

OF SOUND IN THE LANDING PAGE

FROM  
FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE'S

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

Score for Performance  
by

*Hester Reeve*

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NIETZSCHE CLAIMED, "PERHAPS THE WHOLE OF ZARATHUSTRA MAY BE RECKONED AS MUSIC; CERTAINLY A REBIRTH OF THE ART OF HEARING WAS AMONG ITS PRECONDITIONS."

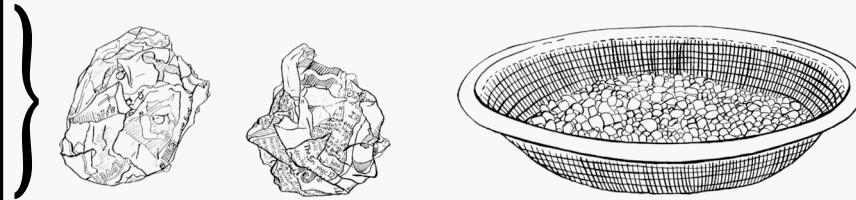
IN HONOUR OF THIS AND IN HONOUR OF THE FORCE OF MATTER, TWO PROFESSORS OF PHILOSOPHY – GRAHAM PARKES AND GEORG STENGER – WILL WORK TO RELEASE THE ELEMENTAL SOUNDS FROM THE PAGES OF THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA.

AND YOU? YOU MUST PERHAPS SEE WITH YOUR EARS AND HEAR WITH YOUR EYES IN ORDER TO EXPERIENCE THE BEAUTIFUL 'UNTRUTH' OF THE EARTH.

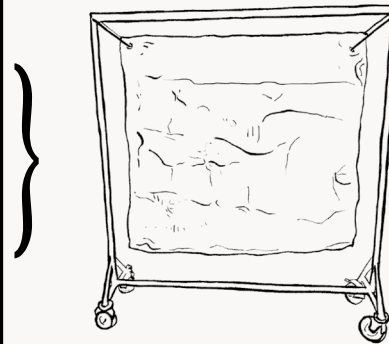
SOUND

MATTER FOR PHILOSOPHERS TO HANDLE

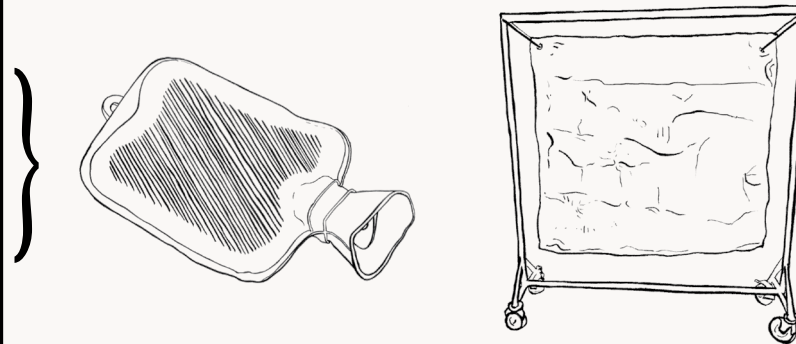
40. Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, and no one met him.



43. Behold, I teach you the Superman: he is this lightning, he is this madness!



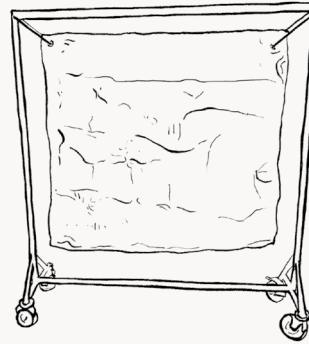
45. I love all those who are like heavy drops falling singly from the dark cloud that hangs over mankind: they prophesy the coming of the lightning and as prophets they perish.



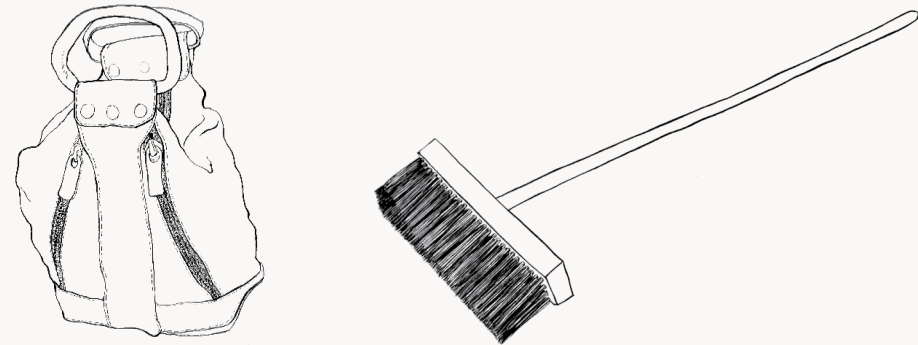
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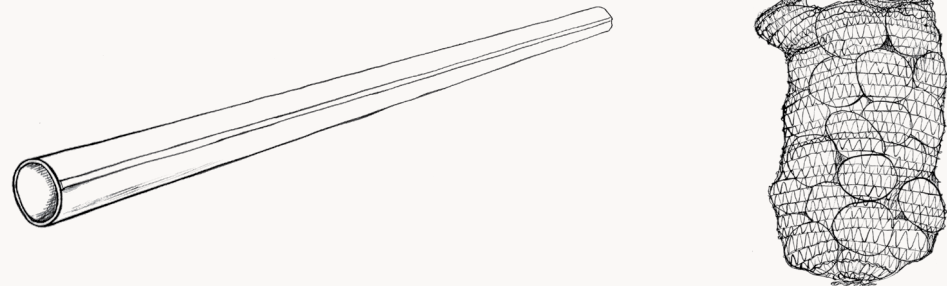
45. Behold, I am a prophet of the lightning and a heavy drop from the cloud: but this lightning is called Superman.



