

THE ZARATHUSTRA
OF
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

arranged by
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Naval Bases, Belgium.

Time:- This Moment.

CHARACTERS.

Zarathustra

His Doubt- The Dwarf.

His Dream- The Dancer.

Life.

A/King.

A Rope Dancer.

Higher Men, Fragments of the Superman, Girls attendant upon Life, Tarantulas and a Dragon.

SCENES.

- 1 : A path in the mountains.
- 2 : A market place.
- 3: A field in a clearing of a forest.
- 4 : Outside Zarathustra's cave.
- 5 : The Eternal Return.

Z A R A T H U S T R A .

SCENE 1 .

Night. A desolate mountain side strewn with boulders.
Spidery forms of tarantulas lurk in the shadows.
Zarathustra makes his way painfully along a path between
the mountain and an abyss.

Zarathustra: I am the loneliest man on earth.

The treacherous stones slide under my feet.

Before my highest mountain do I stand,

And before my longest wandering.

Therefore must I first go deeper down than ever I ascended,

Deeper down into pain, even into deepest flood.

So willeth my fate.

Now hath my last loneliness begun.

It is not the heights that are terrible,

It is the abyss.

While the gaze shoots downwards the hand grasps upwards,

And the heart becomes giddy through its double will.

Yesterday towards evening there whispered and to me

My great silence, and I knew the terrors

Of him who falleth asleep.

At the hour of the great ~~xxx~~ silence

Did the ground give way under me.

The Dwarf crawls out of the abyss and jumps onto his back.
Zarathustra goes on, bowed down by his weight.
He stumbles over the Dancer, a beautiful youth, who had been
lying asleep across his path. The Dancer jumps to his feet and
~~xxxx~~ ~~xxxx~~ bounds up the side of the mountain. Zarathustra
straightens up and watches him. The Dwarf slides off his back
and sits on a stone by the wayside. The stage begins to grow
lighter. The tarantulas scuttle away out of sight into holes
and corners.

Zarathustra: Man is something that must be surpassed!

I give you the Superman!

It is time for man to fix his goal.

It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope!

You must have chaos in you to give birth to a Dancing star!

The great ~~despairers~~ ^{despairers} are the great adorers, the arrows of

longing for the further shore.

The Superman is the lightning out of the dark cloud
which is man.

The Dancer leaps and strides over the mountain tops. The sunrises.

Zarathustra: Thou great star! What would by thy happiness if thou
hadst not those for whom thou ~~shinest~~ shinest?

For ten years hast thou climbed hither up to my cave,
thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey,
had it not been for me.

Every morning I waited for thee, took from thee thine
overflow, and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of wisdom, like the bee that hath gathered
too much honey!

I need hands outstretched to take it.

I would fain bestow and distribute, until the wise once
more rejoice in their folly, and the poor are happy in
their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep, as thou doest
in the evening, when thou goest behind the sea, and
givest light also to the netherworld, thou bountiful
star.

Like thee must I go down, as man say to whom I shall go
down.

He moves down the path. The way is barred by a dragon.

Dwarf: All values have already been created. There is no "I will"
any more-only "Thou shalt".

It lies in your path sparkling with gold, a scale-covered
beast. The values of a thousand years glitter on those
scales, and there speaketh the mightiest of all dragons
"Thou shalt"!

Zarathustra: In the loneliest wilderness the spirit becoms a lion.

Freedom will it capture and lordship in its own wilderness.
The spirit of the lion saith "I will"!

Zarathustra ~~continues~~ continues on his way. The dragon shrinks back and
lets him pass.

Zarathustra: O my soul. I washed the petty shame and small virtue
from thee and bade thee stand naked before the eye of
the sun.

With the storm that is called spirit did I blow over
thy surging sea.

O my soul. I gave thee the right to say Nay to the storm,
and to say Yea as the open heaven saith Yea.

Calm as the light remaineth thou, and now walkest through
denying storms.

