

THUS QUIPPED ZARATHUSTRA

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ABSTRACT. A semipoetic allegory inspired while studying Origins of Belief in Anthropology and Nineteenth Century Philosophy to form a sort of survey of western thought. This was probably submitted as a paper in my philosophy class regarding Nietzsche. Perhaps I thought it was profound fifty years ago, but now the meaning seems obscured by the style. Such is the arrogance of youth.

1. SONGRISE

Although they feared the brightness of the sun, they witnessed the brilliancy of the idea.

And light fell upon the land, whose inhabitants had awaited many years in vain for a son to rise.

And a shaman whispered:

["Coins and crosses never know their fruitless worth.

Dream on to the heart of the sunrise. I get up, I get down."]

And Zarathustra declared:

{"Sing! Speak no more!"}

And the shaman cooperated:

["As song and chance develop time lost social temperance rules above.

Then according to the man who showed his outstretched arm to space,

He turned around and pointed revealing all the human race.

I shook my head and smiled a whisper knowing all about the place.

On the hill we viewed the silence of the valley,

Called to witness cycles only of the past,

And we reached all this with movement in between the said remark:

Close to the edge, down by the river,

Nous sommes du soleil, we love when we play."]

Do we all love when we play? Or only those of us who are from the sun, the ones who can see; see guiltlessly, as children?

Did those children need someone to tell them to love playing? Or was it the camels for whom Zarathustra spoke?

But surely there have been camels at least since day one (A.D.), so what took the sun so long to rise? Perhaps the sun had arisen one day distantly prior to the advent of Zarathustra, but the camels were either asleep or blind, and did not notice. If so, then by what amphetamine were their eyes made slits, so that light may enter, perhaps with significance?

2. NIGHTWIND

A herd of sleeping camels had dreamed of a Cartesian presence which tried to open its eyes with momentary success, and being blinded by the glare, immediately closed them tightly.

Some feverish camels witnessed a Humean nightmare of an uncontrollable fire, upon which those before them had stamped in an attempt to extinguish it. This vision awakened a few, who panicked as they realized that their eyelids were heavier than ever.

Then the minds of a few napping camels were stirred by the phenomenon of a voice from the distant east, and they listened, trying to understand. They listened with interest; those who had been dozing lightly managed to achieve enough awareness to awaken the snoozers and the snorers, and admonish them to listen.

Floating through the air were pleasing words pronounced with a Hegelological accent, and although a literal translation escaped them, the sound acted as a psychological catalyst such that before the id these words were manifested:

(Your truth is your wholeness.
 Each of you merge within.
 Then you merge without, together, by your common view.
 Yet you must not approach the view with your heart, but with your mind.)

Sonar interference from the west came in the form of a Kierkephony of the wails of an unburied cultural corpse which declared:

(One must use that mind
 only as it suits the heart,
 for the mind is limited.)

And as these discordant notes met in the air, their waveforms corrupted each other and produced noise; in the midst of the resultant garble, the camels donned earmuffs as the zombies continued to wail.

An alert camel with distinctive Birthmarx took this opportunity to turn to the rest and express this recommendation:

(Unstrap those common views from your back,
 for only then will you be free to live together.)

And the interesting voice from the Mill of the north caught their attention with a simple principle:

(In all you do, do it for one another and yourself.)

And in the confusion many of the camels started to think, and were then wholly awake, and some wanted to be lions in the hope that they may see the morning. In this way the camels were better prepared for the sunrise.

3. GYROLUMINATION

Thus the sun rose in the east, and yet his light beamed to the opposite horizon. The camels could not be sure whether or not the light was independent of that upon which it shone.

To the Hegelologists of the east, who were brightly lit in the morning rays, the sun spoke:

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{ I like your unity,
  but "I mistrust all systematizers, and I avoid them."
  I dislike your community,
  for it places a common view on the backs of camels.
  Look to the historical past and see "growing stupidity."
  How can such a community progress without childish creativity? }
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To the Kierkephonists, who were dimly illuminated in the west, the sun pronounced:

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{"Public opinions, private laziness;"
  I like your ability to choose,
  but what camel would not unstrap his load
  in order to be a lion? }
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Towards the cold north, the sun smiled and asked:

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{ Would you have me learn calculus?
  "Honest men do not carry reasons in their hands."
  Excessive rationality is a disease.
  To have to fight instinct is decadence.
  "As long as life is ascending, happiness equals instinct." }
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And to that very awake camel with the distinctive Birthmarx, who had perhaps become a lion, the sun advised:

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{ I like your historical sense.
  I like your mistrust of the state.
  But notice that "whoever thinks much
  is not suitable as a party member;
  he soon thinks himself right through the party." }
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And as he continued to speak to that pockmarked camel, he turned to the north and mused:

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{ Do you want slaves?
  Then you are a fool
  if you educate them to be masters.
  "The pathos of distance,
  that is the characteristic of every strong age."
  "The doctrine of equality!
  There is no more poisonous poison anywhere." }
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And the sun seemed to pause as noon approached.

4. THE HUMP OF PSEUDOMASOCHISM

As the sun climbed into the sky, the son decayed in the tomb, and the song whirled in the air of the garden of children.

Dromedary Lament: But we need masters!

You tired camels, who bare so much weight; if you cannot keep your ears open, then go back to sleep. And you who still stand - open your eyes, and you will be shown how to traverse this desert.

