SECTION ONE

ON THE PREJUDICES OF PHILOSOPHERS

1

THE will to truth, which will seduce us yet to many a risky venture, that famous truthfulness about which all philosophers to date have spoken with deference: what manner of questions has this will to truth presented for us! What strange, wicked, questionable questions! It is already a long story, and yet doesn't it seem to be just getting started? Is it any wonder that we finally grow suspicious, lose patience, turn round impatiently? That *we* learn from this Sphinx how to pose questions of our own? *Who* is actually asking us the questions here? *What* is it in us that really wants to 'get at the truth'?

It is true that we paused for a long time to question the origin of this will, until finally we came to a complete stop at an even more basic question. We asked about the *value* of this will. Given that we want truth: *why do we not prefer* untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance?

The problem of the value of truth appeared before us—or did we appear before it? Which of us here is Oedipus? Which the Sphinx? It is a rendezvous, so it seems, of questions and question marks.

And would you believe that in the end it seems to us as if the problem had never yet been posed, as if we were seeing it for the first time, focusing on it, *daring* it? For there is daring to it, and perhaps no daring greater.

2

'How *could* something arise from its opposite? Truth from error, for example? Or the will to truth from the will to deception? Or altruism from egoism? Or the wise man's pure, radiant contemplation from covetous desire? Such origination is impossible;

whoever dreams of it is a fool, or worse; those things of highest value must have a different origin, *their own*; they cannot be derived from this perishable, seductive, deceptive, lowly world, from this confusion of desire and delusion! Rather, their basis must lie in the womb of existence, in the imperishable, in the hidden god, in the "thing in itself"*—and nowhere else!'

Judgements of this kind constitute the typical prejudice by which we can always recognize the metaphysicians of every age; this kind of value judgement is at the back of all their logical proceedings; from out of this 'belief' of theirs, they go about seeking their 'knowledge', which they end by ceremoniously dubbing 'the truth'. The metaphysicians' fundamental belief is *the belief in the opposition of values.* It has never occurred even to the most cautious among them to raise doubts here at the threshold, where doubts would be most necessary, even though they have vowed to themselves: '*de omnibus dubitandum*'.* For may there not be doubt, first of all, whether opposites even exist and, second, whether those popular value judgements and value oppositions upon which metaphysicians have placed their seal may be no more than foreground evaluations, temporary perspectives, viewed from out of a corner perhaps, or up from underneath, a perspective from below* (to borrow an expression common to painters)? However much value we may ascribe to truth, truthfulness, or altruism, it may be that we need to attribute a higher and more fundamental value to appearance, to the will to illusion, to egoism and desire. It could even be possible that the value of those good and honoured things consists precisely in the fact that in an insidious way *they are related* to those bad, seemingly opposite things, linked, knit together, even identical perhaps. Perhaps!

But who is willing to worry about such dangerous Perhapses? We must wait for a new category of philosophers to arrive, those whose taste and inclination are the reverse of their predecessors'—they will be in every sense philosophers of the dangerous Perhaps.

And to speak in all seriousness: I see these new philosophers coming.

3

Having long kept a strict eye on the philosophers, and having looked between their lines, I say to myself: the largest part of conscious thinking has to be considered an instinctual activity, even in the case of philosophical thinking; we need a new understanding here, just as we've come to a new understanding of heredity and the 'innate'. Just as the act of birth is scarcely relevant to the entire process and progress of heredity, so 'consciousness' is scarcely *opposite* to the instincts in any decisive sense—most of a philosopher's conscious thinking is secretly guided and channelled into particular tracks by his instincts. Behind all logic, too, and its apparent tyranny of movement there are value judgements, or to speak more clearly, physiological demands for the preservation of a particular kind of life. That a certainty is worth more than an uncertainty, for example, or that appearance is worth less than 'truth': whatever their regulatory importance for *us*, such evaluations might still be nothing but foreground evaluations, a certain kind of *niaiserie*,* as is required for the preservation of beings like us. Given, that is, that man is not necessarily the 'measure of all things'* . . .

