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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 for Free Spirits and for Spirits struggling to be Free.

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

Vol 2. No. 3.

JAN.—FEB.—MARCH, 1901.

PRICE 3d.

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY! ILLUSTRIOUS EMANCIPATORS OF HUMANITY!

[JANUARY]

Epicurus Moliere Helvetius Proudhon
COMTE BACON BEYLE PAINE FRANKLIN LESSING BURNS
BYRON LANDOR JOAN OF ARC ETHAN ALLEN (*The Devil's Disciple*)
NEY COPERNICUS MOZART.

[FEBRUARY]

Montaigne Schopenhauer Fontenelle
GALILEO DARWIN WASHINGTON LINCOLN BENTHAM
VOLNEY HANDEL ROSSINI HEINZEN.

[MARCH]

Cyrano Mirabeau Bruno Ibsen
HUXLEY BUCHNER GODWIN DESMOULINS TASSO JUVENAL
MICHELANGELO.

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— o —
NEXT ISSUE READY MAY FIRST.

[EXTRACTS FROM NIETZSCHE'S POEMS.

Translated by John Gray (Unwin's Edition).

JOYFUL SCIENCE

This is no book : what profit books ?
 Grave-clothes and crypts and coffin-nooks ?
 The past is books' accustomed prey ;
 Herein there lives eternal day !

TO FRIENDSHIP

Hail thou, Friendship !
 Earliest red of morning
 Of my highest longing !
 Endless often
 Seemed the path, the night, to me ;
 And all life
 Hateful, without aim !
 Now will I live doubly,
 That in thine eyes I have beheld
 Victory and dawn
 Thou dearest Goddess !

TO RICHARD WAGNER

Thou, unto whom all bonds are qualm,
 Unrestful spirit, bound and tied,
 Laden with triumph, fetter-anguished, [ed,
 Flayed, and more sick and sick had languish-
 Hast only poison drunk from every balm ;
 Till, wee ! to the cross thou also sankest,
 Thou also, also thou art vanquished ! [calm,
 Before this spectacle I stare, [gloom,
 Breathing confinement ; wrath and grief and
 Between the incense-clouds, the church per-
 Strange to me, full of dread and fear. [fume,
 Tossing my fool'scap gaily, I went dancing
 Through the bright air ! [home

THE HERMIT SPEAKS

Whose words will one day rise and crash
 Within him much doth shroud.
 And who will be the lightning flash
 Must long—remain a cloud.

THE SUN SINKS.

Day of my life !
 To eve it goes !
 Thine eye already
 Gleams half smothered
 Now streams from thy dew
 Gushing of tears,
 Runs silent over silver seas
 Purple of thy love,
 Thy ultimate, hesitating blessedness....
 All round only waves, mirth.
 What aye was sore
 Sank in a blue forgetfulness,
 Idle my boat lies now.
 Storm and Course—how it unlearned that !
 Hope and longing were drowned,
 Smooth lie the soul and the sea.
 Sabbath of loneliness !
 Never felt I
 Nearer me sweet security,
 Warmer the glance o' th' sun.
 —Gloweth not even my icy peak ?
 Silver, light, a fish,
 My skiff floats out and away,

VENICE.

Said a dame to me in the morning ray,
 All in her shyness shrunk :
 " Sobriety makes thy heart so gay,
 How gay must it be wert thou drunk ? "

DECISION

I will be wise, my own to nurse,
 And not another's mood.
 Praise God who made the universe
 As stupid as he could.
 And if, as crooked as I can,
 I take my selfish trend—
 'Twas ever thus the wise began,
 And thus fools ever end.
 All eternal founts of meaning
 Are, and have ever been.
 God's self—had he aye beginning ?
 God's self—doth he e'er begin ?

THE BEACON

Here, where between the seas the island grew,
 An altar stone towered sheer from earth,
 Here Zarathustra, under blackened heavens
 Ignited to himself a beacon fire,—
 Signal of fire for battered sailors, [tions....
 Signal of question for such as answer ques-
 The flame with white-grey belly thrusteth far
 —Into the cold its tongue of strong desire,
 To ever clearer heights it writhes its neck—
 A snake for its impatience stiffly reared :
 Such the sign I posted to mark my place.
 The battered sailors ! Dust of ancient stars !
 Ye seas of the future ! Unexpounded heavens !
 To all the lonely ones cast I now the angle :
 Make answer to th' impatience of the flame,
 Catch for me, fisher upon the mountains,
 My ultimate Sabbath of loneliness ! — —

THE TREE SPEAKS :

Too lonely have I grown, too high—
 I wait : and yet for what wait I ?
 Of the clouds, too near, I bear the yoke ;
 I wait upon the lightning stroke.

LAST COMMAND

To die,
 As once I saw him die—
 The friend, who lightnings and glances
 Into my darksome youth divinely flung :
 —Wilful and deep,
 In the strife a dancer,—
 Among warriors the gayest,
 Among victors the heaviest,
 On his own fate another fate assuming,
 Hard, reflective, prospective :—
 Shuddering *because* he conquered,
 Exulting for it, that he conquered *dying* :—
 Commanding, as he died,
 —That one *destroy* was his commanding....
 To die,
 As once I saw him die :
 Conquering, *destroying*....

