

**PHILOSOPHIES ANCIENT
AND MODERN. NIETZSCHE
HIS LIFE AND WORKS**

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Philosophies Ancient and Modern. Nietzsche His Life and Works by Anthony M. Ludovici & Dr. Oscar Levy

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ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI & DR. OSCAR LEVY

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His Life and Works

By

ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI

AUTHOR OF

'A DEFENCE OF ARISTOCRACY'
'WHO IS TO BE MASTER OF THE WORLD?'
AND 'NOTES TO ZARATHUSTRA'

Preface by

DR. OSCAR LEVY

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PREFACE

THE commission for a book on Nietzsche, to form the latest addition to a series of famous philosophers, is most certainly a sign that the age of adversity, through which the earlier Nietzscheans had to struggle, has at last come to an end. For ten consecutive years they had had no reply whatever to their propaganda, and their publications, loud as some of them were, proved as ineffective as cannon shots fired into the eternity of interplanetary space. Finally, however, when the echo was at last heard, it gave back nothing like the original sound: it was an echo of groans and moans, an echo of roaring disapproval and hissing mockery. Yet the years rolled on and on—and so did the printing-presses—hissing and roaring as much as ever—but at last, their thunders grew tamer and more subdued—the tempest of their fury seemed to die away in the distance—occasionally a slight mutter was still to be heard,

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but no more flashes and hisses—and suddenly a streak of blue was observed over the horizon, followed by a ray and smile of sunlight—and a soft zephyr of subdued and tentative compliments—and when our Nietzsche edition had begun to appear in its stately volumes we were enabled to receive from our former enemies on both sides of the Atlantic ‘respectful congratulations.’

And now all my brave friends are radiant with joy and optimism. Like the wanderer in the fairy tale, while the storm of disgust and loud reproach was raging, they wrapped themselves all the more closely in their cloaks, and no impudent wind could tear a shred of garments from them, but now that the sun of approval has set in, they would fain get out of their armour and enjoy the fine weather as a reward for past perils. Has not the spring come at last? Are not the gay flowers at our feet meant to welcome the victorious warriors? . . . Are not the ladies—ladies that from time immemorial have loved the warrior (especially when he is successful)—smiling at us more gloriously even than the sun? . . . Sun, ladies, flowers, smiles—was there ever a nicer combination? . . .

But, alas! there is an unimaginative creature

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among the guests, an earnest face among the cheerful, a disbeliever among the faithful, a dark countenance amid the bright assembly;—a being who, in glaring contrast to the sun, the smiles, and the gaily-coloured dresses and sunshades, is keeping a tight hold upon a dark umbrella—for he has an uncontrollable mistrust of English weather!

And I may claim that I not only know the meteorological conditions of England, but also those of the whole of modern Europe. I know them so well that I have the greatest doubts whether Nietzsche's influence will be strong enough to withstand the terrible hurricane of democracy which in our age is sweeping everything before it, and leaving a level plain in its rear. Nietzsche may have been ever so right, but Truth and Righteousness do not always prevail in this world of ours, indeed, they don't: the Bible itself, that otherwise optimistic book, lets this grand secret out once and only once—in the story of Job. The 'happy ending' in that book will deceive no realistic observer: it was added to the story, as it is added to modern plays and novels, for the edification and comfort of the audience: the true story of Job was without it, as was the true story of many

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a brave man, as was the true story of that great pope, who on his deathbed came out with the confession: 'Dilexi justitiam et odi iniquitatem, *propterea* morior in exilio,'¹ a confession which went in the very teeth of his own virtue-rewarding creed with its happy-go-lucky trust in the moral order of the universe.

Nietzsche may have been right, *therefore* he may be unsuccessful. I myself regard Nietzsche's views on art, religion, psychology, morality, as extremely sound; I think they are proved both by history and by common experience; I even suspect that they could be confirmed by science, if only science would give up looking at the world through the coloured spectacles of democratic prejudice . . . but then, it is so difficult to give up this democratic prejudice; for it is by no means simply a political opinion. Democracy, as a political creed, need terrify no one; for political creeds succeed each other like waves of the sea, whose thunder is loud and whose end is froth; but the driving power behind democracy is not a political one, it is religious—it is Christianity. A mighty religion still, a religion which has governed the world for two thousand years,

¹ 'I have loved justice and I have hated iniquity, *therefore* I die in exile.'

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which has influenced all philosophies, all literatures, all laws, all customs up to our own day, till it has finally filtered into our hearts, our blood, our system, and become part and parcel of ourselves without our being aware of it. At the present moment we are all instinctive Christians. Even if this Christian religion has been severely wounded by Nietzsche's criticism—and I believe this to be the case—I beg to suggest that a wounded lion may still have more strength than all the fussy, political, rationalistic, agnostic, non-conformist, Nietzschean and super-Nietzschean mice put together.

It was all the braver, therefore, on Nietzsche's part to assail such a mighty enemy, and to attack him exactly on the spot where attack was most needed, if victory were to be won. Nietzsche clearly recognised that the canons of criticism had until now only been directed against the outer works of that stalwart fortress—at dogmatic, at supernatural, at ecclesiastical Christianity, and that no one had yet dared to aim right at the very heart of the creed—its morality, which, while the shamfighters were at work outside, was being enormously strengthened and consolidated from within. This morality, however, Nietzsche recognised as intimately con-