4

We do not object to a judgement just because it is false; this is probably what is strangest about our new language. The question is rather to what extent the judgement furthers life, preserves life, preserves the species, perhaps even cultivates the species; and we are in principle inclined to claim that judgements that are the most false (among which are the synthetic a priori judgements)* are the most indispensable to us, that man could not live without accepting logical fictions, without measuring reality by the purely invented world of the unconditional, self-referential, without a continual falsification of the world by means of the number—that to give up false judgements would be to give up life, to deny life. Admitting untruth as a condition of life: that means to resist familiar values in a dangerous way; and a philosophy that dares this has already placed itself beyond good and evil.

5

What provokes us to look at all philosophers with a mixture of distrust and contempt is not that we are always uncovering how guileless they are—how often and easily they lose their grasp or their way, in short how childish and childlike they are. It is rather that they are not honest enough, however loud and virtuous a racket they all make as soon as the problem of truthfulness is touched upon, even from afar. For they act as if they had discovered and acquired what are actually their opinions through the independent unravelling of a cold, pure, divinely unhampered dialectic (whereas mystics of every order, who are more honest, and more foolish, speak of 'inspiration'); basically, however, they are using reasons sought after the fact to defend a pre-existing tenet, a sudden idea, a 'brainstorm', or, in most cases, a rarefied and abstract version of their heart's desire. They are all of them advocates who refuse the name, that is in most cases wily spokesmen for their prejudices, which they dub 'truths'; and they are *very* far from having a conscience brave enough to own up to it, very far from having the good taste to announce it bravely, whether to warn a foe or a friend, or simply from high spirits and self-mockery. We have to smile at the spectacle of old Kant's hypocrisy,* as rigid as it is chaste, as he lures us onto the dialectical backroads that lead (or better, mislead) us to his 'categorical imperative',* for we are fastidious and take no small amusement in monitoring the subtle wiles of old moralists and moral preachers. Or take that hocus-pocus of mathematical form in which Spinoza armoured and disguised his philosophy ('the love of *his* wisdom'* ultimately, if we interpret the word correctly and fairly), to intimidate at the outset any brave assailant who might dare to throw a glance at this invincible virgin and Pallas Athena—how this sickly hermit's masquerade betrays his own timidity and assailability!

6

Little by little I came to understand what every great philosophy to date has been: the personal confession of its author, a kind of unintended and unwitting memoir; and similarly, that the moral (or immoral) aims in every philosophy constituted the actual seed from which the whole plant invariably grew. Whenever explaining

how a philosopher's most far-fetched metaphysical propositions have come about, in fact, one always does well (and wisely) to ask first: 'What morality is it (is *he*) aiming at?' Thus I do not believe that an 'instinct for knowledge' is the father of philosophy, but rather that here as elsewhere a different instinct has merely made use of knowledge (and kNOwledge!)* as its tool. For anyone who scrutinizes the basic human instincts to determine how influential they have been as *inspiring* spirits (or demons and goblins) will find that all the instincts have practised philosophy, and that each one of them would like only too well to represent *itself* as the ultimate aim of existence and as the legitimate *master* of all other instincts. For every instinct is tyrannical; and as *such* seeks to philosophize.

Admittedly, things may be different ('better', if you like) with scholars, the truly scientific people; they may really have something like an instinct for knowledge, some small independent clockwork which, when properly wound up, works away bravely *without* necessarily involving all the scholar's other instincts. That is why a scholar's real 'interests' generally lie elsewhere entirely, in his family, say, or in the acquisition of wealth, or in politics; indeed it is almost a matter of indifference whether his little machine is located in this branch of science or that, or whether the 'promising' young worker turns out to be a good philologist or a mushroom expert or a chemist: what he eventually becomes does not *distinguish* him. About the philosopher, conversely, there is absolutely nothing that is impersonal; and it is above all his morality which proves decidedly and decisively *who he is*—that is, in what hierarchy the innermost drives of his nature are arranged.

7

How malicious philosophers can be! I know of nothing more venomous than the joke that Epicurus* made at the expense of Plato and the Platonists: he called them 'Dionysiokolakes'. Literally and primarily, this means 'flatterers of Dionysus', that is, the tyrant's appendages and toadies; but it also suggests: 'They are all *actors*, there is nothing genuine about them' (for 'Dionysiokolax' was a popular term for an actor). And the latter meaning contains the real malice that Epicurus fired off at Plato: he was annoyed by the mannered grandiosity, the theatricality that Plato and his pupils

deployed so well, and that Epicurus did not! Epicurus, the old schoolmaster of Samos, sat tucked away in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books—out of fury and ambition against Plato—who knows?

