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Friedrich Nietzsche

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Friedrich Nietzsche

A Book for All and None

Faithful translation

Translated from the German by Blue Energy People, Inc. (SUN), with AI assistance from Claude Opus 5.5.

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First Part

Zarathustra's Prologue.

1.

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his homeland and the lake of his homeland and went into the mountains. Here he took delight in his spirit and his solitude, and for ten years did not grow weary of it. But at last his heart was transformed,—and one morning he rose with the dawn, stepped before the sun and spoke to it thus:

"You great star! What would your happiness be, had you not those for whom you shine!

For ten years you have come up here to my cave: you would have grown weary of your light and of this path, but for me, my eagle and my serpent.

But we waited for you every morning, relieved you of your overflow and blessed you for it.

Behold! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that has gathered too much honey; I need hands that reach out.

I would give away and distribute, until the wise among men have once more become glad of their folly, and the poor once more glad of their riches.

For that I must descend into the depths: as you do in the evening, when you go behind the sea and bring light even to the underworld, you over-rich star!

Like you, I must go under, as men call it, to whom I would descend.

So bless me then, you tranquil eye, that can behold without envy even an all-too-great happiness!

Bless the cup that wants to overflow, that the water may flow golden from it and carry everywhere the reflection of your bliss!

Behold! This cup wants to become empty again, and Zarathustra wants to become man again."

—Thus began Zarathustra's going-under.

2.

Zarathustra went down the mountains alone, and no one met him. But when he came into the forests, there suddenly stood before him an old man who had left his holy hut to seek roots in the forest. And thus spoke the old man to Zarathustra:

No stranger to me is this wanderer: many years ago he passed by here. Zarathustra he was called; but he has been transformed. Then you carried your ashes to the mountains: would you now carry your fire into the valleys? Do you not fear the arsonist's punishments?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and about his mouth there hides no nausea. Does he not walk along like a dancer?

Transformed is Zarathustra, a child has Zarathustra become, an awakened one is Zarathustra: what would you now among the sleepers?

As in the sea you lived in solitude, and the sea bore you up. Alas, would you climb ashore? Alas, would you drag your body yourself once more?

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

Why, said the saint, did I go into the forest and the wilderness? Was it not because I loved mankind all too much?

Now I love God: mankind I do not love. Man is to me too imperfect a thing. Love of man would kill me.

Zarathustra answered: "What did I say of love! I bring mankind a gift."

Give them nothing, said the saint. Rather take something off them and carry it with them—that will do them the most good: if only it does you good!

And if you would give to them, give no more than an alms, and let them beg for it besides!

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

The saint laughed at Zarathustra and spoke thus: Then see to it that they accept your treasures! They are mistrustful of hermits and do not believe that we come to bestow.

Our footsteps ring too lonely for them through the streets. And as when at night in their beds they hear a man walking, long before the sun rises, they likely ask themselves: where is the thief going?

Go not to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather even to the animals! Why will you not be as I am,—a bear among bears, a bird among birds?

"And what does the saint do in the forest?" asked Zarathustra.

The saint answered: I make songs and sing them, and when I make songs, I laugh, weep and hum: thus do I praise God.

With singing, weeping, laughing and humming I praise the God who is my God. But what do you bring us as a gift?

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bade the saint farewell and spoke: "What should I have to give you! But let me go quickly, lest I take something from you!"—And so they parted from one another, the old man and the man, laughing, even as two boys laugh.

But when Zarathustra was alone, he spoke thus to his heart: "Could it be possible! This old saint in his forest has not yet heard anything of this, that God is dead!"—

3.

When Zarathustra came into the nearest town, which lies by the forests, he found many people gathered there in the market-place: for it had been promised that a tightrope walker would be seen. And Zarathustra spoke thus to the people:

I teach you the Overman. Man is something that shall be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?

"All beings until now have created something beyond themselves: and you would be the ebb of this great flood, and would rather go back to the beast than overcome man?"

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock or a painful shame. And just that shall man be to the Overman: a laughing-stock or a painful shame.

You have made your way from worm to man, and much in you is still worm. Once you were apes, and even now man is more ape than any ape.

But whoever is the wisest among you, he too is only a discord and hybrid of plant and of ghost. But do I bid you become ghosts or plants?

Behold, I teach you the Overman!

The Overman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: the Overman shall be the meaning of the earth!

I implore you, my brothers, remain faithful to the earth, and do not believe those who speak to you of otherworldly hopes! Poisoners are they, whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life are they, dying away and themselves poisoned, of whom the earth is weary: so let them pass away!

Once sacrilege against God was the greatest sacrilege, but God died, and with him died these sacrilegious ones too. To commit sacrilege against the earth is now the most dreadful thing, and to esteem the entrails of the unfathomable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously upon the body: and then this contempt was the highest thing:—it wanted the body lean, hideous, starved. Thus it thought to slip away from the body and from the earth.

