

severity and compactness, and to pour some grog of the heaviest caliber over my Latin—even when I was a student at the venerable Schulpforta,⁹ that did not in any way disagree with my physiology, nor perhaps with that of Sallust—however it disagreed with the venerable Schulpforta.

Later, around the middle of life, to be sure, I decided more and more strictly *against* all “spirits”: I, an opponent of vegetarianism from experience, just like Richard Wagner, who converted me, cannot advise all *more spiritual* natures earnestly enough to abstain entirely from alcohol. *Water* is sufficient.

I prefer towns in which opportunities abound for dipping from running wells (Nizza, Turin, Sils); a small glass accompanies me like a dog.¹⁰ *In vino veritas*:¹¹ it seems that here, too, I am at odds with all the world about the concept of “truth”—in my case, the spirit moves over water.¹²

A few more hints from my morality. A hearty meal is easier to digest than one that is too small. That the stomach as a whole becomes active is the first presupposition of a good digestion. One has to know the size of one’s stomach. For the same reason one should be warned against those long-drawn-out meals which I call interrupted sacrificial feasts—those at a *table d’hôte*.

No meals between meals, no coffee: coffee spreads darkness. *Tea* is wholesome only in the morning. A little, but strong: tea is very unwholesome and sicklies one o’er the whole day if it is too weak by a single degree. Everybody has his own measure, often between the narrowest and most delicate limits. In a climate that is very *agaçant*,¹³ tea is not advisable for a beginning: one should begin an hour earlier with a cup of thick, oil-less cocoa.

Sit as little as possible; give no credence to any thought that

⁹ Perhaps the most famous boarding school in Germany.

¹⁰ This is surely the meaning intended, although *ein kleines Glas läuft mir nach wie ein Hund* means literally: a small glass runs after me like a dog. This sentence has been adduced—very unreasonably—as evidence that Nietzsche was suffering from hallucinations and no longer sane when he wrote *Ecce Homo*.

¹¹ In wine there is truth.

¹² Allusion to Genesis 1.2.

¹³ Provocative.

was not born outdoors while one moved about freely—in which the muscles are not celebrating a feast, too. All prejudices¹⁴ come from the intestines.

The sedentary life—as I have said once before¹⁵—is the real *sin* against the holy spirit.

2

The question of *place* and *climate* is most closely related to the question of nutrition. Nobody is free to live everywhere; and whoever has to solve great problems that challenge all his strength actually has a very restricted choice in this matter. The influence of climate on our *metabolism*, its retardation, its acceleration, goes so far that a mistaken choice of place and climate can not only estrange a man from his task but can actually keep it from him: he never gets to see it. His animal *vigor* has never become great enough for him to attain that freedom which overflows into the most spiritual regions and allows one to recognize: *this* only I can do.

The slightest sluggishness of the intestines is entirely sufficient, once it has become a bad habit, to turn a genius into something mediocre, something "German." The German climate alone is enough to discourage strong, even inherently heroic, intestines. The *tempo* of the metabolism is strictly proportionate to the mobility or lameness of the spirit's *feet*; the "spirit" itself is after all merely an aspect of this metabolism. List the places where men with *esprit*¹ are living or have lived, where wit, subtlety, and malice belonged to happiness, where genius found its home almost of necessity: all of them have excellent dry air. Paris, Provence, Florence, Jerusalem, Athens—these names prove something: genius depends on dry air, on clear skies—that is, on a rapid metabolism, on the possibility of drawing again and again on great, even tre-

¹⁴ *Vorurteile*. *Vorteile* (advantages) in Karl Schlechta's edition is a misprint.

¹⁵ *Twilight*, Chapter I, section 34 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 471).

¹ *Geistreiche Menschen*. *Geistreich*, literally rich in spirit, means ingenious, witty, intelligent, bright.

chard, *Les Sceptiques Grecs*,³ in which my *Laertiana*⁴ are also put to good use. The skeptics, the only honorable type among the equivocal, quinquivocal tribe of philosophers!

Otherwise I almost always seek refuge with the same books—actually, a small number—books *proved to me*. Perhaps it is not my way to read much, or diverse things: a reading room makes me sick. Nor is it my way to love much, or diverse things. Caution, even hostility against new books comes closer to my instincts than “tolerance,” “*largeur du coeur*,”⁵ and other “neighbor love.”⁶

It is a small number of old Frenchmen to whom I return again and again: I believe only in French culture⁷ and consider everything else in Europe today that calls itself “culture” a misunderstanding—not to speak of German culture.

