I regret to say that since the war began the deaths I have investigated as a coroner have doubled in number—women and men—from delirium tremens and alcoholic excess, and I hear from the police at Bethnal Green that women are drinking much more, especially in the mornings. Many money-earning wives and women have more money now than when their soldier husbands were at home, for they used to take part of the women's earnings.

Sir GEORGE H. SAVAGE said: In England one sees chiefly those who have established a morphia or cocaine habit. In some cases doctors have been the cause of the taking of the drug, but I regret to say that, as opportunity leads to faults, so the ease with which doctor and druggist can get the drugs lead to the numbers of members of these callings taking to the habit. As a rule, the drug-taker loses all moral sense. He has no regard for truth or honesty, and will lie even when "on his honour," and to any extent. He is, possibly, curable, but I generally say that any young man or middle-aged one who has taken to morphia, and having been cured once falls again, is never to be trusted. I have seen some cases in which marked mental weakness, the so-called "facility," has followed prolonged drug-taking. Cocaine is, to my mind, in every way a more dangerous drug; it is taken so often with the idea of breaking the morphia habit, or to check the craving. The symptoms often arise so slowly and insidiously that for a long time they are only considered as developments of the normal temperament of a suspicious man. I have seen the slow passage from doubt to suspicion, and then to fully-developed delusions of persecution. Other drugs, such as chloral and the various chemical sedatives, may give rise to various nervous symptoms, but I do not think they are specially noteworthy as causes of insanity. I have known paraldehyde produce active delirious insanity resembling delirium tremens. I trust the Mental Deficiency Act will enable us to control drinkers and drug-takers, and will protect the doctors who are bold enough to make use of the Act.

Friedrich Nietzsche. By HUBERT J. NORMAN, M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H.Edin., Assistant Medical Officer, Camberwell House, S.E.(1)

Part I.—Parentage and History.

FRIEDRICH WILHELM NIETZSCHE was born at Röcken, in Saxony, in 1844. His father was a Lutheran clergyman, and his grandfather held a high official position in the Lutheran Church. His grandmother Nietzsche "came of a family of pastors," and his mother was the "daughter of a parson" (1). In view of the strongly antagonistic attitude which Nietzsche afterwards adopted towards the Christian scheme of morality, the marked clerical strain in his ancestry is worthy of note. According to his sister their ancestors, paternal and maternal, were very long-lived (2). "Of the four pairs of great-grand-parents [one] great-grandfather . . . reached the age of ninety, five great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers died between seventy-five and eighty-six, two only failed to reach old age. The two grandfathers attained their seventieth year, the maternal

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grandmother died at eighty-two, and grandmother Nietzsche at seventy-seven." Nietzsche's mother was also long-lived; she was born in 1826, and was married, in 1843, to Pastor Nietzsche, who was then thirty years old. She died in 1897, "after having suffered ill-health for several years" (3). Pastor Nietzsche is described by his daughter as being an "extraordinarily sensitive man . . . any sign of discord, either in the parish or in his own family, was so painful to him that he would withdraw to his study, and refuse to eat or drink, or speak with anybody" (4). This tendency to seek solitude is worthy of note, as it reappeared in a very marked degree in his son, Friedrich. The father was short-sighted—as was Nietzsche—and, in 1848, this resulted in an accident, the consequences of which were disastrous: he tripped over an obstacle which his defective eyesight had prevented him from observing, and he suffered as a result from concussion of the brain. This shock to the nervous system initiated a train of symptoms—chiefly cerebral—which led to his death eleven months later. The fall may have been the cause of the attack; or, as another biographer says, perhaps "only hastened its approach." The same writer informs us that Pastor Nietzsche "might have hoped for a fine career had he not suffered from headaches and nerves" (5). Frau Förster-Nietzsche, however, says (6) that her father had not suffered from headaches prior to the accident. In view of Nietzsche's history, one feels inclined to agree with Halévy, more especially as, where any history of nervous or of mental symptoms of a morbid character are concerned, relatives are usually the last to admit them. Mügge says that Pastor Nietzsche "suffered either from concussion or softening of the brain . . . doubtless this accident *hastened* his death" (7). The youngest of the three children born to Nietzsche's parents, a boy, died just after his second birthday "from teething convulsions" (8). There was apparently nervous instability in the family; and Ireland says that O. Hansson "learned from a family who knew Friedrich Nietzsche from childhood that a disposition to insanity had been inherited for several generations, both on the father's and the mother's side" (9). This statement is not in accord with the details of family history as given by Frau Förster-Nietzsche; at the same time, it is, perhaps, no injustice to her to surmise that she was desirous of minimising the pathological aspect of the family heredity, and

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of laying greater stress upon the more favourable characteristics. When Nietzsche's life-history with its morbid mental vicissitudes is considered, however, it would be surprising if the family annals were found to be clear of all traces of nervous instability.

As a child, there is little that is abnormal recorded of him. He was late in learning to speak; he was two and a half years old, his sister informs us, before he began to talk. As a school-boy, he kept a good deal apart from his companions, and he was even at this time inclined to be solitary and introspective. By the time he was ten years old, he had made considerable advances in regard to his school-work, and he was able "to compose motets and write verses and plays."

In 1857, for the first time, according to his sister, Nietzsche began to show signs of eye-trouble, and he suffered from headaches which may have been due to this. It was noticed also that his pupils were at times unequal (10). About five years later there was some mental change which his sister finds difficult to explain; the "exemplary boy" became a "somewhat slack scholar," and he began to feel an "extraordinary dissatisfaction with his surroundings." This was associated with physical disorders; "healthy and strong as he looked, he suffered a good deal during this time from colds, hoarseness, and repeated attacks of eye-trouble and headaches" (11).