RATIONALIST DELUSIONS AND DISILLUSIONMENTS.

THE VICTORY OF THE GOSPEL FOR THE WEAK AND THE UNFIT.

Thou, Hast Conquered, O Galilean!

"Something Contradicts Thee, Master Jesus? I Fear It Is Nature."

(Written Xmas Day, 1900.)

We invite contributions and quotations for this column.

I fear lest the world should become a great hospital consisting of sick folk and their attendants.—*Goethe*.

When in the last years of his life I asked him if he believed there was a moral government of the universe, he answered gravely and with a sort of pain "The scale was so vast and we saw such a little part of it."—W. D. HOWELLS on *Lowell*.

Never was there a race which suffered as the English-speaking race is now suffering from the fertility of the worst specimens of humanity. With each generation the vitality of the community is being reduced by its manner of life, and in order to enable it to continue the fight against the inevitable laws of nature all sorts of artificial aids have been invented. False teeth, spectacles, ear-trumpets, wigs—to say nothing of predigested foods—are a few of the contrivances with which we are trying to carry out the pernicious doctrine of the survival of the unfittest.—*Dr. Lawrence Irwell*.

Writing of "Health and Disease," the *Spectator* urges that the mere prolonging of life, which may show well in the death-rate of a community, is little or no gain, unless a high standard of sound health is also secured. *Spectator* says:

Our point is that the postponement of death is less important for the individual and for society than the promotion of health, and that the latter should be the prime object of medical science. What will it profit us if we gain a few more months or years of life when that life is thin, ghostly, stunted and almost useless? Death is no evil, but is an inevitable and beneficent device of Nature to keep the world alive; but lingering disease, which makes us creep and feel mean and miserable, is a very real evil. "Every man is a scoundrel when he is sick," said Dr. Johnson, and the insistence in ancient codes of laws on the relation between morals and health sprang from a profound insight into the proper conditions of human life.

According to Gibbon, Christianity owed its success to these five causes: the inflexible and intolerant zeal of the Christians—the doctrine of a future life—the miraculous powers ascribed to the early church—the virtues of the early Christians—the union and discipline of the Christian Republic. In other words we may say *The Lie was made Flesh*.

The indignation which the average rationalist feels over the triumph of the Galilean's gospel for cripples is by no means profound enough. "Its triumph was brought about by the ruin of the ancient civilization—the thousand years of its unquestioned supremacy are known as the Dark Ages—the revival of learning and the invention of printing was its death blow"—such judgments as these do not go deep enough. Our extract from Goethe *et al* helps to make clear Nietzsche's sublime utterance "the freethinking of Messrs. Strauss, etc., is to me but a joke," for it rejects the shell only of Christianity, while swallowing its kernel with Petrine simplicity. The Christianity which we are called upon to abjure is that astounding incarnation of unreason which for two thousand years has encouraged every variety of the unfit to propogate itself without stint. "Breed, breed, breed"—this is the gospel of Jesus and Paul and Luther, this is "the whole duty of man." Poverty, disease, and imbecility are no excuse: your duty is to breed—the Lord will not only feed you, but, if you are covered with loathsome and incurable abscesses, he will love you all the more (*vide Lazarus*). Breed then—so say these apostles of Lust—breed, O brother idiot, consumptive leper, sifilized wretch, for your souls too are immortal in the Heavenly Father's sight, and one of you is more to him than 99 healthy ones.

With such scandalous exhortations as these, can we wonder at the triumph of the Galilean—a triumph which everywhere insults our eyes, ears and nose? Behold, (or smell) this dear brother in Christ—(every five minutes' walk in London will bring one or more to you)—his nose eaten off, he emits such odours as would (why dwell on the disgusting theme),—and not even the Apostles of Comte's Religion of Humanity dare to tell this monument of Christ's victory that if he had the remotest idea of decency he would betake himself away. Can we wonder that deaths from suicide and diseases of the nervous system are, according to the *Hospital*, steadily on the increase—that our time surpasses all the past in its proportionate number of the physically and mentally unfit, who have bred, bred, bred with a vengeance.

I hear the bells on this Xmas day, and, *certainly*, this is what they say: We Christians do not seek to cure states of distress, by distress we live, by distress we have our being. (*Vide* Salvation Army.) Goethe's fearful dream is well-nigh fulfilled. I present you a new version, ye Apocalyptic dreamers—asylums in front of us, asylums behind us, hospitals at left of us, hospitals at right of us, volley and thunder, in a thousand pages of the press, this cheerful yule-tide, their demand for more money as thus:

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED FOR OUR ASYLUM FOR IMMORTAL IDIOTS.

SPARE ONE PENNY FOR OUR HOSPITAL FOR THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE UNFIT
AND THE EXTINCTION OF THE FIT.

IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE REQUIRED TO PREVENT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE UNFIT.

Everywhere we see the most irrational, indecent solicitude lest the weak and unfit specimens of humanity should become extinct.*

If we render help to the sick, let us do so with careful discrimination and let us repudiate forever the dangerous and morbid fallacy that a permanently sick state is the be-all and end-all of life—that the sick, rather than the well, are entitled to our chief consideration.

