letters, Turin, January 1, 1889: Draft of dedication of *Dionysus-Dithyrambs* to Catulle Mendès and Nietzsche signed this as **Dionysos**. See letter #1235. To Catulle Mendès in Paris. One of the last letters he wrote.

This single poem is the one that Nietzsche wanted to include at the end of his book, *Ecce homo*.

Ruhm und Ewigkeit

1.

Wie lange sitztest du schon

auf deinem Missgeschick?

Gieb Acht! du brütest mir noch

ein Ei,

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

ein Basilisken-Ei
aus deinem langen Jammer aus.

Was schleicht Zarathustra entlang dem Berge? —
Misstrauisch, geschwürig, düster,
ein langer Lauerer —,
aber plötzlich, ein Blitz,
hell, furchtbar, ein Schlag
gen Himmel aus dem Abgrund:
— dem Berge selber schüttelt sich
das Eingeweide...
Wo Hass und Blitzstrahl
Eins ward, ein Fluch —,
auf den Bergen haust jetzt Zarathustra's Zorn,
eine Wetterwolke schleicht er seines Wegs.
Verkrieche sich, wer eine letzte Decke hat!
Ins Bett mit euch, ihr Zärtlinge!
Nun rollen Donner über die Gewölbe,
nun zittert, was Gebälk und Mauer ist,
nun zucken Blitze und schwefelgelbe Wahrheiten —
Zarathustra flucht.

2.

Diese Münze, mit der
alle Welt bezahlt,

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

Ruhm —,
mit Handschuhen fasse ich diese Münze an,
mit Ekel trete ich sie unter mich.
Wer will bezahlt sein?
Die Käuflichen...
Wer feil steht, greift
mit fetten Händen
nach diesem Allerwelts-Blechklingklang Ruhm!
— Willst du sie kaufen?
sie sind Alle käuflich.
Aber biete Viel!
klinge mit vollem Beutel!
— du stärkst sie sonst,
du stärkst sonst ihre Tugend...
Sie sind Alle tugendhaft.
Ruhm und Tugend — das reimt sich.
So lange die Welt lebt,
zahlt sie Tugend-Geplapper
mit Ruhm-Geklapper —,
die Welt lebt von diesem Lärm...

Vor allen Tugendhaften
will ich schuldig sein,
schuldig heissen mit jeder grossen Schuld!
Vor allen Ruhms-Schalltrichtern

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

wird mein Ehrgeiz zum Wurm —,
unter, Solchen gelüftet's mich,
der Niedrigste zusein...

Diese Münze, mit der
alle Welt bezahlt,
Ruhm —,
mit Handschuhen fasse ich diese Münze an,
mit Ekel trete ich sie unter mich.

3.

Still!-

Von grossen Dingen — ich sehe Grosses! —
soll man schweigen
oder gross reden:
rede gross, meine entzückte Weisheit!
Ich sehe hinauf —
dort rollen Lichtmeere:
— oh Nacht, oh Schweigen, oh todtenstillen Lärm!...
Ich sehe ein Zeichen —,
aus fernsten Fernen
sinkt langsam funkelnd ein Sternbild gegen mich...

4.

Höchstes Gestirn des Seins!

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

Ewiger Bildwerke Tafel!

Du kommst zu mir? —

Was Keiner erschaut hat,

deine stumme Schönheit, —

wie? sie flieht vor meinen Blicken nicht?

Schild der Nothwendigkeit!

Ewiger Bildwerke Tafel!

— aber du weisst es ja:

was Alle hassen,

was allein ich liebe,

dass du ewig bist!

dass du nothwendig bist!

Meine Liebe entzündet

sich ewig nur an der Nothwendigkeit.

Schild der Nothwendigkeit!

Höchstes Gestirn des Seins!

— das kein Wunsch erreicht,

das kein Nein befleckt,

ewiges Ja des Sein's,

ewig bin ich dein Ja:

denn ich liebe dich, oh Ewigkeit! —

KGWB/DD-Ewigkeit-1

Glory and eternity

1.

How long have you been sitting
on your misfortune?

Take care! you are still hatching me
an egg,
a basilisk egg
from your long misery.

What is Zarathustra creeping along the mountain? -

Suspicious, ulcerous, gloomy,
a long lurker -,
but suddenly, a flash,
bright, terrible, a blow
towards heaven from the abyss:
- the mountain itself shakes
the bowels...

Where hate and lightning ray
became one, a curse -,
on the mountains now Zarathustra's wrath dwells,
a weather cloud he creeps his way.

Hide, who has a last blanket!

To bed with you, you tardigrades!

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

Now thunder rolls over the vaults,
now the beams and walls tremble,
now lightning flashes and sulfur-yellow truths -
Zarathustra curses.

2.

This coin, with which
all the world pays,
glory -,
with gloves I touch this coin,
with disgust I tread it under myself.

Who wants to be paid?

The venal...

Who haggles, grasps
with fat hands
for this common tin ringing fame!

- Do you want to buy them?

they are all for sale.

But offer much!

ring with full bag!

- you will strengthen them,

you will strengthen their virtue...

They are all virtuous.

Fame and virtue - that rhymes.

As long as the world lives

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

it pays virtue-babble
with the clatter of fame -,
the world lives on this noise ...

In front of all virtuous people
I want to be guilty,
guilty with every great guilt!
Before all fame-sounders
my ambition becomes a worm -,
Among such I long to be.,
to be the lowest...

This coin, with which
all the world pays,
Glory.,
with gloves I touch this coin,
with disgust I tread it under myself.

3.

Hush!-

Of great things - I see great things! -
one should keep silent
or talk big:
speak big, my delighted wisdom!
I look up -

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

there roll seas of light:

- oh night, oh silence, oh deathly silent noise!...

I see a sign -,

from the farthest distance

a constellation sinks slowly sparkling against me...

4.

Highest star of being!

Eternal tablet of images!

You come to me? -

What no one has seen,

your silent beauty, -

how? she does not flee from my gaze?

Shield of necessity!

Eternal tablet of images!

- But you know it:

what everyone hates,

what I alone love,

that you are eternal!

that you are necessary!

My love is

eternally only on necessity.

Shield of necessity!

Highest star of being!

- that no wish can reach,

Nietzsche's *Ecce homo*. Poem.

Which no no can tarnish (das kein Nein befleckt),
eternal yes of being,
eternally I am your yes:
for I love you, O eternity! --

Reference. *KGWB/DD-Ewigkeit-1*

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Nietzsche's notebooks that discuss *Ecce homo*

Dates:

15 Oct 1888 and 4 Nov 1888. Up to early January 1889.

Notebooks are numbered 21, 22, 23, and 24. There are a total of 82 notes that are completed translated here. The actual chronology of these notes are in the final realm of Nietzsche's chronology and philology. These are the complete published versions.

First notebook:

Herbst 1888 21 [1-8]

21 = N VII 4. Autumn 1888

21 [1]

Teichm

Scepter gr

Spir

A Müller, Islam

[Translator's note: hasty FN abbreviations]

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

21 [2]

Evening in the Café Livorno

3-5 into the café Florio

Not to Roma

not to quencher (Löscher)

Not on set in the street!

do not buy books!

not go into the crowd!

Evening through the garden to V castle, then back inside until the end of Piazza Vittorio Emanuele and the Café Livorno
in the theater with Gall num rehearse!

21 [3]

Cap. on faith

Cap. Paulus about

which means, ill to make

which means, crazy to make

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

21 [4]

no letters to write!

no books to read!

into the café to take something to read! (ins Café etwas mitnehmen zum Lesen!)

Notebook (Notizbuch!)

21 [5]

Water to drink.

Never spirituous liquor.

from time to time (about Rhababer)

A glass of tea in the morning: cold can be!

at night a little warm!

in theat gelatinous posto numer

no glasses on road

not go into the crowd!

not to quencher!

not to Rome!

do not write letters

Evening dress warm!

21 [6]

Oh, what good deed is a Jew under German cattle! underestimate the gentlemen... The anti-Semites. What really distinguishes a Jew and an anti-Semite the Jew knows that he is lying, if he's lying: the anti-Semite does not know that he always lies.

21 [7]

We see young men often disappear today in quite respectable origin ambiguous movements: they have their long life makes no sense to give know - anyone will finally sense in them an almost tyrannical necessity. Recent decisions of the accident: they succumb to a party that has a "meaning" protested against the basically not only their taste but their smell, -

against which basically not only the taste but the smell of protest, the anti-Semites, for example: just because the anti-Semites have a goal, the hand-grasp

is up to the insolence of the Jewish money...

their lives do not make sense to give and finally the fall of a party that has a meaning that anti-Semites to B, which aims to tangibly insolence (Unverschämth) is the Jewish money.

they become Beisp. A, simply because the A have a goal, the wrist to insolence is - the Jewish money.

Definition of anti-Semites: envy, resentment and impotent rage as leitmotif in instinct: the claim of the "elect", the perfect moralistic even hypocrisy (Selbstverlogenheit) - they must all virtue and constantly in big words have mouths. This, however, the typical characters: they do even remember who they see confusingly similar? an anti-Semite is a "jealous" that most stupid Jew - -

21 [8]

I dare one proper (proprium) my nature to suggest, especially since almost is proper (proprium). I have something I call my inner nostrils. For any contact with people the first thing has betrayed me, the degree of internal cleanliness [- - -] - I just smell the "beautiful souls" as particularly unclean. As someone has to be, or how someone something before whether he holds it, to communicate unambiguously with it - if someone bear or an "ideal" necessary... The idealist smells bad to me...

I would dare to mention the name of a scholar of Jewish descent who have become instinct to me by a noble coolness and clarity at any time a deep sense of beauty, cleanliness has been in my mind: he likened himself for a moment, he was never the other, hid, neither before nor witnesses, without witnesses. This includes not only a perfect habit of hardness and boldness against him, but it is also a great resistance to order, under the influence of social or occupational accident or not to change. It's also a sign of strength as the so-called - - -

The contrast with the described cleanly types gives me an average of almost all Germans I know, especially the men anti-Semites, which I found - par excel feel. Bad instincts, an absurd ambition, vanity, [- - -], while the attitude of "higher values", the "idealism"...

September-Oktober 1888 22 [1-29].

22 = W II 8b. September-October 1888.

22 [1]

Side note to an English silliness (niaserie anglaise). - "What you do not, that you do the people, do not even doing," This is a wisdom, which is regarded as wisdom, which is regarded as the basic morality - as a "golden sentence". John Stuart Mill and who does not believe in it among English... But the spell does not make the slightest attack. The calcul "do nothing, what you yourself do not want to be dressed" ?? to prohibit actions harmful consequences of their sake, the general idea is that an action is always rewarded is. What if someone with the "principle" in the hand, said, "just such acts must do is to pre-empt others do not us - so we put others out of state, they are the other hand - to do? ": let us imagine a Corsican, which dictates his honor, the vendetta. Also, he does not want any bullet in the body: but the prospect of such, the probability of a ball keeps him – not from satisfy his honor... And we are not at all decent acts just deliberately indifferent to that which comes from this for us? To prevent an act which would have adverse consequences for us - this one would be prohibited for any decent acts...

In contrast, the verdict is valuable because he had a type of man betrays it is the instinct of the herd, which formulates with him - is it right, you take the same: as I told you, you me - This is really an equivalence of actions believed that, in any real relationships, not simply occur. It cannot be any action to be returned: between real "individuals" there is no similar action, hence no "retribution"... If I do something to me is the thought away completely, that at all like any man would be possible: it is me... You can repay me nothing, you would always have a "different" commit act against me -

22 [2]

Chapter on Paul

the Jewish family in the diaspora

the "love"

the "free" grooming of Jesus

all Jewish priestly

a) Death for our sins

b) the "savior" is immortal

the deep hatred of the culture and the knowledge - even Jewish (*Genesis 52*)

the "immortal" soul Psychology of the "dying" 18

the priest as "evil angels" 10

everything was spoiled by the church's

1) the asceticism

2) fasting 66

3) the "monastery"

4) the parties

5) the mild heartedness (*Mildherzigkeit*)

My goodness heroism 243

Psychology of the first Christians "judge not" 11

197 63 Protestant 184

big lie of history 17

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Book 2. Prove that the nihilistic way of thinking, the result of belief in the moral and value-priest (Priester-Werthe) is: if you have set the value false, then appears in the insight into this falsehood, the world devalued...

Book 3. morality in terms of development, on average, in the immoral intention of the fact (Faktum) of history... their self-refuting in that it, in order to obtain their values straight, the counter value practice must...

22 [4]

Paul: he seeks power against the reigning Judaism, - his movement is too weak... revaluation (Umwerthung) of the term "Jew": the "race" is done at site: - but that was the foundation negate: the "martyrs", the fanatic, the value of all strong belief...

Never concede that the humanitarian effects speak for Christianity...

Christianity is the decay form of the ancient world in utter powerlessness so that the sickest and most unhealthy and needs to come on top of layers.

22 [5]

Consequently, had other instincts come to the fore, by one unit, a resisting force to create - in short, a kind of desperate situation was necessary, as those of the Jews from their instinct for self-preservation had won...

Are invaluable for this persecution, the Christians - the community in danger of the mass conversions as the only way to make the private prosecutions to an end (- you take it as easy as possible, hence the term "conversion")

22 [6]

Idol's hammer.
or
serenity
of a psychologist.

Idol's hammer.
Or:
as a psychologist asks questions.
By
Friedrich Nietzsche.

Idol's hammer.
idleness
of a psychologist.
By
Friedrich Nietzsche.

Idol's hammer.
Or:
as a psychologist asks questions.
By
Friedrich Nietzsche

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Leipzig
publisher C. G. Naumann
1889.

Twilight of the Idols.

Or:
as one with the hammer
philosophizes.

By
Friedrich Nietzsche.

22 [7]

I the interpreter to find arguing as low Christian manner of frivolity. His life interpreted in such a way as do Swabian Christians, seems to me quite indecent - it is lack of great righteousness about to discover not - interpret man to something [- -] - and that it is a paltry 's trick - if the science is not the conscience leads, so always be lagging behind because of efficiency, - so as not weak cowardly, mindless, in a Christian way to navigate down his life as it is possible in the remaining areas as in Swabia, is possible, what is there left behind was the righteousness... Not the "spirit" because it belongs to no sagacity to see through the "fraud" that was then drives.

22 [8]

A belief, based on holy books, which no one can be considered as books, the books communicated by revelation to those who know the truth as something that is

given, it is clear that, not as something that [- - -] and with unspeakable self-mastery and breeding, a faith that never has the will to understand its sacred books, the [- - -] by "revelation" is his typical state ensured.

22 [9]

One should never be forgiven the Germans, the R [Translator's note FN abbreviation] their goal to their victory brought, - the victory over Christianity. The German Reformation is their dark curse... And three more times has this unfortunate race was made between them in order to inhibit the progress of civilization - the German philosophy, the freedom wars (Freiheitskriege [Napoleonic Wars?]), the founding of the empire at the end of the nineteenth century - all major fates of culture!

22 [10]

57th Cap.) the sacred purpose: Manu's thoughts in his lie.

58th Cap.) never intended to humanitarian admit effects of Christianity, it has spoiled everything - the terrible loss that have experienced all the valuable things that the seriousness of imaginary, in adverse wasted; that until the middle of this century, the questions food, housing, health seriously were

59th Cap.) the large experimental values of the counter - the mission of the German

60th Cap. my claims.

1. One avoid dealing with those who remain are still Christians, - the reasons of cleanliness.

2. The cases considered, where Christianity is merely apparent consequence and symptom of neurasthenia, by all means to prevent that from such foci of infection from taking hold.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

3. That the Bible is a dangerous book is that one must learn caution against it, - that immature age classes must be given not just in the hand
4. that the priest as a sort of Chandala consider and treat
5. All sites, facilities, education, clean from the defilement of the priest
6. Festivals and saints 'savior'
7. Time-datings (Zeit-Datirung)

22 [11]

I've seen cases where young men of respectable origin, the time to give their life a goal understand, finally disappearing in a really dirty movements - just because they give them a goal... Some are even as anti-Semites...

22 [12]

58. What we owe to Christianity

The terrible loss, because everything that value is what important has been the first order is not taken seriously...

- now we are beginning to take health, clothing, food, dwelling on, seriously...

the waste of all passion, all the enthusiasm of all depth and subtlety of mind

22 [13]

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

From the higher men (höheren Menschen).

Or:

the temptation of Zarathustra's.

Zarathustra's temptation.

Or:

who would pity a sin.

Zarathustra's temptation.

Or:

as pity is a sin.

who would pity is a sin.

22 [14]

Revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe).

The Antichrist. Attempt a critique of Christianity.

The Immoralist. Critique of the most disastrous kind of ignorance, of morality.

We yes-saying. Criticism of philosophy as a nihilistic movement.

Dionysus. Philosophy of the eternal return.

Zarathustra's songs

from

seven solitudes.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

22 [15]

Zarathustra temptation.

Or:

to whom compassion for sin
would.

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

22 [16]

The Case of Wagner. A musician problem.

Twilight of the Idols. Or: how to philosophize with a hammer.

Zarathustra's temptation. Or: to whom sympathy would be a sin.

22 [17]

the causation of action

the purposes set falsely:

Luck a) own "Selfish" b) foreign

"egoism" "unegoism"

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

(- lowest lack of self-reflection by Schopenhauer, who also

c) foreign sorrow d) own suffering

adds, which are of course only specifications of the term "own happiness" (a)

if happiness is the purpose of the act, it must dissatisfaction go ahead to the action:
pessimistic falsification of the facts. The aversion as a motive for action.

My theory: pleasure, displeasure, "will", "purpose" totally incidental merely
phenomena, - never the cause. All so-called "spiritual" causation is a fiction.

Causality of action

Displeasure and pleasure motives (Unlust und Lust Motive)

the will as causes in action.

Provided: that the whole history in the sphere of consciousness is

that the true causality of an intellectual is...

that the "soul" knows what it wants and that the worth of the act of will be caused
by their knowledge is...

that the soul is free from the will and therefore - - -

22 [18]

The bad acts that are the decadents precisely by their lack of "egoism" marked, -
they are not directed at the last benefit.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Psychology of the so-called unselfish actions - in fact they are strictly regulated to self-preservation instinct towards.

The reverse is also in the so-called selfish actions of the case:

here, just missing the directing instinct, - the deep consciousness of the useful and harmful.

All the strength, health, vitality points from the increased tension (vermehrten Spannung) towards the commanding instincts of self-will lose all is decadence.

22 [19]

Theses: there is no selfless (unegoistische) act

: there is not a selfish act

: happiness is never an end of action, never cause pain

(- the unlust may still be large: the mechanism would not be free, so there was still no action.

Lust and unlust are no reasons, they just put something in motion - they accompany it...

To what extent all the lowly, vicious, brutal, cunning refined- are merely symptomatic of degeneration

The herd instinct

Critique of sympathy

Critique of self-esteem

Why truth?