The few cases of high culture that I have encountered in Germany have all been of French origin, especially Frau Cosima Wagner, by far the first voice in matters of taste that I have ever heard.

The fact that I do not read but *love* Pascal, as the most instructive victim of Christianity, murdered slowly, first physically, then psychologically—the whole logic of this most gruesome form of inhuman cruelty; that I have in my spirit—who knows? perhaps also in my body—something of Montaigne’s sportiveness; that my artist’s taste vindicates the names of Molière, Corneille, and Racine, not without fury, against a wild genius like Shakespeare—all that does not preclude in the end that I find even the most recent Frenchmen charming company. I do not see from what century of the past one could dredge up such inquisitive and at the same time such delicate psychologists as in contemporary Paris: tentatively—for their number is far from small—I name Messieurs Paul Bourget, Pierre Loti, Gyp, Meilhac, Anatole France, Jules Lemaitre, or,

³ The Greek skeptics.

⁴ Nietzsche’s early philological studies of Diogenes Laertius: *De Laertii Diogenis fontibus* (On Diogenes Laertius’ sources, 1868 and 1869) and *Beiträge zur Quellenkunde und Kritik des Laertius Diogenes* (contributions to the critique and the study of the sources of Diogenes Laertius, 1870).

⁵ Largeness of heart.

⁶ Nietzsche had corrected printer’s proofs and given his *imprimatur* up to this point in the book, before he collapsed.

⁷ The word here rendered several times as “culture” is *Bildung*.

would still be "idealism." One error after another is coolly placed on ice; the ideal is not refuted—it *freezes* to death.— Here, for example, "the genius" freezes to death; at the next corner, "the saint"; under a huge icicle, "the hero"; in the end, "faith," so-called "conviction"; "pity" also cools down considerably—and almost everywhere "the thing in itself" freezes to death.

2

The beginnings of this book belong right in the midst of the first *Bayreuther Festspiele*;¹ a profound alienation from everything that surrounded me there is one of its preconditions. Whoever has any notion of the visions I had encountered even before that, may guess how I felt when one day I woke up in Bayreuth. As if I were dreaming!

Wherever was I? There was nothing I recognized; I scarcely recognized Wagner. In vain did I leaf through my memories. Trib-schen—a distant isle of the blessed; not a trace of any similarity.

only the two together make a whole: the aesthetic rebirth and the moral rebirth."

When I read such sentences, my patience is exhausted and I feel the itch, I even consider it a duty, to tell the Germans for once how many things they have on their conscience by now.⁶ *All great crimes against culture for four centuries they have on their conscience.*— And the reason is always the same: their innermost cowardice before reality, which is also cowardice before the truth; their untruthfulness which has become instinctive with them; their "idealism."

The Germans did Europe out of the harvest, the meaning, of the last great age, the age of the Renaissance, at a moment when a higher order of values, the noble ones, those that say Yes to life, those that guarantee the future, had triumphed at the seat of the opposite values, those of decline—even in the very instincts of those who were sitting there. Luther, this calamity of a monk, restored the church and, what is a thousand times worse, Christianity, at the very moment when it was vanquished.— Christianity, this denial of the will to life become religion!— Luther, an impossible monk who, on account of his own "impossibility," attacked the church and—consequently—restored it.— The Catholics would have good reasons to celebrate Luther festivals, to write Luther plays.— Luther—and the "moral rebirth"! To hell with psychology!⁷— Beyond a doubt, the Germans are idealists.

Twice, when an honest, unequivocal, perfectly scientific way of thinking had just been attained with tremendous fortitude and self-overcoming, the Germans managed to find devious paths to the old "ideal," reconciliations of truth and "ideal"—at bottom, formulas for a right to repudiate science, a right to *lie*. Leibniz and Kant—these two greatest brake shoes of intellectual integrity in Europe!

⁶ The remainder of this section is quite similar to *The Antichrist*, section 61 (*Portable Nietzsche*, pp. 653ff.).

⁷ *Zum Teufel mit aller Psychologie*: presumably, Nietzsche means that those who associate Luther with a "moral rebirth" have no regard whatever for psychology. Cf. *The Antichrist*, section 39 (*Portable Nietzsche*, p. 613), *The Will to Power*, section 192, and Kaufmann's *Nietzsche*, Chapter 12, section II.