47. In the meantime, of course, the tight-rope walker had begun his work: he emerged from a little door and was proceeding across the rope which was stretched between two towers.



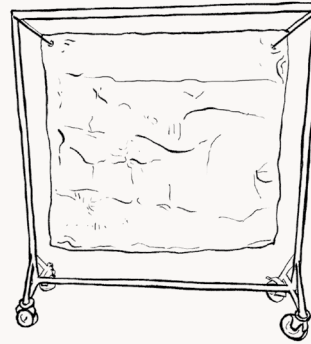
48. But the latter, when he saw his rival triumph, lost his head and the rope; he threw away his pole and fell, even faster than it... But Zarathustra remained still and the body fell quite close to him, badly injured and broken but not yet dead.



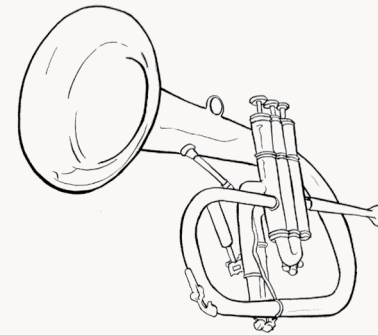
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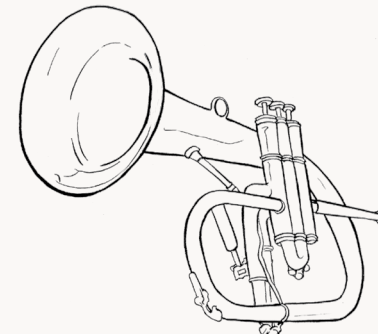
49. I want to teach men the meaning of their existence: which is the Superman, the lightning from the dark cloud man.



50. When he had walked past woods and swamps he had heard too much hungry howling of wolves and grew hungry himself.



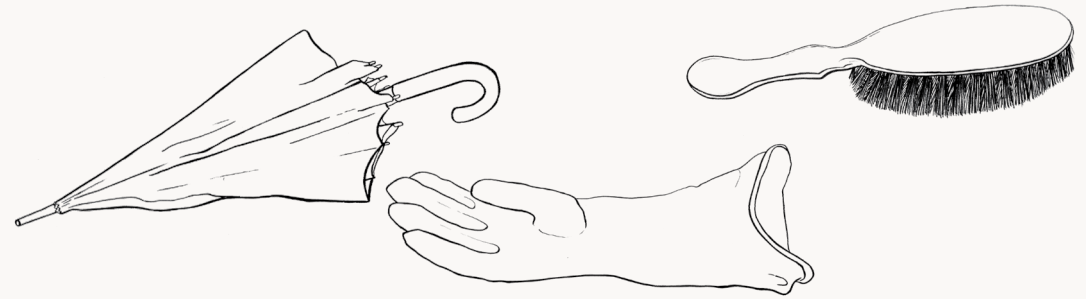
52. Zarathustra said this to his heart as the sun stood at noon; then he looked enquiringly into the sky – for he heard above him the sharp cry of a bird



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53. And behold! An eagle was sweeping through the air in wide circles, and from it was hanging a serpent, not like a prey but like a friend...



55. The child is innocence and forgetfulness, a new beginning, a self-propelling wheel, a first motion, a sacred Yes.



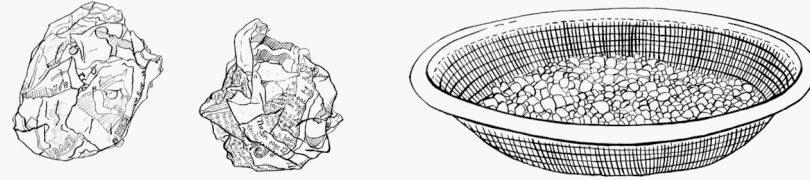
95. You should create a higher body, a first motion, a self-propelling wheel – you should create a creator.



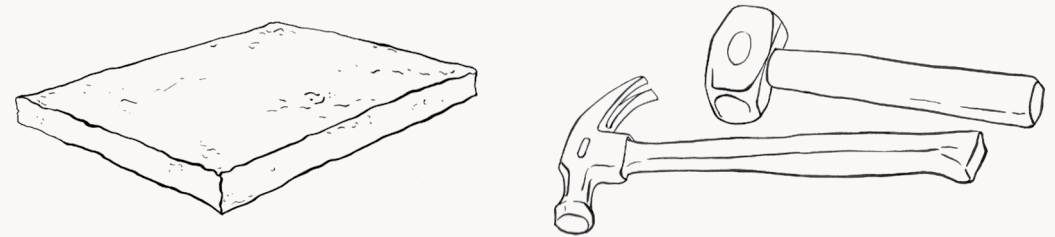
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107. Then Zarathustra went back into the mountains and into the solitude of his cave and withdrew from mankind...



111. But again and again it drives me to mankind, my ardent, creative will; thus it drives the hammer to the stone.



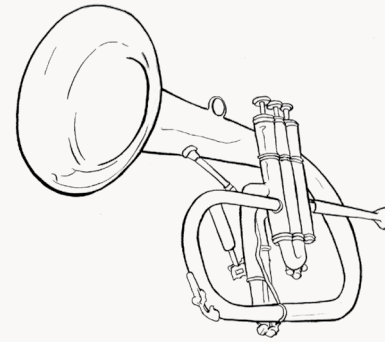
146. For already it is coming, the glowing sun – its love of the earth is coming!...It wants to suck at the sea and drink the sea's depths up to its height: now the sea's desire rises with a thousand breasts.