Oh, this soul was itself still lean, hideous and starved: and cruelty was the lust of this soul!

But you too, my brothers, tell me: what does your body proclaim of your soul? Is your soul not poverty and filth and a wretched contentment?

Verily, a filthy stream is man. One must indeed be a sea to take in a filthy stream without becoming unclean.

Behold, I teach you the Overman: he is this sea, in him your great contempt can go under.

What is the greatest thing you can experience? It is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness turns to nausea for you, and likewise your reason and your virtue.

The hour when you say: "What matters my happiness! It is poverty and filth and a wretched contentment. But my happiness ought to justify existence itself!"

The hour when you say: "What matters my reason! Does it crave knowledge as the lion craves its food? It is poverty and filth and a wretched contentment!"

The hour when you say: "What matters my virtue! As yet it has not made me rage. How weary I am of my good and my evil! All that is poverty and filth and a wretched contentment!"

The hour when you say: "What matters my justice! I do not see that I am ember and coal. But the just man is ember and coal!"

The hour when you say: "What matters my pity! Is not pity the cross upon which he is nailed who loves mankind? But my pity is no crucifixion."

Have you ever spoken thus? Have you ever cried out thus? Ah, would that I had heard you cry out thus!

Not your sin—your moderation cries out to heaven, your very stinginess even in your sin cries out to heaven!

Where then is the lightning that would lick you with its tongue? Where is the madness with which you ought to be inoculated?

Behold, I teach you the Overman: he is this lightning, he is this madness!—

When Zarathustra had spoken thus, one of the people cried out: "Now we have heard enough of the tightrope walker; now let us see him too!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the tightrope walker, who believed the words were meant for him, set about his work.

4.

But Zarathustra looked at the people and marvelled. Then he spoke thus:

Man is a rope, tied between animal and Overman—a rope over an abyss.

A dangerous going-across, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous shuddering and standing-still.

What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what can be loved in man is that he is a crossing-over and a going-under.

I love those who do not know how to live except as those who go under, for they are the ones who cross over.

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

I love those who do not first seek behind the stars for a reason to go under and be sacrifices: but who sacrifice themselves to the earth, so that the earth may one day belong to the Overman.

I love him who lives in order to know, and who wants to know so that one day the Overman may live. And thus he wills his going-under.

I love him who works and invents so that he may build a house for the Overman and prepare earth, animal and plant for him: for thus he wills his going-under.

I love him who loves his virtue: for virtue is will to going-under and an arrow of longing.

I love him who keeps back not one drop of spirit for himself, but wants to be wholly the spirit of his virtue: thus he strides as spirit over the bridge.

I love him who makes of his virtue his inclination and his fate: thus for his virtue's sake he wills to live on and to live no longer.

I love him who does not want too many virtues. One virtue is more virtue than two, because it is more of a knot on which fate may hang.

I love him whose soul squanders itself, who wants no thanks and gives nothing back: for he always bestows and will not preserve himself.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favour, and who then asks: am I then a cheating player?—for he wants to perish.

I love him who casts golden words ahead of his deeds and always performs still more than he promises: for he wills his going-under.

I love him who justifies those who are to come and redeems those who are past: for he wants to perish of those who are present.

I love him who chastises his God because he loves his God: for he must perish of the wrath of his God.

I love him whose soul is deep even in its wounding, and who can perish of a small experience: thus he goes gladly over the bridge.

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

I love him who is of free spirit and free heart: thus his head is only the entrails of his heart, but his heart drives him to his going-under.

I love all those who are heavy drops, falling one by one from the dark cloud that hangs over mankind: they proclaim that the lightning is coming, and they perish as proclaimers.

Behold, I am a proclaimer of the lightning and a heavy drop from the cloud: but this lightning is called Overman.—

5.

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

Must one first smash their ears, so that they learn to hear with their eyes? Must one rattle like kettledrums and preachers of penitence? Or do they believe only the stammerer?

They have something of which they are proud. What is it they call that which makes them proud? Culture they call it; it sets them apart from the goatherds.

That is why they dislike hearing the word "contempt" spoken of themselves. So I will speak to their pride.

So I will speak to them of the most contemptible thing: and that is the last man."

And thus spoke Zarathustra to the people:

It is time for man to set himself his goal. It is time for man to plant the seed of his highest hope.

His soil is still rich enough for it. But this soil will one day be poor and tame, and no tall tree will be able to grow from it any more.

Woe! The time is coming when man will no longer shoot the arrow of his longing out beyond man, and the string of his bow will have forgotten how to whir!

I tell you: one must still have chaos within oneself to be able to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: you still have chaos within you.

Woe! The time is coming when man will give birth to no more stars. Woe! The time is coming of the most contemptible man, who can no longer despise himself.

