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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*

Emerson Number.



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JULY, 1901.

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The Spirit of the Uncommanded.

THUS SPAKE

EMERSON :

The integrity of our own mind is the only sacred thing.

He who aims high must dread popular manners. Popularity is for dolls.

The wise man not only leaves out of his thought the many, but leaves out the few.

Dante locked the door and put the key in his pocket. I believe we value only those who do so.

The worst of charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving.

The manners and talk of highly cultivated people were all thrown away on Thoreau. He much preferred a good Indian.

To a witness worse than myself, and less intelligent, I should not willingly put a window into my breast. But to a witness as intelligent and well-intentioned I have no objection to uncover my heart.

NIETZSCHE :

In order that a sanctuary may be erected, a *sanctuary must be broken down.*

Have ye courage—I do *not* mean courage in the presence of witnesses.

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

The greatest events are not our loudest but our stillest hours. The stillest words bring the storm.

What hath done more harm than the follies of the pitiful? Woe unto all loving ones who do not possess an elevation above their pity!

A healthy peasant, coarse, artful, hard-necked, enduring, that is to day the noblest tribe. And the peasant's tribe should dominate.

Keep your reasons secret! For to-day is of the mob. Who could by reason upset that which the mob learned to believe without reason? In the market-place one convinceth by gestures. But reasons make the mob mistrustful.

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THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE FREE-SPIRITUAL.

Parallelisms.

Thus Spake EMERSON :

The spiritual is the real.

The only right is what is after my constitution.

My special parish is young men inquiring their way of life.

We walk alone in this world ; friends such as we desire are dreams and fables.

The few who conceive of a better life, are always the soul of the world.

Not in his goals but in his transition man is great, and the truest state of mind rested in becomes false.

Go alone; refuse the good models, even those which are sacred in the imagination of men.

Keep a journal; pay so much honour to the visits of truth to your mind as to record them.

Good and bad are but names readily transferable to this or that ; the only right is what is after my constitution ; the only wrong what is against it.

If the world complains that I speak too much of myself, I complain that they do not so much as think of themselves.—*Montaigne.*

Sit alone ; in your arrangements for residence see you have a chamber to yourself, though you sell your coat and wear a blanket.

A new respect for the sacredness of the individual man is the antidote which must correct in our country the disgraceful deference to public opinion.

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

I am always insincere, as always knowing there are other moods.

Reinforce me, I entreat you, with showing me some man, work, aim or fact under the *angle of practice* that I may see you as an elector and rejector, an agent, an antagonist and a commander. I have seen enough of the obedient sea-wave forever lashing the obedient shore.

No truer American existed than Thoreau. His aversion from English and European manners almost reached contempt. Though he tried to be civil these [European] anecdotes fatigued him. The men were all imitating each other, and on a small mould. Why can they not live as far apart as possible, and each be a man by himself? What he sought was the most energetic nature; and he wished to go to Oregon, not to London.

Thus Spake NIETZSCHE :

Pure spirit is pure lie.

If it be right for me, it is right.—*Stirner.*

I am a friend of all such as make distant voyages and like not to live without danger.

This is *my* way—where is yours; for *the* way existeth not.

Higher than love to the neighbour is love to the furthest and future human being.

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

We have never sought for ourselves—how then could it happen that some day we should find ourselves?

The Thou is older than the I ; the Thou has been declared holy but as yet the I has not.

Man is difficult to discover and hardest of all unto himself. But he hath discovered himself who saith, "This is *my* good and evil."

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

There are times when a man needs neither friendship, love, hope, comfort, sympathy, assistance, nor anything else, only just to be let alone.—*J. L. Jones in "Discontent."*

The great-souled man is one who demands great things for himself because he is worthy of them and who cannot be an associate with any but a friend.—*Aristotle.*

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

This hypocrisy I found to be worst among men that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve. "I serve, thou servest, we serve." Thus the hypocrisy of the rulers prayeth. Alas, if the highest lord be *merely* the highest servant.

The cream of the Carlylian doctrine, is: "Don't care one rap, or the ten-thousandth part of one rap for the majority. You may be—you very likely are—a fool yourself; but it is as nearly as possible certain that the majority of the majority are fools, and therefore, though you need not necessarily set yourself against them, you are absolutely justified in neglecting them.—*Prof. Saintsbury.*

IS THERE A GOD ?

