

What Carl Moore believes to be wit and wisdom from Nietzsche's Thus Spoke Zarathustra (translated by Walter Kaufmann). The quotes do not serve as an explication of the meaning of the work. 03/16/01

Zarathustra's Prologue

...I am weary of my wisdom....

I give no alms. For that I am not poor enough.

All beings so far have created something beyond themselves; and do you want to be the ebb of this great flood and even go back to the beasts rather than overcome man?

Once the sin against God was the greatest sin; but God died, and these sinners died with him. To sin against the earth is now the most dreadful thing...

...a polluted stream is man.

Where is the frenzy with which you should be inoculated?

Man is a rope, tied between beast and overman -- a rope over an abyss. A dangerous across, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous shuddering and stopping.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not an end: what can be loved in man is that he is an overture and a going under.

They do not understand me; I am not the mouth for these ears.

They have something of which they are proud. What do they call that which makes them proud? Education they call it; it distinguishes them from goatherds.

The time has come for man to set himself a goal. The time has come for man to plant the seed of his highest hope.

...one must still have chaos in oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star.

To the hermits I shall sing my song, to the lonesome and the twosome; and whoever still has ears for the unheard-of -

I found life more dangerous among men than among animals....

...I ask my pride that it always go along with my wisdom. And when my wisdom leaves me one day -- alas, it loves to fly away -- let my pride then fly with my folly.

On the three metamorphoses

The child is innocence and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a self-propelled wheel, a first movement, a sacred "Yes."

On the teachers of virtue

Is it my fault that power likes to walk on crooked legs?

...if life had no sense and I had to choose nonsense, then I too should consider this the most sensible nonsense.

On the afterworldly

It was suffering and incapacity that created all afterworld's -- this and that brief madness of bliss which is experienced only by those who suffer most deeply.

Weariness that wants to reach the ultimate with one leap with one fatal leap, a poor ignorant weariness that does not want to want any more: this created all gods and afterworld's.

It learns to speak ever more honestly, this ego: and the more it learns, the more words and honors it finds for body and earth.

A new pride my ego taught me, and this I teach men: no longer to bury one's head in the sand of heavenly things, but to bear it freely, an earthly head, which creates a meaning for the earth.

On the despisers of the body

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On enjoying and suffering the passions

On the pale criminal

On reading and writing

That everyone may learn to read, in the long run corrupts not only writing but also thinking.

Brave, unconcerned, mocking, violent -- thus wisdom wants us: she is a woman and always loves only a warrior.

I would believe only in a God who could dance.

Not by wrath does one kill but by laughter. Come, let us kill the spirit of gravity!

On the tree on the mountainside

If I wanted to shake this tree with my hands I should not be able to do it. But the wind, which we do not see, torture's and bends it in whatever direction it pleases. It is by invisible hands that we are bent and tortured worst.

... it is with man as it is with the tree. The more he aspires to the height and light, the more strongly do his roots strive earthward, downward, into the dark, the deep -- into evil.

You still feel noble, and the others too feel your nobility, though they bear you a grudge and send you evil glances. Know that the noble man stands in everybody's way. The noble man stands in the way of the good too: and even if they call him one of the good, they thus want to do away with him. The noble man wants to create something new and a new virtue. The good want the old, and that the old be preserved.

Alas, I knew noble men who lost their highest hope. Then they slandered all high hopes. Then they lived impudently in brief pleasures and barely cast their goals beyond the day. Spirit too is lust, so they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke: and now their spirit crawls about and soils what it gnaws. Once they thought of becoming heroes: now they are voluptuaries. The hero is for them an offense and a fright.

But by my love and hope I beseech you: do not throw away the hero in your soul! Hold holy your highest hope!

On the preachers of death

On war and warriors

I see many soldiers: would that I saw many warriors! "Uniform" one calls what they wear: would that what it conceals were not uniform!

You say that it is the good cause that hallows even war? I say unto you: it is the good war that hallows any cause. War and courage have accomplished more great things than love of the neighbor. Not your pity but your courage has so far saved the unfortunate.

You must be proud of your enemy: then the successes of your enemy are your successes too.