22 [20]

Consequences of false belief to the "ego"

man seeks happiness: but in this sense there is no unity, "which seeks"...

and that all units aspire, which is certainly not happiness - happiness is a by-product - the release of their strength: what action is not the need, but the fullness, which discharges to a stimulus is

not the "pain" requirement (Voraussetzung) of the activity, that tension is a major attraction...

against the pessimistic theory, as if every action to be want-a-lot dissatisfaction (Unbefriedigung) would go beyond (hinausgienge) as if the desire to target any action which would...

22 [21]

Given "selfless" actions do not exist.

Actions in which the individual is disloyal to his own instincts and injurious selected are a sign of decadence

(- A lot of the famous so-called "saints" are simply due to their lack of "egoism" transferred to their decadents

the acts of love, "heroism" are so few "unselfish" that it just the evidence is very strong and a rich self-

- That can dispense-is the "poor" is not free... nor the great audacity and sense of adventure, which belongs to the "heroism"

not " to sacrifice "as a goal, but goals prevail over the consequences of one's arrogance and confidence not to be worried, no matter is...

22 [22]

a) the false causality

pleasure pain will end, "spirit"

b) the false unity "soul," "I", "person"

may be "immortal person"

- So that a false altruism, where

"I" and "Other"

(Egoism - Altruism)

"subject" "object"

c) the absolute contempt of the body did not see the individual, the nature of their organizational steadfast nature of (minutieuseste) perfect game for self-preservation and cleaning of the species of the genus: - in other words, the value of infinity single person as a carrier of the life process and, consequently, their uttermost right to selfishness, - as all of its impossibility, not to be...

In fact, everything "unegoistic" is decadent phenomenon (Thatsächlich ist alles "Unegoistische" *décadence-Phänomen*).

22 [23]

The biblical prohibition "Thou shalt not kill" is a simplicity in comparison to my bans on the decadents "You shall not bear witness!" - it is worse still; it is contradicted by the... The supreme law of life, formulated by Zarathustra, demands that one without compassion is with all committee and waste of life, - that you will destroy what the rising life merely inhibition, poison, conspiracy, his underground opposition would, - Christianity in a word... it is immoral in the deepest sense to saying: Thou shalt not kill...

22 [24]

I. The redemption from *Christianity*: the antichrist

II. The *moral*: the immoralist

III. the "*truth*": the free spirit.

IV. *Nihilism*:

nihilism as the necessary consequence of *Christianity, morality and truth concept* (Wahrheitsbegriff) of philosophy.

The *sign* of nihilism...

I mean by "freedom of the mind" something very definite: one hundred times the philosophers, and other disciples of the "truth" to be superior to itself, through honesty and courage, by the absolute will to say no where no is dangerous by severity - I treat the previous philosophers as contemptible libertines (libertins) under the hood of the woman "truth".

22 [25]

The immoralist.

the origin is to morality: sum of conservation conditions of a poor, semi-or fully wayward (mißrathnen) kind of man: this is the "large number" to be: - hence their threat.

Criticism of the "improvers"

its use after it is the principal means of priest-parasitism in the struggle with the strong, the life-affirming - they win the "great number" (the lowly, the suffering, in all levels - the victim of any kind - a kind of overall-rebellion (Gesammt-Aufstand) against the small number of good-natured...

Criticism of the "good"

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

their consequences for the radical falsity and corruption of even those exceptional films: what finally to only endure, at any point may be truer to itself: the complete psychological corruption with what follows: - - -

22 [26]

The trick of my life lies in modesty, - in the will, the power to itself to make it small... Not to make small: but as to forget something, pulling away from himself, a distance creates in themselves - in other words, in sense of complete freedom [- - -] the task of the will, the ruthless instinct, they caused...

The trick was that many of the poor, the weak, the suffering of my life I take to help to attend a major task is not to perish: - me to speak, dismemberment - and the other for half left over for the friendliness, kindness, patience, accessibility anything smaller and smaller. It is also the page where I refine and am wise in matters of pleasure, - a good reader, a good listener... Here I also like things that perhaps a great liberality in the quality requires more than a finer intelligence, as Petronius, Heinrich Heine, Offenbach with his immortal tricks...

Against the fact that almost every touch with me the concept of the human animal with involuntary humor was, grew on me not just a contempt: I was in all cases where a kind of ferocity or resentment against me trying to days anything [- - -] to do in order to obliterate a reminder.

22 [27]

I've never suffered from it, not to be honored - I find it an advantage. On the other hand, I have experienced so much distinction and honor in my life, from early youth, that I - - -

22 [28]

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

The art of separating myself - to keep them apart, forgetting a half years...

Advantage of my illness be drawn: the discharge of the large tension
the loving revenge for the small business learning.

It would be impossible for me to explain what I see as the worst accident of my life
- it not only sounds paradoxical, it sounds ungrateful, low.

The nature of benevolence, I have experienced has, in many cases made a worse
impression on me than any kind of malice and hostility. There is so much
importunity, to do well so much lack of sense of distance in the belief that: I often
want the well-doing-together under the general concept of brutality.

Why have I never had "unknown," to be, not to be read.

Even in my 45th years of the Basel University scholars give me understanding in all
good nature, the literary form of my writing is the reason why you do not read me,
I should do it differently (Noch in meinem 45ten Jahre geben mir Gelehrte der
Basler Universität in aller Gutmüthigkeit zu verstehen, die litterarische Form
meiner Schriften sei der Grund, weshalb man mich nicht lese, ich sollte das anders
machen).

22 [29]

A distance-feeling like the last to be physiologically I am from the near vicinity [-]
never got rid of: I feel the distance to be different in every sense, as it were
immiscible and on top when compared to every cloud elements.

My privilege, my advance before the people in general is to have experienced a
high abundance and the latest conditions in respect of which between the mind and
soul to separate one would be cynicism. Undoubtedly, one must be a philosopher,

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

deep to the [-] to step out of this abundance of light: but the accuracy of feeling, the long tyranny of a big task, the more indispensable preconditions to do so.

Oktober 1888 23 [1-14]

23 = Mp XVI 4d. Mp XVII 7. W II 7b. Z II 1b. W II 6c. October 1888

23 [1]

Also, a requirement of human love. - There are cases, where would be a child of a crime: the chronically ill and third-degree neurasthenic. What do you have to do? - Such to encourage chastity, with some help from Parsifal music, after all, might be tempted, even Parsifal, the typical idiot who had just too many reasons not to reproduce. The drawback is that a certain inability to "control" itself (- to stimuli, no matter how small to sex stimuli not to react) is just the most regular sequences of the entire exhaustion. One would miscalculate when, for example, a Leopardi presented as chaste. The priest, the moralist, since playing a lost game, one does better yet, send them to the pharmacy. Recently the company had a duty to fulfill it gives a few such urgent and basic requirements on them. The company, as a large mandate from the life, each has missed life in the life to answer for myself - it has to pay for it too: therefore, shall they prevent it. The business will in many cases prevent procreation: to this they may, without holding regardless of origin, rank, or spirit, the most severe coercive measures of, liberty deprivations, may cast rations ready. - The Bible-ban! "Thou shalt not kill" a simplicity in comparison to the seriousness of life-ban on the decadents: "You shall not bear witness!"... Life itself recognizes no solidarity, no "equal rights" between healthy and degenerating parts of an organism: the latter must be cut - or the whole thing is ruined. - sympathy with the decadents, equal rights for the failure (Mißrathenen) - that would be the deepest immorality, that would be contrary to nature itself as morality!

23 [2]

For the reason of life. - A relative chastity is a fundamental and prudent caution before eroticism even in thought can, to the great sense of life even in well-equipped and all natures. The rate applies especially to the artists, they are one of the best life-wisdom. Totally unsuspecting votes are already in this sense become loud: I call Stendhal, Théophile Gautier, and Flaubert. The artist is perhaps its nature, necessarily a sensual man, excitable at all accessible in every sense of the stimuli, the suggestion of the stimulus from afar their accommodating. Nevertheless, they are, on average, under the authority of their mission, their will to mastery, in fact, a moderate, often even a chaste man. His domineering instinct wants it so of him, he does not allow him to spend on this or that way. There is one and the same power that we in the art-conception and the one expends in sexual acts (Actus): there is only one kind of force. Here are subject to, here to waste itself is treacherous for an artist: it betrays a lack of instinct, of will at all, it can be a sign of decadence, - it depreciates at least up to a degree incalculable his art. I take the most unpleasant event, the Wagner case. - Wagner, under the spell of credible abnormal sexuality that has been the bane of his life, knew only too well what losing an artist so that he is against freedom, the respect lost. He is condemned to be an actor. His art itself becomes his constant attempt to escape, a means of self-forgetfulness, of self-stunning - it changes, it finally determines the character of his art. Such an "unfree" world has need of a hashish, strange, heavy, enveloping mists, all kind of exoticism and symbolism of the ideal, only to its reality be rid once, - he has Wagnerian music necessary... A certain Catholicity of the ideal, above all, is at an artist proof of the almost self-loathing of "swamp": the case of Baudelaire's in France, the case of Edgar Allan Poe's in America, in the case of Wagner's Germany. - Do I have to say that Wagner's sensuality and its success owes? that his music speaks to the lowest instincts are to Wagner? that that sacred notion of ideal cooker, three-eighths of an art of seduction Catholicism longer is? (- It allows, ignorant, innocent, Christian "the magic" to soak up...) Who dare the word, the actual word for the ardor (ardeurs) the Tristan music? - I put on my gloves when I read the score of Tristan... The more pervasive the wheelwright is a lighter-sensuality epidemic, the "do not know"; against Wagner's music, I think every precaution is called for. -

We are Hyperboreans.

1.

If otherwise, we are philosophers, we Hyperboreans, at least it seems that we are different than they were formerly philosophers. We are by no moralist... We believe our ears when we hear them speaking, all these former students. "This is the way to happiness" - so that every one of them jumps off on us, with a recipe in hand and anointing in the hieratic mouth. "But what we care about happiness?" - We ask in astonishment. "Here is the way to happiness - they continue to scream holy hell this: and this is because virtue, the new way to happiness!" ... But please, gentlemen! What do we care about your virtue! What's going off like us, will be philosopher, is rhinoceros, cave bear is, is ghost? Is it not to the virtue and happiness to be free? - We are by nature far too happy, too virtuous, to not find a small temptation is to become a philosopher: that is immoralists and adventurers... We have the labyrinth a peculiar curiosity, we are keen! Us about the acquaintance of Mr. Minotaur to make of which one tells dangerous: what is important to us on your way up to your knitting, which also leads? leads to happiness and virtue? to you will, I fear... You want us to save your rope? - And we, we earnestly ask you, you hang on to it...!

2.

Last: what do you want! There is no other way to bring honor back to the philosophy: *first you have to hang the moralists*. As long as they talk of happiness and virtue, they only talk about the old women to philosophy. You see them but, in the face, all the famous sages for thousands of years: all of them old, all elderly women, all mothers to talk with their fist. "The mothers! Mothers!" sounds so awful "- we make it a danger, we change their concept, as we teach philosophy. dangerous notion: how could we come to the aid of her better? - A concept of humanity will always be worth as much as he does her. If nobody's concern, to sacrifice for the term "God", "Fatherland," "freedom" hecatombs, if the history of the great steam for this kind of sacrifice - what can the primacy of the word "philosophy" from such popular- -values, such as "God", "Fatherland," "freedom"

to prove, as in that it more cost - larger? hecatombs... Revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe): that is expensive, I promise - -

3.

This beginning is cheerful enough, I'll send it immediately afterwards my seriousness. With this book the morality of *war declared*, - and, in fact, the total of moralists be done away from me first. You already know what word I did manage to fight this, the word immoralist, similarly, you know my formula "beyond good and evil." I have the necessary strong counter-terms, the luminosity down to shine (hinabzuleuchten) this counter-terms into the abyss of recklessness and deceit, whose name was previously morality. The millennia, the peoples, the first and the last, the philosopher and the old women - at this point they are all worthy of each other. The man was now the moral being, a curiosity like no other - and as a moral being absurd, hypocritical, vain, frivolous, injurious to themselves as well as the biggest detractors of the people would have dreamed it. Moral of the most malignant form of the will to lie, the actual Circe of humanity: that which they spoiled has. It is not error as error, which makes me at this sight, horror, not the thousands of years of lack of "good will" to breed, to decency, to courage in the spiritual: it is the lack of nature, it is the dreadful matter of fact, that the anti-nature itself has been honored with the highest honors as morality and law as hanging over humanity... rob was in that measure itself, - not as individuals, not as people but as a human! What has it? - That you despise the lowest instincts of life teaches that you see in the deepest necessity to the prosperity of life in the selfishness, the evil principle: that in the typical goal of decline, the instinct -contradictory, in "Selfless" loss of the heavy weight in the "depersonalization" and "charity" in principle a higher value to what I say! the value to be seen!

How? Had mankind itself in decadence? Had it always been? What is certain is that their only decadence-values as supreme values taught have been. The morality of self-denial is the typical decline of morality par excellence.! - This would open a possibility, not that humanity was itself in decadence, but that their teachers... And in fact, this is my sentence: the teachers, the leaders of humanity were decadents: hence the revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe) into nihilism ("otherworldly"...)

4.

What should one immoralist ask yourself? What shall I ask myself the task with this book? - To "improve" Perhaps the humanity, only different, but in reverse: that they be of the moral salvation of the moralist, since - their most dangerous kind of ignorance into their consciousness into their conscience to push... restoration of humanity's selfishness! - -

23 [4]

The immoralist.

A. Psychology of good: a decadent

or the herd

B. as its absolute harmfulness:

as parasites form at the expense of truth and the future

C. the Machiavellianism of good

their struggle for power (der Macchiavellismus der Guten ihr Kampf um die Macht)

their agents to seduce

their wisdom in the submission

e.g. to priests

before the powerful

D. "Woman" in good

"Goodness" as a slave finest wisdom, consideration, and thus everywhere giving receiving.

E. Physiology of good

at which point the good occurs in families, nations

at the same time, occur where the neuroses

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Opposite type: the true goodness, nobility, greatness of soul, from the riches of the
- - - which does not give, to take, - what not to raise demands that it is kind, - the
waste as a type of the true quality, the abundance of person as a prerequisite

the concept "duty" - a submission, due to the weakness of having to choose not to
ask and

the weakness of the herd produces a very similar morals, as the weakness of the
decadents:

- They are, they ally themselves...

the great decadence religions always count on support from the herd...

In itself, everything is missing on pathological herd, it is invaluable self, but unable
to manage itself, it needs a "shepherd" - the understanding of the
priests...

the "state" is not intimate, secret enough, the "moral leadership" miss him

Where is the herd made sick by the priest?

The instinct of decadence in the good

1) the inertia: he does not want change, not more to learn, he sits as a "beautiful
soul" in itself..

2) the inability of resistance, such as with pity, - for he gives ("lenient" "tolerant"...
"He understands everything")

"peace and good will toward men"

3) he is lured by the end of all suffering and underprivileged - he "helps" like
he is instinctively a conspiracy against the strong

4) he needs the big narcotics (Narcotica) - as the "ideal", the "great man", the
"hero", he says...

5) the weakness, which manifests itself in fear of emotions, strong will, before yes
and no: he is gracious to not have to be hostile - to avoid having to take sides -

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

6) the weakness, which in non-see-want (Nicht-sehn-Wollen) betrays, wherever resistance might be necessary ("Humanity")

7) being seduced by all the great decadents: "The cross" "love" to the "saints" the purity of basically nothing but life-threatening terms and persons

- the big counterfeiting in ideals

8) the intellectual depravity

- Hatred of the truth, because they are "not nice feelings" brings with it

- Hatred of the truthful, - - -

of self-preservation instinct of goodness, of the future sacrifice of humanity: he opposes in principle already

the politics

any other perspective at all

each search, adventures, be dissatisfied-

he denies goals, tasks in which he not first come into consideration

he is cheeky and presumptuous as the "highest" type and want a say about everything, not just judge.

he feels superior to those that "weaknesses" have these "weaknesses" are the strengths of instinct

- which is also the courage not to be ashamed of their

Good as the parasite. He lives at expense of life:

as the liars way of the reality (als Weglügner der Realität)

as an opponent of the great instinctual drives of life

as Epicureans than a little luck, the major form of happiness as immoral rejects

- because he lends a hand with no mistakes and constantly in debt and deception, he disturbs any real life and poisoned it at all by his claim, somewhat higher display

- in his imagination to be higher, learns he does not, it does not change, but takes part for himself, even though he has yet produced such a great misfortune.

23 [5]

[Translator's note – see the German for the format of this note]

The immoralist.

1. Type of good (see second next page.)

2. the best makes of himself

a metaphysics

a psychology

one way to truth

a politics

a way of life and education

3. Result: is an absolutely harmful kind of man

// to the truth, the future of M to // cause that will be taken seriously only 20 years since the important things

4. Problem: what is the good person?

the good man as instinct

First, the weak: he wants all the weak people

Second, the narrow-minded: he wants all the narrow-minded people

Third, the herd, the being without their own rights: it wants all people as herd animals.

5. "The good man," misused for other purposes

He fights against evil...

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

in service taken by the priests, against the powers, against the strong and successful
as an instrument (Werkzeug)

"Liberal," "equal" rights

put into service by the coup-politicians, the socialists, resentment-M [man?]
against rulers

to 3: **the most harmful kind of person**

A. He invents actions, which do not exist

the unselfish, the holy

capital, which do not exist

"Soul," "spirit," "free will"

nature, which do not exist

"Holy" "God" "Angel"

is order in the events, which do not exist

the moral world order, with reward and punishment

- The destruction of natural causality

B. as these fictions devalued it

1) the only acts that selfish (die einzigen Handlungen, die egoistischen)

2) the body

3) the really valuable human species, the valuable drives

4) the whole reason of the action, - it prevents him from learning, observation,
science, any advancement of knowledge through life...

I. the lack of confidence

the reverence

the submission to the will of God "piety (Frömmigkeit)"

the "good heart", the "helping hand" - that is enough...

the seriousness, the higher things turned, - it may be low realms, as the body and its well-being cannot take it too seriously

a duty: one has to do his duty, -

In addition, you should leave everything (Alles) God -

I ask in all seriousness (ernsthaft): I hereby do not have the good people described? People do not believe that this is a more desirable man is? One would not be so? One wishes his children differently? -

II. we look at how the good guys from the

1. a metaphysics make
2. a psychology
3. one politics
4. a way of life and education (ine Lebens- und Erziehungsweise)
5. a method of truth

23 [7]

My proposition (Satz): the good people are the most harmful kind of people. You answer me, "but there are few good men!" - Thank God! They will also say "there is no very good people" - the better! But always, I would still hold up, that to the degree by one man is good, he harmful is.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Why is it that for 20 years, the first serious questions of life take? That one problem see where they formerly ran all one for all?

: the lack of confidence

: the inertia, the fear of after thinking (die Trägheit, die Furcht vor dem Nachdenken)

: the subjective comfort, which finds no reason to see things in the problems

: the conviction that a good heart, one helpless hand ready (hülfbereite) is the most valuable, - that one had to educate

: the resignation, - the belief that everything is in good hands...

: the counterfeiting of interpretation, which finds that "good" God everywhere

: the belief that the "salvation of the soul," indeed the moral things are separate from all such earthly-physical questions, it is considered low, the body and well-being as seriously...

