



The
Eagle AND THE **Serpent**

A Journal of Egoistic Philosophy and Sociology.

"The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre."—*Nietzsche*.

Edited by **ERWIN McCALL.**

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A

NIETZSCHE BIRTHDAY NUMBER

CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING OF

ZARATHUSTRA'S DISCOURSES:—

The Thousand and One Goals.

Loving One's Neighbour.

The Way of Creators.

Old and Young Girls.

The Bite of the Adder.

Child and Marriage.

Voluntary Death.

The Bestowing Virtue.

TRANSLATED BY .

THOMAS COMMON.

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NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Ye know not the hour that I cometh":—once more, brethren, we appear simply that the Scripture may be fulfilled. Our next issue, weather permitting, will appear in January.

Part One of "Thus Spake Zarathustra," containing in a bound vol. twenty-three Discourses of Zarathustra, will be ready Dec. 1st. Price 1/6 or 50 cts. U.S. orders may go to A. Mueller, 108, Clark St., Chicago.

The fol. arts. await publication in E. AND S.: "Can the Poor be Saved by the Pity of the Rich?" (replies by W. J. Robins, Canon Scott-Holland, H. Withers, T. W. Price and Rev. John Glasse)—Gast on Nietzsche—Egoistic Exposures of Milton, George Eliot, Mazzini, Dickens, Hugo, etc.—Sexual Interpretations of Dante, Luther and others—Finding Myself Out—Nietzsche on Wagner—A Symposium on "Why did Rome Fall?"—Symposium on "Is the Politician Necessarily a Scoundrel?"—A Study of Jude the Obscure and Abraham Lincoln—An Egoistic Exposure of man's love of purity in woman—An Egoistic Study of the Story of the Prodigal Son—Egoistic Extracts from George Eliot and Disraeli—Egoistic Interpretation of History.

Those desiring to see the above articles in print should send one or more subscriptions to the editor. A remittance of five shillings will assure the publication of any specified article.

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EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.

I really have nothing more to say, as, after reading Mr. C.'s reply [in No. 6 of E. AND S.] I am still quite as much in the dark as ever, on the two essential points:—(1) How are the superior persons in the entire population to be discovered,—and (2), How, when discovered, are they to be put in the position of rulers over the less superior persons. On these essential points Mr. Common says not a word.—ALFRED R. WALLACE.

In answer to the above: The superior persons must discover one another themselves, and by furnishing mutual assistance, in preference to exercising universal benevolence, they must put themselves in the position of rulers over less superior persons.—THOMAS COMMON.

NIETZSCHE.

I sneezed,—it was his name:

He is a great philosopher,

But then,—I am the same.

W. W. GORDAK in "I."

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ZARATHUSTRA'S DISCOURSES.

THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS.

"MANY lands did Zarathustra see, and many peoples; he thus discovered the good and bad of many peoples. No influence on earth did Zarathustra find greater than good and bad.

"No people could exist which did not first of all value things; but if a people would maintain itself, it must not value things as its neighbour values them.

"Much that was regarded as good by one people was regarded with scorn and contempt by another; thus did I find it. I found many things called bad here, and adorned with purple honours there.

"The one neighbour never understood the other; his soul was always amazed at his fellow's delusion and wickedness.

"A catalogue of blessings is posted up for every people. Lo! it is the catalogue of their triumphs; lo! it is the voice of their Will to Power.

"What they think difficult is laudable; what is indispensable and difficult they call good; and what relieves in the direst distress, the unique and most difficult—they extol as holy.

"Whatever enables them to rule and conquer and dazzle, to the dismay and envy of their neighbours, is regarded by them as the summit, the head, the standard, and the significance of things.

"Verily, my brother, if thou but knewest a people's necessities, its land, its sky, and its neighbours, thou wouldst assuredly recognise the law of its ascent, and why it climbs up that ladder to its hope.

"'Thou must always be at the head and surpass the others; thy jealous soul should love no one except a friend'—that made the soul of the Greek vibrate; he thereby went on his path to greatness.

"'To speak truth, and be skilful with bow and arrow'—to do so seemed alike estimable and grievous to the people from whom my name is derived—the name which is alike estimable and grievous to me.

"'To honour father and mother, and conform to their will from the very basis of the soul'—this rule for success was posted up by another people, and they became powerful and permanent thereby.

"'To be loyal, and for the sake of loyalty to risk honour and blood, even in wicked and dangerous causes'—teaching itself so, another people mastered its passions, and by thus mastering its passions, became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

"Verily, men have made for themselves all their good and bad. Verily, they did not take it, they did not find it, it did not come to them as a voice from heaven.

"Man first assigned values to things, in order to maintain himself—he first gave a significance to things, a human significance! He therefore calls himself 'man,' that is, the valuer.

"Valuing is creating: hear it, ye creating ones! Valuing itself is the treasure and jewel among the valued things.

"It is only through valuing that there is value; and without valuing the nut of existence is hollow. Hear it, ye creating ones!

"Change of values—that is, change of those who create. He who has to be a creator always destroys.

"Peoples were at first creators, and only in later times individuals. Verily, the individual himself is the latest creation.

"Peoples once posted up for themselves catalogues of good things. Love which wants to rule, and love which wants to obey created such catalogues conjointly.

"The delight in the herd is older than the delight in the ego: and so long

as the good conscience is the mouthpiece of the herd, the bad conscience only speaks for the ego.

"Verily, the crafty ego, the loveless ego that seeks its advantage in the advantage of many—is not the origin of the herd, but its ruin.