On the new idol

Somewhere there are skilled peoples and herds, but not where we live, my brothers: here there are states.

State is the name of the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly it tells lies too; and this lie crawls out of its mouth: "I, the state, am the people. That is a lie! It was creator's who created peoples and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

It is annihilators who set traps for the many and call them "state": they hang a sword and a hundred appetites over them.

Where there is still a people, it does not understand the state and hates it as the evil eye and the sin against customs and rights.

... the state tells lies in all the tongues of good in evil; and whatever it says it lies -- and whatever it has it has stolen. Everything about it is false; it bites with stolen teeth, and bites easily. Even its entrails are false.

All too many are born: for the superfluous the state was invented.

Behold, how it lures them, the all too many -- and how it devours them, chews them, and ruminates!

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State I call it where all drink poison, the good and the wicked; state, where all lose themselves, the good and the wicked; state, where the slow suicide of all is called "life."

Behold the superfluous! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the sages for themselves; "education" they call their theft...

Behold the superfluous! They are always sick; they vomit their gall and call it a newspaper.

... whoever possesses little is possessed that much less: praised be a little poverty!

Only where the state ends, there begins the song of necessity, the unique and inimitable tune.

On the flies of the market place

Where solitude ceases the market place begins....

In the world even the best things amount to nothing without someone to make a show of them: great men the people call these showmen.

Little do the people comprehend the great -- that is, the creating. But they have a mind for all showmen and actors of great things.

Around the inventors of new values the world revolves: invisibly it revolves. But around the actors revolve the people and fame: that is "the way of the world."

Far from the market place and from fame happens all that is great: far from the market place and from fame the inventors of new values have always dwelt.

On chastity

It is bad to live in cities: there too many are in heat.

On the friend

If one wants to have a friend one must also want to wage war for him: and to wage war, one must be capable of being in enemy.

On the thousand and one goals

Praiseworthy is whatever seems difficult to a people; whatever seems indispensable and difficult is called good; and whatever liberate's even out of the deepest need, the rarest, the most difficult -- that they call holy.

...men gave themselves all their good and evil. Verily, they did not take it, they did not find it, nor did it come to them as a voice from heaven. Only man placed values in things to preserve himself -- he alone created a meaning for things, a human meaning. Therefore he calls himself "man," which means: the esteemer.

Change of values -- that is a change of creators. Whoever must be a creator always annihilates.

Humanity still has no goal.

But tell me, my brothers, if humanity still lacks a goal -- is humanity itself not still lacking too?

On love of the neighbor

On the way of the creator

... the worst enemy you can encounter will always be you, yourself; you lie in wait for yourself in caves and woods.

On little old and young women

A real man wants two things: danger and play.

On the adder's bite

On child and marriage

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On free death

On the gift-giving virtue

The man of knowledge must not only love his enemies, he must also be able to hate his friends.

One repays a teacher badly if one always remains nothing but a pupil.

Second part

The child with the mirror

My spirit no longer wants to walk on worn soles.

Upon the blessed Isles

...this is what the will to truth should mean to you: that everything be changed into what is thinkable for man, visible for man, feelable by man. You should think through your own senses to their consequences.

Creation -- that is that great redemption from suffering, and life's growing light. But that the creator may be, suffering is needed and much change. Indeed, there must be much bitter dying in your life, you creators. Thus, are you advocates and justifiers of all impermanence.

...what could one create if gods existed?

On the pitying

As long as there have been men, man has felt too little joy: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin. And learning better to feel joy, we learn best not to hurt others or to plan hurts for them.

Having seen the sufferer suffer, I was ashamed for the sake of his shame; and when I helped him, I transgressed grievously against his pride.

Great indebtedness does not make men grateful, but vengeful; and if a little charity is not forgotten, it turns into a gnawing worm.

"Be reserved in accepting! Distinguish by accepting!"

... beggars should be abolished entirely! Verily, it is annoying to give to them and it is annoying not to give to them.

Worst of all... are petty thoughts. Verily, even evil deeds are better than petty thoughts.