In 1864, Nietzsche went to Bonn University; in the following year, he left there, disgusted with the "coarse, Philistine spirit, reared in this excess of drinking, of rowdyism, and running into debt." He went next to the University of Leipzig, where he remained until 1867. After leaving there he began his military training, but as a result of an accident to his chest he was invalided at the expiration of five months. In 1869, he went to Bâle as Professor of Classical Philology; in 1870, war having been declared between Germany and France, he set out for the front as an ambulance attendant. He contracted dysentery and diphtheria, whilst attending upon the wounded; he had to relinquish his duties on the field, and he returned to his work, at Bâle, in the same year. In January, 1871, "he got jaundice, inflammation of the bowels followed, and in addition to this he was terribly tormented by insomnia" (12). It was in this year that his first book, the *Birth of Tragedy*, was published. In the early part of 1872, he was again in good health; towards the end of that year he com-

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plained of headaches and disturbed sleep. In 1873, he became worse; "his short-sightedness considerably increased in the spring, and was accompanied by pains in the eyes and in the head" (13). Later in the year, however, his health improved, and he became cheerful; but in the early part of 1874, he became again "depressed in spirits." He had projected great plans for the future, but he felt that he was unable to carry them out. "If only you knew," he wrote to a friend, "how despondent and how melancholy I feel about myself as a productive creature. . . . For the moment I am really very, very tired of everything—more than tired." He adds—and this is significant—"my health is excellent." Shortly afterwards, according to his sister, "he recovered his pride and good spirits." In the winter of 1875, "another spell of indisposition supervened, and for some months he remained ill and depressed"; then "in a few days . . . his buoyant nature quickly recuperated" (14). Again he became "cheerful and in high spirits, but by the following spring he was depressed, and during this time he "took an extraordinary quantity of medicine." During the period from the middle of August to the end of November, his "health was really excellent. From early in the morning till late in the evening he was radiant and cheerful, and declared himself exceptionally pleased with everything" (15). Just previously to this, Nietzsche had written to a friend that his trouble had been diagnosed as "chronic gastric catarrh, accompanied by great dilatation of the stomach. This dilatation causes vascular engorgements and results in the brain being insufficiently supplied with blood," and he added, "I am to take Carlsbad salts, and am to have leeches applied to the head."

From the end of November, "his good health gradually declined"; he went out of doors seldom, and "even lost all taste for long excursions." He again had recourse to drugs. "After Christmas his steadily declining health broke down altogether. He suffered from terrible headaches and violent nausea." Gradually his health began to improve, and of the early period of 1876 his sister writes: "I was somewhat surprised to see my brother in such good spirits during the spring of this year" (16). She wondered the more as she knew that her brother's offer of marriage had just been refused by a "charming girl." Indeed, it is rather pathetic to observe

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throughout Frau Förster-Nietzsche's account of her brother's life how she strives to formulate reasons for his varying mental phases, and the bewilderment in which she—and, it may be added, the doctors also—found themselves at the apparently inexplicable nature of his trouble.

Another observer thus describes his appearance during this period: "Nothing was more deceiving than the apparent calm of his expression. The fixed glance betrayed the melancholy labour of his thought. It was the glance of a fanatic, of a keen observer, and of a visionary" (17). It was about this time that he was writing the first part of *Human, All Too Human:* and Halévy's significant comment in regard to it is that in it the author "reverses every thesis that he has hitherto upheld" (18). When September, 1878, was reached, "he was leading a painful and miserable life . . . he was avoided, for his agitated condition gave alarm" (19). The second part of *Human, All Too Human* appeared in 1879; his health grew worse—"the doctors began to be disquieted by symptoms which they could not ascertain, by an invalid they could not cure. It appeared to them that his eyesight, and perhaps his reason, were threatened" (20). He shut himself up in his room "behind closed shutters and drawn curtains." A friend wrote of him at this time, "His condition is desperate." When his sister saw him after a short absence, she "scarcely recognised the stooping, devastated man, aged in one year by ten years." He thought that he was lost, that he was going to die; he made arrangements for his obsequies; he longed for solitude. He gave up his professorship at Bâle. Toward the end of this year, however, he was able to write: "It seems to me that I feel gayer, more kindly than ever I was." But in December he says: "My condition has again become terrible, my tortures are atrocious." By the middle of February he was again cheerful, he felt a "reawakening of his strength." He continued in this improved state until 1881, in which year *The Dawn of Day* was published: a book which he regarded as the "exercise of a convalescent who amuses himself with desires and ideas" (21). He went to lead a retired life in the Engadine, and he is reported to have been "for some weeks in a condition of rapture and of anguish. . . . He experienced a divine pride . . . His agitation . . . became extreme" (22). He realised to some extent his own condition,

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for he wrote: "Presentiments cross my mind. It seems to me that I am leading a very dangerous life, for my machine is one of those which may *go smash!* The intensity of my sentiments makes me shudder, and though twice already I have had to stay in my room, and for a ridiculous reason; my eyes were inflamed, why? Because while I walked I had cried too much; not sentimental tears, but tears of joy; and I sang and said idiotic things, being full of a new idea which I must proffer to men." Such was the state of mind in which he conceived that strange and dithyrambic philosophical mystagogue, Zarathustra. There was, however, another halt, another period of depression, before he could carry on his work. "He lost his exaltation . . . thrice, during these weeks of September and October, he was tempted to suicide" (23). Towards the end of December he passed a crisis, and surmounted it. He became cheerful once more; "his gaiety amazed" his mother and sister, with whom he went to stay. Another book, *The Joyful Wisdom*, was written during this period. Later in the year (1882) we find him depressed again; he became "melancholy and suspicious. One day he imagined that his companions, talking together under their breath, were laughing at him" (24). He broke with his friends; he thought that everyone had betrayed him; he wished once more for solitude. "Perhaps he also wished," says Halévy, "to put to profit that condition of paroxysm, and the lyrical *sursum* whither his despair had carried him" (25). He set about his task of writing *Thus Spake Zarathustra.* It is a strange, fantastic book, and Nietzsche's mental condition at this time is reflected in it. "Every morning, on awakening from a sleep which chloral had rendered sweet, he rediscovered life with frightful bitterness. Conquered by melancholy and rancour, he wrote pages which he had at once to re-read attentively, to correct or erase. He dreaded these bad hours in which anger, seizing him like a vertigo, obscured his best thoughts" (26). There are probably many who read *Zarathustra* who express doubts as to Nietzsche's having spent much of his time in revising and correcting it.

