may infer from his words that he places science above art — strange as this may be for such a friend of the arts — in the end it is nothing but politeness when he does not speak of what he, too, places high above all science: 'revealed truth' and the 'eternal salvation of the soul'. Compared to that, what are ornaments, pride, entertainment, and the security of life to him! 'Science is something second-class; nothing ultimate, unconditional; not an object of passion' — this judgement was held back in Leo's soul: the truly Christian judgement about science! In antiquity the dignity and recognition of science were diminished by the fact that even among her most zealous disciples the striving for virtue took first place, and that one thought one had given knowledge one's highest praise when one celebrated it as the best means to virtue. It is something new in history that knowledge wants to be more than a means.

In the horizon of the infinite. — We have forsaken the land and gone to sea! We have destroyed the bridge behind us — more so, we have demolished the land behind us! Now, little ship, look out! Beside you is the ocean; it is true, it does not always roar, and at times it lies there like silk and gold and dreams of goodness. But there will be hours when you realize that it is infinite and that there is nothing more awesome than infinity. Oh, the poor bird that has felt free and now strikes against the walls of this cage! Woe, when homesickness for the land overcomes you, as if there had been more freedom there — and there is no more 'land'!

The madman. — Haven't you heard of that madman who in the bright morning lit a lantern and ran around the marketplace crying incessantly, 'I'm looking for God! I'm looking for God!' Since many of those who did not believe in God were standing around together just then, he caused great laughter. Has he been lost, then? asked one. Did he lose his way like a child? asked another. Or is he hiding? Is he afraid of us? Has he gone to sea? Emigrated? — Thus they shouted and laughed, one interrupting the other. The madman jumped into their midst and pierced them with his eyes. 'Where is God?' he cried; 'I'll tell you! We

have killed him — you and I! We are all his murderers. But how did we do this? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the entire horizon? What were we doing when we unchained this earth from its sun? Where is it moving to now? Where are we moving to? Away from all suns? Are we not continually falling? And backwards, sideways, forwards, in all directions! Is there still an up and a down? Aren't we straying as though through an infinite nothing? Isn't empty space breathing at us? Hasn't it got colder? Isn't night and more night coming again and again? Don't lanterns have to be lit in the morning? Do we still hear nothing of the noise of the grave-diggers who are burying God? Do we still smell nothing of the divine decomposition? — Gods, too, decompose! God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him! How can we console ourselves, the murderers of all murderers! The holiest and the mightiest thing the world has ever possessed has bled to death under our knives: who will wipe this blood from us? With what water could we clean ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what holy games will we have to invent for ourselves? Is the magnitude of this deed not too great for us? Do we not ourselves have to become gods merely to appear worthy of it? There was never a greater deed — and whoever is born after us will on account of this deed belong to a higher history than all history up to now! Here the madman fell silent and looked again at his listeners; they too were silent and looked at him disconcertedly. Finally he threw his lantern on the ground so that it broke into pieces and went out. 'I come too early', he then said; 'my time is not yet. This tremendous event is still on its way, wandering; it has not yet reached the ears of men. Lightning and thunder need time; the light of the stars needs time; deeds need time, even after they are done, in order to be seen and heard. This deed is still more remote to them than the remotest stars — and yet they have done it themselves!' It is still recounted how on the same day the madman forced his way into several churches and there started singing his requiem aeternam dei, Led out and called to account, he is said always to have replied nothing but, 'What then are these churches now if not the tombs and sepulchres of God?'

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10 "Grant God eternal rest." A transformation of that part of the service for the dead which reads 'Requiem aeternam deo [scilicet, mortuo], Domine' ('Lord, grant them [the dead] eternal rest')
Too Jewish.—If God wanted to become an object of love, he should first of all have had to give up judging and justice: a judge, even a merciful one, is no object of love. The founder of Christianity lacked delicacy of feeling in this regard, being a Jew.