O my soul. To thy domain I gave all wisdom to drink, all
new wines, and also all ~~immorially~~ ^{immemorially} old strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul. Every sun I shed up on thee, and every night
and every sillence and every longing.

3.

Then grewest thou up for me as a vine.

Thy fullness looketh forth over raging seas, and seeketh
and waiteth; the longing of over-fullness looketh forth
from the smiling heaven of thine eyes.

And verily, O my soul, who could see thy smiling and
not melt in tears ?

Zarathustra moves out of sight.

CURTAIN.

Scene 2 .

The market place of a town . Daylight . A rope is stretched between two towers . A crowd waits for the rope dancer to perform . Of the crowd , one has a great ear the size of a man , another a big mouth , a big nose , a big belly . Each fragment is perched on a stalk that is also a man with a small envious countenance and a bloated little soul dangling like a bladder from the stalk .

Zarathustra addresses them :

Zarathustra : I walk among you as among the fragments of the future :
That future which I contemplate .

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves : are you going to be the ebb of that great tide ?

What have you done to surpass man ?

You have made your way from worm to man , and much within you still worm .

What is love ? What is longing ? What is creation ?
What is a star ?

You have your little pleasures for the day and your little pleasures for the night .

You think you have discovered happiness .

A little poison now and then , that causes pleasure , and much poison at the end for a pleasant death.

Has the earth become so small ? You must have chaos in you to give birth to a dancing star !

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman- a rope over an abyss .

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal .

What is ~~great~~ in man lovable in man is that he is a transition , a dangerous crossing , a dangerous wayfaring a dangerous trembling , a dangerous looking and halting .

The rope dancer comes out of a little door in one of the towers and makes his way along the rope above the people . When he is just midway across , the door in the tower opens once more , the Dwarf springs out and follows him along the rope .

Dwarf : Go on halt foot ! Go ^{on} lazy bones , interloper , tallow face , lest I tickle you with my heel !

What dost thou here between the towers ? Back in the tower is the place for thee !

Whit every word the Dwarf comes nearer the rope dancer who loses at the same time his head and footing on the rope . He throws away his pole and falls down in a flurry of arms and legs .

The people scatter like a flock of frightened sheep .
Zarathustra remains alone , the rope dancer lying at his feet .
The stage grows darker .

Rope Dancer : What art thou doing here? I knew long ago that devil would trip me up. Now he draggeth me to Hell. Will you prevent him?

Zrathustra : On mine honour, friend, there is nothing of all that whereof thou speakest. There is no devil and no Hell. You lose nothing when you lose your life.

The rope dancer makes no reply, but he moves his hand as though seeking the ~~xxx~~ hand of Zarathustra in gratitude. He dies.

Zrathustra : What good is my pity? Is not pity the cross on which he^{is} nailed who loveth man?

Thou hast made danger thy calling: therefore will I bury thee with my own hands.

The Dwarf approaches Zarathustra.

Zarathustra : Gloomy is the night, and gloomy ~~are~~ the ways of Zarathustra. Sombre is human life and without meaning.

Dwarf: O Zarathustra, thou stone of wisdom!
Thou throwest thyself high,
But every thrown stone must fall!
O Zarathustra, thou stone of wisdom.
Thou slingstone, thou star - destroyer!
Thyself throwest ~~th~~ou so high,
But every thrown stone must fall!

Gondemned oof thyself, and to thine own stoning.

O Zarathustra!

Far indeed threwest thou thy stone,

But every ~~th~~rown stone must fall!

Zarathustra: I am weary of mankind. ~~never~~ again will ^I discourse unto the people. Thy understand me not. Too long have I lived among the mountains.

The wind rises. A dog howls.

Zarathustra : Woe to me. Whither hath time ^{gone?} going?

Have I not sunk into deep wells?

The world sleepeth.

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noontide! O afternoon!

Now hath come evening and night and midnight.

The dog howleth, and the wind.