During the year 1882 he wandered from one place to another—Monaco, Rome, Grunewald, Leipzig, Genoa. Early in 1883 he was in Genoa, thinking of retiring to his solitude once more, but "he is feeble, solitude exalts and frightens

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him." So he went to Rome. But there he felt "discouraged and ceased to write" (27). Depression once more set in, and he decided to flee from society. There was, however, a remission which apparently lasted but a short time. His sister was amazed at the sudden change; during their journey back to Germany "he improvised epigrams, *bouts-rimés* . . . he laughed like a child, and in fear of troublesome people who would have disturbed his delight, he called and tipped the guard at every station" (28). He returned to the Engadine, to solitude, and to the writing of the second part of his *Zarathustra*. "In it we see no longer the hero whom Friedrich Nietzsche had created so superior to all humanity; it is a man in despair, it is Nietzsche, in short, too weak to express anything beyond his anger and his plaints. . . . He is the prey of a bitter and violent mood, and the virtue which he exalts is naked force undisguised, that savage ardour which moral prescriptions have always wished to attenuate, vary, or overcome" (29). He wrote long letters, which betrayed his agitation, and which gave rise to anxiety in his friends. He left the Engadine, and went to the home of his family in Naumburg. There he found a general atmosphere of domestic quarrels, and he speedily departed for Genoa. From there he wrote to a friend: "Things go very badly. . . . I can live only at the sea-side. Every other climate depresses me, destroys my nerves and eyes, makes me melancholy, puts me into a black humour—that awful tare." He moved on to Nice; towards the end of 1883, he was almost in despair, and the beginning of 1884 found him still dull and capable of no sustained effort. In January, however, the clouds lifted for awhile, and he completed the third part of *Zarathustra*. Halévy describes it as a "disorder of complaints, appeals, and moral fragments which seem to be the *débris* left over from the ruin of his great work" (30). He left Nice and went to Venice in April. The feeling of elation lasted apparently for some months, and he was able to complete the fourth part of *Zarathustra*. At this time he had no doubts as to his great capabilities, and this exalted mental phase is obvious in a letter which he wrote in March of this year: "I do not hesitate to avow that, in my opinion I have, with this *Zarathustra*, brought the German language to perfection. After Luther and Goethe a third step remained to be taken—and consider . . .

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were ever strength, subtlety, and beauty of sound so linked in our language? My style is a dance; I trifle with symmetries of all sorts, and I play on these symmetries even in my selection of vowels" (31).

When September came, he was again depressed: "very low in himself, and at the same time exceedingly talkative. This excited speech troubled [the friend who was visiting him]. . . . He spoke in a low and trembling voice, and his face was troubled" (32). This was in Bâle; he left for Zurich. There he became again unduly elated. We are told that the hotel in which he stayed "resounded with his childish laughter."

He went to Mentone still in a cheerful, elated mood; and whilst there he wrote much poetry—"songs, short stanzas, epigrams." His restlessness hastened him off to Nice. The feeling of elation passed, as a letter he wrote to his sister proves: "Here I am ill again; I have recourse to the old means [chloral], and I utterly hate all men, myself included, whom I have known. I sleep well, but on awaking, I experience misanthropy and rancour." Halévy tells us that his behaviour was peculiar; when out walking, for instance, "he would leap and gambol at times, and then suddenly interrupt his capers to write down a few words with a pencil" (33). In April and May, he was in Venice, enjoying a "short-lived happiness"; in June, he returned to the Engadine. Thereafter this truly peripatetic philosopher visited Leipzig, Naumburg, Munich, Tuscany; then he returned to Nice. By the end of the year, he was again passing into a depressed phase. He loathed the *pension* in which he was living: he objected to the rooms, the furniture, the neighbours. "Here is Christmas again," he wrote, "and it is sad to think that I must continue to live, as I have done for seven years, a man proscribed, like a cynical contemner of men"; and, again, that he has had "nights and days that were most melancholy." The next year commenced more auspiciously; during the first three months, "his melancholy appeared to be less acute." He wrote *Beyond Good and Evil*, which was published in the same year. In the spring he went to Venice; depression came upon him once more. He shut himself up and remained solitary. Quite suddenly, he felt that he must set off on his travels once more. He went to Leipzig. An old friend whom he visited there thus described the change which he observed

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in him: "All his person was marked with an indescribable strangeness, and it disquieted me. There was about him something that I had never known, of the Nietzsche whom I had known many features were effaced. He seemed to have come from an uninhabited land." In July, he was back in the Engadine; and he felt the first symptoms of a "long crisis of neuralgia and melancholy." His letters at this period are marked by such expressions as that he is a "stranger," or "proscribed man," one "with neither God nor friend." This was his state while he endeavoured to progress with the *Will to Power*, a book in which he was going to attempt to "transvalue all values." But first he must move on once more; he returned to the Genoese coast. He became more cheerful; Halévy suggests that he was now taking drugs to excite him to work: "We know that he was absorbing chloral and an extract of Indian hemp, which, in small doses, produced an inward calm; in large doses, excitement" (34). During the winter, 1886–87, "he lived . . . in a singular condition of relaxation, indecision, and melancholy." He was by this time back again in Nice; then to San Remo and Monte Carlo; and once more to Nice. In the spring-time of 1887, he went to Lake Maggiore; and as the spring passed the depression left him to some extent, and he was able to work more steadily. The improvement lasted but a short time, and he departed to Switzerland for a course of waters, massage, and baths. Thereafter he wrote, in the course of fifteen days, his *Genealogy of Morals*. The following summer was spent in "discomfort and melancholy." In the autumn, he was again in Venice; October in Nice. Towards the end of the year he wrote: "Almost all that I have written should be erased. During these latter years the vehemence of my internal agitations has been terrible." Another year commenced, and found him "again a prey to sadness. He complained of his sensibility, of his irritability." In his own words: "Never has life appeared so difficult to me. I can no longer keep on terms with any sort of reality. . . . There are nights when I am overwhelmed with distress" (35). He became worse: "suffering and irritation deformed his memories." He described his state thus: "Night and day, I am in a state of unbearable tension and oppression . . . my health . . . has remained sufficiently good . . . nothing is sick but the poor soul" (36).

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The end was approaching—at least in so far as his intelligence was concerned. The anabolic process had for years been proving insufficient to keep pace with katabolism: the tension in the nervous system had almost reached breaking-point. Yet there was still to be a shower of sparks before the end came; and a singularly vivid display it was. His iconoclasm became even more marked. One idol he attacked with all the fury of diminishing control—Richard Wagner, his erstwhile bosom friend—and him he calls a modern Cagliostro, a low comedian, a decadent. He was still able to realise the change in his condition to a great extent, however, though this realisation did not prevent him from his onslaughts, his vituperations, his "philosophising with a hammer." In a letter to a friend, written in February, 1888, he said: "I am in a state of chronic irritability which allows me, in my better moments, a sort of revenge, not the finest sort—it takes the form of an excess of hardness." In April, Nietzsche was in Turin, and experiencing a period of excitement, during which he hurried on his work. "My humour is good, I work from morning to night . . . I digest like a demi-god, I sleep in spite of the nocturnal noises of carriages." When July came he was in the Engadine—once more depressed. "He lost his sleep. His happy excitement disappeared, or transformed itself into bitter and febrile humours. . . . He walked alone" (37). He finished the *Case of Wagner*, and commenced a new essay, which was completed by September, and was published later under the title of *The Twilight of the Idols*. During September another pamphlet was completed, and the title he gave to this was *The Antichrist*. In it he exalts force—implacable, pitiless, unrelenting—as the only thing of value: "not peace at any price, but war." It is almost his last amazing paradox: this worn and broken man uttering a pæan to power. The title is suggestive: Nietzsche may, indeed, have considered himself as Antichrist. It is an indictment of Christianity: one of his many fulminations against Christian ethics. Before the year was out he wrote his *Ecce Homo*, and again, perchance it was himself to whom he pointed therein as another Christ, for, when the new year dawned, and the final collapse came, he wrote as signature to one of his letters "The Crucified."

