

Friedrich Nietzsche
Beyond Good and Evil



Translated by Ian Johnston

Friedrich Nietzsche
Beyond Good and Evil
Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future

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Nietzsche
Beyond Good and Evil

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Translator's Note

The following translation retains Nietzsche's short quotations and phrases in languages other than German and includes, immediately after such phrases, an English translation in the text, placed in italics within square brackets. If the quotation is more than a few words long, the English version is included in the text, and Nietzsche's original quotation appears in a footnote at the bottom of the page. Sometimes, when there may be some ambiguity about the meaning of a word or phrase in the original, this text also includes in square brackets a term from Nietzsche's German text. The footnotes, which provide information about people or quotations mentioned in the text, have been provided by the translator.

Beyond Good and Evil, one of the most important works of Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), was first published in 1886. For a very brief introduction to the text, see the section entitled "A Note on the Life and Work of Friedrich Nietzsche" at the end of this translation.

Beyond Good and Evil Prologue

Suppose truth is a woman, what then? Wouldn't we have good reason to suspect that all philosophers, insofar as they were dogmatists, had a poor understanding of women, that the dreadful seriousness and the awkward pushiness with which they so far have habitually approached truth were clumsy and inappropriate ways to win over a woman? It's clear that truth did not allow herself to be won over. And every form of dogmatism nowadays is standing there dismayed and disheartened—if it's still standing at all! For there are mockers who assert that they've collapsed, that all dogmatisms are lying on the floor, even worse, that they're at death's door. Speaking seriously, there are good reasons to hope that every dogmatism in philosophy—no matter how solemnly, conclusively, and decisively it has conducted itself—may have been merely a noble and rudimentary childish game, and the time is perhaps very close at hand, when people will again and again understand just *how little* has sufficed to provide the foundation stones for such lofty and unconditional philosophical constructions of the sort dogmatists have erected up to now—any popular superstition from unimaginably long ago (like the superstition of the soul, which today, in the form of the superstition about the subject and the ego, has still not stopped stirring up mischief), perhaps some game with words, a seduction by some grammatical construction, or a daring generalization from very narrow, very personal, very human, all-too-human facts. The philosophies of the dogmatists were, one hopes, only a promise which lasted for thousands of years, as the astrologers were in even earlier times. In their service, people perhaps expended more work, gold, and astute thinking than for any true scientific knowledge up to that point. We owe to them and their “super-terrestrial” claims the grand style of architecture in Asia and Egypt. It seems that in order for all great things to register their eternal demands on the human heart, they first have to wander over the earth as monstrously and frighteningly distorted faces. Dogmatic philosophy has been such a grimace, for example, the Vedanta doctrine in Asia and Platonism in Europe. We should not be ungrateful for it, even though we must also certainly concede that the worst, most protracted, and most dangerous of all errors up to now has been the error of a dogmatist,

namely, Plato's invention of the purely spiritual and of the good as such. But now that has been overcome, and, as Europe breathes a sigh of relief after this nightmare and at least can enjoy a more healthy sleep, those of us *whose task it is to stay awake* are the inheritors of all the forces which the fight against this error has fostered. To speak of the spirit and the good in this way, as Plato did, was, of course, a matter of standing truth on its head and even of denying the fundamental condition of all life, *perspective*. Indeed, one could, as a doctor, ask, "How did such a disease get to Plato, the most beautiful plant of antiquity? Did the evil Socrates really corrupt him? Could Socrates have been a corruptor of youth, after all? Did he deserve his hemlock?" But the fight against Plato, or, to put the matter in a way more intelligible to "the people," the fight against the thousands of years of pressure from the Christian church—for Christianity is Platonism for "the people"—created in Europe a splendid tension in the spirit, something unlike anything existing before on earth before. With such a tensely arched bow, from now on we can shoot for the most distant targets. Naturally, European man experiences this tension as a state of emergency. Already there have been two attempts in the grand style to ease the tension in the bow—the first time with Jesuitism, the second time with the democratic Enlightenment, through which, with the help of the freedom of the press and reading newspapers, a state might, in fact, be attained in which the spirit itself is not so easily experienced as "need"! (Germans invented gunpowder—all honour to them!—but they made up for that when they invented the printing press). But those of us who are neither Jesuits, nor Democrats, nor even German enough, we *good Europeans* and free, *very free* spirits—we still have the need, the entire spiritual need and the total tension of its bow! And perhaps we also have the arrow, the work to do, and—who knows?—the *target* . . .

Sils-Maria,

Oberengadin, June 1885.

Part One

On the Prejudices of Philosophers

1

The will to truth, which is still going to tempt us to many a daring exploit, that celebrated truthfulness of which all philosophers up to now have spoken with respect, what questions this will to truth has already set down before us! What strange, serious, dubious questions! There is already a long history of that—and yet it seems that this history has scarcely begun. Is it any wonder that at some point we become mistrustful, lose patience and, in our impatience, turn ourselves around, that *we* learn from this sphinx to ask questions for ourselves? *Who* is really asking us questions here? *What* is it in us that really wants “the truth”? In fact, we paused for a long time before the question about the origin of this will—until we finally remained completely and utterly immobile in front of an even more fundamental question. We asked about the *value* of this will. Suppose we want truth. *Why should we not prefer* untruth? And uncertainty? Even ignorance? The problem of the value of truth stepped up before us—or were we the ones who stepped up before the problem? *Who* among us here is Oedipus? *Who* is the Sphinx?¹ It seems to be a tryst between questions and question marks. And could one believe that we are finally the ones to whom it seems as if the problem has never been posed up to now, as if we were the first ones to see it, to fix our eyes on it, and *to dare* confront it? For there is a risk involved in this—perhaps there is no greater risk.

2

“How *could* something arise out of its opposite? For example, truth out of error? Or the will to truth out of the will to deception? Or

¹ . . . *Oedipus* . . . *Sphinx*: In Greek mythology, the Sphinx was a monster who terrorized Thebes. The peril could only be averted by answering a riddle. Oedipus answered the riddle successfully and was made king of Thebes.

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selfless action out of self-seeking? Or the pure sunny look of the wise man out of greed? Origins like these are impossible. Anyone who dreams about them is a fool, in fact, something worse. Things of the highest value must have another origin *peculiar* to them. They cannot be derived from this ephemeral, seductive, deceptive, trivial world, from this confusion of madness and desire! Their basis must lie, by contrast, in the womb of being, in the immortal, in hidden gods, in ‘the thing in itself—their basis must lie *there*, and nowhere else!’ This way of shaping an opinion creates the typical prejudice which enables us to recognize once more the metaphysicians of all ages. This way of establishing value stands behind all their logical procedures. From this “belief” of theirs they wrestle with their “knowledge,” with something which is finally, in all solemnity, christened “the truth.” The fundamental belief of the metaphysicians is *the belief in the opposition of values*. Even the most careful among them has never had the idea of raising doubts right here on the threshold, where such doubts are surely most essential, even when they promised themselves “*de omnibus dubitandum*” [*one must doubt everything*]. For we are entitled to doubt, first, whether such an opposition of values exists at all and, second, whether that popular way of estimating worth and that opposition of values, on which the metaphysicians have imprinted their seal, are perhaps only evaluations made in the foreground, only temporary perspectives, perhaps even a view from a corner, perhaps from underneath, a frog’s viewpoint, as it were, to borrow an expression familiar to painters. For all the value which the true, genuine, unselfish man may be entitled to, it might be possible that a higher and more fundamental value for everything in life must be ascribed to appearance, the will for deception, self-interest, and desire. It might even be possible that *whatever* creates the value of those fine and respected things exists in such a way that it is, in some duplicitous way, related to, tied to, intertwined with, perhaps even essentially the same as those undesirable, apparently contrasting things. Perhaps!—But who is willing to bother with such a dangerous Perhaps? For that we must

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really await the arrival of a new style of philosopher, the kind who has some different taste and inclination, the reverse of philosophers so far, in every sense, philosophers of the dangerous Perhaps. And speaking in all seriousness, I see such new philosophers arriving on the scene.

3

After examining philosophers between the lines with a sharp eye for a sufficient length of time, I tell myself the following: we must consider even the greatest part of conscious thinking among the instinctual activities. Even in the case of philosophical thinking we must relearn here, in the same way we relearned about heredity and what is “innate.” Just as the act of birth merits little consideration in the procedures and processes of heredity, so there’s little point in setting up “consciousness” in any significant sense as something *opposite* to what is instinctual—the most conscious thinking of a philosopher is led on secretly and forced into particular paths by his instincts. Even behind all logic and its apparent dynamic authority stand evaluations of worth or, putting the matter more clearly, physiological demands for the preservation of a particular way of life—for example, that what is certain is more valuable than what is uncertain, that appearance is of less value than the “truth.” Evaluations like these could, for all their regulatory importance for *us*, still be only foreground evaluations, a particular kind of *niaiserie* [*stupidity*], necessary for the preservation of beings precisely like us. That’s assuming, of course, that not just man is the “measure of things” . . .

4

For us, the falsity of a judgment is still no objection to that judgment—that’s where our new way of speaking sounds perhaps most strange. The question is the extent to which it makes demands on life, sustains life, maintains the species, perhaps even creates species. And as a matter of principle we are ready to assert that the falsest

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judgments (to which *a priori* synthetic judgments belong) are the most indispensable to us, that without our allowing logical fictions to count, without a way of measuring reality against the purely invented world of the unconditional and self-identical, without a constant falsification of the world through numbers, human beings could not live—that if we managed to give up false judgments, it would amount to a renunciation of life, a denial of life.¹ To concede the fictional nature of the conditions of life means, of course, taking a dangerous stand against the customary feelings about value. A philosophy which dares to do that is for this reason alone already standing beyond good and evil.