Behold! I show you the last man.

"What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is star?"—thus asks the last man, and blinks.

The earth has then become small, and upon it hops the last man, who makes everything small. His kind is as ineradicable as the flea-beetle; the last man lives longest.

"We have invented happiness"—say the last men, and blink.

They have left the regions where living was hard: for one needs warmth. One still loves one's neighbour and rubs up against him: for one needs warmth.

Falling ill and being mistrustful count as sinful to them: one goes about warily. A fool, whoever still stumbles over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: that makes for pleasant dreams. And much poison at the last, for a pleasant dying.

One still works, for work is a pastime. But one takes care that the pastime does not wear one out.

One no longer becomes poor and rich: both are too burdensome. Who still wants to rule? Who still to obey? Both are too burdensome.

No shepherd and one herd! Everyone wants the same, everyone is the same: whoever feels otherwise goes voluntarily into the madhouse.

"Formerly all the world was mad"—say the most refined, and they blink.

One is clever and knows everything that has happened: so there is no end to one's mockery. One still quarrels, but one is soon reconciled—otherwise it upsets the stomach.

One has one's little pleasure for the day and one's little pleasure for the night: but one honours health.

"We have invented happiness"—say the last men, and they blink—

And here ended the first speech of Zarathustra, which is also called "the Prologue": for at this point the clamour and the delight of the crowd interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra,—so they cried—make us into these last men! Then we will make you a gift of the Overman!" And all the people rejoiced and clicked their tongues. But Zarathustra grew sad and said to his heart:

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

Too long, it seems, did I live in the mountains, too much did I listen to brooks and trees: now I speak to them as to goatherds.

Unmoved is my soul and bright as the mountains in the morning. But they think I am cold, and a mocker with dreadful jests.

And now they look at me and laugh: and while they laugh, they hate me still. There is ice in their laughter.

6.

But then something happened that made every mouth mute and every eye stare. For in the meantime the tightrope walker had begun his

work: he had stepped out of a little door and was walking along the rope, which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung over the market and the people. Just as he was in the middle of his way, the little door opened once more, and a motley fellow, like a buffoon, sprang out and went with quick steps after the first. "Forward, lame-foot, cried his fearful voice, forward, sluggard, smuggler, pale-face! Lest I tickle you with my heel! What are you doing here between towers? In the tower is where you belong, you ought to be locked up, you are blocking the free way for one better than yourself!"—And with every word he came nearer and nearer to him: but when he was only one step behind him, then the terrible thing happened that made every mouth mute and every eye stare:—he let out a cry like a devil and leapt over the one who stood in his way. But this one, when he saw his rival thus triumph, lost his head and the rope; he threw away his pole and plunged faster than it, like a whirl of arms and legs, into the depths. The market and the people were like the sea when the storm rushes into it: everything fled apart and over one another, and most of all there where the body must strike the ground.

But Zarathustra stood still, and right beside him the body fell, badly battered and broken, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What are you doing there? he said at last, I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he is dragging me to hell: will you prevent him?"

"On my honour, friend, answered Zarathustra, all that you speak of does not exist: there is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner than your body: fear nothing any more!"

The man looked up mistrustfully. "If you speak the truth, he then said, I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than a beast that has been taught to dance, by blows and meagre morsels."

"Not so, spoke Zarathustra; you have made danger your calling, and in that there is nothing to despise. Now you perish by your calling: for that I will bury you with my own hands."

When Zarathustra had said this, the dying man answered no more; but he moved his hand, as though he were seeking Zarathustra's hand to thank him.—

7.

Meanwhile evening came, and the market hid itself in darkness: then the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror grow weary. But Zarathustra sat beside the dead man on the ground and was sunk in thought: so he forgot the time. But at last it became night, and a cold wind blew over the solitary one. Then Zarathustra rose and said to his heart:

Verily, a fine catch of fish did Zarathustra make today! No man did he catch, but a corpse indeed.

Uncanny is human existence and still without meaning: a buffoon can become its doom.

I will teach men the meaning of their being: which is the Overman, the lightning out of the dark cloud man.

But still I am far from them, and my meaning does not speak to their senses. To men I am still a midpoint between a fool and a corpse.

Dark is the night, dark are the ways of Zarathustra. Come, you cold and stiff companion! I will carry you to the place where I shall bury you with my own hands.

8.

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he loaded the corpse onto his back and set out on his way. And he had not yet gone a hundred steps when a man crept up to him and whispered in his ear—and behold! he who spoke was the buffoon from the tower. "Go away from this town, O Zarathustra, he said; too many here hate you. The good and the just hate you, and they call you their enemy and despiser; the believers of the true faith hate you, and they call you the danger of the multitude. It was your good fortune that they laughed at you: and verily, you spoke like a buffoon. It was your good fortune that you joined yourself to the dead dog; when you so abased yourself, you saved yourself for today. But go away from this town—or tomorrow I shall leap over you, a living man over a dead one." And when he had said this, the man vanished; but Zarathustra went on through the dark lanes.