Behold I bring unto you new tidings of great joy, incurable cripples. It is this: ye shall pass away. Greater love ye can not show unto your brethren than that ye pass away. Two great things only are now left to you—a Great Death and a Great Epitaph. If yours be the Great Refusal, if you avoid the Great Death, you must still, a little later, pass away by a cowardly natural death, leaving, like Œdipus, “Nor dust, nor bones, nor grave, nor epitaph.”

The following words of Nietzsche conclude with fervid eloquence and impassioned earnestness our Xmas homily:

I do not suppress a sigh at this place. There are days when I am visited by a feeling blacker than the blackest melancholy—*contempt of man*. And that I may leave no doubt with regard to *what* I despise, whom I despise—it is the man of to-day, the man with whom I am fatally contemporaneous. The man of to-day—I suffocate from his impure breath. With respect to what is past, I am, like all who perceive, of a great tolerance, *i.e.*, a *generous* self-overcoming. With a gloomy circumspection, I go through the madhouse of entire millenniums (it may be called “Christianity,” “Christian faith,” “Christian Church”), I take care not to make mankind accountable for its insanities. But my feeling changes suddenly, and breaks out as soon as I enter the modern period, *our* period. Our age *knows*. ... What was formerly merely morbid, now has become unseemly—it is now unseemly to be a Christian.

* One of the most despicable, and, consequently, most popular modes of evading this cold truth is to say to its supporter “You’d be one of the first victims of your truth.”
“What has my cold and beautiful corpse got to do with the Truth, cold and beautiful?”

What matter, I or they?
Mine or another's day?

So the right word be said
And life the *stronger* made.

And here my loathing commences. I look around me : there is no longer a word left of what was formerly called "truth ;" we no longer endure it when a priest even takes the word "truth" into his mouth. Even with the most modest pretentions to uprightness, it *must* be known at present that a theologian, a priest, a pope, not only errs, but *lies*, with every sentence he speaks, that he is no longer at liberty to lie out of "innocence," out of "ignorance." Even the priest knows as well as anyone knows that there is no longer any "god," any "sinner," any "saviour ;" that "free-will" and a "moral order of the world" are *lies* : seriousness, the proud self-surmounting of intellect, no longer allows any one to be *ignorant* of these matters. ... The priest has been recognised as what he is, as the most dangerous species of parasite, as the actual poison-spider of life. ... The concepts, "the other world," "last judgment," "immortality of soul," "soul" itself—they are torture instruments, they are systems of cruelty in virtue of which the priest became master, remained master. ... Everybody knows that ; *and, nevertheless, everything remains in the old way.*

I condemn Christianity, I bring against the Christian Church the most terrible of all accusations that ever an accuser put into his mouth. It is to me the greatest of all imaginable corruptions ; it has had the will to the ultimate corruption that is at all possible. The Christian Church has left nothing untouched with its depravity, it has made a worthlessness out of every value, a lie out of every truth, a baseness of soul out of every straightforwardness. Let a person still dare to speak to me of its "humanitarian" blessings ! To *do away* with any state of distress was counter to its profoundest expediency, it lived by states of distress, it created states of distress in order to perpetuate *itself* eternally. ... "Humanitarian blessings" of Christianity ! To breed out of *Humanitas* a self-contradiction, a repugnance, an art of self-violation, a will to the lie at any price, a contempt for good and straightforward instincts ! Those are for me blessings of Christianity ! Parasitism as the *sole* praxis of the Church ; drinking out all blood, all love, all hope for life, with its anæmic ideal of holiness ; the other world as the will to the negation of every reality ; the cross as the rallying sign for the most subterranean conspiracy that has ever existed, against healthiness, beauty, well-constitutedness, courage, intellect, *benevolence* of soul, *against life itself.*

This eternal accusation of Christianity I shall write on all walls—wherever there are walls. I have letters for making even the blind see. ... I call Christianity the one great curse, the one great intrinsic depravity, the one great instinct for revenge for which no expedient is sufficiently poisonous—secret, subterranean, mean—I call it the one immortal blemish of mankind.

DEMOCRATIC DELUSIONS AND DISILLUSIONMENTS.

WAILS FROM DEMOCRACY'S DISGUSTED DEVOTEES.

Cold Truths About The Dear People.

Compiled by one who is Not a Candidate for Anything except the Approval of His Own Wicked Conscience.

[We invite contributions and quotations for this column.]

God and I make a majority (that's the Democracy we believe in—without the God).

