New Struggles. — After Buddha was dead people showed his shadow for centuries afterwards in a cave, — an immense frightful shadow. God is dead: but as the human race is constituted, there will perhaps be caves for millenniums yet, in which people will show his shadow. — And we — we have still to overcome his shadow!

The Madman. — Have you ever heard of the madman who on a bright morning lighted a lantern and ran to the market-place calling out unceasingly: "I seek God! I seek God!" — As there were many people standing about who did not believe in God, he caused a great deal of amusement. Why? Is he lost? said one. Has he strayed away like a child? said another. Or does he keep himself hidden? Is he afraid of us? Has he taken a sea-voyage? Has he emigrated? — the people cried out laughingly, all in a hubbub.

The insane man jumped into their midst and transfixed them with his glances. "Where is God gone?" he called out. "I mean to tell you! We have killed him, — you and I! We are all his murderers! But how have we done it? How were we able to drink up the sea? Who gave us the sponge to wipe away the whole horizon? What did we do when we loosened this earth from its sun? Whither does it now move? Whither do we move? Away from all suns? Do we not dash on unceasingly? Backwards, sideways, forewards, in all directions? Is there still an above and below? Do we not stray, as through infinite nothingness? Does not empty space breathe upon us? Has it not become colder? Does not night come on continually, darker and darker? Shall we not have to light lanterns in the morning? Do we not hear the noise of the grave-diggers who are burying God? Do we not smell the divine putrefaction? — for even Gods putrefy! God is dead! God remains dead! And we have killed him!

How shall we console ourselves, the most murderous of all murderers? The holiest and the mightiest that the world has hitherto possessed, has bled to death under our knife, — who will wipe the blood from us? With what water could we cleanse ourselves? What festivals of atonement, what sacred games shall we have to devise? Is not the magnitude of this deed too great for us? Shall we not ourselves have to become Gods, merely to seem worthy of it? There never was a greater event, — and on account of it, all who are born after us belong to a higher history than any history hitherto!"

Here the madman was silent and looked again at his hearers; they also were silent and looked at him in surprise. At last he threw his lantern on the ground, so that it broke in pieces and was extinguished. "I come too early," he then said, "my time is not yet. This prodigious event is still on its way, and is traveling, — it has not yet reached men's ears. Lightning and thunder need time, the light of the stars needs time, deeds need time, even after they are done, to be seen and heard. This deed is as yet further from them than the furthest star, — and yet they have done it!"
It is further stated that the madman made his way into different churches on the same day, and there intoned his *Requiem aeternam deo*. When led out and called to account, he always gave the reply: "What are these churches now, if they are not the tombs and monuments of God?"

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*To what Extent even We are still Pious.* — It is said with good reason that convictions have no civic rights in the domain of science: it is only when a conviction voluntarily condescends to the modesty of an hypothesis, a preliminary standpoint for experiment, or a regulative fiction, that its access to the realm of knowledge, and a certain value therein, can be conceded, — always, however, with the restriction that it must remain under police supervision, under the police of our distrust. — Regarded more accurately, however, does not this imply that only when a conviction ceases to be a conviction can it obtain admission into science? Does not the discipline of the scientific spirit just commence when one no longer harbours any conviction? . . .

It is probably so: only, it remains to be asked whether, in order that this discipline may commence, it is not necessary that there should already be a conviction, and in fact one so imperative and unconditional, that it makes a sacrifice of all other convictions? We see that science also rests on a faith: there simply is no science "without presuppositions." The question whether *truth* is needed, must not merely be affirmed beforehand, but must be affirmed to such an extent that the principle, belief, the conviction finds expression: "there is nothing needed more than truth, and in comparison with it everything else has only secondary value."

This unconditional will to truth: what is it? Is it the will not to allow ourselves to be deceived? Is it the will not to deceive? For the will to truth could also be interpreted in this fashion, provided one included under the generalization, "I will not deceive" the special case, "I will not deceive myself." But why not deceive? Why not allow oneself to be deceived?

Let it be noted that the reasons for the former principle belong to a category quite different from those for the latter: one does not want to be deceived oneself, under the supposition that it is injurious, dangerous, or fatal to be deceived, — in this sense science would be a prolonged process of caution, foresight and utility; against which, however, one might reasonably make objections. What? Is not-wishing-to-be-deceived really less injurious, less dangerous, less fatal? What do you know of the character of existence in all its phases to be able to decide whether the greater advantage is on the side of unconditional distrust, or of unconditional trustfulness? In case, however, of both being necessary, much trusting *as well as* much distrusting, whence then should science derive the unconditional faith or conviction on which it rests, that truth is more important than anything else, even than every other conviction? This conviction could not have arisen if truth and untruth had both continually proved themselves to be useful: as is the case. Thus—the
faith in science, which now undeniably exists, cannot have had its origin in such a utilitarian calculation, but rather, it must have originated in spite of the fact of the disutility and dangerousness of the "will to truth," of "truth at all costs," is continually demonstrated. "At all costs": alas, we understand that sufficiently well, after having sacrificed and slaughtered one faith after another at this altar!

Consequently, "will to truth" does not mean, "I will not allow myself to be deceived," but — there is no other alternative— "I will not deceive, not even myself": and thus we have reached the realm of morality. For let one just ask oneself fairly: "Why wilt thou not deceive?" especially if it should seem—and it does seem—as if life were laid out with a view to appearance, I mean, with a view to error, deceit, dissimulation, delusion, self-delusion; and when on the other hand it is a matter of fact that the great type of life has always manifested itself on the side of the most unscrupulous polytropoi.¹ Such an intention might perhaps, to express it mildly, be a piece of quixotism, a little enthusiastic craziness; it might also, however, be something worse, namely, a destructive principle, hostile to life. "Will to truth,"—that might be a concealed will to death.

Thus the question “Why is there science?” leads back to the moral problem: Why have morality at all, when life, nature, and history are “not moral”? There is no doubt that the truthful man in that daring and extreme sense that is presupposed by the faith in science, affirms thereby a world other than that of life, nature, and history; and in so far as he affirms this "other world," what? Must he not thereby deny its counterpart, this world, our world? ... But what I have in view will now be understood, namely, that it is always a metaphysical faith on which our faith in science rests— and that even we knowing ones of today, we godless anti-metaphysicians, still take our fire from the conflagration kindled by a faith a millennium old, the Christian faith, which was also the faith of Plato, that God is truth, that the truth is divine. —But what if this itself always becomes more untrustworthy, what if nothing any longer proves itself divine, except it be error, blindness, and falsehood;— what if God himself turns out to be our most persistent lie?—

¹ Homer uses this word to describe Odysseus in the first line of the Odyssey.