At the gate of the town the gravediggers met him: they shone the torch in his face, recognized Zarathustra and mocked him greatly. "Zarathustra is carrying off the dead dog: bravo, that Zarathustra has become a gravedigger! For our hands are too clean for this roast. Does Zarathustra mean to steal the devil's morsel from him? Well then! And good luck with the meal! If only the devil is not a better thief than Zarathustra!—he will steal them both, he will devour them both!" And they laughed together and put their heads together.

Zarathustra said not a word to this and went his way. When he had walked for two hours, past forests and swamps, he had heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and hunger came upon him too. So he stopped at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

Hunger falls upon me, said Zarathustra, like a robber. In forests and swamps my hunger falls upon me, and in the deep of night.

Strange whims has my hunger. Often it comes to me only after the meal, and today it came not the whole day long: where can it have been lingering?

And with that Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. An old man appeared; he carried the light and asked: "Who comes to me and to my troubled sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one, said Zarathustra. Give me to eat and to drink, I forgot it during the day. He who feeds the hungry refreshes his own soul: thus speaks wisdom."

The old man went away, but came back at once and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "It is an evil region for the hungry, he said; that is why I live here. Beast and man come to me, the hermit. But bid your companion eat and drink too, he is wearier than you." Zarathustra answered: "Dead is my companion, I shall hardly persuade him to it." "That is no concern of mine, said the old man sullenly; whoever knocks at my house must also take what I offer him. Eat, and fare you well!"—

Thereupon Zarathustra walked again for two hours and trusted to the path and to the light of the stars: for he was an accustomed night-walker and loved to look into the face of all that sleeps. But when the morning dawned grey, Zarathustra found himself in a deep forest, and no path showed itself to him any longer. Then he laid the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wished to protect him from the wolves—and laid himself down upon the ground and the moss. And forthwith he fell asleep, weary of body, but with an unmoved soul.

8.

Long did Zarathustra sleep, and not only the dawn passed over his countenance, but the forenoon as well. At last, however, his eye

opened: in wonder Zarathustra gazed into the forest and the stillness, in wonder he gazed into himself. Then he rose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once sees land, and shouted for joy: for he saw a new truth. And thus he then spoke to his heart:

A light has dawned on me: companions I need, and living ones,—not dead companions and corpses which I carry with me wherever I will.

But living companions I need, who follow me because they want to follow themselves—and to where I will.

A light has dawned on me: not to the people let Zarathustra speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not become herdsman and hound to a herd!

To lure many away from the herd—for that I came. People and herd shall be wroth with me: robber will Zarathustra be called by the herdsmen.

Herdsmen I say, but they call themselves the good and the just. Herdsmen I say: but they call themselves the believers of the true faith.

Behold the good and the just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaks their tablets of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker:—but he is the creator.

Behold the believers of all faiths! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaks their tablets of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker:—but he is the creator.

Companions the creator seeks, and not corpses, nor herds and believers either. Fellow-creators the creator seeks, those who write new values upon new tablets.

Companions the creator seeks, and fellow-harvesters: for everything with him stands ripe for the harvest. But he lacks the hundred sickles: so he plucks ears by hand and is vexed.

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

Fellow-creators Zarathustra seeks, fellow-harvesters and fellow-celebrants Zarathustra seeks: what has he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses!

And you, my first companion, fare you well! Well did I bury you in your hollow tree, well did I hide you from the wolves.

But I part from you, the time is up. Between dawn and dawn a new truth came to me.

No herdsman shall I be, no gravedigger. Not even to speak again with the people will I; for the last time have I spoken to a dead man.

With the creators, the harvesters, the celebrants will I join myself: the rainbow will I show them, and all the stairways of the Overman.

To the solitary will I sing my song, and to the twosome-solitary; and whoever still has ears for the unheard-of, his heart will I make heavy with my happiness.

To my goal I will, I go my way; over the hesitant and the dawdlers shall I leap. Thus let my going be their going-under!

10.

This had Zarathustra spoken to his heart when the sun stood at noon: then he looked questioningly aloft—for he heard above him the sharp cry of a bird. And behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide

circles, and on him hung a serpent, not like a prey but like a friend: for she kept herself coiled about his neck.

"They are my animals!" said Zarathustra, and rejoiced with all his heart.

"The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun—they have gone forth to scout.

They want to find out whether Zarathustra still lives. Verily, do I still live?

More dangerous did I find it among men than among animals; dangerous paths does Zarathustra walk. May my animals lead me!"

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

Would that I were wiser! Would that I were wise from the very ground up, like my serpent!

