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Union of Egoists

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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 Emersonian Philosophy and Sociology.

'The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre.'

No. 12.

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Acknowledgment is made of indebtedness to both Commen's and Tille's translations of "Thus Spake Zarathustra."

THE WIT, WISDOM AND WICKEDNESS OF 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.—*Nietzsche*.

Nietzsche's Zarathustra is a solitary man, he has no relations, not even a sister. But like Buddha, Christ and the historical Zarathustra he has a few disciples.....His only permanent companions are two animals, an eagle and a serpent. He is neither an historical nor a mythical person but a 'ghost' as Nietzsche would have called him, a type existing nowhere, and yet the incorporation of wishes and aspirations, an ideal reflected in a human image; a man as man should be in Nietzsche's opinion, and as he would have liked to be himself. He has his creator's love for loneliness and wild rocky mountains; his love for the sea and its wonders; his love for a simple life almost in poverty; like him he is an eager wanderer; he has his extreme individualism. The sphere of the story is a province of boundless individualism, in which a man of mark has free play, unfettered by the tastes and inclinations of the multitude.

If it was the last goal of medieval ethical speculation to find the way to heaven by fulfilling the commandments of God, another goal was, after the 16th century, set up—the goal of so-called eudæmonistic utilitarianism. It was to be reached by furtherance of the happiness of one's fellow-men. But before it was in this century called by Bentham the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, or the maximisation of happiness, it had, in German philosophy and literature been superseded by another goal which is usually called the goal of Perfectionism. Under the influence of Greek antiquity it had become the aim of the educated man to work out his own perfection in every respect. Leibnitz is the most important representative of this school, which in the course of the 18th century borrowed a whole phraseology from the world of art. Goethe coined the new word *Bildung* which later on became identical partly with culture and partly with education. He is probably the most pronounced perfectionist who has ever lived. Early in his youth he called his Faust a Beyond-man. And yet in *Wilhelm Meister* he stands at the threshold of a new phase in the evolution of individual perfectionism, of the phase of racial perfectionism. This phase was opened by Prince Puckler-Muskau who was the first to lay before his contemporaries the idea of leading the human race to higher perfection by means of artificial selection, after the model of the breeder of animals and the father of Frederick the Great, who is said to have married by preference his tallest grenadiers to tall ladies in order to beget a still taller off-spring. It was only after Darwin had in his *Origin of Species* of 1859 placed the whole idea of evolution on a scientific basis that William Jordan could celebrate in his epos *Die Nibelunge* the higher bodily and intellectual development of the human race as

THE GREAT GOAL OF HUMANITY AND THE CENTRE OF ETHICAL OBLIGATIONS.

..... Only after Nietzsche (who follows Jordan closely in all details) had taken up the idea and made it almost the leading motive of his *Zarathustra*, did it impress itself upon large circles of the educated youth. And it is Nietzsche's undeniable merit to have led the new moral ideal to a complete victory, so that from his writings it spread rapidly over German lyrics and epic poetry.—*Alexander Tille in the Introduction to 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.'*

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ISSUED ON THE FIRST DAY OF EACH MONTH.

THE FREE SPIRIT: His Isolation and His Dangers.

This tree stands lonely on the mountains. And if it wanted to speak, there would be none could understand it—it has grown so high. It now waits and waits—what does it wait for? It waits perhaps for the first lightning. . . It is the same with man as with the tree.

O youth, thy eyes tell me all thy danger, better than thy words. Thou still *seekest* freedom. Thy seeking has worn thee out and made thee too wakeful. Thou wouldst be on the open height; thy soul thirsts for the stars. But thy bad impulses also thirst for freedom. He who is emancipated in spirit has still to purify himself. His eye has yet to become pure. Ah, I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they disparaged all high hopes. They then lived unabashed, gratifying temporary pleasures, and seldom laid out plans for more than a day. Once they thought of becoming heroes; men of pleasure they are now. A hero is a grief and a horror to them. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: cast not away the hero in thy soul! Maintain holy thy highest hope!