An evil deed is like a boil: it itches and irritates and breaks open -- it speaks honestly. Behold, I am disease -- thus speaks the evil deed; that is its honesty.

But a petty thought is like a fungus: it creeps and stoops and does not want to be anywhere -- until the whole body is rotten and withered with little fungi.

...if you have a suffering friend, be a resting place for his suffering, but a hard bed as it were, a field cot: thus will you profit him best.

...if a friend does you evil, then say: I forgive you what you did to me; but that you have done it to yourself -- how could I forgive that? Thus speaks all great love: it overcomes even forgiveness and pity.

...where in the world has there been more folly than among the pitying? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the folly of the pitying? Woe to all who love without having a height that is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me once: God too has his hell: that is his love of man. And most recently I heard him say this: God is dead; God died of his pity for man.

On priests

Here are priests; and though they are my enemies, pass by them silently and with sleeping swords. Among them too there are heroes....

...many of them have suffered too much: therefore they want to make others suffer.

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They are evil enemies: nothing is more vengeful than their humility. And whoever attacks them, soils himself easily.

False values and delusive words: these are the worst monsters for mortals

On the virtuous

...almost all believe that they have a share in virtue; and at the very least everyone wants to be an expert on good and evil. ...grow weary of the old words you have learned from the fools and liars.

Weary of the words: reward, retribution, punishment, and revenge in justice.

Weary of saying: what makes an act good is that it is unselfish.

Oh, my friends, that your self be in your deed as the mother is in her child -- let that be your word concerning virtue!

On the rabble

I turned my back on those who rule when I saw what they now call ruling: higgling and haggling for power -- with the rabble.

Here, in the highest spheres, the fount of pleasure wells up for me! And here is a life of which the rabble does not drink.

On the tree, Future, we build our nest....

On the tarantulas

Thus I speak to you in a parable -- you who make souls whirl, you preachers of equality. To me you are tarantulas, and secretly vengeful. But I shall bring your secrets to light; therefore I laugh in your faces with my laughter of the heights. Therefore I tear at your webs, that your rage may lure you out of your lie-holes and your revenge may leap out from behind your word justice. For that man be delivered from revenge, that is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms.

What was silent in the father speaks in the son; and often I found the son the unveiled secret of the father.

Mistrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful. They are people of a low sort and stock; the hangman and the bloodhound look out of their faces. Mistrust all who talk much of their justice! Verily, their souls lack more than honey. And when they call themselves the good and the just, do not forget that they would be pharisees, if only they had -- power.

Life wants to build itself up into the heights with pillars and steps; it wants to look into vast distances and out toward stirring beauties: therefore it requires height. And because it requires height, it requires steps and contradiction among the steps and the climbers. Life wants to climb and to overcome itself climbing.

And behold, my friends: here where the tarantula has its hole, the ruins of an ancient temple rise; behold it with enlightened eyes! Verily, the man who once piled his thoughts to the sky in these stones -- he, like the wisest, knew the secret of all life. That struggle and inequality are present even in beauty....

On the famous wise men

It was ever in the desert that the truthful have dwelt....

...in the cities dwell the well fed, famous wise men -- the beasts of burden. For, as asses, they always pull the people's cart.

If you must be a servant, seek him who profits most from your service. The spirit and virtue of your master shall grow by your being his servant: then you yourself will grow with his spirit and his virtue.

...he who is not a bird should not build his nest over abysses.

The night song

The danger of those who always give is that they lose their sense of shame; and the heart and hand of those who always mete out become callous from always meting out.

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The dancing song

The tomb song

Only in the dance do I know how to tell the parable of the highest things...

On self-overcoming

You still want to create the world before which you can kneel: that is your ultimate hope and intoxication.

...wherever I found the living, there I heard also the speech on obedience. Whatever lives, obeys.

...all truths that are kept silent become poisonous.

On those who are sublime

... for the hero the beautiful is the most difficult thing. No violent will can attain the beautiful by exertion.

On the land of education

On immaculate perception

You lack innocence in your desire and therefore you slander all desire.

Where is innocence? Where there is a will to procreate. And he who wants to create beyond himself has the purist will.