5

What's attractive about looking at all philosophers in part suspiciously and in part mockingly is not that we find again and again how innocent they are—how often and how easily they make mistakes and get lost, in short, how childish and childlike they are—but that they are not honest enough in what they do, while, as a group, they make huge, virtuous noises as soon as the problem of truthfulness is touched on, even remotely. Collectively they take up a position as if they had discovered and arrived at their real opinions through the self-development of a cool, pure, godlike disinterested dialectic (in contrast to the mystics of all ranks, who are more honest than they are and more stupid with their talk of “inspiration”—), while basically they defend with reasons sought out after the fact an assumed principle, an idea, an “inspiration,” for the most part some heartfelt wish which has been abstracted and sifted. They are all advocates who do not want to call themselves that. Indeed, for the most part they are even mischievous pleaders for their judgments, which they baptize as “Truths,”—and *very* remote from the courage

¹ . . . *a priori synthetic judgements*: a central claim of Kant's theory of knowledge, these are judgments which do not arise from experience (i.e., they are innate) but which reveal knowledge of experience (like deductively argued mathematically based scientific laws).

of conscience which would admit this, even this, to itself, very remote from that brave good taste which would concede as much, whether to warn an enemy or friend, or whether to mock themselves as an expression of their own high spirits. That equally stiff and well-behaved *Tartufferie* [*hypocrisy*] of old Kant with which he enticed us onto the clandestine path of dialectic leading or, more correctly, seducing us to his “categorical imperative”—this dramatic performance makes us discriminating people laugh, for it amuses us in no small way to keep a sharp eye on the sophisticated scheming of the old moralists and preachers of morality.¹ Or that sort of mathematical hocus-pocus with which Spinoza presented his philosophy—in the last analysis “the love of *his own* wisdom,” to use the correct and proper word—as if it were armed in metal and masked, in order in this way to intimidate from the start the courage of an assailant who would dare to cast an eye on this invincible virgin and Pallas Athena—how much of his own shyness and vulnerability is betrayed by this masquerade of a solitary invalid!²

6

Gradually I came to learn what every great philosophy has been up to now, namely, the self-confession of its originator and a form of unintentional and unrecorded memoir, and also that the moral (or immoral) intentions in every philosophy made up the essential living seed from which on every occasion the entire plant has grown. In fact, when we explain how the most remote metaphysical claims in a philosophy really arose, it’s good (and shrewd) for us always to ask

¹ . . . *Kant* . . . *categorical imperative*: a key phrase in Kant’s morality, the idea that moral action consists of acting upon a principle which could become a rational moral principle without creating a moral contradiction (“Act so that the maxim [which determines your will] may be capable of becoming a universal law for all rational beings.” Immanuel Kant (1724-1804) was an enormously influential German Enlightenment philosopher.

² . . . *Spinoza*; Baruch de Spinoza (1632-1677), an important and controversial Dutch philosopher. *Pallas Athena*: the Greek goddess of wisdom.

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first: What moral is it (is *he*—) aiming at? Consequently, I don't believe that a "drive to knowledge" is the father of philosophy but that knowledge (and misunderstanding) have functioned only as a tool for another drive, here as elsewhere. But whoever explores the basic drives of human beings, in order to see in this very place how far they may have carried their game as *inspiring* geniuses (or demons and goblins), will find that all drives have already practised philosophy at some time or another—and that every single one of them has all too gladly liked to present *itself* as the ultimate purpose of existence and the legitimate *master* of all the other drives. For every drive seeks mastery and, *as such*, tries to practise philosophy. Of course, with scholars, men of real scientific knowledge, things may be different—"better" if you will—where there may really be something like a drive for knowledge, some small independent clock mechanism or other which, when well wound up, bravely goes on working, *without* all the other drives of the scholar playing any essential role. The essential "interests" of scholars thus commonly lie entirely elsewhere, for example, in the family or in earning a living or in politics. Indeed, it is almost a matter of indifference whether his small machine is placed on this or on that point in science and whether the "promising" young worker makes a good philologist or expert in fungus or chemist—whether he becomes this or that does not *define* who he is.¹ By contrast, with a philosopher nothing is at all impersonal. And his morality, in particular, bears a decisive and crucial witness to *who he is*—that is, to the rank ordering in which the innermost drives of his nature are placed relative to each other.

7

How malicious philosophers can be! I know nothing more poisonous than the joke which Epicurus permitted himself against Plato and the Platonists: he called them *Dionysiokolakes*. The literal meaning

¹Nietzsche's word *Wissenschaft*, here translated as *science*, also means scientific scholarship or scientific research methods and activities in general. Its meaning is by no means confined to natural science.

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of that, what stands in the foreground, is “flatterers of Dionysus,” hence accessories of tyrants and lickspittles.¹ But the phrase says still more than that—“they are all *actors*, with nothing true about them” (for *Dionysokolax* was a popular description of an actor). And that last part is the real maliciousness which Epicurus hurled against Plato: the magnificent manners which Plato, along with his pupils, understood, the way they stole the limelight—things Epicurus did not understand!—that irritated him, the old schoolmaster from Samos, who sat hidden in his little garden in Athens and wrote three hundred books, who knows, perhaps out of rage and ambition against Plato?—It took a hundred years until Greece came to realize who this garden god Epicurus was.—Did they realize?

8

In every philosophy there is a point where the “conviction” of the philosopher steps onto the stage, or, to make the point in the language of an old mystery play:

The ass arrived
Beautiful and most valiant.²

9

Do you want *to live* “according to nature”? O you noble Stoics, what a verbal swindle! Imagine a being like nature—extravagant without limit, indifferent without limit, without purposes and consideration, without pity and justice, simultaneously fruitful, desolate, and unknown—imagine this indifference itself as a power—how *could* you live in accordance with this indifference?³ Living— isn’t that precisely a will to be something different from what this nature is? Isn’t living

¹ . . . *Dionysus* (432 to 367 BC), tyrant of Syracuse.

² . . . *and most valiant*: Nietzsche quotes the Latin: “*Adventavit asinus/ Pulcher et fortissimus.*”

³ . . . *you noble Stoics*: The Stoics were a Greek philosophical school teaching patient endurance and repression of the emotions.

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appraising, preferring, being unjust, being limited, wanting to be different? And if your imperative “live according to nature” basically means what amounts to “live according to life”—why can you *not* just do that? Why make a principle out of what you yourselves are and must be? The truth of the matter is quite different: while you pretend to be in raptures as you read the canon of your law out of nature, you want something which is the reverse of this, you weird actors and self-deceivers! Your pride wants to prescribe to and incorporate into nature, this very nature, your morality, your ideal. You demand that nature be “in accordance with the *stoa*,” and you’d like to make all existence merely living in accordance with your own image of it—as a huge and eternal glorification and universalizing of stoicism! With all your love of truth, you have forced yourselves for such a long time and with such persistence and hypnotic rigidity to look at nature *falsely*, that is, stoically, until you’re no long capable of seeing nature as anything else—and some abysmal arrogance finally inspires you with the lunatic hope that, *because* you know how to tyrannize over yourselves —Stoicism is self-tyranny—nature also allows herself to be tyrannized. Is the Stoic then not a *part* of nature? But this is an ancient eternal story: what happened then with the Stoics is still happening today, as soon as a philosophy begins to believe in itself. It always creates a world in its own image. It cannot do anything different. Philosophy is this tyrannical drive itself, the spiritual will to power, to a “creation of the world,” to the *causa prima* [*first cause*].

10

The enthusiasm and the delicacy—I might even say the cunning—with which people everywhere in Europe today go at the problem “of the true and the apparent world” make one think and listen—and whoever hears only a “will to truth” in the background and nothing else certainly doesn’t enjoy the keenest hearing. In single rare cases such a will to truth, some extravagant and adventurous spirit, a metaphysical ambition to hold an isolated post, may really be

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involved, something which in the end still prefers a handful of “certainty” to an entire wagon full of beautiful possibilities. There may even be Puritan fanatics of conscience who still prefer to lie down and die on a certain nothing than on an uncertain something. But this is nihilism and the indication of a puzzled, deathly tired soul, no matter how brave the gestures of such virtue may look. But among stronger thinkers, more full of life, still thirsty for life, it appears to be something different. When they take issue *with* appearances and already in their arrogance mention the word “perspective,” when they determine that the credibility of their own bodies is about as low as they rank the credibility of appearances which asserts that “the earth stands still,” and, as result, in an apparently good mood, let go of their surest possession (for nowadays what do we think is more secure than our bodies?), who knows whether they don’t, at bottom, want to win back something which people previously possessed with even *more certainty*, something or other of the old ownership of an earlier faith, perhaps “the immortal soul,” perhaps “the old god,” in short, ideas according to which life could be lived better, that is, more powerfully and more cheerfully than according to “modern ideas”? It’s a *mistrust* of these modern ideas; it’s a lack of faith in everything which has been built up yesterday and today; it’s perhaps a slight mixture of excess and scorn, which can no longer tolerate the *bric-à-brac* of ideas coming from different places, of the sort so-called positivism brings to market these days, a disgust of the discriminating taste with the fairground colourful patchiness of all these pseudo-philosophers of reality, in whom there is nothing new or genuine, other than these motley colours. In my view, we should, in these matters, side with today’s sceptical anti-realists and microscopists of knowledge: their instinct, which forces them away from *modern* reality, is irrefutable—what do we care about their retrogressive secret paths! The fundamental issue with them is *not* that they want to go “back,” but that they want to go *away*. With some *more* power, flight, courage, and artistry they’d want to move *up*—and not backwards.

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It strikes me that nowadays people everywhere are trying to direct their gaze away from the real influence which Kant exercised on German philosophy, that is, cleverly to slip away from the value which he ascribed to himself. Above everything else, Kant was first and foremost proud of his table of categories. With this table in hand, he said, “That is the most difficult thing that ever could be undertaken on behalf of metaphysics.”—But people should understand this “could be”! He was proud of the fact that he had *discovered* a new faculty in human beings, the ability to make synthetic judgments *a priori*. Suppose that he deceived himself here. But the development and quick blood of German philosophy depend on this pride and on the competition among all his followers to discover, if possible, something even prouder—at all events “new faculties”! But let’s think this over. It’s time we did. “How are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible?” Kant asked himself. And what did his answer essentially amount to? *Thanks to a faculty [Vermöge eines Vermögens]*. However, unfortunately he did not answer in three words, but so labouriously, venerably, and with such an expenditure of German profundity and flourishes that people failed to hear the comical *niaiserie allemande [German stupidity]* inherent in such an answer. People even got really excited about this new faculty, and the rejoicing reached its height when Kant discovered yet another additional faculty—a moral faculty—in human beings, for then the Germans were still moral and not yet at all “political realists.” Then came the honeymoon of German philosophy. All the young theologians of the Tübingen seminary went off right away into the bushes—all looking for “faculties.” And what didn’t they find—in that innocent, rich, still youthful time of the German spirit, in which Romanticism, that malicious fairy, played her pipes and sang, a time when people did not yet know how to distinguish between “finding” and “inventing”! Above all, a faculty for the “supersensory.” Schelling christened this intellectual contemplation and, in so doing, complied with the most heart-felt yearnings of his Germans, whose cravings

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were basically pious.¹—The most unfair thing we can do to this entire rapturously enthusiastic movement, which was adolescent, no matter how much it boldly dressed itself up in gray and antique ideas, is to take it seriously and treat it with something like moral indignation. Enough—people grew older—the dream flew away. There came a time when people rubbed their foreheads. People are still rubbing them today. They had dreamed: first and foremost—the old Kant. “By means of a faculty,” he had said, or at least meant. But is that an answer? An explanation? Or is it not rather a repetition of the question? How does opium make people sleep? “By means of a faculty,” namely, the *virtus dormitiva* [*sleeping virtue*], answered that doctor in Moliere.