But there I ask the impossible: so I ask my pride instead that it always go along with my wisdom!

And if one day my wisdom forsakes me:—alas, it loves to fly away!—may my pride then still fly with my folly!

—Thus began Zarathustra's going-under.

Of the Three Metamorphoses

Three metamorphoses of the spirit do I name to you: how the spirit becomes a camel, and the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.

Much that is heavy there is for the spirit, for the strong, burden-bearing spirit in which reverence dwells: for the heavy and the heaviest does its strength long.

What is heavy? thus asks the burden-bearing spirit, thus it kneels down, like the camel, and wants to be well laden.

What is heaviest, you heroes? thus asks the burden-bearing spirit, that I may take it upon myself and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this: to abase oneself in order to wound one's pride? To let one's folly shine forth in order to mock one's wisdom?

Or is it this: to part from our cause when it celebrates its victory? To climb high mountains in order to tempt the tempter?

Or is it this: to feed on the acorns and grass of knowledge and for the sake of truth to suffer hunger of the soul?

Or is it this: to be sick and send the comforters home and make friends with the deaf, who never hear what you will?

Or is it this: to step into filthy water when it is the water of truth, and not to spurn cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: to love those who despise us, and to offer our hand to the ghost when it would make us afraid?

All these heaviest things the burden-bearing spirit takes upon itself: like the camel that hastens laden into the desert, so it hastens into its desert.

But in the loneliest desert the second metamorphosis takes place: here the spirit becomes a lion, freedom it would seize as its prey and be lord in its own desert.

Here it seeks out its last lord: an enemy it would become to him and to its last god, for victory it would wrestle with the great dragon.

Which is the great dragon that the spirit will no longer call lord and god? "Thou-shalt" is the name of the great dragon. But the spirit of the lion says "I will."

"Thou-shalt" lies in its path, sparkling with gold, a scaly beast, and on every scale glitters in gold "Thou-shalt!"

Values of a thousand years glitter on these scales, and thus speaks the mightiest of all dragons: "all the value of things—it glitters on me."

"All value has already been created, and all created value—that am I. Verily, there shall be no more 'I will'!" Thus speaks the dragon.

My brothers, wherefore is there need of the lion in the spirit? Why does the beast of burden not suffice, which renounces and is reverent?

To create new values—that even the lion cannot yet do: but to create freedom for itself for new creating—that the might of the lion can do.

To create freedom for itself and a sacred No even before duty: for that, my brothers, there is need of the lion.

To take for itself the right to new values—that is the most terrible taking for a burden-bearing and reverent spirit. Verily, to it this is a preying, and the work of a beast of prey.

Once it loved as its holiest the "Thou-shalt": now it must find delusion and caprice even in the holiest, that it may seize freedom from its love as its prey: there is need of the lion for this preying.

But tell me, my brothers, what can the child still do that even the lion could not do? Why must the preying lion still become a child?

Innocence is the child, and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a self-propelled wheel, a first movement, a sacred Yes-saying.

Yes, for the game of creating, my brothers, there is need of a sacred Yes-saying: its own will the spirit now wills, its own world the world-lost one now wins.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit have I named to you: how the spirit became a camel, and the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child. —

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And at that time he was staying in the town which is called: the Motley Cow.

Of the Chairs of Virtue

A wise man was praised to Zarathustra, one who knew how to speak well of sleep and of virtue: greatly was he honoured and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him went Zarathustra, and with all the youths he sat before his chair. And thus spoke the wise man:

Honour and modesty before sleep! That is the first thing! And to go out of the way of all who sleep badly and lie awake at night!

Even the thief is modest before sleep: always he steals softly through the night. Shameless, however, is the watchman of the night, shamelessly he carries his horn.

No small art is sleeping: for it one must already stay awake the whole day long.

Ten times a day must you overcome yourself: that makes for a good weariness and is poppy to the soul.

Ten times must you reconcile yourself again with yourself; for overcoming is bitterness, and badly sleeps the unreconciled.

Ten truths must you find by day: else you will still be seeking truth by night, and your soul will have stayed hungry.

Ten times must you laugh by day and be cheerful: else your stomach will disturb you in the night, that father of affliction.

Few know this: but one must have all the virtues in order to sleep well. Shall I bear false witness? Shall I commit adultery?

Shall I covet my neighbour's maidservant? All that would sort ill with good sleep.

And even if one has all the virtues, one must still understand one thing: to send the virtues themselves to sleep at the right time.

That they may not quarrel with one another, the pretty little women! And over you, you unhappy one!

Peace with God and with one's neighbour: so good sleep wills it. And peace also with the neighbour's devil! Else he will haunt you by night.

Honour to the authorities and obedience, even to crooked authorities! So good sleep wills it. What can I do if power likes to walk on crooked legs?