Dwarf : Midnight is a approaching. I will say something
in your ears, as the old clock bell saith it into
mine ears, which hath known more than one generation.

Which hath already counted the smarting throbbings
of your Father's hearts- Ah! Ah! How it sigheth!
How it laugheth in its dream! The old, deep, deep midnight!

Now doth it speak, now is it heard, now doth it steal
into over-wakeful nocturnal souls. Ah! Ah! How the
midnight sigheth! How it laugheth in its dream!

From the distance comes slowly the sound of a clock-bell.

One.

O man. Take heed.

Two.

What saith deep midnight's voice indeed?

Three.

I slept my sleep-

Four.

From deepest dream I've woke and plead:-

Five.

The world is deep,

Six.

And deeper than the day could read.

Seven.

Deep is its woe-

Eight.

Joy - deeper still than grief can be:

Nine.

Woe saith: Hence! Go!

Ten.

But joys all want eternity-

Eleven.

Want deep profound eternity.

Twelve.

The scene changes to:

Scene 3.

A pleasant field in the clearing of a forest. The dancing figures of Life and her female attendants. The Dwarf is among the trees. Life disappears as Zarathustra runs in looking for her.

Zarathustra : Into ~~thine~~ eyes I gazed O Life: Gold saw I gleam in thine eyes - my heart stood still with delight :

A golden bark saw I gleam on darkened waters, a golden dancing bark!

At my dance frantic foot, didst thou cast a glance, a laughing, questioning glance.

Twice only movedst thou thy rattle with thy little hands - then did my feet swing mad with the dance!

Unto thee did I spring, ~~and from~~ then fledst thou back from my bound, and towards me waved thy tangled flying tresses!

Away from thee did I spring, and from thy snaky tresses. Then stoodst thou there half-turned, thine eyes full of desire.

I dance after thee, I follow even thy faint traces.

Life enters.

Zarathustra : Gladly would I walk with thee in paths of love, through quiet flowering bushes. Or there along the lake where goldfish dance and swim.

Thou art so very weary? I shall carry thee. There above are sheep and the setting sun; is it not sweet to sleep while shepherds pipe?

Where art thou gone? Cursed, nimble, supple serpent and lurking witch! If I have hitherto sung unto thee, now shalt thou cry unto me!

To the rhythm of ^{my whip} ~~whisp~~ shalt thou ~~do~~ dance and cry!

Life : O Zarathustra, crack not so terribly with thy whip! Thou knowest surely that noise killeth thought, and just now came there to me such delicate thoughts.

Zarathustra: Now beside me! And quickly, wickedly springing!

I am the hunter- wilt thou be my hound or my chamois?

Now up! And over! Alas, I have fallen in the chase! O see me lying, thou arrogant one, imploring pardon.

Life : Thou lovest me not nearly so much as thou sayest. Thou art not faithful enough to me!

Zarathustra : Who would not hate thee? O thou who seekest to entangle all men in thy toils! Who would not love thee, thou innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner?

Life : Beyond good and evil shall we find our green meadow.

She passes him slowly by. She is followed by a number of beautiful female forms. They all disappear among the trees.

Zarathustra : I have sought wisdom, but in my heart I love only life.
 Oh ye sights and scenes of my youth!
 Oh all ye gleams of love!
 Ye divine fleeting gleams!
 How could ye perish so soon for me?
 My eternity has become short,
 As a tone dieth away on a cold night.
 Scarcely as the twinkle of divine eyes did it come unto me.
 As a fleeting gleam.

Dwarf ; What? Do you still live Zarathustra?

Zarathustra : The sun hath long been set. The meadow is damp,
 and from the forest cometh coolness.

Why? Wherefore? Whither? Is it not folly still to live?

It is the evening that thus questions me.

Evening hath come on.

Curtain.

Zarathustra: Those passing clouds, those stealthy cats of prey; they take from heaven and me what is common to us—the vast unbounded Yea and Amen saying!