It took one hundred years for Greece to realize who this garden-god Epicurus had been.

Did it realize?

8

In every philosophy there is a point when the philosopher's 'conviction' makes its entrance; or, in the language of an old mystery play:

adventavit asinus
pulcher et fortissimus.*

9

You want to *live* 'according to nature'? Oh you noble Stoics,* what deceit lies in these words! Imagine a creature constituted like nature, prodigal beyond measure, neutral beyond measure, with no purpose or conscience, with no compassion or fairness, fertile and desolate and uncertain all at once; imagine Indifference itself as a power: how *could* you live according to this indifference? To live—isn't that precisely the desire to be other than this nature? Doesn't life mean weighing, preferring, being unjust, having limits, wanting to be Different? And even if the real meaning of your imperative 'to live according to nature' is 'to live according to life'—how could you do *otherwise*? Why make a principle out of something that you already are and needs must be?

The truth is something else entirely: while you pretend to delight in reading the canon of your law from nature, you want the opposite, you curious play-actors and self-deceivers! In your pride you want to dictate your morality, your ideals to nature, incorporate them into nature, of all things; you demand that nature be 'according to Stoics'; you would like to make all existence exist in accordance with your own image alone—for the great and unending glorification and universalization of Stoicism! With all your love of truth, you force yourselves to stare so long, so constantly, so hypnotically at nature that you see it *falsely*, that is, stoically, and you become incapable

of seeing it otherwise. And then out of some unfathomable arrogance you conceive the lunatic hope that *because* you know how to tyrannize yourself (Stoicism is self-tyranny), nature too can be tyrannized: for isn't the Stoic a *part* of nature? . . .

But this is an old, eternal story: what took place back then with the Stoics is still taking place today, whenever a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates the world according to its own image, it cannot do otherwise; philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the most spiritual form of the will to power, to 'creation of the world', to the *causa prima*.*

10

The zeal and subtlety (I would almost like to say 'cunning') with which everyone in Europe today is raising the question 'of the real and the apparent world' give us cause for thought and for listening—and anyone who hears only a 'will to truth' in the background certainly does not have the sharpest ears. In a few rare, isolated cases a will to truth really may have played a part, an extravagant or adventurous mood, a metaphysician's craving for the lost cause, a will that ultimately prefers a handful of 'certainty' to a whole wagonload of beautiful possibilities; there may even be some puritanical fanatics of conscience* who would rather lay down their lives for a certain Nothing than for an uncertain Something. But however valiant the gestures of such virtue, this is nihilism, the sign of a despairing, mortally weary soul. With stronger, more vital thinkers, still thirsty for life, things are different: they take sides *against* appearance and are already pronouncing the word 'perspectivist' with arrogance; they take the credibility of their own body about as seriously as the credibility of the appearance that 'the earth stands still'. They seem to be ready cheerfully to let drop from their hands their surest possession (for what do we believe in more surely than our bodies?) and who knows whether at bottom they might not want to regain something that they once possessed even *more surely*, something from the old homestead of belief of earlier times, the 'immortal soul' perhaps, or 'the old god'—ideas, in short, that led to a life that was better, more robust and serene, than the one our 'modern ideas' can lead to? In this question, there is *mistrust* of modern ideas, disbelief in everything

constructed yesterday and today; there may be a slight element of disgust and contempt, from those no longer able to tolerate the highly eclectic conceptual bric-a-brac that today's so-called positivism brings to the market place; those with more fastidious taste are revolted by the fairground motley and frippery of all these reality-philosophists, who have nothing new or genuine apart from their motley. We should credit the sceptical anti-realists and knowledge-microscopists of today with at least this much, I think: we have seen nothing to refute their instinct to escape from *modern* reality—their retrograde backroads are no concern of ours! What is important about them is *not* that they want to go 'back', but that they want to go—*away*! With a little *more* strength, more buoyancy, courage, artistry, they would want to go *beyond*—and not back!

11

People today are trying, it seems to me, to divert attention from Kant's real influence on German philosophy, trying especially to evade what he himself considered his great value. Kant was most proud of his table of categories; holding it in his hands he said, 'This is the most difficult thing that ever could be undertaken for the benefit of metaphysics.'

