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查拉图斯特拉如是说

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

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Thus Spake Zarathustra
By *Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche*
English Translation By
Thomas Common

本书根据 Boni And Liveright, Inc. 1917 年版本译出

Zarathustra's Prologue

1

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 his 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!

查拉图斯特拉的序言

1

查拉图斯特拉三十岁时，离开了家乡和家乡的湖，走进群山之中。在那里他享受着他的灵魂和孤独，十年不倦。但是，最后他的内心转变了——一天早晨，与玫瑰色的黎明一同起来，他迎着太阳，对它如是说：

你，伟大的星辰啊！假如没有你所照耀的人们，你的幸福会是什么？

十年来，你每天爬上我这山洞：假如没有我，我的鹰，和我的蛇，你大概早已厌倦你的光 and 这旅程了吧。

但是我们每天早晨等候着你，领受你那流光溢彩，并为此祝福你。

看啊！我厌倦我的智慧，像积累太多蜜的蜂儿；我需要那双为领受这智慧而伸出的手。

我乐意赠与并散布我的智慧，直到聪明者在他们的愚昧中重新变得欢悦，贫穷者在他们的富裕中重新变得幸福。

因此，我必须降临深处：就像你傍晚所作的，走到海的后面，也把光明送给下界。噢！你这富足的星辰啊！

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.

2

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?"

像你一样我必须没落——就像人类所说的——我将降临他们。

那么，祝福我吧，你这平静的眼睛！它甚至能够注视那最大的幸福，而丝毫没有嫉妒！

祝福这将溢的杯子吧！愿水如流金般地从中淌出，把你祝福的反响带到四方吧！

看呵，这杯子将再次倾空自己，查拉图斯特拉将再度成为一个人。

如是开始了查拉图斯特拉的没落。

2

查拉图斯特拉独自从山上下来，没人遇见他。可是，当他走进森林，突然有个老人站在他面前，那人离开他的圣所到森林中来寻找菜根。老人如是对查拉图斯特拉说：

“这个流浪者对我而言不是陌生人：多年前他曾路过，他叫查拉图斯特拉，但他已经改变。

那时你携着你的灰烬去了山上：如今你要携着你的火去山谷吗？你不怕落个纵火犯的下场吗？

是的，我认出了查拉图斯特拉。他眼睛纯洁，嘴边不含一丝嫌恶。他不是像个舞者一般地走着吗？

查拉图斯特拉改变了；查拉图斯特拉变成了一个孩子；查拉图斯特拉是一个醒觉者了：你要到睡梦者的国度去做什么呢？

你曾经生活在孤独里就像在海里，它托升着你。唉！你现在竟要靠岸吗？唉！你想再次亲自拽着你的身躯吗？”

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"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!"

"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?"

"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?"

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give thee! Let me rather hurry

查拉图斯特拉回答：“我爱人类。”

“为什么，”这位圣徒说，“我走进这森林和荒野呢？不正是因为我太爱人类吗？”

现在我爱上帝；至于人类，我不爱。对于我来说，人类是一种太不完美的东西。对人类的爱会毁掉我。”

查拉图斯特拉回答：“我说什么爱呢！我要带礼物给人类。”

“什么也不要给他们！”这圣徒说。“不如取去他们一点负担，跟他们一起扛着——那会令他们非常愉快：只要它也令你愉快。

可是，如果你要给予他们，就别给他们多于给乞丐的一份施舍；并且让他们也为此乞求吧。”

“不，”查拉图斯特拉回应，“我不施舍东西，我并没穷到那个地步。”

这圣徒嘲笑查拉图斯特拉，并如是说：“那么，你设法使他们接受你的财宝吧！他们不信任隐士，也不相信我们是带着礼物前来。

我们脚步落下的回响，在他们的街道上听来太空洞了。好比夜晚当他们躺在床上，听到一个人远在日出以前到处游荡一样，于是他们就我们而自问：这盗贼到哪里去呢？

别去人群里，待在森林里吧！不如去兽群里吧！你为什么不像我一样呢——熊入熊群，鸟与鸟聚？”

“那么你这圣徒在森林里干什么呢？”查拉图斯特拉问。

这圣徒回答：“我谱写赞美诗并吟唱它们。当我作诗时，我欢笑、我流泪、我吟喃：我如是赞美上帝。

我用歌唱、流泪、欢笑和吟喃，赞美上帝——我的上帝。可是你给我带了什么作为礼物呢？”

当查拉图斯特拉听了这些话，他向这圣徒鞠躬并说道：“我应该带着什么送给你呢？不如让我快点走吧，以免

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!*"

3

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 superearthly hopes!

