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# A Commentary For All And None

// Explaining Nietzsche's Love of the Down-Going and for His Fellow Man

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*It's a beautiful day in this neighborhood / A beautiful day for a neighbor / Would you be mine?*

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## ***Thus Spake Zarathustra (Friedrich Nietzsche)***

I love mankind... I am bringing gifts unto men.

## ***Pirkei Avot (Ethics of the Fathers)***

He [Rabbi Hillel] used to say: If I am not for me, who will be for me? And when I am for myself alone, what am I? And if not now, then when?

## ***"Love Will Find a Way" (Yes)***

Love will find a way  
If you want it to  
Love will find a way  
Love will find a way for me and you

## ***"Back On My Love - Extended Mix" (Pure Shores)***

I can't take this anymore, all of this back and forth  
I need to know if you're mine  
Let's see what we could be, we'll never know  
If we don't let our feelings run wild  
  
'Cause you - you're everything and all I ever wanted  
It's true, no-one else could ever get me this excited  
  
So please don't turn your back on my love

## ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE – A COMMENTARY

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When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home, and went into the mountains. There he enjoyed his spirit and solitude, and for ten years did not weary of it. But at last his heart changed, –and rising one morning with the rosy dawn, he went before the sun, and spake thus unto it:

Thou great star! What would be thy happiness if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest! For ten years hast thou climbed hither unto my cave: thou wouldst have wearied of thy light and of the journey, had it not been for me, mine eagle, and my serpent. But we awaited thee every morning, took from thee thine overflow and blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my 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 have once more become joyous in their folly, and the poor 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 nether-world, thou exuberant star!

Like thee must I GO DOWN, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, thou tranquil eye, that canst behold even the greatest happiness without envy!

Bless the cup that is about to overflow, that the water may flow golden out of it, and carry everywhere the reflection of thy bliss!

Lo! This cup is again going to empty itself, and Zarathustra is again going to be a man.

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

Nietzsche is describing a couple of things in this prologue. The first is the urgent need to share the knowledge and wisdom that one carries with the world – we see this in almost all spheres of creative work, as well as in our society's obsession with self-disclosure on social media and the proliferation of influencers, thought leaders, and experts.

Put simply, people like to share what they know – or what they think they know.

Additionally, Zarathustra has observed that going to the *volk* – the people – is a “going down” or a “descent” of some kind. Much in the same way that Plato described the world as a cave wall with flickering images, Nietzsche has correctly intuited that there is something “up” about the kinds of knowledge Zarathustra has, and something “low”, “base”, or “inferior” to the kinds of knowledge structures used by the *volk*.

Particularly in this Gregorian decade, a great deal of focus remains on the digital and social systems responsible for spreading knowledge. Many people feel obligated to be “part of the system” by having a podcast, appearing on other people's podcasts, and networking with “influencers” and “experts”. However, what Zarathustra is planning to do here is not any of that – indeed, he plans to go straight to the *volk* with his work.

In many ways, this fictional work is Nietzsche's own attempt to go straight to the *volk* with a story instead of complicated philosophical treatises. In much the same way that Ayn Rand used the characters and dramas in *Atlas Shrugged* to compress her vision of *Untermensch* and *Übermensch* mentalities into a thrilling mystery, Nietzsche is using the story of Zarathustra to illustrate concepts that would take a great deal of ink to handle in nonfiction.

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood before him an old man, who had left his holy cot to seek roots. And thus spake the old man to Zarathustra:

"No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago passed he by. Zarathustra he was called; but he hath altered. Then thou carriedst thine ashes into the mountains: wilt thou now carry thy fire into the valleys? Fearest thou not the incendiary's doom? Yea, I recognise Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurketh about his mouth. Goeth he not along like a dancer?"

Altered is Zarathustra; a child hath Zarathustra become; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what wilt thou do in the land of the sleepers? As in the sea hast thou lived in solitude, and it hath borne thee up. Alas, wilt thou now go ashore? Alas, wilt thou again drag thy body thyself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

There is a lot of information here. Nobody is even on the mountain that Zarathustra was on – it is clearly not a destination that is desirable or interesting to the public. An old man, living in the forest *and not within society*, questions Zarathustra's decision to even bother with the *volk*. They are referred to as "sleepers" and implied to be unworthy of attention. It is clear that the old man has made his judgement call about the *volk*.

However, Zarathustra's answer, and perhaps Nietzsche's answer to his critics, is simple... "I love mankind". This love is clearly a driving motive for the *down-going* and engagement with the *volk*. For whatever reason, Zarathustra is deeply dissatisfied with the knowledge that the "sleepers" are living inadequate lives, and is determined to change this.

Speaking about this motivation in terms of *love* also implies a relationship between Zarathustra and the *volk*. Even though Zarathustra has been living alone on a mountain for ten years, the *volk* and their quality of life is one of his top priorities. Acting out of love can also imply a sense of duty, of responsibility, and of personal sacrifice. Can the same be said of society's attitude towards the ascetics Zarathustra and Nietzsche?

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well? Now I love God: men, I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love to man would be fatal to me."

Zarathustra answered: "What spake I of love! I am bringing gifts unto men."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. "Take rather part of their load, and carry it along with them—that will be most agreeable unto them: if only it be agreeable unto thee! If, however, thou wilt give unto them, give them no more than an alms, and let them also beg for it!"

In this small exchange, we find a brilliant comparison between different ways of thinking about public literacy or *volk* education. For his part, the old man is a cynic who sees relationships with society as largely transactional. His view is

that people are imperfect and unworthy of love, and that they must be made to beg for whatever scraps of wisdom are offered to them. Zarathustra's attitude, on the other hand, is that the wisdom he carries is a gift to be offered freely to the *volk*, and should be offered in abundance. This is obviously tied to the character's *love* for the *volk*, which stands in stark contrast to the self-satisfied narcissism of the "saint".

"No," replied Zarathustra, "I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that."

The saint laughed at Zarathustra, and spake thus: "Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are distrustful of anchorites, and do not believe that we come with gifts. The fall of our footsteps ringeth too hollow through their streets.

And just as at night, when they are in bed and hear a man abroad long before sunrise, so they ask themselves concerning us: Where goeth the thief?

Go not to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why not be like me—a bear amongst bears, a bird amongst birds?"

This is almost certainly an allusion to the fact that Nietzsche's ideas were relatively unpopular when they were first released, facing stiff criticism from experts in Greek philosophy and other vested interests targeted by Nietzsche's radical ideas. Even though Nietzsche correctly estimated the value of many of his ideas, same as Zarathustra, the *volk* in both the story and Nietzsche's life were mistrustful and assumed that the "gifts" were an attempt to cause harm.

"And what doeth the saint in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: "I make hymns and sing them; and in making hymns I laugh and weep and mumble: thus do I praise God. With singing, weeping, laughing, and mumbling do I praise the God who is my God. But what dost thou bring us as a gift?"