Whoever does not believe himself always lies.

On scholars

...I have moved from the house of the scholars and I even banged the door behind me. My soul sat hungry at their table too long; I am not, like them, trained to pursue knowledge as if it were nutcracking. I love freedom and the air over the fresh earth; rather would I sleep on ox hides than on their decorums and respectabilities.

... in everything they [the scholars] want to be mere spectators...

On poets

...there are so many things between heaven and earth of which only the poets have dreamed.

On great events

... and they loved him as the people love -- with a love that is mixed with an equal amount of awe.

The earth...has a skin, and this skin has diseases. One of these diseases...is called man.

...the greatest events -- they are not our loudest but our stillest hours. Not around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values does the world revolve; it revolves inaudibly.

This counsel...I give to Kings and churches and everything that is weak with age and weak in virtue: let yourselves be overthrown -- so that you may return to life, and virtue return to you.

Church...is a kind of state -- the most mendacious kind.

The soothsayer

...we have become too weary even to die.

On redemption

...there are human beings who lack everything, except for one thing of which they have too much -- human beings who are nothing but a big eye or a big mouth or a big belly or anything at all that is big. Inverse cripple's I call them.

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The now and the past on earth... that is what I find most unendurable; and I should not know how to live if I were not also a seer of that which must come.

Will -- that is the name of the liberator and joy-bringer.... But... the will itself is still a prisoner. Willing liberates; but what is it that puts even the liberator himself in fetters? "It was" -- that is the name of the will's gnashing of teeth and most secret melancholy.

..."that which was" is the name of the stone he cannot move.

...this alone, is what revenge is: the will's ill will against time and its "it was."

On human prudence

Is not hurt vanity the mother of all tragedies?

...I have wearied of these highest and best men....

The stillest hour

Do you not know who is most needed by all? He that commands great things. To do great things is difficult; but to command great things is more difficult.

It is the stillest words that bring on the storm. Thoughts that come on doves' feet guide the world.

Third part

The wanderer

...in the end, one experiences only oneself.

One must learn to look away from oneself in order to see much....

On the vision and the riddle

But there is something in me that I call courage; that has so far slain my every discouragement.

... pity is the deepest abyss....

On involuntary bliss

Before sunrise

In everything one thing is impossible: rationality.

A little reason, to be sure, a seed of wisdom scattered from star to star -- this heaven is mixed in with all things: for folly's sake, wisdom is mixed in with all things. A little wisdom is possible indeed; but this blessed certainty I found in all things: that they would rather dance on the feet of Chance.

On virtue that makes small

... they do not forgive me that I do not envy their virtues.

... he who gives praise poses as if he were giving back; in truth, however, he wants more gifts.

...even those who command, hypocritically feign the virtues of those who serve. I serve, you serve, we serve -- thus prays even the hypocrisy of the rollers; and woe, if the first Lord is merely the first servant!

So much kindness, so much weakness do I see; so much justice and pity, so much weakness.

At bottom, these simpletons want a single thing most of all: that nobody should hurt them. Thus they try to please and gratify everybody. This, however, is cowardice, even if it be called virtue.

They are clever, their virtues have clever fingers. But they lack fists, their fingers do not know how to hide behind fists. Virtue to them is that which makes modest and tame: with that they have turned the Wolf into a dog and man himself into man's best domestic animal.

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You are becoming smaller and smaller, you small people! You are crumbling, you comfortable ones. You will yet perish of your many small virtues, of your many small abstentions, of your many small resignations.

Upon the Mount of olives

...if ever I lied, I lied out of love.

The origin of all good things is thousandfold...

On passing by

...the fool spoke thus....here is the great City; here you could find nothing and lose everything. Why do you want to wade through this mire? Have pity on your foot! Rather spit on the city gate and turn back. Here is hell for a hermit's thoughts: here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked till they are small. Here all great feelings decay: only the smallest rattleboned feelings may rattle here. Don't you smell the slaughterhouses and ovens of the spirit even now? Does not this town steam with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

Don't you see the soul hanging like a limp, dirty rag? And they still make newspapers of these rags!