You can fool nearly all of the people all of the time.—*Lincoln up-to-date.*

I thought that what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing.—*Ruskin.*

If the rabbit-bred clowns die off by the million it may help to wake up those left to realize "where they are at," viz., to be men and not things in the hands of their Stuffed Prophets. —*From a reformer who has spent hundreds of pounds in trying to educate the masses.*

I was once trying to persuade William Morris to come back into the movement. I thought his influence would be good, that his honesty and manly good humour would clear the air. But he shook his head and smoked his pipe for a while, and then said, "There are too many d—d fools—and others."—*Robert Blatchford in "Clarion."*

The prevailing jingo madness was never more strikingly or ludicrously illustrated than by those unfortunate creatures who were turned out of their insanitary slums into the streets of Bermondsey the other day. Their dwellings had been condemned as unfit for human habitation, but the miserable inhabitants, having no other shelter, clung to these hideous dens until literally thrown into the streets. Yet from almost every grimy casement of these fever-stricken, vermin-infested hovels fluttered a dingy calico flag to testify to the patriotic

joy and enthusiasm of the now evicted inhabitants at the defeat of those "d—d Boers and old Krooger" at the hands of "our soldiers." Truly, a most excruciatingly funny tragedy. Here were those poor devils, turned out of house and home, without shelter and without a friend in the world, rejoicing at the success, 7,000 miles away, of the very class to whom their own misery is due. And then "our betters" talk of the selfishness of the "lower orders!"—*London Justice*.

For further extracts see "Finding the Public Out," Vol. I, No. 7.—Democracy is damned beyond recovery—not less so than the existing aristocracy. Nietzsche truly says we must create a New Aristocracy out of the hardy peasant—free in mind and sound in body.



RECONNOITRING THE ENEMY.

"When the sun was at noon Zarathustra suddenly looked upwards wondering—for above himself he heard the sharp cry of a bird. And lo! an eagle swept through the air in wide circles, a serpent hanging from it not like a prey, but like a friend; coiling round its neck.

"They are mine animals," said Zarathustra, and rejoiced heartily. The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun have set out to reconnoitre. . . . More dangerous than among animals I found it among men. Let mine animals lead me!"

The Mother-Eagle is fiercest when gathering food for her little ones.

LINCOLN A BELIEVER IN SLAVERY.

I have always thought that all men should be free, but if any should be slaves, it should be first those who desire it for themselves, and secondly those who desire it for others.—*Lincoln to an Indiana regiment, March 17, 1865.*

HUGO'S APOSTACY.

Victor Hugo had gradually recognized that the "truths" he had sung in his youth were falsehoods; but if only to avoid spoiling his works, he regarded himself as obliged, in a certain measure, to compromise with the change that had come over his opinions. Hence the uncertainties and often contradictions in his latest volumes and in the closing years of his life.—*Rochefort*.

HUGO HASH.

Recipe for altruistic mince-pie and heavenly or Hugo Hash.—take 1000 of the phrases "disinterested devotion" (or "absolute unselfishness") or synonyms, equal parts of the "martyr's deathless joys," ditto invocations to Truth, Justice, Liberty or other poetic concepts, dissolve in holy water, boil till consistency is attained, don't be in a hurry—must boil on a very slow fire. Swift's machine for making poetry can also be used with advantage.

SUICIDES WANTED.

A Practical Proposal.—In common with others we feel that there are a good many people living who ought to pass on to their reward. We ask our readers to submit a list of 12 living men who ought to commit suicide—the editor has not the slightest personal objection to heading the list. The reader who submits the list nearest the average will receive this paper 100 years post free. Ad. Eagle-Serpent, 22A, Sirdar Road, Wood Green, London, N. Will *Discontent*, *Lucifer* and other journals please copy the foregoing?

THE BIRTH OF A NEW RELIGION.

If Count Cavour had lived to the present day, he would have realized his fondest wish he would have seen what he termed the grandest of all events—the birth of a "New Religion." The details of this sublime episode will be found in the national archives, i.e., its police records. The New Religion was born of a bitter egg experience, and it has but one article in its creed—a Divine Contempt for Public Opinion. Novitiates are accepted into the new faith on presentation of satisfactory credentials.

An Apostle-ship, or seventh stage of holiness, is attained only by the egg consecration.—a solemn ceremony in which the devotee exchanges the Absolute Essence of Truth for an absolutely rotten egg—one of the variety which ought to be exploded by lyddite at a distance of about 3 miles. The motto of the New Faith is

PER EGGSTRA AD ASSTRA.

Ordinary members admitted for £5—those desiring immortality must double the fee.

Kilkenny Column.

Wherever you see a head, for the love of God hit it.—*St. Patrick.*

JOHN HENRY MACKAY ON NIETZSCHE.

No one can admire more than I do Nietzsche's defiant courage, his proud contempt of all established authority, and the occasional power of his language; but to seek to compare this eternally-vacillating, repeatedly-self-contradicting and confused mind, which staggers in an almost helpless manner from truth to error, with the deep, clear, calm and superior genius of Stirner is an absurdity unworthy of serious refutation. It is just possible only in an age like ours, which seizes with eager haste everything presenting itself to its hazy hankering for the future. I have observed most Nietzsche enthusiasts speak of Stirner with a sort of cool and extremely comical superiority; they feel themselves unsafe near this giant and are afraid of his stern logic. With Nietzsche they can do with less thinking; they lull themselves to sleep with his language, while the true Nietzsche remains for the most part unknown to them. But it gratifies dwarfs to play with pinchbeck crowns. Let them play on. The fever of the Nietzsche sickness is already lessening. One day even the "overman" will have been shattered by the uniqueness of the Ego.