Might *versus* Right.

And Freedom shrieked as Kosciusko fell.—*Campbell.*

Freedom cannot be granted; it must be taken. —*Redbeard.*

Salutation Speech from the 19th to the 20th Century: I bring you the stately matron named Christendom, returning bedraggled, besmirched, and dishonoured from pirate raids in Kiao-Chow, Manchuria, South Africa and the Philippines, with her soul full of meanness, her pockets full of hoodie and her mouth full of pious hypocrisies. Give her soap and a towel, but hide the looking-glass. —*Mark Twain.*

La Defense, a Tarteite journal in Chicoutimi, Quebec, thus writes: "The drama which for some months has been unrolled in South Africa approaches its end. A few difficulties of details, a few more cannon shots, and it will be over. Force will have triumphed over right, over justice and courage. The heroic people of the Transvaal pay with their blood and their liberty for their audacious wish to remain masters of their own country. They fail and the conquerors are about to divide the spoil, as brigands do after having assassinated a traveler in a corner of a wood. But the traveler was brave, and, well armed, he long defended himself; he called for help, and his cries have been heard by the entire world. The Boers are throttled under the eyes of the universe, which sanctimoniously looks on while this crime is accomplished, and takes no heed because it has nothing to gain in taking part with the oppressed. The egotism of the day will have it so—everyone for himself. But sensitive hearts will close their ears if they cannot bear the cries of the victims. We have already had the massacres of the Armenians, the humanitarian campaign of Cuba and the Philippines. To-day it is the Transvaal, to-morrow it will be the turn of another people."

So many friends have written me desiring to know "Is there a God?" that it would be unkind to protract the public uncertainty on this superhuman matter. The last application made to me, as to the court of final appeal, was somewhat pointed: "A young man in the depths of poverty accot-ed me last week and asked for twopence to get something to eat—he hadn't had a morsel all day." I explained to him that I was not a Christian, much as I resembled one, and gave him the address of the nearest Bishop (I always carry a Church Directory). Thereupon the young man cried, rather lustily for a starveling, "Is there a God?" Here was a man who was willing to believe in one God for twopence, and, probably, in three Gods for a "tanner." This was saving souls much cheaper than I could do it and I hurried to a friend of mine who deals in beers, ales, etc., and who is the soul of charity itself, and borrowed the needed twopence, reflecting meanwhile on Coleridge's lines,

It seems a story from the world of spirits,
If anyone obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

But I sought the young man in vain and I fear his soul is lost for aye.

Emerson, so his son tells us, would not allow the word God to be used. Carlyle sometimes posed as a theist, but a quotation will show his absurd position in the field of theistic ethics. Thus Carlyle wrote: "Might and right do differ frightfully from hour to hour, but give them centuries to try it and they are found to be identical." The absurdity of this teaching appears if you say, "Name, dear master, this beatific day, the exact hour and minute the good time coming will reach us." In this sense there is no such thing as "time," but only eternal recurrence. Carlyle virtually says, "We cannot solve this huge discrepancy but we have faith in a judgment day to come." But even professional theologians now teach that every day is a judgment day and other judgment day there is none. We can now formulate Carlyle's confession of faith—it is this: I believe in a God who has succeeded in creating a race "mostly fools." I further believe that, give this race of fools time enough, and they will bring heaven down to earth. (And now I can formulate my confession of faith: I believe that a God whose most brilliant achievement is the creation of a race of fools is calculated to inspire pity rather than adoration.) And indeed Carlyle seems to perceive, in moments of better digestion and greater honesty, that his deep conviction, which needed an eternity for its verification, was after all, only a supposition. Thus he writes in a private letter to Emerson: "I suppose, as usual, Might and Right have to MAKE THEMSELVES SYNONYMOUS IN SOME WAY."

When a campaign has been scandalously mismanaged, it is usual to appoint a Committee of Inquiry. Well, after the centuries of egregious blunders it seems about time to inquire into the unspeakable scandals of the divine administration. (This is a subject which I have treated with exceptional eloquence—the critics say—in my pamphlet “Percy Whitcomb.”) The fact is that the events of the last year, in Africa and Asia, constitute a complete vindication of Dr. Ragnar Redbeard’s position in “Might Is Right.” From Tolstoi to Stead, from Courtney to Dilke, all our “great” teachers declared with one voice there would be no war in Africa, and now they stand, by the logic of events, demonstrated and, let us hope, disillusionized fools.