But let us understand what this 'could be' really implies! He was proud of having *discovered* in man a new faculty, the faculty to make synthetic a priori judgements. Granted that he was deceiving himself about his discovery: nevertheless, the development and rapid flowering of German philosophy stem from this pride and from the rivalry of his disciples to discover if at all possible something worthy of even more pride—and in any event 'new faculties'!

But let's think about it, it is high time. 'How are synthetic a priori judgements *possible*?' wondered Kant, and what did he answer? They are *facilitated by a faculty*:* unfortunately, however, he did not say this in four words, but so cumbersomely, so venerably, and with such an expense of German profundity and ornateness that people misheard the comical *niaiserie allemande** in such an answer. They were ecstatic about this new faculty, in fact, and the rejoicing reached its height when Kant discovered a moral faculty

in man as well. (For at that time Germans were still moral, and not yet 'real-political'.*)

There followed the honeymoon of German philosophy; all the young theologians of the Tübingen Stift* headed right for the bushes—they were all looking for 'faculties'. And what all didn't they find, in that innocent, rich, still youthful era of the German spirit when the malicious elf Romanticism was still piping and singing, back when no one yet had learned to distinguish between 'finding' and 'inventing'!* They found above all a faculty for the 'extra-sensual': Schelling christened it 'intellectual intuition',* thus meeting the dearest desires of his essentially pious-desirous Germans. One can do no greater injustice to this whole arrogant, enthusiastic movement (which was youth itself, however audaciously it may have cloaked itself in grey, senile concepts) than to take it seriously and treat it with anything like moral indignation. Enough, people grew older—the dream vanished. The time came for them to rub their foreheads: they are rubbing them still today. They had been dreaming, and the first among them had been old Kant. 'Facilitated by a faculty'—that's what he had said, or at least that's what he had meant. But what kind of an answer is that? What kind of explanation? Isn't it rather simply repeating the question? How can opium make us sleep? It is 'facilitated by a faculty', the *virtus dormitiva*, answers that doctor in Molière,

> quia est in eo virtus dormitiva
> cujus est natura sensus assoupire.*

But answers like these belong in comedy, and for the Kantian question 'How are synthetic a priori judgements possible?' it is high time to substitute another question: 'Why is the belief in such judgements *necessary*?'—it is time to understand that for the purpose of preserving creatures of our kind, we must *believe* that such judgements are true; which means, of course, that they could still be *false* judgements. Or to put it more clearly, and crudely and completely: synthetic a priori judgements should not 'be possible' at all; we have no right to them, in our mouths they are only false judgements. Yet the belief in their truth happens to be necessary as one of the foreground beliefs and appearances that constitute the perspective-optics of life.

And, finally, remembering the enormous effect that 'German

philosophy' exercised throughout Europe (one understands, I hope, why it deserves quotation marks?), let no one doubt that a certain *virtus dormitiva* had a part in it: amidst the noble men of leisure, the moralists, mystics, artists, the partial Christians, and political obscurantists of every nation, people were delighted that German philosophy offered an antidote to the still overpowering sensualism pouring into this century from the previous one, in short: 'sensus assoupire' . . .

12

As regards materialistic atomism,* hardly anything has ever been so well refuted; in all Europe there is probably no scholar so unschooled as to want to credit it with serious meaning, apart from a handy everyday usefulness (that is, as a stylistic abbreviation). This we owe primarily to the Pole Boscovich,* who along with the Pole Copernicus* achieved the greatest victory yet in opposing the appearance of things. For while Copernicus convinced us to believe contrary to all our senses that the earth does *not* stand still, Boscovich taught us to renounce the last thing that 'still stood' about the earth, the belief in 'substance', in 'matter', in the bit of earth, the particle, the atom: no one on earth has ever won a greater triumph over the senses.