Here, Nietzsche outlines one of the most popular alternatives for brilliant people who find it difficult to gain influence in society. By rejecting the *volk* and their attitudes, the saint has created a *closed system* whereby nothing flows in or out. Devoid of relationships, the saint has nothing to do but sing, weep, laugh, and mumble, directing all of his efforts towards what Nietzsche is famous for characterizing as a relationship with an imaginary friend.

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give thee! Let me rather hurry hence lest I take aught away from thee!"—And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like schoolboys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in the forest hath not yet heard of it, that GOD IS DEAD!"

Here, Zarathustra observes that he has nothing to offer the saint. This character is completely satisfied with their own knowledge, has no interest in relationships with other people, and would rather play Solitaire all day with an object of faith... which makes them a complete waste of time to engage with further. This is, essentially, a dramatization of a philosophical or spiritual triage process where the saint is diagnosed as *un-helpable* and left to die of natural causes.

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which adjoineth the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place; for it had been announced that a rope-dancer would give a performance. And Zarathustra spake thus unto the people:

I TEACH YOU THE SUPERMAN. Man is something that is to be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass man?

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and ye want to be the ebb of that great tide, and would rather go back to the beast than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock, a thing of shame. And just the same shall man be to the Superman: a laughing-stock, a thing of shame.

Ye have made your way from the worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once were ye apes, and even yet man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a disharmony and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I bid you become phantoms or plants?

Lo, I teach you the Superman!

The Superman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: The Superman SHALL BE the meaning of the earth!

I conjure you, my brethren, REMAIN TRUE TO THE EARTH, and believe not those who speak unto you of superearthy hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

This is a very complex passage and contains a lot of important concepts without much explanation. Clearly, Nietzsche sees “humanity” as some kind of temporary condition, and sees the “Übermensch” as the next stage in human evolution. Working not decades after Darwin’s theories upended Western civilization and European morality, Nietzsche seems to have been influenced by the realities of *evolution* and is pointing towards a “next step” for the species.

What Zarathustra is saying to the *volk*, however, is rather simple. Zarathustra points to the Darwinian progression from animal to man, and saying that there is so much untapped potential within *homo sapiens* that the next step in our evolution will be as profound as a shift from chimpanzee to human.

Also contained here is a challenge – what has humanity done to surpass itself? At a societal level, are our governments focused on *improving* quality of life, or are they focused on *maintenance* and *damage control*? At the level of therapy and coaching, are people being encouraged to *cope and survive* in difficult situations, or are they being empowered to *overcome and master* those situations? At the individual level, are people choosing to remain *comfortable* or are they prioritizing *growth* and *improvement*?

This behavior that Nietzsche and Zarathustra perceive is described as a desire to be an “ebb of the tide”, implying that people are choosing a lesser existence by not making these growth choices. They also go one step further by implying that this growth is, in fact, the point of human existence – and even the point of the “earth” or universe... and to state that “remaining true to the earth” means to commit to growth decisions, overcoming, and mastery.

In the same way that later philosophers, like Ayn Rand, criticized religions for “mystical” thinking and false promises, Nietzsche decries the purveyors of “superearthy hopes” as enemies of the *Übermensch*. This is because the claims and promises made by Christianity rob human beings of their agency, remove all incentive to improve, and assure the *volk* that their salvation and fate are entirely in the hands of another power. Thus, they “poison” the minds of the *volk*.

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy; but God died, and therewith also those blasphemers. To blaspheme the earth is now the dreadfulest sin, and to rate the heart of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

This passage is perhaps one of the most significant so far, at least in terms of philosophical claims. Here, Zarathustra and Nietzsche are saying that to deny the possibility of growth – to deny the existence of the *Übermensch* – is the highest form of blasphemy possible. In much the same way that theists would say that atheists are belligerently denying the obvious, Zarathustra is telling the *volk* that denying themselves growth opportunities, or denying that growth opportunities exist, is blasphemy against the universe.

In other words, what Nietzsche is claiming in this passage is that the *Übermensch* is an integral part of *homo sapiens* as a species... and is in fact a natural expression of humanity. This brilliant intuition was confirmed by positive psychologists in the twentieth century, elaborated on at length by psychologist Jordan B. Peterson, and again by neuroscientist Karl J. Friston just over a decade ago.

Here, we can see that Nietzsche and Zarathustra are indeed lovers of humanity as they claim. They refuse to accept people's excuses for being less than they are, and exclusively desire the growth and overcoming of others. In much the same way that a sports coach might give a demoralized team some fiery words of encouragement in the half-time locker room, Zarathustra is attempting to raise the *volk's* eyes to what they could be if they just got out there and gave it their all.

Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and then that contempt was the supreme thing:—the soul wished the body meagre, ghastly, and famished. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself meagre, ghastly, and famished; and cruelty was the delight of that soul!

But ye, also, my brethren, tell me: What doth your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency?

In this passage, we find an attempt by Zarathustra to acknowledge and address one of the primary objections people may have when it comes to embracing hardship and pursuing growth. Indeed, the Christian value system that the Eurocentric West inherited asserts that there is nothing people can do to earn their salvation, which undercuts all value of human action and turns life into an ordeal full of pointless suffering.

The metaphysical futility of Christianity's doctrines, particularly *Original Sin* and *Substitutionary Atonement Sacrifice*, are the root of the issue that Nietzsche is attempting to address here. Working partially within Christianity's framework, he points out that their internal world – their "soul", or even their "mind" – is just as polluted as the material world they loathe and resent.

The implication here, which may be lost on many readers, is that even someone who only cares about their spiritual health would benefit from becoming an *Übermensch*. From Zarathustra's perspective, there is no possible excuse for not wanting to become more, to become better, to ascend and thrive – even within religious worldviews.

Verily, a polluted stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a polluted stream without becoming impure. Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea; in him can your great contempt be submerged.

What is the greatest thing ye can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becometh loathsome unto you, and so also your reason and virtue.

The hour when ye say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my reason! Doth it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my virtue! As yet it hath not made me passionate. How weary I am of my good and my bad! It is all poverty and pollution and wretched self-complacency!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my justice! I do not see that I am fervour and fuel. The just, however, are fervour and fuel!"

The hour when ye say: "What good is my pity! Is not pity the cross on which he is nailed who loveth man? But my pity is not a crucifixion."

Have ye ever spoken thus? Have ye ever cried thus? Ah! would that I had heard you crying thus! It is not your sin—it is your self-satisfaction that crieth unto heaven; your very sparingness in sin crieth unto heaven! Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which ye should be inoculated?

Lo, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy!—

Here, Zarathustra uses a kaleidoscope of examples to illustrate a "doorway" to the *Übermensch*, or perhaps the key that unlocks potential within *homo sapiens*. First, he acknowledges the difficulties and "pollution" that characterize human lives, but then inverts traditional understandings of suffering by saying that difficulties are *good* and *necessary* to surpass one's own humanity.