Dr. Redbeard’s disciples alone foresaw the African hell—they knew that, at the right moment, Mammon would say “Let there be hell” and there would be hell.

While we all recognize that, in the present state of the world, as a general principle, no one merits that which he obtains or obtains that which he merits, yet we know this is not God’s doing but man’s. Our race has produced a state of affairs where honesty generally spells suicide, but they are liars who blame God with this crime. The great advantage of the Free Spirit’s creed is that he recognises that man himself has made this muddle and man alone can unmake it.

O that a man might know
The end of this sad muddle ;
But it sufficeth that the end must come
And then the end is known.

After all, the victory is of less interest than the fight to attain it. Our business in the effort to repair this muddle is to live game; if die we must, let us die game, after the example left us by the most noble Brutus.

THE APPEAL TO THE GOD OF BATTLES.

Advice to Aguinaldo and All Other Betrayed Soldiers.

“Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints”—so sang Milton. But the poet surely knew that this is exactly what the Lord never has done—such invoked justice must always remain merely poetic. I invoke a more practicable atonement.

I am not in the least a bloodthirsty person. I had no part in creating the enthusiasm for blood which now fires court, city, camp and cabinet, but this carnageous carnival evokes certain reflections which I herewith commit to paper as that seems not more wicked than harbouring them in my mind. The ordinary battle is simply a game of chance; each combatant hopes that he may escape death, and, as a rule, the great majority do. Such courage is cowardice in comparison with the death-dedicated deeds of the Tyrannicides—men who knew that the dice were fatally loaded against them. Aguinaldo should instruct his followers in the noblest and fatallest models of Greek and Roman renunciation—for I miss in them a certain classical abandon which can alone battle with a lying treachery. And indeed the throne at Washington might be gloriously draped in a new purple, an imperial purple, a martyred purple; for I am told that everything in the Capital is Roman in its imperial splendour save the unheroic way in which the President and his cabinet die, or, rather, do not die.

Arise in the beauty of holiness, O Star of the Philippines, and by one inspired deed, or a series of them, show Right once more to be coincident with Might, if only for one passing moment! Come, Avatar of Astræa, Avenging Angel, Worker of Divinest Justice! Millions of true hearts are waiting to lay the tribute of their adoration upon your corse wreathed in inextinguishable glory. Other tyrants seem to yearn for martyrdom; they ought not to be disappointed. I speak of America for I have a son’s interest in wishing to rescue that land from the loathsome hypocrisies with which the prostitutes of Capitalism have blackened her fame. The truth can no longer be spoken in America but we should be grateful that it can still be spoken in England which remains, now as ever, the refuge of the oppressed, the moderator of lawless ambition.

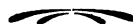
My conscience heroically refuses to smite me for having written the above, for if it be read as an instigation to blood-letting, then I have only done without money-profit what the Press of the world is engaged in doing with profit; my only gain is a loss of popularity. I am more consistent than the Press; they profess to believe in the sacredness of life, I believe in the sacredness of death rather. I know full well what the average reader will say, in fact I can express his criticism better than he can himself. He will say: It is nothing less than cowardly to sit in your palatial boudoir and from that safe retreat bid men take up the cross of martyrdom. Well, let it be granted that I am a coward. Can not a coward have an opinion? It would go hard with the mass of the race if not. Can not a coward make an argument, or indite an eloquent sentence, or tender good counsel to the brave? A man is far from being emancipated who is in the least afraid of being called a coward. In nothing is there so much shallow prejudice, so much uncertainty as on the question "What is a hero." The greatest heroes tell us they are downright cowards. Aristotle said courage consisted in being afraid of the right person—and that sums up the whole thing. At all events there is no infallible court which has power to declare me a coward. I am not made either a coward or a hero by the opinions of others; who are, it is certain, cowards of another kind, for the most part. I apologise for replying to this charge which is merely a personal matter and does not impugn the ideas expressed. The charge of cowardice does not touch a really brave man and it may even require a certain courage, *not* played in the presence of witnesses, to offer this odious counsel.

