What is a UnionOfEgoists.com?
This is an informational resource provided by Kevin I. Slaughter of Underworld Amusements and Trevor Blake of OVO, initiated in February and publicly launched April 1st of 2016. The website initially focuses on providing historical, biographical and bibliographical details of a few their favorite Egoist philosophers. It is also integrating the archives of egoist website i-studies.com, the former project of Svein Olav Nyberg, and the EgoistArchives.com project of Dan Davies. Further, it will be home to Der Geist, a Journal of Egoism in print 1845 – 1945. UnionOfEgoists.com will be the best resource for Egoism online.

What is a Union of Egoists?
“We two, the State and I, are enemies. I, the egoist, have not at heart the welfare of this “human society,” I sacrifice nothing to it, I only utilize it; but to be able to utilize it completely I transform it rather into my property and my creature; i. e., I annihilate it, and form in its place the Union of Egoists.”

– Max Stirner, The Ego and Its Own

What is Egoism?
“Egoism is the claim that the Individual is the measure of all things. In ethics, in epistemology, in aesthetics, in society, the Individual is the best and only arbitrator. Egoism claims social convention, laws, other people, religion, language, time and all other forces outside of the Individual are an impediment to the liberty and existence of the Individual. Such impediments may be tolerated but they have no special standing to the Individual, who may elect to ignore or subvert or destroy them as He can. In egoism the State has no monopoly to take tax or to wage war.”

–Trevor Blake, Confessions of a Failed Egoist
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.

No. 6. DECEMBER 1, 1898. Price Threepence.


THE EARTH IS MORTGAGED TO SEVEN SPECULATIVE SCOUNDRELS.
THE REST OF MANKIND ARE NECESSARILY THE SLAVES THEREOF.
A RACE OF ALTRUISISTS IS NECESSARILY A RACE OF SLAVES.
A RACE OF FREEMEN IS NECESSARILY A RACE OF EGOISTS.

"THE GREAT ARE GREAT ONLY BECAUSE WE ARE ON OUR KNEES. LET US RISE!"

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OUR CREED AND AIM.

A RACE of altruists is necessarily a race of slaves.
A RACE of freemen is necessarily a race of egoists.
Freedom cannot be granted. It must be taken.

To convert the exploiters to altruism is a fatuous programme—a maniac's dream. The only remedy for social injustice is this: the exploited must save themselves by enlightened self-interest. The exploiters are certainly egoistic enough; the only hope for the exploited is for them to become equally so—yes, consistently, persistently egoistic. Egoism spells justice and freedom as surely as altruism spells charity and slavery.

THE RELIGION OF EGOISM.

A Prayer for more Bitterness.

Brethren, we must become more bitter. Bitterness is the best antidote to the Christian slave-pox which for two thousand years has poisoned our blood. Said Emerson (my faithful ally in this and many another matter) "The doctrine of hatred must be preached as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines." We are all pulers and whiners to-day—we are born such and rarely out-grow it. Bitterness is the only thing which can tear the bandage of Idealism from our eyes and enable us to see life as the old unseduced Greeks and Romans saw it. And when we can see life as the Greeks and Romans saw it, perhaps we will have no further use for bitterness and can then throw it away. When the poison of Idealism is extirpated, then, perhaps, will come to pass the saying of Zarathustra, "Growth in wisdom is measured by decrease in bitterness."

Blessed is the man who has felt the deepest and best of all bitternesses—the bitterness of one starving in the midst of plenty—and who is made a giant and a clairvoyant by that bitterness. Herein I have an advantage over Nietzsche, who unfortunately always knew where his next meal was coming from. If I, Erwin McCall, had not been for years to all intents and purposes a DAMNED TRAMP—with never an assured meal ahead—I would never have been saved. It was this (philosophic) blessing of ever imminent starvation which made me see life as it is—bared of all its hypocrisies—made me see that "He who feeds me governs me" or as Bacon said "Nations and wars go on their bellies." It is a good starvation which also starves the "Ideal." Thus the tramp who has brains will learn what it took Nietzsche years of fatal devotion to literature to ascertain. If Nietzsche had had a couple of weeks' tramping among friends and real Christians he would have learned in that time all that Montaigne, Chamfort and Co. could teach him, and the tree would have defied the lightning for another half-century.

The prospect of starvation may even save the soul of a millionaire—let us not be selfish with this last and best gift of the gods, starvation, but let us pass it round and redeem the rich from their intellectual poverty.