However, we must go even further and declare war, a merciless war unto the death against the 'atomistic need' that continues to live a dangerous afterlife in places where no one suspects it (as does the more famous 'metaphysical need').* The first step must be to kill off that other and more ominous atomism that Christianity taught best and longest: *the atomism of the soul.* If you allow me, I would use this phrase to describe the belief that holds the soul to be something ineradicable, eternal, indivisible, a monad, an atom: science must cast out *this* belief! And confidentially, we do not need to get rid of 'the soul' itself nor do without one of our oldest, most venerable hypotheses, which the bungling naturalists tend to do, losing 'the soul' as soon as they've touched on it. But the way is clear for new and refined versions of the hypothesis about the soul; in future, concepts such as the 'mortal soul' and the 'soul as the multiplicity of the subject' and the 'soul as the social construct of drives and emotions' will claim their rightful place in science. By

putting an end to the superstitions that proliferated with nearly tropical abundance around the idea of the soul, the *new* psychologist has of course seemed to cast himself into a new desolation and a new distrust—it may be that the old psychologists had it easier, merrier—but he knows that he is thereby also condemned to *inventing*, and—who knows?—perhaps to *finding*.—

13

Physiologists should think twice before deciding that an organic being's primary instinct is the instinct for self-preservation. A living being wants above all else to *release* its strength; life itself is the will to power, and self-preservation is only one of its indirect and most frequent *consequences*.

Here as everywhere, in short, we must beware of *superfluous* teleological principles! And this is what the instinct for self-preservation is (which we owe to the inconsistency of Spinoza).* Such are the dictates of our method, which in essence demands that we be frugal with our principles.

14

It now may be dawning on five or six thinkers that even physics is only a way of interpreting or arranging the world (if I may say so: according to us!) and *not* a way of explaining the world. But in so far as it relies on our belief in the senses, physics is taken for more than that, and shall long continue to be taken for more, for an explanation. Our eyes and fingers speak for it, appearance and palpability speak for it: to an era with essentially plebeian tastes this is enchanting, persuasive, *convincing*, for it instinctively follows the canonized truth of ever-popular sensualism. What is clear, what 'clarifies'? First, whatever can be seen and touched—you have to take every problem at least that far. Conversely, the magic of the Platonic method consisted precisely in its *resistance to* sensuality, for this was an *aristocratic* method, practised by people who may have enjoyed senses even stronger and more clamorous than those of our contemporaries, but who sought a higher triumph by mastering them, by tossing over this colourful confusion of the senses (the rabble of the senses, as Plato called it) the pale, cold, grey nets of concepts. There was a kind of *enjoyment* in Plato's manner of

overpowering and interpreting the world different from the one currently offered us by physicists, including those Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the physiological workers with their principle of the 'least possible energy'* and the greatest possible stupidity. 'Where man has nothing more to see and grasp, he has nothing more to seek'—that imperative certainly differs from Plato's, but it may be exactly right for a hardy, industrious future race of machinists and bridge-builders who have only *dirty* work to do.

15

In order to practise physiology with a good conscience, you have to believe that the sense organs are *not* phenomena in the philosophical idealist sense, for then they could not be causes! This is sensualism as a regulative hypothesis at least, if not as an heuristic principle.

What's that? And other people are actually saying that the external world is created by our sense organs? But then our body, as part of this external world, would be the creation of our sense organs! But then our very sense organs would be—the creation of our sense organs! It seems to me that this is a complete *reductio ad absurdum*:* assuming that the concept *causa sui** is something completely absurd. It follows that the outer world is *not* the creation of our sense organs—?

16

There are still some harmless self-scrutinizers who think that there are 'immediate certainties', as for example, 'I think', or, in Schopenhauer's superstition,* 'I will'—as if perception could grasp its object purely and nakedly as the 'thing in itself' without any falsification on the part of the subject or of the object. But I shall repeat a hundred times over that the 'immediate certainty', like 'absolute knowledge' and the 'thing in itself', contains a *contradictio in adjecto*:* it's time people freed themselves from the seduction of words! Let the common people think that perception means knowing-to-the-end,* the philosopher must say to himself, 'If I analyse the process expressed by the proposition "I think", I get a series of audacious assertions that would be difficult if not impossible to prove; for example, that *I* am the one who is thinking, that

there has to be a something doing the thinking, that thinking is an activity and an effect on the part of a being who is thought of as a cause, that an "I" exists, and finally, that we by now understand clearly what is designated as thinking—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not already decided it for myself, how could I determine that what is going on is not "willing" or "feeling"? In short, saying "I think" assumes that I am *comparing* my present state with other states that I experience in myself, thereby establishing what it is: because of this reference back to another "knowledge", there is, for me at least, no immediate "certainty" here.'

