

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

II



NIETZSCHE was by temperament a philosopher after the manner of the Greeks. In other words, philosophy was not to him, as to the average modern philosopher, a matter of books and the study, but a life to be lived. It seemed to him to have much less concern with "truth" than with the essentials of fine living. He loved travel and movement, he loved scenery, he loved cities and the spectacle of men, above all, he loved solitude. The solitude of cities drew him strongly; he envied Heraclitus his desert study amid the porticoes and peristyles of the immense temple of Diana. He had, however, his own favourite place of work, to which he often alludes, the Piazza di San Marco at Venice, amid the doves, in front of the strange and beautiful structure which he "loved, feared, and envied"; and here in the spring, between ten o'clock and mid-day, he found his best philosophic laboratory.

It was in Italy that Nietzsche seems to have found himself most at home, although there are no signs that he felt any special sympathy with the Italians, that is to say in later than Renaissance days. For the most part he possessed very decided sympathies and antipathies. His antipathy to his own Germans lay in the nature of things. Every prophet's message is primarily directed to his own people. And Nietzsche was unsparing in his keen criticism of the Germans. He tells somewhere with a certain humour how people abroad would ask him if Germany had produced no great thinker or artist, no really good book of late, and how with the courage of despair he would at last reply, "Yes, Bismarck!" Nietzsche was willing enough to recognize the kind of virtue personified in Bismarck. But with that recognition nearly all was said in favour of Germany that Nietzsche had to say. There is little in the German spirit that answered to his demands. He admired clearness, analytic precision, and highly organized intelligence, light, and alert. He saw no sufficient reason why profundity should lack a fine superficiality, nor why strength should be ungainly. His instinctive comparison

for a good thinker was always a good dancer. As a child he had been struck by seeing a rope-dancer, and throughout life dancing seemed to him the image of the finest culture, supple to bend, strong to retain its own equilibrium, an exercise demanding the highest training and energy of all the muscles of a well-knit organism. But the indubitable intellectual virtues of the bulky and plodding German are scarcely those which can well be symbolized by an Otero or a Caicedo. "There is too much beer in the German intellect," Nietzsche said. For the last ten centuries Germany has wilfully stultified herself; "nowhere else has there been so vicious a misuse of the two great European narcotics, alcohol and Christianity," to which he was inclined to add music. ("The theatre and music," he remarked in "Die Frohliche Wissenschaft," "are the haschisch and betel of Europeans, and the history of the so-called higher culture is largely the history of narcotics.") "Germans regard bad writing," he said, "as a national privilege; they do not write prose as one works at a statue, they only improvise." Even "German virtue"—and this was the unkindest cut of all—had its origin in eighteenth century France, as its early preachers, such as Kant and Schiller, fully recognized. Thus it happens that the German has no perceptions—coupling his Goethe with a Schiller, and his Schopenhauer with a Hartmann—and no tact, "no finger for *nuances*," his fingers are all claws. Nietzsche regarded it as merely an accident that he was himself born in Germany, just as it was merely an accident that Heine the Jew, and Schopenhauer the Dutchman, were born there. Yet, as I have already hinted, we may take these utterances too seriously. There are passages in his works—though we meet them rarely—which show that Nietzsche realized and admired the elemental energy, the depth and the contradictions in the German character; he attributed them largely to mixture of races.

Nietzsche was not much attracted to the English. It is true that he names Landor as one of the four masters of prose this century has produced, while another of these is Emerson, with whom he had genuine affinity, although his own genius was keener and more passionate, with less sunny serenity. For Shakespeare, also, his admiration was deep. And when he had outgrown his early enthusiasm for Schopenhauer, the fine qualities which he still recognized in that thinker—his concreteness, lucidity, reasonableness—seemed to him English. He was less flattering towards English thought. Darwinism, for instance, he thought, savoured too much of the population question, and was invented by English men of science who were oppressed by the problems of poverty. The struggle for existence, he said,

is only an exception in nature ; it is exuberance, an even reckless superfluity, which rules. For English philosophic thought generally he had little but contempt. J. S. Mill was one of his "impossibilities ;" the English and French sociologists of to-day, he said, have only known degenerating types of society, devoid of organizing force, and they take their own debased instincts as the standard of social codes in general. Modern democracy, modern utilitarianism, are largely of English manufacture, and he came at last to hate them both. During the past century, he asserted, they have reduced the whole spiritual currency of Europe to a dull plebeian level, and they are the chief causes of European vulgarity. It is the English, he also asserted—George Eliot, for instance—who, while abolishing Christian belief, have sought to bolster up the moral system which was created by Christianity, and which must necessarily fall with it. It is, moreover, the English, who with this democratic and utilitarian plebeianism have seduced and perverted the fine genius of France.