Don't you hear how the spirit has here been reduced to plays on words? It vomits revolting verbal swill. And they still make newspapers of this swill!

On apostates

These young hearts have all become old already -- and not even old; only weary, ordinary, and comfortable. They put it, we have become pious again.

For the old gods, after all, things came to an end long ago; and verily, they had a good gay godlike end. They did not end in a "twilight," though this lie is told. Instead: one day they laughed themselves to death. That happened when the most godless word issued from one of the gods themselves -- the word: "There is one god. Thou shalt have no other god before me!" An old grimbeard of a god, a jealous one, thus forgot himself. And then all the gods laughed and rocked on their chairs and cried, "Is not just this godlike that there are gods but no God?"

The return home

...in darkness, time weighs more heavily on us than in the light.

...everything human wants consideration and pity.

Pity teaches all who live among the good to lie. Pity surrounds all free souls with musty air. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

At last my nose is delivered from the smell of everything human.

On the three evils

On the spirit of gravity

...only man is a grave burden for himself! That is because he carries on his shoulders too much that is alien to him. Like a camel, he kneels down and lets himself be well loaded. Especially the strong, reverent spirit that would bear much: he loads too many alien grave words and values on himself, and then life seems a desert to him.

...I also do not like those who considered everything good and this world the best. Such men I call the omni-satisfied. Omni-satisfaction, which knows how to taste everything, that is not the best taste. I honor the recalcitrant choosy tongues and stomachs, which have learned to say "I" and "yes" and "no." But to chew and digest everything -- that is truly the swine's manner. Always to bray Yea-Yuh -- that only the ass has learned, and whoever is of his spirit.

... he who would learn to fly one day must first learn to stand and walk and run and climb and dance: one cannot fly into flying.

On old and new tablets

When I came to men I found them sitting on an old conceit: the conceit that they have long known what is good and evil for man.

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... I also found again my old devil and archenemy, the spirit of gravity, and all that he created: constraint, statute, necessity and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil.

Good men never speak the truth; for the spirit, to be good in this way is a disease. They give in, these good men; they give themselves up; their heart repeats and their ground obeys: but whoever heeds commands does not heed himself.

...a new nobility is needed to be the adversary of all rabble and of all that is despotic and to write anew upon new tablets the word "noble."

Precisely this is godlike that there are gods, but no God.

...I dedicate and direct you to a new nobility: you shall become procreators and cultivators and sowers of the future -- verily, not to a nobility that you might buy like shopkeepers and with shopkeepers' gold: for whatever has its price has little value.

Not whence you come shall henceforth constitute your honor, but whither you are going!

... your nobility should not look backward but ahead! Exiles shall you be from all father- and forefather-lands! Your children's land show you love: this love shall be your new nobility -- the undiscovered land in the most distant sea.

Break, break the old tablets of the never gay!

To gain knowledge is a joy for the lion-willed!

...this is always the manner of the weak: they get lost on the way. And in the end their weariness still asks, "Why did we ever pursue any way at all? It is all the same."

To will liberates, for to will is to create: thus I teach. And you shall learn solely in order to create.

There are many good inventions on earth, some useful, some pleasing: for their sake, the earth is to be loved. And there is such a variety of well-invented things that the earth is like the breasts of a woman: useful as well as pleasing.

To the incurable, one should not try to be a physician --

... the raving vermin of the "educated," who feast on every hero's sweat.

Where the strong are weak and the noble all too soft -- there they build their nauseating nests: the parasites live where the great have little secret sores.

Whoever is of the highest species will nourish the most parasites. For the soul that has the longest ladder and reaches down deepest -- how should the most parasites not sit on that? The most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and roam farthest within itself; the most necessary soul, which out of sheer joy plunges itself into chance; the soul which having being, dives into becoming; the soul which has, but wants to want and will; the soul which flees itself and catches up with itself in the widest circle; the wisest soul, which folly exhorts most sweetly; the soul which loves itself most, in which all things have their sweep and countersweep and ebb and flood -- oh, how should the highest soul not have the worst parasites?