And then—and then—it must be said, although it will be misunderstood: only he who has been once thoroughly bitter can know how sweet love is. Man is fearfully and wonderfully made and truly our heaven and our hell are inseparably intertwined. Avant, logician, you have no antinomies like those of the human heart. This prayer for bitterness has relieved me immensely—if the mere aspiration for bitterness thus makes blessed, how ecstatic must be a deed of bitterness.

A Bible Not Borrowed from the Neighbours.

Emerson the Egoist said "All laws are laughable but those which men make for themselves." It is time to say that all Bibles are to be rejected save that which we write for ourselves. The Bible of Jesus, of Goethe, of Heine, of Emerson, of Whitman, of Thoreau, of Nietzsche,—all these may help us somewhat but we must have pride enough to demand a Bible not borrowed from the
neighbours. A slave may rest content with a Bible writ by another, the free man must write his own. Vicarious suffering, vicarious salvation are out of date. We may weep over the sorrows of Jesus and Nietzsche, we may rejoice over their triumphs—but we are not saved till we weep over our own sorrows and rejoice in our own happiness, till we are deified by our own Calvary, till we can show our own Via Dolorosa, our own Gethsemane agony and exultation.

The Egoist learns to say:—"I, too, have a Divine Record—the record of my innermost griefs, sorrows, temptations, triumphs, tears and rejoicings." We no longer accept salvation second-hand, we demand an original, an egoistic, salvation. Saved we are by love of self, pity for self, tears for our own incommunicable woe, but, last and best revelation, we are taught to strengthen and purify ourselves by laughing over our dire mistakes. Such laughter is the divinest emotion. Love and the lions never weep, but often laugh. "The artist only reaches the last summit of his greatness . . . . . when he learns how to laugh at himself"—he alone can go forward.

But some one says, Does the Religion of Egoism cure our sorrows as did the old Religion? We reply, What sorrows? Whose sorrows? The sorrows of a fool? To all such we say, The New Gospel is not milk for crying babes. We may add that the greatest injury you can do to a fool is to cure his sorrow—his only teacher. And the wise man will cure his own sorrows. After all, the New Religion deals generously enough with the sorrowing one. It makes each one of us the only God in the universe. What more do you want? And if a God cannot cure his own sorrows, the world will begin to doubt his divinity. We repeat what we learned in the cradle, that it is a shame not to have your own Bible and God in your own Ego's home, it is a shame to be obliged to borrow these from the neighbours. Moreover the founders of new Religions have always lived above the question of consolation—and every Egoist is the founder of a new Religion.

An Egoist's Confession of Faith in Himself.

For greater convenience in discerning and damning our enemies we have taken out a legal authority which permits us to divide all Egoists into two classes—philosophers and scoundrels. In our unwritten tract "Why I am an Altruist," by A. Skinfint, we exhibit this confession of the egoist-scoundrel: "Having made a cool million by as cool a steal, I straightway endowed ten chairs for the teaching of altruism. Never was I more sincere than in so doing, for, the more altruists, the more victims for me."

The best things are always the worst. Intemperance is only the abuse of the power of digestion. Unbridled lust is but love turned awry. Thus Egoism, the best thing in the world, may by abuse become murder, and scoundrelism of every sort. Every scoundrel is an Egoist but not every Egoist is a scoundrel.

By the egoist-philosopher (Hail to thee! death-dedicated apostle!) we mean the man who has the courage to proclaim the law of universal gravitation in ethics—that each ego is the centre towards which all things gravitate. He is the only man who wears his heart upon his sleeve for daws and even for men to peck at. I am sorry to say that he appears to be the only honest man in the world for he alone has found himself out and tells himself out. But he does more—he finds out those who think they are serving the heavenly ideal and he shows them they are fools, while the pseudo-altruist (egoist-scoundrel) says nothing but fattens on their foolishness.

It is a well-known fact that the preacher, whether of altruism or egoism, rarely practises what he preaches. In the Clarion Mr. A. M. Thompson gently chides us for devoting our "very conspicuous talents to the cause of advancing everybody's interests but" our own. "That's me all over"—in fact that is pre-eminently the egoist-philosopher. But every egoist-scoundrel must be a professed and professional altruist—every man who goes forth seeking whom he may devour must profess to be an altruist as the very condition of attracting victims to his net. But the man who avows himself an egoist scares away every possible victim from his net—or, more correctly, he throws away the net itself. Our language is not sufficiently expressive to enable us to state the paradoxes of
our nature but the stern fact is that the egoist-philosopher is the only man who shows any real pity for men—the only man who shows them the only possible means of salvation. We egoist-philosophers are the only people who possess any real sympathy. Precisely because we do not prate of sympathy (the devil take this exception) do we possess the more. It is through the terrible calvary of our feelings (feelings too deep for thought) that we have fought our way to the egoistic philosophy of life—that invincible fortress defended by Epicurus on the one hand and the Stoics on the other. In combating sympathy, we, like Nietzsche, combat the overcharged heart whose terrible inundations of sympathy would, if not ruthlessly restrained, swamp the free action of the intellect.