He shall always be called the best shepherd by me who leads his sheep to the greenest pasture: so it sorts well with good sleep.

Many honours I do not want, nor great treasures: that inflames the spleen. But one sleeps badly without a good name and a little treasure.

A small company is more welcome to me than an evil one: yet it must come and go at the right time. So it sorts well with good sleep.

Much do I also like the poor in spirit: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always tells them they are right.

Thus runs the day for the virtuous. Now when night comes, I take good care not to call sleep! It does not want to be called, sleep, which is the lord of the virtues!

But I think over what I have done and thought during the day. Ruminating, patient as a cow, I ask myself: what, then, were your ten overcomings?

And what were the ten reconciliations and the ten truths and the ten laughters with which my heart regaled itself?

Weighing such things and rocked by forty thoughts, all at once sleep overtakes me, the uncalled, the lord of the virtues.

Sleep taps upon my eye: then it grows heavy. Sleep touches my mouth: then it stays open.

Verily, on soft soles it comes to me, the dearest of thieves, and steals my thoughts from me: stupid I stand there like this chair.

But not for long do I stand then: already I am lying.—

When Zarathustra heard the wise man speak thus, he laughed in his heart: for a light had dawned on him therein. And thus spoke he to his heart:

A fool to me is this wise man there with his forty thoughts: but I believe that he well understands sleeping.

Happy already is he who lives near this wise man! Such a sleep is contagious, even through a thick wall it is contagious.

A magic dwells even in his chair. And not in vain did the youths sit before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is: to wake in order to sleep well. And verily, if life had no meaning and I had to choose nonsense, then to me too this would be the nonsense most worth choosing.

Now I understand clearly what men once sought above all when they sought teachers of virtue. Good sleep they sought for themselves, and poppy-flowered virtues to go with it!

For all these lauded wise men of the chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no better meaning of life.

Even today, no doubt, there are some like this preacher of virtue, and not always so honest: but their time is up. And not much longer do they stand: already they are lying.

Blessed are these drowsy ones: for they shall soon nod off.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Afterworldsmen

Once Zarathustra too cast his delusion beyond man, like all afterworldsmen. The work of a suffering and tormented god the world then seemed to me.

A dream the world then seemed to me, and the fiction of a god; colored smoke before the eyes of one divinely dissatisfied.

Good and evil and joy and sorrow and I and You—colored smoke it seemed to me before creative eyes. The creator wanted to look away from himself—so he created the world.

Drunken joy it is for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and to lose himself. Drunken joy and self-losing the world once seemed to me.

This world, the eternally imperfect, the image of an eternal contradiction and an imperfect image—a drunken joy to its imperfect creator:—thus the world once seemed to me.

Thus I too once cast my delusion beyond man, like all afterworldsmen. Beyond man in truth?

Ah, you brothers, this god whom I created was man's work and man's madness, like all gods!

Man he was, and only a poor piece of man and I: out of my own ashes and glow it came to me, this phantom, and verily! It did not come to me from beyond!

What happened, my brothers? I overcame myself, the sufferer, I carried my own ashes to the mountain, a brighter flame I invented for myself. And behold! Then the phantom withdrew from me!

Suffering it would be to me now and torment for the convalescent to believe in such phantoms: suffering it would be to me now and humiliation. Thus I speak to the afterworldsmen.

Suffering it was and incapacity—that created all afterworlds; and that brief madness of happiness which only the greatest sufferer experiences.

Weariness, which wants to reach the ultimate with One leap, with a death-leap, a poor ignorant weariness that no longer even wants to will: that created all gods and afterworlds.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body that despaired of the body—it groped with the fingers of the befooled spirit at the last walls.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body that despaired of the earth—it heard the belly of being speak to it.

And then it wanted to break through the last walls with its head, and not only with its head—over to „that world".

But „that world" is well hidden from man, that dehumanized inhuman world which is a heavenly nothing; and the belly of being does not speak to man at all, except as man.

Verily, all being is hard to prove and hard to bring to speech. Tell me, you brothers, is not the strangest of all things still the best proven?

Yes, this I and the I's contradiction and confusion still speaks most honestly of its being, this creating, willing, valuing I, which is the measure and the value of things.

And this most honest being, the I—it speaks of the body, and it still wants the body, even when it makes poems and raves and flutters with broken wings.

Ever more honestly it learns to speak, the I: and the more it learns, the more it finds words and honors for body and earth.

A new pride my I taught me, which I teach to men:—no longer to stick one's head into the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely, an earth-head, which creates the meaning of the earth!

A new will I teach to men: to will this way which man has walked blindly, and to call it good and no longer to sneak aside from it, like the sick and the dying!

It was the sick and the dying who despised body and earth and invented the heavenly and the redeeming drops of blood: but even these sweet and gloomy poisons they took from body and earth!