Indeed, the essence of the *Übermensch* is a desire to overcome one's own circumstances. But, in order to overcome, one must first admit the existence of an inadequacy, an incapability, a deficiency, or a lack. Growth is not possible without an admission that one must grow, and for that to happen there must be a *breaking point* where one becomes willing to abandon what one already has.

For many people, the last thing they want to do is admit a deficiency in themselves... or their worldview. What Zarathustra observes in this passage is the absolute necessity of *breaking points* and moments of doubt. Many of the teenagers who encounter these kinds of ideas think that "failure" is exclusively related to material successes or failures, but the deeper reality is that people must be willing to question their values and beliefs.

An even deeper implication, particularly in the context of Nietzsche's claims about Christianity and European morality, is that the value systems of nineteenth-century Europe needed a moment of doubt to catalyze some much-needed revisions. To Nietzsche and Zarathustra, things like "happiness", European "reason", and even longstanding ideas of what constituted "justice" and "mercy" are all due for re-evaluation, and in many ways Nietzsche spent much of his scholarly career trying to catalyze such a re-evaluation in the intellectual circles of Europe.

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out: "We have now heard enough of the rope-dancer; it is time now for us to see him!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the rope-dancer, who thought the words applied to him, began his performance.

Although it might not be recognized as such, this passage provides readers with some insight into what Nietzsche's life was like and why he faced so much difficulty in social interactions. Here, Zarathustra has just revealed the secrets of humanity's nobility to an entire crowd of *volk* and has done so decades ahead of modern psychology and neuroscience. Yet, they think this is all just some kind of show or amusement.

What is crucial to understand here is that the *volk* are so illiterate and so ignorant, partially as a result of their own failings, that they are unable to comprehend what Zarathustra has just said *or even the value of what he has just said*. Not a single person in the crowd is curious about what this character might have to offer, and not a single person in the crowd asks a single question to clarify the meaning of Zarathustra's words.

The societal tendencies observed here by Nietzsche have only become more pronounced in the present day, with thinkers like Christopher Lasch describing modern life as a "world of flickering images" with relationships meant to be "used up and then discarded". For whatever reason, the *volk* are so demoralized, so uncurious, and so ignorant that they ignore Zarathustra's profundity and demand, instead, the circus act. This is tragic.

Zarathustra, however, looked at the people and wondered. Then he spake thus:

Man is a rope stretched between the animal and the Superman—a rope over an abyss. A dangerous crossing, a dangerous wayfaring, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and halting.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what is lovable in man is that he is an OVER-GOING and a DOWN-GOING.

Here, readers see Nietzsche in his capacity as social physician. Based on the realities of human growth and the universe explained previously, the life of *homo sapiens* is characterized as a *choice made under existential pressure*. This choice, of course, is between the *Übermensch* and the *Untermensch*, and the pressure is applied by life itself.

Furthermore, Nietzsche echoes Socrates by observing that every part of this choice requires "looking-back" and "trembling", implicitly agreeing with his nemesis that an unexamined life is a path to the *Untermensch*. Particularly in the context of the "moments of doubt" outlined previously, it becomes clear that an *Übermensch* must be willing to question what they think they know and make choices about what they ought to do.

Altering Nietzsche's language slightly, the essence of what he loves about *homo sapiens* is their capacity to descend into challenges willingly (down-going) and then overcome them through will and talent (over-going). In the process, it is expected that one will not only overcome their surroundings, but their inner challenges and false beliefs. This process of growth, maturation, and sophistication is what Nietzsche and Zarathustra love about *homo sapiens*.

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*Note: We can also see that Nietzsche saw going directly to the volk as his own down-going, as well as Zarathustra's down-going. This is understandable given Nietzsche's disabilities, his mental illness, as well as his obvious inability to translate his ideas into forms easily accessible by laypeople. These factors seem to have prevented him from becoming a living Zarathustra character, and likely forced him to capture the essence of his desired approach in this book.*



I love those that know not how to live except as down-goers, for they are the over-goers.

Here, Zarathustra links his love for *homo sapiens* with their potential to become *Übermenschen*. He also focuses his adoration specifically on people who have taken it upon themselves to enter into the process of “down-going” and therefore “over-going”. This is also a hint to the reader that the over-going is not possible without the down-going, and therefore living as a down-goer is something that is *lovable* and *worthy* in the eyes of *Übermenschen*. The implication, of course, is that refusing the down-going is tantamount to refusing the over-going, and therefore an act that is *unlovable* and *unworthy of homo sapiens*.

I love the great despisers, because they are the great adorers, and arrows of longing for the other shore.

This is an allusion to the iconoclastic and seemingly-destructive nature of Nietzsche's philosophy. In order to begin the down-going, one must reach a moment of doubt where they are willing to question the ideas they have about the world and themselves.

Particularly in Nietzsche's context, questioning the things that Europe had taken for granted for over a millennia could have been interpreted as a hatred of European culture or European values. Thus, people engaged in a down-going could be seen as “despisers” by their fellow countrymen, and it is these people that Zarathustra affirms his love for.

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the Superman may hereafter arrive.

One of the most obvious limitations of Christianity, particularly in the Renaissance and post-Renaissance eras, was that its value system provided precious little incentive for improvement and progress. Moreover, from Nietzsche's perspective, the faith claims of Christianity were as good as toasted by the time Zarathustra was written, making any sacrifices made in its name total wastes.

Therefore, this passage likely highlights what Nietzsche sees as the futility in seeking life-affirming values from mystical sources, and instead reasserts that the process of growth – the down-going and over-going that characterize the *Übermensch* – is what people should be willing to sacrifice for.

I love him who liveth in order to know, and seeketh to know in order that the Superman may hereafter live. Thus seeketh he his own down-going.

Given what has been revealed about the down-going and over-going, we can understand the phrase “liveth in order to know” as a reference to the moments of doubt that accompany the growth process. Those who do not live in order to know are living to fulfill some other interests, and therefore cannot be said to be growth-oriented. These people are not terribly “lovable” in Zarathustra's eyes. Also in this passage, we find Zarathustra proclaiming his love for people who seek to create the necessary conditions for the *Übermensch's* emergence. Not only do such people seek to make themselves into *Übermenschen*, the process of their down-going and over-going inspires and enables others to attempt the same journey – as we have seen from the legacy of Nietzsche's works and *Zarathustra* in particular.

I love him who laboreth and inventeth, that he may build the house for the Superman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant: for thus seeketh he his own down-going.

Here, Zarathustra emphasizes that people who labor to fashion themselves into *Übermenschen* are involved in some kind of preparation work – not just for themselves, but for all of humanity. Much in the same way that Zarathustra and Nietzsche served as catalysts for larger transformations in Western society, each person who takes on down-goings and over-goings prepares “earth, animal, and plant” for other *Übermenschen*. This is *lovable* and *meritorious*.