"It has always been loving and creating ones that created good and bad. The fire of love glows in the names of all the virtues, and the fire of wrath.

"Many lands did Zarathustra see, and many peoples; no greater influence did Zarathustra find anywhere than the operations of the loving—they are called 'good' and 'bad.'

"Verily it is a prodigy, this influence of praising and blaming. Tell me, my brethren, who will restrain it for me? Who will put a fetter on the thousand necks of this animal?

"There have been a thousand goals hitherto, for there have been a thousand peoples. But the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking: the one goal is lacking. As yet humanity is without a goal.

"But pray, tell me, my brethren: if the goal of humanity is still lacking, is not—humanity itself still lacking?"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOUR

"YE crowd about your neighbour and have fine words for it. But I tell you: your love to your neighbour is your bad love to yourselves.

"Ye flee from yourselves to your neighbour, and would fain make a virtue thereof; but I see through your 'selflessness.'

"The Thou is older than the I; the Thou has been declared holy, but as yet the I has not: it is thus that man crowds towards his neighbour.

"Do I advise you to love your neighbour—the nearest human being? I advise you rather to flee from the nearest and love the furthest human being!

"Higher than love to the neighbour is love to the furthest and future human being; higher still than love to man is love to objects and ghosts.

"The ghost which runs on before thee, my brother, is fairer than thou; why dost thou not give it thy flesh and bones? But thou art afraid and runnest to thy neighbour.

"Ye cannot endure yourselves, and fail to love yourselves sufficiently; so ye seek to seduce your neighbour to love you, and gild yourselves with his error.

"Would that ye were unable to endure any neighbours, or associates of them; then ye would have to make a friend with an overflowing heart out of yourselves.

"Ye summon a witness when ye want to speak well of yourselves; and when you have misled him to think well of you, ye also think well of yourselves.

"It is not only he who speaks contrary to his knowledge that lies, but more especially he who speaks contrary to his ignorance. It is thus that ye speak of yourselves in your intercourse, and deceive your neighbour with yourselves.

"Thus speaks the fool: 'Intercourse with men spoils the character, especially when one has none!'

"The one goes to his neighbour because he seeks himself, and the other because he would fain lose himself. Your lukewarm love to yourselves makes your solitude a prison.

"It is the remoter human beings who pay the cost of your love to your neighbour; and even when there are five of you together, a sixth must always die.

"Nor do I relish your entertainments: I found too many actors there, and even the spectators have often behaved like actors.

"It is not the neighbour that I recommend to you, but the friend. Let the friend be the good cheer of the earth to you, and a foretaste of the overman.

"I recommend to you the friend with his overfull heart. But one must know how to be a sponge to be loved by overfull hearts.

"I recommend to you the friend in whom the world stands forth complete, a feast of good things—the creating friend, who has always a complete world to bestow.

"And as the world rolled apart for him, so it again rolls up for him in circles, as the growth of good through evil, as the growth of purpose out of chance.

"Let the future and the furthest be the motive of thy to-day; in thy friend thou must love the overman as thy motive.

"My brethren, I do not exhort you to love your neighbour—the nearest one, —I exhort you to love the furthest human being!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

THE WAY OF CREATORS.

"WISHEST thou to go into isolation, my brother? Wishest thou to seek the way to thyself? Tarry yet a little and hearken to me.

"He who seeks is liable to get lost himself. All isolation is wrong: 'so says the herd. And thou hast long belonged to the herd.

"The voice of the herd will continue to echo in thee. And if thou should say: 'I have no longer the one conscience in common with you,' it will be a complaint and a pain.

"Lo, that pain itself is produced by the one conscience; and the last gleam of the conscience still glows in thy affliction.

"But thou wishest to go the way of thy affliction, which is the way to thyself? Then show me thy authority and thy strength for such a course!

"Art thou a new strength and a new authority? A prime motor? A spontaneously rolling wheel? Canst thou compel the stars to revolve around thee?

"Alas, there is so much lusting after elevation! there is so much convulsion of the ambitious! Show me that thou art not one of the lusting and ambitious!

"Alas, there are so many great ideas that do nothing more than the bellows: they inflate, and produce greater emptiness.

"Thou callest thyself free? I wish to know thy ruling idea, and not that thou hast escaped from a yoke.

"Art thou one who *had liberty* to escape from a yoke? Many a one has cast away his ultimate value when he has cast away his servitude.

"Free from what? What does it matter to Zarathustra? Thy eye, however, must make this known to me unambiguously: free *for what purpose*?

"Canst thou give to thyself thy evil and thy good, and set up thy will as a law over thee? Canst thou be thy own judge and the avenger of thy own law?

"It is terrible to be alone with the judge and avenger of one's own law. A star is thus swept out into desert space, and into the icy breath of lonesomeness.

"Thou, the individual, still sufferest from the many; at present thou hast thy courage and thy hope unabated.

"But one day thy lonesomeness will weary thee; one day thy pride will yield and thy courage quail. Thou wilt one day cry: 'I am alone!'

"One day thou wilt cease to see thy loftiness, and see thy lowliness too closely; thy sublimity itself will frighten thee as a ghost. Thou wilt one day cry: 'All is deceitful!'

"There are feelings which seek to slay the lonesome one; if they fail—they themselves must die! But art thou capable—of being a murderer?

"My brother, hast thou ever known the word 'disdain'? And the anguish of thy justice in being just to those who disdain thee?