Thus, instead of that 'immediate certainty' that the common people may believe in, the philosopher gets handed a series of metaphysical questions: these are actually the intellect's questions of conscience, such as, 'Where does my concept of thinking come from? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to talk about an "I", and beyond that an "I as cause", and beyond that yet an "I as the cause of thoughts"?' Anyone who dares to answer such metaphysical questions promptly by referring to a kind of epistemological *intuition* (like someone who says, 'I think, and know that this at least is true, real, and certain') will be met with a smile and two question marks by the philosopher of today. 'My dear sir,' the philosopher may suggest, 'it is improbable that you are not in error, but then why must we insist on truth?'

17

As regards the superstition of logicians, I never tire of underlining a quick little fact that these superstitious people are reluctant to admit: namely, that a thought comes when 'it' wants to, and not when 'I' want it to; so it is *falsifying* the facts to say that the subject 'I' is the condition of the predicate 'think'. There is thinking,* but to assert that 'there' is the same thing as that famous old 'I' is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, an hypothesis, and certainly not an 'immediate certainty'. And in the end 'there is thinking' is also going too far: even this 'there' contains an *interpretation* of the process and is not part of the process itself. People are concluding here according to grammatical habit: 'Thinking is an activity; for each activity there is someone who acts; therefore—.' Following

approximately the same pattern, ancient atomism looked for that particle of matter, the atom, to complement the effective 'energy' that works from out of it; more rigorous minds finally learned to do without this 'little bit of earth' and perhaps some day logicians will even get used to doing without that little 'there' (into which the honest old 'I' has evaporated).

18

Truly, a theory is charming not least because it is refutable: that is just what attracts the better minds to it. It would seem that the theory of 'free will', which has been refuted a hundred times over, owes its endurance to this charm alone—someone is always coming along and feeling strong enough to refute it.

19

Philosophers tend to speak about the will as if everyone in the world knew all about it; Schopenhauer even suggested that the will was the only thing we actually do know, know through and through, know without additions or subtractions. But I continue to think that even in this case Schopenhauer was only doing what philosophers simply tend to do: appropriating and exaggerating a *common prejudice*. As I see it, the act of willing is above all something *complicated*, something that has unity only as a word—and this common prejudice of using only one word has overridden the philosophers' caution (which was never all that great anyway). So let us be more cautious for once, let us be 'unphilosophical'. Let us say that in every act of willing there is first of all a multiplicity of feelings, namely the feeling of the condition we are moving *away* from and the feeling of the condition we are moving *towards*; the feeling of this 'away' and this 'towards'; and then a concomitant feeling in the muscles that, without our actually moving 'arms and legs', comes into play out of a kind of habit, whenever we 'will'. Second, just as we must recognize feeling, and indeed many kinds of feeling, as an ingredient of the will, so must we likewise recognize thinking: in every act of will there is a commanding thought, and we must not deceive ourselves that this thought can be separated off from 'willing', as if we would then have any will left over! Third, the will is not merely a complex of feelings and thoughts,

it is above all an *emotion*, and in fact the *emotion* of command. What is called 'freedom of the will' is essentially the emotion of superiority felt towards the one who must obey: 'I am free, "he" must obey.' This consciousness lies in every will, as does also a tense alertness, a direct gaze concentrated on one thing alone, an unconditional assessment that 'now we must have this and nothing else', an inner certainty that obedience will follow, and everything else that goes along with the condition of giving commands. A person who *wills*: this person is commanding a Something in himself that obeys, or that he thinks is obeying.

But let us now consider the strangest thing about the will, about this multifarious thing that the common people call by one word alone. In any given case, we both command *and* obey, and when we obey we know the feelings of coercion, pressure, oppression, resistance, and agitation that begin immediately after the act of will. On the other hand, we are in the habit of ignoring or overlooking this division by means of the synthetic concept 'I'. Thus, a whole series of erroneous conclusions and therefore of false assessments of the will itself has been appended to willing in such a way that the person who wills now believes with complete faith that willing *is enough* for action. Because in the vast majority of cases, willing has only occurred when there is also the *expectation* that the effect of the command—that is obedience, action—will follow, this *impression* has been translated into the feeling that there is a *necessary effect*; suffice it to say, the person willing thinks with some degree of certainty that will and action are somehow one: he attributes his success in carrying out his willing to the will itself and in this way enjoys an increase in that feeling of power that accompanies any kind of success. 'Freedom of the will'—that is the word for that complex pleasurable condition experienced by the person willing who commands and simultaneously identifies himself with the one who executes the command—as such he can share in enjoying a triumph over resistance, while secretly judging that it was actually his will that overcame that resistance. Thus the person willing adds to his pleasurable feeling as commander the pleasurable feelings of the successful executing instrument, the serviceable 'underwill' or under-soul (our body after all is nothing but a social structure of many souls). *L'effet c'est moi*:* what is occurring here occurs in every well-structured happy community where the ruling