This discrepancy—that I give advice to others which I do not take myself—is more clearly solved as follows: At present I am engaged in living and, pursuing life as a fine art, I live after the loftiest models of living known to me. If ever I should dedicate myself to dying, and should pursue death as a fine art, then I would endeavour to die after the loftiest known models of dying—those ancient Greek and Roman Regicides whose acts remain an undying and puissant inspiration to the true-hearted tribe of every land and age. They were no gamblers with Death, theirs was no executory but an executed contract with the pitiless reaper. The soldier however follows death as a fine art, and in the interests of art I have felt it to be my duty to supply those deficiencies in classical learning which are singularly omitted in military academies, and to acquaint the soldier with a knowledge of the highest models in his calling—the deathless deaths of Greek and Roman Tyrannicides.

There is yet another reason for my leaving to others the glory of martyrdom. In the language of Carmen, it is this—"I am so young and so handsome." I emphasize only the youth. There will always be plenty of tyrants and thieves in the Lord's vineyard requiring the careful attention of the vine dresser, but I am decidedly of opinion that propaganda by deed should always be reserved for the aged, for those who can no longer propagate by word or otherwise. The old should think over this most prayerfully, in the spirit of the aged and condemned Socrates.



We have exhausted all known expedients for keeping our circulation down, but it persists in rising to a dangerously popular standpoint. Advice calculated to enable us to maintain our unpopularity is earnestly solicited.



If this issue is late will friends note that it is due to our acrobatic absorption in the work of scraping together the usual blackmail for our landlord. This is a form of intellectual dissipation of which we are altogether too fond.



***American Letters Not Fully Prepaid Will Not Be Delivered to us
by the British Postal Authorities.***



KILKENNY COLUMN.

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

Marshal d' Hocquincourt's Repentance.

"I have only been too fond of philosophy [scepticism] but I have got clear of it now. There was a deuce of a fellow who so muddled my brains by talking of our first parents and apples and serpents and cherubims and paradises that I really was within an ace of believing nothing at all; in fact, I didn't believe anything at all, hang me if I did. But now I am ready to go to the stake for religion's sake. It isn't that I see the sense of it; on the contrary I see less sense than ever. But still I would go to the stake for it without knowing why, and that is all I can tell you."

"So much the better, monseigneur," said Father Canaye in a tone slightly nasal, but very devout, "so much the better. That is not the doing of man, but of God. 'I see no sense in it.' That is true religion, that is. 'No sense in it.' How gracious Providence has been to you, monseigneur. We are told to be as little children. Children are innocent; and why? Because they have not got any sense. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for they do not sin.' Why? Because they have no reason. 'I don't see any sense in it.' 'I can't tell you why.' 'I don't know why.' What beautiful words! They ought to be written in letters of gold. 'It is not that I see any sense in; on the contrary, less than ever.' Certainly this is the work of heaven, for those who know how to appreciate heavenly things. 'No sense in it.' How gracious Providence has been to you!"—*Saint Evremond, translated by Prof. Saintsbury.*

A Would-Be Asinine Assassin.

A Dutch friend wrote us desiring to know whether he could secure board and lodging at a reasonable price if he should come to London to remove Mr. Chamberlain. We took this as a joke but replied in a serious vein that we were shocked at the suggestion since we regarded Mr. Chamberlain as the most precious life in existence; that his sacred mission in life—the destruction of British supremacy in Africa—was a work which only he could accomplish, that it would be unforgivable stupidity to stop the work now that it was so nearly completed; but that he could of course get board at Scotland Yard as long as he could conveniently remain and later a free lodging in the cold, cold ground.

Huxley versus Nietzsche.

Mr. Thomas Common permits us to quote the following letter addressed to him by Prof. Huxley:

Hodeslea, Staveley Road, Eastbourne, March 23rd, 1894.

Dear Sir—I ought to have thanked you before now for your letter about Nietzsche's works—but I have not much working time and I find letter-writing a burden, which I am always trying to shirk. I will look up Nietzsche's works—though I must confess that the profit I obtain from reading German authors on speculative questions is not usually great. As men of research in positive science they are magnificently laborious and accurate, but most of them have no notion of style and seem to compose their books with a pitchfork.