In the desert at all times the truthful have lived the free spirits, as the masters of the desert; but in towns live the well-fed famous wise men, the draught-beasts. What is hated by the folk as a wolf is by the dogs is the free spirit, the enemy of all fetters, the not-adorer he who liveth in the woods. . . Truthful—thus I call him who goeth into godless deserts and hath broken his revering heart. . . Sawest thou ever how captured criminals sleep? They sleep quietly; they enjoy their new security. Beware lest at last a narrow creed catch thee

When thus mounting the hill, under the midnight stars, Zarathustra thought of his many lonely wanderings from his youth and how many hills and mountain summits had been ascended by him. 'Whatever my fate may be,' he said unto his heart,—'a wandering and a mountain climbing will ever be part of it. In the end one experienceth nothing but one's self. . . Whoever is of my kin escapeth not such an hour which speaketh unto him "It is only now that thou goest the way of thy greatness! Summit and precipice are now contained in one."' Thus he comforted himself with hard little sayings; for his heart was sore as it had never been. The night was cold on that height, and clear and bright with stars. At last he said sadly, 'I am ready. My last loneliness hath begun.'

TRUE VIRTUE: Thirst for Danger and Courage for the Forbidden.

'They wish to be paid in addition.' Ye are angry at my teaching that there is no rewarder and paymaster. I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward. Ye must love your virtue as a mother doth her child; but did a mother ever wish to be paid for her love? What is virtue? It is not the agony under the whip, nor the putrefaction of your vices, nor the negation of nature, nor the spirit of dulness, nor the ticking of a faithful watch, nor a kind of gesture, nor police, nor the eye which sees only what is base in men. Verily, I have laughed many a time over the weaklings who thought themselves good because they had lame paws.

I would that ye might weary of saying 'That an action is good springeth from its being unselfish.' That *your* self be in your action as a mother is in the child, that ought to be *your* word of virtue. Your virtue is yourself, and not anything strange, a skin, a mantle. It is your dearest self, your virtue. When thou hast a virtue, and it is thy own virtue, thou dost not possess it in common with any one. Ye creators, ye higher men, one is pregnant only of one's own child. Where all your love is, with your child, there also is all *your* virtue; Your work, your will is *your* 'neighbour'—whom ye are commanded to love.

Zarathustra was a friend of all such as make distant voyages and like not to live without danger. A thing is within me, I call it courage. It hath hitherto slain every evil mood of mine. Have ye courage—I do *not* mean courage in the presence of witnesses, but the courage of hermits and eagles, on which not even a God looketh any more. Said one: 'Fear—that is man's hereditary and fundamental feeling. By fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue.' Zarathustra replied, '*Fear* is our exception. But courage and adventure, and the joy of what is uncertain, what hath never been dared—*courage*, methinks, is the whole prehistoric development of man. From the wildest, most courageous beasts man hath, by his envy and his preying, won all his virtues. *This* courage, at last become refined, spiritual, intellectual, this human courage with an eagle's wings and a serpent's wisdom is called to-day—'*Zarathustra!*' cried all who sat there. . . . 'If anything in me is virtue, it is that I have had no fear in the face of any prohibition.'

ATHEISM THE HOPE OF HUMANITY.

These teachers of submission! Like lice they creep wherever things are small and sick and scabbed. It is only my loathing that hindereth me from cracking them. . . . There are always many sickly ones among the poets and longers after God; they violently hate the knowing ones, and the latest of virtues, which is called candidness. . . . My ego taught me a

new pride, and I teach it to men ; no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of celestial things, but to carry it iree, a terrestrial head, which gives meaning to the earth ! ... The sick and perishing—they despised the body and the earth, and devised the heavenly world and the redeeming blood-drops. ... Hearken rather, my brethren, to the voice of the healthy frame ; it has a more candid and pure voice. ... The healthy frame, perfect and square-built, speaks more candidly and purely ; and it speaks of the meaning of the earth. ... I conjure you, *remain true to the earth*, and do not believe those who speak to you of supernatural hopes ! They are poisoners, whether they know it or not. ... They are despisers of life, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary ; let them begone !

Here are priests. Many of them have suffered too much. Nothing is more revengeful than their submissiveness. He whom they call Saviour put them in fetters. I could not believe in their saviour till they look more saved-like. The mind of these saviours consisted of voids, but into every void they had put their illusion, their stop-gap, which they called God. They taught that truth is proved by blood, but blood is the worst of all witnesses for truth. A sultry heart and a cold head, where these happen to meet, the blusterer ariseth, the 'Saviour.' Much greater saviours must arise if ye wish to find the way unto freedom.