Be then of this—the man who devotes his days and nights and the money of all his dearest friends to the preaching of an egoistic philosophy, thereby materializing his own chances in life, is necessarily nobler than the so-called altruist whose very creed is a sort of blackmail levied on the goodness and the goods of applauding fool-millions. Then the avowed Egoist and Atheist (shall we coin a word, Athegoist) who proclaims the true gospel of salvation, is not a knave though all the high-priced clerics and all the M.P.s and the whole gang of professional and endowed prostitutes declare him such; but, I repeat, he, as the only man who wears his heart upon his sleeve is the one honest man in the universe, the only man who has found himself out and told himself out. But the world with its usual supernatural and superasinine stupidity worships the scoundrel and keeps its obloquy for the honest philosopher. Such are the miracles of unreason which crown and culminate two thousand years of Christian idiocy, such the result of feeding ourselves on babe’s milk, stale for twenty centuries by the clock.

Verily, we egoist-philosophers, we “destroyers of false hopes, are the true Messiahs”; we sacrifice ourselves for the sins of the past and for the happiness of future generations; we are the only genuine martyrs, for whom no subscriptions are raised, no civil list exists. In an age given over to the worship of altruism, the unmitigated egoist-philosopher must necessarily be a martyr. I mention Nietzsche in a madhouse and Stirner starved to death. But there are others.

The Calvary of Egoism.

Even the Egoist has his Calvary, but it is a home-made Calvary, just as the Egoist’s Bible is home-made. It is of suicide I speak, of a death self-decreed and self-executed, not of a death forced on one by a mob of fools and fanatics. (“Natural death is a coward’s death. We should desire a different kind of death—voluntary, conscious, not accidental or by surprise.”—Nietzsche).

It is time for the Egoist to give to the world a new Stabat Mater. The egoist-suicide speaks from his Cross with a hitherto forbidden eloquence—he speaks these bitter truths which man has hitherto lacked the courage for uttering:

Mother, behold thy prattling babe,
Behold the Suicide thou hast made!

Yes, mother, thou art the cause of this suicide. Listen to me, listen to this voice from the grave: There was not a lie perfectly calculated to unfit me for life which you did not faithfully instil into me. You did your work most perfectly. You poisoned me from my earliest years by teaching to me as the very word of God and means of eternal salvation, every superstition and every delusion which could deliver me bound into the hands of all the Shylocks and all the Judases of earth. I spent the best years of my life believing the Bible and trying to live it—and here am I. I would prefer to entrust myself to the mercy of the Devil (if one existed) than to such a fool of a mother as you have been to me. Truly, mother, thou has been a benefactor to man. Thou madest me (too late) a philosopher and I must bless thee for that? (I would have truly blessed thee if thou hadst made me a philosopher in the cradle). Thou madest me a suicide and others will bless thee for that. Verily it is no small credit to thee that thou didst remove the curse and the curser thou didst create.

Will Christian journals please copy? And now, brethren, receive the benediction—“Here’s to the health of the next one that dies.” Thus endeth the fabrication for the first day.

Lord Erwin McCall.
NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

No 7 will devote special attention to our correspondents.

WE can furnish newsagents and friends a placard advertising E. & S.

To CANVASSERS.—We will give liberal commissions to canvassers for E. AND S. Canvassers in Labour Societies and college towns especially wanted.

RADICALS.—Will radicals willing to loan books to our Circulating Library kindly send list of same to the editor?

Friends who desire to secure stationery with our title-page design on it may obtain terms by addressing W. Reeves, 17 Grant Road, Croydon, enclosing stamped envelope.

Please note our address: E. McCall, c/o W. Reeves, 185, Fleet Street, London, E.C., England. Orders for the trade should be sent to Mr. W. Reeves, at the same address. Our next number will appear Feb. 1st.

Several of our readers are very anxious to have us start a journal of health reform on rational and egotistic lines. We shall be pleased to hear from others interested in this suggestion.

When this item is marked your subscription has expired and a renewal is requested. We must depend upon our present subscribers to assist in extending our circulation. What are YOU doing towards it?

OMNERS.—Will friends kindly inform news-agents that we furnish current issues of E. AND S. in exchange for back numbers, and try to induce agents to order a trial dozen or half dozen on these conditions.