...he whom you cannot teach to fly, teach to fall faster!

I love the valiant; but it is not enough to wield a broadsword, one must also know against whom. And often there is more valor when one refrains and passes by, in order to save oneself for the worthier enemy.

...you must be proud of your enemy....

...we should consider every day lost on which we have not danced at least once. And we should call every truth false which was not accompanied by at least one laugh.

Your wedlock: see to it that it not be a bad lock.

Give us a probation and a little marriage, so that we may see whether we are fit for a big marriage. It is a big thing always to be two.

Human society is a trial... -- a long trial; and what it tries to find is the commander.

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... who represents the greatest danger for all of man's future? Is it not the good and the just?

The good must crucify him who invents his own virtue.

Whom do they [the good and the just] hate most? The creator they hate most: he breaks tablets and old values. He is a breaker, they call him lawbreaker. For the good are unable to create; they are always the beginning of the end: they crucify him who writes new values on new tablets; they sacrifice the future to themselves -- they crucify all man's future.

The good have always been the beginning of the end.

Why so soft, so pliant and yielding? Why is there so much denial, self denial in your hearts? So little destiny in your eyes?

Keep me from all small victories! ... Keep me and save me for a great destiny!

The convalescent

Speaking is a beautiful folly: with that man dances over all things. How lovely is all talking, and all the deception of sounds! With sounds our love dances on many-hued rainbows.

For man is the cruelist animal.

At tragedies, bullfights, and crucifixions he has so far felt best on earth; and when he invented hell for himself, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

Man is the cruelist animal against himself; and whenever he calls himself sinner and cross-bearer and penitent, do not fail to hear the voluptuous delight that is in all such lamentation and accusation.

On the great longing

The other dancing song

Fourth and last part

The honey sacrifice

Conversation with the Kings

Man's fate knows no harsher misfortune than when those who have power on earth are not also the first men. That makes everything false and crooked and monstrous.

The leech

The magician

Retired

The old Pope: when he was young, this god out of the Orient, he was harsh and vengeful and he built himself a hell to amuse his favorites. Eventually, however, he became old and soft and mellow and pitying, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a shaky old grandmother. Then he sat in his nook by the hearth, wilted, grieving over his weak legs, weary of the world, weary of willing, and one-day he choked on his all too great pity.

... that he wrecked revenge on his pots and creations for having bungled them himself, that was a sin against good taste. There is good taste in piety too; and it was this that said in the end, "Away with such a god! Rather no god, rather make destiny on one's own, rather be a fool, rather be a god oneself!"

The ugliest man

What good things...has this day given me to make up for its bad beginning! What strange people have I found to talk with! Now I shall long chew their words like good grains; my teeth shall grind them and crush them small till they flow like milk into my soul.

Whether it be a god's pity or man's -- pity offends the sense of shame. And to be unwilling to help can be nobler than that virtue which jumps to help.

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Too long have we conceded to them that they are right, these little people; so that in the end we have also conceded them might. Now they teach: "Good is only what little people call good."

...he had to die: he saw with eyes that saw everything; he saw man's depths and ultimate grounds, all his concealed disgrace and ugliness. His pity knew no shame: he crawled into my dirtiest nooks. This most curious, overobtrusive, overpitying one had to die. He always saw me: on such a witness I wanted to have revenge or not live myself. The god who saw everything, even man -- this god had to die! Man cannot bear it that such a witness should live.

...only the doer learns.

The voluntary beggar

... right giving is harder than right receiving, ... to give presents well is an art and the ultimate and most cunning master-art of graciousness.

Nobody...has achieved more than these cows: they invented for themselves chewing the cud and lying in the sun. And they abstain from all grave thoughts, which bloat the heart.

The shadow

... I really lack little toward being the Eternal Jew, unless it be that I am not eternal, and not a Jew.

With you I unlearned faith in words and values and great names.

...where is that mendacious innocence that I once possessed....

Too often...did I follow close on the heels of truth: so she kicked me in the face.

... only he who knows where he is sailing also knows which wind is good and the right wind for him.

At noon

The welcome

...laughing lions must come!

