

VISIONS OF A CHILD OF  
ZARATHUSTRA

RENZO NOVATORE

BACCHUS EDITIONS

*I dedicate this to the not very tempestuous comrade Tempesta  
who has traded Immense Thought for metaphysical abstractions  
and tries to be ironic about what he clearly has not understood.*

WHO IS THE ONE WHO RIDES ON THE BACK OF ALL CENTURIES?

WHO IS THE ONE I SEE DANCING WITH FEET FIRMLY ON THE ETHER WAVES?

WHO IS ... WHOEVER IS THE ONE WHO GATHERS THOSE CLUSTERS OF STARS AND PUTS  
THEM AWAY IN A GOLDEN BASKET?!

OH, MAY THE THAUMATURGICAL NIGHT NEVER BE THIS!

BEHOLD, HE COMES TOWARD THE EARTH!

OH, THAT MOST MAGNIFICENT STAR!

BUT HOW THOUGHTFUL HIS FACE IS!

HOW LOST HIS LOOK IS!

HOW FRANTICALLY HE IS LOOKING FOR SOMETHING!

WHAT IS HE LOOKING FOR?

WHAT A BRIGHT LIGHT HE GIVES OFF!

WHAT GOLD AND PURPLE STRIPES HE LEAVES IN THE DARK BLUE OF THIS STARRY NIGHT!

HERE HE IS, DRAWING NEAR, COMING!

WATCH AS THE VERMILION ROSES AND THE BLUE VIOLETS AWAKEN FROM THEIR PLACID  
SLEEP. THEY RAISE THEIR LITTLE GENTLY SCENTED HEADS FROM THEIR WHITE PILLOWS OF  
DEW AND SMILE SATISFIED, JUST LIKE THE LOVELIEST FEMALE, AWAKENED FROM SLEEP BY  
THE VIRILE KISS OF THE LOVER!

IT IS NOW THAT HE SPEAKS TO THEM!

BUT HOW LOST HIS LOOK IS!

I HAVE NEVER SEEN SUCH A BEAUTIFUL FACE!

BUT WHAT WILL HE SAY TO THEM?

AND WHAT IS THAT WEEPING HE HEARS?

OH, HOW THE RIVERS MOAN! HOW THE FOREST HOWLS!

*Visions of a child of zarathustra, Renzo Novatore XVI*

BUT WHAT IS HAPPENING?

OVER THERE, A DIALOG IS DEVELOPING! LET'S GET CLOSER!

"OH, PITIFUL US!" WHAT DO I HEAR?

IT IS THE FLOWERS, THE VERMILION RED ROSES, THE BLUE VIOLETS, THE SILVER RIVERS,  
THE VIRGIN FOREST; IT IS THE GREAT MOTHER THAT WEEPS, NATURE!

BUT WHAT DO HER TEARS SAY?

LISTEN TO ME, LISTEN TO ME! YES, SHE IS THE ONE WHO IS WEEPING!

AND HER WEEPING IS A HEART-RENDING QUESTION, AND THE QUESTION IS:

"WHO ARE YOU, OF BRILLIANT STAR?"

"I AM THOUGHT!"

"AND WHERE DO YOU COME FROM?"

"I HAVE BEEN ON THE EDGE OF THE INFINITE!"

"AND WHAT DID YOU HEAR THERE?"

"I HEARD THE BLAST OF THE BLACK FANFARE OF DEATH THAT IS EMITTED DOWN AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE VALLEY!"

"BUT DON'T YOU FEEL THE COLD AND ICY BREATH OF THE ETERNAL NIGHT COURSING  
THROUGH YOUR BONES?"

"NO, OVER THERE, ONE LIVES IN ETERNAL HIGH NOON!"

"BUT WHAT DO YOU KEEP IN THAT BRIGHT GOLDEN BASKET?"

"I KEEP FLUTES, LUTES, AND CLUSTERS OF GRAPES!"

"AND HOW DO YOU USE ALL OF THIS?"

"THEY ARE GIFTS THAT I BRING TO MY SWEET AND INSEPARABLE LADY FRIEND, TO LIFE!  
THEY ARE MEMORIES OF MY TRAVELS IN THE INFINITE!"

"BUT WHY, OH WHY THIS HEART-RENDING HOWL?"

WHERE DOES THIS INHUMAN CRY COME FROM?  
LIFE ... LIFE?"

OH, IT IS NATURE, IT IS THE GREAT MOTHER WHO TWISTS IN THE PANGS OF HER RIVERS,  
WHO HOWLS WITH THE WOOD OF HER FORESTS, WHO ROARS WITH THE AGITATED  
BILLOWS OF HER DEEP SEAS, AND WHO TREMBLES IN THE FRAGRANT PERFUME OF HER  
AROMATIC FLOWERS!

*Visions of a child of zarathustra, Renzo Novatore XVII*

“LIFE, LIFE! MY ADORED CHILD! ...  
DON'T YOU KNOW, MY POOR FRIEND, THAT THE SONS OF MARS, THE CRUEL SONS OF  
MARS, HAVE ROBBED ME OF HER WHILE SHE SLEPT HERE IN MY FLOWERY LAP?  
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT SHE WILL BE SLAUGHTERED AGAIN AND AGAIN BEFORE THE  
DAWN RISES?”

STOLEN HER?! SHE WHOM I HAD CHOSEN AS MY ONLY ONE, MY SWEET AND  
INSEPARABLE BELOVED?

STOLEN, SHE WHOM I WANTED TO BRING WITH ME INTO THE ETHEREAL REGIONS OF THE  
INFINITE?

HE, SLAUGHTERED BEFORE THE DAWN COMES, BY THE CRUEL SONS OF MARS?

WHO LAUNCHES THIS CHALLENGE TO YOU... TO ME?

WHO DARES TO MAKE THIS THREAT AGAINST US?

“SEE THAT THE STARS IN MY BASKET WILL BE CONVERTED INTO DESTROYING FIRES; MY  
LUTES AS THEY MORPH INTO DEADLY SWORDS; NO ONE CAN HINDER MY FURY!  
WHO DARES TO STOP THE WRATH OF A LOVER!”

YES, YES, BEFORE THE DAWN RISES ON THE HORIZON, SHE WILL BE FREED!

I AM THE INVINCIBLE. I AM HE WHO DOES NOT DIE; THE LIGHT-BEARER; THE  
IMMORTAL, THE LIONS OF TIME ROAR AT ME IN VAIN!

I AM THE TREMENDOUS AND MAGNIFICENT REBEL, WHO CLASPS IN HIS BRONZE ARMS  
ETERNITY AND THE INFINITE.

I AM THE SOLVER OF RIDDLES; I TOO AM THE ORIGINAL REBEL AND FORERUNNER OF  
THOUGHT!



*Visions of a child of zarathustra, Renzo Novatore XVIII*