Just as we owe to England the vulgarity which threatens to overspread Europe, so to France we owe the conception of a habit of nobility, in every best sense of the word. On that point Nietzsche's opinion never wavered. The present subjection of the French spirit to this damnable Anglo-mania, he declared, must never lead us to forget the ardent and passionate energy, the intellectual distinction, which belonged to the France of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The French, as Nietzsche always held, are the one modern European nation which may be compared with the Greeks. In "*Menschliches, Allzumenschliches*" he names six French writers—Montaigne, La Rochefoucauld, La Bruyère, Fontenelle (in the "*Dialogues des Morts*"), Vauvenargues, Chamfort—who bring us nearer to Greek antiquity than any other group of modern authors, and contain more real thought than all the books of the German philosophers put together. The only French writer of the present century for whom he cared much (putting aside Mérimée, whom he valued as a master of style, and perhaps as the author of "*Carmen*") was Stendhal, who possesses some of the characters of the earlier group. The French, he points out, are the most Christian of all nations, and have produced the greatest saints. He enumerates Pascal ("the first among Christians, who was able to unite fervour, intellect, and candour ;—think of what that means!"), Fénelon, Mme. de Guyon, Bruno, the founder of the Trappists, who have flourished nowhere but in France, the Huguenots, Port-Royal—truly, he exclaims, the great French freethinkers encountered foemen worthy of their steel! The land which produced the most perfect types of

Anti-Christianity produced also the most perfect types of Christianity. He defends, also, that seeming superficiality which in a great Frenchman, he says, is but the natural epidermis of a rich and deep nature, while a great German's profundity is too often strangely bottled up from the light in a dark and contorted phial.

I have briefly stated Nietzsche's feeling as regards each of the three chief European peoples, because we are thus led up to the central points of his philosophy—his attitude towards modern religion and his attitude towards modern morals. We are often apt to regard these matters as of little practical importance; we think it the reasonable duty of practical social politics to attend to the immediate questions in hand, and leave these wider questions to settle themselves. Rightly or wrongly, that was not how Nietzsche looked at the matter. He was too much of a philosopher, he had too wide a sense of the vital relation of things, to be content with the policy of tinkering society, wherever it seems to need mending most badly, avoiding any reference to the whole. That is our English method, and no doubt it is a very sane and safe method, but, as we have seen, Nietzsche was not in sympathy with English methods. His whole significance lies in the thorough and passionate analysis with which he sought to dissect and to dissolve, first, "German culture," then Christianity, and lastly, modern morals, with all that these involve.

It is scarcely necessary to point out, that though Nietzsche rejoiced in the title of freethinker, he can by no means be confounded with the ordinary secularist. He is not bent on destroying religion from any anæsthesia of the religious sense, or even in order to set up some religion of science which is practically no religion at all. He is thus on different ground from the great freethinkers of France, and to some extent of England. Nietzsche was himself of the stuff of which great religious teachers are made, of the race of apostles. So when he writes of the founder of Christianity and the great Christian types, it is often with a poignant sympathy which the secularist can never know; and if his knife seems keen and cruel, it is not the easy indifferent cruelty of the pachydermatous scoffer. When he analyzes the souls of these men and the impulses which have moved them, he knows with what he is dealing: he is analyzing his own soul.