I love him who loveth his virtue: for virtue is the will to down-going, and an arrow of longing.

The mainstream consensus, which offers perspective above and beyond Nietzsche's own writings, seems to be that Nietzschean virtue consists of *passion in service of a goal*, which would explain the focus on *wille zur macht*. Here, the physical sciences demonstrate that Nietzsche was confidently and partially correct.

Indeed, neuroscientists, psychologists, biologists, media ecologists, and even philosophers have since uncovered an astoundingly optimistic trajectory for human development, as well as a much better understanding of the human genotype and phenotype. This means that in some sense, there is a definite biological grounding to what “virtue” is for *homo sapiens*, and one is not able to simply decide upon some values as Nietzsche and Rand have encouraged many teenagers and businesspeople to do.

However, Nietzsche's philosophical intuition scored one hundred and ten points for Gryffindor by correctly identifying that *love of one's virtues* is what drives one to examine one's own life, to weather hardship, and to grow. Indeed, the neuroscience and psychology, largely explained by Jordan B. Peterson in 1999, indicate that fear and laziness sit at the root of human malevolence, as well as compliance with tyrannical or bankrupt value systems.

The “arrow of longing” spoken of by Zarathustra is related to Peterson's explanation of goal-driven activity. From the perspective of neuroscience, or at least Peterson's estimation of it, the brain's systems provide signals about what is important, which then compete to become the dominant desire, which then gets played out in the world of action. In this passage, Nietzsche has correctly identified that *values* and *the love of one's values* sit at the root of not only down-going, but life itself, and constitute an essential part of the *Übermensch*.

I love him who reserveth no share of spirit for himself, but wanteth to be wholly the spirit of his virtue: thus walketh he as spirit over the bridge.

I love him who maketh his virtue his inclination and destiny: thus, for the sake of his virtue, he is willing to live on, or live no more.

In context of what we have discovered about the last passage, this cryptic statement by Zarathustra emphasizes that one must be totally committed to their values to become a true *Übermensch*. Reserving a share of spirit for oneself could be considered a form of *narcissism*, or as Nietzsche might have phrased it in other words, *decadence*. People who lack commitment, or even an interest in commitment, are *Untermenschen* who live in a Laschian world of flickering images, looting what they can from the moment and giving no thought to coherency or consistency.

The rare people of integrity, the people who sacrifice for their values or make points of principle – these are the people who are spirits of their virtue. Indeed, as the marketers have discovered, not only does one's personal brand get built

on pillars of consistency and defined values, but a strong personal brand – a lived commitment to one's values – is one of the easiest ways to wealth and influence in a society even casually interested in honest dealing.

Moreover, the people in Western countries who take life risks for the vestiges of higher values that still exist, such as firefighters, are widely regarded as among the most heroic members of the *volk*. Thus, we can see that Nietzsche's dogmatic obsession with consistency is reflected in the observable behavior of *homo sapiens* and therefore constitutes a valuable insight.

I love him who desireth not too many virtues. One virtue is more of a virtue than two, because it is more of a knot for one's destiny to cling to.

This is an interesting statement, and perhaps more of an opinion than anything. Abraham Maslow discovered a number of Being-Values towards the end of his career which were typical of people who had underwent religious or peak experiences, and both Jane Loevinger and Susanne R. Cook-Greuter have discovered patterns in human development that trend towards a multiplicity of values.

However, in the case that Nietzsche meant one *value system*, or *one overriding desire*, or perhaps even *one life mission*, he is absolutely correct. Distraction leads to disaster in all things, and a center divided cannot hold.

I love him whose soul is lavish, who wanteth no thanks and doth not give back: for he always bestoweth, and desireth not to keep for himself.

Because the *Übermensch's* virtues and values are self-discovered and partially self-determined, they are unique to that individual and thus require little, if any, validation from the outside world. People who accept external value systems, at least without a "vetting process" that removes all doubts and inconsistencies, have a *poor soul* that requires external validation. Thus, it is the unwise who seek fame and honor for their own sake, and as everyone knows, the poorest. It is also the narcissistic type whose sense of self is most fractured, and who requires the most "supply" from their social environment.

People who are self-generated in this way, or *self-actualized* as Maslow would say, are fountains of bestowal. With little nourishment they provide in abundance, creating much with meagre resources. This is why some billionaires, like Grant Cardone, can be given nothing but one hundred dollars and time. It is also why starving artists, long the sacrificial lambs of the West's distraction machine, create undeniable masterpieces from garages, basements, and attics.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favour, and who then asketh: "Am I a dishonest player?"—for he is willing to succumb.

Despite the seemingly ridiculous nature of this statement and the paradoxically self-defeating nature of Zarathustra's proclamation, what Nietzsche is revealing here is that even good experiences can be mined for feedback. Not just one's mistakes, but one's successes, can be an opportunity for reflection and improvement.

I love him who scattereth golden words in advance of his deeds, and always doeth more than he promiseth: for he seeketh his own down-going.

In the fullness of time, this may turn out to be an aesthetic consideration unique to Nietzsche, and something that is certainly exemplified by his audacious book titles. Here, Zarathustra praises boldness, audacity, and also follow-through, all things that can be understood as functions of *wille zur macht* and perhaps exemplifications of it.

Seeking one's own down-going, while seeming like a self-defeating statement on the surface, is actually another exhortation towards *growth*. It may be the case that Nietzsche is saying that daring greatly and persevering greatly will either lead to great success, transformative learning opportunities... or perhaps both. A corollary of this, or perhaps a practical instantiation of the philosophy, would be to consider one's *zone of proximal development* and pursue challenges that are difficult, but not impossible or unreasonably difficult.

I love him who justifieth the future ones, and redeemeth the past ones: for he is willing to succumb through the present ones.

Similar to the raindrop metaphor which shortly follows this passage, Nietzsche may be alluding to the fact that the *Übermenschen* of each generation inspire the next generation while reclaiming ideas from the past generation. When one adds the concept of *eternal recurrence* to the conversation and considers it as part of Nietzsche's worldview, one can better understand why the chain of succession across generations might be relevant. A similar concept can be found in the torch metaphor of *In Flanders Fields*, perhaps the official-unofficial Canadian remembrance poem.

I love him who chasteneth his God, because he loveth his God: for he must succumb through the wrath of his God.

This is best understood in context of Nietzsche's assertion that people must become their own deities to replace God.

I love him whose soul is deep even in the wounding, and may succumb through a small matter: thus goeth he willingly over the bridge.

While some people require major wake-up calls or rock-bottom moments to make significant changes in their lives, others require only small nudges and gentle hints to make profound changes. In this passage, Zarathustra proclaims his love for people who are willing to be so "wounded" through a trivial matter that they pass over the "bridge" to self-actualization or higher levels of it. This implies that curiosity in search of growth is a key feature of the *Übermensch*, something that can be found in Nietzsche's other writings as well as in Confucius' comment about the sides of squares.