"Thou compellest many to think differently regarding thee: they count it hard on thy part. Thou camest close to them, and yet wentest past: they never forgive thee for that.

"Thou surpassest them; but the higher thou ascendest, the smaller always does the eye of envy see thee. He who flies, however, is hated most of all.

“‘How could ye be just to me!’ thou must say; ‘I select your injustice as my allotted portion.’

“They impute injustice to the lonesome one, and cast filth at him; but, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine for them none the less on that account!

“And be on thy guard against the good and just! They would fain crucify those who devise their own virtue—they hate the lonesome one.

“And be on thy guard also against holy simplicity! All is unholy to it which is not simple; it likes also to play with the fire—of the fagot and stake.

“And be on thy guard also against the assaults of thy love! The lonesome one stretches out his hand too readily to him whom he encounters.

“To many a man it is not right to give thy hand, but only thy paw; and I want thy paw also to have claws.

“But thou thyself wilt always be the worst enemy whom thou canst encounter; thou liest in ambush for thyself in caves and forests.

“O lonesome one, thou goest the way to thyself! And thy way leads past thyself and thy seven devils!

“Thou wilt be to thyself a heretic, and a wizard, and a soothsayer, and a fool, and a sceptic, and a reprobate, and a villain.

“Thou must be ready to burn thyself in thine own flame; how couldst thou become new, unless thou hast first become ashes!

“O lonesome one, thou goest the way of him who creates; thou wouldst create for thyself a God out of thy seven devils!

“O lonesome one, thou goest the way of him who loves; thou lovest thyself and therefore thou despisest thyself, as only the loving despise.

“He who loves seeks to create, because he despises! What does he know of love who has not been obliged to despise the very thing he loved!

“Go into thy isolation, my brother, with thy love and thy creating; it will only be late that thy justification will limp after thee.

“With my tears, go, my brother, unto thy isolation. I love him who seeks to create something beyond himself, and thus perishes.”——

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

OLD AND YOUNG GIRLS.

“WHY dost thou steal along so timidly in the twilight, Zarathustra? And what dost thou hide so carefully under thy mantle?

“Is it a treasure which has been given thee? or a child which has been born to thee? Or dost thou now go on a thief’s errand, thou friend of the wicked?”——

“Verily, my brother,” said Zarathustra, “it is a treasure which has been given me: it is a little truth which I carry.

“But it is naughty, like a baby; and when I do not hold its mouth it cries too loud.

“To-day, as I went on my way alone, at the time the sun goes down, an old girl met me, and spake thus to my soul:—

“‘Much has Zarathustra spoken to us women, but never has he spoken to us about women.’

“And I answered her: ‘One should only speak to men about women.’

“‘Speak also to me of woman,’ said she; ‘I am old enough to forget it again immediately.’

“And I complied with the old girl’s request, and spake thus to her:

“‘Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman has one solution—namely, pregnancy.

“‘Man is for woman a means; the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

“‘The true man wants two different things: danger and diversion. He therefore wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

“‘Man must be trained for war, and woman for the relaxation of the warrior; all else is folly.

“‘Too sweet fruits—these the warrior does not like. He therefore likes woman;—even the sweetest woman is bitter.

“‘Woman understands children better than man does, but man is more childish than woman.

“‘In the true man there is a child hidden; it wants to play. Up then, ye women, discover, I pray you, the child in man!

“‘Let woman be a pastime-object, divine and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet dawned.

“‘May the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope be—‘may I bear the overman!’

“‘May there be valour in your love. Ye must attack with your love him who inspires you with fear!

“‘Let your honour be in your love! Woman understands little about honour otherwise. But let this be your honour: always to love more than ye are loved, and never be the second.

“‘Let man be afraid of woman when she loves: she then makes every sacrifice, and regards everything else as worthless.

“‘Let man be afraid of woman when she hates; for man is merely evil in his innermost soul: woman, however, is bad there.

“‘Whom does woman hate most? Thus spake the iron to the magnet: ‘I hate thee most, because thou attractest, but art not strong enough to pull to thee.’

“‘The happiness of man is: ‘I will.’ The happiness of woman is: ‘He will.’

“‘Lo, the world has now become perfect!’—thus thinks every woman when she obeys with all her love.

“‘And woman must obey and find a depth for her surface. Woman’s nature is surface, an unstable, stormy film on a shallow water.

“‘Man’s nature, however, is deep, its current gushes in subterranean caverns; woman conjectures its power, but does not comprehend it.’

“‘Here the old girl replied to me: ‘Many pretty things has Zarathustra said, especially for those who are young enough for them.

“‘It is strange! Zarathustra knows little about women, and yet he is right with regard to them. Does that happen because nothing is impossible with women?

“‘And now accept a little truth by way of thanks! I am surely old enough for it!

“‘Swaddle it up and hold its mouth, otherwise it will cry too loud, the little truth.’

“‘Give me thy little truth,’ said I. And thus spake the old girl:

“‘Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!’”——

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

THE BITE OF THE ADDER.

ONE day, owing to the heat, Zarathustra had fallen asleep under a fig-tree, and had put his arms over his face. And there came an adder and bit him on the neck, so that he screamed with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face, he looked at the serpent; and then it recognized the eyes of Zarathustra, wriggled awkwardly, and tried to glide away. “Not so,” said Zarathustra, “thou hast not yet got my thanks! Thou hast awakened me in time, I have still a long journey.” “Thou hast a short journey,” said the adder sorrowfully, “my poison is fatal.” Zarathustra laughed. “When did ever a dragon die of a serpent’s poison?” said he. “But take back thy poison! Thou art not rich enough to make me a present of it.” Then the adder fell on his neck once more and licked his wound.