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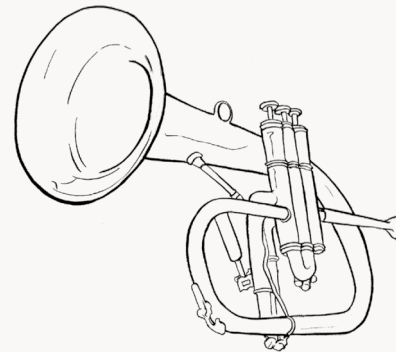
148. When they give themselves out as wise, their little sayings and truths make me shiver; their wisdom often smells as if it came from the swamp: and indeed, I have heard the frog croak in it!



154. And so much steam and hideous shrieking came from his throat I thought he would choke with vexation and envy...



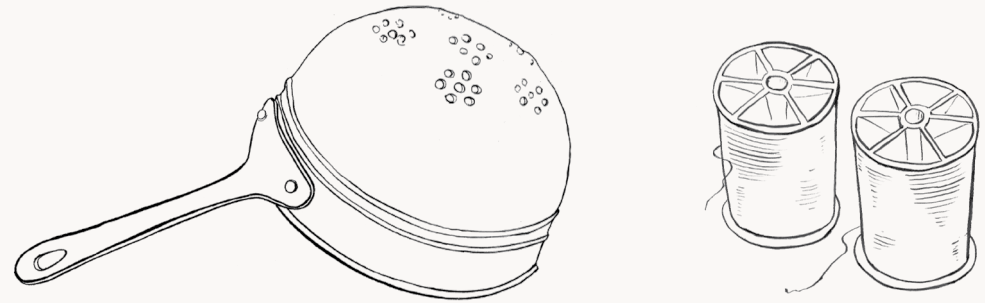
155. Abashed, he drew his tail, said 'Bow-wow' in a small voice and crawled into his cave.



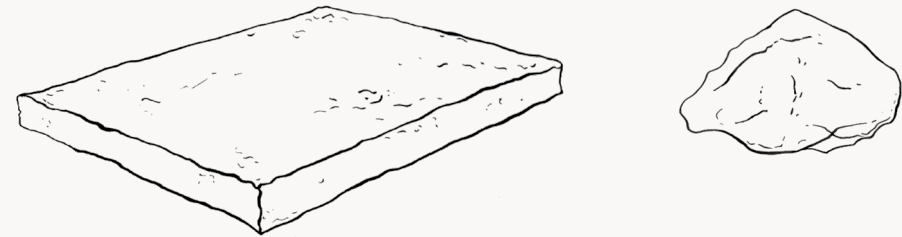
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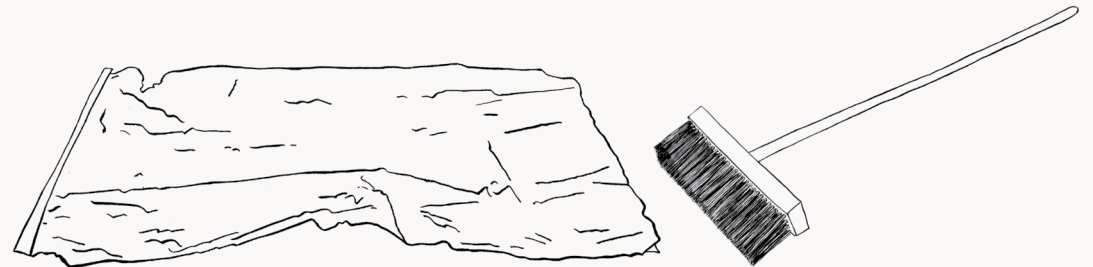
161. 'It was': that is what the will's teeth-gnashing and most lonely affliction is called.



161-2. And so, out of wrath and ill-temper, the will rolls stones about and takes revenge upon him who does not, like it, feel wrath and ill temper.



175. Everything is still asleep (he said); even the sea is asleep. Its eye looks at me drowsily and strangely...I feel, too, that it is dreaming. Dreaming it writhes on a pillow. Listen! Listen! How it groans with wicked memories! Or with wicked expectations?

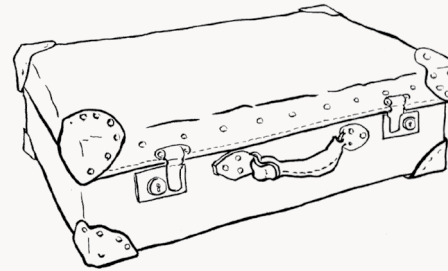




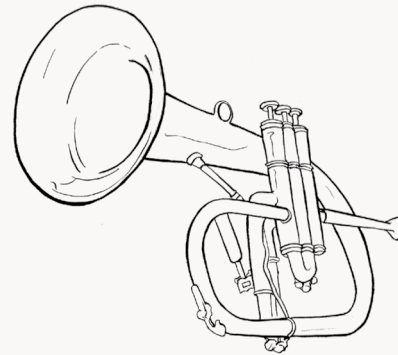
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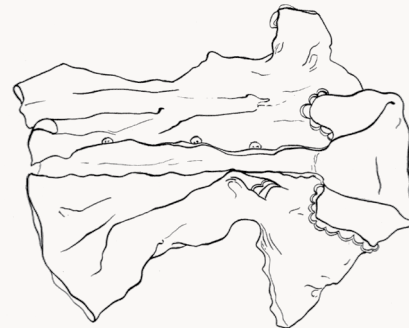
176-7. A path that mounted defiantly through boulders and rubble...a mountain path crunched under my foot's defiance. Striding mute over the mocking clatter of pebbles, trampling the stones that made it slip: thus my foot with effort forced its way upward.