I love him whose soul is so overfull that he forgetteth himself, and all things are in him: thus all things become his down-going.

In contrast to the "poor" or "polluted" souls of the *volk* that Zarathustra encountered, an "overfull" soul would be someone like Zarathustra himself – or perhaps Nietzsche, a scholar known for his deep engagement with the world's

ideas and an unstable sense of self. Especially considering the wide variety of influences and teachers documented in his biographical record, it would seem that Nietzsche is hinting that the world ought to be one's teacher, over and beyond the school systems.

I love him who is of a free spirit and a free heart: thus is his head only the bowels of his heart; his heart, however, causeth his down-going.

Here, Zarathustra may be alluding to the constrictive and over-defined natures of European value systems. By limiting what they allow themselves to value, or to take interest in, it could be said that people amputate their "heart", or their deeper desires and best growth opportunities. On the other hand, people who are connected to their true desires would have a "free" and self-generated "spirit" and therefore would cause their own down-going through pursuit of their values.

I love all who are like heavy drops falling one by one out of the dark cloud that lowereth over man: they herald the coming of the lightning, and succumb as heralds.

Here, Zarathustra expresses the cumulative nature of *Übermenschen*, particularly in the modern age where books and other documents are almost freely available. One person's brilliance will eventually inspire others to follow their own over-going, and in this way the early *Übermenschen* like Zarathustra both "herald the coming of the lightning" and function as "heralds" of a more honest age.

Lo, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is the SUPERMAN.

Here, we find Zarathustra comparing the *Übermensch* to a bolt of lightning, and himself as a herald of this electrifying concept. For many people, the realization that they could choose to do more, be more, and live more may feel similar to being struck by a bolt of lightning – this may have been what it felt like for Nietzsche to settle on this concept, or what it is like for many readers to realize the deeper meaning of Nietzsche's writings.

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he again looked at the people, and was silent. "There they stand," said he to his heart; "there they laugh: they understand me not; I am not the mouth for these ears.

Must one first batter their ears, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must one clatter like kettledrums and penitential preachers? Or do they only believe the stammerer?

Here, Zarathustra finally acknowledges the ignorance and illiteracy of the *volk*, at least to an unfiltered and untailed message. Having just come down from the mountain, and perhaps still there in mind and spirit, he does not see that they are so *decadent* that they cling to their false values out of fear, laziness, and greed.

Indeed, as has been learned over the last one hundred years, painfully by Arthur Koestler and his contemporaries, encouraging the *volk* to abandon their comfort for any reason, aside from an imminent threat reflected in the mainstream media, is virtually impossible. Battering their ears and lashing them with word whips does not work, especially in the age of distraction. They do not even hear with their eyes, and no amount of clattering or penitential ascetism will inspire them from their slumber. It is not that they “only believe the stammerer”, but that they would rather die claiming they believe than admit they don't know very much at all and haven't bothered to find out.

They have something whereof they are proud. What do they call it, that which maketh them proud? Culture, they call it; it distinguisheth them from the goatherds.

They dislike, therefore, to hear of 'contempt' of themselves. So I will appeal to their pride.

I will speak unto them of the most contemptible thing: that, however, is THE LAST MAN!”

As Peterson discovered through his *Maps of Meaning* project, the human brain tends to model *meaning over facts*, and therefore must construct narratives and stories to justify all consciously willed behavior – and even many reflexive behaviors in retrospect. Therefore, for Untermenschen who are not internally-generated, their psychological survival depends on the justification of whatever false value system they are clinging to. This constitutes the fundamental insights of Terror Management Theory, which attempted to explain the *volk's* mortal commitment to ideologies.

And thus spake Zarathustra unto the people:

It is time for man to fix his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope.

Still is his soil rich enough for it. But that soil will one day be poor and exhausted, and no lofty tree will any longer be able to grow thereon.

This is likely one of the passages that is cited by scholars as Nietzsche's prescience. The end result of a lackluster commitment to Christian values, especially in the age of *progress*, means that people are enslaved to the whims of the mob, and therefore their value system – and perhaps lived experience – becomes a chaotic dynamical system that spirals down to genocide constantly. As McLuhan foresaw in his work, the digital age created a hive mind scenario, a form of collective schizophrenia with permeable barriers between self and other.

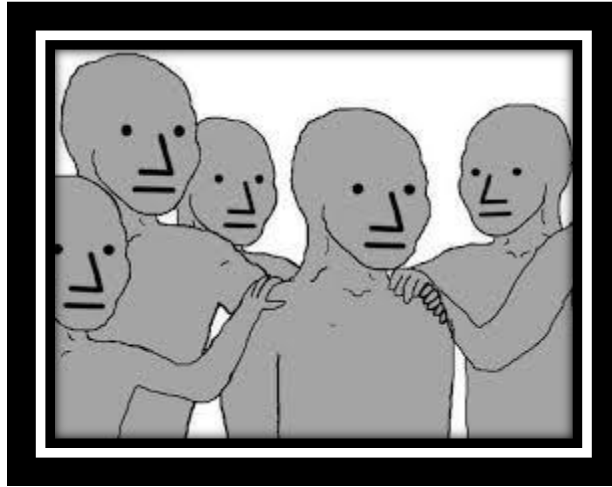
Today's soil is the soil of the Last Man, although lofty trees yet grow.

Alas! there cometh the time when man will no longer launch the arrow of his longing beyond man – and the string of his bow will have unlearned to whizz!

I tell you: one must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star.  
I tell you: ye have still chaos in you.

Alas! There cometh the time when man will no longer give birth to any star.  
Alas! There cometh the time of the most despicable man, who can no longer despise himself.

Lo! I show you THE LAST MAN.

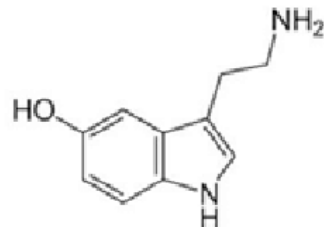


***“Letzter Mensch”***

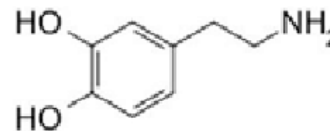
“What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?” – so asketh the last man and blinketh.

The earth hath then become small, and on it there hoppeth the last man who maketh everything small. His species is ineradicable like that of the ground - flea; the last man liveth longest.

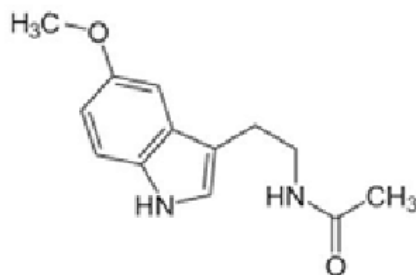
“We have discovered happiness” – say the last men, and blink thereby.