Those who desire to see the completion of the translation of the first part of "Thus Spake Zarathustra" can forward that end by sending to Mr. Thomas Common, 112, George St., Edinburgh, a contribution to the Translation Fund.

An international exposition of radical reform literature of every description will be held in New York (c/o L. Rudash, 391, Grand St.), Dec. 23, 24, 25. One copy of every publication sent will be exhibited, extra copies sent will be sold for the benefit of the sender.

For 17 halfpenny stamps sent by post to E. McCall, 185, Fleet Street, we will send any 2 copies of EAGLE AND SERPENT (No. 1 is excluded from this offer), a copy of "Percy Whitcomb" and "Charity Disease" and a descriptive circular of "Might is Right." The same packet sent to U.S.A. for 25 cents. In stamps sent to Fleet Street, or to A. Mueller, 108, Clark Street, Chicago.

The following articles will appear in early issues: "Nietzsche's Philosophy in Recent Fiction"—"Why Women Need Egoism," by a woman—"Finding Myself Out"—"A Reply to Dr. Redbeard's Women and War" by a woman—"Can the Poor be saved by the Fity of the Rich," etc., etc. Several benedictions and maledictions are necessarily held over. We hope to issue a Stirmer number soon.

We apologise to many kind friends to whose letters a reply is still due. The best way to get our autograph is to insult us by enclosing from 2 to 2,000 shillings as a contribution to our corruption fund. A strict audit will be given just after or before our death. It is the corruption fund which can alone save the world. An enlarged corruption fund maketh the printer's soul right glad and will even give a Merry Christmas to the "kind-hearted old fool" who mis-edits EAGLE AND SERPENT.

Many subscriptions expire with this number. In requesting renewals we feel that we have a right to ask those who have taken a single copy, to double or treble their subscriptions during the coming year. Many more could follow the example of several who take from 10 to 20 copies and distribute to acquaintances or leave with dealers. Those who like the fare of E. AND S. will find such a policy very profitable. Even altruists may join in this work. One of them writes: "Your nonsense confutes itself." Very well, let him advance his cause by distributing our suicidal nonsense. Can it be possible that this altruist is a liar?
An event of supreme importance is eagerly awaited in the literary and egotistic worlds—the publication in English of Stirner's masterpiece "The Ego and Its Prerogatives." The editor of "I," has opened a subscription list to guarantee the publication of this work. The work will be issued at a popular price. Subscribers will be allotted volumes to the amount of their subscription. It ought to be an easy matter to raise £50 on this side of the water. No subscription will be called for till publication is assured. We start the list with one guinea. Comrades, send in your names and mites to us or to C. L. Swartz, editor "I," Wellesley, Mass., U.S.A.

Freedom has no firmer friend than J. W. Gott, of 36, Villiers St., Bradford. Surely it needs no words to show reformers that it is to their interest to stand by their friends. Every reformer who basely (or otherwise) complies with the law which requires us to wear something more than a smile and a strawberry mark should at once secure a list of Mr. Gott's bargains in his clothing department. Don't be mean enough to send for a sample copy—but you'll get it if you do—but order the "Truthseeker" (1st Forder), and you will see something you are sure to want. We can personally, and in the highest terms, commend his high-class tailoring department. Even the ladies are suited.

If our friends want a pleasant task we advise them to read Fielding's novels in the light of Egoism, and for E. AND S. the egographs which abound in "Tom Jones" "Joseph Andrews," etc. Who will also send us the egographs in Byron's "Don Juan," in Heine, Bacon, Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees" (in Loan Library), in Swift, Kipling, Rabelais, Boccaccio, Lucretius, Epicurus, and in that very Nietzschean novel, lately published, "The Warstock," by Mr. Wirt Gerrard? Ibsen too is as yet an undeveloped mine, and there are untold treasures for the Egoist in Emerson, Thoreau, Montaigne, Proudhon, the Old Testament, many volumes in our Loan Library, etc., etc. If all will lend a hand E. AND S. will sweep the field clean.

We fear that few of our American cousins are aware of that incomparable treasury of social information, Joseph Edward's "Labour Annual." The issue for 1899 will be ready in a few days and we sincerely hope that all who have not yet made the acquaintance of the "Annual" will at once order what is nothing less than a triumph of ingenuity and industry, considering the difficulties under which Mr. Edwards produces it. Thirty cents in U. S. stamps sent to either of the following will secure a copy: Joseph Edwards, Editor "Labour Annual," Wallasey, near Liverpool, England. E. McCall, 155, Fleet Street, London, England. A. Mueller, 108, Clark Street, Chicago. Reform editors in U.S.A. please copy. Mr. Edwards exchanges courtesies with all reform editors.

WILL IT PASS?