Rather will I sit in a tub under a closed heaven, ~~than~~ rather will I sit in the abyss ~~without~~ heaven, than see thee, thou luminous heaven, darkened with passing clouds!

And oft have I longed to pin them fast with the jagged gold-wires of lightning, that I might, like the thunder, beat the drum upon their kettle bellies!

An angry drummer, because they rob me of thy ~~Yea~~ Yea and Amen. Thou heaven above me, ~~too~~ pure, thou luminous heaven. Thou abyss of light!

What have I hated more than passing clouds, and whatever darkened thee? And mine own hatred have I even hated, because ~~it~~ darkened thee.

The long evil cry is repeated nearer.

Zarathustra: That is a cry of man! It may come perhaps out of a black sea. But what doth human distress matter to me?

Dwarf: Why dost thou hide thyself? It is the higher men who cry for thee,

I see a king walking, bedecked with a crown and purple girdle, and bright coloured like a flamingo. An old priest, a soothsayer, the intellectually conscientious one and the ~~meanest~~ ugliest man.

Zarathustra: What do they want here? What do they want with me?

Dwarf: They want to see that which brighteneth dim eyes.

To-day when everything tottereth, when all earth quaketh, they want to learn again to hope.

Zarathustra: Would that I were wiser: would that I were wise from my very heart!

To the dwellers alone will I sing my song, and those that have but a single friend.

With the creators, the reapers and the rejoicers will I associate; the rainbow will I show them, and all the stairs to the Superman!

Dwarf: Woe to thee Zarathustra!

Thou lookest like one
That hath swallowed gold!
They will slit up thy belly yet!
Thou art too rich,
Thou corrupter of many.
Thou makest too many jealous,
Too many poor....

Zarathustra: Away! Away! Ye truths
That look so gloomy!
I will not have on my mountains
Bitter impatient truths.
May truth approach me to-day
Gilded by smiles,
Sweetened by the sun, browned by love.
A ripe truth would I fain break off from the tree.

Why have I wandered alone? For what did my soul hunger

2.

There resounds a peal like thunder, and a roaring wind
throws Zarathustra into a black coffin.

Three times the vaults resound and howl, and a voice cries
"Alpa! Alpa! Who carries his ashes to the mountain? Alpa!

Alpa! Who carries his ashes to the mountain? "

Through the gate of "This Moment", Life passes in her shining
veils.

The black coffin bursts open, and spouts out caricatures of
children, angels, owls, fools and child-sized butterflies
with peals of mocking laughter.

CURTAIN.

by night, and in labyrinthine paths. And climbed I
mountains, whom did I ever seek if not thou heaven
upon the mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing; a necessity
was it merely, and a makeshift of the apprentice;
to fly only, wanted my entire will, to fly unto thee!

Uncloudedly to smile down out of luminous eyes and out
of miles of distance, when under us constraint and
purpose and guilt steam like rain!

The procession of higher men enters. They sit at the entrance of
Zarathustra's cave.

Dwarf: O Zarathustra thou dost not stand there like one whose
happiness maketh him giddy! Thou wilt have to dance
lest thou tumble down!

But although thou shouldst dance before me, and leap all
thy side leaps, no one will say "here danceth the last
joyous Man"!

In vain have they come to this height to seek thee!
Caves will they find indeed, inner caves and hiding
places, but not treasure chambers nor new wells of
golden happiness! All is alike, nothing is worth
while, no seeking is of any service!

Zarathustra: Silence thereon, thou long faced Jeremiah!

Cease to splash, thou rain cloud of the forenoon!

Do not I already stand here drenched like a dog and wet
with thy misery?

I will seek out these higher men, they are in my
domain and shall receive no heart!

The Dancer lies down in the sun and goes to sleep. Zarathustra goes
to the entrance of his cave.

Zarathustra: Ye who despair, ye strange companions,

It was your cry of distress that I heard!

At house and home with me shall none despair.

That is the first thing that I offer you; security.

Then take my hand, Yea, and my whole heart with it!