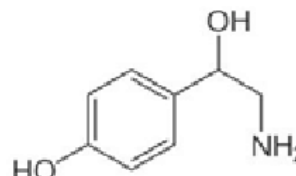
**Serotonin**



**Dopamine**



**Melatonin**



**Octopamine**

***!!! Der Höchste Wert des Letzten Mannes !!!***

They have left the regions where it is hard to live; for they need warmth. One still loveth one's neighbour and rubbeth against him; for one needeth warmth.

Turning ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: they walk warily. He is a fool who still stumbleth over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: that maketh pleasant dreams. And much poison at last for a pleasant death.

One still worketh, for work is a pastime. But one is careful lest the pastime should hurt one.

One no longer becometh poor or rich; both are too burdensome. Who still wanteth to rule? Who still wanteth to obey? Both are too burdensome.

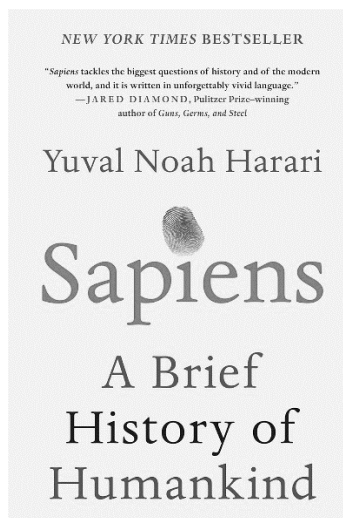
No shepherd, and one herd! Every one wanteth the same; every one is equal: he who hath other sentiments goeth voluntarily into the madhouse.

"Formerly all the world was insane," – say the subtlest of them, and blink thereby.

They are clever and know all that hath happened: so there is no end to their raillery. People still fall out, but are soon reconciled – otherwise it spoileth their stomachs.

They have their little pleasures for the day, and their little pleasures for the night, but they have a regard for health.

"We have discovered happiness," – say the last men, and blink thereby.



**!!! HINEH YISRAEL W'HINEH HA'GOYIM: Erev Rav, Shedar Ha'Dar !!!**

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prologue", for at this point the shouting and mirth of the multitude interrupted him.



"Give us this last man, O Zarathustra,"—they called out—"make us into these last men! Then will we make thee a present of the Superman!" And all the people exulted and smacked their lips. Zarathustra, however, turned sad, and said to his heart:

"They understand me not: I am not the mouth for these ears. Too long, perhaps, have I lived in the mountains; too much have I hearkened unto the brooks and trees: now do I speak unto them as unto the goatherds.

Calm is my soul, and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think me cold, and a mocker with terrible jests.

And now do they look at me and laugh: and while they laugh they hate me too. There is ice in their laughter."

Here, we see an acknowledgement by character and author of communication barriers – words, or at least these kinds of words bereft of copywriting best practices, are not able to convey the profundity of *Übermensch* to the *volk*.

Then, however, something happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. In the meantime, of course, the rope-dancer had commenced his performance: he had come out at a little door, and was going along the rope which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung above the market-place and the people.

When he was just midway across, the little door opened once more, and a gaudily-dressed fellow like a buffoon sprang out, and went rapidly after the first one.

"Go on, halt-foot," cried his frightful voice, "go on, lazy-bones, interloper, sallow-face! – lest I tickle thee with my heel! What dost thou here between the towers? In the tower is the place for thee, thou shouldst be locked up; to one better than thyself thou blockest the way!"

And with every word he came nearer and nearer the first one. When, however, he was but a step behind, there happened the frightful thing which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed—he uttered a yell like a devil, and jumped over the other who was in his way. The latter, however, when he thus saw his rival triumph, lost at the same time his head and his footing on the rope; he threw his pole away, and shot downwards faster than it, like an eddy of arms and legs, into the depth. The market-place and the people were like the sea when the storm cometh on: they all flew apart and in disorder, especially where the body was about to fall.

None of the *volk* would take personal responsibility for trying to catch the fellow, particularly when they might be the person who *failed* to save a life. That wouldn't look good on a CV, therapy is too expensive in this economy, and nobody can afford looking bad by having detectives come to their door for a follow-up. Wiermachtschaftensschlietschen.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and just beside him fell the body, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What

art thou doing there?" said he at last, "I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he draggeth me to hell: wilt thou prevent him?"

"On mine honour, my friend," answered Zarathustra, "there is nothing of all that whereof thou speakest: there is no devil and no hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body: fear, therefore, nothing any more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "If thou speakest the truth," said he, "I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which hath been taught to dance by blows and scanty fare."

"Not at all," said Zarathustra, "thou hast made danger thy calling; therein there is nothing contemptible. Now thou perishest by thy calling: therefore will I bury thee with mine own hands."

When Zarathustra had said this the dying one did not reply further; but he moved his hand as if he sought the hand of Zarathustra in gratitude.

From Nietzsche's atheistic perspective, the highest honor that can be offered to this performer is what was said and given. Even a daredevil's accident is seen as worthy of a soldier's burial overseen by Zarathustra himself, who is perhaps the most obvious example of an Übermensch available to Nietzsche's readers. This is an honoring of life and of effort.

Meanwhile the evening came on, and the market-place veiled itself in gloom. Then the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. Zarathustra, however, still sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought: so he forgot the time. But at last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonely one.

Then arose Zarathustra and said to his heart:

"Verily, a fine catch of fish hath Zarathustra made to-day! It is not a man he hath caught, but a corpse. Sombre is human life, and as yet without meaning: a buffoon may be fateful to it. I want to teach men the sense of their existence, which is the Superman, the lightning out of the dark cloud-man.

But still am I far from them, and my sense speaketh not unto their sense. To men I am still something between a fool and a corpse.

Gloomy is the night, gloomy are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, thou cold and stiff companion! I carry thee to the place where I shall bury thee with mine own hands."

From Nietzsche's atheistic perspective, there is nothing except the process of growth. This was technically a correct intuition from the information he had access to. Additionally, bereft of the advancements of genetic biology and neuroscience, Nietzsche had no way of being sure about the nature of a human genotype or even the pattern/archetypes found in phenotypes.

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he put the corpse upon his shoulders and set out on his way. Yet had he not gone a hundred steps, when there stole a man up to him and whispered in his ear – and lo! he that spake was the buffoon from the tower. "Leave this town, O Zarathustra," said he, "there are too many

here who hate thee. The good and just hate thee, and call thee their enemy and despiser; the believers in the orthodox belief hate thee, and call thee a danger to the multitude. It was thy good fortune to be laughed at: and verily thou spakest like a buffoon. It was thy good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating thyself thou hast saved thy life to-day. Depart, however, from this town,—or to-morrow I shall jump over thee, a living man over a dead one." And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished; Zarathustra, however, went on through the dark streets.