179. Then, suddenly, I heard a dog howling nearby...And there! The dog, leaping, bristling, whining; then it saw me coming - then it howled again, then it cried out - had I ever heard a dog cry so for help?



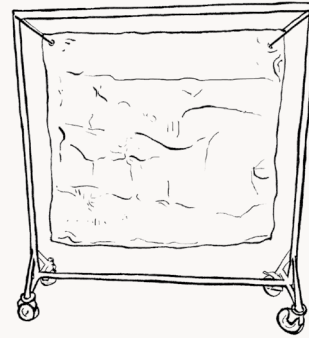
182. The wind blew to me through the keyhole and said: 'Come!' The door sprang cunningly open and said: 'Go!'



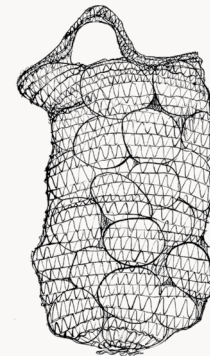
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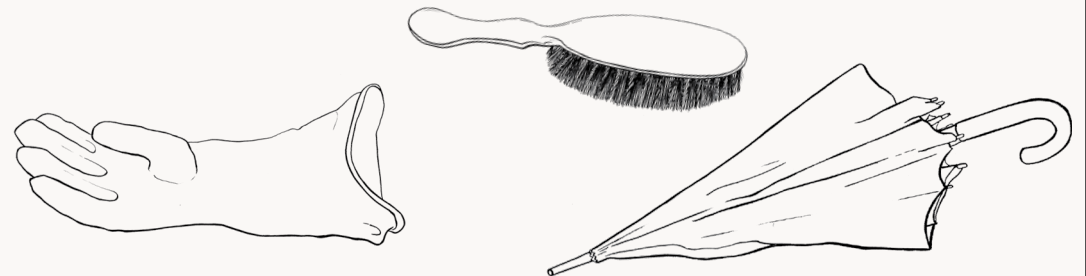
192. O blessed hour of the lightning! O mystery before noon-  
tide! One day I shall turn them into running fire and heralds with  
tongues of flame – one day they shall proclaim with tongues of  
flame: It is coming, it is near, the great noontide!



233. Hardly had Zarathustra spoken these words, however, when  
he fell down like a dead man and remained like a dead man for a  
long time.



233. This condition lasted seven days; his animals did not leave him  
by day or night, except that the eagle flew off to fetch food.



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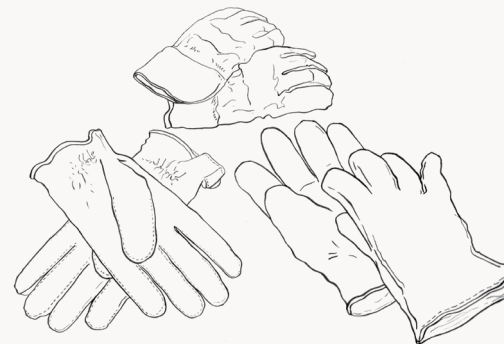
234. Everything goes, everything returns; the wheel of existence rolls for ever.



241. Twice only did you raise your castanets in your little hands – then my feet were already tossing in a mad dance...then you fled back from my spring; towards me the tongues of your fleeing, flying hair came hissing!



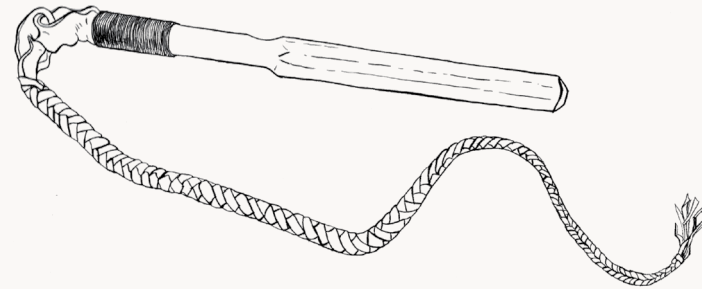
241. Do you not see the owls and bats flitting away?



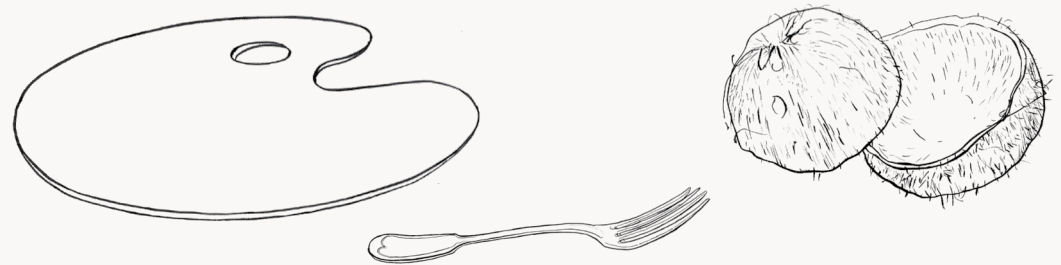
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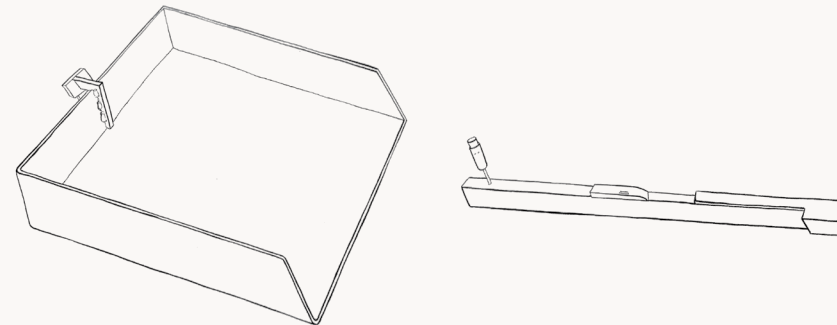
242. You witch, if I have hitherto sung for you, now for me you shall - shriek! To the rhythm of my whip you shall shriek and trot! Did I forget my whip? - I did not!