class identifies with the successes of the community as a whole. As we have said, every act of willing is simply a matter of commanding and obeying, based on a social structure of many 'souls'; for this reason a philosopher should claim the right to comprehend willing from within the sphere of ethics: ethics, that is, understood as the theory of hierarchical relationships among which the phenomenon 'life' has its origins.

20

That individual philosophical concepts are not something isolated, something unto themselves, but rather grow up in reference and relatedness to one another; that however suddenly and arbitrarily they seem to emerge in the history of thought, they are as much a part of one system as are the branches of fauna on one continent: this is revealed not least by the way the most disparate philosophers invariably fill out one particular basic schema of *possible* philosophies. Under some unseen spell they always run around the same orbit: however independent they may feel, one from the other, with their will to criticism or to system, something in them is leading them, driving them all to follow one another in a certain order—an inborn taxonomy and affinity of concepts. In truth their thinking is much less an act of discovery than an act of recognizing anew, remembering anew, a return back home to a distant, ancient universal economy of the soul from out of which those concepts initially grew: philosophizing is thus a kind of atavism of the highest order. This easily explains the strange family resemblance of all Indian, Greek, and German philosophizing. Wherever linguistic affinity, above all, is present, everything necessary for an analogous development and sequence of philosophical systems will inevitably be on hand from the beginning, thanks to the shared philosophy of grammar (I mean thanks to being unconsciously ruled and guided by similar grammatical functions), just as the way to certain other possibilities for interpreting the world will seem to be blocked. Philosophers from the Ural-Altaic linguistic zone (where the concept of the subject is least developed) will most probably look differently 'into the world' and will be found on other paths than Indo-Germans or Muslims: and in the last analysis, the spell of

certain grammatical functions is the spell of *physiological* value judgements and conditions of race.

This by way of a rejection of Locke's superficiality* concerning the origin of ideas.

21

The *causa sui** is the best internal contradiction ever devised, a kind of logical freak or outrage: but because of man's excessive pride we have come to be deeply and terribly entangled with this particular nonsense. The yearning for 'freedom of the will' in the superlative metaphysical sense that unfortunately still prevails in the minds of the half-educated, the yearning to bear complete and final responsibility for one's own actions and to relieve God, the world, one's ancestors, coincidence, society from it—this is really nothing less than being that same *causa sui* and, with a daring greater than Münchhausen's,* dragging yourself by your hair out of the swamp of nothingness and into existence. Now, if someone can see through the cloddish simplicity of this famous concept 'free will' and eliminate it from his mind, I would then ask him to take his 'enlightenment' a step further and likewise eliminate from his head the opposite of the non-concept 'free will': I mean the 'unfree will' which amounts to a misuse of cause and effect. One should not make the mistake of *concretizing* 'cause' and 'effect' as do the natural scientists (and whoever else today naturalizes in their thinking . . .), in conformity with the prevalent mechanistic foolishness that pushes and tugs at the cause until it 'has an effect'; 'cause' and 'effect' should be used only as pure *concepts*, as conventional fictions for the purpose of description or communication, and *not* for explanation. In the 'in itself' there is nothing of 'causal associations', of 'necessity', of 'psychological constraint'; the effect does *not* follow 'upon the cause', no 'law' governs it. *We* alone are the ones who have invented causes, succession, reciprocity, relativity, coercion, number, law, freedom, reason, purpose; and if we project, if we mix this world of signs into things as if it were an 'in itself', we act once more as we have always done, that is, *mythologically.* The 'unfree will' is mythology: in real life it is only a matter of *strong* and *weak* wills.