A mystic Nietzsche certainly was not; he had no moods of joyous resignation. It is chiefly the religious ecstasy of active moral energy that he was at one with. The sword of the spirit is his weapon rather than the merely defensive breastplate of faith. St. Paul is the consummate type of such religious forces, and whatever Nietzsche wrote of that apostle—the inventor

of Christianity, as he calls him—is peculiarly interesting. He hates him indeed, but even his hatred thrills with a tone of intimate sympathy. It is thus in a remarkable passage in “Morgenröthe,” where he tells briefly the history and struggles of that importunate soul, so superstitious and yet so shrewd, without whom there would have been no Christianity. He describes the self-torture of the neurotic, sensual, refined “Jewish Pascal,” who flagellated himself with the law that he came to hate with the hatred of one who had a genius for hatred; who in one dazzling flash of illumination realized that Jesus by accomplishing the law had annihilated it, and so furnished him with the instrument he desired to wreak his passionate hatred on the law, and to revel in the freedom of his joy. Nietzsche possesses a natural insight in probing the wounds of self-torturing souls. He excels also in describing the effects of extreme pain in chasing away the mists from life, in showing to a man his own naked personality, in bringing us face to face with the cold and terrible fact. It is thus that, coupling the greatest figure in history with the greatest figure in fiction, he compares the pathetic utterance of Jesus on the cross—“My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”—with the disillusionment of the dying Don Quixote. Of Jesus himself he speaks no harsh word, but he regarded the atmosphere of Roman decay and languor—though very favourable for the production of fine personalities—as ill-adapted to the development of a great religion. The Gospels lead us into the atmosphere of a Russian novel, he remarks in one of his last writings, “Der Antichrist,” an atmosphere in which the figure of Jesus had to be coarsened to be understood, and became moulded in men’s minds by memories of more familiar types—prophet, Messiah, wonder-worker, judge; the real man they could not even see. “It must ever be a matter for regret that no Dostoïevsky lived in the neighbourhood of this most interesting *décadent*, I mean some one who could understand the enthralling charm of just this mixture of the sublime, the morbid, and the child-like.” Jesus, he continues, never denied the world, the state, culture, work; he simply never knew or realized their existence; his own inner experience—“life,” “light,” “truth”—was all in all to him. The only realities to him were inner realities, so living that they make one feel “in Heaven” and “eternal;” this it was to be “saved.” And Nietzsche notes, as so many have noted before him, that the fact that men should bow the knee in Christ’s name to the very opposite of all these things, and consecrate in the “Church” all that he threw behind him, is an insoluble example of historical irony. “Strictly speaking, there has only been one Christian, and he died on the cross. The Gospel *died* on the cross.”

There may seem a savour of contempt in the allusion to Jesus as an "interesting *décadent*," and undoubtedly there is in "Der Antichrist" a passionate bitterness which is not found in Nietzsche's earlier books. But he habitually used the word *décadent* in a somewhat extended and peculiar sense. The *décadent*, as Nietzsche understood him, was the product of an age in which virility was dead and weakness was sanctified; it was so with the Buddhist as well as with the Christian, they both owe their origin and their progress to "some monstrous disease of will." They sprang up among creatures who craved for some "Thou shalt," and who were apt only for that one form of energy which the weak possess, fanaticism. By an instinct which may be regarded as sound by those who do not accept his disparagement of either, Nietzsche always coupled the Christian and the anarchist; to him they were both products of decadence. Both wish to revenge their own discomfort on this present world, he asserted, the anarchist immediately, the Christian at the last day. Instead of feeling, "*I am worth nothing*," the *décadent* says, "*Life is worth nothing*,"—a terribly contagious state of mind which has covered the world with the vitality of a tropical jungle. It cannot be too often repeated, Nietzsche continues, that Christianity was born of the decay of antiquity, and on the degenerate people of that time it worked like a soothing balm; their eyes and ears were sealed by age and they could no longer understand Epicurus and Epictetus. At such a time purity and beneficence, large promises of future life, worked sweetly and wholesomely. But for fresh young barbarians Christianity is poison. It produces a fundamental enfeeblement of such heroic, childlike and animal natures as the ancient Germans, and to that enfeeblement, indeed, we owe the revival of classic culture; so that the conclusion of the whole matter is here, as ever, Nietzsche remarks, that "it is impossible to say whether, in the language of Christianity, God owes more thanks to the Devil, or the Devil to God, for the way in which things have come about." But in the interaction of the classic spirit and the Christian spirit, Nietzsche's own instincts were not on the side of Christianity, and as the years went on he expresses himself in ever more unmeasured language. He could not take up the "Imitation of Christ"—the very word "imitation" being, as indeed Michelet had said before, the whole of Christianity—without physical repugnance. And in the "Götzendämmerung" he compares the Bible with the Laws of Manu (though at the same time asserting that it is a sin to name the two books in the same breath): "The *sun* lies on the whole book. All those things on which Christianity vents its bottomless vulgarity—procreation, for example, woman, marriage—are here handled earnestly and