(continuation of MATTER for the above)



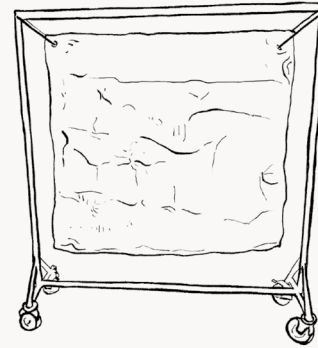
243. There is an old, heavy, heavy booming bell: it booms out at night up to your cave.



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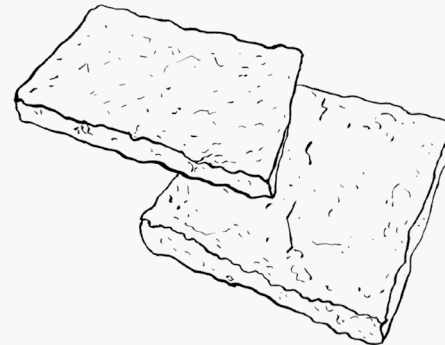
244. If I be a prophet...ready for lightning in its dark bosom and  
for redeeming beams of light, pregnant with lightings which affirm  
Yes! Laugh Yes! Ready for prophetic lightning flashes.



244. Oh how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring  
of rings – the ring of Recurrence.



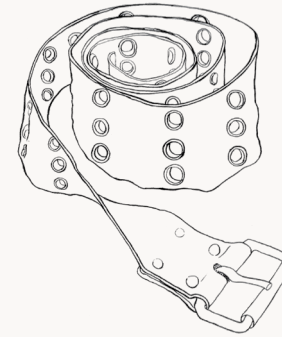
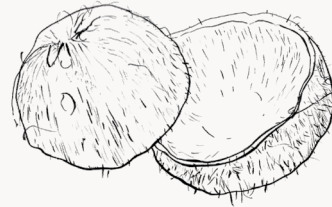
245. If ever my anger broke graves open, moved boundary-stones,  
and rolled old shattered law-tables into deep chasms...



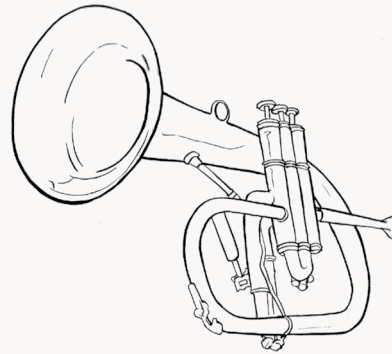
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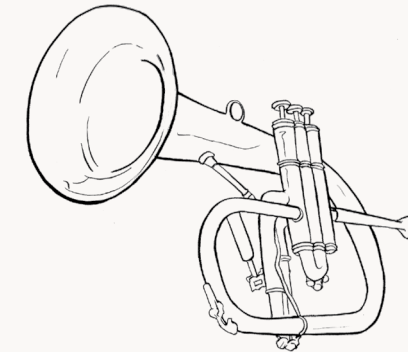
257. Along just that path that he was going down came two kings...  
they drove before them a laden ass.



260. (But here it happened that the ass, too, found speech: it said  
clearly and maliciously 'Y-ea.')



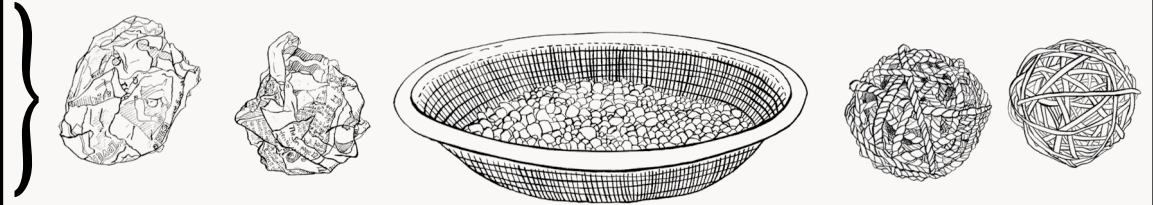
264. But now a cry of distress calls me hurriedly away from you.