Five words of old things I heard last night at the garden wall. They came from such old, dreary, dry night watchmen. 'For a father God taketh not care enough of his children. Human fathers do it better.' 'He is too old ! He no longer taketh care of his children at all'—thus answered the other night watchman. 'Hath he got children ? No one can prove he hath, if he doth not prove it himself ! I have wished for a long time he would prove it for once thoroughly.' 'Prove ? As though he had ever proved anything ! Proof is hard for him. He layeth much stress upon folk *believing* him.' 'Ay ! Ay ! Belief maketh him blessed, belief in him. This is the way of old folk ! Thus it will be with us too !' In such wise they spake unto each other, these two old night watchmen and shunners of the light, and afterwards drearily blew their horns. But my heart writhed with laughter and was like to break and knew not whither to go, and sank into the midriff. Verily, it will one day be my death that I choke with laughter when seeing asses drunken and hearing night watchmen thus doubt God. Hath the time not long sincepassed even for all such doubts ? Who may at this time awaken such old things which have fallen asleep and shunned the light ?

The Ass-Festival.

..... All of Zarathustra's guests were down on their knees adoring the ass. One of them sang this litany in praise of the adored and incense sprinkled ass : 'Amen ! Aud praise and honour and wisdom and thanks and glory and strength be given unto our God, from everlasting to everlasting.' But the ass cried Hee-haw. 'He carryeth our burden, he hath taken the form of a slave. His policy is not to speak. Thus he is rarely declared to be wrong. What hidden wisdom in his wearing long ears ? Hath he not created the world after his own image, *i.e.*, as stupid as possible.' Rebuked by Zarathustra one of the guests said, 'In this shape God seemeth unto me to be most credible. God is said to be eternal according to the testimony of the most pious. He who hath much time taketh his time. As slow and as stupid as possible.'

The Praise of Laughter—Its Holiness and its Wickedness.

I myself have proclaimed my laughter holy. No other one have I found to-day strong enough for that.

Unlearn, I pray, all the horn-blowing of affliction, and all mob-sadness [Wagnerism] ! Oh, how sad seem unto me the mob's buffoons ! But to day is of the mob.

New stars I made them see, and new nights ; and over clouds and day and night I spread out laughter like a many-colored tent.

He who wanteth to kill most thoroughly, *laugheth*. 'Not through wrath, but through laughter one slayeth,' thus saidst thou once. O Zarathustra, thou hidden one, thou destroyer without wrath, thou dangerous saint, thou art a villain !

Be that day reckoned lost on which we did not dance once ! And be every truth called false with which no laughter was connected !

My wickedness is a laughing wickedness. In laughter there is gathered all that is wicked, but proclaimed holy and free through its own bliss.

Since ye have become gay again ye have begun to blossom.

What hath hitherto been the greatest sin on earth ? Was it the word of him who said 'Woe unto those who laugh here ?' Did he himself find no reasons for laughing on earth ? If so, he sought but ill. He did not love enough, otherwise he would have loved us also, the laughers !

The higher its rank is the seldomer doth a thing succeed. Ye higher men, are ye not all failures ? Be of good cheer ! What matter ? How many things are still possible ! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh. Learn to laugh at each other as one must laugh. All good things laugh. Learn to laugh beyond yourselves. This crown of the laughter, this crown of rose-wreaths—unto you, my brethren, I throw this crown. The laughter I have proclaimed holy. Ye higher men, *learn* how to laugh.

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 told this story to his disciples, they asked : 'And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of thy tale ?' Zarathustra answered thus : The good and just call me the destroyer of morality ; my tale is immoral. When you have an enemy, 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. 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. 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 !

The Good must be Pharisees. The 'good' lie in all innocence. How could they be just to me ? Whoever liveth among the good, is taught to lie by pity. Pity maketh the air damp unto all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable. Oh, these good ! Good men never speak the truth. To be good that way is a sickness for the mind. They yield, they submit themselves, their heart saith what is said unto it. But whoever obeyeth *doth not hear himself.* Beside the bold conscience hitherto all *knowledge* hath grown.

With whom is the greatest danger for the whole human future ? Is it not with the good and just ? Because they are those who speak and feel in their heart : 'We know already what is good and just : alas, for those who still seek for it !' Once upon a time a man looked into the heart of the good and just and said : 'They are the Pharisees.' But he was not understood. But this is the truth : the good *must* be Pharisees. They have no choice ! The good *must* crucify him who inventeth his own virtue ! They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables ; they sacrifice *unto themselves* the future ; they crucify the whole human future ! The good have always been the beginning of the end. *Break, break the tables of the good and just !*

OUR ENEMIES : The State, The Church and 'Nobility.'