: the reverence for tradition: it is impious to deny, or even criticism of the practice has been handed

*Ecco! And this kind of man is the **most harmful** kind of person*

*Ecco! Und diese Art Mensch ist die **schädlichste** Art Mensch*

23 [8]

IV. Dionysus

Type of legislature

23 [9]

At the risk, to enable the men's anti-Semites a "reasonably good" If I confess that lie to the art of the "unconscious" stretching out a long, very long fingers, which swallowed me in any foreign property, tangible previously published anti-Semitic as to what some Jews. An anti-Semite always steals, always lying - he cannot do anything else... because he [- - -] ... We should deplore the anti-Semites; you should collect for them."- - -

23 [10]

The Bible-ban (Das Bibel-Verbot)! "Thou shalt not kill" is a simplicity in comparison to my ban on the decadents "You shall not bear witness!" - it is worse still; it is the contradiction to me... The supreme law of life, of Zarathustra first formulated, requires that one without compassion is with all failures (Ausschuß) and waste of life, to destroy what the rising life merely inhibition, poison, conspiracy, his underground opposition would, - Christianity in a word... It is immoral, it is unnatural in the deepest sense to say "thou shalt not kill!" -

The Bible-ban! "Thou shalt not kill" is a simplicity in comparison to my ban on the decadents "You shall not bear witness!" - it's worse yet... At the failures (Ausschuß) and waste of life there is only one duty to destroy; here be compassionate, want to get here at any price would be the highest form of immorality, the real anti-nature, the deadly hostility against life itself -

The Bible-ban! "Thou shalt not kill" is a simplicity in comparison to my ban on the decadents "You shall not bear witness!" - It is worse still... At the failures (Ausschuß) and waste of life there is only one requirement: no solidarity recognize; be here, "human" here equal rights would decree men the highest form of anti-nature: anti-nature, the denial of life itself - detects life itself no solidarity between the healthy and degenerating elements of an organism to - the latter has it cut, or the whole thing is ruined...

The Bible-ban! "Thou shalt not kill" is a simplicity in comparison to the seriousness of the prohibition on the decadents "You shall not bear witness!" - Life

itself recognizes no solidarity, no "equal rights" between the healthy and degenerating parts of an organism to the latter must be cut, or the whole thing is ruined. Sorry for the decadents - that would be the deepest immorality, anti-nature itself as morality. -

23 [11]

Away from the wind moves each skepticism has grown from any finer question setting bold, Swabian, with round eyes around himself like an apple this kind of virtue is sitting on the firmest reason that there are: on the folly - the "faith"...

this virtue is now believed still that everything is in good hands, namely, in God's hands when they put down such a sentence to that humble security as if they said that two times two is four.

The stupidity has its privileges: one of them is a virtue... The stupidity reflects itself into things - it is this happy simplicity of all things for the conventionality of Swabia "old god"... We see something else into other things - we make God interesting...

23 [12]

We are immoralists: we say with pride, as if we were saying - - - We deny that man strives for happiness, we deny that virtue is the way to happiness - we deny that the acts which has hitherto been called moral actions, the "selfless" gives the "unselfish" in general. In all the allegations, which we oppose a brazen no expresses a perfect eerie - about the current teacher of mankind:

23 [13]

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

The free spirit of
criticism of philosophy
as nihilistic movement

The immoralist's
critique of morality
as the most dangerous kind of ignorance

Dionysus philosophy

23 [14]
[draft to forward of *Ecce homo*]

On this perfect day when everything ripens the grapes and not only is yellow, I was just a gleam of sunshine to my life - I looked back, I looked out - I never saw so much and such good things at once. Not for nothing, I just buried the forty-fourth year I was allowed, what was in his life is saved, - is immortal. The first book of the revaluation of values ((Umwerthung aller Werthe); the first 6 songs of Zarathustra, *Twilight of the Idols*, my attempt to philosophize with a hammer - all gifts of this year, even his last quarter of year - as I should be grateful all my life...!

And so, I tell myself my life.

Who has the slightest concept of me guesses that I have more experience than any one man. The evidence is even written in my books: the, line by line, books experienced a will to live, and so, as creation represent a true appendage, one more that life itself. A feeling that comes over me often enough, just like a German scholar said it with admirable innocence of himself and his things: every day brings more than those which bring their whole life! bad, among other things - there is no doubt! But this is the highest award of the life that we are also its greatest opposition opposes...

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

(An diesem vollkommenen Tage, wo alles reift und nicht nur die Traube gelb wird, fiel mir eben ein Sonnenblick auf mein Leben — ich sah rückwärts, ich sah hinaus, — ich sah nie so viel und so gute Dinge auf einmal. Nicht umsonst begrub ich eben das vierundvierzigste Jahr ich durfte es: was in ihm Leben war, ist gerettet, — ist unsterblich. Das erste Buch der Umwerthung der Werthe; die ersten 6 Lieder Zarathustras; die *Götzen-Dämmerung*, mein Versuch mit dem Hammer zu philosophiren — Alles Geschenke dieses Jahres, sogar seines letzten Vierteljahrs — wie sollte ich nicht meinem ganzen Leben dankbar sein! ...

Und so erzähle ich mir mein Leben.

Wer den geringsten Begriff von mir hat, erräth, daß ich mehr erlebt habe, als irgend ein Mensch. Das Zeugniß ist sogar in meinen Büchern geschrieben: die, Zeile für Zeile, erlebte Bücher aus einem Willen zum Leben sind und damit, als Schöpfung, eine wirkliche Zuthat, ein Mehr jenes Lebens selber darstellen. Ein Gefühl, das mich oft genug überkommt: eben wie ein deutscher Gelehrter es mit bewunderungswürdiger Unschuld von sich und seinen Dingen sprach: jeder Tag bringt dem mehr als denen ihr ganzes Leben bringt! Schlimmes unter anderem — es ist kein Zweifel! Aber das ist die höchste Auszeichnung des Lebens, daß es uns auch seine höchste Gegnerschaft entgegenstellt...).”

See the following book for Nietzsche’s additional *Ecce homo* drafts.

Friedrich Nietzsches Werke des Zusammenbruchs.

PODACH, Erich F. Verlag: Wolfgang Rothe, Heidelberg, 1961.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Oktober-November 1888 24 [1-10]

24 = W II 9c. D 21. October-November 1888

Archival description of one of Nietzsche's notebooks.

“Notebook W-II-9

Composition dates from

01/05/1888 to 30/06/1888

from 01/09/1888 to 30/09/1888

from 01/10/1888 to 30/11/1888

from 01/12/1888 to 10/01/1889

from 18/10/1888 to 13/11/1888

Quarto notebook (15 × 20) bound in a black and yellow speckled cover, comprising 132 lined pages written on almost in their entirety, working from the back of the notebook toward the front. The notebook contains preliminary drafts for *Twilight of the Idols* and *Ecce homo*. It was used in May to June 1888, and again in September to December of the same year.

W II 9 contains the printing templates for *KGW* VIII 17[5], *KGW* VIII 19[5], *KGW* VIII 24[1-9] and *KGW* VIII 25[5].

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 17: May to June 1888.

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 19: September 1888.

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group **24**: October to November 1888.

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 25: December 1988 to early January 1889.

Date of the identified draft letters: October 18, 1888 to November 13, 1888.”

From Nietzsche Source details about this physical notebook.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Ecce homo

Or

why I know lots more.
(warum ich Einiges mehr weiss).

By

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Ecce homo

Oder:

warum ich Einiges mehr weiss.

Von

Friedrich Nietzsche.

1.

- I come to a problem that seems to me at least, is something more serious nature than the problem of "existence of God," Christianity and others, - the problem of nutrition. It is, in short, the question is: how do you feed yourself, to get to your maximum strength, by virtue, of virtue in the Renaissance sense, reason? - My experiences here are as bad as possible, I am amazed at so late at this point just "to reason" to have come too late in a certain sense: and only the absolute worthlessness of our German education explained to me somewhat, so I just here backward to the "sanctity" was. This "education", which from the beginning to the realities of teaching generally lose sight of the very problematic to so-called "ideal" targets, such as a so-called "classical education" chase! - As if it were not from the very beginning to death laugh "classic" and "German" shall be taken into the mouth. Think of it as "classically educated" in Leipzig! - In fact, I'm up to my mature years, only badly eaten - in moral terms, "impersonal," "selfless," "altruistic," I said no, by Leipzig kitchen for example, my "will to live." For the purpose of inadequate nutrition also spoil the stomach - this problem seems to solve the aforementioned kitchen to admire. But the German food at all - which it has since ancient times, all on his conscience! The soup before the meal (- still in the 16th century cookbooks Italian called *alla tedesca*), and the boiled flesh, made

the bold and hard vegetables, and the species of the indigestible pastries. If we add to that just-grouting bestial needs of the German philistine, we understand the origin of the "German spirit" - from a bad stomach... But the British diet, compared to German, a true return to the "natural" wants to say to the roast beef, is also to reason - is my instincts are deeply contrary: it seems to me that they the spirit " heavy feet "gives, - English women-feet... That I alcoholics are injurious, that a glass of wine or beer of day completely sufficient to make me out of life Schopenhauer as a "vale of tears," I realized a little too late - experience I had to really of child's legs. As a boy I thought wine was like drinking and tobacco smoke at first just a vanity of young men, later, a bad habit. Perhaps in this, of Naumburg wine's fault. - To believe that the wine cheer, I would have to be a Christian, I mean, believe what for me is an absurdity. Strangely enough, at one extreme by dispositions highly diluted, if even the smallest doses of alcohol, I'm almost immune to strong doses: one with grog and seamanship caliber you throw at me at least. Write down a long Latin essay in one night watch, with the secret ambition of us to do my example Sallust in rigor and conciseness, this was already when I was a student at the venerable Pforta, not in conflict with my physiology, nor to Sallust - how much. Whatever the venerable Pforta!... Later, toward the center of life go, I decided I certainly always strict with any "spiritual" drink. I prefer places where you have all the opportunity to draw from flowing wells (- Nice, Turin, Sils) I wake up at night not without drinking water. In **vino veritas**: it seems, that I'm here again the term "truth" at odds with the world, - the spirit hovers at me across the water...

2.

To be underestimated against the disease, their benefits I have just the least, I would have to object that they, the military and weapons-instincts of man weakens. I knew myself to defend for long years or for a benevolent intrusive helpfulness (Hilfsbereitschaft) nor against blundering into the house falling "admirer" and other vermin enough; those cases, such as cheaply, or settle, which escapes no one, as when young dissolute scholars fall under the pretext of "worship", one to pump into the house. One patient has trouble to get rid of things and people, memories included: a kind of fatalism, "lies down in the snow," the manner of a Russian soldier, which the campaign is finally too hard, a fatalism without revolt is one of his self-preservation instincts. Much is understood by the woman (Weibe), as one

condemned to suffering and involuntary fatalistic nature, if you this kind of self-preservation understands instinct. Spend as little power as possible - not with reactions to waste - some more thrift from poverty to power: this is the major reason for fatalism. Physiologically expressed: a reduction of fuel consumption, the slowdown - with nothing to burn more rapidly than with emotions. The resentment, the anger, the desire for revenge - these are for the sick, the most harmful of all possible states: a religion, like the Buddha, which had much to do with spiritual and refined and physiologically weary turned, therefore, with the emphasis of their teaching against the resentment. "Not by enmity is enmity comes to an end through friendship enmity comes to an end." Buddhism has no morals - it would be a profound mistake, it would be a misunderstanding for such vulgar crudities, like Christianity, is it was a hygiene. - I have almost unbearable conditions, places, homes, society, having once, by chance, given were for years held tough, not willingly, but out of that instinct, - it was certainly change wiser than to as "experimentation". The experiment goes against the instinct of the sufferer in a high sense, one could almost call it a proof of strength. Make his own life even an experiment - the first is freedom of spirit, which was my philosophy to subsequently...

3.

The boredom is, it seems to me, not just the suffering of the afflicted; at least for me, all memory is missing. Conversely, the bad time of my life were rich for me by a certain new inventiveness - the art of nuances, the subtle dexterity in the handling of nuances. I would understand the subtlety at all as a coddling of the sense of touch up into the most spiritual up, even the kind of loving respect and caution in understand that health is, is there - they shy away from too close a contact... One hears in these states even mean things uncommonly, they are transposed to speak: the everyday coincidence is sieved through a sieve and sublime does not feel like yourself anymore. Last time I was grateful beyond measure, if anything, and selected free of intelligence, of character in my breath away nearby, while a certain impatience with German and German was more instinct with me. With Germans, I lost my good mood, my mind - and no less my time... The Germans make the time longer... It is different if the German Jew or Jewess is accidental. It is strange, if my calculation, that between 1876-86, I owe almost all my pleasant moments in the shuffled movements of Jews or Jewish. The Germans underestimate the

blessing it is to meet a Jew - you have no longer any reason to be ashamed, you may even be smart... In France, I see the necessity not see why there are Jews, more so in Germany: Meilhac and Halévy, the best poets, which promises to my taste immortality, as a Frenchman to reach this height is not as Jews. - I want the same too Offenbach's claim that this unambiguous musician who wanted to be anything else than what he was - a brilliant buffoon, basically the last of M M [Translator's note FN abbreviations] did made chords!...

4.

Basically, I'm one of those involuntary educators who do not need principles to education, still have. One was the fact that I in 7 years teaching at the highest class of the Basel's Pedagogium had no reason to impose a penalty, and that, as I testified later, is the laziest when I was still hard evidence, reasonably sure. A little wisdom from that practice has remained in my memory: in the case where a student in repeating what I had explained the hour before, absolutely inadequate did, I took the blame is always on me, - for example, said it was everyone's right, if I am too short, too incomprehensible expressions, to demand an explanation from me, a repetition. A teacher has the task of getting everyone to make intelligence available... They told me that this trick was stronger than any reproach. - I have no dealings with students, nor did students ever feel a difficulty, although to my twenty-four years beginning not only me, but they also approached. Similarly, gave me the check with doctor promotions no reason any kind of arts or methods to learn (zuzulernen) still, what I instinctively did manage not only the most humane in such cases was - I was here myself until quite well, as soon as I the doctoral students in good waters had made. Everyone has in mind such cases as much - or as little - as the honorable examiner has to... I heard, it always seemed to me that basically the high examiners tested would. -

5.

I've never understood the art for me to take, even if it seemed to me of great value to reach this goal. You like my life back and backward (herwenden), you will not find in it the signs that someone ever had ill will against me. My own experiences with those who where everyone has bad experiences are, without exception in their

favor: I also was provided for the market that I was not sick, everyone still an instrument, which I won of fine unfamiliar sounds. How many times have I got to hear it, a kind of amazement, of himself by my interlocutors: "Such things I have never yet come to mind"... The most beautiful perhaps of that unforgivable died young Heinrich von Stein, who once, after carefully gathered permission, appeared on three days in Sils, everyone declaring that he has not come because of the Engadine. This excellent man, with all the brave simplicity of his nature in the Wagnerian swamp in waiting (hineingewatet) was up in the ears - "I know nothing about music," he confessed to me - it was three days, transformed by a power of freedom, like one who suddenly falls into his element and gets wings. I told him, always, that the fresh air makes up here, so it is going everyone, but he wanted me not to believe it... If it has been committed yet to me many major and minor transgressions, such was not the "will", least of all evil will the reason for it: I would have rather been on the good will to complain, the only mischief has been done in my life. My experience gives me a right to distrust any terms of helpful (hülfbereiten) to counsel, to deeds border "brotherly love" - I accuse that you lose your delicacy easy to see that they and their helpful hands into a sublimity skill in one isolation in wounds, in a great privilege to suffer under circumstances almost destructive attacks inside. - Not without reason, I have composed the "temptation (Versuchung) of Zarathustra," a case where a great cry of distress comes to him where the compassion as a last sin wants to attack him: here to stay Mr. (Herr [Lord]), here the height of his task to keep clear of the much lower and myopic drives, which are active in the so-called selfless acts, this is a sample, the final sample, which is Zarathustra and his peers who is accountable to himself. -

6.

Equal to anyone who never lives among his peers and makes this his fate at last his art and philanthropy, I defend myself in situations where a small or very big folly has been committed against me, against any countermeasures (Gegenmaßregel), except those of stupidity to forward as soon as possible wisdom: so, outdated they are perhaps a still. One has only to do something bad to me, I'll repay, which one is for sure: I will soon find an opportunity, the evildoers of any express my gratitude for something or to ask him something (- which is mandatory to give as...) Also, it seems to me that the coarsest letter is more benign than silence. Those who remain silent, lacks subtlety and politeness of the heart. - If you're rich enough to do so, it

is fortunate to have injustice, one compatible with the best but to me if you will give me from time to time, an opportunity to be wrong. Nothing improved my friendship so out of reason, nothing gives them time and again fresh... In those not unknown cases, where I have a decisive No confess to war the knife, you would make a wicked fallacy, just as one in the background hidden wealth worse experiences be assumed. Who has an idea of mine may close vice versa. I confess me no enmity between different things, as long as the slightest ambiguity, people still play along. If I make Christianity the war, so this to me is unique to this because I've never seen this side of turbid or sad, - conversely, the estimable most people I know, Christians have been without guile, I wear it to individuals after the last, what is the fate of thousands of years. My own ancestors were Protestant clergymen: I have not noticed a large and neat sense of them here, so I do not know where my right came to war with Christianity. My formula for this: the Antichrist is himself the necessary logic in the development of a true Christian, to me, that Christianity overcomes himself is another case: I have kept from my relationship with Wagner and Mrs. Wagner only the most refreshing and uplifting memories: exactly this circumstance allowed me that neutrality of the view, the problem Wagner see at all as a culture problem and solve perhaps... Even anti-Semites, which I, as we know, at least I hold, I would not think after inconsiderable experience, some discount (Günstige) have to be asserted: this does not prevent this requires rather that I'm anti-Semitism on a relentless war - it is one of the most morbid excesses of the so absurd, so unauthorized rich German self-gapping (Selbst-Anglotzung) (Selbst für Antisemiten, denen ich, wie man weiß, am wenigsten hold bin, würde ich, meinen nicht unbeträchtlichen Erfahrungen nach, manches Günstige geltend zu machen haben: dies hindert nicht, dies bedingt vielmehr, daß ich dem Antisemitismus einen schonungslosen Krieg mache,—er ist einer der krankhaftesten Auswüchse der so absurden, so unberechtigten reichsdeutschen Selbst-Anglotzung)...

7.