Because it has the sleeping virtue
whose nature makes the senses sleep.²

But answers like that belong in comedy, and the time has finally come to replace the Kantian question “How are synthetic judgments *a priori* possible?” with another question, “Why is the belief in such judgments *necessary*?”—that is, to understand that for the purposes of preserving beings of our type we must *believe* that such judgments are true, although, of course, they could still be *false* judgments! Or to speak more clearly, crudely, and fundamentally: synthetic judgments *a priori* should not “be possible” at all: we have no right to them. In our mouths they are nothing but false judgments. Of course, it’s true that a belief in their truth is necessary as a foreground belief and appearance which belong in the perspective optics of living. In order finally to recall the immense influence which “German philosophy”—you understand, I hope, its right to quotation marks?—has exercised throughout Europe, there should be no doubt that a certain *virtus dormitiva* [*virtue of making people sleep*] was a

¹ . . . *Schelling*: Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph Schelling (1775-1854), a German philosopher.

² . . . *the senses sleep*: Nietzsche quotes the Latin: “*Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva/ Cujus est natura sensus assoupire.*”

part of that: people—among them noble loafers, the virtuous, the mystics, artists, three-quarter Christians, and political obscurantists of all nations—were delighted to have, thanks to German philosophy, an antidote to the still overpowering sensuality which flowed over from the previous century into this one, in short—to have a “*sensus assoupire*” [*way of putting the senses to sleep*].

12

So far as the materialistic atomism is concerned, it belongs with the most effectively refuted things we have, and perhaps nowadays in Europe no scholar remains so unscholarly that he still ascribes a serious meaning to it other than for convenient hand-and-household use (that is, as an abbreviated way of expressing oneself)—thanks primarily to that Pole Boscovich, who, together with the Pole Copernicus, has so far been the greatest and most victorious opponent of appearances. For while Copernicus convinced us to believe, contrary to all our senses, that the earth did *not* stand still, Boscovich taught us to renounce the belief in the final thing which made the earth “stand firm,” the belief in “stuff,” in “material,” in what was left of the earth, in atomic particles. It was the greatest triumph over the senses which has ever been achieved on earth so far.¹ But we must go even further and also declare war, a relentless war to the bitter end, against the “atomistic need,” which still carries on a dangerous afterlife in places where no one suspects, like that celebrated “metaphysical need.”—We must at the start also get rid of that other and more disastrous atomism, which Christianity has taught best and longest, the *atomism of the soul*. With this phrase let me be permitted to designate the belief which assumes that the soul is something indestructible, eternal, indivisible—like a monad, like an *atomon*. We should rid scientific knowledge of *this* belief! Just

¹. . . *Boscovich*: Roger Boscovich (1711-1787), a Jesuit philosopher and an important scientific thinker, denied material substance to atoms. *Copernicus*: Nicolaus Copernicus (1473-1543), Polish monk and astronomer, offered a scientific theory for a sun-centred solar system.

between us, it is not at all necessary to get rid of “the soul” itself and to renounce one of the oldest and most venerable hypotheses, as habitually happens with the clumsiness of the naturalists, who hardly touch upon “the soul” without losing it. But the way to new versions and refinements of the hypothesis of the soul stands open: and ideas like “mortal soul” and “soul as the multiplicity of the subject” and “soul as the social structure of drives and affects” from now on want to have civil rights in scientific knowledge. While the *new* psychologist is preparing an end to superstition, which so far has flourished with an almost tropical lushness in the way the soul has been imagined, at the same time he has naturally pushed himself, as it were, into a new desert and a new mistrust—it may be the case that the older psychologists had a more comfortable and happier time—; finally, however, he knows that in that very process he himself is condemned also to *invent*, and—who knows?—perhaps to *discover*.

13

Physiologists should think carefully about setting up the drive to preserve the self as the cardinal drive in an organic being. Above everything else, something living wants to *release* its power—living itself is will to power. Self-preservation is only one of the indirect and most frequent *consequences* of that. In short, here as everywhere, beware of *extraneous* teleological principles! The drive for self-preservation is one such principle (we have Spinoza’s inconsistency to thank for it—). For the essential principle of economy must hold—that’s what method demands.

14

Nowadays in perhaps five or six heads the idea is dawning that even physics is only an interpretation and explication of the world (for our benefit, if I may be permitted to say so) and *not* an explanation of the world. But to the extent it rests upon a faith in the senses, it counts for more and must continue to count for more for a long time

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yet, that is, as an explanation. Physics has eyes and fingers on its side; it has appearance and tangibility on its side. That works magically on an age with basically plebeian taste—persuasively and *convincingly*—indeed, it follows instinctively the canon of truth of eternally popular sensuality. What is clear, what is “explained”? Only whatever lets itself be seen and felt—every problem has to be pushed that far. By contrast, the reluctance *to accept* obvious evidence of the senses constituted the magic of the Platonic way of thinking, which was a *noble* way of thinking—perhaps among human beings who enjoyed even stronger and more discriminating senses than our contemporaries have, but who knew how to experience a higher triumph in remaining master of these senses and to do this by means of the pale, cool, gray, conceptual nets which they threw over the colourful confusion of sense, the rabble of the senses, as Plato called them. That form of *enjoyment* in overcoming this world and interpreting the world in the manner of Plato was different from the one which today’s physicists offer us, as well as the Darwinists and anti-teleologists among the physiological workers, with their principle of the “smallest possible force” and the greatest possible stupidity. “Where human beings have nothing more to look at and to grip, there they have also no more to seek out”—that is, of course, an imperative different from the Platonic one, but nonetheless for a crude, diligent race of mechanics and bridge builders of the future, who have nothing but *rough* work to do, it might be precisely the right imperative.

15

In order to carry on physiology in good conscience, people must hold to the principle that the sense organs are *not* phenomena in the sense of idealistic philosophy: as such they could not, in fact, be causes! And so sensualism at least as a regulative hypothesis, if not as a heuristic principle.—What’s that? And other people even say

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that the outer world might be the work of our organs? But then our bodies, as a part of this outer world, would, in fact, be the work of our organs! But then our organs themselves would, in fact, be—the work of our organs. It seems to me that this is a fundamental *reductio ad absurdum* [absurd conclusion] provided that the idea of *causa sui* [something being its own cause] is fundamentally absurd. Consequently, is the exterior world *not* the work of our organs—?

16

There are still harmless observers of themselves who believe that there are “immediate certainties,” for example, “I think,” or that superstition of Schopenhauer’s, “I will,” just as if perception here was able to seize upon its object pure and naked, as “thing in itself,” and as if there was no falsification either on the part of the subject or on the part of the object.¹ However, the fact is that “immediate certainty,” just as much as “absolute cognition” and “thing in itself,” contains within itself a *contradictio in adjecto* [contradiction in terms]. I’ll repeat it a hundred times: people should finally free themselves of the seduction of words! Let folk believe that knowing is knowing all of something. The philosopher must say to himself, “When I dismantle the process which is expressed in the sentence ‘I think,’ I come upon a series of daring assertions whose grounding is difficult, perhaps impossible—for example, that *I* am the one who thinks, that there must be some general something that thinks, that thinking is an action and effect of a being which is to be thought of as a cause, that there is an ‘I’, and finally that it is already established what we mean by thinking—that I *know* what thinking is. For if I had not yet decided these questions in myself, how could I assess that what just happened might not perhaps be ‘willing’ or ‘feeling’?” In short, this “I think” presupposes that I *compare* my immediate condition with other conditions which I know in myself in order to establish what it is. Because of this referring back to other forms of

¹ . . . *Schopenhauer*: Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860), an important German philosopher whose work had a significant influence upon Nietzsche.

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“knowing,” it certainly does not have any immediate “certainty” for me. Thus, instead of that “immediate certainty,” which the people may believe in the case under discussion, the philosopher encounters a series of metaphysical questions, really essential problems of intellectual knowledge, as follows: “Where do I acquire the idea of thinking? Why do I believe in cause and effect? What gives me the right to speak of an ‘I,’ and indeed of an ‘I’ as a cause, finally even of an ‘I’ as the cause of thinking?” Anyone who dares to answer those metaphysical questions right away with an appeal to some kind of *intuitive* cognition, as does the man who says “I think and know that at least this is true, real, and certain”—such a person nowadays will be met by a philosopher with a smile and two question marks. “My dear sir,” the philosopher will perhaps give him to understand, “it is unlikely that you are not mistaken but why such absolute truth?”—

17

So far as the superstitions of the logicians are concerned, I will never tire of emphasizing over and over again a small brief fact which these superstitious types are unhappy to concede—namely, that a thought comes when “it” wants to and not when “I” wish, so that it’s a *falsification* of the facts to say that the subject “I” is the condition of the predicate “think.” It thinks: but that this “it” is precisely that old, celebrated “I” is, to put it mildly, only an assumption, an assertion, in no way an “immediate certainty.” After all, we’ve already done too much with this “it thinks”: this “it” already contains an *interpretation* of the event and is not part of the process itself. Following grammatical habits we conclude here as follows: “Thinking is an activity. To every activity belongs someone who does the action, therefore—.” With something close to this same pattern, the older atomists, in addition to the “force” which created effects, also looked for that clump of matter where the force was located, out of which it worked—the atom. Stronger heads finally learned how to cope without this “remnant of earth,” and perhaps one day people, including even the logicians, will also grow accustomed to cope without that little “it” (to which the honourable old “I” has reduced itself).

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18

It's true that the fact that a theory can be disproved is not the least of its charms: that's precisely what attracts more sophisticated minds to it. Apparently the theory of "free will," which has been refuted hundreds of times, owes its continuing life to this very charm alone—someone or other comes along again and again and feels he's strong enough to refute it.