reverently, with love and trust. I know no book in which so many tender and gracious things are said about women as in the Laws of Manu ; these gray-beards and saints have a way of being civil towards women which is perhaps not overdone." Again in "Der Antichrist"—which represents, I repeat, the unbalanced judgments of his last period—he tells how he turns from Paul with delight to Petronius, a book of which it can be said *è tutto festo*, 'immortally sound, immortally serene." In the whole New Testament, he adds, there is only one figure we can genuinely honour—that of Pilate.

On the whole, Nietzsche's attitude towards Christianity was one of repulsion and antagonism. At first he appears indifferent, then he becomes calmly judicial, finally he is bitterly hostile. He admits that Christianity possesses the virtues of a cunningly concocted narcotic to soothe the leaden griefs and depressions of men whose souls are physiologically weak. But from first to last there is no sign of any genuine personal sympathy with the religion of the poor in spirit. Epicureanism, the pagan doctrine of salvation, had in it an element of Greek energy, but the Christian doctrine of salvation, he declares, raises its sublime development of hedonism on a thoroughly morbid foundation. Christianity hates the body ; the first act of Christian triumph over the Moors, he recalls, was to close the public baths which they had everywhere erected. "With its contempt for the body Christianity was the greatest misfortune that ever befell humanity." And at the end of "Der Antichrist" he sums up his concentrated hatred : "I *condemn* Christianity ; I raise against the Christian Church the most terrible accusation that any accuser has ever uttered. It is to me the most profound of all thinkable corruptions."

It is scarcely necessary to add that Nietzsche's condemnation of Christianity extended to the Christian God. He even went so far as to assert that it was the development of Christian morality itself—"the father-confessor sensitiveness of the Christian conscience translated and sublimed into a scientific conscience"—which had finally conquered the Christian God. He held, however, that polytheism had played an important part in the evolution of culture. Gods, heroes, supernatural beings generally, were inestimable schoolmasters to bring us to the sovereignty of the individual. Polytheism opened up divine horizons of freedom to humanity. "Ye shall be as Gods." But it has not been so with monotheism. The doctrine of a single God, in whose presence all others were false gods, favours stagnation and unity of type ; monotheism has thus perhaps constituted "the greatest danger which humanity has had to meet in past ages." Nor are we yet freed from its

influence. "For centuries after Buddha died men showed his shadow in a cave—a vast terrible shadow. God is dead: but thousands of years hence there will probably be caves in which his shadow may yet be seen. And we—we must go on fighting that shadow!" How deeply rooted Nietzsche believed faith in a god to be is shown by the fantastic conclusion to "Zarathustra." A strange collection of *Uebersmenschen*—the men of the future—are gathered together in Zarathustra's cave: two kings, the last of the popes—thrown out of work by the death of God—and many miscellaneous creatures, including a donkey. As Zarathustra returns to his cave he hears the sound of prayer and smells the odour of incense; on entering he finds the *Uebersmenschen* all on their knees intoning an extraordinary litany to the donkey, who has "created us all in his own image."