When Zarathustra once told this story to his disciples, they asked: “And what, ‘O Zarathustra, is the moral of thy tale?’” And with reference thereto Zarathustra answered thus:

"The good and just call me the destroyer of morality; my tale is unmoral.

"When ye have an enemy, however, do not return him good for evil, for that would make him ashamed. But prove that he has done something good to you.

"And rather even be angry than make a person ashamed. And when ye are cursed, it is not my pleasure that ye should desire to bless. Better curse a little also!

"And when a great injustice has been done you, do at once five more small ones! He on whom injustice presses alone is hideous to behold.

"Were ye ever aware of this? Shared injustice is half justice. And he who can bear it must take the injustice on himself!

"A small revenge is more humane than no revenge at all. And if punishment is not a right and an honour to the transgressor, I do not like your punishing.

"It is nobler to own that one is in the wrong than to carry one's point, especially when one is in the right. Only one must be opulent enough to do so.

"I do not like your cold justice; and out of the eye of your judges there always seems to me to glance the executioner and his cold steel.

"Tell me, where is justice to be found, which is love with seeing eyes?

"Invent me then the love which not only bears all punishment, but also all guilt!

"Invent me then the justice which acquits everyone except the judge!

"Will ye hear this likewise? To him who seeks to be just from the heart, even falsehood becomes philanthropy.

"But how could I be just from the heart! How can I give everyone his own! Let this be enough for me: I give to everyone my own.

"Finally, my brethren, always avoid doing wrong to the lonesome-dweller. How could a lonesome-dweller forget! How could he requite!

"A lonesome-dweller is a deep well. It is easy to throw in a stone; if it should sink to the bottom, however, tell me, who will bring it out again?

"Avoid hurting the lonesome-dweller! If, however, ye have done so, well then, kill him also!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

CHILD AND MARRIAGE.

"I HAVE a question for thee alone, my brother; like a sounding-lead I cast this question into thy soul, that I may know how deep it is.

"Thou art young, and desirest child and marriage. But I ask thee: Art thou one who *has a right* to desire a child?

"Art thou the victorious one, the self-conqueror, the ruler of thy passions, the master of thy virtues? Thus I ask thee.

"Or does the animal nature and necessity speak in thy desire? Or isolation? Or disquietude with thyself?

"I would have thy victory and liberty long for a child. Thou shouldst build living monuments to thy victory and emancipation.

"Thou shouldst build higher than thyself. But thou must first of all be built thyself, rectangular in body and soul.

"Thou shouldst not only propagate thyself onward, but upward! May the garden of marriage help thee thereto!

"Thou must create a higher body, a prime motor, a spontaneously rolling wheel,—thou must create a creating being.

"Marriage: so I call the will to be twain, to create the one that is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another in those exercising such a will, I call marriage.

"Let this be the significance and truth of thy marriage. But that which the far-too-many call marriage, those superfluous ones,—alas, what shall I call it?

"Alas, the poverty of soul in twain! Alas, the filth of soul in twain! Alas, the pitiable pleasure in twain!

"All that they call marriage; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

"Well, I don't like it, that heaven of the superfluous! No, I don't like them, those animals enmeshed in the heavenly toils!

"Far from me also be the God who limps thither to bless what he has not blended!

"Do not laugh at such marriages! What child is there that has not perhaps had reason to weep for its parents?

"This man seemed to me worthy, and mature for the meaning of the earth; but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me Bedlam.

"Yea, I would that the earth shook with convulsions when a saint and a goose pair with one another.

"This one went out as a hero for truth, and at last obtained for himself a diminutive, gaily-dressed lie. He calls that his marriage.

"Another was reserved in his intercourse and particular in his choice. But all at once he spoilt his company for all time to come. He calls that his marriage.

"Another sought a handmaid with the virtues of an angel. But all at once he became the handmaid of a woman; and now he would need to become an angel besides.

"I have found all buyers careful, and all of them with astute eyes. But even the astutest of them buys his wife in a sack.

"Many short follies—these ye call love. And your marriage puts an end to many short follies, with one long stupidity.

"Your love to woman and woman's love to man—alas, would that it were sympathy for suffering and veiled Deities! But for the most part two animals light on one another.

"But even your best love is only an enraptured similitude and a dolorous glow. It is a torch to light you to loftier paths.

"Ye are to love beyond yourselves some day! Then *learn* first of all to love. Ye had to drink the bitter cup of love on that account.

"There is bitterness even in the cup of the best love. It thus produces aspiration towards the overman; it thus produces thirst in thee, the creating one.

"Thirst in the creating one, an arrow and aspiration towards the overman: tell me, my brother, is this thy will to marriage?

"Such a will and such a marriage I call holy."——

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

VOLUNTARY DEATH.

"MANY die too late, and some die too early. Yet the precept sounds strange: 'Die at the right time!'

"Die at the right time: so teaches Zarathustra.

"To be sure, he who never lives at the right time, how can he ever die at the right time? Would that he had never been born!——Thus I counsel the superfluous ones.

"But even the superfluous ones make it a matter of importance about their death, and even the hollowest nut wants to be cracked.

"Everyone regards dying as a serious matter, but yet death is not a festival. As yet man has not learned to inaugurate the grandest festivals.

"I point out to you the consummating death, which becomes a stimulus and assurance to the living.

"The consummating one dies his death triumphantly, surrounded by the hopeful and the promising.