In the autumn of 1888, "his letters expressed an unheard of happiness . . . He digests well, sleeps marvellously."

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For this unfortunate man, with his nervous system on the verge of utter breakdown, everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, or at least in that part of it, Turin, where he was then residing. The exalted mood continued while he wrote his *Ecce Homo*. The titles of the chapters are significant: "Why I write such excellent Books"—"Why I am so wise"—"Why I am so clever"—"Why I am a Fatality."

"On one of the first days of January, 1889, near his lodgings in Turin," writes Mügge, "Nietzsche had an apoplectic fit. For two days he lay stupefied and unconscious on his sofa. Later he was once more able to walk, but he had no idea of the value of money, and paid for trifles with gold; he spoke loudly and constantly, and wrote many odd and quaint letters" (38). One of the letters he wrote about this time included such passages as: "I am Ferdinand de Lesseps, I am Prado, I am Chambige [the two assassins with whom the Paris newspapers were then occupied]; I have been buried twice this autumn." A friend who hastened to him found Nietzsche "ploughing the piano with his elbow, singing and crying his Dionysian glory" (39). The same friend thus further describes his state: "He saw me, and, recognising who I was, rushed to me, and embraced me passionately; then, bursting into a flood of tears, he sank back upon the sofa in convulsions. . . . Nietzsche had hardly sunk back again, groaning and starting convulsively, when they gave him a cordial to swallow. For the moment calmness ensued, and Nietzsche began to talk laughingly of the great reception which was prepared for the evening. Therewith he was back in the sphere of illusions, which he never again left while I was present—quite clear as to my identity and that of others generally, but as to his own involved in utter night." Later, he saw him, "his face like a mask, and with hurried but unsteady gait," being conducted to the train which was to take him to an institution in Bâle. He was removed to another institution in Jena later in the month, and in March, 1890, his condition having improved, his mother took him to her home in Naumburg. The improvement was only a limited one; his mental condition steadily deteriorated. "In 1895 he was suffering from a paralytic affection of the jaw." His memory was practically a blank. "In the summer of 1898 another slight apoplectic fit occurred, and the next year

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a more severe one. Nietzsche became weaker and more silent." He died of pneumonia, in August, 1900.

Part II.—An Attempt at Interpretation.

It is the fate of most—if not, indeed, all—writers and teachers to be misunderstood. Hence the plague of exegetical writings, and the obscurity or ambiguity of a writer may almost be judged by the mass of commentary which he has given rise to. The utterances of the Pythoness have not been unparalleled in regard to the difficulty of their interpretation, nor are the sayings of the prophets alone worthy of the application to them of the terms "ambiguous," "obscure," or "unintelligible."

It is not, however, always the fault of the author that his sayings are misinterpreted. Each one of us imparts to his rendering of the meaning of a particular passage something of his own personality, or, as the phrase goes, we "read into" the author something of our own view of the matters with which he deals. That this bias is largely subconscious does not make it any the less real, nor does it detract from the influence it has upon our interpretation. This instinctive feeling is so pronounced in some individuals that they are rendered incapable of giving even the semblance of fairness to their commentaries.

It is the subconscious bias, this instinct, which makes possible the formation of sects, which gives rise to political parties, which fashions men into enthusiastic disciples or into fanatical opponents. It may spring from superficial knowledge—which is but a higher and more dangerous degree of ignorance—or it may be associated with a memory well stored with undigested information. In any case, it is a prime necessity for anyone who wishes to have—or who has without caring whether he has or not—a large and enthusiastic band of followers. It is not characterised by a conflict of motives, therefore the more directly will anyone who is in this particular mental state tend to make for his objective, undeterred by contending impulses.

This state of mind comes into being most readily during periods of national crisis, that is to say, when some predominant emotional stress exerts its influence. This has been exempli-

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fied on a large scale in the crusades, in the dancing manias of mediæval times, in the witchcraft delusions, and during hostilities between nations; this feeling rises to a pitch when reason is frequently quite overwhelmed—even to madness in some instances.

That such a bias is, even in these enlightened days, not quite unknown, a brief study of Nietzsche's works, of those of his biographers, or of articles regarding him which appear in the press, will speedily convince us. It is a difficult matter to come to a decision in regard to Nietzsche's teaching even with a great number of the facts before us, and there seems to be only one way in which to reconcile the apparently contradictory attitudes which are found when we study his life and his writings. The contradiction was noted by his sister, who was also his biographer, Frau Fôrster-Nietzsche, who says: "It *is* a problem that Friedrich Nietzsche, who denied our present moral values, or at least traced them to sources absolutely unsuspected hitherto—this transvaluer of values—should himself have fulfilled all the loftiest and most subtle demands made by the morality now preached among us. And he did not do this because of any moral imperative, but from a perfectly cheerful inability to act otherwise. I leave it to others to solve this problem" (40). There we have a very plain statement of the contradictions in Nietzsche's mental outlook. It is, after all, a not uncommon problem; it narrows itself down to the contradiction between precept and practice, which is a matter of daily observation. It looms more largely in Nietzsche's case because of his undoubtedly high intellectual attainments, and also because of his indubitable sincerity. No one who conscientiously studies Nietzsche's life and works can have any doubts on these points. He was no philosophical charlatan, eagerly seeking after public applause or financial gain; he sought truth in season and out of season, even though the publication of his beliefs cost him friends, money, and public esteem, and even though he realised that his unflinching attitude alienated him from his countrymen, and earned him the title of "un-German" (*Ecce Homo*, p. 69). As Lichtenberger says, "His only passion was the search for truth." Now, whence came this immutable purpose, and in what did the contradictory elements take their rise? No satisfactory answer can be given to the problem of Nietzsche's life and opinions,

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and the real contradiction between them, if these matters are to be kept rigidly separated. It was because Nietzsche was so greatly influenced by the fluctuations of an unstable nervous organisation that he thought and acted as he did. Indeed, it is almost misleading to speak of anyone being influenced by the condition of his nervous system; what the nervous system (the brain-cells and the nerves) is, that we are, and until this is realised there is no hope for a rational psychology.