The last supper

On the higher man

The first time I came to men I committed the folly of hermits, the great folly: I stood in the marketplace. ... with the new morning a new truth came to me: I learned to say, "of what concern to me are market and mob and mob noise and long mob ears?"

... in the marketplace nobody believes in higher men. And if you want to speak there, very well! But the mob blinks: "We are all equal."

"You higher men... there are no higher men, we are all equal, man is man; before God we are all equal."

... today the little people lord it: they all preach surrender and resignation and prudence and industry and consideration and the long etc. of the small virtues.

... I love you for not knowing how to live today, you higher men! For thus you live best.

Brave is he who knows fear but conquers fear, who sees the abyss, but with pride.

... in the marketplace one convinces with gestures.

Beware of the scholars! They hate you, for they are sterile. They have cold, dried up eyes; before them every bird lies unplumed.

Such men boast that they do not lie; but the inability to lie is far from the love of truth. Beware!

Whoever is unable to lie does not know what truth is.

If you would go high, use your own legs. Do not let yourselves be carried up; do not sit on the backs and heads of

What Carl Moore believes to be wit and wisdom from Nietzsche's Thus Spoke Zarathustra (translated by Walter Kaufmann). The quotes do not serve as an explication of the meaning of the work. 03/16/01

others.

You're very virtue wants that you do nothing "for" and "in order" and "because." You shall plug up you're ears against these false little words.

Do not be virtuous beyond your strength!

Walk in the foot prints were your fathers' virtue walked before you.

The higher its type, the more rarely a thing succeeds. You higher men... have you not all failed?

Be of good cheer, what does it matter? How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh!

Is not something thronging and pushing in you -- man's future?

Place little good perfect things around you.... Their golden ripeness heals the heart. What is perfect teaches hope.

What has so far been the greatest sin here on earth? Was it not the word of him who said, "Woe unto those who laugh here"?

Avoid all such unconditional people! They are a poor sick sort, a sort of mob: they looked sourly at this life, they have the evil eye for this earth. Avoid all such unconditional people! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts: they do not know how to dance. How should the earth be light for them?

All good things approach their goal crookedly. Like cats, they arch their backs, they purr inwardly over their approaching happiness: all good things laugh.

A man's stride betrays whether he has found his own way.... But whoever approaches his goal dances.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high, higher! And do not forget your legs either. Lift up your legs too, you good dancers; and better yet, stand on your heads!

... it is still better to be foolish from happiness than foolish from unhappiness; better to dance ponderously than to walk lamely.

What does it matter that you are failures? How much is still possible!

... you higher men, learn to laugh!

The song of melancholy

On science

For fear is the original and basic feeling of man; from fear everything is explicable, original sin and original virtue. From fear my own virtue too has grown, and it is called: science. For the fear of wild animals, that was bred in man longest of all -- including the animal he harbors inside himself and fears: Z. calls it 'the inner beast.' Such long old fear, finally refined, spiritualized, spiritual -- today, it seems to me, this is called science.

... courage seems to me man's whole prehistory. He envied the wildest, most courageous animals and robbed all their virtues: only thus did he become man.

Among daughters of the wilderness

I come from Europe which is more doubt-addicted than all elderly married women.

The awakening

My virile nourishment, the savor and strength of my words, are taking effect; and verily I did not feed them bloating vegetables, but warriors' nourishment, conquerors' nourishment: I wakened new desires. New hopes throb in their arms and legs; their hearts stretch out. They are finding new words, soon their spirit will breathe prankishness.

He does not speak.... It is his cleverness that does not speak: thus he is rarely found to the wrong.

It is your innocence not to know what innocence is.

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The ass Festival

God is supposed to be eternal... whoever has that much time, takes his time.

But we have no wish whatever to enter into the kingdom of heaven: we have become men -- so we want the earth.

... such flowers as you are require new festivals, a little brave nonsense, some divine service and ass Festival, some old gay fool of a Z., a roaring wind that blows your soul bright.

The drunken song

...his spirit... was... on a high ridge... between two seas, wandering like a heavy cloud between past and future.

The sign

But I still lack the right men.