They wanted to run away from their misery, and the stars were too far for them. Then they sighed: „Oh, if only there were heavenly ways to sneak into another being and happiness!“—then they invented for themselves their sly tricks and bloody little potions!

Now they fancied themselves removed from their body and this earth, these ingrates. Yet to whom did they owe the convulsion and rapture of their removal? To their body and this earth.

Gentle is Zarathustra toward the sick. Verily, he is not angry at their kinds of consolation and ingratitude. May they become convalescents and overcomers and create a higher body for themselves!

Nor is Zarathustra angry with the convalescent when he gazes tenderly at his delusion and sneaks at midnight around the grave of his god: but sickness and sick body remain to me even his tears.

Many sickly people there have always been among those who make poems and are god-addicted; furiously they hate the knower and that youngest of the virtues, which is called: honesty.

Backward they always look toward dark times: then indeed delusion and faith were another thing; frenzy of reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

All too well I know these godlike ones: they want to be believed in, and doubt to be sin. All too well I also know what they themselves believe in most.

Verily not in afterworlds and redeeming drops of blood: but in the body they too believe most, and their own body is to them their thing in itself.

But a sickly thing it is to them: and gladly would they jump out of their skin. Therefore they listen to the preachers of death and themselves preach afterworlds.

Listen rather, my brothers, to the voice of the healthy body: a more honest and purer voice is this.

More honestly and more purely speaks the healthy body, the perfect and right-angled one: and it speaks of the meaning of the earth.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Despisers of the Body

To the despisers of the body I will speak my word. They should not learn anew and teach anew, as I would have it, but merely bid farewell to their own bodies—and thus fall silent.

"Body am I, and soul"—thus speaks the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened one, the knowing one, says: body am I entirely, and nothing besides; and soul is only a word for something about the body.

The body is a great reason, a multiplicity with one sense, a war and a peace, a herd and a shepherd.

An instrument of your body is also your little reason, my brother, which you call "spirit", a little instrument and plaything of your great reason.

"I" you say, and are proud of this word. But the greater thing, in which you will not believe—is your body and its great reason: it does not say I, but does I.

What the sense feels, what the spirit knows, never has its end within itself. But sense and spirit would like to persuade you that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Instruments and playthings are sense and spirit: behind them there lies yet the Self. The Self seeks also with the eyes of the senses, it listens also with the ears of the spirit.

Ever the Self listens and seeks: it compares, subdues, conquers, destroys. It rules, and is also the ruler of the I.

Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty commander, an unknown sage—he is called Self. In your body he dwells, your body he is.

There is more reason in your body than in your best wisdom. And who then knows to what end your body needs precisely your best wisdom?

Your Self laughs at your I and its proud leaps. "What are these leaps and flights of thought to me?" it says to itself. "A detour to my purpose. I am the leading-string of the I and the prompter of its concepts."

The Self says to the I: "Feel pain here!" And then it suffers and ponders how it might suffer no more—and for just that purpose it shall think.

The Self says to the I: "Feel pleasure here!" Then it rejoices and ponders how it might rejoice often again—and for just that purpose it shall think.

To the despisers of the body I will speak a word. That they despise is caused by their esteem. What is it that created esteeming and despising and value and will?

The creating Self created for itself esteeming and despising, it created for itself pleasure and woe. The creating body created for itself the spirit as a hand of its will.

Even in your folly and contempt, you despisers of the body, you serve your Self. I tell you: your Self itself wants to die and turns away from life.

No longer is it able to do what it would most like to do:—to create beyond itself. That is what it would most like to do, that is its whole fervour.

But now it has grown too late for that:—so your Self wants to go under, you despisers of the body.

Your Self wants to go under, and therefore you became despisers of the body! For no longer are you able to create beyond yourselves.

And therefore you are now angry with life and with the earth. An unwitting envy lies in the sidelong glance of your contempt.

I do not go your way, you despisers of the body! You are no bridges to the Overman for me!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Passions of Joy and the Passions of Pain

My brother, if you have a virtue, and it is your own virtue, then you have it in common with no one.

To be sure, you want to call it by name and caress it; you want to tweak its ear and amuse yourself with it.

And behold! Now you have its name in common with the people, and with your virtue you have become people and herd!

You would do better to say: "Unutterable and nameless is that which makes the torment and the sweetness of my soul, and is the hunger of my entrails besides."

Let your virtue be too lofty for the familiarity of names: and if you must speak of it, be not ashamed to stammer of it.

So speak and stammer: "This is my good, this I love, thus it pleases me wholly, thus alone do I will the good.

I do not will it as the law of a god, I do not will it as a human statute and necessity: let it be no signpost for me to over-earths and paradises.

It is an earthly virtue that I love: there is little cleverness in it, and least of all the reason of everyone.

But this bird built its nest with me: therefore I love it and hold it to my heart,—now let it sit with me upon its golden eggs."