"Thus should we learn to die; and no festival should take place at which such a dying one does not consecrate the oaths of the living!

"To die thus is best; the next best, however, is to die in battle and sacrifice a great soul.

"But hateful alike to the fighter and the conqueror is your grinning death, which comes stealthily as a thief,—and yet comes as a master.

"I praise my death to you, voluntary death, which comes to me because I want it.

"And when shall I want it?—He who has a goal and an heir, wants death at the right time for the goal and the heir.

"And out of reverence for the goal and the heir, he will hang up no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

"Verily, I do not want to be like the rope-makers: they lengthen out their cord and always retrograde thereby.

"Many a one also gets too old for his truths and triumphs; a toothless mouth has no longer the right to every truth.

"And whoever wants to have fame, must take leave of honour betimes, and practise the difficult art—of going at the right time.

"One must cease being feasted on when one tastes best: those who want to be long loved know that.

"To be sure, there are sour apples, whose lot decides that they should wait till the last day of autumn;—and they become simultaneously ripe, yellow and shrivelled.

"In some the heart grows old first; in others the spirit. And some are grey in youth; but those who are young late keep long young.

"In many persons life is a failure; a poisonous worm gnaws into their heart. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success.

"Many persons never become sweet; they corrupt even in summer. It is cowardice that makes them cling to their branches.

"Far too many live and far too long they hang on their branches. Would that a storm came and shook all the rotten and worm-eaten fruit from the tree!

"Would that there came preachers of *speedy* death! They would be the appropriate storms and agitators of the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with whatever is 'earthly.'

"Alas, ye preach patience with what is earthly? It is the earthly that has too much patience with you, ye blasphemers.

"Verily, that Hebrew, whom the preachers of slow death honour, died too early; and to many it has proved a calamity that he died too early.

"As yet he had only known tears and the melancholy of the Hebrews, along with the hatred of the good and just,—the Hebrew Jesus; longing for death thereupon overtook him.

"Had he but remained in the wilderness, and far away from the good and just! Perhaps he would then have learned to live, and love the earth—and laughter also!

"Believe it, my brethen! He died too early; he himself would have disavowed his doctrine, if he had attained my age! He was noble enough to disavow!

"But he was still immature. The youth loves immaturity, and he also hates man and the earth immaturity. His heart and the wings of his spirit are still shackled and constrained.

"But in man there is more of the child than in the youth, and less of melancholy; he knows better what to do as regards death and life.

"At liberty for death, and at liberty in death; a holy denier, when there is no longer time for affirming; he thus knows what to do as regards death and life.

"That your dying, my friends, may not be a reproach to man and to the earth—that is what I solicit from the honey of my soul.

"In your dying, your spirit and your virtue should continue to shine, like an evening after-glow around the earth; otherwise your dying has not been a success.

"I want to die thus myself, that ye friends may love the earth more for my sake; and I want again to become earth, that I may repose in her that bore me.

“ Verily, Zarathustra had a goal ; he threw his ball. Now, my friends, be ye the heirs of my goal ; I throw the golden ball to you.

“ Best of all, I see you, my friends, throw the golden ball ! And so I tarry yet a little while on the earth—excuse me for it ! ”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

* * *

THE BESTOWING VIRTUE

I.

WHEN Zarathustra had taken leave of the city to which he was devotedly attached, which bears the name “ Piebald Cow,” many people, who called themselves his disciples, followed him and kept him company. And walking thus they came to a cross-road. Then Zarathustra told them that he wanted henceforth to go alone, for he liked being alone. At his departure, however, his disciples presented him with a staff, on the golden handle of which a serpent twined round the sun. And Zarathustra rejoiced on account of the staff, and then, leaning thereon, he spake thus to his disciples :

“ Tell me, I pray you : How did gold attain to the highest value ? Because it is uncommon, and unprofiting, and beaming, and soft in lusture ; it always offers itself.

“ Only as an image of the highest virtue did gold attain to the highest value. The countenance of the bestower beams like gold. The lustre of gold makes peace between moon and sun.

“ The highest virtue is uncommon and unprofiting, it is beaming and soft of lusture ; the highest virtue is a bestowing virtue.

“ Verily, I divine your nature, my disciples. Ye strive, like me, for the bestowing virtue. What would ye have in common with cats and wolves ?

“ It is your thirst to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves ; and on that account ye have a thirst to accumulate all riches in your soul.

“ Your soul strives insatiably for treasures and jewels, because your virtue is insatiable in desiring to bestow.

“ Ye constrain all things to flow towards you and into you, that they may flow again from your fountain-head as the gifts of your love.

“ Verily, such bestowing love must become an appropriator of all that is valuable ; but I call such selfishness healthy and holy. —

“ There is another kind of selfishness, of a very poor and hungry nature, which would always like to steal—the selfishness of the sick, the sick selfishness.

“ With the eye of the thief it looks at all that is lustrous ; with the craving of hunger it takes the measure of him who has plenty to eat ; and it always prowls round the tables of those who bestow.

“ Sickness expresses itself in such craving, and concealed degeneration ; the larcenous craving of such selfishness speaks of a sickly body.

“ Tell me, my brethren, what do we regard as bad, and as the worst of things ? Is it not *degeneration* ?—And we always suspect degeneration when the bestowing soul is lacking.

“ Our path leads upwards from the species to the over-species. But the degenerating nature which says : ‘ All for myself,’ is a horror to us.

“ Our nature soars upwards ; it is thus a simile of our body, a simile of an elevation. The names of the virtues are similes of such elevations.