Too oriental.—What? A god who loves men provided that they believe in him and who casts evil gazes and threats at anyone who does not believe in this love? What? A love hemmed in by conditions as the feeling of an almighty god? A love that has not even mastered the feeling of honour and roused vengefulness? How oriental this all is! 'If I love you, what does that concern you?' is surely a sufficient critique of all of Christianity.

Incense.—Buddha says: 'Don't flatter your benefactors!' Repeat this saying in a Christian church and it will instantly clear the air of everything Christian.

The greatest advantage of polytheism.—For an individual to posit his own ideal and to derive from it his own law, joys and rights — that may well have been considered hitherto to be the most outrageous of human aberrations and idolatry itself; indeed, the few who dared it always felt the need to apologize to themselves, usually as follows: 'Not I! Not I! But a god through me!' The wonderful art and power of creating gods — polytheism — was that through which this drive could discharge itself, purify, perfect and ennoble itself; for originally it was a base and undistinguished drive, related to stubbornness, disobedience, and envy. To be hostile to this drive to have one's own ideal: that was formerly the law of every morality. There was only one norm: 'the human being'—

19 Goethe, Wilhelm Meister, Book 14, chapter 14, Dichtung und Wahrheit, Book 111, chapter 14

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and every people believed itself to have this one and ultimate norm. But above and outside oneself, in a distant overworld, one got to see a plurality of norms: one god was not the denial of or anathema to another god! Here for the first time one allowed oneself individuals; here one first honoured the rights of individuals. The invention of gods, heroes, and overmen (Übermensch) of all kinds, as well as deviant or inferior forms of humanoid life (Neben- und Untermenschen), dwarfs, fairies, centaurs, satyrs, demons, and devils, was the invaluable preliminary exercise for the justification of the egoism and sovereignty of the individual: the freedom that one conceded to a god in his relation to other gods one finally gave to oneself in relation to laws, customs, and neighbours. Monotheism, in contrast, this rigid consequence of the teachings of a normal human type — that is, the belief in a normal god next to whom there are only false pseudo-gods — was perhaps the greatest danger to humanity so far: it threatened us with that premature stagnation which, as far as we can tell, most other species have long reached; for all of them believe in one normal type and ideal for their species and have translated the morality of custom (Sittlichkeit der Sitten) definitively into flesh and blood. In polytheism the free-spiritedness and many-spiritedness of humanity received preliminary form — the power to create for ourselves our own new eyes and ever again new eyes that are ever more our own — so that for humans alone among the animals there are no eternal horizons and perspectives.

Religious wars.—The greatest progress of the masses up till now has been the religious war, for it proves that the mass has begun to treat concepts with respect. Religious wars start only when the finer quarrels among sects have refined common reason so that even the mob becomes subtle and takes trifles seriously, and actually considers it possible that the 'eternal salvation of the soul' might hinge on slight differences between concepts.

Danger for vegetarians.—A diet consisting primarily of rice leads to the use of opium and narcotics, just as a diet consisting primarily of potatoes
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How to understand our cheerfulness. — The greatest recent event — that ‘God is dead’; that the belief in the Christian God has become unbelievable — is already starting to cast its first shadow over Europe. To those few at least whose eyes — or the suspicion in whose eyes is strong and subtle enough for this spectacle, some kind of sun seems to have set; some old deep trust turned into doubt: to them, our world must appear more autumnal, more mistrustful, stranger, ‘older’. But in the main one might say: for many people’s power of comprehension, the event is itself far too great, distant, and out of the way even for its tidings to be thought of as having arrived yet. Even less may one suppose many to know at all what this event really means — and, now that this faith has been undermined, how much must collapse because it was built on this faith, leaned on it, had grown into it — for example, our entire European morality. This long, dense succession of demolition, destruction, downfall, upheaval that now stands ahead: who would guess enough of it today to play the teacher and herald of this monstrous logic of horror, the prophet of deep darkness and an eclipse of the sun the like of which has probably never before existed on earth? Even we born guessers of riddles who are so to speak on a lookout at the top of the mountain, posted between today and tomorrow and stretched in the contradiction between today and tomorrow, we firstlings and premature births of the next century, to whom the shadows that must soon envelop Europe really should have become apparent by now — why is it that even we look forward to this darkening without any genuine involvement and above all without worry and fear for ourselves? Are we perhaps still not too influenced by the most immediate consequences of this event — and these immediate consequences, the consequences for ourselves, are the opposite of what one might expect — not at all sad and gloomy, but much more like a new and barely describable type of light, happiness, relief, amusement, encouragement, dawn... Indeed, at hearing the news that ‘the old god is dead’, we philosophers and ‘free spirits’ feel illuminated by a new dawn; our heart overflows with gratitude, amazement, forebodings, expectation — finally the horizon seems clear again, even if not bright; finally our ships may set out again, set out to face any danger; every daring of the lover of knowledge is allowed again; the sea, our sea, lies open again; maybe there has never been such an ‘open sea’.