In his opposition to the Christian faith and the Christian God, Nietzsche by no means stands alone, however independent he may have been in the method and standpoint of his attack. But in his opposition to Christian morality he was more radically original. There is a very general tendency among those who reject Christian theology to shore up the superstructure of Christian morality which rests on that theology. George Eliot, in her writings at all events, has been an eloquent and distinguished advocate of this process; Mr. Myers, in an oft-quoted passage, has described with considerable melodramatic vigour the "sibyl in the gloom" of the Trinity Fellows' Garden at Cambridge, who withdrew God and Immortality from his grasp, but, to his consternation, told him to go on obeying Duty. Nietzsche would have sympathized with Mr. Myers. What George Eliot proposed was one of those compromises so dear to our British minds. Nietzsche would none of it. Hence his contemptuous treatment of George Eliot, of J. S. Mill, of Herbert Spencer, and so many more of our favourite intellectual heroes who have striven to preserve Christian morality while denying Christian theology. Nietzsche regarded our current moral ideals, whether formulated by bishops or by anarchists, as alike founded on a Christian basis, and when that foundation is sapped they cannot stand.

The motive of modern morality is pity, its principle is altruistic, its motto is "Love your neighbours as yourself," its ideal self-abnegation, its end the greatest good of the greatest number. All these things were abhorrent to Nietzsche, or, so far as he accepted them, it was in forms which gave them new values. Modern morality, he said, is founded on an extravagant dread of pain, in ourselves primarily, secondarily in others. Sympathy is fellow-suffering; to love one's neighbour as oneself is to dread his pain as we dread

our own pain. The religion of love is built upon the fear of pain. "On n'est bon que par la pitié;" the acceptance of that doctrine Nietzsche considers the chief outcome of Christianity, although, he thinks, not essential to Christianity, which rested on the egoistic basis of personal salvation: "One thing is needful." But it remains the most important by-product of Christianity, and has ever been gaining strength. Kant stood firmly outside the stream, but the French freethinkers, from Voltaire onwards, were not to be outdone in this direction by Christians, while Comte with his "Vivre pour autrui" even out-Christianized Christianity, and Schopenhauer in Germany, J. S. Mill in England, carried on the same doctrine.

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

"Morality is the mob-instinct working in the individual." It rests, Nietzsche asserts, on two thoughts: "the community is worth more than the individual," and "a permanent advantage is better than a temporary advantage;" whence it follows that all the advantages of the community are

preferable to those of the individual. Morality thus becomes a string of negative injunctions, a series of "Thou shalt nots," with scarcely a positive command amongst them; witness the well-known table of Jewish commandments. Now Nietzsche could not endure mere negative virtues. He resented the subtle change which has taken place in the very meaning of the word "virtue," and which has perverted it from an expression of positive masculine qualities into one of merely negative feminine qualities. In his earliest essay he referred to "active sin" as the Promethean virtue which distinguishes the Aryans. The only moral codes that commended themselves to him were those that contained positive commands alone: "Do this! Do it with all your heart, and all your strength, and all your dreams!—and all other things shall be taken away from you!" For if we are truly devoted to the things that are good to do we need trouble ourselves little about the things that are good to leave undone.

Nietzsche compared himself to a mole boring down into the ground and undermining what philosophers have for a couple of thousand years considered the very surest ground to build on—the trust in morals. One of his favourite methods of attack is by the analysis of the "conscience." He points out that whatever we were regularly required to do in youth by those we honoured and feared created our "good conscience." The dictates of conscience, however urgent, thus have no true validity as regards the person who experiences them. "But," some one protests, "must we not trust our feelings?" "Yes," replies Nietzsche, "trust your feelings, but still remember that the inspiration which springs from feelings is the grandchild of an opinion, often a false one, and in any case not your own. To trust one's feelings—that means to yield more obedience to one's grandfather and grandmother and their grandparents than to the gods within *our own* breasts: our own reason and our own experience." Faith in authority is thus the source of conscience; it is not the voice of God in the human heart but the voice of man in man. The sphere of the moral is the sphere of tradition, and a man is moral because he is dependent on a tradition and not on himself. Originally everything was within the sphere of morals, and it was only possible to escape from that sphere by becoming a law-giver, medicine-man, demigod—that is to say by making morals. To be customary is to be moral,—I still closely follow Nietzsche's thought and expression,—to be individual is to be wicked. Every kind of originality involves a bad conscience. Nietzsche insists with fine eloquence, again and again, that every good gift that has been given to man put a bad conscience into the heart of the giver. Every good thing was once

new, unaccustomed, *immoral*, and gnawed at the vitals of the finder like a worm. Every new doctrine is wicked. Science has always come into the world with a bad conscience, with the emotions of a criminal, at least of a smuggler. No man can be disobedient to custom and not be immoral, and feel that he is immoral. The artist, the actor, the merchant, the freethinker, the discoverer, were once all criminals, and were persecuted, crushed, rendered morbid, as all persons must be when their virtues are not the virtues idealized by the community. Primitive men lived in hordes, and must obey the horde-voice within them. The whole phenomena of morals are animal-like, and have their origin in the search for prey and the avoidance of pursuit.