We have earnestly tried to mislead our readers to the best of our ability on the subject of altruism. We have prayed with many a tear for more darkness on the subject and that prayer has been answered. It is answered in an article in the Altruist entitled LET IT PASS.

We find the following verses in one of our exchanges without credit as to who was the author of them. They teach good altruism as far as they go; but we have taken the liberty of adding another verse in order to show that while we should not return the abuse of others, yet we should stop their abuse of us, for their own good as well as our's—

Bid your anger to depart; Let it pass.
Lay these homely words to heart: Let it pass.
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song: Let it pass; let it pass.

Yet, wheres'er you can restrain, Pass it not;
Kind words are never used in vain; Pass them not;
Let not others injure you
In deed nor word of interview;
Make them do right—speak kind but true;
Then let it pass, and it will pass.

The above lines seem to us heretical. The noblest ideal of altruism is found in the boy's essay—"The lion was tearing him limb from limb, but he knew it was for the best."
SAVING THE WORLD.

HINTS TO YOUNG REFORMERS.

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.

O.—We are in favour of vaccinating all politicians—in the neck.

E.—We hope to have the prospectus of our Suicide Legitimation League ready shortly.

P.—X's dying words were "My God, why don't you forsake me?"

R.—It would not pay us to use your essay—it would be too popular.

R.—Why not try an autonomistic conspiracy if you object to the usual bonds of matrimony?

W.—You will certainly do very wrong if you do or think anything whatever without first consulting your neighbours.

Dying Sayings.—"Let down the curtain, the farce is over" (Rabelais). "You may go home, the show is over" (Demonax).

S.—"Is a mother who fights for her half-born child an egoist or an altruist"?

Referred to the Mothers' Committee.

D.—We regret the necessity of applying to you the title of John Donkey, D.D., but we did not create that necessity.

Depressed.—Please see our treatise on "How to be Happy while Raising Hades"; competent critics esteem us the highest authority on the subject.

Adversary of All Souls.—We feel honoured by your compliments; regret that the essay you send is not advanced enough for our columns.

Sick.—I grant that you have a right to your happiness—but what I object to is that you lay claim to my happiness too.

Malcolm.—Glad to hear that the consolation of profanity—the last resource of an honest man—is still left you. Remember me in your imprecations.

Damnation to Salvationist.—We will subscribe to your fund for saving sinners from hell if you will ditto our fund for sending the righteous there.

E.—Pindar was called the Theban Eagle; the Eagle as the ensign of the Roman legion came to be called The Roman Bird; the Eagle of Divines was Thomas Aquinas.

D.—It is a mistake to look too happy and healthy. We do not yet know what sympathy with joy is—we only know the lower form of sympathy, sympathy with sorrow.

Owners.—We will be glad to send free copies of our essay "The Beauty and Utility of Suicide," to all to whom we are indebted. Apply early and avoid the crush.

C.—You ask us how we account for the fact that altruism is saving the world. Your existence is sufficient to account for any number of uninteresting lies.

L.H.—Do not despair, you must not expect even an altruist-editor to corner himself in his own columns. We must not expect so much "altruism" even from so good an "altruist" as Dangle.

Christian.—You say we shock you, but be magnanimous, man. You have your dream of heaven to console you, our pagan friends have no consolation whatever if you deprive them of our verbal inversions.

B.—Please do not write again till you can send a message from the spirit world. It is most discouraging to find you (and several millions more) still in existence. Fie, fie, upon such inhumanity.

Poet-Altruist.—We have awarded you the prize for making more kinds of an ass of yourself in 400 words than any other competitor. The contest is now closed. Your "Ode to Hell" lacks local colour.

F.—If you knew the responsibilities of greatness you would not envy the editor. You may make the same mistake that I did. Once I made myself miserable by envying X—the scoundrel took my job away by committing suicide.

F.—You ask "why did God let the cyclone break the leg of my poor dear husband—sole means of my support." Advise you to apply to God or the cyclone—we are not responsible for the acts of sub-agents.
B.—It would be very discourteous for us to refute the Bishop who said, "The philosophy of the devil—that every man must take care of himself—has been fitly relegated to the kingdom of Satan, where it belongs." You forget that the Bishop gets £2000 a year for repeating such sophisms.

K.—We have tried communism for two (matrimony) and also communism for 2,000. One was as brilliant a failure as the other. Hereafter our communist experiments will be limited to ourselves: as Nietzsche says there is always another one with me, even when I am alone.

A Noble Martyrdom.—A case of sublime female altruism is reported by E.M. A woman sitting in the dark for her lover was embraced by a grizzly bear. The noble martyr continued to murmur "tighter dear," till life was quite extinct.