Quoth Zarathustra:

`{"Blessed are the sleepy ones, for they shall soon drop off."}`

And they dropped.

Blessed are the strong, for theirs is the Kingdom of the Moment.

But what is that you say, strong camels who have not fallen back into a coma yet stand with a heavy load? You carry your load to the Kingdom of Heaven? Why is that your goal?

Quoth Zarathustra:

`{"We have become men - so we want the earth!"}`

Are you afraid to unstrap your burden? Do not be, for those who would be your prosecutors and judges are napping in the shade of a sand dune.

Quoth Zarathustra:

`{"Behold the good and the just!`

`Whom do they hate most?`

`The man who breaks`

`their table of values ... yet he is the creator."}`

Discard their values, then you may be unburdened lions.

Create your own values, then you will be children.

5. IN THE DEN OF LIONS

So you few lions - let us tip toe away from the many sleeping camels; or you may stomp if you wish, for nothing will awaken them.

Here - now that your manes are bushy, you wish to know how you came to be camels. Behold the four great errors.

There was a time, before you were camels, when your spirit acted on instinct. As your instinct degenerated, your mistakes increased. When you began to replace instinct with thought, you committed the first great error, the error of confusing cause and effect. This led you to see a ghost in every bush, and you propelled yourself into the second great error, the error of false causality. Soon you perceived the ghost willing the bush.

Explication of spontaneous myth reinforcement and regeneration:

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{ You "created the world on this basis as
  a world of causes,
  a world of will,
  a world of spirits,"
  and "later found in things only that which"
  you "had put into them."}
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Observation:

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[ And the lions nodded. ]
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So you proceeded to make the third great error, the error of imaginary causes. If you found a stranger, you assumed he had been put there intentionally, yet you knew neither how nor why.

Explication of false truth:

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{ And since "the first representation
  that explains the unknown as familiar
  feels so good that one
  'considers it true,'"
  you developed a system,
  and called it the true world.
  And thenceforth, all empirical data was interpreted
  via this system,
  ignoring the realization
  that acceptance arose from fear. }
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Thus you systematized your ghosts, naming them God and the system Religion. You believed that Religion made you feel good, and that trust in God produced agreeable feelings. Thus the clutch of God truly became warm!

And some among you decided that they could communicate with God, and they called themselves priests. And these priests, who gained pleasure as they bowed, told you that God wanted you to also bow; so you did, and they proceeded to pile a load on your backs.

And as they did this, they introduced the fourth great error of thought, the error of free will:

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{ Will, choice, and judgement,
  masquerading as manifestations in the physical world,
  are clearly "the foulest of all theologian's artifices,
  aimed at making mankind 'responsible' in their sense,
  that is, dependent on them."}
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Observation:

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[ And the lions growled as they chuckled,
  for they were happy that they were no longer camels. ]
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Quoth Zarathustra:

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{"The concept of 'God' was until now
  the greatest objection to existence.
  We deny God, we deny the responsibility in God.
  Only thereby do we redeem the world."}
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And you ask, what is the world?

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{"The apparent world is the only one;
  the 'true' world is merely added by a lie."}
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Dear Lions: you ask yourselves, then, how shall I live? Remember:

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{"All that is good is instinct, and
  hence easy, necessary, free."}
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Observation:

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[ And a lion whispered, "necessary?" ]
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And the sun, which barely overheard, replied:

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{"It is absurd to wish to devolve one's essence
  on some end or other.
  We have invented the concept of 'end'.
  In reality, there is no end ...
  one is necessary,
  one is a piece of fatefulness,
  one belongs to the whole,
  one is the whole ...
  there is nothing besides the whole."
  Realize, but do not despair,
  the "eternally rolls the wheel of being."}
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6. WHEEL OF FORTUNE

The doctrine of eternal recurrence is similar to the doctrine of determinism in that each is the logical conclusion of given postulates. If every effect has a cause, then it immediately follows that all events are determined. The postulates of eternal occurrence are more complex, but the result is as certain.

Let us assume: 1) time is infinite; 2) all that exists is a form of energy; 3) the total amount of energy in the universe is finite.

Does it follow that there are only a finite number of possible combinations of energy? Not yet; since a bit of energy may occur in an object, or half of it may occur, or a quarter, or an eighth, or in general any fraction. And there are an infinite number of fractions.

Thus we require a fourth postulate: 4) energy occurs in discrete, indivisible units known as quanta.

Then any state of the universe is a recombination, or permutation, of these units; and the set of permutations of a finite set is finite. Let us call these permutations which are possible occurrences.

Does it now follow that any event will eternally recur? Not yet; since space may stagnate at some point in time, and remain the same forever after. Thus we need a fifth postulate: 5) an occurrence necessarily dictates the occurrence that will follow.

The fifth postulate may be restated as: every effect has a cause.

Then it can be shown that any occurrence will recur an infinite number of times, in a manner analogous to the states of a gas in an isolated container of fixed volume.

Those who act by instinct will not be depressed by this doctrine:

{ "Other worlds," such as heaven and truth, "have no meaning." }

But "to every soul there belongs another world" in the future. }

Thus childhood does not mark the end of camelhood, and there is no last man. Yet that which is great also recurs.

Quoth Zarathustra:

{"I love you, O eternity!"}

And all creation can be recreation.

And the child, on his deathbed, said,

[Yes, that was good; I'm ready to do it again.]