Nietzsche himself recognised this fatal error in metaphysics, and in that which so frequently parades under the name of psychology. "Just exactly as the people separate the lightning from the flash," he says, "and interpret the latter as a thing done, as the working of a subject which is called lightning, so also does the popular morality separate strength from the expressing strength, as though behind the strong man there existed some indifferent neutral *substratum*, which enjoyed a *caprice and option* as to whether or not it should express strength. But there is no such *substratum*, there is no 'being' behind doing, working, becoming; the 'doer' is a mere appanage to the action. The action is everything" (*Genealogy of Morals*, pp. 45–46). We are conditioned in regard to our possibilities just as the pendulum is conditioned; but our oscillations have a wider range. Education is limited in its potentiality: you cannot fashion an intellectual man out of an imbecile, no matter how you may strive by education to do so. The whole of psychology must be based upon physiology; otherwise it is less well-founded than the house built upon the sands. It is still the fashion to carp at this view of the matter, and to call it gross or base materialism, but it is almost a certainty that those who cavil in this manner have not taken the trouble to investigate closely the facts upon which this theory is based.

Nietzsche recognised this essential study of the bodily processes as the basis of all rational psychology. "Man did not know himself physiologically throughout the ages his history covers; he does not even know himself now. The knowledge, for instance, that a man has a nervous system (but no 'soul') is still the privilege of the most educated people" (*Will to Power*, vol. i, p. 187). Frequently he returns to this aspect of the matter, and many passages might be quoted to exemplify his views as to what psychology really is; and one of his direc-

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tions of attack upon the teachings of Christianity is along the line of proving that "by far the greatest portion of the psychical apparatus which Christianity has used is now classed among the various forms of hysteria and epilepsy."

If we apply these teachings of Nietzsche to himself we shall be in a fair way towards understanding the extremities to which he was carried. But here we meet with the conflicting testimonies of those who have given us accounts of his life. Some writers maintain that Nietzsche was not insane until the beginning of the final breakdown, that is to say, until the latter part of 1888; for example, Mügge, who maintains (41) that "*with the data that we have, however, we must come to the conclusion that Nietzsche's mind was healthy until the end of 1888.*" He admits (42), nevertheless, that "it is at any rate *possible* that Nietzsche was predisposed by heredity"; and he states that "perhaps the origin of his physical and mental ill-health should be attributed to the accident which befel him during his military service, or to the severe dysentery from which he suffered during the Franco-German War." (The accident to which he refers was the injury to the chest already mentioned). Mügge goes on to say that after the year 1881, after which time his purely philosophical works were written, "Nietzsche was comparatively well"; but he adds that "in 1882 he began to take hydrate of chloral," and he admits this "caused him to see men and things in a false light the next morning . . . he again and again struggled to give up the use of that drug" (43). He quotes Chamberlain as saying that the first signs of the fearful malady appeared as early as 1878, "scattering the splendid intellect, and making him the court fool of a frivolous, scandal-loving *fin de siècle*." Halévy, dealing with the period of the onset of the final breakdown, says (44): "Nietzsche's thought has no longer a history, for an influence, come not from the mind but from the body, has affected it. People sometimes say that Nietzsche was mad long before this. It may be that they are right; it is impossible to reach an assured diagnosis."

His sister, Frau Förster-Nietzsche, in dealing with the earlier period of his life, remarks frequently, as we have shown, upon the vicissitudes which he experienced mentally during that time. She seeks to explain them by adducing various factors such as the diseases which he contracted during the Franco-

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German War, the drugs which he took, and the dyspepsia which resulted from their use (45). Again, she says: "We assumed that the eye trouble (myopia) was the outcome of indeterminable trouble elsewhere, whereas, now, we know that the former was the chief agent in bringing about the general decline of his health"; and, not content with this quite formidable assortment of causes, she involves emotional stresses. "It should not be forgotten that, with a nature as sensitive as my brother's, spiritual suffering, and such shocks as those which his changed relations to his best friend (Wagner), and the alterations in his convictions and ideals involved, proved much more painful and difficult to endure than bodily indisposition" (46).

Dr. G. M. Gould lays much stress upon the short-sightedness from which Nietzsche suffered even as a child; he maintains that it was the prime cause of the headaches, and that most of his other symptoms—cerebral, neural, digestive, etc.—were secondary to this (47). Nordau's essay on Nietzsche gives one the impression of him as a madman with scarcely a lucid interval; and the shower of invective which he rains upon him does more credit to his power as an anathematiser than to his trustworthiness as a critic. The most biassed of Nietzsche's followers has not reached to such a degree of fervour of admiration as Nordau has attained to in the way of condemnation (48).

It is, however, needless to multiply instances of the discrepancies which exist between the verdicts of the critics. The most interesting point to be noted is the assured manner in which those who have no practical experience in regard to insanity undertake to deal with matters which, one would imagine, require a certain amount of expert knowledge. Everyone is, however, an amateur alienist, but when the question is one of heart trouble or of renal disease, let us say, it is approached with a due sense of the limitation of knowledge on the part of the layman. It is even so when the conditions known as organic changes in the brain and nerves are under discussion. If, however, those more delicately organised, and less stable parts of the nervous system, the functionings of which are called mental, are affected, then everyone may have his say. No special study is requisite, we may infer, where the most complex workings of the nervous system form the subject of debate. This is, of course, a comparatively well-founded

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belief where it is a matter of dealing with mataphysical systems involving discussions of the "ego"—that formless, disembodied, elusive ghost. That it is still possible in regard to the discussion of the physiological and pathological changes which underlie—or which are named—mental processes is because the study of these changes is practically still in its infancy. "The study of the mind has passed," says Professor Karl Pearson, "for good or bad, from the poetry of metaphysics to the observation and experiment of the laboratory" (49). This was, as has already been noted, Nietzsche's position, but it is one in which he would be little likely to receive support from his enthusiastic disciples. It would probably prove too "materialistic" for them. Yet this is what he maintained. "All tables of value, all the 'thou shalts' known to history and ethnology, need primarily a *physiological*, at any rate in preference to a psychological, elucidation and interpretation; all equally require a critique from medical science" (50).