“ Thus the body traverses the field of history, a becomer and a fighter. And the spirit—what is it to the body ? The herald of its fights and triumphs, its companion and echo.

“ All names of good and evil are similes ; they do not speak out, they only hint. He is a fool who wants knowledge from them !

“ Notice, my brethren, every hour when your spirit seeks to express itself in similes ;—there is the origin of your virtue.

“ Your body is then elevated and resurrected ; with the body's delight the spirit is enraptured, so that it becomes a creator and valuer and lover and benefactor of all things.

“When your heart heaves broad and full like the torrent, a blessing and a danger to those living near;—there is the origin of your virtue.

“When ye are exalted above praise and blame, and when your will seeks to command all things, as the will of a loving one;—there is the origin of your virtue.

“When ye despise the pleasant gratification and the soft bed, and when ye cannot couch far enough from the effeminate;—there is the origin of your virtue.

“When ye exercise one will, and when that change of every need (Wende aller Noth) means necessity (Nothwendigkeit) to you;—there is the origin of your virtue.

“Verily, it is a new good and evil! Verily, it is a new, profound murmuring and the voice of a new fountain!

“It is power, this new virtue; it is a ruling idea with a subtle soul surrounding it; a golden sun with the serpent of knowledge around it.”

* * *

II.

HERE Zarathustra was silent for a while, and looked lovingly at his disciples. He then proceeded to speak thus,—his voice being changed:

“Remain true to the earth, my brethren, with the power of your virtue! Let your bestowing love and your knowledge be devoted to the meaning of the earth! Thus I pray and conjure you.

“Let not your virtue fly away from the earthly and beat against eternal walls with its wings! Alas, there is always so much virtue that has strayed in its flight!

“Lead back to the earth, as I do, the virtue that has strayed—yea, back again to corporeal life, that it may give to the earth its meaning—a human meaning!

“Spirit, as well as virtue, has strayed in its flight and made mistakes a hundred times hitherto. Alas, there still dwells in our body all those delusions and errors; they have there become flesh and will.

“Spirit, as well as virtue, has made trials and gone astray a hundred times hitherto. Yea, man has been an attempt. Alas, much ignorance and error has become embodied in us!

“Not only the rationality of millenniums—their madness also breaks out in us. It is dangerous to be an heir.

“We still fight step by step with the giant chance; and irrationality, non-rationality has hitherto ruled the whole human race.

“My brethren, let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the meaning of the earth; let the value of everything be determined anew by you! Ye are therefore to be fighters! Ye are therefore to be creators!

“The body purifies itself consciously; by consciously attempting it elevates itself; to the enlightened one all impulses sanctify themselves; to the exalted one the soul becomes joyful.

“Physician, heal thyself! then thou wilt also help thy patient. Let it be his best help to observe with open eyes him who makes himself whole.

“There are a thousand paths which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life. Man and man's world is still unexhausted and undiscovered.

“Awake and hearken, ye lonesome ones! Winds from the future arrive with stealthy flight; glad tidings are proclaimed to fine ears.

“Ye lonesome ones of the present, ye retiring ones, ye are destined one day to be a people; out of you who have chosen yourselves, a chosen people is destined to arise—and out of it the overman.

“Verily, the earth is yet destined to become a place of healing! And already a new odour is diffused over it, a salvation-bringing odour—and a new hope!”

* * *

III.

WHEN Zarathustra had spoken these words he was silent, like one who has not yet said his last word; he balanced the staff doubtfully in his hand for a long time. At last he spake thus—and his voice was changed:

“I now go alone, my disciples! And ye also go away alone! I wish it to be so.

“Verily, I counsel you: depart from me, and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he has deceived you.

“The man of enlightenment must be able not only to love his enemies, but to hate his friends.

“One recompenses a teacher badly when one remains always his scholar and nothing more. Why are ye unwilling to pluck at my wreath?

“Ye venerate me. But how would it be if your veneration should some day collapse? Take care lest a statue crush you!

“Ye say, ye believe in Zarathustra? But what does it matter about Zarathustra! Ye are my believers; but what does it matter about believers?

“When as yet ye had not sought for yourselves ye found me. So do all believers. On that account belief is always of so little importance.

“Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when ye have all denied me will I return to you again.

“Verily, my brethren, with other eyes I shall then seek out my lost ones; I shall then love you with another love.

“And once again ye shall have become my friends and the children of one hope; then will I be with you for the third time, to celebrate the great noontide with you.

“And it is the great noontide when man is in the middle of his course between the animal and the overman, and triumphs in prospect of his path to the evening, as his highest hope; for it is the path to a new morning.

“Then, verily, he who makes his exit will bless himself, because he is one who makes his transit; and the sun of his knowledge will be at noontide.

“‘*All the Gods are dead; so we now want the Overman to live.*’—Let this be our last will at the great noontide!”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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TO REVIVE THE ANCIENT GLORY.

Suggestions towards a Classical Drama based on an Heroic Philosophy of Life.

Extracts from Nietzsche's Writings illustrating his Æsthetic and Philosophical Principles.

To deny life, that is the only deadly sin.

Man's profoundest hatred is the hatred of the decline of his type. On account of it art is profound.

I call an animal, a species, an individual, depraved, when it loses its instincts, when it selects, when it *prefers* what is injurious to it.

Vigorous eras, noble civilizations, see something contemptible in "sympathy," in "brotherly love," in the lack of self-assertion and self-reliance.