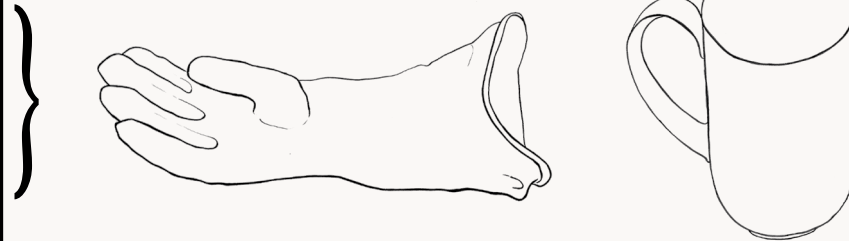
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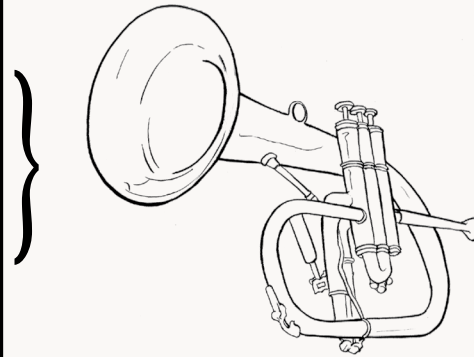
275. And again Zarathustra's feet ran through forests and mountains...But when the path again rounded a rock, all at once the scenery changed, and Zarathustra stepped into a kingdom of death.



276. But then the dead wilderness resounded: for from the ground issued a gurgling, rasping sound such as water makes in stopped-up water pipes at night; and at last a human voice and human speech emerged from it: it sounded thus: Zarathustra! Zarathustra!



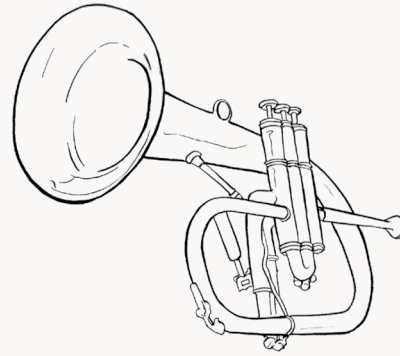
280. But when he peered about him and sought the comforters of his loneliness, behold, they were cows standing together on a hill-ock; it was their nearness and odour which had warmed his heart.



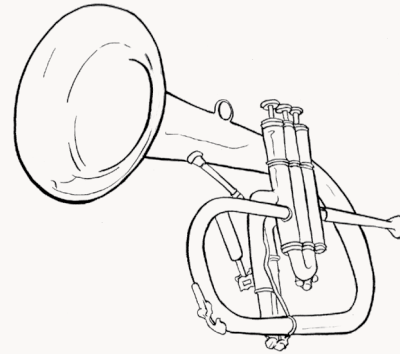
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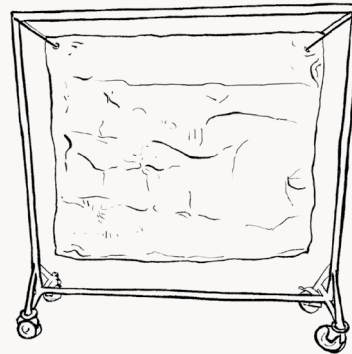
283. Behold, yonder leads the way to my cave: be its guest tonight.  
And speak with my animals of the happiness of animals, until I  
return home myself. For now a cry of distress calls me hurriedly  
away from you.



289. But when he was opposite it, not twenty paces away, then  
occurred that which he now least expected: he heard again the great  
cry of distress.



299. It does not suffice me that the lightning no longer does harm. I  
do not want to conduct it away: it shall learn - to work for me.

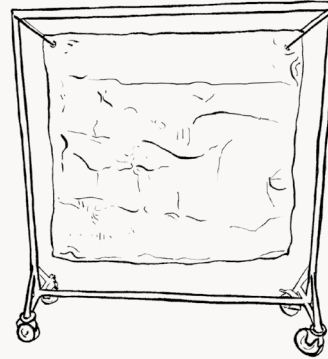




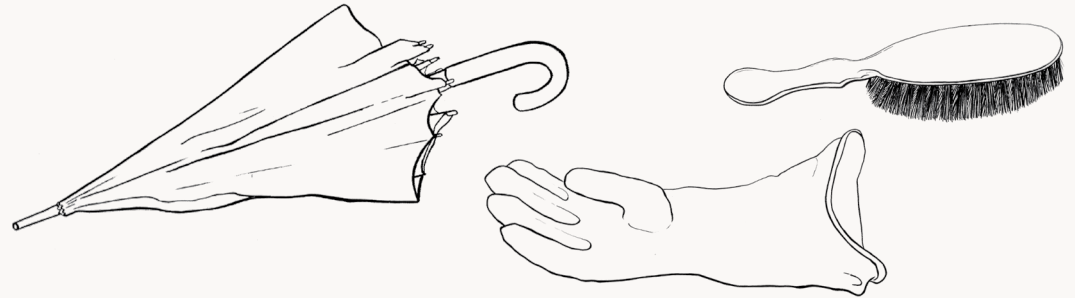
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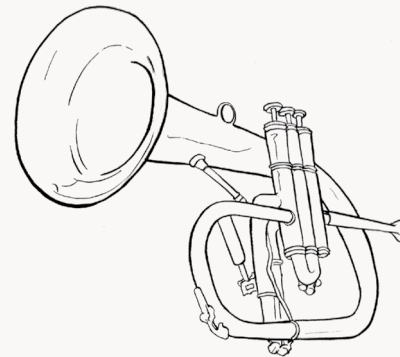
300. I do not want to be light for these men of the present, or be called light by them. These men - I want to blind: lightning of my wisdom! Put out their eyes!



306. Come here, come here, my eagle and my serpent!



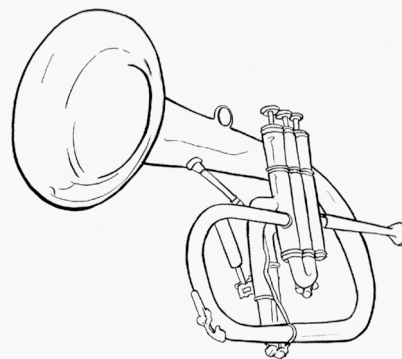
319. And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then the 'Ye-a' of the ass mingled strangely with the loud rejoicing of these Higher Men.