Progress is thus a gradual emancipation from morals. We have to recognize the services of the men who fight in this struggle against morals, and who are crushed into the ranks of criminals. Not that we need pity them. "It is a new *justice* that is called for, a new *mot d'ordre*. We need new philosophers. The moral world also is round. The moral world also has its antipodes, and the antipodes also have their right to exist. A new world remains to be discovered—and more than one! Hoist sail, O philosophers!"

"Men must become both better *and wicked*." So spake Zarathustra; or, as he elsewhere has it, "It is with man as with a tree, the higher he would climb into the brightness above, the more vigorously his roots must strive earthwards, downwards, into the darkness and the depths—into the wicked." Wickedness is just as indispensable as goodness. It is the ploughshare of wickedness which turns up and fertilizes the exhausted fields of goodness. We must no longer be afraid to be wicked; we must no longer be afraid to be hard. "Only the noblest things are very hard. This new command, O my brothers, I lay upon you—become hard."

In renewing our moral ideals we need also to renew our whole conception of the function and value of morals. Nietzsche advises moralists to change their tactics: "Deny moral values, deprive them of the applause of the crowd, create obstacles to their free circulation; let them be the shame-faced secrets of a few solitary souls; *forbid morality!* In so doing you may perhaps accredit these things among the only men whom one need have on one's side, I mean heroic men. Let it be said of morality to-day as Meister Eckard said: 'I pray God that he may rid me of God!'" We have altogether over-estimated the importance of morality. Christianity knew better when it placed "grace" above morals, and so also did Buddhism. And if we turn to literature, Nietzsche maintains, it is a vast mistake to suppose that, for instance, great tragedies have, or were intended to have, any moral effect. Look at "Macbeth,"

at "Tristan und Isolde," at "Ædipus." In all these cases it would have been easy to make guilt the pivot of the drama. But the great poet is in love with passion. "He calls to us: 'It is the charm of charms, this exciting, changing, dangerous, gloomy, yet often sun-filled existence! It is an *adventure* to live—take this side or that, it will always be the same!'" So he speaks to us out of a restless and vigorous time, half drunken and dazed with excess of blood and energy, out of a wickeder time than ours is; and we are obliged to set to rights the aim of a Shakespeare and make it righteous, that is to say, to misunderstand it."

We have to recognize a diversity of moral ideals. Nothing is more profoundly dangerous than, with Kant, to create impersonal categorical imperatives after the Chinese fashion, to generalize "virtue," "duty," and "goodness," and sacrifice them to the Moloch of abstraction. "Every man must find his own virtue, his own categorical imperative;" it must be founded on inner necessity, on deep personal choice. Only the simpleton says: "Men ought to be like this or like that." The real world presents to us a dazzling wealth of types, a prodigious play of forms and metamorphoses. Yet up comes a poor devil of a moralist, and says to us: "No! men ought to be something quite different!" and straightway he paints a picture of himself on the wall, and exclaims: "Ecce homo!" But one thing is needful, that a man should attain the fullest self-satisfaction. Every man must be his own moralist.

These views might be regarded as "lax," as predisposing to easy self-indulgence. Nietzsche would have smiled at such a notion. Not yielding, but mastering, was the key to his personal morality. "Every day is badly spent," he said, "in which a man has not once denied himself; this gymnastic is inevitable if a man will retain the joy of being his own master." The four cardinal virtues, as Nietzsche understood morals, are sincerity, courage, generosity, and courtesy. "Do what you will," said Zarathustra, "but first be one of those who *are able to will*. Love your neighbour as yourself—but first be one of those who *are able to love themselves*." And again Zarathustra spoke: "He who belongs to me must be strong of bone and light of foot, eager for fight and for feast, no sulker, no John o' Dreams, as ready for the hardest task as for a feast, sound and hale. The best things belong to me and mine, and if men give us nothing, then we take them: the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the fairest women!" There was no desire here to suppress effort and pain. That Nietzsche regarded as a mark of modern Christian morals. It is pain, more pain and deeper, that we need. The discipline of suffering alone creates man's pre-eminence. "Man unites