It is this "critique from medical science" which is so eminently necessary in the case of Nietzsche. To a certain extent he was able to supply something of the kind himself, but it must be obvious that such introspective analysis must necessarily be limited. When the very part of the organism which carries on this introspection is interfered with by drugs or by disease, then its function must depart commensurately with the extent and progress of the organic change. There are variations in different individuals in their response to morbid as to normal stimuli, yet these variations are not by any means so great as to forbid classification. Thus anyone who will trouble to study Nietzsche's life-history, and then compare it with the descriptions given by a famous countryman of Nietzsche, Prof. Kraepelin, of Munich, or by other alienists, of certain patients who have come under their care, the resemblance will be found to be striking. In Kraepelin's classification, these patients are designated as suffering from maniacal-depressive insanity, that is to say, they alternate between phases of intense abnormal mental excitement and equally marked depression, without adequate external cause, and with, in some instances, between these phases, intervals of apparently normal health. During the excited phase there is an almost feverish desire to compose, to criticise everything, to concoct great schemes; the patient's mood is "arrogant, conceited,

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generally condescending, occasionally irritated or apprehensive." He writes, but "only produces fugitive, carelessly jotted-down written work, with numerous marginal notes. Physically, he is well." In the particular case which Kraepelin has been describing there was later a period of depression "with repeated and distressing changes of decision in matters of importance, with incapacity for work, fluctuations of mood, and hypochondriacal disorders" (51). This was apparently the condition from which Nietzsche suffered, at least during the productive years of his life. Here, again, we find the alternation between abnormal excitement and depression; the periods when he went breathlessly on writing, writing, writing, with little apparent attempt to bring about cohesion between one aphoristic utterance and the next; when he left pity, humility, charity, and all that he designated as the "Christian" virtues, the ethical values which meant for him the "slave" morality, far behind him, or merely considered them as useful in so far as they fashioned those in whom they were found into a mediocre, "slave" community, upon whom the "overmen" or "supermen" might batten and flourish. At these times, he is not found complaining of his bodily troubles, of his aches and pains. Not that his health was necessarily robust because he did not complain, but the mental state into which he passed—the irritability of certain areas of his brain-tissue—was too potent to allow even the stimuli from disordered organs to dominate it.

Then there were the periods of depression, times when he was obsessed by his physical ills—"some," as one of his biographers says (52), "imaginary, no doubt, but others real enough." The same writer says of Nietzsche that, during the year 1880, "he became, indeed, a hypochondriac of the first water, and began to take a melancholy pleasure in his infirmities." So marked was this depression at times that he was tempted to commit suicide (53); at others he feared death because it would cut him off before he was able to write down his philosophy; he shunned society, and "longed for the most desert and silent places, for the most complete solitude" (54). He was a chronic drug-taker; he absorbed large quantities of medicines for his real and imaginary diseases, and, "unable to eat or sleep, he resorted to narcotics, and, according to his sister, he continued their use throughout his life" (55).

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In alternating states such as these, the "Transvaluer of values," the "Prophet of the Superman," passed the years of his literary productiveness. In 1889, when the final breakdown came, Nietzsche practically passed out of existence as a sentient human being. He lingered on, a human derelict, incapable of any intellectual effort, until 1900.

The presence of mental instability in certain of its forms does not, it is true, preclude the sufferer from arguing rightly and logically, but a knowledge of the existence of such a condition does not inspire us with confidence in the infallibility of his reasoning. In a court of law the evidence of such a one would be viewed with suspicion, and, in the event of his having committed a crime, his responsibility for the act would be a matter for debate. When Swedenborg tells us that Heaven and Hell have been opened to him in visions, when Blake says that he saw the Devil grinning at him in the stairway, or when Cowper states that a voice told him that he was lost and damned for ever, we do not believe straightway that such things are so because we have their word for it. We do not adopt this attitude because we doubt their honesty, but because we are not convinced that they were in such a mental state as to be able to discriminate accurately in these instances between what was actually stimulating their sense-organs, and might rightly be called vision or voice, and what, on the other hand, was giving rise internally to such a commotion in the nerve-cells as to convince them that they were actually influenced from without, whereas, as a matter of fact, it was certainly not so; in other words, they were subject to hallucinations. Nietzsche himself said: "Fancy humanity having to take the brain diseases of morbid cobweb-spinners seriously!" (*Twilight of the Idols*, p. 20). At the same time, and in regard to other matters upon which the mental disorder had no bearing, most of those named were quite sane and reasonable, but their lives from the onset of the nervous derangement were yet to some degree influenced by it—if we consider their whole extent, and not isolated acts.

Within certain limits, then, we may agree with Mr. Mencken when he says (56) that even "if we admit the indisputable fact that Nietzsche died a madman, and the equally indisputable fact that his insanity was not sudden, but progressive, we by no means read him out of court as a thinker. A man's

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reasoning is to be judged, not by his physical condition, but by its own ingenuity and accuracy. If a raving maniac says that twice two make four, it is just as true as it would be if Pope Pius X or any other undoubtedly sane man were to maintain it." The analogy is—as analogies so often are—misleading: in the instance given, the assertion is capable of proof, its correctness is assumed because common experience has not tended to disprove it. When anyone diverges from accepted opinion in regard to certain matters, he is looked upon with suspicion—which does not necessarily prove that he is wrong, but that he is divergent; but when Nietzsche asserts that all the opinions commonly known as morality are wrong, many people have a suspicion that what he is trying to prove is not that two and two make four, but that, let us say, they make five! Nor can Nietzsche nor anyone else who makes such a sweeping assertion as that complain if all his credentials are demanded of him before the truth of his statement is accepted. If we grant his premises, we may accept his conclusions; but then we may deny the premises—and this many have already done. Again, we must be permitted to exercise discretion as to how far we shall acquiesce in a lunatic's doctrines, if we shall be governed not only by a consideration of his physical —and consequently of his mental—state, but also we shall wish to know upon what data of experience his system is based. We shall be chary of accepting the conclusions of the tyro in economics, of the quack in medicine, of the amateur alienist in regard to insanity, or of the armchair tactician in matters of strategy, no matter how ardently they may assert their infallibility; with Nietzsche we shall refuse to accept "passion as an argument for truth."

If, however, we ask to be allowed to exercise discretion in regard to what we shall accept as true, and what we shall reject as false, or, at least, illogical, it should not be because we wish to acknowledge only that result as truth which accords with our own limited experience, or which flatters our prejudices. We must remember, too, that in reading Nietzsche when we feel inclined to utter stringent criticisms of a harsh phrase, that perchance it was the utterance of a sick man, and that when he gave vent to it he was looking out upon the world with a jaundiced eye. It is as idle to dismiss Nietzsche as a foolish babbler as it is to give him the position which he arrogated to

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himself during his exalted phases. His was a brain of remarkable power; and the almost random and disconnected utterances which he was able to give forth make it all the more to be lamented that the "sacred fire" did not burn more steadily within him.