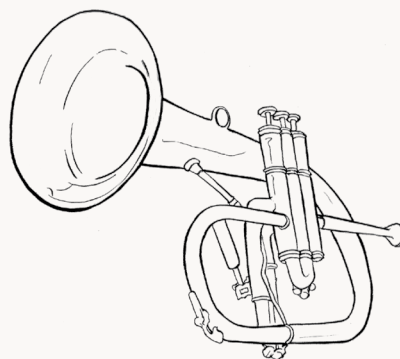
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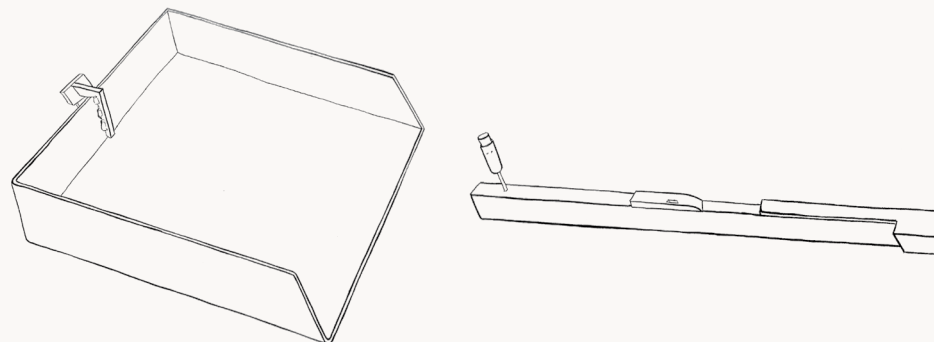
321. The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'.



322. The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'... The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'... The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'... The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'... The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'... The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'... The ass, however, brayed 'Ye-a'.



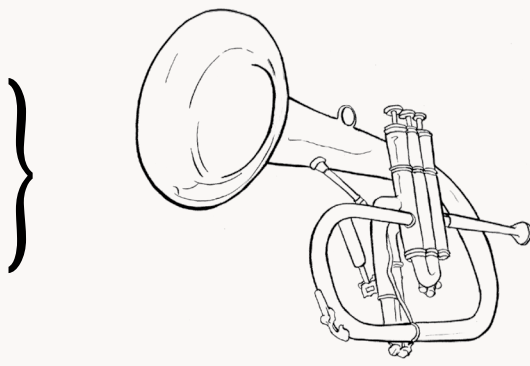
327. And at once it grew still and mysterious all around; from all depths, however, there slowly arose the sound of a bell...Come! Midnight is coming on!



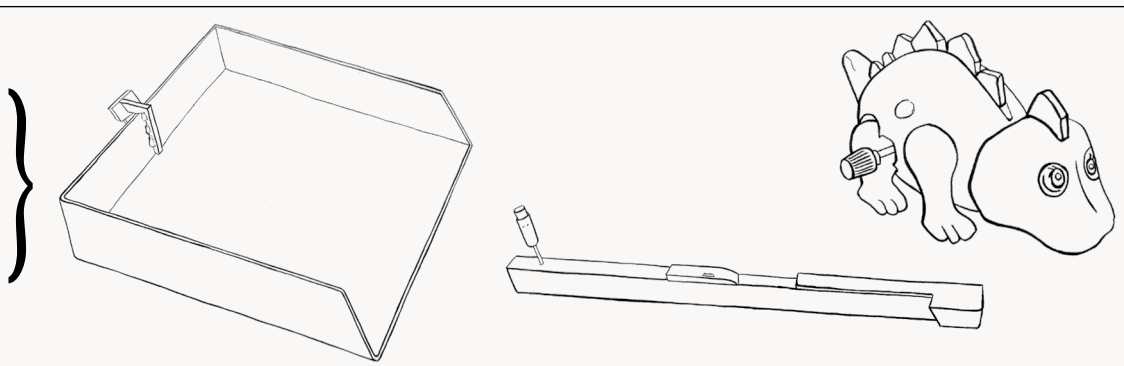
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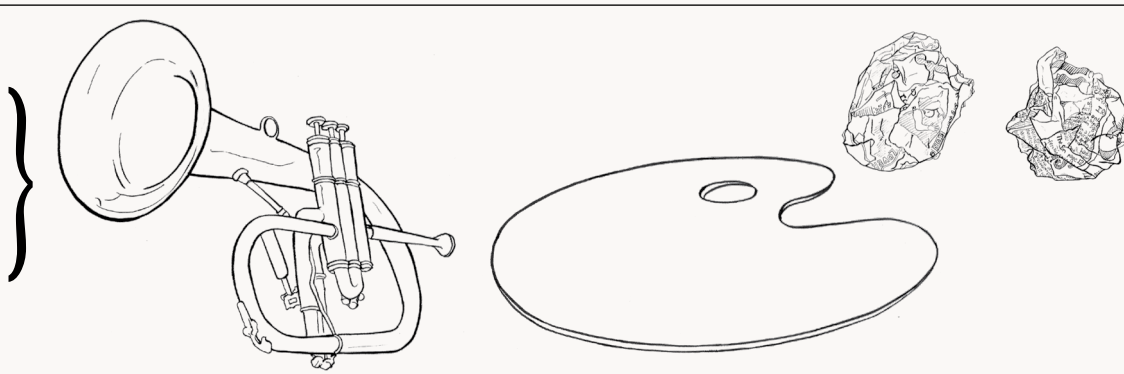
328. Ah! Ah! The dog howls, the moon is shining.