THOMAS COMMON ON STIRNER.

My opinion of Stirner is that he carries out false principles, such as are embodied in the American Declaration of Independence, to their logical conclusion—namely, the abolition of all government. A most absurd conclusion certainly, but when people start with such falsehoods as "all men are created equal and are endowed with inalienable rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," they are bound to reach absurd conclusions. "That all men are created equal." I hold this "truth" to be a self-evident absurdity. Black babies are always equal to white babies! Deformed babies are always equal to well-formed, healthy babies! And all babies are equal to the Siamese Twins when they were babies!

[Our view of Stirner *contra* Nietzsche is given in Vol. 1, No. 7. Each is indispensable to the Free-Spirit, or to the Spirit struggling to be free.—ED.]

For Future Reference.

IN reply to our query whether he was correctly reported as saying that it was a disgrace that Nietzsche had been permitted to found a school and that his books should be burnt Dr. Nordau writes:

Dear Sir—The exact words summing up my chapter on the poor madman Nietzsche are as follows ("Degeneration," page 472):

"It still ever remains a disgrace to the German intellectual life of the present age that in Germany a pronounced maniac should have been regarded as a philosopher and have founded a school."

So you see there is not a word of "permission," or of "burning" of books or anything else. The passage reads clear enough for anyone who is not an intentional forger of spurious texts. It is a shame that anyone in his senses should have taken the incoherent outbursts of a poor lunatic seriously and considered his wild drivel as "philosophy." That is what I said and what I meant. And of this, of course, I maintain more than ever each word.
—Yours sincerely, D. M. NORDAU.

Humanity says: The death of Nietzsche, the great apostle of the doctrine of "might is right" and the scorner of Compassion, recalls to mind some powerful stanzas in Robert Buchanan's "New Rome," which have reference to Nietzsche's insanity:—

"Jupiter's gutter-snipe! A shrill-tongued thing
Running beside the blood-stain'd chariot wheels,
Crying, 'Hosannah to the pitiless King,
The ravening Strength that neither spares nor feels!'
"A slave that glorified the yoke and goad,
Cast mud into the well of human tears,
Gibed at the Weak who perish on the road,
Slain by the Law which neither heeds nor hears!"

"Poor gutter-snipe! Answer'd with his own prayer,
Back to primeval darkness he has gone:
Only one living soul can help him there,
The gentle human god he spat upon."

[Is Mr. Buchanan's paralysis a punishment for these misleading words? We do not think so.—ED. E. & S.]

What Does the Devil mean?

THE EDITOR E. & S.—Someone has kindly sent me two copies of your magazine. Had I written at the time I should have said insulting things. I am in another mood now. You seem to sum up all on page 166, "Since the Galilean has had a fair trial at saving the world, with the sorriest results, it seems about time to give the Devil a chance." Of course by "Devil" you mean all evil. So that instead of teaching truthfulness, purity, magnanimity, and the other high and holy things termed virtues, you propose to teach lying, filthiness, meanness, and the other low and vile things termed vices. Do you practise what you preach? Do you teach it to your *own* boys and girls? Do you hold up to them the filthy customs of the ancients for their imitation, and teach them to prefer Oscar Wilde to Jesus of Nazareth?

J. S. GREENWOOD.

[Mr. G. seems to take the view of the old lady who when someone read of Solomon's 700 concubines and 300 wives sadly exclaimed "Lord, what great privileges those early Christians had!" If he wishes to compare, in our columns, the morals of Oscar Wilde with those of Solomon, David, Jonathan, and the Corinthian brethren (see Paul's picture) he must first deposit £1000 to protect us against a legal prosecution.

As for the ancients—we believe the Greek body remains still the admiration and despair of mankind—and physical perfection (in the long run this is identical with moral perfection) is *our* test of purity. We teach our children that the creation of such beings, increasingly more perfect, is the greatest duty resting upon them. Mr. G. will get our point of view in the 200 pages of our past issues.—ED.]

Emerson as an Esoteric Atheist.

Emerson wrote thus to a friend who had questioned him concerning his religious opinions: If I can contribute any aid by sympathy or suggestion, to the solution of those great problems that occupy you, I shall be very glad, but I think it must be done by degrees. I am not sufficiently master of the little truth I see to know how to state it in terms so general as shall put every mind in possession of my point of view. We generalize and rectify our expressions by continual efforts from day to day, from month to month, to reconcile our own light with that of our companions: so shall two inquirers have the best mutual action on each other. But I should never attempt a direct answer to such questions as yours. I have no language that could shortly present my state of mind in regard to each of them with any fidelity; for my state of mind is in no way final and detached, but tentative, progressive, and strictly connected with the whole circle of my thoughts.



EXTRACTS FROM NIETZSCHE.

Prose translation by Thomas Common.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

Here the holiest book of prayers,
Weal and sorrow, see?
At its portal stands and stares
God's adultery!

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

What he taught returned again,
What he lived will ever remain;
Only look upon
One who was subject unto none!

Hegelism's Worship o. Power.