The artist only reaches the last summit of his greatness when he learns to see himself and his art *below* him, when he knows how to laugh at himself.

Creating—that is the great salvation from suffering and an alleviation of suffering. But for the existence of the creator pain and much transformation are necessary.

The greatest sin hitherto is the word of him who said, "Woe unto those who laugh here." He did not love enough. Otherwise he would have loved us also, the laughers.

At bottom the folk desire plainly one thing most of all: to be hurt by nobody. Thus they oblige all and do well unto them. But this is *cowardice* although it be called "virtue."

The most intellectual men, provided they are the most courageous, experience by far the most painful tragedies; but they reverence life just on that account, because it places its most powerful hostile forces in opposition to them.

Great intellects are sceptical. Convictions are prisons. Men of conviction do not see far enough, they do not see *below* themselves: but to be permitted to have a voice concerning value and not-value one must see five hundred convictions *below* one's self, *behind* one's self.

Wherever the will to power declines in any way, there is always a physiological retrogression, a *décadence*. The Deity of *décadence*, pruned of his manliest virtues and impulses, henceforth becomes necessarily the god of the physiologically retrograde, the weak. They do not call themselves the weak, they call themselves the "good."

One must learn how to love one's self with a whole and healthy love that one may find life with one's self enduring and not go "gadding about." Such gadding about they baptize "love unto one's neighbour." With this word folk have lied best hitherto and dissembled best. To learn how to love one's self is the finest, cunningest, and most patient of arts.

A good war halloweth every cause. War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your pity, but your bravery, hath hitherto saved those who had met with an accident. To be brave is good. Let the little girlies talk: "To be good is what is sweet and touching at the same time."—What warrior wisheth to be spared? I do not spare you, I love you from the heart of my heart, my brethren in war! Thus spake Zarathustra.

The conditions under which a person understands me, and then *necessarily* understands—I know them only too accurately. He must be honest in intellectual matters even to sternness, in order even to endure my seriousness, my passion. He must be accustomed to live on mountains—to see the wretched ephemeral gossip of politics and national egotism *under* him. He must never ask whether truth is profitable or becomes a calamity to him.

Every animal, and hence also *La Bête Philosophique*, instinctively strives for an optimum of favourable conditions under which it is free to discharge fully its power and attain its maximum consciousness of power; every animal, quite as instinctively and with a keenness of scent which passes all understanding abhors every kind of disturber or obstacle which obstructs or *could* obstruct its road to the optimum (it is not its road to "happiness" of which I am now speaking, but its road to power, to action, to mightiest action, and actually, in most cases, its road to unhappiness).

A psychology of the artist.—To the existence of art, to the existence of any æsthetic activity or perception whatsoever, a preliminary physiological condition is indispensable, namely, ecstasy. Ecstasy must first have intensified the sensitiveness of the whole mechanism; until this takes place art is not realised. All kinds of ecstasy, however differently conditioned, possess this power.

Every age has in its quantum of energy a quantum determining what virtues are permitted to it, what virtues are proscribed. It has either the virtues of *ascending* life, and then it resists fundamentally the virtues of descending life; or it is itself an epoch of descending life, and then it requires the virtues of decline, then it hates all that justifies itself solely by plenitude, by superabundance of strength. Æsthetics is indissolubly bound up with these biological pre-suppositions: there is *décadence* æsthetics, and there is *classical* æsthetics,—the "beautiful in itself" is a chimera like all idealism.

Every art, every philosophy may be regarded as a medicine and helping expedient of advancing or decaying life: they always presuppose suffering and sufferers. But there are two kinds of sufferers: on the one hand those suffering from the *superabundance* of life, who want a Dionysian art and similarly a tragic insight and prospect with regard to life,—and on the other hand those suffering from the *impoverishment* of life, who desire repose, stillness, smooth sea, or *else* ecstasy, convulsion, intoxication furnished by art and philosophy. In respect to artists of every kind, I now make use of this main distinction: has the *hatred* of life, or the *superabundance* of life become creative here? In Goethe, for example, the superabundance became creative, in Flaubert the hatred.

Schopenhauer taught that the whole purpose of art is “to disengage from will;” he honoured it as the great usefulness of tragedy “to dispose to resignation.”—This however—I have already hinted at it—is pessimistic optics and the “evil eye:”—one must appeal to artists themselves. *What traits of his personality does the artist communicate to others in tragedy?* Is it not precisely the fearless state of mind in presence of the frightful and the questionable which he exhibits?—This state of mind is highly desirable in itself; whoever knows it honours it with the highest regard. He communicates it, he is *obliged* to communicate, provided he is an artist, a genius of communication. Bravery and self-possession in presence of a powerful enemy, an awful calamity, or a problem which awakens dread—it is this *triumphal* condition which the tragic artist selects and glorifies. In presence of tragedy the martial spirit in us celebrates its Saturnalia; he who is accustomed to affliction, he who seeks affliction—*heroic man*—extols his existence with tragedy,—to him alone the tragic artist offers the draught of this sweetest cruelty.

Here [in Bizet's *Carmen*] we find love,—love retranslated again into *nature*! Not the love of Wagner's “cultured maiden” her *Sentimentality*! But love as fate, as *fatal*ity, cynical, innocent, cruel—and thus true to *nature*! Love, which in its expedients is the war of the sexes, and in its basis their *mortal hatred*.—I know of no case where tragic humour, which forms the essence of love, has expressed itself so strenuously, has formulated itself so terribly, as in the last cry of Don Jose with which the opera concludes:

Yes, I myself have killed her! By me her life was taken!
O Carmen! My Carmen! No more thou'lt waken!