Dear reader, ask yourself an honest question. Given what you know about the entertainment business, and how difficult it is to get signed to a label or to make a living as a painter and fiction author...

- How many artists, geniuses, prodigies, and potential world-changers have been crushed by the system?
- How many of these people also faced intense pushback from vested interests, or were even killed?
- Was it worth it?

As has been written elsewhere by Nietzsche, one of the hallmarks of the *Untermensch* is resentment, in this case expressed as the more familiar *resentment*.

At the gate of the town the grave-diggers met him: they shone their torch on his face, and, recognising Zarathustra, they sorely derided him. "Zarathustra is carrying away the dead dog: a fine thing that Zarathustra hath turned a grave-digger! For our hands are too cleanly for that roast.

Will Zarathustra steal the bite from the devil? Well then, good luck to the repast! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra! — he will steal them both, he will eat them both!" And they laughed among themselves, and put their heads together.

This is perhaps a clever attempt by Nietzsche to highlight how valuable the daredevil's efforts are to Zarathustra compared to what the *volk* value them at. Since their value systems are tethered to the popularity of the moment, they are psychologically unable to *authentically* or even *nominally* honor sacrifices made by people their system (*traum?*) does not value.

Zarathustra made no answer thereto, but went on his way.

What do you even say to people like this? Sometimes you just have to let the pigeons chirp.

When he had gone on for two hours, past forests and swamps, he had heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and he himself became a-hungry. So he halted at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

"Hunger attacketh me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. Among forests and swamps my hunger attacketh me, and late in the night. Strange humours hath my hunger. Often it cometh to me only after a repast, and all day it hath failed to come: where hath it been?"

And thereupon Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared, who carried a light, and asked: "Who cometh unto me and my bad sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot it during the day. He that feedeth the hungry refresheth his own soul, saith wisdom."

Interestingly, Nietzsche has either wittingly or unwittingly related the concept of generosity to his Zarathustra character, and therefore to the concept of the *Übermensch*. This echoes what Zarathustra mentioned earlier regarding bestowal, and indicates that Nietzsche sensed that the tendency of nature was towards sharing. Given that entropy can be generally described as spontaneous flow down a gradient, physics has proved him right.

The old man withdrew, but came back immediately and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "A bad country for the hungry," said he; "that is why I live here. Animal and man come unto me, the anchorite. But bid thy companion eat and drink also, he is wearier than thou." Zarathustra answered: "My companion is dead; I shall hardly be able to persuade him to eat." "That doth not concern me," said the old man sullenly; "he that knocketh at my door must take what I offer him. Eat, and fare ye well!"

Thereafter Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting to the path and the light of the stars: for he was an experienced night-walker, and liked to look into the face of all that slept.

Sleepers are more pleasant when asleep, and, depending on their temperament, finally become amenable to the discussion of values, hopes, and dreams when inebriated. This is like social time for the mountain hermit Zarathustra.

When the morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and no path was any longer visible. He then put the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wanted to protect him from the wolves—and laid himself down on the ground and moss. And immediately he fell asleep, tired in body, but with a tranquil soul.

Long slept Zarathustra; and not only the rosy dawn passed over his head, but also the morning. At last, however, his eyes opened, and amazedly he gazed into the forest and the stillness, amazedly he gazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once seeth the land; and he shouted for joy: for he saw a new truth. And he spake thus to his heart:

A light hath dawned upon me: I need companions – living ones; not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me where I will. But I need living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves – and to the place where I will.

Here, we get a glimpse into the depth of loneliness and solitude experienced by Zarathustra, and perhaps Nietzsche as well. Indeed, this seems to be an illustration of Zarathustra's longing for a *friend*, something that modern *volk* have managed to empathize with through the titular character of NBC's *Hannibal*.

The references to “dead companions” is separate from “corpses”, hinting at the Untermenschen that Zarathustra had left to rot in the town. These people do not understand him, but he understands them – although not enough to help them understand him. The only options for an Übermensch in such a situation, as seen by the trajectory of the character so far, is complete solitude or enmeshment in lies. Therefore, it becomes a top priority for an Übermensch to seek out like-minded companions for the journey, if only to have someone to talk to.

A light hath dawned upon me. Not to the people is Zarathustra to speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not be the herd's herdsman and hound!

Reaching the *volk* without becoming enmeshed in their lies is indeed the true down-going for Zarathustra, and perhaps this would be Nietzsche's main down-going as well. The pseudo-literates and intellectuals with vested interests will die for their idols, and the *volk* are not literate enough to be convinced rationally *en masse*. Plus, leading a human revolution and changing the culture through sheer *wille zur macht* is a pretty tall task and would be the challenge of at least two lifetimes.

To allure many from the herd – for that purpose have I come. The people and the herd must be angry with me: a robber shall Zarathustra be called by the herdsmen.

One hundred years later, the West gets Morpheus and the “red pill”. But we want TikTok... okay!

Herdsman, I say, but they call themselves the good and just. Herdsman, I say, but they call themselves the believers in the orthodox belief.

Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker: – he, however, is the creator.

Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh up their tables of values, the breaker, the law-breaker – he, however, is the creator.

Companions, the creator seeketh, not corpses – and not herds or believers either. Fellow-creators the creator seeketh – those who grave new values on new tables. Companions, the creator seeketh, and fellow-reapers: for everything is ripe for the harvest with him. But he lacketh the hundred sickles: so he plucketh the ears of corn and is vexed.

Companions, the creator seeketh, and such as know how to whet their sickles. Destroyers, will they be called, and despisers of good and evil. But they are the reapers and rejoicers.

Fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeketh; fellow-reapers and fellow-rejoicers, Zarathustra seeketh: what hath he to do with herds and herdsman and corpses!

Birds of a feather need to flock together, and here Zarathustra is expressing the imperative that anyone within his “inner circle” must be a fellow Übermensch. This is likely out of a fear of *enmeshment* within society and the requirement of the *volk* to echo and even champion whatever they are valuing at the moment. This is psychologically, emotionally, and spiritually intolerable for the Übermensch.

Furthermore, in the absence of some kind of mass revolution – or even a local renewal – it would be impossible for the *Übermensch* to exist authentically without provoking incredible levels of resentment and even violence. The momentum to overcome the violently self-correcting system simply did not seem available, at least to Zarathustra or Nietzsche. This necessitated, therefore, either a life of solitude, enmeshment, or perhaps a hero's death by the mob.

But whereas Zarathustra lacked the sickles – literally the technological implements – to reach the *volk* at scale with his urgent message about the *Übermensch*, modern revolutionaries of the spirit and will have no such excuses. To this end, a Euro-medieval outfit has been obtained by the author by way of Etsy, and the neighborhood library offers the ability to print life-changing flyers for ten cents per soul. Indeed, the last one hundred years of physics, neuroscience, communications theory, marketing practice, pop culture, and even the once-controversial QR code provide modern *Übermenschen* with mind-lasers that have the potential of piercing the dream and awakening dormant wills. And, if not these sickles specifically, perhaps some other ones will do.