Possibly Nietzsche's scheme of things will be judged quite irrespective of his mental state when he evolved it; if so, considerable injustice will be done to him. The portrait which anyone who is acquainted only with his writings will draw of him is likely to bear little resemblance to the man who actually produced them. Indeed, he himself shrank from even the suggestion of the applicability of certain of his doctrines, as, for example, those in regard to women. It was the appeal from Nietzsche drunk to Nietzsche sober: from the utterer of ferocious sayings under the influence of intense cerebral irritation to the same being when the irritable phase had passed off. It is to be regretted that the exalted, arrogant phases were so predominant. In even the disconnected utterances which are so characteristic, especially of his later writings, there is so much that is valuable in the way of criticism of the general placid acceptation of things simply because they are old or customary, that one wishes he had been allowed to promulgate some coherent system, or that he had been able to criticise his own writings more calmly when the wild fit left him. He would have realised that, for example, the accepted scheme of morality is a product of evolution, or rather that it has evolved in response to the changing needs of mankind; as a believer in the evolutionary hypothesis, he would have perceived that both man and his moral scheme have gone in a particular direction of necessity for the most part, and but seldom of choice. Nietzsche would have seen that the Will to Power, as he designated what others have called Deity, or *causa causans* or to which some other name has been given, was the driving-power sweeping relentlessly on, and that man, in order to save himself from being engulfed, had to accommodate himself in the best way he could to the torrent. If he called the hasty make-shifts of which he made use "codes of morality," he may yet be satisfied—the will-to-life still remaining—that at the least they have enabled him to survive and to lord it over the other animals. The crude form of society which Nietzsche advocated progression—or return (?)—to would hardly have

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appealed to him in a less sanguine mood. He would have felt a little dubious about adopting as a basis for his social reconstructions the rather *ex parte* views of Theognis of Megara, who was unlikely to take a favourable view of the doings of the democracy after they had made things rather unpleasant for him.

Nietzsche's ragings against the moral teachings of the Sermon on the Mount, and against Christian ethics in general, are of use if they make it clear to people that they seldom observe to their full extent the dictates of their accepted code. Some endeavour to follow completely the teachings of Christianity; these are few in number. Others believe that they do so follow them, although actually they do not; and these deceive themselves. Yet others simulate conformity; these are the hypocrites who deceive—or try to deceive—their neighbours. Nietzsche worried himself unnecessarily, however, if he imagined that Christianity, even if it connotes to many a large proportion of quietism, had sapped the energy of men. Events in Europe might have sufficed during his life-time to prove that if the Bible was in one hand—and that hand perchance a "mailed fist"—the sword was grasped firmly enough in the other. Had he lived he would have seen the country which gave birth to Luther well in the forefront of the battle, forgetting neither Bible nor sword, and led, somewhat after the fashion of the Duke of Plaza Toro, by him whom Nietzsche described as a "canting bigot." The day may come when the essential morality of the Christian religion—which is but saying the morality of many high-thinking, honourable men from ages long prior to the Christian era—may be practicable. That it is not so yet is not an argument against it, but, perchance, rather against our over-vaunted civilisation. But that the day will come when Nietzsche's fever dream of the time when the reign of the supermen will begin upon earth we have little warrant and less inclination to believe than that we shall come to a realisation of Utopia, or the New Atlantis, or of the City of the Sun.

Many a stone has been cast at Nietzsche since his first published work appeared; and many of these missiles have been hurled with all the bitterness of ignorance. That much is certain from the crude notions which prevail in regard to his teaching. He is credited with all the pessimism of Schopen-

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hauer, though he broke away from the teachings of his master, and though his own doctrine of the further evolution of man into the superman—however pitiless his notions in regard to the means for the attainment of that objective—may be more rightly designated as optimism; and, to mention no others, he is looked upon by many as one of the apostles of German culture, though he denounces that culture and all its works roundly and in no measured terms. Finally, if the Prussian military party have arrogated to themselves the attributes of the "blonde beast," and if they consider that by them, as if by an oligarchy of supermen, the *Will to Power* is chiefly to be shown, they will find little warrant for such belief in themselves as the salt of the earth in the writings of Nietzsche. Nevertheless the trend of affairs in Germany of recent years may well serve to illustrate the perniciousness of doctrines which might tend towards such an exemplification as that of a ruling class of Prussian military "supermen" enforcing their will, or "master-morality," upon the rank and file, the "herd" of the German people, whose actions are influenced by a "slave-morality." The German nation would resent such an application of Nietzschean rules to themselves; equally the other European races resent the dominance of the German nation, who also are apparently desirous of becoming something in the nature of supermen in comparison with their neighbours. It is as idle to deny that such inferences might be drawn from Nietzsche's teaching as it would be to assert that he had any intention of such an application of his doctrines regarding the superman. When he contemplated a further and higher evolution of man, he had not his own countrymen in mind as the highest product of evolution at the present time.

It is almost certain that many who criticise Nietzsche have not troubled to become adequately acquainted with his writings; and this is likely to continue to be so. His mode of expressing himself in almost disconnected aphoristic paragraphs deters many people from continued study of his writing; for, however much Nietzsche may have desired to follow in the footsteps of the brilliant La Rochefoucauld, this method is not the best for subjects requiring elaboration. Yet Nietzsche is not an obscure writer, he is no mystic; there is seldom any difficulty in understanding what he says. It is only necessary to compare him with some of his metaphysical

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countrymen—or with metaphysicians of other nationalities for that matter—to realise this. The misfortune is that although the bricks are there, well-formed for the most part and only occasionally faulty in shape, the workman had not the concentration of purpose, the training, or the strength to build them into a coherent whole.

Part III.—Other Views regarding his Mental State.