C.—We know of nothing more indecent than Andrew Carnegie’s philanthropy. But he is not the only Christian who has hired professional assassins to murder his own workmen in order to enjoy the pleasure of giving libraries of Christian cant to strangers. We live in an age of progress.

R. Bigod.—We won’t lend you another cent. You have twice shamelessly abused our confidence by borrowing money on your solemn promise to commit suicide. Our next contract must be an executionary one; we will give your widow a pound whenever you deliver the goods—that is after you shuffle off five feet of mortal coil.

DARWINISM IN SOCIOLOGY:

MR. THOMAS COMMON REPLIES TO DR. ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE.

To be sure, a social system which aims at attaining the highest excellence of society will not please everyone; but neither will any other social system. We may, however, claim for the aristocracy which Nietzsche advocates, that it will give more satisfaction than any other system; and—what is still more important—it must necessarily be most advantageous for society at large. It does not seem to me that Nietzsche’s system is in the least invalidated by the objections Dr. Wallace has brought against it (he is entirely in error, however, in supposing that Nietzsche advocates Malthusianism of any sort); if we are to give it up, it must be shown, not merely that a true aristocracy involves evils, but that these evils are greater than those of other systems; otherwise we are not going to repudiate the system in which the evils appear to be reduced to a minimum.

In the article [E. & S. No. 3] which Dr. Wallace criticises, I carefully formulated Nietzsche’s main principles in the opening sentences of the respective paragraphs (though I underlined these leading sentences, unfortunately they did not appear in italics). There has been no objection brought against any of these principles, and it is these only which I am concerned to defend—not the incidental remarks, to some of which Dr. Wallace raises objection. A word or two may, however, be said with regard to some misconceptions which have arisen.

Instead of ignoring moral considerations as elements of superiority, I should be inclined, like Nietzsche, to give them the foremost place. But we can only take account of that morality which promotes the highest excellence of society—not of Christian, intuitionist, idealist, utilitarian, or political-economist morality.

In the objectionable sentence at the end of paragraph 5, I really referred to much the same “inferior class” as Dr. Wallace himself refers to, when he says that, as the result of the system he propounds, “those who are inferior in body or in mind would not find wives, and would leave no offspring.” Why should he have assumed that I put some “extreme definition” on the expression, and that I meant to imply that the “working-classes” or the “criminal classes” were exclusively compared of inferior individuals? Those who want further information about the evils against which I protest will find it in Mr. Arnold White’s “Problems of a Great City.” Mrs. Lynn Linton’s admirable book, “The True History of Joshua Davidson,” may also be recommended as an interesting reductio ad absurdum of Christian Ethics.

It is surely impossible that such good results should flow from equality of opportunity, as from opportunity in proportion to merit; the merit of individuals and families being measured by their inclination and ability to promote the excellence of society. When we bear in mind the fact that a great many people naturally prefer a course which is antagonistic to social well-being, it is surely obvious that equality of opportunity would only confer on such individuals additional facilities to do evil.

The discussion of Spencer’s law of population was probably introduced under a mistaken notion of Nietzsche’s teaching; so perhaps we need not criticise it at present.

—THOMAS COMMON.
THE PEOPLE'S UNIVERSITY.

The People must educate themselves or be forever ignorant,
The People must save themselves or be forever damned.

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FLASHES OF LIGHTNING FROM NIETZSCHE.

(Quotations from The Genealogy of Morals (G.), from Dr. Havelock Ellis's Affirmations (A.), etc.)

Nietzsche is the Pascal of Paganism.—(A.)

Our old morality is a piece of comedy.—(G.)

Help thyself: then every one else helps thee. Principle of brotherly love.

In order that a sanctuary may be erected, a sanctuary must be broken down.—(G.)

To rear an animal which may promise—is not this the true problem of man?—(G.)

The sickly are the great danger of man: not the evil, not the "beasts of prey."—(G.)

Not through wrath but through laughter one slayeth. Arise! let us slay the spirit of gravity.—Zarathustra.

We modern men are the heirs of millenniums of conscience-vivisection and animal self-torture.—(G.)

With its contempt for the body Christianity was the greatest misfortune that ever befell humanity.

We have never sought for ourselves—how, then, could it happen, that some day we should find ourselves?—(G.)

The most malignant conspiracy is the conspiracy of the sufferers against the well-constituted.—(G.)

Whosoever will be free, must make himself free: freedom is no fairy's gift to fall into any man's lap.

The happy alone are the pledges of the future; they alone lie under an obligation for the future of man.—(G.)