The coldest of all cold monsters is called the state ; this lie issues from its mouth : 'I, the state, am the people.' They are destroyers who lay snares for the multitude, and call it the state ; they establish among the people a sword and a hundred hankerings. Whatever it speaks is falsehood, and whatever it possesses it has stolen. Everything is counterfeit in it. The biting monster—it bites with stolen teeth. Its very bowels are counterfeit. 'There is nothing on earth greater than myself ; I am the regulating finger of God' roars the monster. And not the long-eared and short-sighted only bow the knee before it ! Yea, it finds you out, ye conquerors of the old God ! Ye became weary of the combat, and now your weakness is in the service of the new idol ! It will give *you* everything if *ye* worship it, the new idol ! I call it the state where the slow suicide of all is called 'life.' Look at these superfluous ones ! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise ; they call their theft culture—and everything becomes sickness and trouble to them ! They are always sick ; they vomit their gall and call it newspapers. They devour one another, but cannot even digest what they devour. They amass wealth and become poorer thereby. They want power, and first of all the lever of power, much money—these incapables. See how they climb, these nimble apes ! They climb over each other, and thus trample themselves into the mire and the depth. Pray, go out of the way of the bad odour ! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices. The earth still remains open for great souls. There are still many empty sites for lone-dwellers and dual-dwellers, around which blows the odour of tranquil seas. A free life still remains open for great souls. Verily, he who possesses little is so much the less possessed ; let moderate poverty be praised ! Where the state ceases—it is there only that the man commences who is not superfluous ; there the song of him who is necessary commences, the once-performed, irreplaceable melody. Where the state *ceases*—pray, look my brethren ! Do ye not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the overman ?

The church is a kind of state—the most deceitful kind. The state is a hypocritical dog that liketh to speak with smoke and roaring. It wisheth to be absolutely the most important

animal on earth, and it is believed to be so. ... I love to sit rejoicing where old Gods lie buried, blessing the world, loving the world, beside the monuments of old calumniators of the world. For even churches and graves of Gods I love, when once the sky gazeth with its pure eye through their broken ceilings. I love to sit on broken churches, like the grass and red poppy.

I would rather dwell among hermits and goat-herds than with the mob, gilded over, false, with painted cheeks, although it call itself 'good society' and 'nobility.' There all is false and rotten, above all the blood, owing unto old evil diseases and still worse physicians. He who is best for me and dearest unto me to-day is a healthy peasant, coarse, artful, hard-necked, enduring. That is to-day the noblest tribe. And the peasant's tribe should dominate. ... There is no harder lot in all human fate than when the powerful of the earth are not at the same time the first men. There everything becometh false and warped and monstrous. ... What loathing have I for our richest ones—those convicts guilty of riches, who collect their profit out of all rubbish heaps, with cool eyes and voluptuous thoughts—of that gilded-over mob, whose fathers were thieves or birds of carrion. ... Alas, for this great city ! Would I could see now the pillar of fire by which it will be burnt. For such pillars of fire will have to precede the great noon.

MARRIAGE, WOMAN AND CHASTITY.

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 the 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 do well to become an angel. 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. 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 ; ail else is folly. Too sweet fruits—the warrior does not like. He therefore likes woman ; even the sweetest woman is bitter. 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. Much hidden kindness and power is never found out ; the most precious dainties find no tasters ! Women, the most precious of them know that : a little fatter, a little leaner—oh, how much fate lieth in so little ! .. Adultery is better than a lying marriage. A woman said : ' I brake marriage but first marriage brake me.' Ill-coupled ones I found the most revengeful. They take revenge on the whole world because they no longer walk about singly. It is better to say, ' Give us a term and a small marriage that we may see whether we are fit for the great marriage.' Marriage : thus I call the will of two to create that one which is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another in those exercising such a will I call marriage.

I love the forest. It is hateful to live in cities ; there are too many of the lustful there. Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer, than into the dreams of a lustful woman ? And look, I pray you, at these men : their eye indicates it—they know nothing better on earth than to lie with a woman. Filth is at the bottom of their soul ; and alas, if their filth has spirit in it ! Would that ye were complete—at least like the animals. But innocence belongs to animals. Do I counsel you to kill your inclinations ? I counsel you to be innocent in your inclinations. Do I counsel you to be chaste ? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many it is almost a vice. He to whom chastity is difficult, is to be persuaded therefrom, lest it become the road to hell—that is, to filth and lust of soul. Verily, there are those who are naturally chaste ; they are gentler of heart and laugh more readily and more frequently than you. Ye sentimental dissemblers, ye lascivious ! Ye lack innocence in desire, and therefore ye backbite desire. Where is innocence ? Where will unto procreation is. And he who would create beyond himself hath in mine eyes the purest will.