我拿去你什么东西!”于是他俩——这老人和查拉图斯特拉——互相告别,笑得像两个学童。

可是,当查拉图斯特拉独处时,他对内心说:“这难道可能吗!这位森林里的老圣徒还不曾听说,上帝已死!”

3

查拉图斯特拉到达一个毗邻森林最近的城市,发现许多人聚集在市场上;因为已经有人预告,一个走绳索者将要表演。于是查拉图斯特拉向群众如是说:

“我教示你们超人吧。人类是有待超越之物。你们曾做过什么来超越人类呢?

迄今为止,一切生物都创造了某些超越自身的东西:难道你们想要做这大潮的逆流,难道你们情愿回到兽类,而不肯超越人类吗?

猿猴对于人意味着什么?一个笑柄,或是一个耻辱。人对于超人也将如此:一个笑柄,或是一个耻辱。

你们走过了由虫到人的路,但你们内在的很多地方仍然是虫。从前你们是猿猴,而即便现在,人比任何猿猴都更像猿猴。

甚至你们中间最智慧的,也只是一个植物与幻影的对立和杂种。但我是叫你们变成植物或幻影吗?

看,我教示你们超人!

超人是大地意义。让你们的意志说吧:超人将成为大地的意义!

我祈求你们,我的兄弟们,忠实于大地吧,不要信任那些向你诉

Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they, decaying ones and poisoned ones themselves, of whom the earth is weary; so away with them!

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!

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?

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

说超越大地希望的人！他们都是下毒者，无论他们有意无意。

他们是生命的蔑视者，他们自己是朽烂者，也是中毒者。大地已经厌倦了他们，所以让他们去吧！

从前对上帝的亵渎是最大的亵渎；但上帝死了，其亵渎者也与之俱往。现在最可怕的罪恶是亵渎大地，是把不可知的心灵估计得比大地的意义还要高！

从前灵魂蔑视肉体，当时那种蔑视是最高尚的事——灵魂希望肉体瘦弱、惨淡，并且饥馑。它以为这样便可以逃避肉体以及大地。

啊，那灵魂自己才是瘦弱、惨淡，并且饥馑的；而残忍便是它的娱乐！

但是你们，我的兄弟，告诉我：你们的肉体对于你们的灵魂是怎么说的呢？你们的灵魂难道不是贫乏、污秽与可怜的自满吗？

真的，人类是一条污染之流。一个人必须是大海，以便接受一条污染之流而不被污染。

看哪，我教示你们超人：他就是那大海；在他里边你们的大蔑视会被淹没。

你们能体验到的最伟大的事是什么？那便是大蔑视的时候。那时候，甚至你们的幸福也会变得令你们讨厌，而你们的理智与道德也一样。

那时候你们说：‘我的幸福有什么用！它是贫乏是污秽是可怜的自满。可是我的幸福应当是为生存本身辩护！’

那时候，你们说：‘我的理智有什么用！它渴求知识是不是像狮子对待食物一样呢？它是贫乏是污秽是可怜的自满！’

那时候，你们说：‘我的道德有什么用！它还不曾使我狂热。

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 we 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! —

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

4

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.

我是多么厌倦我的善与恶啊！这一切都是贫乏是污秽是可怜的自满！’

那时候，你们说：‘我的正义有什么用！我不认为我是火焰与炭。可是，正义者却是火焰与炭！’

那时候，你们说：‘我的怜悯有什么用！怜悯难道不是那在上面钉死爱人类者的十字架吗？但我的怜悯不是一种十字架刑。’

你们已经如是说过吗？你们已经如是喊过吗？啊！我多么希望曾听到你们如是喊叫啊！

不是你们的罪恶——而是你们的自满，在仰天呼喊；是你们对于罪恶的极度节制在仰天呼喊！

那用舌头把你们舔触的闪电何在？那应当移植给你们的疯狂何在？

看哪，我教你们做超人：他便是那闪电，他便是那疯狂！”——

当查拉图斯特拉如是说了，人群中的一个叫道：“我们现在听够了那个走绳索的，是时候了，让我们看看他吧。”于是所有人都嘲笑查拉图斯特拉。可是，走绳索者以为这些话是对他讲的，便开始了他的表演。

4

可是，查拉图斯特拉看着人们，并感到惊奇。接着他如是说：

“人类是一根伸展在动物与超人之间的绳索——一根高悬于深渊之上的绳索。

穿越是危险的，徒步其中是危险的，往后看是危险的，颤栗和犹豫是危险的。

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*.

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

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

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.

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.

I love him who laboureth 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.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.