It has already been shown that Nietzsche's mental trouble was not—as some have wished to prove—confined to the last eleven and a half years of his life, but that the disorganising influence was at work from a comparatively early age. Also it has been admitted that the existence of this instability does not necessarily rule Nietzsche out as a thinker, but it has been pointed out that it behoves us to exercise more than usual caution—especially in regard to his later writing (57)—before we adopt his conclusions. The particular form of mental disorder with which he was afflicted has, it is hoped, been clearly demonstrated. It has been necessary to deal at some length with the earlier attacks, as, when the final breakdown took place in 1889, the later stages suggested to some persons general paralysis of the insane (58): such symptoms as the "convulsions," the unsteadiness of gait, the alteration of handwriting, the exalted ideas. Even if such a condition had, however, eventually supervened, it does not in any way controvert the facts already adduced in support of the contention that Nietzsche had many years previously exhibited nervous instability. The length of the final stages—eleven and a half years—is also very much against the theory of general paralysis of the insane; it is quite in accordance with what we know of the terminal dementia associated with intermittent insanity (59). Convulsions, apart from other physical signs, are not, as is well known, by any means pathognomonic of progressive paralysis. There are, in addition to those associated with epilepsy, hysteria, etc., those described as idiopathic (60), and Clouston records a rare form of melancholia in which convulsions occurred (61).

Ireland comes to the following conclusion: "His was the condition described as *grübelsucht, folie de doute*, the anguish of doubts." This was, however, merely one phase of his

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morbid history; and, indeed, a little later in the same essay, Ireland draws attention to the other aspect of his mental condition without linking up the phases into what may be described, in Nietzsche's own terminology, as an "eternal recurrence." (This same doctrine of "eternal recurrence" is, by the way, a curiously apposite doctrine for one who was subject to such marked alternating phases.) Ireland thus describes Nietzsche's exalted state: "The restless working of his intellect was always accompanied by exaltation of the affective faculties; the power of correct reasoning slowly decayed, and the bonds of restraint became weaker. This aggressiveness and egotism became more and more prominent" (62).

Mügge informs us that Dr. Binswanger, of Jena, under whose care Nietzsche was for a time, "diagnosed the breakdown as atypical, not progressive, paralysis" (63). From which we gather little as to the actual condition, except that it was *not* general paralysis of the insane; exactly what may be meant by "atypical" is certainly not obvious. It is strange, however, that a fellow countryman of Kraepelin should not have been impressed by the resemblance of the symptoms in Nietzsche's case to those described by Kraepelin.

Nordau apparently also lost sight of the condition in its entirety, and confined himself to describing various symptoms associated with it much as Ireland has done. He speaks of "Nietzsche's intellectual Sadism, and his mania of contradiction and doubt, or mania for questioning. In addition to these he evinces misanthropy or anthropophobia, megalomania, and mysticism" (64). He even goes to the length of stating that "the real source of Nietzsche's doctrine is his Sadism" (65). He bases this theory upon certain passages in which Nietzsche enlarges on the "feeling of content," the "voluptuousness," associated with the infliction of pain. These passages are more particularly to be found in the later works. Even if, then, it were to be admitted that Nietzsche experienced some degree of gratification from the imaginative contemplation of cruelty and the infliction of pain at certain times, it would not warrant the assertion that it formed the basis of his doctrine (66). That many of his sayings justify the inference is none the less true: "Pain is a civilising factor of the first rank; it is the necessary pre-condition, and the inevitable accompaniment, of pleasure and the affirmation of life. This is," says Bloch, "the

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central idea of the philosophy of Nietzsche" (67). The misanthropy, the megalomania, and the mysticism which Nordau calls attention to were also merely symptomatic of particular phases, and they were not, as we have seen, invariable characteristics of Nietzsche's mental state.

Mencken says that "from his youth onward, Nietzsche was undoubedly a neurasthenic"; he draws an interesting comparison between the mental state of Nietzsche and that of Herbert Spencer, and suggests that "each was the victim of specific organic diseases." He adds: "Nietzsche was an hysteric in 1875, and by 1880, as his letters show, he was already exhibiting symptoms of melancholia. . . . Ever and anon the gorgeous egotism of the man would flash forth and give him comfort" (68). This is a frank acknowledgment of the prolonged nature of the nervous disorder from which Nietzsche suffered, and the description of the condition approximates closely enough to that which has been given in the preceding pages for the resemblance to be noticeable.

According to Brandes, it was "at the close of the year 1888 this clear and masterly mind began to be deranged," and he apparently bases this exaltation upon the fact that "signs of powerful exaltation only appear in the last letter but one, and that insanity is only evident in the last letter, and then not in an unqualified form" (69). (Brandes refers here to the letters written by Nietzsche to him.) That this is an unsatisfactory method of deciding the question at issue only needs to be stated to become at once apparent. Yet Nietzsche had stated in an earlier letter (May, 1888): "The history of my springs, for the last fifteen years at least, has been, I must tell you, a tale of horror, a fatality of decadence and infirmity" (70). Nietzsche realised, if others could not, the direction in which he was tending; the end only too lamentably justified his apprehensions.

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(57) This is the opinion held by Havelock Ellis in his essay on Nietzsche. "It is during this period (after *Zarathustra*) that we trace the growth of the magnification of his own personal mission which finally became a sort of megalomania." *Affirmations*, p. 37, London, 1898.
(58) Halévy.—*Op. cit.*, p. 351.
(59) Stoddart, W. H. B.—*Mind and its Disorders*, p. 232, 2nd edit., London, 1912.
(60) *Dictionary of Psychological Medicine*, "Convulsions, Idiopathic."
(61) Clouston.—*Mental Diseases*, p. 94, 6th edit., 1904.
(62) Ireland, William W.—"Friedrich Nietzsche," *Journ. Ment. Sci.*, vol. xlvii, p. 26, January, 1901.
(63) Mügge.—*Op. cit.*, p. 92.
(64) Nordau, Max.—*Degeneration*, p. 465.
(65) *Ibid.*, p. 451.
(66) For a description of this perverse mental state see von Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis*, p. 118 *et seq.*, Eng. trans., 12th edit.; also Iwan Bloch, *The Sexual Life of our Time*, p. 557 *et seq.*
(67) Bloch.—*Op. cit.*, p. 558.
(68) Mencken, H. L.—*The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche*, pp. 51–52, London, 1908.
(69) Brandes, George.—*Friedrich Nietzsche*, pp. 97 and 98, London, 1914.
(70) Brandes.—*Op. cit.*, p. 85.

(1) Communication to the Autumn meeting of the Medico-Psychological Association, St. Luke's Hospital, October 8th, 1914.

The Hereditary Transmission of Epilepsy.(1)

By M. ABDY COLLINS, M.D., Medical Superintendent, Ewell Colony for Epileptics.

MR. PRESIDENT and Gentlemen,—The subject that I propose to bring to your notice to-day—namely, the hereditary transmission of epilepsy—is one of extreme interest and importance at the present time in this country, where, owing to recent legislation, public attention has been strongly focussed on the question of transmitted defect. The results that I have obtained have been a matter of considerable surprise to me, and I am anxious to obtain the experiences of others in this matter.

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