It is not in my nature, many and many things to love, in my dealings with books, I have on the whole a more hostility than a tolerance, a "let them come," the instincts. And that from childhood on. It is basically a small number of books, keeping score in my life, it is not the most famous among them. My sense of style, awoke for the epigram as a style almost at one stroke at the first contact with

Sallust: I forget the astonishment of my revered teacher not Corssen, as he had to give his worst Latin scholar, the first-ever censure, - he invited me to visit him... Crowded, severe, with as much substance as possible on the ground, - a cold malice against the "good word" and "feeling good" because I guessed myself. Man, even in my Zarathustra is in, a very serious ambition to Roman style, to recognize the "magnum in parvo," after "aereperennius". Otherwise, it fared with me the first contact with Horace. Until today I have found in no other poet the same artistic delight which Horace gives me ode? In some languages, e.g., German, what is achieved here is to not even want. This mosaic of words where each word, as sound, as a place, as a concept, right and left through the whole thing flows down his power, this minimum size of the characters, this reaching maximum energy of the character - all this is Roman and, if you will believe me, noble par excellence: the entire rest of poetry on the other hand an emotional garrulousness. I want to forget the least of the charm that lies in the contrast of form and graceful granite libertinage: - my ear is delighted with this contradiction between form and meaning. The third incomparable impression I owe the Latins, is Petronius. This *prestissimo* of wantonness in word, sentence and jump to the idea of this refinement in the mixture of vulgar and "educational" Latin, this irrepressible good humor, which is afraid of anything or have any kind animality of the ancient world away jumps with grace, this sovereign freedom from the "morality", before the virtuous miseries "beautiful souls" - I knew to call it a book that would have made remotely on a similar impression on me. That the poet is a Provençale, tells me softly my most personal instinct: we must have the devil in him to make such leaps. Under certain circumstances, if necessary, I had to free myself from a low impression, for example from a speech by the Apostle Paul, I have a few pages Petronius, in order to make myself totally healthy again.

8.

I certainly do not owe the Greeks related impressions, namely in relation to Plato, I am too thorough skeptic, and have never been able in the admiration of the artist Plato which is customary among scholars agree. He throws, I think, all forms of style by another: he has something similar in his conscience, like the Cynics, who invented the Satura Menippea. That the Platonic dialogue, terribly self-indulgent and childish dialectic can act as a stimulus, it would have never read good French. Recently my suspicion goes deep in Plato: I did find so strayed from

all basic instincts of the Greeks, so blown (verjüdet) so preexist-Christian in its ultimate intentions, that I want to make use of the whole phenomenon of Plato rather the harsh word "higher swindle" than any other. We have paid dearly for the fact that these Athenians went to school with the Egyptians (- probably among the Jews in Egypt...) In the great fatality of Christianity, Plato is one of those fatal ambiguities which the nobler natures of antiquity made it possible to bridge to enter, which led to the "cross"... My recreation, my preference, my cure from all Platonism was every time Thucydides. Thucydides and, perhaps, of Machiavelli's *Principe* are most closely related to me, by the unconditional will to have to pretend and to see reason in reality - not in the "reason", even less in "morality" of... the pathetic whitewash that the classically educated German one reaps (einerntet) as the reward for his "serious" in its dealings with the ancient messenger (kurirt), nothing so thoroughly as Thucydides. One must turn it line by line and read his non-written word as clearly as his words: there are few such substance-rich thinker. In it is the Sophists-culture, to say the realists-culture to its fullest expression: this inestimable movement amid the same everywhere break loose morals and ideals of the fraud-Socratic schools. The Greek philosophy even as the decadence of the Greek instinct: Thucydides as the great sum of all strong, strict, harsh actual, which were the older Hellenes in instinct. The courage distinguishes such natures as Thucydides and Plato: Plato is a coward - consequently he flees into the ideal - Thucydides has himself under control, thus it also keeps things in control.

9.

Recognize in the Greek "beautiful souls", "harmonious sculptures" and Winkelmannsche "high mindedness" - before such silliness (niaiserie) common land (Allemande) was I protected by the psychologist, I carried within me. I saw their strongest instinct, the will to power, and I saw their tremble with the violence of this irrepressible instinct, - I saw all of their institutions grow out of the protective measures themselves from each other against their inward explosives to protect. The tremendous tension in the interior then erupted into hostility to all foreign terrible: the city is torn communities, so that the citizens at this price does not own mangled. It was necessary to be strong, - the gorgeous and lithe physicality of the Greeks is a necessity, not a "natural" have been. They were followed by: - it was definitely not there from the beginning. And arts festivals and

they wanted nothing else than always stronger, more beautiful, more perfect still feel -: there are means of self-glorification, enhancers of the will to power. - Judge the Greeks by their philosophers! the moral-philosophical wisdom of the schools use for digestion, which was Greek! Like I was always only as evidence of the psychological subtlety that have characterized the Germans... The philosophers indeed the decadents of Hellenism, the backlash against classical taste, against whom make taste! The Socratic virtues were preached because they began to miss the Greeks... I was the first to understanding of the older Hellenes that wonderful phenomenon that is baptized in the name of Dionysus, took seriously again. My venerable friend Jacob Burckhardt in Basel thoroughly understood, so that something essential was done he added his own culture of the Greeks a section on the problem. If you want the contrast so you can see the despicable frivolity of the area, has the famous philologist of his time Lobeck treats these things. Lobeck, the creeps with the venerable security of a dried up between books worm in this world of mysterious states and talked just so to be scientific, if he only **ad nauseam** is bleak and miserable here, has hinted it with all the experience of learning, really have nothing to with all these curiosities. In fact, the priests would have communicated to the participators of such orgies some, for example, that wine excites lust for that man lived on fruit, the plants that bloom in spring, wither in the winter. What is the abundance of orgiastic rites and myths of origin concerns, it is still ingenious to a degree. The Greeks, he says *Agl oph. I, 672*, they had nothing else to do, laughing so, jumped, raced around them, or because the person sometimes feels like it has, so they sat down and wept and wailed. Others were added later and were looking at some one reason for this striking creature, and so came to the explanation of those practices' countless hard legends and myths... On the other hand, it was thought that comical goings, which took place once during the holiday season, have now also been necessary for the celebration and held it as an indispensable part of the worship set. - But even apart from this despicable nonsense might be argued that had formed with the whole concept of "Greek", even more, the term "classic" that Winckelmann and Goethe, the Dionysian element is incompatible with us: - I am afraid, Goethe himself closed something so fundamentally from the ways of the Hellenic soul. Yet advocates only in the Dionysian mysteries of the entire surface of the Hellenic instinct. Because what the Hellene guarantee these mysteries? Eternal life, the eternal return of life, the future promised in the procreation and consecrated, beyond the triumphant affirmation of life over death and change, the real life than in the total-survival in the community,

city, sex connection, the sexual symbol as the most venerable symbol at all, the very epitome symbol throughout the ancient piety, and the deepest gratitude for every individual in the act of procreation, of pregnancy, at birth. In the mystery teachings of the pain is sanctified: the "pangs of child-bearing woman" sacred pain at all, all becoming, growing, all future vouching caused the pain, so there is the eternal joy of creation, it must forever be the agony of child-bearer... I know no higher symbolism. - Only Christianity has made one of sexuality filthiness made: the concept of imm [Translator's note Nietzsche abbreviation] was the highest spiritual vileness that has been achieved on earth, for example - they threw the dirt into the origin of life...

The psychology of the orgiastic as an overflowing feeling of life within which the pain itself only acts as a stimulant, gave me the key to the tragic feeling, which has been misunderstood both by Aristotle as a peculiarity in the part of the pessimists. The tragedy is so far from proving anything to the pessimism of the Greeks in the sense of Schopenhauer, that they just reversed the contrast is extreme. The affirmation of life even the strangest and hardest problems, the will to live in the sacrifice of its highest types enjoying its own inexhaustibility - I called Dionysian, which I understood as a bridge to the actual psychology of the tragic poet. Not by terror and pity to get away, and of a dangerous emotion as a vehement discharge to clean the same - that was the way of Aristotle, but to enjoy on terror and pity, the eternal joy of creation and becoming, his terrors, his suffer under to have...

10.

The happiness of my existence, its uniqueness perhaps, lies in its fatality: I am, to express it in a riddle, as my father had already died when my mother, I'm still alive. This double origin, as it were from the highest and the lowest rung on the ladder of life - and decadent at the same time the beginning - so, if anything, explains that neutrality, that freedom from party (Partei) in relation major problem of life, the sets me apart. I know both, I'm both. - My father died 36 years ago: he was gentle, kind and morbid, as one merely for passing-specific nature, - but rather a kind reminder to life than life itself in the same year, where his life went down, was also my lowest: the 36th year I reached the lowest point of my vitality, - I was still alive, but hard to see not three steps ahead of me. In 1879 I resigned my professorship in Basel the summer was living like a shadow, in St. Moritz and the next winter, the

sunniest-poorest of my life (sonnenärmsten), in Naumburg. That was my minimum: the "*Wanderer and His Shadow*" was written meantime. Undoubtedly, I knew then as shadow... In the following winter, my first winter Genoese, brought that wonderful spirituality which is at an extreme depletion of muscle and blood almost due, the "*Dawn (Morgenröthe)*" show. Bright and perfect serenity of mind is compatible with me not only with the deepest physiological weakness, but even with an extreme sense of pain. In those agonies which brings a continuous pain in toilsome slime-vomiting with it, I had the dialectical clarity par excellence and thought through things that I do not climb in healthier circumstances, not refined enough to me. (My readers know how far I consider dialectics as decadent symptom, for example in most famous of all (allerberühmtesten) case, that of Socrates). All pathological disorders of the intellect, even the semi-stupor that has the fever in the wake are, I still totally strange things on the frequency I had to teach me to-read-only scholarly way. My blood runs slow - I had the disease in years of Napoleon's pulse - No one can ever detect (constatiren) fever in me. A, (doctor?) me longer treated as a nervous sufferer himself said "No! it is not your nerves, I myself am just nervous". Completely undetectable any local degeneration, not organically related stomach ailments, however, came forward as a result of brain-exhaustion, the profound weakness of the gastric system. Also, the eye condition, the blindness is dangerously close, a result not the cause: so that with every increase in vitality and vision, as - has grown, [-]. A long, very long series of years in my recovery means - it means, unfortunately, relapse, decay and periodicity of a kind of decadence. Need I say that I am experienced in matters of decadence? I've spelled it backwards and forwards. Even those art of grasping and understanding, those fingers for nuances, that whole psychology of "seeing around the corner", which perhaps distinguishes me is the time to learn, is the true gift of that time when everything was refined, the observation of both the organs of observation. Of the sick-optics for healthier concepts and values, and in turn, reversed out of the abundance and self-assurance of the full life look down into the filigree work of decadent-instinct - that's my biggest exercise been my longest experience: if some wherein (irgendworin), so I am master here. I have it in hand, I have the hands for *converting prospects*: why me alone for a *revaluation of values* was possible (eine Umwerthung der Werthe überhaupt möglich).

Unscrupulous, namely the fact that I am a decadent, I am quite the contrary in the fullest sense. My proof that I instinctively even against those evil conditions chose the right agent: during the decadent recognizable by itself selects the harmful agent. In summary (summarum), I was as healthy: as a square, as a specialty, I was decadent. That energy of absolute isolation and detachment from normal conditions and tasks, use of coercion against myself, do not get me, advise (beärzeln) to leave - that betrays the absolute certainty of instinct about what is needful. I took myself in hand, I was healthy: is the prerequisite for it - every physiologist will admit to me that - that in healthy reason is. A typically morbid person is not healthy: a typical healthy person can be ill from a vigorous stimulant. In fact, seems so to me recently that long-term illness, I discovered that life as it were new, I tasted all good and even little things like they will have no one else tasted easy - I made out my will to health, life my philosophy... because you give of eight (Acht): the years of my lowest vitality were the ones where I ceased to be a pessimist - my instinct of self-restoration forbade me a philosophy of poverty and discouragement... How can you tell basically the well has turned out awareness? A more prudent man probably is carved from wood, which is hard tender and fragrant, it does even our smells good. He likes what is good for him, his pleasure, his desire to hear where the measure of wholesome is exceeded. He divines remedies against injuries, he exploits bad accidents to his gain. He instinctively gathers from everything he sees, hears, experiences, his sum (Summe): he is a selective principle, he can fall through a lot. He is always in his company if he associates with books, people or landscapes: he honors, as he chooses, as he admits, when he trusts. It reacts slowly to all kinds of stimuli, with that slowness which have been breeding a long caution and deliberate pride in him, - he checks the stimulus that comes on, he is far from meeting him. He believes neither in "disaster" nor in "blame": he is strong enough that it all must be for the best. - Well, I'm the opposite of a decadent, for I just described myself. -

24 [2]

The physiological contradiction (Widerspruch).

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

From criminals.

What I owe to the ancients.

Philosophy.

Music

the books characterized.

In media vita.

Notes of a
grateful one.

By

F. N.

24 [3]

Ecce homo

notes

one duplicates (Vielfachen).

1. *The psychologist speaks* (redet)

2. *The philosopher speaks*

3. *The poet speaks*

4. *The musician speaks*

5. *The writer speaks*

6. The educator talks

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

24 [4]

Frederick (Fridericus) Nietzsche

de vita sua.

Translated into German.

24 [5]

The mirror (Der Spiegel)

Attempt (Versuch)

a self-assessment (einer Selbstabschätzung).

By

Friedrich Nietzsche

24 [6]

The wisdom of my instinct is to the actual dangers and calamities for me to feel as such.

Similarly, to divine the means by which one goes out of their way and classifies them to his advantage and, as a *higher* intention organized around.

The struggle (Kampf) with the isolation

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

with the disease

with the accident of origin, education, community (Gesellschaft)...

with the great overwhelming responsibility

which need isolation – (with the multiplicity of the conditions of their task

24 [7]

Greatest wisdom: let a great destiny as little as possible to penetrate into the mind -
to save them the shame

hide speak against it with modesty, playfulness, sophistication of taste, even
though times of illness and weakness...

you have to do their bidding only, do not want to know what it is, when it
commands...

you must no speeches, no formulas, no attitudes have for them - one must suffer,
not knowing, you must do the best without having to understand it...

24 [8]

Vademecum [Translator's note: Latin word for handbook]

From reason of my life.

24 [9]

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

When dealing with the old (Alten).

Appendix

Ecce homo.

24 [10]

As far as Goethe is concerned: it was the first impression, a very early impression, perfectly decisive: the lion story, strangely, the first thing I came to know of him, gave me once and for all my term, *my taste* "Goethe". A misty-eyed, pure enjoyment and in the autumnal ripening omission - in waiting, an October sun-up to the most spiritual, and sweeten something golden, something mild, not marble - which I call Goethean. I did later, to this was added the term "Goethe" and trace the "Indian Summer" Adalbert Stifter with deep kindness in me: basically, the only German book to Goethe, the magic for me. - *Foust* - this is the one who knows the earthy smell of the German language by instinct, for the poet of Zarathustra, a pleasure beyond compare: he is *not* for the artists who I am, the one with the *Foust* piece of work on piece work in the hand was given - he is even less for the philosopher, the arbitrary and the totally accidental - reluctant to culture-namely, by accidents and problems related to all types of Goethe's work. They studied the eighteenth century, when one reads the "*Faust*," Goethe is studied: one is a thousand miles from the *necessaries* in type and problem. –

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Dezember 1888-Anfang Januar 1889 25 [1-21]

25 = W II 10b. W II 9d. Mp XVI 5. Mp XVII 8.

D 25. W II 8c.

December 1888 - early January 1889.

Archival description of one of Nietzsche's last notebooks.

“Notebook W-II-9

Composition dates

from 01/05/1888 to 30/06/1888

from 01/09/1888 to 30/09/1888

from 01/10/1888 to 30/11/1888

from **01/12/1888 to 10/01/1889**

from 18/10/1888 to 13/11/1888

Quarto notebook (15 by 20) bound in a black and yellow speckled cover, comprising 132 lined pages written almost in their entirety, working from the back of the notebook toward the front. The notebook contains preliminary drafts for *Twilight of the Idols* and *Ecce Homo*. It was used in May to June 1888, and again in September to December of the same year.

W II 9 contains the printing templates for *KGW* VIII 17[5], *KGW* VIII 19[5], *KGW* VIII 24[1-9] and *KGW* VIII 25[5].

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 17: May to June 1888.

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 19: September 1888.

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 24: October to November 1888.

Date of *KGW* VIII fragment group 25: **December 1888 to early January 1889.**

Date of the identified draft letters: October 18, 1888 to November 13, 1888.”

Some parts from another notebook.

“Z II 1 (GSA-Signatur 71/139; alte Signatur Z I) Z II 1 enthält die Druckvorlagen zu *KGW* VII 16[1-90] und *KGW* VIII 23[4-9] und *KGW* VIII 25[4].

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Datierung von *KGW* VIII Fragmentgruppe 23: Oktober 1888.

Datierung von *KGW* VIII Fragmentgruppe 25: Dezember 1888 bis Anfang Januar 1889. Datierung der identifizierten Briefentwürfe: 14. November bis 12. Dezember 1888". From Nietzsche Source these are some of the details about this physical notebook.

25 [1]

Great politics.
Die große Politik.

I bring the war. *Not* between people (Volk) and people: I have no words to adequately express my contempt for the execrable interest's politics of European dynasties, which consists of incitement to selfishness self-exaltation survey of the peoples against each other a principle and almost a duty makes. Not between stands. Because we have no higher ranks, hence lower: what is today the society (Gesellschaft) is on top, and, moreover, physiologically condemned - what is the evidence - in its instincts so impoverished, has become so uncertain that it is the opposite (Gegenprincip) higher type M professes without scruple.

I bring the war across all absurd coincidences of people, race, occupation, education, education (Bildung, culture): a war as between east and west, between the will to live and vengeance against life, between righteousness and vicious mendacity (Verlogenheit)... The fact that all "higher take stands" party for the lie that they are not at liberty - this must be it: it has not in hand, to keep bad instincts at bay. - Never more than in this case it is shown how little of the term "free will" is that it affirms what it is, it denies what is not... The number is said to favor the "Christians": the meanness of the number... Once you have treated two millennia humanity with physiological absurdity, has indeed the expiration of the inconsistency become instinct for being overweight. Is it not a matter which makes one shudder that only about 20 years all the next most important issues in nutrition, clothing, food, health, reproduction with rigor (der Fortpflanzung mit Strenge), seriousness, be handled with integrity.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

First principal (Satz): the great politics aims to make the physiology to be mistress of all other questions, they will create a force strong enough to humanity as a whole and higher breed, with merciless severity towards the degeneration and parasitic alive - against that what corrupts, poisons, defamed, to basically done... and sees the destruction of life, the insignia of a higher kind souls.

Second principal (Satz): death war (Todkrieg) against vice, every kind is vicious anti-nature. The priest is the most vicious kind of man: for he teaches anti-nature.

Second principal (Satz): to create a party of life, strong enough for big politics: the big politics makes the physiology of the mistress of all other issues - they want the Mh [FN abbreviations] as a whole breed, it measures the rank of the breeds, the peoples of the individuals according to their future [-] by its guarantee for life, which it carries in itself - it does with everything degenerates and parasitic (Parasitischen) inexorably to an end.

Third principal (Satz). The rest follows.

25 [2]

What can I forgive the Germans at least, that is, that they do not know what they do... lie. The liar who knows that he is lying, is measured against a German, virtuous...

25 [3]

The Gil Blas, a pleasant land in which there are no Germans; Prosper Mérimée, an even more pleasant one—one never stumbles upon a virtue.