19

Philosophers habitually speak of the will as if it was the best-known thing in the world. Indeed, Schopenhauer let it be known that the will is the only thing really known to us, totally known, understood without anything taken away or added. But still, again and again it seems to me that Schopenhauer, too, in this case has only done what philosophers just do habitually—he's taken over and exaggerated a *popular opinion*. Willing seems to me, above all, something *complicated*, something which is unified only in the word—and popular opinion simply inheres in this one word, which has overmastered the always inadequate caution of philosophers. So if we are, for once, more careful, if we are "unphilosophical," then let's say, firstly, that in every act of willing there is, first of all, a multiplicity of feelings, namely, the feeling of the condition *away* from which, a feeling of the condition *towards* which, the feeling of this "away" and "towards" themselves, then again, an accompanying muscular feeling which comes into play through some kind of habit, without our putting our "arms and legs" into motion, as soon as we "will." Secondly, just as we acknowledge feelings, indeed many different feelings, as ingredients of willing, so we should also acknowledge thinking. In every act of will there is a commanding thought,—and people should not believe that this thought can be separated from the "will," as if then the will would still be left over! Thirdly, the will is not only a

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complex of feeling and thinking but, above all, an *affect*, and, indeed, an affect of the commander. What is called “freedom of the will” is essentially the feeling of superiority with respect to the one who has to obey: “I am free; ‘he’ must obey”—this awareness inheres in every will, just as much as that tense attentiveness inheres, that direct gaze fixed exclusively on one thing, that unconditional value judgment “Do this now—nothing else needs to be done,” that inner certainty about the fact that obedience will take place, and everything else that accompanies the condition of the one issuing commands. A man who *wills*—gives orders to something in himself which obeys or which he thinks obeys. But now observe what is the strangest thing about willing—about this multifaceted thing for which the people have only a single word: insofar as we are in a given case the one ordering *and* the one obeying both at the same time and as the one obeying we know the feelings of compulsion, of pushing and pressing, resistance and movement, which habitually start right after the act of will, and insofar as we, by contrast, have the habit of disregarding this duality and deceiving ourselves, thanks to the synthetic idea of “I,” a whole series of mistaken conclusions and, consequently, false evaluations of the will have attached themselves to the act of willing, in such a way that the person doing the willing believes in good faith that willing *is sufficient* for action. Because in the vast majority of cases a person only wills something where he may *expect* his command to take effect in obedience and thus in action, what is *apparent* has translated itself into a feeling, as if there might be some *necessary effect*. In short, the one who is doing the willing believes, with a reasonable degree of certainty, that will and action are somehow one thing—he ascribes his success, the carrying out of the will, to the will itself and, in the process, enjoys an increase in that feeling of power which all success brings with it. “Freedom of the will”—that’s the word for that multifaceted condition of enjoyment in the person willing, who commands and at the same identifies himself with what is carrying out the order. As such, he enjoys the triumph over things which resist him, but in himself is of the opinion that it is his will by itself which really

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overcomes this resistance. The person doing the willing thus acquires the joyful feelings of the successful implements carrying out the order, the serviceable “under-wills” or under-souls—our body is, in fact, merely a social construct of many souls—in addition to his joyful feeling as the one who commands. *L’effet c’est moi [the effect is I]*. What happens here is what happens in every well-constructed and happy commonality—the ruling class identifies itself with the successes of the community. All willing is simply a matter of giving orders and obeying, on the basis, as mentioned, of a social construct of many “souls”: for this reason a philosopher should arrogate to himself the right to include willing as such within the field of morality: morality, that is, understood as a doctrine of the power relationships under which the phenomenon “living” arises.

20

That individual philosophical ideas are not something spontaneous, not things which grow out of themselves, but develop connected to and in relationship with each other, so that, no matter how suddenly and arbitrarily they may appear to emerge in the history of thinking, they nevertheless belong to a system just as much as do the collective members of the fauna of a continent, that point finally reveals itself by the way in which the most diverse philosophers keep filling out again and again a certain ground plan of *possible* philosophies. Under an invisible spell they always run around the same orbit all over again: they may feel they are still so independent of each other with their critical or systematic wills, but something or other inside leads them, something or other drives them in a particular order one after the other, that very inborn taxonomy and relationship of ideas. Their thinking is, in fact, much less a discovery than a recognition, a remembering again, a journey back home into a distant primordial collective household of the soul, out of which those ideas formerly grew. To practise philosophy is to this extent a form of atavism of the highest order. The strange family similarity of all Indian, Greek, and German ways of practising philosophy can be explained easily enough. It’s precisely where a relationship between languages is

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present that we cannot avoid the fact that, thanks to the common philosophy of grammar—I mean thanks to the unconscious mastery and guidance exercised by the same grammatical functions—everything has been prepared from the beginning for a similar development and order of philosophical systems, just as the road to certain other possibilities of interpreting the world seems sealed off. There will be a greater probability that philosophers from the region of the Ural-Altai language (in which the idea of the subject is most poorly developed) will look differently “into the world” and will be found on other pathways than Indo-Germans or Muslims: the spell of particular grammatical functions is, in the final analysis, the spell of *physiological* judgments of value and racial conditions.—So much for the repudiation of Locke’s superficiality in connection with the origin of ideas.¹

21

The *causa sui* [something being its own cause] is the best self-contradiction which has been thought up so far, a kind of logical rape and perversity. But the excessive pride of human beings has worked to entangle itself deeply and terribly with this very nonsense. The demand for “freedom of the will,” in that superlative metaphysical sense, as it unfortunately still rules in the heads of the half-educated, the demand to bear the entire final responsibility for one’s actions oneself and to relieve God, the world, ancestors, chance, and society of responsibility for it, is naturally nothing less than this very *causa sui* and an attempt to pull oneself into existence out of the swamp of nothingness by the hair, with more audacity than Munch-

¹ . . . Locke: John Locke (1632-1704), a very influential English philosopher, proposed that the mind at birth was a blank slate, without innate ideas.

hausen.¹ Suppose someone in this way gets behind the boorish simplicity of this famous idea of the “free will” and erases it from his head, then I would invite him now to push his “enlightenment” still one step further and erase also the inverse of this incomprehensible idea of “free will” from his head: I refer to the “unfree will,” which leads to an abuse of cause and effect. People should not mistakenly *reify* “cause” and “effect” the way those investigating nature do (and people like them who nowadays naturalize their thinking—), in accordance with the ruling mechanistic foolishness which allows causes to push and shove until they “have an effect.” People should use “cause” and “effect” merely as pure *ideas*, that is, as conventional fictions to indicate and communicate, *not* as an explanation. In the “in itself” there is no “causal connection,” no “necessity,” no “psychological unfreedom,” *no* “effect following from the cause”; no “law” holds sway. *We* are the ones who have, on our own, made up causes, causal sequences, for-one-another, relativity, compulsion, number, law, freedom, reason, and purpose, and when we fabricate this world of signs inside things as something “in itself,” when we stir it into things, then we’re once again acting as we have always done, namely, *mythologically*. The “unfree will” is a myth: in real life it’s merely a matter of *strong* and *weak* wills.—It is almost always already a symptom of something lacking in a thinker himself when he senses in all “causal connections” and “psychological necessity” some purpose, necessity, inevitable consequence, pressure, and unfreedom. That very feeling is a telltale give away—the person is betraying himself. And if I have seen things correctly, the “unfreedom of the will” has generally been seen as a problem from two totally contrasting points of view, but always in a deeply *personal* way: some people are not willing at any price to let go of their “responsibility,” their belief in *themselves*, their personal right to *their* credit (the vain races belong to this group—); the others want the reverse: they don’t wish to be responsible for or guilty of anything, and demand, out of an inner self-contempt, that they can *shift blame* for themselves

¹ . . . *Munchhausen*: the hero of a book of tall tales.

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somewhere else. People in this second group, when they write books, are in the habit nowadays of taking up the cause of criminals; a sort of socialist pity is their most attractive disguise. And in fact, the fatalism of those with weak wills brightens up amazingly when it learns how to present itself as “*la religion de la souffrance humaine*” [*the religion of human suffering*]*—that’s its “good taste.”*

22

People should forgive me, as an old philologist who cannot prevent himself from maliciously setting his finger on the arts of bad interpretation—but that “conformity to nature” which you physicists talk about so proudly, as if—it exists only thanks to your interpretation and bad “philology”—it is not a matter of fact, a “text.” It is much more only a naively humanitarian emendation and distortion of meaning, with which you make concessions *ad nauseam* to the democratic instincts of the modern soul! “Equality before the law everywhere—in that respect nature is no different and no better than we are”: a charming ulterior motive, in which once again lies disguised the rabble’s hostility to everything privileged and autocratic, as well as a second and more sophisticated atheism. *Ni dieu, ni maître [neither god nor master]**—that’s how you want it, and therefore “Up with natural law!” Isn’t that so? But, as mentioned, that is interpretation, not text, and someone could come along who had an opposite intention and style of interpretation and who would know how to read out of this same nature, with a look at the same phenomena, the tyrannically inconsiderate and inexorable enforcement of power claims—an interpreter who set right before your eyes the unexceptional and unconditional nature in all “will to power,” in such a way that almost every word, even that word “tyranny,” would finally appear unusable or an already weakening metaphor losing its force —as too human—and who nonetheless in the process finished up asserting the same thing about this world as you claim, namely, that it has a “necessary” and “calculable” course, but *not* because laws rule the world but because there is a total *absence* of laws, and every power draws its final consequence in every moment. Supposing that*

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this also is only an interpretation—and you will be eager enough to raise that objection?—well, so much the better.

23

All psychology so far has remained hung up on moral prejudices and fears. It has not dared to go into the depths. To understand it as the morphology and *doctrine of the development of the will to power*—the way I understand it—no one in his own thinking has even touched on that, insofar, that is, as one is permitted to recognize in what has been written up to now a symptom of what people so far have kept silent about. The power of moral prejudices has driven deep into the most spiritual, the most apparently cool world, the one with the fewest assumptions, and, as is self-evident, damages, limits, blinds, and distorts that world. A true physical psychology has to fight against an unconscious resistance in the heart of the researcher. It has “the heart” against it. Even a doctrine of the mutual interdependence of the “good” and the “bad” drives creates, as a more refined immorality, distress and weariness in a still powerful and hearty conscience—even more so a doctrine of how all the good drives are derived from the bad ones. But assuming that someone takes the affects of hate, envy, greed, and ruling as the affects which determine life, as something that, in the whole household of life, have to be present fundamentally and essentially, and, as a result, still have to be intensified if life is still to be further intensified—he suffers from an orientation in his judgment as if he were seasick. Nevertheless, even this hypothesis is not nearly the most awkward or the strangest in this immense and still almost new realm of dangerous discoveries;—and, in fact, there are a hundred good reasons that everyone should stay away from it, anyone who *can*! On the other hand, if someone aboard ship ends up here at some point— well, then! Come on! Now’s the time to keep one’s teeth tightly clenched, the eyes open, and the hand firm on the tiller! —We’re moving directly over and *away* from morality, and in the process we’re overwhelming, perhaps smashing apart, what’s left of our morality, as we dare make our way there—but what does that

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matter to *us*! Never before has a *more profound world* of insights revealed itself to daring travellers and adventurers: and the psychologist who in this manner “makes a sacrifice”—it is *not* the *sacrificio dell’intelletto* [*sacrifice of the intellect*], quite the opposite—will for that reason at least be permitted to demand that psychology is recognized again as the mistress of the sciences, with the other sciences there to prepare things in her service. For from now on psychology is once more the route to fundamental problems.