I believe that there has been no dangerous wavering or crisis of German culture in the present century which has not become more dangerous owing to the immense and still onward flowing influence of this Hegelian philosophy. This feeling of being a straggler in the rear of time is certainly paralysing and disconcerting; it must, however, seem frightful and subversive when with audacious recoil such a belief one day deifies this straggler as the true significance and end of all that has previously taken place, when his conscious wretchedness is identified with the consummation of the history of the world. Such a mode of contemplation has accustomed Germans to speak of the "world-process," and to justify

their own age as the necessary result of this world process. Such a mode of looking at things has raised history, as the exclusively sovereign power, to the place of the other spiritual forces, Art and Religion, under the supposition that it is "the self-realising notion," under the supposition that it is "the dialectic of the spirit of nations" and "the final court of appeal of the world."

This Hegelianly interpreted history has been called sarcastically the perambulation of God on the earth—a God, however, who, as far as he himself is concerned, is only created by history. This God, however, became transparent and intelligible to himself inside the Hegelian brain-pans, and has already ascended all the dialectically possible stages of his development up to this self-revelation, so that for Hegel the climax and the goal of the world-process coincides with his own Berlin existence. Indeed he would logically have been obliged to say that all things coming after him were to be regarded merely as a musical *coda* of this historically important *rondo*, or, more properly, as superfluous. He did not, however, say so; instead thereof he implanted in the generations whom he had thoroughly leavened that admiration of the power of history which practically veers round every moment into sheer admiration of success, and leads to divine worship of the actual; to express which one now generally uses the very mythological and excellent German phrase "to accommodate one's self to actual facts." He, however, who has learnt to bend the knee and bow the head before "the power of history" at last nods his "Yea" in mechanical Chinese fashion to every power, no matter whether it be government, public opinion, or a majority, and dances exactly to the measure which any "power" thrums on the strings. If every success contains in itself a rational necessity, if every event is the triumph of the logical, or of the "idea"—then just down on on the knees at once and let the whole series of successes be knelt to.—Nietzsche in *The Utility and Harmfulness of History*, § 8.



A NIETZSCHE LOVE LETTER.

We have received from "Abelard"—is this the resurrected lover of "Eloise"—the following intense effusion which he claims to be a love letter in the truest Nietzsche spirit. What do Nietzsche's disciples say respecting this?—

I confess I hold a somewhat austere conception of love and matrimony. I do not see how there can be absolute happiness between wife and husband unless they absolutely trust each other. It seems to me the highest happiness a wedded couple could feel would be to know they inspired such an absolute trust in each other. If that was the only Faith they had, it would be sufficient—the Faith that would say

Nothing is steadfast, nothing is true,
But your love for me and my love for you.

It may be out of fashion in this meretricious age, but I think they ought to worship each other—worship each other not for their own selves merely, but for the sacred ecstasies, the immeasurable interests at stake. I should require to fairly worship my wife, not for her own sake merely—but I must worship her as the creator, guardian, moulder, teacher of my children, and thus, through them, the matron-saint of our children and our children's children to the remotest posterity. Is it not certain that your grandchildren would look up to and reverence their grandmother as a saint? And is it not certain that she who realizes this fully would never do aught to disappoint the beauty of that worship?

I am sure that, in the eyes of Eloise, the marriage relation is not less sacred than I have tried to depict it. I cannot doubt that, like God, she would find her highest joy in beholding a miniature of her own loveliness, her very self "made in her own image." This is the holiest of joys from the standpoint of science, as well as of love. For I take it that women have ever felt, instinctively, the emotion which Nietzsche is the first to impart to men—the life-transforming feeling that they are the responsible creators of endless generations of descendants.

Tragic Theses.

CONTRIBUTED BY "MELPOMENE."

(1)

WHY ENGLAND SHOULD BE INVADED.

The Function of Tragedy in the Development of Great Nations.

Those who are disposed to believe that England's position among the nations of the earth is seriously impugned will not deny that the exigency calls for heroic treatment. With some misgiving as to its reception by the public, but with absolute confidence in its efficacy, the writer prescribes a remedy sufficiently heroic, one which only an essentially great people could profit by—an *invasion of her soil by a hostile army*.

Nations, like individuals, require to be tested from time to time in the furnace of adversity. Nothing more surely makes for decline than the long-continued evasion of such tests. The writer firmly believes that there can be no satisfactory test for any nation save a hand-to-hand encounter on its own soil—an encounter not such as those fought in the suburbs of the Empire, but one which tests the vitalest part of the national anatomy—its very heart and head—a contest in which the hazard of the game is not some far distant and insignificant extremity whose fate can arouse only an indifferent interest on the part of the people, but is nothing less than the very *sanctum sanctorum* of the nation's treasures. Rumours of wars make heroic reading, but only the actual experience of war can make a nation of heroes.

Not for generations has England known the purifying and renewing baptism of such a war—a war which would invest her own soil and scenery, her matchless vales, with the sacred memories of patriot sons who had given for the dear homeland the last full measure of devotion. Such a war would reanimate the fires of patriotism in every breast, it would substitute actual for the present paper efficiency in the Army and Navy, and would give to our own generation living examples and parables of patriotism more potent than even the illustrious past or contests over lesser stakes can lend.