FLASHES OF LIGHTNING.

All unuttered truths become poisonous.

To deny life, that is the only deadly sin.

I do not give alms. I am not poor enough for that.

Wounded I am by my happiness. All sufferers shall be my physicians.

By one's own pain one's own knowledge increaseth.

'I love the great despisers, because they are the great venerators.'

Is not wounded conceit the mother of all tragedies?

The time is past when accidents could happen unto me.

We do not speak unto each other because we know too many things.

The hero must learn to sever himself from his cause when it celebrates its triumph.

Many times have I taken leave; I know the heart-breaking last hours.

One day, one festival with Zarathustra taught me to love the earth.

Even to keep mine own opinions is too much for me and many a bird flieth off.

Human society is an attempt—a long seeking; *not* a 'contract.'

Mournfully I went of late through a corpse-coloured dawn,—mournfully and hard with my lips pressed down. Not only one sun had gone down for me.

All life is a struggle about taste and tasting. Taste—that is at the same time weight and balance and the weighing one.

If a friend doeth wrong unto thee, say: 'I forgive thee what thou didst unto me, but that thou didst so unto thyself, how could I forgive that?'

Beggars should be abolished utterly! Verily, we are angry when giving them anything and are angry when not giving.

Do not disparage thyself, O dying rope-dancer! Thou hast made danger thy calling—there is nothing dishonourable in that.

'He who writes in his own blood and in apophthegms does not want to be read, but learnt by heart.'

Happiness runneth after me. That resulteth from my not running after happiness. Happiness is a woman.

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.

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.'

Are not words and tunes rainbows and seeming bridges between things eternally separated?

They cast filth at thee, but if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine for them none the less on that account!

Shame, shame, shame; that is the whole history of man: That is why the noble one maketh it his law never to make anybody ashamed.

When ye had not yet sought yourselves ye found me. Thus do all faithful ones; hence all belief is worth so little. Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves.

Nothing more agreeable groweth on earth than a high, strong will. It is the most beautiful product of the earth. A whole landscape is refreshed by one tree like that.

All wells are poisoned for him out of whom the soured stomach speaketh, the father of affliction.

Pity—that is called virtue to day by all petty folk. They feel no reverence for great misfortune, for great ugliness, for great failure.

Thou shalt strive after the virtue of the pillar. It *ever* gets more beautiful and tender, but inside ever harder and more able to bear the load, the higher it ariseth.

He loveth his enemies. This art he knoweth best of all whom I have seen. But he taketh revenge for that on his friends. The man of perception must be able not only to love his enemies but to hate his friends.

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.

To sit on high masts of perception seemed unto me no small bliss,—to flicker on high masts like small flames—although a small light, yet a great comfort for sailors driven out of their course and for ship-wrecked folk!

When perspiring we are told: 'Yea, life is hard to bear!' But man himself only is hard to bear! The reason is that he carryeth too many things on his shoulders. Like the camel he kneeleth down and alloweth the heavy load to be put on his back.

Man has ever been happiest when gazing at tragedies, bull-fights and crucifixions. And when he invented hell, lo, hell was his heaven upon earth. When the great man crieth, swiftly the small man runneth thither.

I spare all the conceited, because they are physicians of my melancholy. Who could measure the modesty of the conceited one? From you he wisheth to learn his belief in himself; he eateth praise off your hands, he even believeth your lies when ye lie well about him.

One must learn how to love one's self with a whole and healthy love that one may find life with one's self endurable 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.

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 have learned to live and love the earth—and laughter also! Believe it, my brethren! He died too early; he himself would have disavowed his doctrine, if he had attained my age! He was noble enough to disavow! *The Esoteric Doctrine.*—I am a law only for those who are mine, I am not a law for all. But whoever belongeth unto me must be of strong bones and of light feet,—gay for warfare and festivals, no obdurantist, no dreamer, one ready for what is hardest,—healthy and whole. 'Man must become better and more evil'—thus I teach. What is evil is man's best power. But such things are not said for long ears. Will nothing beyond your capacity. There is an evil falsehood in such as will beyond their capacity. In particular if they will great things, for thus they cause mistrust towards great things.