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Part Two

The Free Spirit

24

O sancta simplicitas [blessed simplicity]! Human beings live in such a peculiarly simple and counterfeit way! Once a man develops eyes to see this wonder, he cannot check his amazement! How bright and free and light and simple we have made everything around us! How we have learned to give our senses free license for everything superficial, our thinking a divine craving for wanton leaps and erroneous conclusions! How we have learned ways, right from the start, to maintain our ignorance in order to enjoy a hardly conceivable freedom, safety, carelessness, heartiness, and merriment in life—in order to enjoy life. And only on this now firm granite foundation of ignorance could scientific knowledge up to now rise up, the will to know on the foundation of a much more powerful will, the will not to know, to uncertainty, to what is not true! Not as its opposite, but—as its refinement! For if *language*, here as elsewhere, does not cast off its clumsiness and continues to speak about opposites, where there are only degrees and many subtleties of gradation, and similarly if inveterate *Tartufferie [hypocrisy]* in morality, which nowadays belongs to our invincible “flesh and blood,” turns the words even of us knowledgeable people around in our mouths, here and there we understand that and laugh about how it’s precisely the best scientific knowledge that most wants to hold us in this *simplified*, completely artificial, appropriately created, and appropriately falsified world, how it loves error, voluntarily and involuntarily, because, as something alive—it loves life!

25

After such a cheerful start, I’d like you to not to miss hearing a serious word: it’s directed at the most serious people. Be careful, you philosophers and friends, of knowledge—protect yourself from martyrdom! From suffering “for the sake of the truth”! Even from

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defending yourselves! That corrupts all the innocence and refined neutrality in your consciences. It makes you stubborn against objections and red rags; it dulls your minds, brutalizes you, and puts you in a daze when, in the struggle with danger, malice, suspicion, expulsion, and even dirtier consequences of your hostility, you finally have to play out your role as the defenders of truth on earth, as though “the truth” were such a harmless and clumsy character as to require defenders! And as for you, you knights with the sorrowful countenances, my good gentlemen, you spiritual loafers and cobweb spinners! Ultimately you yourselves know well enough that it really doesn’t matter if *you* are the ones who are right. You also know that up to now no philosopher has been right and that a more praiseworthy truthfulness could lie in every small question mark which you set after your favourite words and cherished doctrines (and occasionally after yourselves), than in all the ceremonial gestures and trump cards before prosecutors and courts of justice! Better to stand aside! Run off to some secluded place! And retain your mask and your subtlety, so that people confuse you with someone else—or fear you a little! And for my sake don’t forget the garden, the garden with the golden trellis! And have people around you who are like a garden—or like music over water in the evening, when the day is already becoming a memory. Choose *good* solitude, the free, high-spirited, easy solitude, which gives you also a right to remain, in some sense or other, still good yourselves! How poisonous, how crafty, how bad every long war makes us, when it does not let us fight with open force! How *personal* a long fear makes us, a long attention on our enemies, on potential enemies! These social outcasts, these men long persecuted and wickedly hunted down—as well as the compulsory recluses, the Spinozas or Giordano Brunos¹—in the end always become, maybe under a spiritual masquerade and perhaps without

¹ . . . *Giordano Bruno* (1548-1600), an Italian philosopher who defended the theories of Copernicus (among other things), was burned at the stake for heresy. *Spinoza*: Baruch de Spinoza (1632-1677), a Dutch philosopher, was constantly attacked for his heretical views.

realizing it themselves, sophisticated avengers and makers of poisons (just dig into the foundation of Spinoza's ethics and theology)—to say nothing of the foolishness of moral indignation, which in a philosopher is the unmistakable sign that his philosophical humour has run away from him. The martyrdom of a philosopher, his "sacrifice for the truth," brings forcefully to light how much of the agitator and actor he contains within himself. And if people have looked at him with only an artistic curiosity up to this point, then, in the case of several philosophers, we can naturally understand the dangerous wish to see him also in his degeneration (degenerated into a "martyr," into a brawler on the stage and in tribunals). But with such a wish, people must be clear about *what* they are going to see in every case—only a satyr play, only a farcical epilogue, only continuing proof that the long, real tragedy *is over*, assuming that every philosophy in its origin was a long tragedy.

26

Every special human being strives instinctively for his own castle and secrecy, where he is *saved* from the crowd, the many, the majority, where he can forget the rule-bound "people," for he is an exception to them—but for the single case where he is pushed by an even stronger instinct straight against these rules, as a person who seeks knowledge in a great and exceptional sense. Anyone who, in his intercourse with human beings, does not, at one time or another, shimmer with all the colours of distress—green and gray with disgust, surfeit, sympathy, gloom, and loneliness—is certainly not a man of higher taste. But provided he does not take all this weight and lack of enthusiasm freely upon himself, always keeps away from it, and stays, as mentioned, hidden, quiet, and proud in his castle, well, one thing is certain: he is not made for, not destined for, knowledge. For if he were, he would one day have to say to himself, "The devil take my good taste! The rule-bound man is more interesting than the exception—than I am, the exception!"—and he would make his way *down*, above all, "inside." The study of the *average* man—long, serious, and requiring much disguise, self-control, familiarity,

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bad company—all company is bad company except with one’s peers—that constitutes a necessary part of the life story of every philosopher, perhaps the most unpleasant, foul-smelling part, the richest in disappointments. But if he’s lucky, as is appropriate for a fortunate child of knowledge, he encounters real short cuts and ways of making his task easier—I’m referring to the so-called cynics, those who, as cynics, simply recognize the animal, the meanness, the “rule-bound man” in themselves and, in the process, still possess that degree of intellectual quality and urge to have to talk about themselves and people like them *before witnesses*;—now and then they even wallow in books, as if in their very own dung. Cynicism is the single form in which common souls touch upon what honesty is, and the higher man should open his ears to every cruder and more refined cynicism and think himself lucky every time a shameless clown or a scientific satyr announces himself directly in front of him. There are even cases where enchantment gets mixed into the disgust: for example, in those places where, by some vagary of nature, genius is bound up with such an indiscreet billy-goat and ape—as in the Abbé Galiani, the most profound, sharp-sighted, and perhaps also the foulest man of his century—he was much deeper than Voltaire and consequently a good deal quieter.¹ More frequently it happens that, as I’ve intimated, the scientific head is set on an ape’s body, a refined and exceptional understanding in a common soul—among doctors and moral physiologists, for example, that’s not an uncommon occurrence. And where anyone speaks without bitterness and quite harmlessly of men as a belly with two different needs and a head with one, everywhere someone constantly sees, looks for, and *wants* to see only hunger, sexual desires, and vanity, as if these were the real and only motivating forces in human actions, in short, wherever people speak “badly” of human beings—not even *in a nasty way*—there the lover of knowledge should pay

¹... *Galiani*: Ferdinand Galiani (1728-1787), an Italian philosopher. *Voltaire*: pen name of Francois Marie Arouet (1694-1778), a very important and famous French Enlightenment writer.

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fine and diligent attention; he should, in general, direct his ears to wherever people talk without indignation. For the indignant man and whoever is always using his own teeth to tear himself apart or lacerate himself (or, as a substitute for that, the world, or God, or society) may indeed, speaking morally, stand higher than the laughing and self-satisfied satyr, but in every other sense he is the more ordinary, the more trivial, the more uninformative case. And no one *lies* as much as the indignant man.

27

It is difficult to be understood, particularly when one thinks and lives *gangastrogotati* [*like the flow of the river Ganges*], among nothing but people who think and live differently, namely *kurmagati* [*like the movements of a tortoise*] or, in the best cases “following the gait of frogs” *mandeikagati*—I’m simply doing everything to make myself difficult to be understood?—and people should appreciate from their hearts the good will in some subtlety of interpretation. But so far as “good friends” are concerned, those who are always too comfortable and believe they have a particular right as friends to a life of comfort, one does well to start by giving them a recreation room and playground of misunderstanding:—so one has to laugh—or else to get rid of them altogether, these good friends—and also to laugh!

28

The most difficult thing about translating from one language into another is the tempo of its style, which is rooted in the character of the race—physiologically speaking, in the average tempo of its “metabolism.” There are honestly intended translations which, as involuntarily coarse versions of the original, are almost misrepresentations, simply because its brave and cheerful tempo, which springs over and neutralizes everything dangerous in things and words, cannot be translated. A German is almost incapable of *presto* [*quick tempo*] in his language and thus, as you can reasonably infer, is also incapable of many of the most delightful and most daring nuances of free and free-spirited thinking. Just as the buffoon and satyr are

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foreign to him, in body and conscience, so Aristophanes and Petronius are untranslatable for him.¹ Everything solemn, slow moving, ceremonially massive, all lengthy and boring varieties in style are developed among the Germans in a lavish diversity. You must forgive me for the fact that even Goethe's prose, with its mixture of stiffness and daintiness, is no exception, as a mirror image of the "good old time" to which it belongs, and as an expression of German taste in an age when there still was a "German taste," a rococo taste *in moribus et artibus [in customs and the arts]*. Lessing is an exception, thanks to his playactor's nature, which understood a great deal and knew how to do many things. He was not the translator of Bayle for nothing and was happy to take refuge in Diderot's or Voltaire's company—and even happier among the Roman writers of comic drama. In tempo, Lessing also loved free-spiritedness, the flight from Germany. But how could the German language—even in the prose of a Lessing—imitate the tempo of Machiavelli, who in his *Prince* allows one to breathe the fine dry air of Florence and cannot not help presenting the most serious affairs in a boisterous *allegriissimo [very quick tempo]*, perhaps not without a malicious artistic feeling about what a contrast he was risking—long, difficult, hard, dangerous ideas, and a galloping tempo and the very best, most high-spirited of moods.² Finally, who could even venture a German translation of Petronius, who was the master of the *presto*—more so than any great musician so far—in invention, ideas, words. Ultimately what is so important about all the swamps of the sick, nasty world, even "the ancient world," when someone like

¹*Aristophanes* (456-386 BC), foremost writer of Old Comedy in classical Athens; *Petronius* (27-66 AD), a famous Roman satirist. *Goethe*: Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), Germany's greatest man of letters and literary artist.