Whenever a thinker sniffs out coercion, necessity, obligation,

pressure, constraint in any 'causal connection' or 'psychological necessity', it is almost always a symptom of where his own inadequacy lies: to feel this particular way is revealing—the person is revealing himself. And if I have observed correctly, the 'constraint of the will' is always conceived as a problem from two completely opposite standpoints, but always in a profoundly *personal* way: the one group will not hear of relinquishing their 'responsibility', their belief in *themselves*, their personal right to take *their* credit (the vain races are of this type); conversely, the other group wants to be responsible for nothing, guilty of nothing, and out of their inner self-contempt they yearn to *cast off* their own selves one way or another. When this latter group writes books nowadays, they tend to take up the cause of criminals; a sort of socialistic compassion is their nicest disguise. And indeed, it is surprising how much prettier the fatalism of the weak-willed can look when it presents itself as 'la religion de la souffrance humaine';* that is what *it* means by 'good taste'.

22

If you'll forgive me, an old philologist who can't give up the wickedness of pointing out examples of bad interpretative practice, the 'lawfulness of nature' that you physicists speak about so proudly, as if . . .—this only exists by grace of your interpretations, your bad 'philology'; it is not a factual matter, not a 'text', but rather no more than a naive humanitarian concoction, a contortion of meaning that allows you to succeed in accommodating the democratic instincts of the modern soul! 'Equality before the law is everywhere—nature is no different and no better than we are'—this amiable ulterior thought once again masks the plebeian's enmity towards everything privileged and autocratic, as well as a new and more subtle atheism. 'Ni dieu, ni maître'*—that's what you folks want, too. So, 'long live the law of nature!' Isn't that right? But as I say, this is interpretation, not text; and someone could come along with the opposite intention and interpretative skill who, looking at the very same nature and referring to the very same phenomena, would read out of it the ruthlessly tyrannical and unrelenting assertion of power claims. Such an interpreter would put to you the universality and unconditionality in all 'will to power' in such

a way that virtually every word, even the word 'tryanny', would ultimately appear useless or at least only as a modifying, mitigating metaphor—as too human. Yet this philosopher, too, would end by making the same claims for his world as you others do for yours, namely that its course is 'necessary' and 'predictable', *not* because laws are at work in it, but rather because the laws are absolutely *lacking*, and in every moment every power draws its final consequence. And given that he too is just interpreting—and you'll be eager to raise that objection, won't you?—then, all the better.

23

Until now, all psychology has been brought to a stop by moral prejudices and fears: it has not dared to plumb these depths. If we may take previous writing as a symptom of what has also been suppressed, then no one in his thoughts has even brushed these depths as I have, as a morphology and *evolutionary theory of the will to power.* The force of moral prejudices has reached far into the most spiritual world, a world apparently cold and without premiss—and it has obviously had a harmful, inhibiting, blinding, distorting effect. A real physio-psychology must struggle with the unconscious resistances in the heart of the researcher, the 'heart' is working against it; a conscience that is still strong and hearty will be distressed and annoyed even by a theory of the reciprocal conditionality of 'good' and 'bad' instincts, which seems to be a kind of subtle immorality—and even more by a theory of the derivation of all good drives from bad ones. But granted that a person takes the emotions of hatred, envy, greed, power hunger as conditions for living, crucial and fundamental to the universal economy of life and therefore in need of intensifying if life is to be intensified, he is also a person who suffers from such an orientation in judgement as if he were seasick. And yet even this hypothesis is by no means the strangest or most painful one in this enormous, virtually new realm of dangerous insights—and in truth there are a hundred good reasons for everyone to stay away from it if he—*can*! On the other hand, once your ship has strayed onto this course: well then! All right! Grit your teeth bravely! Open your eyes! Keep your hand at the helm!—we are going to be travelling *beyond* morality, and by daring to travel there we may in the process stifle

or crush whatever remnant of morality we have left—but what do *we* matter! Never yet has a *deeper* world of insight been opened to bold travellers and adventurers; and the psychologist who makes this kind of 'sacrifice' (it is *not* the *sacrifizio dell'intelletto*,* quite the contrary!) may demand at least that psychology be recognized once again as the queen of the sciences, which the other sciences exist to serve and anticipate. For psychology has once again become the way to basic issues.