Welcome here! Welcome to you, my guests!

The higher men bow. The king answers for them.

King: By the way in which thou has given us thy hand,
and greeting, we recognize thee as Zarathustra.

Merely to see thee, gladly would we have ascended
higher mountains than this!

Now are our minds and hearts open and enraptured,
and verily towards thy mountains do many eyes turn to-day!

A great longing hath arisen, and many have learned
to ask "who is Zarathustra?"

And many are on their way to thee, many suffering
doubting, despairing, drowning, freezing souls!

Scene 4.

High in the mountains. Morning. Before the entrance of a cave which the sun has not yet reached, there is a heap of stone tablets on which the old laws are written. Zarathustra is shaping new ones. The Dwarf is at his elbow. Above them on one side stands the Dancer in full sunlight. On the other the Dragon crouches in such a way that the spines on its back seem to form the ridge of a mountain.

Zarathustra: O heaven above me, thou pure, thou deep heaven! Thou abyss of light! Gazing on thee I tremble with divine desires.

Up to thy height to toss myself - that is my depth! In thy purity to hide myself - that is my innocence!

The God veileth his beauty; thus hideth thou thy stars. Thou speakest not; thus proclaimeth thou thy wisdom unto me.

Mute o'er the raging sea hast thou risen for me to-day; thy love and thy modesty make a revelation unto my raging soul.

In that thou camest unto me beautiful, veiled in thy beauty, in that thou spakest unto me mutely, obvious in thy wisdom.

Oh, how could I fail to divine all the modesty of thy soul; before the sun didst thou come unto me - the most lonely.

We do not speak unto each other because we know too much; we keep silent to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Art thou not the light of my fire? Hast thou not the sister-soul of mine insight?

Together did we learn everything; together did we learn to ascend beyond ourselves to ourselves, and to smile uncloudedly.

Dwarf: The waves around thy mountain rise and rise, the waves of great distress and affliction.

They will soon raise thy bark also, and carry thee away.

Dost thou still hear nothing? Doth it not rush and roar out of the depth?

A long evil-sounding cry echoes from abyss to abyss and passes on as if none of them wishes to retain it, so evil does it sound.

Dwarf: That cry concerneth thee. It calleth thee. Come! Come! Come! It is highest time!

The sky is darkened by a cloud.

Zarathustra: Verily, my brethren, new stars will I make them see, and I will teach them all my dreams and visions; how to create the future, and all that hath been to redeem.

A new nobility shall arise, adversary of all mob and tyrant rule, and shall inscribe anew the word "Noble" on these tables.

Break up, break up the old tables of the law, ye seekers after wisdom!

The dragon stirs and growls.

Zarathustra: This new table do I place over you; "Man is something that must be surpassed!"

Dwarf: All is alike. Nothing is worth while. Eternally they return, the men of whom thou art weary.

Zarathustra: Silence!

A truth passes over me,

Like a cloud!

With invisible lightning it strikes me!

On broad slow stairs

It's happiness climbs to me.

Come! Come! Beloved truth!

Zarathustra moves away from the Higher Men.

Dwarf: Every moment beginneth existence! Around every "here" rolleth the ball "there"! The middle is everywhere! Crooked is the path of eternity! All is alike! All hath been!

Zarathustra: O thou, my Will! Spare me for one last victory! Thou destiny of my soul which I call "Fate".

If my virtue be a dancer's virtue, and if I have often sprung with both feet into golden-emerald rapture,

And if it be my Alpha and Omega that everything heavy shall become light, every body a dancer and every spirit a bird,

O how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings - the ring of the Return?

For I love thee, O Eternity!

If ever I have spread out a tranquil heaven above me, and flown into mine own heaven with mine own wings,

If I have swum playfully in profound luminous distances, and if my freedom's bird-like wisdom has come to me,

O how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings - the ring of the Return?

For I love thee, O Eternity!

Zarathustra turns again to the Higher Men.

Scene 5.