². . . *Lessing*: Gotthold Ephraim Lessing (1729-1781), an important German dramatist. *Bayle*: Marie Henri Bayle (1783-1842), a well-known French novelist who wrote under the pen name Stendhal. *Diderot*: Denis Diderot (1713-1784), French philosopher and writer, a major figure in the Enlightenment. *Machiavelli*: Niccolò Machiavelli (1469-1527), Italian diplomat, dramatist, and political philosopher.

him has feet of wind, drive, and breath, the liberating scorn of a wind which makes everything healthy, as he makes everything *run*! And so far as Aristophanes is concerned, that transfiguring, complementary spirit for whose sake we *excuse* all Hellenism for having existed, provided that we have understood in all profundity *everything* that needs to be forgiven and transfigured;—I don't know what allows me to dream about *Plato's* secrecy and sphinx-like nature more than that *petit fait [small fact]*, which fortunately has been preserved, that under the pillow on his death bed people found no "Bible," nothing Egyptian, Pythagorean, or Platonic—but something by Aristophanes. How could even a Plato have endured life—a Greek life, to which he said no—without an Aristophanes!—

29

It's the business of very few people to be independent:—that is a right of the strong. And whoever attempts it—even with the best right to it, but without *being compelled to*—shows by that action that he is probably not only strong but exuberantly daring. He is entering a labyrinth; he is increasing a thousand-fold the dangers which life already brings with it, not the least of which is the fact that no one's eyes see how and where he goes astray, gets isolated, and is torn to pieces by some cavern-dwelling Minotaur of conscience.¹ Suppose such a person comes to a bad end, that happens so far away from men's understanding that they feel nothing and have no sympathy:—and he cannot go back any more! He cannot even go back to human pity!—

30

Our loftiest insights must—and should!—ring out like foolishness, under some circumstances like crimes, when in some forbidden way

². . . *Minotaur*: In Greek mythology a monster, part man, part bull, living in the middle of the Labyrinth in Cnossus in Crete.

they come to the ears of those for whom they are not suitable and who are not predestined to hear them. The exoteric and the esoteric views, as people earlier differentiated them among philosophers, with Indians as with Greeks, Persians, and Muslims, in short, wherever people believed in a hierarchy and *not* in equality and equal rights—this differentiation does not arise so much from the fact that the exoteric view stands outside and looks, assesses, measures, and judges from the outside, not from the inside; the more essential point is that the exoteric view sees the matter looking up from underneath, but the esoteric sees it *looking down from above!* There are heights of the soul viewed from which even tragedy ceases to work its tragic effect, and if we gathered all the sorrow of the world into one sorrow, who could dare to decide if a glance at it would *necessarily* seduce and compel us to pity and thus to a doubling of that sorrow? . . . What serves the higher kind of men as nourishment or refreshment must be almost poison to a very different and lower kind of man. The virtues of the common man would perhaps amount to vices and weaknesses in a philosopher; it could be possible that a higher kind of person, if he is degenerating and nearing his end, only then acquires characteristics for whose sake people in the lower world, into which he has sunk, would find it necessary to honour him as a saint from now on. There are books which have an opposite value for the soul and for health, depending on whether the lower soul, the lower vitality, or the higher and more powerful soul makes use of them: with the first group, the books are dangerous, shattering, disintegrating; with the second group, they are a herald's summons which provokes the bravest to show *their* courage. Books for the whole world always smell foul: the stink of small people clings to them. Where the folk eat and drink, even where they worship, the place usually stinks. One should not go into churches if one wants to breathe *clean* air.

31

In their young years, people worship and despise still without that art of subtlety which constitutes the greatest gain in life. And it's

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reasonable enough that they must atone, with some difficulty, for having bombarded men and things in such a way with Yes and No. Everything is arranged so that the worst of all tastes, the taste for the absolute, will be terribly parodied and misused until people learn to put some art into their feelings and even prefer risking an attempt with artificiality, as the real artists of life do. The anger and reverence typical of the young do not seem to ease up until they have sufficiently distorted men and things so that they can vent themselves on them.—Youth is in itself already something fraudulent and deceptive. Later, when the young soul, tortured by nothing but disappointments, finally turns back against itself suspiciously, still hot and wild, even in its suspicion and pangs of conscience, how it rages against itself from this point on, how it tears itself apart impatiently, how it takes revenge for its lengthy self-deception, just as if it had been a voluntary blindness! In this transition people punish themselves through their mistrust of their own feeling; they torment their enthusiasm with doubt; indeed, they already feel good conscience as a danger, as a veiling of the self, so to speak, and exhaustion of their finer honesty. Above all, people take sides, basically the side *against* “the young.”—A decade later, they understand that all this was also still—youth!

32

Throughout the lengthiest period of human history—we call it the prehistoric age—the value or the lack of value in an action was derived from its consequences. The action in itself was thus considered just as insignificant as its origin, but, in somewhat the same way as even today in China an honour or disgrace reaches back from the child to the parents, so then it was the backward working power of success or lack of success which taught people to consider an action good or bad. Let’s call this period the *pre-moralistic* period of humanity: the imperative “Know thyself!” was then still unknown. In the last ten millennia, by contrast, in a few large regions of the earth people have come, step by step, a great distance in allowing the value of an action to be determined, no longer by its consequences, but by

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its origin. As a whole, this was a great event, a considerable improvement in vision and standards, the unconscious influence of the ruling power of aristocratic values and of faith in “origins,” the sign of a period which one can designate *moralistic* in a narrower sense: with it the first attempt at self-knowledge was undertaken. Instead of the consequences, the origin: what a reversal of perspective! And this reversal was surely attained only after lengthy battles and variations! Of course, in the process a disastrous new superstition, a peculiar narrowing of interpretation, gained control. People interpreted the origin of an action in the most particular sense as an origin from an *intention*. People became unanimous in believing that the value of an action lay in the value of the intention behind it. The intention as the entire origin and prehistory of an action: in accordance with this bias people on earth have, almost right up to the most recent times, given moral approval, criticized, judged, and also practised philosophy. But today shouldn’t we have reached the point where we must once again make up our minds about a reversal and fundamental shift in values, thanks to a further inward contemplation and profundity in human beings? Are we not standing on the threshold of a period which we might at first designate negatively as *beyond morality*, today, when, at least among us immoralists, the suspicion stirs that the decisive value of an action may lie precisely in what is *unintentional* in it and that all its intentionality, everything which we can see in it, know, “become conscious of,” still belongs to its surface layer and skin,—which, like every skin, indicates something but *conceals* even more? In short, we believe that the intention is only a sign and a symptom, something which still needs interpretation, and furthermore a sign which carries too many meanings and, thus, by itself alone means almost nothing. We think that morality, in the earlier sense, that is, a morality based on intentions, has been a prejudice, something rash and perhaps provisional, something along the lines of astrology and alchemy, but, in any case, something that must be overcome. The overpowering of morality, in a certain sense even the self-conquering of morality: let that be the name for that long secret work which remains reserved

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for the finest and most honest, and also the most malicious, consciences nowadays, as the living touchstones of the soul.

33

That is the only way: we must mercilessly put in question and bring before the court feelings of devotion, sacrificing for one's neighbour, the entire morality of self-renunciation, and, in exactly the same way, the aesthetic of "disinterested contemplation," according to which the castration of art seductively enough tries these days to create a good conscience for itself. There is much too much magic and sweetness in those feelings "for others," "*not* for myself," for us not to find it necessary to grow doubly mistrustful here and to ask, "Are these not perhaps — *seductions?*"—The fact that those feelings *please*—the person who has them and the one who enjoys their fruits, as well as the one who merely looks on—this still provides no argument *for* them. On the contrary, that demands immediate caution. So let's be cautious!

34

No matter what philosophical standpoint people may adopt nowadays, from every point of view the *falsity* of the world in which we think we live is the most certain and firmest thing which our eyes are still capable of apprehending:—for that we find reason after reason, which would like to entice us into conjectures about a fraudulent principle in the "essence of things." But anyone who makes our very thinking, that is, "the spirit," responsible for the falsity of the world—an honourable solution which every conscious or unconscious *advocatus dei* [*pleader for god*] uses—: whoever takes this world, together with space, time, form, and movement as a false *inference*, such a person would at least have good ground finally to learn to be distrustful of all thinking itself. Wouldn't it be the case that thinking has played the greatest of all tricks on us up to this point? And what guarantee would there be that thinking would not continue to do what it has always done? In all seriousness: the innocence of thinkers has something touching, something inspiring

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reverence, which permits them even today still to present themselves before consciousness with the request that it give them *honest* answers: for example, to the question whether it is “real,” and why it really keeps itself so absolutely separate from the outer world, and similar sorts of questions. The belief in “immediate certainties” is a *moral* naivete which brings honour to us philosophers—but we should not be “*merely* moral” men! Setting aside morality, this belief is a stupidity, which brings us little honour! It may be the case that in bourgeois life the constant willingness to suspect is considered a sign of a “bad character” and thus belongs among those things thought unwise. Here among us, beyond the bourgeois world and its affirmations and denials—what is there to stop us from being unwise and saying the philosopher has an absolute *right* to a “bad character,” as the being who up to this point on earth has always been fooled the best—today he has the *duty* to be suspicious, to glance around maliciously from every depth of suspicion. Forgive me the joke of this gloomy grimace and way of expressing myself. For a long time ago I myself learned to think very differently about and make different evaluations of deceiving and being deceived, and I keep ready at least a couple of digs in the ribs for the blind anger with which philosophers themselves resist being deceived. Why *not*? It is nothing more than a moral prejudice that truth is worth more than appearance. That claim is even the most poorly demonstrated assumption there is in the world. People should at least concede this much: there would be no life at all if not on the basis of appearances and assessments from perspectives. And if people, with the virtuous enthusiasm and foolishness of some philosophers, wanted to do away entirely with the “apparent world,” assuming, of course, *you* could do that, well then at least nothing would remain any more of your “truth” either! In fact, what compels us generally to the assumption that there is an essential opposition between “true” and “false”? Is it not enough to assume degrees of appearance and, as it were, lighter and darker shadows and tones for the way things appear—different *valeurs* [*values*], to use the language of painters? Why could the world *about which we have some concern* —not be a

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fiction? And if someone then asks “But doesn’t an author belong to a fiction?” could he not be fully answered with *Why*? Doesn’t this “belong to” perhaps belong to the fiction? Is it then forbidden to be a little ironic about the subject as well as about the predicate and the object? Is the philosopher not permitted to rise above a faith in grammar? All due respect to governesses, but might it not be time for philosophy to renounce faith in governesses?—

35

O Voltaire! O humanity! O nonsense! There’s something about the “truth,” about the *search* for truth. And when someone goes after it in far too human a way—“*il ne cherche le vrai que pour faire le bien*” [*he seeks the truth only to do good*]—I’ll wager he comes up with nothing!

36

If we assume that nothing is “given” as real other than our world of desires and passions and that we cannot access from above or below any “reality” other than the direct reality of our drives—for thinking is only a relationship of these drives to each other—: are we not allowed to make the attempt and to ask the question whether this given *is not a sufficient basis* also for understanding the so-called mechanical (or “material”) world on the basis of things like this given. I don’t mean to understand it as an illusion, an “appearance,” an “idea” (in the sense of Berkeley and Schopenhauer¹), but as having the same degree of reality as our affects themselves have—as a more primitive form of the world of affects in which everything is still combined in a powerful unity, something which then branches off and develops in the organic process (also, as is reasonable, gets softer and weaker—), as a form of instinctual life in which the collective organic functions, along with self-regulation, assimilation, nourishment, excretion, and metabolism, are still synthetically bound up with one another—as an *early form* of life? In the end

¹ . . . Berkeley: George Berkeley (1685-1753), Irish bishop and philosopher.

making this attempt is not only permitted but is also demanded by the conscience of the *method*. Not to assume various forms of causality as long as the attempt to manage with a single one has been pushed to its furthest limit (—all the way to nonsense, if I may say so): that is one moral of the method which people nowadays may not evade; —as a mathematician would say, it is a consequence “of its definition.” In the end the question is whether we acknowledge the will as something *really efficient*, whether we believe in the causal properties of the will. If we do—and basically our faith *in this* is simply our faith in causality itself—then we *must* make the attempt to set up hypothetically the causality of the will as the single causality. Of course, “will” can work only on “will”—and not on “stuff” (not, for example, on “nerves”—). Briefly put, we must venture the hypothesis whether in general, wherever we recognize “effects,” will is not working on will—and whether every mechanical event, to the extent that a force is active in it, is not force of will, an effect of the will.—Suppose finally that we were to succeed in explaining our entire instinctual life as a development and branching off of a single fundamental form of the will—that is, of the will to power, as *my* principle asserts—and suppose we could trace back all organic functions to this will to power and also locate in it the solution to the problem of reproduction and nourishment—that is one problem—then in so doing we would have earned the right to designate *all* efficient force unambiguously as *will to power*. Seen from inside, the world defined and described according to its “intelligible character” would be simply “will to power” and nothing else.—

37

“What’s that? Doesn’t that mean in popular language that God is disproved, but the devil is not—?” To the contrary, to the contrary, my friends! And in the devil’s name, who is forcing you to speak such common language?