The Eternal Conflict—Heart versus Head.—Like me, ye are made for faithfulness and for tender eternities. Best of all would I like to set every sad one on firm land and on firm legs. In sparing and pity lay always my greatest danger. And all human kind wisheth to be spared and endured. To will not to help may be nobler than that virtue which readily giveth assistance. Not your pity but your bravery saves those who meet with an accident. Where in the world have greater follies happened than with the pitiful? And what have done more harm than the follies of the pitiful? Woe unto all loving ones who do not possess an elevation above their pity! Keep fast the heart. If one letteth it go, how soon the head runneth away. [The heart of the wise man must be in his head.]

A Hint to Incubates.—Noble souls wish not to have anything for nothing, least of all life. We ever wonder what we shall give best in return for life. Many die too late, and some die too early. I say, die at the right time. He who never lives at the right time, how can he ever die at the right time? Would that he had never been born! I praise my death to you, voluntary death, which comes to me because I want it. In many persons life is a failure. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success. 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.

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THE STILLEST WORDS BRING THE STORM.

Everything to-day doth cackle, but who will sit still on the nest and hatch eggs?

I have lost my belief in 'great events,' whenever much shouting and smoke are round them. The greatest events are not our loudest but our stillest hours. The world doth not revolve around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values; *inaudibly it turneth*. Impatient they must be, the big noise-drums, who find language to-day or never. 'If I wished to shake this tree with my hands, I could not do so. But the wind, which we do not see, agitates and bends it as it listeth. We are bent and agitated most severely by invisible hands.' . . . The dew falleth upon the grass when the night is most silent. The stillest words bring the storm. Thoughts which come on doves' feet rule the world.

In the world, even the best things are worthless, until someone exhibits them; the people call these exhibitors great men. Little do the people understand the great affair—the creating agency. But they have a taste for all exhibitors and actors on a grand scale. The world revolves around the devisors of new values—invisibly it revolves. But the people and popularity revolve around the play actors: such is the course of things. The market-place is full of ceremonious buffoons—and the people glory in their great men! These are the masters of the hour with the people. All that is great takes place apart from the market-place and popularity; the devisors of new values have always lived apart from the market-place and popularity. Flee, my friend, into thy solitude! I see thee stung all over by the poisonous flies. Flee to the place where strong, inclement wind blows!

THE IDEAL LIFE.

Verily, I divine your nature, my disciples. Ye strive, like me, for the bestowing virtue. 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 unto 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. 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. When ye despise the pleasant gratification and the soft bed, and when ye couch far enough from the effeminate; there is the origin of your virtue.

Whoever is of the mob will live for nothing. But we are ever wondering what we shall give best in return for life. One shall not wish to enjoy one's self where one doth not give enjoyment. The most repugnant beast of a man I have found I have baptised parasite. It would not love and yet would live by love.

THE IDEAL DEATH.

(*Nietzsche's Prevision of His Tragic End.*)

Loving and perishing—these words have rhymed for eternities.

Thus I would die myself, that ye friends for my sake may love the earth more than before. Unto my children I shall make amends for being the child of my fathers; and unto all the future shall I make amends for this present!

Whoever is a firstling is a sacrifice. . . . What matter about thyself, Zarathustra! Say thy word and break into pieces! . . . My woe and my pity, what matter! Do I seek for *happiness*? I seek for my *work*. For the sake of his children Zarathustra must complete himself. From the bottom one loveth nothing but one's child and one's work. For their sakes I must now complete myself. Therefore I now avoid my happiness and offer myself unto all misfortune.

Thou my will! Save me from all small victories, save and spare me for one great victory. That one day I may be ready and ripe and like a cloud pregnant with lightning, like an arrow eager for its star, like the sun itself, with the inexorable will of the sun! . . . Once more will I go unto men, among them will I perish, dying will I give them my richest gift! I learned that from the sun when he goeth down, the over-rich one. He poureth gold into the sea out of his inexhaustible wealth so that the poorest fisherman roweth with a golden oar! For this I saw once, and gazing upon it wearied not of tears. . . . I have spoken my word; I break from my word. As a proclaimer I perish. The hour hath come now, when the perishing one blesseth himself. Thus endeth Zarathustra's destruction.