25 [4]

petits faits vrais [small true facts]

Fromentin

De Vogüé

25 [5]

Mr. Köselitz really has a concept (Begriff) of me: something that sets me still as amazed as the opposite of it leaves me cold. Sometimes I see my hands on then, that I the fate (Schicksal) of humanity in my hand --: I break it apart into two pieces invisible, before me, after me... (vor mir, nach mir...)

25 [6]

[Translator's note: lots of missing and abbreviated words in 25 [6].

1.

I know my fate (Loos). It will pick up once on my name the recollection of something tremendous [Ungeheures, translator – broken word] - in a crisis, as there was none on *earth*, at the deepest conscience-Col, conjured up by a decision against all that believed been requested, was consecrated. - And of all this is nothing in me from a cians; simple if you know me, hold me for one, maybe a little mischievous scholar everyone knows to be cheerful. This book gives, I hope, a very different picture image of a prophet, I wrote it to destroy every myth about me in the root - it is still somewhat haughty in my seriousness, I love the smallest I like the lucky not to be going on, I'm in the moments of terrible decisions, the comprehensiveness of the greatest soul who has ever had a man. Fatally God or buffoon - that is the involuntary to me, that's me. - And yet or rather not yet, because all the prophets were until now liars - speaks the truth from me. - But m truth is *terrible*: because you said so far, the *falsehood* truth... revaluation of all that's my formula for an act of supreme self-reflection of humanity: my L me deeper, more courageous, honest must look down into the questions of all time

anyone ever been discovered... I would not call that living things out now, several millennia out against me. I disagree and I'm still saying no one is in the opposite spirit. It was only with me that there is hope again, I know from a height that the term has been missing for so far, - I am the *happy* ambassador par excellence, and how much I must always be the man of destiny. - Because occurs in volcanic activity so we have convulsions in earth, as there were none. Concept of politics have merged entirely with a war of spirits, all power structures blown into the air - there will be wars, as there was none on earth. - ("Begriff Politik ist gänzlich in einen Geisterkrieg aufgegangen, alle Machtgebilde in die Luft gesprengt, — es wird Kriege geben, wie es noch keine auf Erden gab. —)."

2.

What is going on in the meantime, is repugnant to me to give them even the spectators. I know nothing of what the exalted sense of my task this damnable incitement to international law, for racial selfishness that makes now on the "big politics" claim, before I have no words for my contempt express the level that now believes in the shape of the German Chancellor and the Prussian officer attitudes to the House of Hohenzollern rulers of the history of mankind be, this lowest species of human that are not even there to ask has learned, shattering lightning responses have needful, in which the whole work of the g [Translator note Nietzsche's abbreviation] safety of centuries has been in vain - that is too deep in me, as even the honor of my likely to have opposition. May they their houses of cards! for me are "rich" and "triple alliances"... The house of cards rests on assumptions which I have in my hand... There is more dynamite between el [Translator note Nietzsche's abbreviation] and earth than are dreamed of this can be purple clothed (gepurpurten) idiots... ("Es giebt mehr Dynamit zwischen el und Erde als diese gepurpurten Idioten sich träumen lassen...")."

25 [7]

5.

- One last point, perhaps the highest, I *justify* the Germans, I alone. We are, in contrast, we are untouchable even for each other - there is no bridge, no question, no view between us. But that is just the condition for that extreme degree of selfishness, of self-redemption, which was in my man: I am the *loneliness* as a human being... That I have never achieved a word that forced me to reach myself... I would not be possible without an opposition type race (Gegensatz-Art von Rasse), with no German, without the Germans, no Bismarck, no 1848, no "war of liberation (Freiheitskriege)" without head, without Luther himself... The great cultural crimes of the Germans to justify itself in a higher economics of culture... I nothing else will even backward not - I *could* want nothing else... *Amor fati*... Even Christianity is necessary: the highest form, the most dangerous, the seductive calls at no to life out until its highest affirmation - me... What are these last two millennia? Our most *instructive* experiment, a vivisection on life itself... Only two millennia!...

“(— Ein letzter Gesichtspunkt, der höchste vielleicht: ich *rechtfertige* die Deutschen, ich allein. Wir sind im Gegensatz, wir sind selbst unberührbar für einander, — es giebt keine Brücke, keine Frage, keinen Blick zwischen uns. Aber das erst ist die Bedingung für jenen äußersten Grad von Selbstigkeit, von Selbsterlösung, der in mir Mensch wurde: ich bin die *Einsamkeit* als Mensch... Daß mich nie ein Wort erreicht hat, das zwang mich, mich selber zu erreichen... Ich wäre nicht möglich ohne eine Gegensatz-Art von Rasse, ohne Deutsche, ohne diese Deutschen, ohne Bismarck, ohne 1848, ohne „Freiheitskriege“, ohne Kant, ohne Luther selbst... Die großen Cultur-Verbrechen der Deutschen rechtfertigen sich in einer höheren Ökonomik der Cultur... Ich will Nichts anders, auch rückwärts nicht, — ich *durfte* Nichts anders wollen... *Amor fati*... Selbst das Christenthum wird nothwendig: die höchste Form, die gefährlichste, die verführerischste im Nein zum Leben fordert erst seine höchste Bejahung heraus — mich... Was sind zuletzt diese zwei Jahrtausende? Unser *lehrreichstes* Experiment, eine Vivisektion am Leben selbst... Bloß zwei Jahrtaus!...).”

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

Stendhal came from the services of the best *rigorous* (*strengen, strick*) philosophical school of Europe, of Condillac and Destutt de Tracy, - he despised Kant...

25 [9]

Fromentin, Feuillet, Halévi, Meilhac, les Goncourt, Gyp, Pierre Loti - - or to name one of the deep breed, Paul Bourget, who has by far come closest to me of his own accord - - - ('Fromentin, Feuillet, Halévi, Meilhac, les Goncourt, Gyp, Pierre Loti — — — oder um einen von der tiefen Rasse zu nennen, Paul Bourget, der bei weitem am meisten von sich aus mir nahe gekommen ist — — —")

25 [10]

The old Italians with the depth of feeling and melancholy sweetness that *make* a musician par excellence, in which the highest is the voice remains as sound.

Nicola Jommelli's *Requiem* (1769), for example, I heard it yesterday - ah that comes from another world as one of Mozart's *Requiem*...

25 [11]

One last word. I will from now on, a helping hand - immortal hands! - Without the requisite number have, the *revaluation* is to appear in two languages. You will do well everywhere to form associations, to me at the right time to give a few million followers in the hand. I attach value to it, first the officers and the Jewish bankers for me to have: - Both together represent the *will to power*. -

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

If I ask for my natural allies, these are above all the officers, with military instincts in my body cannot you be a Christian - in the other case it would be wrong and wrong as a Christian, yet also as a soldier. Similarly, the Jewish bankers are my natural allies as the only international power to its origin as their instinct to which the nations again binds, after an execrable politics interest of the selfishness and self-sufficiency of nations has made a duty (nachdem eine fluchwürdige Interessen-Politik aus der Selbstsucht und Selbstüberhebung der Völker eine Pflicht gemacht hat).

25 [12]

During this time, there had results everything (Alles) – what [- -]. I give the highest honor the one that has cost it the largest trouble - my Maestro, Peter Gast, who do not require a last salute, when [- - -] -- the first and most solid musician who now lives.

I do only what I owed him when I call it the deepest and most solid musician who now live.

25 [13]

Death war (Todkrieg) the House of Hohenzollern

As the person I must be, not a man, a fate I will put an end to these criminal idiots who have done more than a century, the great word, the biggest word. Since F of *grand* robber (Diebes) days, they have done nothing but lie and steal, I have to exclude a single one, the unforgettable Frederick the Third slandered, as the most hated, the whole race... Today, as a shameful party on top, where a Christian band of the accursed discord of nationalism among the peoples of sows and the black house servants (Hausknechte), "liberate" the love of the slave wants, we have the *hypocrisy (Mendacity) and innocence* (to bring in a lie before a world court historic).

Their tool, Prince Bismarck, the idiot par excellence among all statesmen, never thought a hand's breadth beyond the dyn Hohenzollern.

But that has had its day: I want to tie the Reich up in an iron shirt and challenge it to a desperate struggle. I will not get my hands free until I have the Christian hussar [rcavalry] of the emperor, this young criminal with all his accessories, in my hands - with the destruction of the most pitiful freak of humanity that has so far come to power.

25 [14]

In order for the house of fools and criminals feel on top, Europe is now paying annually 12 billion, it tears fissures in between the nascent nations, it has led the inane most wars that have ever done: Prince Bismarck has the benefit of his home politics, all prerequisites for major tasks for world-historical purposes, for a nobler and finer spirituality with an execrable security of instinct destroyed. And look at but the Germans themselves, the [-] lowest, most stupid, vulgar race well, which is now on earth there *concealed* (*verhohenzollert*) to hatred against the spirit and freedom. Behold its "genius", the F B, the idiots among the statesmen of all time, who never thought beyond a few inches above the dynasty H. The idiot was on the cross [- - -] ... And when the race had genius, they had the genius of the *crime*...

(Damit das Haus von Narren und Verbrechern sich obenauf fühlt, zahlt Europa jetzt jährlich 12 Milliarden, reißt es Klüfte zwischen den werdenden Nationen auf, hat es die hirnverbranntesten Kriege geführt, die je geführt wurden: Fürst Bismarck hat zu Gunsten seiner Hauspolitik alle Voraussetzungen für große Aufgaben, für welthistorische Zwecke, für eine edlere und feinere Geistigkeit mit einer fluchwürdigen Sicherheit des Instinktes vernichtet. Und seht euch doch die Deutschen selber an, die [—] niedrigste, stupideste, gemeinste Rasse wohl, die jetzt auf Erden da ist, verhohenzollert bis zum Haß gegen Geist und Freiheit. Seht doch ihr „Genie“, den F B, den Idioten unter den Staatsmännern aller Zeiten, der nie eine Handbreit über die Dy H hinausgedacht hat. Der Idiot am Kreuze war [— — —] ... Und als die Rasse Genie hatte, hatte sie das Genie des *Verbrechens*...

Final consideration (Letzte Erwägung)

Finally, we could even do without the war, a right opinion might have sufficed. A cart with iron rods and other altitude (ohenzollern) for "Swabia"... We others succeed (Giengen) constantly on the grandiose and high work of life - we have to organize everything yet. There are even more effective means of bringing honor to physiology than by lazaretto - I knew to make a better use of the 12 billion that the "armed peace" today Europe costs. And short and sweet - - -

But his time has had (Aber das hat seine Zeit gehabt). Let me deliver you these young criminals, I will not hesitate to ruin him, - I will even make the blazing torch in his cursed (fluchwürdigen) criminal-spirit (Verbrecher-Geist)

25 [15]

Only by denouncing the criminal madness, I denounce always two cursed (fluchwürdigsten) institutions in which so far mankind sick, the actual deadly shaft institutions against life: the *dynastic* institution that fattens on the blood of the strongest, well-successful and glorious and the priestly institution that seeks to destroy with just a horrible deceit these same men, the strongest, well-turned-glorious from the outset. I think this emperor and priest agree I want to be here all the judges and make thousands with the criminal madness of dynasts and *priests* to an end... The M hour has been used to this in such madness that today believes it necessary to have armies for the *purpose of the war*... I said, it seems, just an absurdity... Nobody demanded stricter than I do, that everyone is a soldier: there is absolutely no other way, a whole people to the virtues of obedience and command, for clock, in attitude and gesture, to the cheerful and courageous way - to educate, to the freedom of the mind now [] - it is by far our first reason in education, that every soldier it gives no other means to tide over any chasm of rank, mind task, male mutual benevolence of an entire folk (Volk) to broad. - "Service and duty" [- - -], blessing the work - as always speaks the damn dynasty, when M has necessary. That is one kind of elite strength and youth, and power afterwards introduces the cannon, is *madness (W a h n s i n n)* .

25 [16]

I will never admit that a canaille [vulgar] von Hohenzollern can command someone to commit crimes... There is no right to obedience (Gehorsam), when the commander (Befehlende) is merely a Hohenzollern [Translator's note some words guessed at and added]

25 [17]

My friends, you just look at a priest. This is a solemn pale, squat, with cowardice in the eye and with very long pale fingers, especially in the sanctification puts a vengeful and fine animal which let us not underestimate the Pr not - he is He is also holy... We, with a little blood and curiosity, we in which a little devilment in mind luckily is *unholy*... What we are ashamed!

25 [18]

The empire (Reich) itself is indeed a lie: no Hohenzollern no Bismarck ever considered Germany... Therefore, the rage against Prof. Geffcken... Bismarck chose the word "German" in the mouth knocking police-law... I think you laugh at the courts of Vienna, St. Petersburg, you just know our consorts succeeded [Translator's note, French: 'parvenu'], who has so far not even a wise word spoken by mistake. This is not a person who relies on preservation of the Germans, as he claims.

and perhaps even more a *stupidity*! (und vielleicht noch mehr eine *Dummheit*!)

25 [19]

Final consideration (Letzte Erwägung)

Could we do dispense with the wars, so much the better. I know a more useful use of the twelve billion to make that annual cost of armed peace of Europe, there are still other means to bring honor to physiology as by sick bay (lazaretto)... In short, very well in fact: after the old God is abolished, I am ready (bereit) *to rule* [govern] the world...

(Letzte Erwägung

Könnten wir der Kriege entrathen, um so besser. Ich wüßte einen nützlicheren Gebrauch von den zwölf Milliarden zu machen, welche jährlich der bewaffnete Friede Europa kostet; es giebt noch andre Mittel, die Physiologie zu Ehren zu bringen, als durch Lazarethe... Kurz und gut, sehr gut sogar: nachdem der alte Gott abgeschafft ist, bin ich bereit, die Welt *zu regieren...*)

25 [20]

Deliver the young criminal into my hand: I will not hesitate to corrupt him and set his criminal mind on fire.... (Man liefere mir den jungen Verbrecher in die Hand: ich werde nicht zögern, ihn zu verderben und seinen Verbrecher-Geist in Brand zu stecken...)

25 [21]

condamno te ad vitam devil vitae [Translator's note, Latin: condemned you to the devil's life].

As I destroy (vernichte, [annihilate] Hohenzollern, I destroy (vernichte) the lie
(condamno te ad vitam diaboli vitae

Indem ich dich vernichte Hohenzollern, vernichte ich die Lüge)

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Notebooks.

[Translator, last of the final notebooks dating from 1888 December 1888 - early January 1889 as published in German. Need more philological research for the claim “very last writing” of Nietzsche’s notebook (as of 2023)].

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

Nietzsche's Letters Regarding *Ecce homo*

These are Nietzsche's letters starting at the end of October 1888 discussing his book, *Ecce homo*. The basic or the printer's copy [Druckmanuskript], was done by 13 November 1888. Nietzsche made minor changes up to 2 January 1889. The following letters discuss *Ecce homo*. There are 34 letters (some full letters and some partial texts) that are translated in this section. Heinrich Köselitz (Nietzsche's nickname for him was Peter Gast (1854-1918). Nietzsche's closest friend and editors of his writing. After Nietzsche died, Peter Gast was employed by Nietzsche's sister to decipher Nietzsche's handwriting and help create the non-book by Nietzsche called *The Will To Power*. Elisabeth Förster-Nietzsche (1846-1935).

BVN-1888, #1137 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 30/10/1888. Turin, d. 30. Okt. 88.

The weather is so wonderful that it is no feat to do something well. On my birthday I started something again that seems to be advising and has already made significant progress. It's called *Ecce homo. Or how to become what you are*. It is, with great boldness, about me and my writings: I didn't just want to use it to introduce myself before the incredibly solitary act of revaluation (Umwertung) - I would like to try out what I can actually risk with the German concepts of freedom of the press. My suspicion is that the first book of the revaluation will be confiscated on the spot—legally with the very best of rights. With this "Ecce homo" I would like to raise the question to such a serious and curious level that the common and basically reasonable notions about what is permitted allow for an exception here. Incidentally, I speak of myself with all sorts of psychological "slyness" and cheerfulness—I certainly don't want to appear before people as a prophet, monster, and moral abomination. In this sense, too, this book could do us good: it might prevent me from being confused with my opposite. —

[Signed]. N.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

[Translator's note. Nietzsche was born October 15, 1844, Röcken, near Lützen in the province of Saxony, Königreich Preußen, Deutscher Bund, Germany. Nietzsche 44th birthday, 1888].

BVN-1888, #1142 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 13/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6^{III}.

My “*Ecce homo. How to become what one is*” jumped out between October 15th, my most gracious birthday and lord, and November 4th, with such an antique self-importance and good humor that it seems too wise for me to be allowed to make fun of it. Incidentally, the last parts are already set in a tone that the *Meistersinger* must have lost, “the tune of the world ruler”... The final chapter has the unpleasant title: *Why I am a destiny*. That this is the case is proved so strongly that in the end one remains seated in front of me as a “larva” and a “feeling chest”... [Larve“ und „fühlende Brust“].

[Signed]. Nietzsche.

[Translator. Maybe? Friedrich Schiller, “Larve “und „fühlende Brust“].”

Franz Overbeck (1837-1905) lived in the same house at Nietzsche for five years. Looked after Nietzsche and was one of his closest friends.

BVN-1888, #1143 — Letter to Franz Overbeck: 13/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III am 13. Nov. 1888.

The print of the “*Twilight of the Idols. Or: how to philosophize with a hammer*” is over; the manuscript of the “*Ecce homo. How to become what you are*” is already in the printers. — The latter, of absolute importance, gives some psychological and even biographical information about me and my literature: you will see me all at once. The tone of the writing is cheerful and fateful, like everything I write. — The first book of *revaluation* (*Umwertung*) will be published at the end of next year. It's ready. —

With the heartiest congratulations for your well-being in body and soul.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

[Signed]. Nietzsche.

BVN-1888, #1144 — Letter to to Meta von Salis: 14/11/1888. Turin, den 14. Nov. 88.

Dear Miss, [Verehrtes Fräulein]

Since I am constantly suffering from a little excess of good humor and other good fortune, you may forgive me a completely meaningless letter. So far everything has gone better than fine; I rolled my burden as if I were an "immortal" bearer by nature. Not only did the first book of the revaluation come to an end on September 30th, in the meantime a very unbelievable piece of literature entitled "Ecce homo. How to become what one is" — again gifted with wings and fluttering, if I am not mistaken, in the direction of Leipzig... I am this **homo** myself, including the **ecce**; the attempt to spread a little light and terror over me seems to have succeeded almost too well. The last chapter, for example, has the unpleasant title: why I am a destiny. That this is the case is proved to such an extent that, in the end, one remains sitting in front of me merely as a "larva", merely as a "feeling chest". The Malvida case recently proved to me that some explanations about me are needed. I sent her, with a little malice in the background, four copies of *The Wagner Case*, with the request that she take some steps towards a good French translation. "Declaration of war" on me: Malvida uses this expression.

[Signed].

With excellent fidelity
your

[Signed].

Nietzsche

BVN-1888, #1148 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 18/11/1888. Turin, den 18. Nov. 1888.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

I calculate that he wants 3,000 thalers; If I'm not mistaken, he paid Schmeitzner 2,000. — Consider that I thereby become the proprietor of Zarathustra. Even "Ecce homo" will open your eyes. — I almost fell off my chair with pleasure. —

But that was only a side issue. A completely different question moves me deeply—the operetta question that your letter touches on.