38

What happened only very recently, in all the brightness of modern

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times, with the French Revolution, that ghastly and, considered closely, superfluous farce, which, however, noble and rapturous observers from all Europe have interpreted from a distance for so long and so passionately according to their own outrage and enthusiasm *until the text disappeared under the interpretation*, in the same way a noble posterity could once again misunderstand all the past and only by doing that perhaps make looking at that past tolerable. —Or rather, hasn't this already happened? Were we ourselves not—this “noble posterity”? And, to the extent that we understand this point, is not this the very moment when—it is over?

39

No one will readily consider a doctrine true simply because it makes us happy or virtuous, except perhaps the gentle “idealists,” who go into raptures about the good, the true, and the beautiful and allow all sorts of colourful, clumsy, and good-natured desirable things to swim around in confusion in their pond. Happiness and virtue are no arguments. But people, even prudent people, do like to forget that causing unhappiness and evil are by the same token no counterarguments. Something could well be true, although it is at the same time harmful and dangerous to the highest degree. In fact, it could even be part of the fundamental composition of existence that people are destroyed when they fully recognize this point—so that the strength of a spirit might be measured by how much it could still endure of the “truth,” or put more clearly, by the degree it *would have to have* the truth diluted, sweetened, muffled, or falsified. But there is no doubt about the fact that evil and unhappy people are more favoured and have a greater probability of success in discovering certain *parts* of the truth, to say nothing of the evil people who are happy—a species which moralists are silent about. Perhaps toughness and cunning provide more favourable conditions for the development of the strong, independent spirit and the philosopher than that gentle, refined, conciliatory good nature and that art of taking things lightly which people value in a scholar, and value rightly. If we assume, first of all, that the notion of a “philosopher” is not restricted to the

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philosopher who writes books—or even puts *his own* philosophy into books!—A final characteristic in the picture of the free-spirited philosopher is provided by Stendhal. Because of German taste I don't wish to overlook emphasizing him:—for he goes *against* German taste. This last great psychologist states the following: “To be a good philosopher it is necessary to be dry, clear, without illusions. A banker who has made a fortune has one part of the character required to make discoveries in philosophy, that is to say, to see clearly into what is.”¹

40

Everything profound loves masks. The most profound things of all even have a hatred for images and allegories. Shouldn't the right disguise in which the shame of a god walks around be something exactly *opposite*? A questionable question: it would be strange if some mystic or other had not already ventured something like that on his own. There are processes of such a delicate sort that people do well to bury them in something crude and make them unrecognizable. There are actions of love and of extravagant generosity, after which there is nothing more advisable than to grab a stick and give an eyewitness a good thrashing:—in so doing we cloud his memory. Some people know how to befuddle or batter their own memories in order at least to take revenge on this single witness:—shame is resourceful. It is not the worst things that make people feel the worst shame. Behind a mask there is not only malice—there is so much goodness in cunning. I could imagine that a person who had something valuable and vulnerable to hide might roll through his life as coarse and round as an old green wine barrel with strong hoops. The delicacy of his shame wants it that way. For a person whose shame is profound runs into his fate and delicate decisions on

¹. . . *Stendhal*: The pen name of the French novelist Marie Henri Bayle (1783-1842). Nietzsche quotes from the French: “*Pour être bon philosophe, il faut être sec, clair, sans illusion. Un banquier, qui a fait fortune, a une partie du caractère requis pour faire des découvertes en philosophie, c'est-à-dire pour voir clair dans ce qui est.*”

pathways which few people ever reach and of whose existence those closest to him and his most intimate associates are not permitted to know. His mortal danger hides itself from their eyes, just as much as his confidence in life does, once he regains it. A person who is concealed in this way, who from instinct uses speaking for silence and keeping quiet and who is tireless in avoiding communication, *wants* and demands that, instead of him, a mask of him wanders around in the hearts and heads of his friends. And suppose he does not want that mask: one day his eyes will open to the fact that nonetheless there is a mask of him there—and that that’s a good thing. Every profound spirit needs a mask; even more, around every profound spirit a mask is continuously growing, thanks to the constantly false, that is, *shallow* interpretation of every word, every step, every sign of life he gives.—

41

A person has to test himself, to see that he is meant for independence and command—and he must do this at the right time. He should not evade his tests, although they are perhaps the most dangerous game he can play, tests which in the end are made only with ourselves as witnesses and with no other judges. Not to get stuck on a single person:—not even on the someone one loves the most. Every person is a prison—a cranny as well. And don’t remain stuck on one’s fatherland:—not even if it is enduring the greatest suffering and in the greatest need of assistance—it is less difficult to disentangle one’s heart from a victorious fatherland. Don’t get stuck on pity, even in the case of higher men whose rare torment and helplessness some fortuitous circumstance has allowed us to see. Don’t get stuck on a science, not even if it tempts us with the most precious discoveries apparently reserved explicitly for *us*. Don’t get stuck on one’s own detachment, on that sensual distancing and strangeness of a bird which constantly flies further up into the heights in order always to see more beneath it:—the danger of man in flight. Don’t get stuck on our own virtues and let our totality become a sacrifice to some particular detail in us, for example, our

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“hospitality,” the danger of dangers for lofty and rich souls, who spread themselves around lavishly, almost indifferently, and push the virtue of liberality into a vice. One must know how *to preserve oneself*: the sternest test of independence.

42

A new sort of philosopher is emerging: I venture to baptize them with a name which is not without danger. As I figure them out—to the extent that they let themselves be figured out, for it belongs to their type to *want* to remain something of an enigma—these philosophers of the future may have a right, perhaps also a wrong, to be described as *attempters*. This name itself is finally merely an attempt and, if you will, a temptation.

43

Are they new friends of the “truth,” these emerging philosophers? That seems plausible enough: for all philosophers up to this point have loved their truths. But they certainly will not be dogmatists. It must go against their pride as well as their taste if their truth is still supposed to be some truth for everyman: and that’s been the secret wish and deeper meaning of all dogmatic efforts up to now. “My opinion is *my* opinion: someone else has no casual right to it”—that’s what such a philosopher of the future will perhaps say. One must rid oneself of the bad taste of wanting to agree with many. “Good” is no longer good when one’s neighbour utters it. And how could there even be a “common good”? That expression contradicts itself: what can be common always has only little value. In the end things must stand as they stand and have always stood: great things remain for the great, the abysses for the profound, the delicacies and shudders for the refined, and, to sum up all this in brief, everything rare for the rare.—

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Do I need after all that still expressly to state that they will also be free, *very* free spirits, these philosophers of the future—although it's also certain that they will not be merely free spirits but something more, higher, greater, and fundamentally different that does not wish to be misunderstood and confused with something else? But as I say this, I feel a duty almost as much to them as to us who are their heralds and precursors, we free spirits!—the *duty* to blow away an old stupid prejudice and misunderstanding about us both, something which for too long has made the idea “free spirit” as impenetrable as a fog. In all the countries of Europe and in America as well there is now something which drives people to misuse this name, a very narrow, confined, chained-up type of spirit which wants something rather like the opposite to what lies in our intentions and instincts—to say nothing of the fact that, so far as those emerging *new* philosophers are concerned, such spirits definitely must be closed windows and bolted doors. To put the matter briefly and seriously, they belong with the *levellers*, these falsely named “free spirits”—as eloquent and prolific writing slaves of democratic taste and its “modern ideas”: collectively people without solitude, without their own solitude, coarse brave lads whose courage or respectable decency should not be denied. But they are simply unfree and ridiculously superficial, above all with their basic tendency to see in the forms of old societies up to now the cause for almost *all* human misery and failure, a process which turns the truth happily on its head! What they would like to strive for with all their powers is the universal, green, pasture-happiness of the herd, with security, absence of danger, comfort, an easing of life for everyone. The two songs and doctrines they sing most frequently are called “Equality of Rights” and “pity for all things that suffer”—and they assume that suffering itself is something we must *do away with*. We who are their opposites, we who have opened our eyes and consciences for the question where and how up to now the plant “Man” has grown most powerfully to the heights, we think that this has happened every

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time under the opposite conditions, that for that to happen the danger of his situation first had to grow enormously, his power of invention and pretence (his “spirit”—) had to develop under lengthy pressure and compulsion into something refined and audacious, his will for living had to intensify into an unconditional will for power:—we think that hardness, violence, slavery, danger in the alleys and in the hearts, seclusion, stoicism, the art of attempting, and devilry of all kinds, that everything evil, fearful, tyrannical, predatory, snake-like in human beings serves well for the ennobling of the species “Man,” as much as its opposite does:—in fact, when we say only this much we have not said enough, and we find ourselves at any rate with our speaking and silence at a point at the *other* end of all modern ideology and things desired by the herd, perhaps as their exact opposites? Is it any wonder that we “free spirits” are not the most talkative spirits? That we do not want to give away every detail of *what* a spirit can free itself and *in what direction* it may then perhaps be driven? And so far as the meaning of the dangerous formula “beyond good and evil” is concerned, with which we at least protect ourselves from being confused with others, we *are* something quite different from “*libres-penseurs*,” “*liberi pensatori*,” “*Freidenker*,” and whatever else all these good advocates of “modern ideas” love to call themselves.¹ Having been at home in many countries of the spirit, or at least a guest, having slipped away again and again from the musty comfortable corners into which preference and prejudice, youth, descent, contingencies of men and books, or even exhaustion from wandering around seem to have banished us, full of malice against the enticement of dependency, which lies hidden in honours, or gold, or offices, or sensuous enthusiasm, thankful even for poverty and richly changing sickness, because they always free us from some rule or other and its “prejudice,” thankful to god, devil, sheep, and worm in us, curious to a fault, researchers all the way to cruelty, with fingers spontaneously working for the unimaginable, with teeth and stomachs for the most indigestible things, ready for any job which

¹These phrases all mean “free thinkers.”