in himself the creature and the creator : there is in him the stuff of things, the fragmentary and the superfluous, clay, mud, madness, chaos ; but there is also in him the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divine blessedness of the spectator on the seventh day." Do you pity, he asks, what must be fashioned, broken, forged, refined as by fire? But our pity is spent on one thing alone, the most effeminate of all weaknesses—pity. This was the source of Nietzsche's admiration for war, and indifference to its horror ; he regarded it as the symbol of that spiritual warfare and bloodshed in which to him all human progress consisted. He might, had he pleased, have said with the Jew and the Christian, that without shedding of blood there shall be no remission of sins. But with a difference, for as he looked at the matter, every man must be his own saviour, and it is his own blood that must be shed ; there is no salvation by proxy. That was expressed in his favourite motto : *Virescit vulnere virtus.*

Nietzsche's ideal man is the man of Epictetus, as he describes him in "Morgenröthe," the laconic, brave, self-contained man, not lusting after expression like the modern idealist. The man whom Epictetus loved hated fanaticism, he hated notoriety, he knew how to smile. And the best was, added Nietzsche, that he had no fear of God before his eyes ; he believed firmly in reason, and relied, not on divine grace, but on himself. Of all Shakespeare's plays, "Julius Cæsar" seemed to Nietzsche the greatest, because it glorifies Brutus ; the finest thing that can be said in Shakespeare's honour, Nietzsche thought, was that—aided perhaps by some secret and intimate experience—he believed in Brutus and the virtues that Brutus personified. In course of time, however, while not losing his sympathy with stoicism, it was Epicureanism, the heroic aspects of Epicureanism, which chiefly appealed to Nietzsche. He regarded Epicurus as one of the world's greatest men, the discoverer of the heroically idyllic method of living a philosophy ; for one to whom happiness could never be more than an unending self-discipline, and whose ideal of life had ever been that of a spiritual nomad, the methods of Epicurus seemed to yield the finest secrets of good living. Socrates, with his joy in life and in himself, was also an object of Nietzsche's admiration. Among later thinkers, Helvetius appealed to him strongly. Goethe and Napoleon were naturally among his favourite heroes, as were Alcibiades and Cæsar. The latest great age of heroes was to him the Italian Renaissance. Then came Luther, opposing the rights of the peasants, yet himself initiating a peasants' revolt of the intellect, and preparing the way for that shallow plebeianism of the spirit which has marked the last two centuries.

Latterly, in tracing the genealogy of modern morals, Nietzsche's opinions hardened into a formula. He recognized three stages of moral evolution: first, the *pre-moral* period of primitive times, when the beast of prey was the model of conduct, and the worth of an action was judged by its results. Then came the *moral* period, when the worth of an action was judged not by its results, but by its origin; this period has been the triumph of what Nietzsche calls slave-morality, the morality of the mob; the goodness and badness of actions is determined by atavism, at best by survivals; every man is occupied in laying down laws for his neighbour instead of for himself, and all are tamed and chastised into weakness in order that they may be able to obey these prescriptions. Nietzsche ingeniously connected his slave-morality with the undoubted fact that for many centuries the large, fair-haired aristocratic race has been dying out in Europe, and the older down-trodden race—short, dark, and broad-headed—has been slowly gaining predominance. But now we stand at the threshold of the *extra-moral* period. Slave-morality, Nietzsche asserted, is about to give way to master-morality; the lion will take the place of the camel. The instincts of life, refusing to allow that anything is forbidden, will again assert themselves, sweeping away the feeble negative democratic morality of our time. The day has now come for the man who is able to rule himself, and who will be tolerant to others not out of his weakness, but out of his strength; to him nothing is forbidden, for he has passed beyond goodness and beyond wickedness.

HAVELOCK ELLIS.