[Signed].

N.

BVN-1888, #1149 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 19/11/1888. Turin, den 19. Nov. 1888.

Dear Mr. Publisher,

Indebted to you for your letter, I hasten to communicate my resolutions.

I don't like the sample page. I find the side of the last two fonts, with the line, not only far more elegant, but also easier to read. The sentence becomes difficult for the eye to survey due to the broader spaces: and in this above all there lies a danger of being understood. So, let's stay on the side of the *Twilight of the Idols*, let's also stick to the line. —

A second point that want to talk to you about, as I am talking to myself, is the question of the materials or paper. In anticipation of a perhaps even excessive fame of my name for a not too long time, I owe myself some considerations of respect, in which material considerations must not come into consideration. So, my will is that we also hold the same paper for "Ecce homo" — but that we hold the same prices for the *Twilight of the Idols* as for the new writing as for the "Wagner case". —

Later - who knows? we will also earn money one day: I dare not indicate to what extent the revaluation will be read. For the time being, everything depends on my being occupied with me everywhere for at least a year.

The new writing contains a separate chapter for each of my earlier writings, which is headed by the title of the individual writing. With that, I believe, your suggestion is settled: which is also contradicted by the fact that there are no reviews worth reporting. It's all pathetic stuff, without exception. —

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

Dr. I ask Fuchs to send "Jenseits, Beyond" and "Genealogie der Moral" together with Mr. Köselitz's address. — I don't want to see what is written about the "Wagner case". —?

[Translator's note: *Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a philosophy of the future (Jenseits von Gut und Böse. Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft). On Genealogy of Morality: A Polemic (Zur Genealogie der Moral: Eine Streitschrift, The Case of Wagner. A Musician Problem (Der Fall Wagner. Ein Musikanten-Problem.)*].

If you are able to get the printing started promptly and with zeal, I shall have reason to be grateful.

[Signed].

Ihr ergebenster

Prof. Dr. Nietzsche

BVN-1888, #1151 — Letter to Georg Brandes: 20/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III den 20. Nov. 1888.

Forgive me for answering right away. There are now in my life *curiosa* of random meaning that have no equal. Only the day before yesterday; now again. Oh, if you knew what I had just written when your letter came to visit me...

I have now told myself with a cynicism that will become world-historical: the book is called "Ecce homo" and is an assassination attempt without the slightest regard for the crucified: it ends in thunder and thunderstorms against everything Christian or Christian -infected is in which one sees and hears. I am after all the first psychologist of Christianity and, as an old artilleryman that I am, I can bring up heavy artillery of which no opponent of Christianity even suspected the existence. — The whole thing is the prelude to the revaluation of all values (*Umwertung aller Werthe*), the work that lies before me finished: I swear to you that in two years we shall have the whole world in convulsions. I am a fate. —

— Can you guess who comes off the worst in "Ecce homo"? As the most ambiguous kind of man, as the most accursed race in relation to Christianity in

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history? Gentlemen Germans! — I said terrible things to them... The Germans, for example, have it on their conscience that the last great period of history, the Renaissance, brought about their meaning — at a moment when Christian values, the values of *décadence*, succumbed where in the instincts of the highest clergy they were themselves overcome by the counter-instincts, the life-instincts!... Attacking the church — that meant restoring Christianity. — Cesare Borgia as Pope — that would be the meaning of the Renaissance, its true symbol...

— Also, don't be angry that you appear at a crucial point in the book — I just wrote it — in this context, that I stigmatize the behavior of my German friends towards me, the absolute abandonment with honor like with philosophy. — They appear all at once, shrouded in a kind cloud of glory...

I absolutely believe your words about Dostoevsky; I value it, on the other hand, as the most valuable psychological material I know—I am oddly grateful to it, however much it goes against my basest instincts. Roughly my relationship to Pascal, whom I almost love because he taught me endlessly: the only logical Christian...

— The day before yesterday I read, delighted and just like at home, *les mariés* by Herr August Strindberg. My sincere admiration, which does nothing other than the feeling of admiring me a little... Turin remains my residence -

[Signed].

Ihr Nietzsche, jetzt Unthier...

BVN-1888, #1156 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 25/11/1888. Turin, den 25. Nov. 1888.

Nov. 1888 Dear Mr. Publisher, I like the "Twilight of the Idols" very much, I feel reinforced once again in what I wrote last, that we keep the same materials for the "*Ecce homo*". — Two very silly mistakes which, I fear, are my responsibility resp. bad eyes go back p. 137 Z. 7 Agleoph instead of Aglaop p. 52 line 5 Symptomology instead of Symptomatology [schlechte Augen zurückgehn p. 137 Z. 7 Agleoph statt Aglaop p. 52 Z. 5 Symptomologie statt Symptomatologie. —]. I have left the words with which the writing should be displayed in the bookseller's

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stock exchange to Herr Köselitz, who will inform you about it.

Nietzsche as soon as "*Ecce homo*" has worked - it will cause an unparalleled astonishment - I am taking the steps already considered to prepare translations of the 'Revaluation' into 7 main languages by nothing but excellent writers from Europe.

[Signed].

Hochachtungsvoll Ihr
Prof. Dr. Nietzsche

Sincerely, I want my writings away from Fritzs. In two years, they will have a thousand-fold value. One can become a millionaire with my "Zarathustra" alone: it is the most decisive work that exists.

BVN-1888, #1157 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 25/11/1888. torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III Montag. 25. November 1888.

— The same materials, the same price also "*Ecce homo*", which is now in the works. — Get me out of a difficulty and give Naumann something about the *Twilight of the Idols* for the book dealer's stock exchange. You are allowed to take the expressions as strongly as possible. — Fritzs. wants about 10,000 thalers from me. - The question of "freedom of the press" is, as I now feel with all sharpness, a question not to be raised in my "*Ecce homo*".

. - The question of "freedom of the press" is, as I now feel with all sharpness, one of my "*Ecce homo*". An unanswerable question. I have placed myself so beyond, not about what is current and up today, but about humanity, which applying a codex would be a comedy.

...Recently it occurred to me to perform Malvida at a crucial point in "*Ecce homo*" as Kundry, who is laughing... I've lost the ability to put a straight seriousness on my face for 4 days — I guess with such a condition one ripe for the "world redeemer"?

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[Signed].

Ihr Freund N.

BVN-1888, #1158 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 26/11/1888. Turin, den 26. Nov. 88.

Dear Mr. Publisher,

I am writing to you once again; the question at issue is of the first rank. All things considered, the unqualified action of E. W. Fritzsche is a stroke of luck that cannot be appreciated highly enough. Without this act, which is not only a tactlessness, but a violation of honor (- he has foisted the most miserable personal motives for my writing against Wagner on me, on me the most impersonal human being there may have been), I would have no means to pull my writings out of his hands. Now, however, I not only can, I must: at a moment when my life is in a tremendous decision and a responsibility lies upon me for which there is no expression, I cannot bear it that one commits vulgarities against me. The publisher of "Zarathustra"! of the first book of all millennia! in which the fate of mankind is included! which in a few years will spread in millions of copies!... As soon as "Ecce homo" is published, I am the first man who lives now.

Your most devoted

[Signed].

Dr. Nietzsche

BVN-1888, #1159 — Letter to Paul Deussen: 26/11/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III am 26. Nov. 88.

Dear friend,

I need to talk to you about a matter of the highest order. My life is now coming to its climax: a few more years and the earth will tremble from a tremendous lightning strike. - I swear to you that I have the power to change the calendar. - There is nothing that stands today that does not fall over; I am more dynamite than

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man. - My revaluation of all values (Umwertung aller Werthe), with the main title "*The Antichrist*" is finished. In the next two years I have to take the steps to have the work translated into 7 languages: the first edition in each language c. one million copies. - Until then, the following will be published by me

1) *Twilight of the Idols. Or: How to philosophize with a hammer.* The work is finished, I gave the order yesterday that one of the first copies be sent to you. Read it, I beg you, with the deepest seriousness, however much it is a cheerful book in relation to what is to come.

2) *Ecce homo. How one becomes what one is.* This book is only about me - I appear in it with a world-historical mission. It is already in print. - In it, for the first time, light is shed on my *Zarathustra*, the first book of all millennia, the Bible of the future, the highest outburst of human genius, in which the fate of mankind is included. - And here comes my *concern*, for the sake of which I write.

I want my *Zarathustra* back from the hands of E. W. Fritsch, I want to have my whole literature in my hands myself, as its sole owner. It is not only a tremendous fortune, because my *Zarathustra* will be read like the Bible, - it is simply no longer possible in the hands of E. W. Fritsch. This nonsensical person has just now insulted me in my honor: I cannot help it; I must take the books away from him. I have already negotiated with him: he wants c. 10,000 Thaler for all my literature.

Fortunately, he has not the slightest idea of what he owns. - In sum, I need 10,000 Thalers. Think, old friend! I do not want anything as a gift, it is a question of borrowing at whatever interest is desired. By the way, I don't have a penny in debt, still have a few thousand to spend and am out of worries due to my Basel pension. (- The "*Twilight of the Idols*" and the "*Ecce homo*" are printed with a certain amount of money that some miracle sent me from Berlin at the time). Only the money would have to be at my disposal soon, before F gets a scent of what he has. Then I would have everything together in the hands of the trustworthy Naumann in Leipzig.

[Signed].

Your friend Nietzsche

(- with best regards to the "brave comrade" -)

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Card received from Madrid. - My health is wonderful now, I am up to the strongest, - you would not believe your ears if you heard that the 3 monsters of books mentioned were written between August 24 and Nov. 4!

BVN-1888, #1170 — Letter to Georg Brandes: early December 1888. Turin.

Valued (Werther), friend, I think it necessary to tell you a few things of the first order: give your word of honor that history will remain between us. We have entered into great politics, even into the very greatest... I am preparing an event which will most probably split history in two, to the point that we will have a new era: from 1888 as year one. Everything that is on top today, triple alliance, social question, will completely pass over into an individual antagonism: we will have wars like there are none, but not between nations, not between estates: everything is blown apart, - I am the most terrible dynamite there is. - In 3 months, I want to give orders for the production of a manuscript edition of "The Antichrist." It will remain completely secret: it will serve me as an agitation edition. I need translations into all the main European languages: if the work is to be published first, I calculate a million copies in each language as the first edition. I have thought of you for the Danish edition, of Mr. Strindberg for the Swedish edition. - ...

This new power, which will form here, should be the first world power in the twinkling of an eye: admitted that at first the ruling classes will take the side of Christianity, the axe is laid at their roots insofar as all strong and lively individuals will absolutely leave them. That all spiritually unhealthy races in Christianity will feel the faith of the rulers on this occasion, consequently, will take sides for the lie, one does not need to be a psychologist to guess. The result is that here the dynamite explodes all army organization, all constitution: that the opposition does not constitute anything else and stands untrained for war. All in all, we will have the officers in their instincts for us: that it is in the highest degree dishonorable, cowardly, impure to be a Christian, this judgment one carries away infallibly from my "Antichrist". - (First appears the "Ecce homo" of which I spoke, in which the last chapter gives a foretaste of what is to come, and where I myself appear as a man of doom...). As for the German Emperor, I know the way to treat such brown idiots: it gives the measure of a well-behaved officer. Frederick the Great was better, he would be in his element at once. - My book is like a volcano; one has no

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idea from previous literature what is being said there, and how the deepest secrets of human nature suddenly leap out with appalling clarity. There is a way of speaking the death sentence that is completely superhuman (die vollkommen übermenschlich). And at the same time a grandiose calm and height blows over the whole thing - it is really a world judgment, although nothing is too small and hidden that is not seen and brought to light here. When you finally read the law against Christianity signed, the "Antichrist", which makes the conclusion, who knows, perhaps even you, I fear, your bones will shake....

Revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe)? Only then will - - -

If we are victorious, we shall have the government of the earth in our hands - world peace (world free, Weltfrieden) included... We have overcome the absurd boundaries of race, nation and estates: there is only hierarchy between man and man, and indeed an immense long ladder of hierarchy.

There you have the first world historical paper: great politics par excellence.

NB. Find me a master as the first translator - I can only use masters of language.

BVN-1888, #1173 — Letter to Otto von Bismarck: early December 1888. Turin.

His Serene Highness Prince Bismarck.

I do the first statesman of our time the honor of announcing my hostility to him by handing him the first copy of "Ecce homo". I enclose a second copy: to place the same in the hands of the young German Emperor would be the only request I would ever be willing to make to Prince Bismarck. -

[Signed].

The Antichrist
Friedrich Nietzsche.

BVN-1888, #1176 — Letter to August Strindberg: 06/12/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6, III. den 8. December 1888.

But now five words between us, very between us! When your letter reached me yesterday - the first letter in my life that reached me - I had just finished the last

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manuscript revision of "Ecce homo". Since there is no more coincidence in my life, you are therefore no coincidence either. Why do you write letters that arrive at such a moment? *Ecce homo* should indeed be published in German, French and English at the same time. Yesterday I sent the manuscript to my printer; as soon as one sheet is ready, it must go into the hands of the translators. Who are these translators? I sincerely did not know that you yourself are responsible for the excellent French of your *père*; I believed in a masterly translation. In case you wanted to take care of the French translation yourself, I would not be happy enough about this miracle of a meaningful coincidence. For, between us, to translate my "Ecce homo" requires a poet of the first rank; it is in expression, in refinement of feeling, a thousand miles beyond all mere "translators." Lastly, it is not a thick book; I assume it will be published in the French. Edition (perhaps by Lemerre, Paul Bourget's publisher? -) just make such a volume for 3 frs. 50. Since it says completely outrageous things and sometimes, in all innocence, speaks the language of a world leader, we surpass even Nana (selbst Nana) by number of editions.... On the other hand, it is anti-German to the point of annihilation; the party of French culture is maintained throughout history (- I treat the German philosophers all together as "unconscious" counterfeiter, I call the young emperor a charlatan Mukker...) Also, the book is not boring, - I have written it myself sometimes in the style of "Prado" ... In order to protect myself against German brutalities ("confiscation" -), I will send the first copies, before publication, to Prince Bismarck and the young emperor with a letter of declaration of war: military men must not respond to this with police measures. - I am a psychologist...

Consider, dear sir! It is a matter of the highest order. For I am strong enough to break the history of mankind into two pieces. -

There remains the question of the English translation. Would you have a suggestion for it? - An anti-German book in England...

[Signed].

Very devoted

Yours

Nietzsche.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

BVN-1888, #1180 — Letter to Helen Zimmer: 08/12/1888. Turin, um den 8. December 1888.

Dear Fräulein

a matter of all first rank! I think I do not need to ask you first for any discretion. My life is now coming to a long-prepared tremendous blunder: what I am doing in the next two years is of the kind to throw our whole existing order, "Empire", "Triple alliance" and all these glories are called, over the heap. It is an assassination attempt on Christianity, which acts completely like dynamite on everything that is in the slightest way related to it. We will change the chronology (Zeitrechnung), I swear to you. There has never been a M more right to annihilation than I!

There are two strokes, but with interval of 2 years, the first is called *Ecce homo* and shall appear as soon as possible. German, English French. The second is called *Antichrist*. Revaluation of all values (Umwertung aller Werthe). Both are completely ready for printing: I am just sending the ms of *Ecce homo* to the printer. - For the French translation of *Ecce homo*, I will have a Swede, a true genius: I enclose his letter, from which you will at least learn what he thinks of me. For the English translation - what do you think, dear lady? Are you strong and of good courage to take on such a task? It is not a thick book, a matter of c 10 sheets of small pages. But it must be an excellent, careful and delicate work: for in linguistic matters there is no greater masterpiece than this *Ecce homo*. - An assassination of Chr will make a tremendous stir in England: I have no figures in my head for the number of editions. In addition, it is also a completely devastating attack on the Germans - throughout history as the actually harmful, lying, sinister race... A point of view, as it seems to me, perhaps not unpopular for Englishmen... I emphasize on the German character, not only on the German spirit that no word hurtful for Englishmen occurs in it.

The book beats Christianity to death, and also Bismarck....

In case you cannot promise me your own help, perhaps you will know steps and ways how I can be helped here.

BVN-1888, #1181 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 09/12/1888. Turin. Sonntag, den 9. Dec. 1888 via Carlo Alberto 6^{III}.

Dear friend,

I was just about to write to you, when your letter came through the door, unfortunately not accompanied by the "Kunstwart". But it will only be a matter of hours. - Your wonderful news concerning "Provence" refreshes me as few things could refresh me; for since I am doing well, it is actually fair that my "neighbors" should be doing even better. The first step, here as everywhere, is the hardest - and only the females help over it... I also have good things to report. The "Ecce homo" left the day before yesterday to C. G. N, after I, for the last reassurance of my conscience, once again put it on the gold scale from the first to the last word. It goes so far beyond the concept of "literature" that actually even in nature the equivalency is missing it literally blasts the history of mankind into two pieces - the highest superlative of dynamite... For the French translation I will probably have the Swedish genius A. Strindberg, who writes all his works in French - and masterfully! - He wrote me his first letter the day before yesterday - it was the first letter with a world-historical accent that reached me. He has the notion that Zarathustra is a **non plus ultra**. At the same time another letter arrived from St. Petersburg, from one of the very first women of Russia, almost a declaration of love, in any case a curious piece of writing: Madame la Princesse Anna Dmitrievna Ténicheff. The most intelligent head of Petersburg society, the old Prince Urussov, is also said to be very interested in me. Georg Brandes is giving lectures in these circles again this winter and will report miraculous things to them. I probably said that Strindberg and Brandes are friends that they both live in Copenhagen? - Strindberg, by the way, considers me the greatest psychologist of women... *Ecco*, Malvida!!! -

- Yesterday I sent *Twilight of the Idols* to Ms. Taine with a letter asking him to take an interest in a French translation of the work. I also have a thought for the English translation: Miss Helen Zimmern, who now lives in Geneva, in the nearest intercourse with my friends Fynn and Mansouroff. She also knows Georg Brandes - she has discovered Schopenhauer to the English, why not even more so his antipodes?...

I have not yet made any progress with E. W. Fritsch; but I hope, with some patience, that the price will still go down a few thousand marks. If I can buy back all my literature for 8,000 marks, I will have made the deal. - Naumann advises me in this matter. Please pay a visit to my old and very funny friend Professor Paul Deussen as soon as possible, Berlin W. Kurfürstendamm 142. You can tell him

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thoroughly what I am and what I can do. By the way, he is very devoted to me and in a way that is the rarest on earth: he sent me 2000 marks last summer for the purpose of my printing costs (- for the same purpose, listen! Frl. Meta von Salis 1000 frcs. -) Between us, I implore you!

Now a serious matter. Dear friend, I want to have back all copies of the fourth Zarathustra, in order to secure this unpublished (um dies **ineditum** gegen alle Zufälle) against all accidents of life and death (- I read it these days and almost perished from movement). When I will publish it after a couple of decades of world-historical crises - wars! - it will be the right time. Please, try to remember who has the copies. My memory is: Lanzky, Widemann, Fuchs, Brandes, probably Overbeck. Do you have the address of Widemann? - How many copies were there? How many do we still have? - A few may be in Naumburg.