And thou, my first companion, rest in peace! Well have I buried thee in thy hollow tree; well have I hid thee from the wolves.

But I part from thee; the time hath arrived. 'Twixt rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came unto me a new truth.

I am not to be a herdsman, I am not to be a grave-digger. Not any more will I discourse unto the people; for the last time have I spoken unto the dead.

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

From the easily-available biographies available, it seems that Nietzsche was part of at least a couple “secret society” or “inner circle” type organizations, some of which he either founded himself or was attempting to found. He did not see himself as someone who could reach the *volk* at scale, but rather someone who worked through close companions and networks of influence.

To the lone-dwellers will I sing my song, and to the twain-dwellers; and unto him who hath still ears for the unheard, will I make the heart heavy with my happiness.

I make for my goal, I follow my course; over the loitering and tardy will I leap. Thus let my on-going be their down-going!

If a group of companions is considered to be like a thermal system, then information flow and even emotion flow between those companions is both spontaneous and mutually beneficial. The whole becomes more than the sum of the parts, and someone's over-going can catalyze down-goings in the rest of the group, with their resultant over-goings becoming the original catalyst's down-going... in a never-ending spiral of growth.

Everyone making everyone else better. Approaching perfection, maybe surpassing it. All we have to do is talk. All we have to do is read the letter. All we have to do is be willing to embrace some down-goings as part of the relationship.

But... talking to the *volk* is beyond Zarathustra's ability. He is as good as dumb when attempting to converse with them.

This had Zarathustra said to his heart when the sun stood at noontide. Then he looked inquiringly aloft, for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and on it hung a serpent, not like a prey, but like a friend: for it kept itself coiled round the eagle's neck.

"They are mine animals," said Zarathustra, and rejoiced in his heart.

"The proudest animal under the sun, and the wisest animal under the sun, they have come out to reconnoitre.

They want to know whether Zarathustra still liveth. Verily, do I still live?

More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals; in dangerous paths goeth Zarathustra. Let mine animals lead me!"

When Zarathustra had said this, he remembered the words of the saint in the forest. Then he sighed and spake thus to his heart:

"Would that I were wiser! Would that I were wise from the very heart, like my serpent! But I am asking the impossible. Therefore do I ask my pride to go always with my wisdom! And if my wisdom should some day forsake me: – alas! it loveth to fly away! – may my pride then fly with my folly!"

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.



The screenshot shows a Google search for "nietzsche's last words". The search bar contains the text "nietzsche's last words" with a search icon to the right. Below the search bar are navigation options: "All", "Images", "Videos", "Books", "News", and "More". The search results show "About 564,000 results (0.43 seconds)". A snippet of text reads: "Some sources say he pronounced his intended last words: 'Mom, I am dumb!' But Nietzsche did not die that day. In fact, he sent letters from Turin to many members of European nobility, as well as writers, musicians and other famous persons he happened to know." To the right of this text is a small portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche. Below the snippet is a link from Medium: "https://medium.com/nietzsche-s-last-act-b86475a4ff53". The link title is "Nietzsche's last act. It was a very normal day in the Italian..."

## REFERENCES

"Ticket to Heaven", Zachary R.J. Strong  
*PDF & Paperback @ zacharystrong.net/Heaven/*

## **// About Zachary R.J. Strong**

Perhaps the only person to ever graduate from McMaster University with a combined degree in engineering physics, commerce, and mathematics, Zachary R.J. Strong's unquenchable thirst for knowledge has taken him from the laws of physics to the world's oldest oral traditions. Naturally drawn to unsolved mysteries, unresolved controversies, and complicated quandaries, Zachary's books reflect his kaleidoscopic journey through the accumulated knowledge of humanity. Offering a synthesis of many different perspectives within his writing, Zachary takes his readers on daring intellectual journeys that leave them elevated and erudite.

An eternal rough edge from a paternal line of steelworkers and industrial workers, Zachary is notorious within white-collar circles as a frighteningly intense and eccentric business professional. Following a kaleidoscopic marketing career in the construction, color, agency, and executive coaching industries, Zachary became involved in a research project at McMaster University's business school, where he realized that the syntax of students' language roughly corresponded to their level of cognitive sophistication thanks to insights in Frederic Laloux's *Reinventing Organizations*.

Zachary then became obsessively fascinated – as any engineer might – at the process of human development and the mechanisms that might drive it. However, his career, life, relationships, and health were abruptly shattered after providing impromptu peer support to an occasionally-trafficked teenage addict with undiagnosed borderline personality disorder, as well as to a student of McMaster University who was being targeted by a sexual criminal that had infiltrated “mentorship” roles.

As it happened, Zachary's search for the fundamental mechanisms of human development coincided with the rise of Dr. Jordan B. Peterson, a controversial clinical psychologist whose opus work *Maps of Meaning* proved to be very influential. Bedridden for years and using his scholarship as a substitute for social interaction during the pandemic, Zachary began with Peterson's references and his own literature review as a starting point, then consumed about six hundred books and journal articles between 2017 and 2022.

This period of time in Zachary's life produced several papers, a treatise on higher education, a review and extension of the Unabomber manifesto, a review of Orthodox Jewish faith claims, and eventually *Fundamentals of Integrity Psychology*, a summary of his psychological investigations and a radical new perspective on human development structured like a progressive rock album.

Honestly convinced of the truth of Orthodox Judaism down to the details of Big Bang physics, entropy, blockchain technology, and the Egyptian dynastic chronology, Zachary is now on a mission to help the world remember the truth of who we are and why we are here. He is now an author, YouTuber, counter-missionary, street outreach worker, advocate, and artist hoping to lay at least one cobblestone for the Jewish Messiah to walk on. Speedily in our time!

## **// “Ticket to Heaven” – Humanity's Only Key to Utopia**

After reflecting on some unsolved mysteries following the release of *Fundamentals*, one of Zachary's thought experiments about developmental psychology yielded mathematical consiliences with Weaver and Shannon's work on information and entropy. This sparked an incredible attempt to use neuroscience, physics, and developmental psychology as the primary lens with which to view all social behavior, link many disciplines together alongside aesthetics and ethics, ground them all within Torah frameworks, and then prove with reference to physics and archaeology that Orthodox Jewish faith claims can be taken as sufficiently true in courtroom contexts.

In the process of destroying and rebuilding the entire Western intellectual tradition through sheer intellectual stuntwork, Zachary has reclaimed and extended the concept of the *Übermensch*, demonstrated that Biblical idolatry is a thermodynamic force in human societies, and that people lack the will to be fully human. Unexpectedly and unintentionally, Zachary also demonstrated that an infamous fascist manifesto from Germany was correct on many points, including the Jews being at the center of history... but as the solution hiding in plain sight. We just had to ask!