Nietzsche regards Schopenhauer as the leader from Kant's caves of critical scepticism to the open sky with its consoling stars.—(A.)

"Rome against Judea, Judea against Rome."—So far no greater event has occurred than this struggle, this deadly aimless antithesis.—(G.)

We must sacrifice all desirability to truth, to each truth, even simple, bitter, ugly repulsive, unchristian, immoral truth. . . . For there are such truths.—(A.)

In attacking the excessive tendency to sympathy which he seemed to see around him, Nietzsche was hygienically defending himself from his own excessive sympathy.—(A.)

The philosopher avoids three showy and noisy things—glory, princes and women; whereby it is not meant to be said, however, that they should not come to him.—(G.)

The theatre and music are the haschisch and betel of Europeans, and the history of the so-called higher culture is largely the history of narcotics.—The Joyful Science.

He could not take up the Imitation of Christ—the very word "imitation" being, as indeed Michelet had said before, the whole of Christianity—without physical repugnance.—(A.)

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.—(G.)

There could not possibly have been a greater or more calamitous misunderstanding, than when the happy, the well-constituted, the powerful in body and soul, began to be doubtful about their right to happiness.—(G.)

Christianity [according to Nietzsche] was born of the decay of antiquity, and on the degenerate people of that time, it worked like a soothing balm; their eyes and ears were sealed by age and they could no longer understand Epicurus and Epicetetus.—(A.)

Nietzsche names six French writers—Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenargues, Chamfort—who bring us nearer to Greek antiquity than any other group of modern authors, and contain more real thought than all the books of the German philosophers put together.—(A.)

Verily it will one day be my death that I chose with laughter, when seeing asses drunken and hearing night watchmen thus doubt God. For all the old Gods came to an end long ago. And verily it was a good and joyful end of the Gods. They laughed themselves unto death.—Zarathustra.

These views might be regarded as "lax" as predisposing to easy self-indulgence. Nietzsche would have smiled at such a notion. Not yielding but mastering, was the key to his personal morality. "Every day is badly spent," Nietzsche said, "in which a man has not once denied himself; this gymnasia is inevitable if a man will retain the joy of being his own master," The four cardinal virtues, as Nietzsche understood morals, are sincerity, courage, generosity and courtesy.—(A.)

Every animal, and hence also La Bête Philosophie, instinctively strives for an optimum of favourable conditions under which it is free to discharge fully its power and attains 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 would obstruct his 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).—(G.).

Modern morality, Nietzsche said, is founded on an extravagant dread of pain—in ourselves primarily, secondarily in others. Sympathy is fellow-suffering; to love one’s neighbour as oneself is to dread his pain as we dread our own pain. The religion of love is built upon the fear of pain. . . Both the sympathetic man and the unsympathetic man, Nietzsche argues, are egoists. But the unsympathetic man is held to be a more admirable kind of egoist. It is best to win the strength that comes of experience and suffering—and to allow others also to play their own cards and win the same strength—shedding our tears in private and abhorring soft-heartedness as the foe of all manhood and courage. To call the unsympathetic man "wicked" and the sympathetic man "good" seemed to Nietzsche a fashion in morals, a fashion which will have its day. He believed he was the first to point out the danger of the prevailing fashion as a sort of moral impressionism, the outcome of hyperesthesia peculiar to periods of decadence. Not indeed that Christianity is, or could be, carried out among us to its fullest extent—that indeed would be a serious matter. If we were ever to become the object to others of the same stupidities and importunities which they expend on themselves, we should flee wildly as soon as we saw our "neighbour" approach and curse sympathy as heaysy and narrow curse egoism. One's deepest and most personal griefs, Nietzsche remarks elsewhere, remain unrevealed and incomprehensible to nearly all other persons, even to the "neighbour" who eats out of the same dish with us. And even though my grief should become visible, the dear sympathetic neighbour can know nothing of its complexity and results, of the organic economy of my soul. That my grief may be bound up with my happiness troubles him little. The devotee of the "religion of pity" will heal my sorrows without a moment's delay; he knows not that the way to my heaven must lie through my own hell, that happiness and unhappiness are twin sisters who grow up together or remain stunted together.—(A.).

HARD SAYINGS ABOUT THE SOFT SEX.

A woman forgives everything, but the fact that you do not covet her.—A. de Musset.

Cleopatra is a thorough woman; she loves and deceives at the same time.—Heine.

A woman with whom one discusses love is always in expectation of something.—Poincelot.

There is no torture that a woman would not endure to enhance her beauty.—Montaigne.

Women, cats and birds are the creatures that waste the most time on their toilets.—Ch. Nitdor.