Weather, as before, incomparable. Three boxes of books arrived from Nice. - I have been leafing through my literature for a few days, which I now feel up to for the first time. Do you understand? I have done everything very well, but never had a concept of it, - on the contrary!... For example, the various prefaces, the fifth book "gaya scienza" - hell, what is in it! - About the third and fourth untimely ones you will read in *Ecce homo* a discovery that will make your hair stand on end - it stood on end for me, too. Both talk only about me, anticipando... Neither Wagner, nor Schopenhauer appeared psychologically in it... I have understood both writings in only 14 days. -

Signs and wonders!

[Signed].

Greetings from the

Phoenix.

- *Human, All to Human* has impressed me to the highest degree: it has something of the calmness of a grand seigneur.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

- Do you already know that I need the whole Jewish big capital for my international movement?...

Paul Deussen (1845-1919). Sent letters from 1864-1889.

BVN-1888, #1186 — Letter to Paul Deussen: 11/12/1888. Torino, via Carlo Alberto 6 III Dienstag. 11. December 1888.

Dear Friend,

I am sincerely pleased with your letter: it corresponds in all main matters to my own opinion and also to the more authoritative one in these matters, that of my inestimable Leipzig publisher C. G. Naumann. He advises to wait: Fritzsche will be wise enough to get his hands on a secure amount of money for a very uncertain and, in the case of philosophical publishing, ten times more uncertain future. I consider this situation to be a real stroke of luck. For to get my earlier literature back now for a few thousand marks, immediately before its value is understood, would not have been possible without this coincidence. Nothing is further from my mind than wanting to "annoy" F. The case is that when the "Wagner Case" appeared in his own newspaper, which he edited, he had the most disdainful personal remarks printed about me: so that a real indignation was expressed to me from all sides, even from Naumann. You must feel the jubilation among the Wagnerians that my own publisher not only abandons me but ridicules me. - Let us leave the word "honor" out of it: it is just no longer decent to leave my books in such hands. -

My health is excellent and completely indestructible, although I have had to deal with a number of enormous tasks in turn. Everyone is amazed at the cheerfulness and pride with which I live here in Turin: I am treated like a prince, - perhaps I am too. -

My publisher has been commissioned to present you with the last completed work, the "Twilight of the Idols". It is not impossible that a French translation of it will appear: I am in negotiations. What is now being printed is called *Ecce homo. How one becomes what one is*. This will appear in English, French and German at the same time. - The letters I have received lately, especially from the first society of St. Petersburg, also from a real genius of poet who is Swedish, all have something of a world-historical accent, as if the fate of mankind were in my hands. -

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

I have asked my excellent friend and maëstro Peter Gast (his real name is Heinrich Köselitz) to pay you a visit. He has by far the deepest understanding of me, you can ask him about everything. By the way, he is very well received in Berlin: it is likely that Joachim himself will perform his "Provençal Quartet" (which is dedicated to me -) for the first time. Between us, a charming girl from the richest aristocracy of Berlin (with a large estate in Hinterpommern) is the reason for his Berlin existence: he has Count Schlieben as a rival, but the kind person would rather die than - - Again, this between us. - He spent the summer at their forest castle and was only too happy to endure the concurrence of all the Gardelieutnants from the surrounding nobility. - A story that began in Venice. - The musicians! - - - I myself have these days almost received a declaration of love from the most charming and witty woman of St. Petersburg, Madame la Princesse Anna Dmitriewna Ténicheff, a great admirer of my books. Georg Brandes is going to St. Petersburg this winter to give lectures about me. -

[Signed].

To you and your dear wife

most sincerely

most cordially

Your Nietzsche

I urgently ask you to refrain from further negotiations about the procurement of money. If the sum still goes down to the degree expected by Naumann, I will be able to cope with the situation myself.

BVN-1888, #1191 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 15/12/1888. Turin, Saturday. 15. December 1888.

Dear Publisher,

here comes another beautiful manuscript, something small, but very well done, of which I am proud. After I have written a small farce in the "Wagner Case", here comes the seriousness to speak because we - Wagner and I - have basically experienced a tragedy with each other. - Since the "Wagner Case" has raised the

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question of our relationship, it seems to me that it is high time to tell an extraordinarily strange story here. - Now, please calculate how many pages it will make in the same layout as "Fall Wagner"? Two to three sheets, I suppose. - My wish would be that we complete this little thing immediately. I thereby also gain time to take up anew the translator question with regard to *Ecce homo*, which up to now has had little chance. At least I would like to have a French translation, but a masterpiece of translation. -

Very edified by the beautiful and profound words of Mr. Köselitz (Peter Gast) in the "Kunstwart" (Artistic administrator). Mr. Avenarius said some foolishness afterwards but has already apologized to me in the nicest way - I wrote him a very cheerful letter. Did he not express his regret that this time I had written "exceedingly esprit"? - As if my writings were otherwise characterized by stupidity!

[Signed].

Sincerely

Yours

Dr. Nietzsche.

Mr. E. W. Fritsch is silent. Me too. - I still ask, for me, for 4 copies of *Twilight of Idols*, (*Götzen-Dämmerung*) and 1 copy of "Fall Wagner".

BVN-1888, #1192 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 16/12/1888.

- This afternoon I will hear a Requiem by the old Neapolitan Maestro Jommelli (died about 1770): Accademia di canto corale. -

And now the main thing. Yesterday I sent a manuscript to C. G. Naumann, which must first be completed, that is, before *Ecce homo*. I can't find the translators for "Ecce": I have to postpone the printing for several months. Finally, there is no hurry. - The new work will give you pleasure: - also come before - and how! -

It is called

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

Nietzsche versus Wagner.

From the files
of a psychologist.

It is essentially an antipode characterization, in which I have used a number of passages from my older writings and have thus given the very serious counterpart to the "Wagner Case". This does not prevent that the Germans are treated with Spanish malice in it - the writing (three sheets about) is extremely anti-German. At the end appears something of which even friend Köselitz has no idea: a song (or what you want to call it...) by Zarathustra, with the title Von der Armut des Reichsten - you know, a little seventh bliss and still an eighth in addition... music....

- I don't see now and then for what I should accelerate too much the tragic catastrophe of my life, which begins with "*Ecce*". This new thing will perhaps, due to the curiosity which the "Wagner case" has aroused, be read strongly - and since I now no longer write a sentence in which I would not appear completely, so in the end this psychologist's antithesis is already the way to understand me - *Ia gran via*...

Avenarius, whom I have felt on the fingers with a malicious little letter, has apologized most sincerely and warmly - I think I have done this story very well. (Ask for some more copies of Avenarius!).

[Signed].

In Freundschaft
Ihr N.

BVN-1888, #1193 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 17/12/1888. December 1888.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

We want to print 2 sheets of *Ecce homo* and make some copies on good paper, so that I can give my French and English translators and publishers a clear idea of the nature of the work. I ask for these prints here. - In the meantime, in a quite inestimable way, a relationship has been established between me and by far the most influential man in France, influential for literature book trade and literary renown (litterarisches renommée), with the chief editor of the *Journal des Débats* and the *Revue des deux Mondes*, who at the same time also has for political questions one of the firmest and most protected positions in France. The first philosopher of France, Ms. Taine, a great admirer of my writings, urged me to put my cause in the hands of his friend, in whom I would have one of the most intelligent readers (- he is deeply informed about everything German, even in linguistic matters) This means to have won his case in France. -

For England I have in mind an excellent writer, who already has the merit of having introduced Schopenhauer to England, Miss Helen Zimmern, living in Florence, contributor to the Times and all the great reviews, - born in Germany, so that she is perfectly competent even in linguistics.

When the two sheets are done, we go to *Nietzsche contra Wagner*. A few weeks will then pass before all the preliminaries with translators and publishers in Paris and London are settled. -

[Signed].

N.

- So that the title follows the "Wagner Case" as closely as possible, we want to write

Nietzsche versus Wagner

A Psychologist's Problem

BVN-1888, #1196 — Letter to Jean Bourdeau: about December 17, 1888.

Consider, dear sir, whether the *Twilight of the Idols*, a book very radical in thought and daring in form, should not be translated. I confess a pleasure of the first rank, myself like a volume of Paul Bourget (- that is a deep and nevertheless not pessimistic spirit -).

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

- it would introduce most quickly and thoroughly to my thoughts; I hardly think it possible to give more substance in a smaller space. - Of the writing on Wagner, I am told that it is so French in thought that it could not be translated into German. - The works that lead up to a decision, in which the brutal arithmetical example of present politics could perhaps prove to be an arithmetical error, are completely ready for printing: Now *Ecce homo* will appear. *Or: how one becomes what one is.* Later, the *revaluation of all values* (Umwerthung aller Werthe). But even these works would first have to be translated into French and English, since I do not want to make my fate dependent on any imperial police rule... This young emperor has never heard of the things where for ours hearing only begins: Otitis, almost Meta-Otitis...

I have the honor to be an old reader of the J d D: the complete dullness of the present Germans for any kind of higher sense comes to an almost frightening expression in their behavior against me for 16 years, well understood! I am afraid there are no more decisive, profound and, if one has ears, exciting books than the

Marteau des Idoles
Hammer of Idols

A real crisis is expressed in it, but no German has a concept of it - I am also the antithesis of a fanatic and apostle and can tolerate no wisdom except seasoned with a great deal of malice and good humor. My books are not even boring - and still no German has a concept of them. My concern is that the moment one stands morally before one of my writings, one spoils it: therefore, it is high time that I should once again be born a Frenchman - for the task for whose sake I live at is - - -

- I take the liberty of presenting those books to you: provided that these appear in French, then I am introduced, introduced in France, - the rest follows from that. (- The rest is called here the deepest book that mankind has, my Zarathustra. But you can't start with that one).

Beyond Good and Evil: also with this work, Ms. Taine has testified to me an extraordinary participation in his time.

The *Twilight of the Idols or How to Philosophize with a Hammer*, one could simplify the title.

Hammer of Idols

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

I only know this: the moment you stand in front of one of my books, you will spoil them. Now I am just about to take the decisive step in my life: the works, which are basically not books but will represent a kind of destiny, are ready for printing - it is up to me how many months or years they still have to wait. It is therefore a question of the highest priority for me, not dependent on chance, on the brutality of a police ban with my task - it is high time I also outside of Germany - - -

BVN-1888, #1202 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 20/12/1888. Turin, 20. December 1888.

A new consideration convinces me that we definitely have to finish printing *Ecce homo* first and that N.c.W. will come after that. All negotiations with publishers, writers and my own followers can only be made with the finished copies: another thing is the time of publication. For France, I will first arrange a translation of the *Twilight of the Idols*: it is short and highly preparatory. -

The number of copies - can you give me an approximate cost estimate for 1000 good copies and 4000 on lesser paper?

[Signed].

Respectfully N.

The copy of sheet 1 did not reach me; please send me one with sheet 2.

[N.c.W or NCW = *Nietzsche contra Wagner*. Translator's note].

BVN-1888, #1206 — Letter to Ferdinand Avenarius in Dresden. 22/12/1888. Turin, December 22, 1888.

Dear Sir,

It has just occurred to me that it would be in your interest, and perhaps in mine as well, if you were to publish the essay by Heinrich Köselitz separately, as a brochure of a few sheets. There is every indication that it would be tremendously read and heard. You cannot believe what signs of homage are now coming to me from everywhere: a few months later, with the appearance of *Ecce homo*, of which

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

2 sheets are printed, I count my followers in the millions. Your "art caretaker" will not feel bad about it when he has said the first word of this kind.

[Signed].

The Antichrist.

BVN-1888, #1209 — Letter to Franz Overbeck. Turin, den 22. December 1888.

Dear friend,

I thank you sincerely for your words, although, according to the deep trust we have for each other, you would be perfectly justified in remaining silent for years. I have also just sent a greeting to Andreas Heusler: a very pleasant coincidence wanted that it came to me this night and with particularly good feelings. Forgiveness! but almost every letter I write now begins with the sentence that there is no more chance in my life. - C. G. Naumann has not yet told me whether and when the dispatch of *Götzen-Dämmerung* is to begin. I think he has a lot to do with me now; two printed sheets of *Ecce homo* have arrived. - This time I have considered Basel in such a way that one must already make the attempt to get to know me. And one agrees now at least that I am not stupid. Apart from your copy, copies are intended for the library, for the reading society, for the Basler Nachrichten, for Mr. Spitteler. Jakob Burckhardt, who appears twice with extraordinary honors, received the very first copy that Naumann sent for me. - What I would like is that a capital essay about me by Köselitz, a masterpiece of precision and depth, published in the *Kunstwart*, whose editor also addresses me as "Hochzuverehrender! There is absolutely nothing provocative in it; "that the behavior of the Germans against Nietzsche provides a new leaf to the history of their increasing intellectual inferiority", will hopefully not offend the Baslers. -

And now the "Fritzsche case!" - Because of this, I must write to you. My publisher! The publisher of Zarathustra! - I wrote to him on the spot: "How much do you ask for my entire literature? With sincere contempt Nietzsche". Answer: c. 11,000 marks. -

It is a matter of decency for me, I will be careful not to abuse the word "honor" towards such riffraff. - C. G. Naumann, who is assisting me in this matter, recommends waiting and achieving a reduction in the price. Admittedly, the way I

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am now being spoken of should make him wonder, so that I do not believe in reduction. Basically, the matter is a stroke of luck of the first order: I get the sole possession of my literature in my hands at the moment when it becomes saleable. For the works at C. G. Naumann also belong to me alone.

Problem: how do I manage 11,000 marks now? How much would my savings in Basel add up to? (- I confess, they were not intended for this, but for the large printing costs of the next years. Finally, for the first time in my life, I could borrow money for this, since my "ability to pay" should not become insignificant in the next few years. With a good Parisian publisher, Lemerre for example, I want to arrange conditions for *Ecce homo*, with the mediation of this most influential editor-in-chief of the two dominant papers in France, as the first Parisian novelists have them - and I will surpass even Zola's *Nana* in the number of editions... What do you advise? - Wishing you and your dear wife a merry Christmas.

[Signed].

Your friend N.

Note, I had asked Taine quite directly for the means to be read in France, to be translated: for this purpose, he calls me Ms. B, but so delicately that it sounds different.

Cosima Wagner (1837-1930). Nietzsche sent letters from 1870-1889.

BVN-1888, #1211. Letter to Cosima Wagner in Bayreuth (draft). Turin, about December 25, 1888.

Dear Mrs.

basically, the only woman I've adored... please accept the first copy of this *Ecce homo*.

Basically, everyone in the world is treated badly there, with the exception of Richard W— and Turin too. Malvida also appears as Kundry...

[Signed].

The Antichrist.

Ecce homo: How to become what you are. Letters.

BVN-1888, #1213 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 27/12/1888.

. — Having considered everything, in 1889 we want to publish the *Götzen-Dämmerung* and *Nietzsche contra Wagner*: the latter perhaps first, since I have been written from all sides that my “Wagner Case” was actually the first to draw real public attention to me. *Ecce homo*, which, as soon as it is finished, has to pass into the hands of the translators, could not possibly be ready before 1890 to appear in the three languages at the same time. I don't have a date yet for the *revaluation of all values* (*Umwertung aller Werthe*).

(Für die *Umwertung aller Werthe* habe ich noch gar keinen Termin. Der Erfolg von *Ecce homo* muß hier erst vorangegangen sein.

— Daß das Werk druckfertig ist, habe ich Ihnen geschrieben).

The success of *Ecce homo* must have gone first here. — I wrote to you that the work is ready for printing. As a preface to the work of Dr. Fuchs we would like the excellent essay by Hr.

I have returned both the 2 sheets of *Ecce* and the 2 sheets of N. contra W. to you, ready for printing. — Dr. just reported to me. Carl Fuchs that had written a book against Wagner, which in Danzig had an extraordinary success through esprit and delicacy - he read it to the literary society - and also with special experts. — [Signed].

dr

BVN-1888, #1214 — Letter to Carl Fuchs: 27/12/1888.

Having considered everything, dear friend, from now on there is no point in talking or writing about me; I have shelved the question of who I am with the writing on which we are printing *Ecce homo* for the next eternity (*Ecce homo* für die nächste Ewigkeit ad acta gelegt). Henceforth one should never worry about me, but about the things I am here for. - Also, in the next few years there could be such an enormous transformation of my external situation that even every single question in the fate and life task of my friends would depend on it - not to speak of the fact

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that such ephemeral structures as "the German Reich" in every calculation have to stay away for what's coming. — First of all, *Nietzsche contra Wagner* will come out, if everything works out, also in French.

BVN-1888, #1220 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: about December 29, 1888.

Dec 1888 Dear Mr. Publisher, I would like to thank you very much for the communication you have just received. I would like to ask you to arrange for the printing of the *Ecce* to continue as soon as *NcW* is ready. For the time being, *Ecce* is also out of the question for translation plans. An extremely kind and accommodating letter from Ms. Bourdeau, editor-in-chief of the *J. des Débats*, which arrived today, and which tells me how long and how well he has known my works, first proposes la " *Crépuscule des idoles* ". — I am negotiating an English and an Italian translation of the same work. With best regards and New Year's wishes,

[Signed].

sincerely Nietzsche —

I agree with you that we also for *Ecce homo* want to exceed the number of 1000 copies: 1000 copies in Germany is perhaps a bit crazy for a work of high style - in France I reckon, in all seriousness, on 80-400 000 copies. — A review of the "W case" in *J. des Déb.* planned for January.

BVN-1888, #1227 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 30/12/1888.

I baptized it *Ecce homo* and mentally created an enormous amount of free space around it. - Then I went to my palazzo, now palazzo madama - we'll get the madama for it -: can remain completely as it is, by far the most picturesque kind of large-scale castle - especially in the stairwell.

. — He lived exactly until *Ecce homo*, the book, was finished. — The book and the

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person to go with it... Yesterday I sent my **non plus ultra** to the printers, titled *Fame and Eternity (Ruhm und Ewigkeit)*, wrote poems beyond all seven heavens.

It ends *Ecce homo*. — One dies of it if one reads it unprepared... One will speak German at my court: for the highest works of M h are written in German... Take gymnastics and pastilles Géraudel... So that I do not withhold my ulterior motives, send I send you a letter that I wrote yesterday for my maestro, Mr. Pietro Gasti — and which can wait a few more days... I bequeath this letter to you for any use you wish. If you ask me, you will also receive the proclamation for the J of the debate: it suffices... triple alliance — but that's just a courtesy for *mésalliance*...

BVN-1888, #1228 — Letter to Heinrich Köselitz: 31/12/1888.

Warn Fuchs yourself... In *Ecce homo* you will find an enormous page about Tristan, about my relationship to Wagner in general. W is definitely the first name that occurs in *E h.* - Where I leave no doubts about anything, I have also had the courage to do the utmost.

I was still present at the funeral of the ancient Antonelli, this November. - He lived until *Ecce homo*, the book, was finished. - The book and the man...

Yesterday I sent my **non plus ultra** to the printers, titled *Glory and Eternity*, written beyond all seven heavens. It makes the end of *Ecce homo*. - One dies of it if one reads it unprepared....