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The extent to which morality is hardly dispensable. — The naked human being is generally a disgraceful sight — I am talking about us Europeans (and not even about female Europeans!). Supposing that by the mischievous trick of a sorcerer, the merriest dinner party suddenly saw itself exposed and undressed; I think not only the mirth would be lost but also the strongest appetite discouraged, — it seems we Europeans are utterly unable to dispense with that masquerade called clothing. But why should there not be equally good reasons for the disguise of ‘moral men’, for their veil of moral formulas and notions of decency, for the whole benevolent concealment of our actions behind the concepts of duty, virtue, public spirit, respectability, self-denial? I am not supposing that something like human malice and perfidy — in short, the bad wild beast in us — is thereby disguised; my thought is, quite on the contrary, that it is precisely as tame animals that are we a disgraceful sight and need the disguise of morality, — that the ‘inner man’ in Europe is not nearly evil enough to be able to ‘show himself’ that way (and be beautiful that way — ). The European disguises himself with morality because he has become a sick, sickly, maimed animal which has good reasons for being ‘tame’; because he is almost a monstrosity, something half, weak, awkward... It is not the ferocity of the beast of prey that needs a moral disguise, but the herd animal with its deep mediocrity, fear, and boredom with itself. Morality dresses up the European — let’s admit it! — into something nobler, grander, goodlier, something ‘divine’ —

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On the origin of religions. — The true invention of the religion-founders is first to establish a certain way of life and everyday customs that work as
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slow down and becomes thick and flows like honey — to the point of a long fermata, of the faith in the long fermata.

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We who are homeless. — Among Europeans today there is no lack of those who have a right to call themselves homeless in a distinctive and honourable sense: it is to them in particular that I commend my secret wisdom and gaya scienza. For their lot is hard; their hope uncertain; it is a feat to invent a form of comfort for them — but to what avail! We children of the future — how could we be at home in this today! We are unfavourably disposed towards all ideals that might make one feel at home in this fragile, broken time of transition; as for its ‘realities’, we don’t believe they are lasting. The ice that still supports people today has already grown very thin; the wind that brings a thaw is blowing; we ourselves, homeless ones, are something that breaks up the ice and other all too thin ‘realities’. We ‘conserve’ nothing; neither do we want to return to any past; we are by no means ‘liberal’; we are not working for ‘progress’; we don’t need to plug our ears to the marketplace’s strains of the future: what they sing — ‘equal rights’, ‘free society’, ‘no more masters and no servants’ — has no allure for us. We hold it absolutely undesirable that a realm of justice and concord should be established on earth (because it would certainly be the realm of the most profound levelling down to mediocrity and chinoiserie), we are delighted by all who love, as we do, danger, war, and adventure; who refuse to compromise, to be captured, to reconcile, to be castrated; we consider ourselves conquerors; we contemplate the necessity for new orders as well as for a new slavery — for every strengthening and enhancement of the human type also involves a new kind of enslavement — doesn’t it? With all this, can we really be at home in an age that loves to claim the distinction of being the most humane, the mildest, and most righteous age the sun has ever seen? It is bad enough that precisely when we hear these beautiful words, we have the ugliest misgivings. What we find in

Musical sign indicating that a note or pause may be held longer than its value would usually prescribe.

See above, footnote to p. 1.