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demands astuteness and keen senses, ready for any exploit, thanks to an excess of “free will,” with front-souls and back-souls whose final intentions no one can easily see, with foregrounds and backgrounds which no foot may move through to the end, hidden under a cloak of light, conquerors, whether we appear like heirs and spendthrifts, stewards and collectors from dawn to dusk, miserly with our wealth and our crammed drawers, economical in learning and forgetting, resourceful in coming up with schemes, sometimes proud of tables of categories, sometimes pedants, sometimes night owls at work, even in broad daylight, in fact, when necessary, even scarecrows—and nowadays that’s necessary: that is, to the extent that we are born the sworn jealous friends of *loneliness*, of our own most profound midnight and noon loneliness:—we are that kind of men, we free spirits! And perhaps *you* also are something like that, you who are coming, you *new* philosophers?

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You have just read the first 47 pages of Ian Johnston's new translation of *Beyond Good and Evil* by Friedrich Nietzsche. In the pages following, you will find Nietzsche's *Out of the High Mountains - Aftersong*, as well as *A Note on the Life and Work of Friedrich Nietzsche*, both of which are contained at the end of this book.

Professor Johnston's works are increasingly becoming the translations of choice in high schools, colleges and universities in the U.S. and around the world. Reviews of his work can be found on our website, which is listed below.

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Out of the High Mountains Aftersong

O noon of life! A time to celebrate!

Oh garden of summer!

Restless happiness in standing, gazing, waiting:—

I wait for friends, ready day and night.

You friends, where are you? Come! It's time! It's time!

Was it not for you that the glacier's grayness

today decked itself with roses?

The stream is seeking you, and wind and clouds

with yearning push themselves higher into the blue today

to look for you from the furthest bird's eye view.

For you my table has been set at the highest point.

Who lives so near the stars?

Who's so near the furthest reaches of the bleak abyss?

My realm—what realm has stretched so far?

And my honey—who has tasted that? . . .

There you *are*, my friends!—Alas, so *I* am not the man,

not the one you're looking for?

You hesitate, surprised!—Ah, your anger would be better!

Am I no more the one? A changed hand, pace, and face?

And *what* am I—for you friends am I not the one?

Have I become another? A stranger to myself?

Have I sprung from myself?

A wrestler who overcame himself so often?

Too often pulling against his very own power,

wounded and checked by his own victory?

I looked where the wind blows most keenly?

I learned to live

where no one lives, in deserted icy lands,

forgot men and god, curse and prayer?

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Became a ghost that moves over the glaciers?

—You old friends! Look! Now your gaze is pale,
full of love and horror!

No, be off! Do not rage! *You* can't live here:
here between the furthest realms of ice and rock—
here one must be a hunter, like a chamois.

I've become a *wicked* hunter! See, how deep
my bow extends!

It was the strongest man who made such a pull—
Woe betide you! *The* arrow is dangerous—
like *no* arrow—away from here! For your own good! . . .

You're turning around?—O heart, you deceive enough,
your hopes stayed strong:

hold your door open for *new* friends!

Let the old ones go! Let go the memory!

Once you were young, now—you are even younger!

What bound us then, a band of one hope—
who reads the signs,

love once etched there—still pale?

I compare it to parchment which the hand
fears to touch—like that discoloured, burned.

No more friends—they are . . . But how can I name that?—
Just friendly ghosts!

That knocks for me at night on my window and my heart,
that looks at me and says, “But we *were* friends?”—

—O shrivelled word, once fragrant as a rose!

O youthful longing which misunderstands itself!

Those *I* yearned for,

whom I imagined changed to my own kin,

they have grown *old*, have exiled themselves.

Only the one who changes stays in touch with me.

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O noon of life! A second youthful time!
 O summer garden!
 Restless happiness in standing, gazing, waiting!
 I wait for friends, ready day and night.
 New friends, where are you? Come! It's time! It's time

This song is done—the sweet cry of yearning
 died in my mouth:
 A magician did it, a friend at the right hour,
 a noontime friend—no! Do not ask who it might be—
 it was at noon when one turned into two

Now we celebrate, certain of victory, united,
 the feast of feasts:
 friend *Zarathustra* came, the guest of guests!
 Now the world laughs, the horror curtain splits,
 the wedding came for light and darkness

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A Note on the Life and Work of Friedrich Nietzsche

Friedrich Nietzsche died in 1900, at the dawn of the new century, and since then many people have seen something significant in the date. For as the century progressed, Nietzsche's work, largely ignored in his own day, became increasingly well known. Indeed, in the past fifty years (at least) Nietzsche's work has grown so influential that it is associated with many of the most important trends of modern thought, not merely in philosophy but in a very wide range of subjects, so much so that it is almost impossible to participate in modern intellectual discussions without some familiarity with his writings.

Nietzsche was born in 1844 in Röcken bei Lützen, in Prussia. After graduating from school, he studied classical philology at universities in Bonn and Leipzig, and in 1869 took up a position as professor of Classical Philology at Basel. After serving as a medical orderly during the Franco-Prussian War (1870-71), he began to suffer from a number of serious ailments, which a few years later became so serious he had to resign his position at Basel.

For most of the rest of his life Nietzsche lived as an independent writer, travelling a great deal throughout Europe, mainly in Italy and Switzerland, publishing several books, including *Beyond Good and Evil* in 1886, and republishing some of the writings from his university days. His work, however, received relatively little attention.

In 1889 Nietzsche began to suffer from a serious mental deterioration. His friends and family took charge of him, especially his sister Elizabeth, but he never fully regained his sanity and died after a bout of pneumonia ten years later.

Interpreting Nietzsche makes special demands, mainly because he presents his ideas, not in the rational systematic way traditionally associated with philosophical writing, but often as a series of aphorisms combined with energetic and frequently very sweeping

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assertions. And he is very fond of poetical images and enigmatic questions. He typically offers his thoughts in sequences of numbered paragraphs, but the connections between these are frequently difficult to understand. As a result his argument is often ambiguous and requires further interpretation, as he himself points out.

In addition Nietzsche has a unique style, by turns serious, sarcastic, scathing, friendly, humorous, assertive, self-deprecating, candid, secretive, admiring, cryptic, and dismissive. Given this shifting and frequently ambiguous tone, it is often difficult to tell just how one is supposed to take a particular statement or interpret a particular image.

The central thrust of Nietzsche's thinking in *Beyond Good and Evil* is, however, clear enough. He is launching an assault on traditional European thinking about morality. In his view, past attempts to define the truth about morality have been superficial because the philosophers proposing various systems have all started by assuming the essential points which need to be explored at the outset and because they have been seduced into error by the nature of language, by their own unconscious motivation, and by their limited understanding of the history of moral thinking.

Nietzsche insists that human beings are, first and foremost, biological creatures driven by their instincts, their wills, among which the will to power is the most important. In order to understand and to discuss human morality, we need to have a much better understanding of human psychology and of human history so that we can "unmask" the ways in which traditional philosophers have deceived us into thinking that what they have to offer is anything more than their own personal interpretations and so that we all have a clear idea about some of their most cherished assumptions, for example, that we understand what "thinking" and "willing" are, that we are confident in our knowledge of the "soul," and so on.

Largely as a result of our subservience to traditional ways of thinking, Nietzsche claims, we have demeaned human beings. Under

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centuries of Christianity and now under the rule of science and “modern ideas” (especially the faith in democracy and a morality of pity) we have developed a herd mentality, a culture of mediocrity in which the greatest and most creative human spirits cannot flourish.

Nietzsche believes the time is right for the emergence of new philosophers, “free spirits,” who will recognize the fictional nature of all accounts of the truth and the biological nature of human life and who will, nonetheless, take delight in exploring new directions and subjecting the received tradition to ruthless criticism. They will do this, not in order to offer new truths, but in order to create their own personal languages and their own values in a spirit of creative play. Hence, they will be able to move “beyond good and evil.”

Nietzsche’s ideas, especially his view of the poetical, fictional nature of all accounts of the truth (including science) and his psychological acuity in dealing with the human “soul” or “ego,” have been immensely influential, helping to promote all sorts of later philosophical movements, including existentialism, pragmatism, and various forms of antifoundationalism. His name is frequently invoked in critiques of science and in discussions of role of the artist in modern society.

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A Note on the Translator

Ian Johnston is a retired college and university-college professor (now a Research Associate at Vancouver Island University in Nanaimo, British Columbia) who has translated a number of works and placed the translations, along with several lectures and work-books, on his web site at the following Internet address:

<http://www.records.viu.ca/~johnstoi/index.htm>.

Richer Resources Publications have published or are planning to publish a number of Ian Johnston's translations as paperback books:

Aeschylus, *Oresteia*

Aristophanes, *Birds*

Aristophanes, *Clouds*

Aristophanes, *Frogs*

Aristophanes, *Lysistrata*

Aristophanes, *Peace*

Euripides, *Bacchae*

Euripides, *Medea*

Homer, *Iliad* (complete and abridged editions)

Homer, *Odyssey* (complete and abridged editions)

Kant, *Universal History and Nature of the Heavens*

Nietzsche, *Birth of Tragedy*

Nietzsche, *Genealogy of Morals*

Sophocles, *Antigone*

Sophocles, *Oedipus the King*

Sophocles, *Philoctetes*.

Naxos Audiobooks has released recordings of the Johnston translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (both the complete and abridged versions) and of *Beyond Good and Evil*.

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Friedrich Nietzsche Beyond Good and Evil

Translated by Ian Johnston

Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future (first published in 1886) written by Friedrich Nietzsche (1844-1900), the most revolutionary of modern philosophers, is an essential text for anyone interested in the development of recent thought. Nietzsche seeks to unmask and expose all the traditional philosophies and philosophers as fundamentally inadequate and to insist upon the fictional nature of all human attempts to explain what is true and upon the superficiality of modern ideas, including democracy and science. Nietzsche here calls upon the philosophers of the future to leave traditional morality behind and to move "beyond good and evil" in a dangerous but more fulfilling attempt to affirm the potential of human life. Largely unknown in Nietzsche's day, *Beyond Good and Evil* has in the twentieth century played a central role in the development of a number of modern philosophies; its influence today extends beyond philosophy into any number of other areas.

Ian Johnston's new translation captures brilliantly Nietzsche's extraordinary writing style, which has long been celebrated as a uniquely vital contribution to philosophical writing.



Ian Johnston was born in Valparaiso, Chile, and educated in Canada and England. He has a BSc from McGill in Geology and Chemistry, a BA from Bristol in English and Greek, and an MA from Toronto in English. For many years he taught as a college and university-college instructor in British Columbia teaching English, Classics and Liberal Studies. He is the author of *The Ironies of War: An Introduction to Homer's Iliad*. Since 2006, he has had 18 titles published, including his translation of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, which were issued in both book and audio form. He is now retired and living in Nanaimo, British Columbia.

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