One will speak German at my court: for the highest works of M h are written in German....

Gymnastics and Pastilles Géraudel take...

BVN-1889, #1233 — Letter to Constantin Georg Naumann: 01/01/1889. Turin, 1. January 1889.

Dear sir,

I have to ask for the poem that ends *Ecce homo* again: it's called *Glory and Eternity* — I sent it last of all.

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[Signed].

N.

The idea of a Fuchs-Köselitz publication has been abandoned.

[Geehrter Herr,

ich muß mir das Gedicht noch einmal ausbitten, das den Schluß vom *Ecce homo* macht: es heißt *Ruhm und Ewigkeit*, — ich habe es noch zuallerletzt geschickt.

[Signed].

N.

Der Gedanke einer Publikation Fuchs—Köselitz ist aufgegeben].

BVN-1889. #1235. To Catulle Mendès in Paris (dedication) Turin, 1. January 1889.

Wanting to bring humanity unlimited benefit, I give them my dithyrambs.

I place them in the hands of the poet of Isoline, the greatest and first satyr alive today - and not only today...

[Signed] Dionysos.

BVN-1889. #1237. To Constantin Georg Naumann in Leipzig Turin, 2. January 1889.

“Die Ereignisse haben die kleine Schrift Nietzsche contra W. vollständig überholt: senden Sie mir umgehend das Gedicht, das den Schluß macht, ebenso wie das letztgesandte Gedicht „Ruhm und Ewigkeit“. Vorwärts mit *Ecce!*

Telegraphiren Sie Herrn Gast!

Adresse nach wie vor”

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“Events have completely overtaken the little writing Nietzsche contra W.: send me immediately the poem that makes the conclusion, as well as the last poem sent, "Glory and Eternity". Forward with Ecce!

Telegraph to Herr Gast!

Address as before”.

BVN-1889. #1256. Letter to Jacob Burckhardt in Basel. Turin, about 6 January 1889. [Perhaps Nietzsche's last letter he ever sent].

Dear Professor,

Last, I would much rather be a Basel professor than God; but I did not dare to push my private egoism so far as to refrain from the creation of the world for his sake. You see, one must make sacrifices regarding how and where one lives. - But I have reserved a small student room, which is opposite the Palazzo Carignano (- where I was born as Vittorio Emanuele) and also allows you to hear the magnificent music below me, in the Galleria Subalpina, from his worktable. I pay 25 fr. with service, get my tea and all my purchases myself, suffer from torn boots and thank heaven every moment for the old world for which people have not been simple and quiet enough. - Since I am condemned to entertain the next eternity by bad jokes, I have a writing here, which actually, leaves nothing to be desired, very pretty and not at all exhausting. The post office is 5 steps away, so I put the letters in myself to deliver the great feuilletonist of the *grande monde*. Of course, I am on close terms with Figaro, and to give you an idea of how harmless I can be, listen to my first two bad jokes:

Don't take the Prado case too hard. I am Prado, I am also the father Prado, I dare to say that I am also Lesseps... I wanted to give my Parisians, whom I love, a new term - that of a decent criminal. I am also Chambige - also a decent criminal. Second joke. I greet the immortals Monsieur Daudet belongs to the quarante.

Astu.

What is unpleasant and inconvenient to my modesty is that basically every name in history is me; even with the children I have brought into the world, it is so that I consider with some suspicion whether not all who come into the "Kingdom of God" also come from God. This fall, dressed as lowly as possible, I was present

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twice at my funeral, first as conte Robilant no, that is my son, inasmuch as I am Carlo Alberto, my nature below) but Antonelli was myself. Dear Professor, you should see this building; since I am completely inexperienced in the things I create, you are entitled to any criticism, I am grateful, without being able to promise to benefit. We artists are unteachable. - Today I looked at my operetta - ingenious-Moorish - and on this occasion I also noted with pleasure that now Moscow as well as Rome are grandiose things. You see, they don't deny my talent for landscape either. - Consider, we make a nice chat, Turin is not far, very serious professional duties are missing beforehand, a glass of Veltliner would be to procure. Neglige of the suit condition of decorum.

[Signed].

With cordial love yours

Nietzsche

Tomorrow my son Umberto arrives with the lovely Margherita, whom I also receive only here in shirtsleeves. The rest for Mrs. Cosima... Ariadne... From time to time is conjured up [Translator's note, "magic"] (Von Zeit zu Zeit wird gezaubert...)

I go everywhere in my student skirt (Ich gehe überall hin in meinem Studentenrock), I slap here and there someone on the shoulder and say: *siamo contenti? son dio, ho fatto questa caricatura....*

I had Caiaphas put in chains; also, I was crucified last year by the German doctors in a very lengthy way. Wilhelm Bismarck and all anti-Semites abolished.

You can make any use of this letter that does not lower me in the esteem of the Baslers. -

[Translator's note. The last sections (#1-4) are marginalia.

[Lieber Herr Professor,

zuletzt wäre ich sehr viel lieber Basler Professor als Gott; aber ich habe es nicht gewagt, meinen Privat-Egoismus so weit zu treiben, um seinetwegen die Schaffung

der Welt zu unterlassen. Sie sehen, man muß Opfer bringen, wie und wo man lebt. — Doch habe ich mir ein kleines Studenten-Zimmer reservirt, das dem Palazzo Carignano (— in dem ich als Vittorio Emanuele geboren bin) gegenüber liegt und außerdem erlaubt, die prachtvolle Musik unter mir, in der Galleria Subalpina, von seinem Arbeitstisch aus zu hören. Ich zahle 25 fr. mit Bedienung, besorge mir meinen Thee und alle Einkäufe selbst, leide an zerrissenen Stiefeln und danke dem Himmel jeden Augenblick für die alte Welt, für die die Menschen nicht einfach und still genug gewesen sind. — Da ich verurtheilt bin, die nächste Ewigkeit durch schlechte Witze zu unterhalten, so habe ich hier eine Schreiberei, die eigentlich, nichts zu wünschen übrig läßt, sehr hübsch und ganz und gar nicht anstrengend. Die Post ist 5 Schritt weit, da stecke ich selber die Briefe hinein, um den großen Feuilletonisten der grande monde abzugeben. Ich stehe natürlich mit dem Figaro in näheren Beziehungen, und damit Sie einen Begriff bekommen, wie harmlos ich sein kann, so hören Sie meine ersten zwei schlechten Witze:

Nehmen Sie den Fall Prado nicht zu schwer. Ich bin Prado, ich bin auch der Vater Prado, ich wage zu sagen, daß ich auch Lesseps bin... Ich wollte meinen Parisern, die ich liebe, einen neuen Begriff geben — den eines anständigen Verbrechers. Ich bin auch Chambige — auch ein anständiger Verbrecher.

Zweiter Witz. Ich grüße die Unsterblichen Monsieur Daudet gehört zu den quarante.

Astu.

Was unangenehm ist und meiner Bescheidenheit zusetzt, ist, daß im Grunde jeder Name in der Geschichte ich bin; auch mit den Kindern, die ich in die Welt gesetzt habe, steht es so, daß ich mit einigem Mißtrauen erwäge, ob nicht Alle, die in das "Reich Gottes" kommen, auch aus Gott kommen. In diesem Herbst war ich, so gering gekleidet als möglich, zwei Mal bei meinem Begräbnisse zugegen, zuerst als conte Robilant nein, das ist mein Sohn, insofern ich Carlo Alberto bin, meine Natur unten) aber Antonelli war ich selbst. Lieber Herr Professor, dieses Bauwerk sollten Sie sehn; da ich gänzlich unerfahren in den Dingen bin, welche ich schaffe, so steht Ihnen jede Kritik zu, ich bin dankbar, ohne versprechen zu können, Nutzen zu ziehn. Wir Artisten sind unbelehrbar. — Heute habe ich mir meine Operette — genial-maurisch — angesehen, bei dieser Gelegenheit auch mit Vergnügen constatirt, daß jetzt Moskau sowohl wie Rom grandiose Sachen sind. Sehen Sie, auch für die Landschaft spricht man mir das Talent nicht ab. — Erwägen Sie, wir

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machen eine schöne schöne Plauderei, Turin ist nicht weit, sehr ernste Berufspflichten fehlen vor der Hand, ein Glas Veltliner würde zu beschaffen sein. Neglige des Anzugs Anstandsbedingung.

In herzlicher Liebe Ihr

Nietzsche

Morgen kommt mein Sohn Umberto mit der lieblichen Margherita, die ich aber auch nur hier in Hemdsärmeln empfangen. Der Rest für Frau Cosima... Ariadne... Von Zeit zu Zeit wird gezaubert...

Ich gehe überall hin in meinem Studentenrock, schlage hier und da Jemandem auf die Schulter und sage: siamo contenti? son dio, ho fatto questa caricatura...

Ich habe Kaiphaz in Ketten legen lassen; auch bin ich voriges Jahr von den deutschen Ärzten auf eine sehr langwierige Weise gekreuzigt worden. Wilhelm Bismarck und alle Antisemiten abgeschafft.

Sie können von diesem Brief jeden Gebrauch machen, der mich in der Achtung der Basler nicht heruntersetzt. —

[See this actual letter, <https://www.e-manuscripta.ch/bau/doi/10.7891/e-manuscripta-88574>, <https://doi.org/10.7891/e-manuscripta-88574>].

Brief an Jakob Burckhardt

Nietzsche, Friedrich

Turin, am 6. Januar 1889 [eher 4. oder 5.1.1889]

Universitätsbibliothek Basel

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1880 *Der Wanderer und sein Schatten*

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1882 *Die fröhliche Wissenschaft: ("la gaya scienza")*

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1886 *Jenseits von Gut und Böse: Vorspiel einer Philosophie der Zukunft*

1887 *Zur Genealogie der Moral*

1888 *Der Antichrist: Fluch auf das Christenthum*

1888 *Der Fall Wagner: Ein Musikanten-Problem*

1896 *Götzendämmerung: oder Wie man mit dem Hammer philosophirt*

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Some of the standard abbreviations:

BAW means: *Beck'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung (1934-40). Historisch-Kritische Gesamtausgabe.*

GOA means: *Grossoktavausgabe Nietzsches Werke (1901-1913).* *KGW* means *Werke: Kritische Gesamtausgabe (1967).* *Grossoktavausgabe Nietzsches Werke.* (*GOA*). Leipzig: Kröner, 1901-1913.

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KSA means *Werke: Kritische Studienausgabe (1980).*

KSB (KSAB) means *Sämtliche Briefe: Kritische Studienausgabe.*

KGB means: *Briefe: Kritische Gesamtausgabe*

MA means: *Nietzsches Gesammelte Werke (Musarionausgabe)*

MGW means *Musarion edition of Gesammelte Werke (1920-29)*

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Nietzsche's Philosophy Final Thoughts

Who should have read Nietzsche? Perhaps the whole of the “lost philosophers”, namely, the analytic calamity, Kripke, McDowell, Mackie, Hacking, Kim, Brandom, Davidson, Searle, Nagel, Goldman and Fodor.

Principle conclusion: all of Nietzsche's philosophical thought can be seen as his response to the modern crisis of Nihilism. Muse. Are we still in the same “crisis”? Nietzsche, Husserl, Spangler, Ernst Jünger, and Heidegger all thought so too....

One of Nietzsche's “problems”?

“*The tragic era for Europe: due to the struggle with nihilism*”.

(*Das tragische Zeitalter für Europa: bedingt durch den Kampf mit dem Nihilismus*). *KGWB/NF-1886*, 7 [31].

Perhaps this particular problem is at the top of his long list of “problems” as a physician of culture. Diagnose and treat.

Nietzsche's influence. Nietzsche uses the expression to break history of mankind into two or into half. All those of us that live after Nietzsche, who have read Nietzsche “live after him“. In fact, it is difficult to say who in philosophy, humanities, social sciences, literature, and all intellectuals – whoever reads Nietzsche has been influenced by him. Full stop. Period. The rest of the world is left: expatiation, elucidation, hermetical interpretation, slow-read, intense read, or just simply to do some good old orating and pontificate about what Nietzsche has done to us. His counter-punch has exposed all of the traditional “idols“ and ideals to a radical critique. Given his overall context many of Nietzsche's critiques are aimed at Christianity and some other of the world religions.

Re-quote Heidegger to make a point.

In 1955, Martin Heidegger wrote in a letter to Ernst Jünger, it is “Nietzsche, in whose light and shadow every contemporary thinks and writes with his “for him” or “against him”, heard a command which demands a preparation of man for the assumption of an earth rule.” *The Question of Being*. (New York: Twayne Publishers, 1958) page 107. *On the Question of Being* (1955), GA 9.

Nietzsche's Philosophy Final Thoughts

“Nietzsche, in dessen Licht und Schatten jeder Heutige mit seinem »für ihn« oder »wider ihn« denkt und dichtet, hörte ein Geheiß, das eine Vorbereitung des Menschen für die Übernahme einer Erdherrschaft verlangt.”

The following from Nietzsche is an early letter from the year 1884. Note the connection at the end with the expression “values are devalued”.

Nietzsche wrote to his friend and longtime colleague,

“The beginning of his letter is about my Zarathustra, in a manner that will worry you rather than satisfy you. Heavens! Who knows what lies on me and what strength I need to endure it with myself! I don't know how I have just come to this - but it is possible that for the first time the thought has come to me, which splits the history of mankind into two halves. This Zarathustra is nothing but a preface, a vestibule (ist nichts als eine Vorrede, Vorhalle) - I had to make courage for myself, since from everywhere only disenchantment came to me: courage to carry that thought! For I am still far from being able to express and present it. If it is true, or rather if it is believed to be true, then everything changes and turns, and all previous values are devalued. – (und alle bisherigen Werthe sind entwerthet).

My warmest regards!

Yours, N.

N.B. It remains the case that I now need a master of ceremonies (a kind of guardian). In the other case, I must choose absolute solitude.”

(“Im andern Falle muß ich die *absolute* Einsamkeit wählen).”

Letter number, #494. to Franz Overbeck in Basel from Nizza, 8. März 1884.

KGWB/BVN-1884, #494. KSB 6, page 485.

Hence, one of Nietzsche's solutions which is a major theme in *Ecce homo*, namely, the revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe).

“I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct for revenge for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous, secret, subterranean, *petty* —I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind...

And one calculates time from the **dies nefastus** on which this fatality arose—from the "first" day of Christianity! *Why not rather from its last? From today?*

“Revaluation of all values (Umwerthung aller Werthe)!”

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[Translator's note, "dies nefastus", "noncourt" day in Roman, also in general – unlucky day].

[Diese ewige Anklage des Christenthums will ich an alle Wände schreiben, wo es nur Wände giebt, — ich habe Buchstaben, um auch Blinde sehend zu machen... Ich heisse das Christenthum den Einen grossen Fluch, die Eine grosse innerlichste Verdorbenheit, den Einen grossen Instinkt der Rache, dem kein Mittel giftig, heimlich, unterirdisch, klein genug ist, — ich heisse es den Einen unsterblichen Schandfleck der Menschheit...]

Und man rechnet die Zeit nach dem **dies nefastus**, mit dem dies Verhängniss anhub, — nach dem ersten Tag des Christenthums! — *Warum nicht lieber nach seinem letzten? — Nach Heute? — Umwerthung aller Werthe!...*].

The last few sentences at the end of *Antichrist: a curse on Christianity*. *Der Antichrist. Fluch auf das Christenthum*. Other title translation, *Anti-Christ: a curse on Christianity* written in 1888 September and finished 30 September 1888, a few months before *Ecce homo* was started. From the foreword to the *Twilight of Idols*, "Turin, 30 September 1888, on the day the first book of the Revaluation of All Values was completed."

Nietzsche wrote in *Ecce homo*,

"Did you understand me? - I did not say a word that I would not have said through the mouth of Zarathustra five years ago. - The discovery of Christian morality is an event that has no equal, a real catastrophe. Whoever enlightens them is a **force majeure**, a destiny - he breaks the history of humanity in two. One lives before him; one lives after him... The lightning of truth hit just what was highest so far: whoever understands what has been destroyed, may see whether he still has anything in his hands. Everything that was previously called "truth" is recognized as the most harmful, most treacherous, most subterranean form of falsehood; the sacred pretext to "improve" mankind as the cunning to suck life itself, to make it bloodless. Moral as *vampirism*... Anyone who discovers morality has discovered the worthlessness of all worthies one believes or believes in; he no longer sees anything venerable in the most venerated, in the sacredly conceived types of man, he sees the most fatal kind of abortions in them, fatal, because they fascinated... The concept of "God" invented as an antithesis to life, - in him

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everything harmful, poisoning, slanderous, all mortal hostility against life brought into a terrible unity! The notion of the "beyond," "true world," invented to devalue the one and only world that exists-to leave no goal, no reason, no task for our earthly reality!"

Ecce Homo How one becomes what one is, (written in 1888, first edition published in 1908), 'Why I am destiny', section 8.

From a letter to Paul Deussen.

“Finally, these two writings are only real recoveries in the midst of an immensely difficult and decisive task, which, when understood, splits the history of mankind in half. The meaning of these is expressed in three words: the revaluation of all values (Umwertung aller Werthe).“ *KGWB/BVN-1888, #1111 — Letter to Paul Deussen: 14/09/1888.*

From a letter to Franz Overbeck.

“Everything is easy for me; everything comes to me, although hardly anyone has had such great things under their hands. That the first book of the revaluation of all values (Umwertung aller Werthe) is finished, ready for printing, I announce to you with a feeling for which I have no word. There are four books; they appear individually. This time, as an old artilleryman, I perform my great gun: I fear I will shoot the history of mankind in half.

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KGWB/BVN-1888, #1132 — Letter to Franz Overbeck: 18/09/1888.

Nietzsche wrote,

“This man of the future, who will free us from the previous ideal as well as from what had to grow out of him, from great disgust, from will to nothingness, from nihilism, this midday chime and the great decision that frees the will again who gives back their goal to the earth and their hope to man, this antichrist and anti-nihilist, this conqueror of God and nothing - *he must come one day...* “

Zur Genealogie der Moral [On the Genealogy of Morals, II. Section 24).

[Dieser Mensch der Zukunft, der uns ebenso vom bisherigen Ideal erlösen wird, als von dem, was aus ihm wachsen musste, vom grossen Ekel, vom Willen zum Nichts, vom Nihilismus, dieser Glockenschlag des Mittags und der grossen Entscheidung, der den Willen wieder frei macht, der der Erde ihr Ziel und dem Menschen seine Hoffnung zurückgibt, dieser Antichrist und Antinihilist, dieser Besieger Gottes und des Nichts — *er muss einst kommen...*]. *Zur Genealogie der Moral*. Essay II, section 24. *KGWB/GM-II-24*. 1887.

Read and re-read Nietzsche.

“Am I understood?

Or,

“9.

— Did you understand me? — *Dionysus against the Crucified...*
(Hat man mich verstanden? — Dionysos gegen den Gekreuzigten...). “

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No one has read this book for errors. As always, any errors, mistakes or oversights etc. are mine alone. Given a couple more years, I could improve this book.