A man must be a fool, who does not succeed in making a woman believe that which flatters her.—Balzac.

A woman is necessarily an evil and he is a lucky man who catches her in a mild form.—Menander.

The music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering battle.—Heine.

I do not mean to say that women have no character. Not at all; for they have a new one every day.—Heine.

Mohammed excluded woman from Paradise. Did he suppose that Paradise would no longer be Paradise if every man were again to meet his wife there?—Heine.

If one wishes to get an idea of the amount of self-love which women possess in their youth, let him judge of it by the amount which remains to them after they are past the age of pleasing.—Chamfort.

Have you ever known a woman who seeing a male friend conversing with another woman would suppose that she was an unsympathetic companion? You see by this the opinion they have of each other. Draw your own conclusions.—Chamfort.

Love, said Epicurus, never benefitted any one; nay, it is much if it did no harm. In his opinion it was a sort of fever destructive to the body; in fine, a short epilepsy. He looked upon it as a shortener of the days of the most vigorous; and judged that the goat, the weakness of the eyes, the trembling of the nerves, were all caused by the commerce with women. His advice was to eat moderately, use much exercise, and to have nothing to do with women.

[To be cont.]
EGOISM AS TAUGHT BY MONTAIGNE.

Selected by Herbert A. Cox.

A wise man never loses anything if he have himself.
You and a companion are theatre enough to one another, or you to yourself.
The greatest thing in the world is for a man to know that he is his own.
You are no more to concern yourself how the world talks of you, but how you are to
talk to yourself.
We must break the knot of our obligations, how strong soever, and hereafter love
this or that, but espouse nothing but ourselves.
"We ought to hold with all our force, both of hands and teeth the use of the
pleasures of life that one after another our years snatch away from us.

Myself am the matter of my book; there's no reason thou should'st employ thy
leisure about so frivolous and vain a subject. Therefore, farewell.—From the Preface
to his Essays.

To speak less of one's self than what one really is, is folly, not modesty; and to take
that for current pay which is under a man's value is pusillanimit and cowardice.

Retire yourself into yourself, but first prepare yourself there to receive yourself; it
were folly to trust yourself in your own hands if you cannot govern yourself.

We have lived long enough for others; let us, at least, live out the small
remnant of life for ourselves; let us now call in our thoughts and intentions to
ourselves.

It is a wretched and dangerous thing to depend upon others; we ourselves, in whom
is ever the most just and safest dependence, are not sufficiently sure. I have nothing
mine but myself.

It is not enough to get remote from the public; 'tis not enough to shift the soil only;
a man must flee from the popular conditions that have taken possession of his soul, he
must sequester and come again to himself.

Let us so order it that our content may depend wholly upon ourselves; let us dis-
solve all obligations that ally us to others; let us obtain this from ourselves, that we
may live alone in good earnest and live at our ease too.

I am of opinion that a man must be very cautious how he values himself and equally
conscientious to give a true report, be it better or worse, impartially. If I thought
myself perfectly good and wise I would rattle it out to some purpose.

My trade and art is to live; he that forbids me to speak according to my own sense,
experience and practice, may as well enjoin an architect not to speak of building according
to his own knowledge, but according to that of his neighbour; according to the knowledge
of another and not according to his own.

Our own death does not sufficiently terrify and trouble us; let us, moreover, charge
ourselves with those of our wives, children and family: our own affairs do not afford us
anxiety enough; let us undertake those of our neighbours and friends, still more to break
our brains and torment us. [Let us be altruists.]

As for the fine saying with which ambition and avarice palliate their vices, that we
are not born for ourselves but for the public, let us boldly appeal to those who are in
public affairs; let them lay their hands upon their hearts and then say whether, on the
contrary, they do not rather aspire to titles and offices and that tumult of the world to
make their private advantage at the public expense.

The laws keep up their credit, not by being just, but because they are laws; 'tis the
mystic foundation of their authority; they have no other, and it well answers their pur-
pose. They are often made by fools, still oftener by men who, out of hatred to equality
fail in equity; but always by men, vain and irresolute authors. There is nothing so
much, nor so grossly, nor so ordinarily faulty, as the laws. Whoever obeys them be-
cause they are just, does not justly obey them as he ought.

In our ordinary actions there is not one of a thousand that concern ourselves. He
that thou seest scrambling up the ruins of that wall, furious and transported, against
whom so many shots are levelled; and that other all over scars, pale and fainting with
hunger, and yet resolved rather to die than to open the gates to him; dost thou think
that these men are there upon their own account? No; peradventure in the behalf of
one whom they never saw and who never concerns himself for their pains and danger,
but lies wallowing the while in sloth and pleasure.