European decorative style so called because it is intended to look Chinese. Because of the slight artistic value of much that was produced in this style it has the connotation of insignificant, insubstantial, rapid, frivolous.
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them is merely an expression – and the masquerade – of a deep weariness, of old age, of declining energies! What can it matter to us what sequins the sick may use to cover up their weakness? Let them parade it as their virtue; after all, there is no doubt that weakness makes us mild, so righteous, so inoffensive, so humane! The 'religion of compassion' to which one would like to convert us – oh, we know these hysterical little men and women well enough who today need just this religion as a veil and finery. We are no humanitarians; we should never dare to allow ourselves to speak of 'our love of humanity' – our type is not actor enough for that! Or not Saint-Simonist\(^\text{32}\) enough; not French enough. One really has to be afflicted with a Gallic excess of erotic irritability and enamoured impatience to approach humanity honestly with one's lust . . . Humanity! Has there ever been a more hideous old woman amongst all old women? (Unless it were 'the truth': a question for philosophers.) No, we do not love humanity; but on the other hand we are not nearly 'German' enough, in the sense in which the word 'German' is constantly used nowadays, to advocate nationalism and racial hatred and to be able to take pleasure in the national scabies of the heart and blood poisoning with which European peoples nowadays delimit and barricade themselves against each other as if with quarantines. For that, we are too uninhibited, too malicious, too spoiled, also too well-informed, too 'well-travelled': we far prefer to live on mountains, apart, 'uninhabited', in past or future centuries, merely in order to avoid the silent rage to which we know we should be condemned as eyewitnesses of politics that are destroying the German spirit by making it vain and which are, moreover, petty politics – to keep its creation from falling apart again, doesn't it need to plant it between two deadly hatreds? Mustn't it desire the eternalization of the European system of many petty states? We who are homeless are too diverse and racially mixed in our descent, as 'modern men', and consequently we are not inclined to participate in the mendacious racial self-admiration and obscenity that parades in Germany today as a sign of a German way of thinking and that is doubly false and indecent among the people of the 'historical sense'. In a word – and let this be our word of honour – we are good Europeans, the rich heirs of millennia of European spirit, with too many provisions but also too many obligations. As such, we

\(^{32}\) Referring to Claude-Henri Saint-Simon (1760–1825), a French utopian socialist.

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have also outgrown Christianity and are averse to it – precisely because we have grown out of it, because our ancestors were Christians who in their Christianity were mercilessly upright: for their faith they willingly sacrificed possessions, blood, position, and fatherland. We – do the same. But for what? For our unbelief? For every kind of unbelief? No, you know better than that, my friends! The hidden Yes in you is stronger than all Nos and Maybes that afflict you and your age like a disease; and you must sail the seas, you emigrants, you too are compelled to this by – a faith!

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'And become bright again'. – We who are generous and rich in spirit, who stand by the road like open wells with no intention to fend off anyone who feels like drawing from us – we unfortunately do not know how to defend ourselves where we want to: we have no way of preventing people from clouding us, from darkening us; the time in which we live throws into us what is most time-bound; its dirty birds drop their filth into us; its boys their knick-knacks; and exhausted wanderers who come to us rest, their small and great miseries. But we will do what we have always done: we take down into our depths whatever casts itself into us – for we are deep; we do not forget – and become bright again . . .

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The fool's interlude. – The writer of this book is no misanthrope; today one pays too dearly for hatred of man. In order to hate the way one formerly hated the human being, Timonically,\(^{33}\) wholly, without exception, with one's whole heart, with the whole love of hatred, one would have to renounce contempt. And how much fine joy, how much patience, how much gracefulness even do we owe precisely to our contempt! Moreover, it makes us 'God's elect': refined contempt is our taste and privilege, our art, our virtue perhaps, and we are the most modern of moderns. . . .Hatred, in contrast, places people on a par, vis-à-vis, in hatred there is honour; finally, in hatred there is fear, an ample

\(^{33}\) Legendary Athenian misanthrope, who is the subject of Shakespeare's Timon of Athens.