There are two very different questions which people fail to discriminate. One is whether evolution accounts for morality; the other, whether the principle of evolution in general can be adopted in use as an ethical principle.—The first, of course, I admit and have constantly insisted upon.—The second I deny; and reject all the so-called Evolutional ethics based upon it.—Yours faithfully,
T. H. HUXLEY.

Light, More Light.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—*Thoreau.*

The Editor of "Light, Less Light" draws our attention to the above, evidently thinking that it spikes our guns. With all deference to Thoreau it is obvious that his infinite wisdom slipped a cog right here. In fact only infinite wisdom can, in its acts or in its beliefs, hit the bull's eye every time. In our opinion they are fools who declare all magnanimity to be either false or true—sometimes it is one, sometimes it is the other. It is

necessary to call attention to the fact that Thoreau's is one of those beautiful fallacies the persistence of which is due to the difficulty of getting people to tell the truth about their mistakes. If a man has been foolishly magnanimous all his life, you can hardly expect him on his death-bed to say "Gentlemen, I have always been a — fool. Farewell." When parents make foolish sacrifices for children, or *vice versa*, our popular ethics do not allow them to admit it. Hence such people foster this lie of Thoreau's (for every half-truth is a lie) and they are duped and deluded by it until they die; at least, as we go to press it is more fashionable to pretend that they are so duped. More light on this subject will cost extra.

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.

We invite contributions and quotations for this column

Hell itself is not without its extreme satisfactions.—*Emerson*.

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

In certain men digestion and sex absorb the vital force, and the stronger these are, the individual is so much weaker. The more of these drones that perish the better for the hive.—*Emerson*.

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*.

If the black man is feeble and not important to the existing races, not on a parity with the best race, the black men must serve, and be exterminated. ... I say to you, you must save yourself, black or white, man or woman; other help is none.—*Emerson*.

Longevity ought to be highly valued by men of worth and talents, as it will enable them to be much more useful to mankind. As to others, it is no great matter; since they are a disgrace to mankind, their death is rather a service to the public.—*Cornaro*.

When a man is a victim of his fate ... is ground to powder by the vice of his race, he is to rally on his relation to the universe, which his ruin benefits. Leaving the demon who suffers, he is to take sides with the Deity who secures universal benefit from his pain.—*Emerson*.

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.

DEMOCRATIC DELUSIONS AND DISILLUSIONMENTS.

The New Religion: A Divine Contempt for Public Opinion.

WAITS 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.]

That bloated vanity called public opinion.—*Emerson.*You can fool nearly all of the people all of the time.—*Lincoln up to date.*

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

I thought that what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing.—*Ruskin.*Leave this hypocritical prating about the masses. I wish not to concede anything to them.—*Emerson.*A public meeting is pretty sure to be a heartless noise which we are all ashamed of when it is over.—*Id.*In the last six years government in the United States has been fast becoming a job like great charities.—*Emerson, 1834.*There are principles excellent for certain firm and energetic characters, which would be worth nothing for those of an inferior order.—*Chamfort.*The Public is not worth one sigh, it is just worth one laugh—and that will "save" quicker than any martyrdom would.—*McCall.*The boasted freedom of our proud aristocracy is held subject to the condition that we must not wound the tender susceptibilities of the Hooligan millions.—*A. J. Balfour* in substance.The rabble threaten to be the undoing of such little civilization as the real leaders of mankind have by sheer force of intellect and will forced upon them.—*C. L. Swartz, Editor of "I."*With us government has come to be a trade, and is managed solely on commercial principles. A man plunges into politics to make his fortune, and only cares that the world should last his day.—*Emerson, 1835.*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.*A survey of the condition of the masses from the Roman to our own times impresses the student of history with the belief that vulgar mediocrity will always dominate the world.—*Henry Seymour.* [What are you doing to put the base of the social pyramid underneath?—ED.]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*."We have received a pamphlet bearing the title *Sexuality and Vitality, or A Long Life through Will Power.* The following quotation, from the Third Edition, expresses the author's conviction clearly enough:

I herewith offer to the public, as a complete and independent booklet, that part of "Suitable Food, Wise Sex-Love, and Immortality" which presents the thesis that sexual excess is the most potent cause of the dissolution of the Vital forces of men and women and that the vision of eternal life upon earth would be realized if our race could but liberate itself from the fatal despotism of its animal passions.