The remedy herewith suggested for arresting England's alleged decline will seem startling only to those who have never reflected deeply on the function of tragedy in the development of national greatness. Weak nations succumb to reverses—great nations triumph over them—such a triumph is the only true sign and seal of greatness. A brief glance at the history of Greece—nursery of mighty victories both in war and peace—will, I believe, suffice to convince anyone that the thesis of this article is abundantly authorised by a true philosophy of history. Let us imagine ourselves a tourist in the Grecian archipelago in the year 470 B.C. Our captain says to us, "I present to you the choice of two routes: I can take you to the Lotus-eaters, who have never known an agony nor a sacrifice (mythology assists but does not vitiate our illustration) or I can take you to the land of a people who now lord it over the world—a very small people who have by prodigies of valour and self-sacrifice, preserved their fatherland from the mightiest power on earth, where every family mourns a son or a father given to the nation—I can take you to the land made classic by tragedy and trial, death, disaster, and ultimate victory, classic by the triumph of a little people made strangely strong for the annihilation of impudent tyranny, a land where incomparable sacrifices begat the glory of incomparable art, eloquence, and song!"

Where would a *Man* elect to travel—where would he find true greatness? In the Castle of Indolence and Peace or in the Temple of Tragedy and Triumph? We can not, indeed, command other nations to invade our country, but we need not fear such an event, and, personally, the writer believes that, for England's own sake, it is an event devoutly to be wished, for that way lies tragedy, and its redeeming regeneration.

Who hath ears to hear let him hear!

Our next issue will contain

"The Function of Tragedy in the Development of a Great Literature."

ONE THOUSAND FLASHES OF SAVING PENETRATION.

People of brains are invited to contribute to this column. We can offer only the small reward of immortality. Contributors should state name or pen-name and address.

What quantities of invalids, politicians, thieves might be advantageously spared.—*Emerson.*

I do not wish to live in this century but to let it go by.—*Thoreau.*

Every man when alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins.—*Emerson.*

Congress can not do anything and does not do anything without the consent of Downing street.—*Congressman Sulzer.*

I ask that these words only may be inscribed on my tombstone—traitor and infidel.—*Wendell Phillips.*

The free and the true, the few who conceive of a better life, are always the soul of the world.—*Emerson.*

If a weak People have anything we want, we can soon decide that our flag has been insulted.—*The New Light.*

I see persons whom I think the world would be richer for losing; and I see persons whose existence makes the world rich.—*Emerson.*

Not satisfied with having precipitated the Boer war Mr. Stead is getting up another Peace crusade. This will probably mean war in Europe also.—*McCall.*

Like almost all his contemporaries, La Rochefoucauld saw in politics little more than a chessboard where the people at large were but pawns, and the glory and profit were reserved to the nobility.—*Britannica Encyclopædia.*

The thoughtless have always been controlled by the thoughtful. To which class do you belong?—*Appeal to Reason.* [Brother, how many thousands of years do you think it takes to make a brain—a brain we say, not a skull?—*ED.*]

The U.S. government sells bonds and then gives the purchaser back his full amount of money and still pays him interest on the bonds. That is, if he is a banker. That is what a government of bankers does.—*Appeal to Reason.*

Politicians are a set of men who have interests aside from the interests of the people, and who, to say the most of them, are, taken as a mass, at least one long step removed from honest men. I say this with the greater freedom because, being a politician myself, none can regard it as personal. —*Abraham Lincoln* in 1837.

Over the door of a church in Arizona these words are written: "This is the gate of heaven;" and on the panel of the door is a notice which says: "Closed up by order of the American Loan Company." The Loan Company foreclosed the mortgage which they held on the church, and thus actually closed the "gate of heaven" to increase its profits.

When a missionary visited the Prince of Ibadan this dusky potentate informed him that he was a Christian, and he repeated the Lord's Prayer in Yoruba, and joined in the singing of a Christian hymn. On remarking that he was agreeably surprised to find that the Prince was a Christian, the ruler pointed out that the city embraced various religions, and that he was not only a Christian, but a Mohammedan and a pagan. He requested the missionary to assure the Queen of England that he was a Christian.—*Leader.*

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.—*Montaigne.*

Lament not that I lie in my last bed, for were I living, friend, you would be dead.—*A Wag's Epitaph on Robespierre.*

Thus Concludes the 63rd Flash of the Series.

We desire to draw special attention to the finished and inspiring presentation of *Twelfth Night* which Mr. Tree's talented company is giving at Her Majesty's Theatre—a performance in every way creditable to this brilliant and conscientious manager.

A Discussion on Dietetics.

A Lion's Argument in Favour of a Meat-Diet.