A gateway with the curve of a road running through it. On the gateway is inscribed "This moment". The Dwarf squats close beside it, heavy and patient like a stone. At a lower level, the gates of the fortress "Death".

Zarathustra: There is come unto me my great silence!
 God's woe is deeper, thou strange world!
 Grasp at God's woe, not at me!

Dwarf: Everything straight lieth. All truth is crooked.
 Time itself is a circle!
 This long lane backward continueth for aeternity,
 And that long lane forward, that is another eternyty.
 Whatever can hap run ihs course of all things has already
 run along that lane.
 Whatever can happen of all things has already happened,
 resulted and gone by.

Zarathustra: What then, of this moment? Must not this gateway also
 already have existed?

Is not everything so closely bound together that this
 moment draweth all coming things after it? Therefore
 itself also?

And this slow spider which creepeth in the moonlight,
 and this moonlight itself, and thou and I in this
 gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things,
 must we not all already have existed?

Earth would I again become, to have rest in her that bore me

And hang up no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary
 of life.

A dog howls. Zarathustra goes down to the fortress "Death", followed
 by the Dancer like a pale shadow, He takes a key and turns the lock of the
 gates. With a bitterly angry croaking sound running through the long
 corridors with in, the gates swing open.

Zarathustra: Out of glass coffins and out of musty vaults does
 vanquished man gaze out upon me.

Silence, then the sound of the death rattle. The dancer disappears
 among the coffins in the vaults.

Zarathustra: Thus doth time pass and slip by-if time still is.
 A cavern is the human earth to me,
 It's breast hath caved in.
 Everything living is human dust to me,
 And bones and mouldering past.

Zarathustra: Have ye courage, O my brethren?

Are ye stout-hearted?

Not the courage before witnesses, but the lonely eagle
courage?

King: We came in despair to your cave, and already we no
longer despair.

Zarathustra: This is my danger, that my glance throweth itself ~~in a~~
~~xxxxx~~ to the summit, whereasm~~y~~ hand would fain grasp
and rest upon the void.

All is in vain, everything returns, time itself is a
circle!

We come again not a new life or better life,

We come again to an indentical and self- same life.'

The cry of distress breaks out again. The higher men run down the
hillside in deeper sorrow than before. The dragon roars.

Zarathustra: I preach to men, and I am myself the doubter!

I drink into myself the flames that burst forth from me!

The dancer wakes up, writhing and choking, a heavy black snake hanging
out of his mouth.

Zarathustra: O Zarathustra!

Most cruel Nimrod!

Whilom hunter of God!

The snare of all vertue.

An arrow of evil.

Now,

Hunted by thyself,

Thine own prey,

Pierced through thyself!

Now,

Alone with thee,

Twofold in thine own knowledge.

Mid a hundred mirrors

False to thyself,

Mid a hundred memories

Uncertain,

Ailing with each wound,

Shivering with each frost,

Caught in thine own snares,

Self-knower,

Self-hangman!

~~Self-hangman!~~

Why didst ~~thou~~ strangle thyself
 With the noose of thy wisdom?
 Why hast thou enticed thyself
 Into the Paradise of the old serpent?
 Why hast thou crept
 Into thyself, thyself?

A sick man now,
 Sick of serpent's poison.
 A captive now
 Who hast drawn the hardest lot.
 In thine own shaft
 Bowed as thou workest.
 In thine own cavern
 Digging at thyself,
 Helpless quite.
 Stiff,
 A cold corpse,
 Overwhelmed with a hundred burdens,
 Overburdened by thyself,
 A knower!
 A self-knower!
 The wise Zarathustra!

Now,
 Between two nothings
 Huddled up,
 A question-mark,
 A weary riddle,
 A riddle for vultures....
 They will solve thee!
 They hunger already for thy "solution".
 They flutter already about their "riddle",
 About thee, the doomed one!
 O Zarathustra,

7.

Self-hangman. /

The dragon roars again.

CURTAIN