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EXTRACTS FROM NIETZSCHE.

Translated by Thomas Common.

*The Coming Warlike Age.*

We owe it to Napoleon (and not at all to the French Revolution, which had in view the brotherliness of nations and the general flowery interchange of sentiments) that two or three warlike centuries may now follow one another which have not had their like in past history; in short, that we have entered upon *the classical age of war*, of war at the same time scientific and national, on the grandest scale (as regards means, talents and discipline) to which all coming millenniums will look back with envy and awe as a work of perfection;—for the national movement out of which this martial glory springs is only the counter-*choc* against Napoleon and would not have existed without him. To him consequently, one will one day be able to ascribe it that *man* in Europe has again got the upperhand of the shopkeeper and the Philistine; perhaps even of “woman” also, who has got spoilt owing to Christianity and the extravagant spirit of the eighteenth century, and still more owing to “modern ideas.” Napoleon, who saw in modern ideas, and accordingly in civilization, something like a personal enemy, has, by this hostility, proved himself one of the greatest continuators of the Renaissance: he has again brought up to the surface a whole block of the ancient character, the determining block perhaps, the block of granite. And who knows but this block of ancient character may in the end get the upper hand of the national movement and make itself in a *positive* sense the heir and continuator of Napoleon, who, as we know, wanted a united Europe, which was to be *mistress of the world*.—*The Gay Science*, §362.

A United Europe.

Owing to the morbid estrangement which the nationality craze has induced and still induces among the nations of Europe, owing also to the shortsighted and hasty politicians who with the help of this craze are at present in power, and do not suspect how much the disintegrating policy they pursue may be merely an interlude policy—owing to all this and much else that is unmentionable at present the most unmistakable signs indicating that *Europe wishes to become one* are now disregarded, or wilfully and falsely travestied. With all the more profound and large-minded men of this century the real tendency of the mysterious labors of their souls has been in general to prepare the way for that new *synthesis*, and to endeavor to anticipate the European of the future; it was only in their ground-tiers, or in their weaker moments, in old age perhaps, that they belonged to “fatherlands”—they only rested from themselves when they became patriots. I think of such men as Napoleon, Goethe, Beethoven, Stendhal, Heinrich Heine, Schopenhauer, and it must not be taken amiss if I also count Richard Wagner among them.—*Beyond Good and Evil*, §256.



ASTROLOGICAL AND ASSLUNARY READINGS.

Horoscopes Read Free By The Yard.

Correspondents must state when they were born, also when they were born again: if born more than twice don't be ashamed of it but state it frankly as a brother. Write on one side of the paper—we need the other side for “copy” for a work we are preparing on “How to Obtain Stationery and Other Necessaries at Less than Cost Price.”

To C.E.D. & J.B.F.—Your stars indicate that it would be dangerous and impossible to borrow money from us but perfectly safe to lend us liberally.

Tragic Theses.

CONTRIBUTED BY "MELPOMENE."

The Function of Tragedy in the Development of Great Composers.

Music, according to Nietzsche's essay "The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music," is, in its origin at least, the idealised language of pain. Whether one think of Chopin, whose music was in its every note a patriotic elegy, of Tschaiakowsky, with his incommunicable marriage secret, which drove him to the brink of suicide and insanity, of Beethoven, Wagner or Schubert, we find that musical biography lends abundant sanction to the thesis. Shelley's lines appear to us to be as applicable to composers as to poets:

Most wretched men
Are nurtured into poetry by wrong ;
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Tragic humour, said Nietzsche, is the essence of love. In this connection the following article on "Love Among the Musicians" which has lately appeared in *Life and Beauty* is of interest :

We propound an important question—Should Artists Love? a question not to be confounded with the totally different question Should Artists Marry? The reply to the question Should Artists Love, is—that is the only thing they should do.