A Roman merchant in one of the Carthaginian wars was cast away upon the coast of Africa. Himself and his slave with great difficulty got safe ashore ; but going in quest of relief, were met by a lion of a mighty size. It happened to be one of the breed that ranged in Æsop's days, and one that could not only speak several languages, but seemed moreover very well acquainted with human affairs. The slave got upon a tree, but his master not thinking himself safe there, and having heard much of the generosity of lions, fell down prostrate before him, with all the signs of fear and submission. The lion, who had lately filled his belly, bids him rise, and for a while lay by his fears, assuring him withal, that he should not be touched, if he could give him any tolerable reasons why he should not be devoured. The merchant obeyed, and having now received some glimmering hopes of safety, gave a dismal account of the shipwreck he had suffered, and endeavouring from thence to raise the lion's pity, pleaded his cause with abundance of good rhetoric ; but observing by the countenance of the beast that flattery and fine words made very little impression, he betook himself to arguments of greater solidity, and reasoning from the excellency of man's nature and abilities, remonstrated how improbable it was that the gods should not have designed him for a better use than to be eat by savage beasts. Upon this the lion became more attentive, and vouchsafed now and then a reply, till at last the following dialogue ensued between them.

- L. Oh vain and covetous animal (said the lion), whose pride and avarice can make him leave his native soil, where his natural wants might be plentifully supplied, and try rough seas and dangerous mountains to find out superfluities, why should you esteem your species above ours ? And if the gods have given you a superiority over all creatures, then why beg you of an inferior ?
- M. Our superiority (answered the merchant) consists not in bodily force but strength of understanding ; the gods have endued us with a rational soul, which, though invisible is much the better part of us.
- L. I desire to touch nothing of you but what is good to eat ; but why do you value yourself so much upon that part which is invisible ?
- M. Because it is immortal, and shall meet with rewards after death for the actions of this life, and the just shall enjoy eternal bliss and tranquility with the heroes and demi-gods in the Elysian fields.
- L. What life have you led ?
- M. I have honoured the gods, and studied to be beneficial to man.
- L. Then why do you fear death, if you think the gods as just as you have been ?
- M. I have a wife and five small children that must come to want if they lose me.
- L. I have two whelps that are not big enough to shift for themselves, that are in want now, and must actually be starved if I can provide nothing for them. Your children will be provided for one way or other ; at least as well when I have eat you as if you had been drowned. And if a man had a real value for his kind, how is it possible that often ten thousand of them, and sometimes ten times as many, should be destroyed in a few hours for the caprice of two ?

Thus the moral (British) lion whetted his appetite for the feast, satisfying hunger and logic, almost at the same time. The full narrative is in the work *The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits*, one of the volumes in our Lending Library of Rare and Suppressed Books.

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SINCE the Galilean has had a fair trial at saving the world, with sorriest results, it seems about time to give the Devil his chance. If we do not succeed better in saving the world, without love, than our misguided brother, Jesus Christ, did, with love, we will throw up the job and return the gate-money.

These things are a mystery to the ungodly.—MCCALL.

Soul-Communion Time-Table.

We have never had much confidence in the sporadic profanity which has hitherto characterised the efforts of reformers. Believing that the reformer would be much helped by the consciousness that others are swearing with him we give the following time-table and ask our correspondents to kindly send us a list of "Things to Swear At." When it is 8.11 p.m. at our office (The Temple of Wisdom), London, it is at

Boston, U.S.A.	3.28 p.m.	Constantinople	10.11 p.m.
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Dublin	7.46 p.m.	New York	3.15 p.m.
New Orleans	2.11 p.m.	Paris	8.19 p.m.
Rome	9.01 p.m.	St. Petersburg	10.11 p.m.
San Francisco	12.01 p.m.	Washington	3.01 p.m.

13. Gent., strictly honourable, wishes to borrow £500; repay in three weeks. Ad. this office.
14. The Gospel according to St. Jingo: Go ye into all the world and shoot the good news into every living creature.
15. Editor *Daily Pail*: We have had a V. L. (Victorious Liar) medal struck for you, please call at our office and get it.
16. We have complete faith in your earnestness—we have found you one of the most earnest borrowers we have ever "met up with."
17. The first Christians believed because they knew Christ would come again. We modern Christians believe because now we know he did not come again and never will.
18. Christ's last command to his Jewish brethren was: If you love me, fleece my sheep. As a poet says, "They done so." See John xxi—16.
19. An egoist pauper wishes to meet an altruist millionaire of either sex. One that is respectable preferred, but that is not indispensable, we want the money. Ad. E. & S.
20. FATHER.—Thanks for note offering to pray for the repose of our soul. Your terms are too high; moreover our soul don't want repose, it aint built that way.
21. If life is sacred to the living surely then death is no less sacred to the dying. We have a duty to perform towards the degenerating types: that duty is this—we must surround death with an irresistible fascination for all such.
22. Surprise is a reproach to any man, it is merely a confession of ignorance. He who permits himself to say "I am surprised," proclaims to the discerning that he has fed his stomach on lies so long that it revolts at Fact and Truth.
23. We are offering a job line of halos for sale—quite a variety of the onward-christian-soldiers, 6½ size. Slightly soiled with African dust. Must be sold as we are going out of the business, the demand having quite ceased. Address Archbishop of Canterbury or Secretary of War.
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25. Our favourites. In reply to many: My favourite people are those who leave me alone and call regularly once every ten years. My favourite women are Sappho, Cleopatra, or any other dead ones. My favorite home, one I can leave at any time without police protection. We find there is no place like home, to get away from.