329. The hour approaches, the bell booms, the heart drones, the woodworm, the heart's worm, still burrows...from how long ago, from how far away does your sound come to me, from a far distance, from the pools of love! You ancient bell, you sweet lyre!



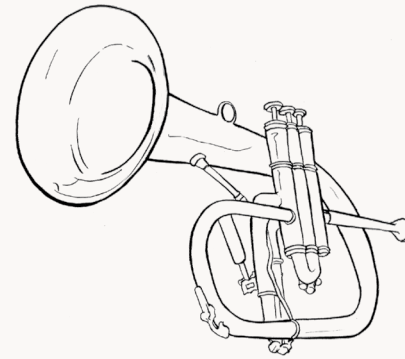
330. Now come evening and midnight; the dog howls, the wind: is the wind not a dog? It whines, it yelps, it howls. Ah! Ah! how it sighs! how it laughs, how it rasps and gasps, the midnight hour!



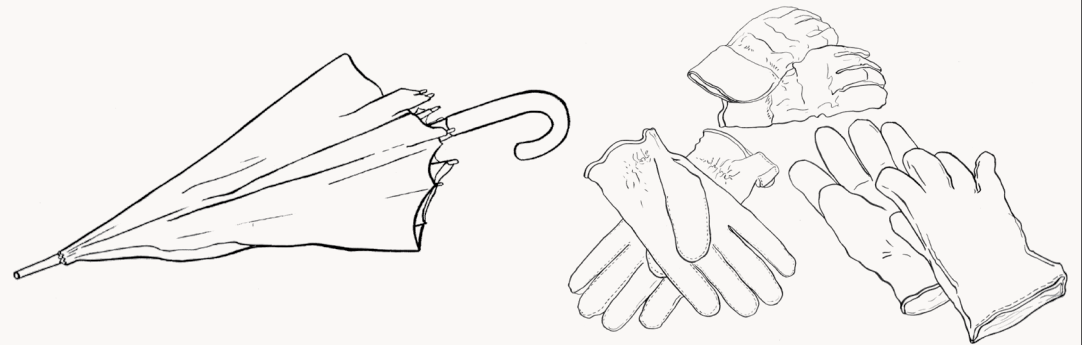
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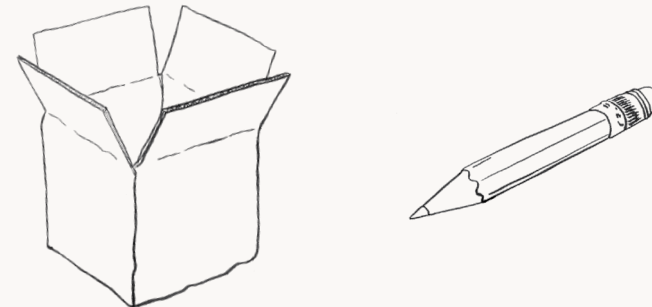
334. Zarathustra had said this to his heart when the sun rose: then he looked inquiringly aloft, for he heard above him the sharp cry of his eagle.



Thus spoke Zarathustra; then, however, he suddenly heard that he was surrounded by countless birds, swarming and fluttering – the whirring of so many wings and the throng about his head, however, were so great that he shut his eyes.




334-5. ...at the same time, however, a roar rang out in front of him – the gentle, protracted roar of a lion... The mighty lion, however, continually licked the tears that fell down upon Zarathustra's hands, roaring and growling shyly as he did so.

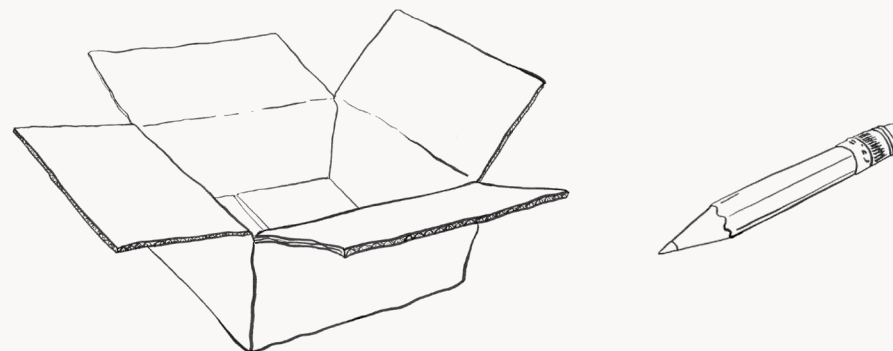


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335. But when they reached the door of the cave, and the sound of their steps preceded them, the lion started violently, suddenly turned away from Zarathustra, and leapt up to the cave roaring fiercely...



336. 'This is my morning, my day begins: rise up now, rise up, great noontide!' Thus spoke Zarathustra and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun emerging from behind dark mountains.



## END CREDITS FOR FIRST PERFORMANCE

THE WHEEL'S SPATIAL ACOUSTICS – WOLFGANG MITTERER, TRUMPETING ON BEHALF OF LIVING ANIMALS – FRANZ HAUTZINGER  
PHILOSOPHERS – PROFESSOR GRAHAM PARKES & PROFESSOR GEORG STENGER  
SOUND TECHNICIAN – WOLFGANG MUSIL, FOLEY ADVICE – JACK STEW

NOVEMBER 2015, PHILOSOPHY ON STAGE 4, HALLE G, VIENNA