While awaiting Signor Busoni's appearance at his recent concert in Queen's Hall given under Mr. Robert Newman's enterprising management, we felt that it was our right, yea, duty, to catechise the artist as to his emotional experience. We should have said "Have you suffered as Chopin suffered? Have you loved with the same devotion and despair? And have you, like Chopin and Heine, heard Satan's ballad of the unwept tear—a song of crossed love? If not, we fear you will but poorly interpret this wondrous Pole—unhappy son of an unhappy fatherland—who died of heart-hunger." The event clearly revealed that Signor Busoni was familiar with all the sombre scenery of the Lover's *Via Dolorosa*. And herein lies, we think, the explanation of Busoni's superior interpretative gifts in the realm of the most emotional music—he is either heart-broken, or he has the capacity to be heart-broken. Herr Rosenthal (to speak of another phenomenal pianist) has not, we fear, this sublime capacity—the last and best gift the gods give an artist. We apply the same test to Bernhard and Duse—the Italian is one who could be crossed with hopeless love, not so Bernhard—and the result is, Duse has genius, Bernhard talent only.

Herr Rosenthal once quoted to us, not unapprovingly, the suggestion of Carl Fuchs that in a more enlightened age the artist would probably give audience to the critics, and explain fully his artistic motives, his conception of the work he was interpreting. If we were a critic at such a *pourparler*, we would apply our love-test in a very searching manner.

If we have correctly indicated the conditions of artistic greatness, then it follows that the true artist seeks to be perpetually in love and seeks to have his heart broken over and over again. Only in the tragic soil of such sweet sorrow can his highest genius realize itself. And we are of opinion that in a generation which had the courage of its emotions—which would confess unashamed that it could love and had loved, and did not lie about it as our age does—at such a time the great musical artist would powerfully enhance the effect of his labours by bringing on the stage the portraits of a few of the women in whose eyes he had seen the light that never was on sea or land, or (as the dying Bunsen beautifully said to his wife) in whose "eyes he had seen the Eternal."

When the artist realizes that his Carmen is among his hearers or is intent upon his every action, and he can repeat to her the words of Escamillo "If thou lovest me Carmen, thou shalt smile by and by, thou shalt be proud of me,"—it is at just such a time that he will surpass himself.

Have we not incidentally solved the old question How should we listen to music? In listening to tragic music we should baptise ourselves in a flood of tragic recollections—the profoundest tragedies that have touched our lives, pre-eminently the course of thwarted love—that is, for us, the composer's theme. And if one has no personal tragedies to dwell upon—well he would do well to get some.

One of London's ablest critics has controverted our teaching on this point, maintaining that the deepest appreciation of music arises not out of its emotional implications, but is intent alone upon purity of artistic form. What would Beethoven, or Beethoven's martyred hero Egmont say to this? Is Fate knocking at the gate an emotional or a cognitive experience primarily? Until the composer arises who will set Kant's abandoned "Critique of Pure Reason" to music we must maintain that the emotions are the raw material in which composers work.

Our next issue will contain

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



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Secrets travel fast in Paris.—*Napoleon.*

Be my brother or I will kill you.—*Chamfort.*

The penny post is the pest of the century.—*Emerson.*

The world is made for Cæsar [till Brutus come].—*Cato.*

The one thing needful in man is not to be a dunce.—*Carlyle.*

There is no profit of one that is not the loss of another.—*Montaigne.*

There is ample time to read all the books [and journals] that are worth reading.—*Jowett.*

A professed communism augurs distrust and distrust is the ruin of friendship.—*Epicurus.*

All stealing is comparative. If you come to absolutes, pray who does not steal?—*Emerson.*

Why read this book or any book? It is a foolish conformity and does well for dead people.—*Id.*

When we talk of British interests we mean material British interests.—Speech in House of Commons, Jan. 17, 1878.

A man must be very careful to inspect himself or be incessantly exposed to the derision of other men and be a prey to his own follies.—*Coste.*

Grief will make us idealists. In the death of my son, now more than two years ago, I seem to have lost a beautiful estate—no more.—*Emerson.*

Uncle Sam—"Son, it'll hurt me a heap more than it will you if I hev to lick you."—*Cuba*—"That's no dream, if it is a chestnut."—*Minneapolis Times.*

The English and Americans cant beyond all other nations. The French relinquish all that industry to them. What is so odious as the polite bows to God, in our books and newspapers?—*Emerson.*

Nietzsche names six French writers—Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle, Vauvenarges, 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.—*Ellis.*

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For Margolies & Schelling Concerts ad. W. Adlington, 224 Regent Street, W.

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