Such a conception of love (the only one which is worthy of a philosopher) is rare: it distinguishes a work of art among thousands of others. For, on an average, artists do like all the world, or worse even—they *misunderstand* love. Wagner also has misunderstood it. People imagine they are unselfish in love because they seek the advantage of another being, often in opposition to their own advantage. But for so doing they want to *possess* the other being. Even God himself is no exception to this rule. He is far from thinking, “What need you trouble about it, if I love you?”—he becomes a terror, if he is not loved in return. “Love,” says B. Constant, “is the most egotistic of the emotions and, consequently, when wounded, the least generous.”

I heard yesterday the masterpiece of Bizet for the twentieth time. How such a work perfects one! One becomes a “masterpiece” one's self by its influence. And really, I have appeared to myself, every time I have heard “Carmen,” to be more of a philosopher, a better philosopher than at other times; I have become so patient, so happy, so Indian, so sedate. . . . May I venture to say that Bizet's orchestra music is almost the sole orchestration I yet endure?

This music seems to me to be perfect. It approaches lightly, nimbly, and with courtesy. It is amiable. It does not produce sweat. “What is good is easy; everything divine runs with light feet”:—the first proposition of my æsthetics. This music is wicked, subtle and fatalistic; it remains popular at the same time,—it has the subtlety of a race, not of an individual. It is rich. It is precise. It builds, it organizes, it completes; it is thus the antithesis to the polypus in music, “infinite melody.” Have more painful, tragic accents ever been heard on the stage? And how are they obtained? Without grimace! Without counterfeit coinage! Without the impcsture of the grand style.

This work saves also; Wagner is not the only “saviour.” With Bizet's work one takes leave of the humid north, and all the steam of the Wagnerian ideal. Even the dramatic action saves us therefrom. It has borrowed from Mérimée the logic in passion, the shortest route, stern necessity. It possesses, above all, what belongs to the warm climate, the dryness of the air, its “limpidezza.” Here, in all respects, the climate is altered. Here a different sensuality expresses itself, a different sensibility, a different gaiety. Its gaiety is African; destiny hangs over it, its happiness is short, sudden, and without forgiveness. I envy Bizet for having had the courage for this sensibility, which did not hitherto find expression in the cultured music of Europe—this more southern, more tawny, more scorched sensibility.

SAVING THE WORLD.

Answers to Earnest Enquirers.

The object of this Department is to elucidate the principle of self-government by the assistance of my neighbours, to show, in short, that it is cheaper to hire some one to govern me than to do the job myself. The principle is simplicity itself. It supposes that every 100 persons shall be governed by 200 General Committees and about 300 sub-Committees. The number of committees increases geometrically with the increase of population. Every act, word and thought shall be referable to its appropriate committee. Any member of the commune has power at any time to create a new Committee—thus universal satisfaction is guaranteed.

Correspondents must write on one side of the page only—we need the other side for our own "copy." Students will find the following works of great assistance: Bill Nye's Digest of the laws of Parliament with price list of members. Pure Politics by Boss Tweed. Stirner's Complete Referendum. Comic History of Myself, by the reader. The Political Editor's Constant Companion or Ten Thousand Lies Worth Knowing.

[PARTIES desiring to arouse the purest altruism of the editor must send a photo, no necessarily for publication but as an evidence of sex and good looks.]

VOLUPTUOUS MAID.—It is letters like yours which make altruists of us all. Egoist tho' I be, I am yours to command.

WHY I AM A HYPOCRITE.—We have in preparation a pamphlet on this subject by McKinley, Chamberlain, and all the eminent political, prelatical, piratical confidence-men of the day.

Egoism crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers ;
But Altruism, sat on, asks for more,
For that's the thing which she prefers.

TO ALL ETHICISTS AND KANTISTS.—Our philosophy permits us to call no man or woman pure, till we have seen what they do when, stripped of all property and friends, they stand *in puris naturalibus*. There is no other test of "purity."

ANXIOUS.—Our paper is a very good one to lie on a family table; you furnish the table and we'll do the lying. A family table inspires our liar almost as well as a "pub." table.

T.—You will find the American paper "Discontent" (the cruel step-mother of Progress) a journal of marked ability and interest.

M.—We are opening a subscription to raise money to take the members of Parliament on a free (of course) excursion to the Cannibal Islands. Tickets not available for return.

M. WILKESBARRE.—The hymn you justly admire was obviously written in a very cheap lodging house or a steerage-steamers. I, too, have known that bad whereon the martyr, in frantic transport, cries out—

"Oh may I dread
The grave as little as my bed."

Unless you are a communist you will take the grave every time.

PLAYS NOW RUNNING AT THE LONDON THEATRES.

For date of matinée performances see daily papers. The hour of the evening performance is indicated below.

DRURY LANE—HEARTS ARE TRUMPS—7.30.

LYCEUM—MAN AND HIS MAKERS—8.

GARRICK—THE DEGENERATES—8.30.

HER MAJESTY'S—KING JOHN—8.15.

GLOBE—THE GAY LORD QUEX—8.

SHAFTESBURY—BELLE OF NEW YORK—8.

PRINCE OF WALES—THE MOONLIGHT BLOSSOM—8.

COMEDY—EL CAPITAN—8.30.

AVENUE—AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON—9.

STRAND THEATRE—PRINCE OF BORNEO—8.15.

QUEEN'S HALL—PROMENADE CONCERTS—8.