Thus shall you stammer and praise your virtue.

Once you had passions and called them evil. But now you have only your virtues: they grew out of your passions.

You laid your highest goal upon the heart of these passions: then they became your virtues and your passions of joy.

And whether you were of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the lustful, or of the faith-frenzied, or of the vengeful:

In the end all your passions became virtues and all your devils angels.

Once you had wild dogs in your cellar: but in the end they changed into birds and lovely songstresses.

Out of your poisons you brewed your balsam; you milked your cow Affliction,—now you drink the sweet milk of her udder.

And nothing evil grows out of you henceforth, unless it be the evil that grows out of the strife of your virtues.

My brother, if you are fortunate, you have one virtue and no more: thus you go more easily over the bridge.

It is a distinction to have many virtues, but a hard lot; and many a one has gone into the desert and killed himself because he was weary of being the battle and battlefield of virtues.

My brother, are war and battle evil? Yet necessary is this evil, necessary are envy and mistrust and slander among your virtues.

Behold how each of your virtues covets the highest: it wants your whole spirit, that it may be its herald; it wants your whole strength in wrath, hatred and love.

Each virtue is jealous of the other, and a dreadful thing is jealousy. Even virtues can perish of jealousy.

He whom the flame of jealousy encircles turns at last, like the scorpion, the poisoned sting against himself.

Ah, my brother, have you never yet seen a virtue slander and stab itself?

Man is something that must be overcome: and therefore you shall love your virtues,—for you will perish of them.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Pale Criminal

You will not kill, you judges and sacrificers, before the beast has nodded? Behold, the pale criminal has nodded: out of his eye speaks the great contempt.

"My I is something that shall be overcome: my I is to me the great contempt of man": thus it speaks out of this eye.

That he judged himself was his highest Moment: do not let the exalted one return again to his lowliness!

There is no redemption for him who suffers so from himself, unless it be swift death.

Your killing, you judges, shall be a pity and not a revenge. And in killing, see to it that you yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that you reconcile yourselves with him whom you kill. Let your sadness be love for the Overman: thus you justify your still-living!

"Enemy" you shall say, but not "villain"; "sick one" you shall say, but not "scoundrel"; "fool" you shall say, but not "sinner".

And you, red judge, if you were to say aloud all that you have already done in thought: then everyone would cry out: "Away with this filth and poisonous worm!"

But one thing is the thought, another the deed, another the image of the deed. The wheel of reason does not roll between them.

An image made this pale man pale. He was equal to his deed when he did it: but its image he could not bear once it was done.

Ever after he saw himself as the doer of one deed. Madness I call this: the exception turned itself, for him, into the essence.

The chalk line spellbinds the hen; the stroke that he struck spellbound his poor reason—madness after the deed I call this.

Hear, you judges! There is yet another madness: and it is before the deed. Ah, you did not crawl deep enough into this soul for me!

Thus speaks the red judge: "why then did this criminal murder? He wanted to rob." But I say to you: his soul wanted blood, not plunder: he thirsted for the bliss of the knife!

But his poor reason did not comprehend this madness and persuaded him. "What matters blood! it said; will you not at least take some plunder with it? Take a revenge?"

And he hearkened to his poor reason: like lead its speech lay upon him,—so he robbed when he murdered. He did not want to be ashamed of his madness.

And now again the lead of his guilt lies upon him, and again his poor reason is so stiff, so paralysed, so heavy.

If only he could shake his head, his burden would roll off: but who shakes this head?

What is this man? A heap of diseases that reach out into the world through the spirit: there they want to take their prey.

What is this man? A tangle of wild serpents that seldom have rest among one another,—so they go forth each on its own and seek prey in the world.

Behold this poor body! What it suffered and craved, this poor soul interpreted to itself,—it interpreted it as murderous lust and greed for the bliss of the knife.

Whoever falls sick now is overcome by the evil that is evil now: he wants to cause pain with that which pains him. But there were other times and another evil and good.

Once doubt was evil, and the will to the Self. In those days the sick one became a heretic and a witch: as heretic and witch he suffered and wanted to cause suffering.

But this will not enter your ears: it harms your good ones, you tell me. But what do I care for your good ones!

Much in your good ones gives me nausea, and verily not their evil. How I wish they had a madness by which they would perish, like this pale criminal!

Verily, I wish their madness were called truth or loyalty or justice: but they have their virtue in order to live long, and in a wretched contentment.

I am a railing by the torrent: grasp me, whoever can grasp me! Your crutch, however, I am not.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Reading and Writing

Of all that is written I love only that which one writes with his own blood. Write with blood: and you will learn that blood is spirit.

It is not easily possible to understand the blood of another: I hate the reading idlers.

He who knows the reader does nothing more for the reader. Another century of readers—and spirit itself will stink.

That everyone may learn to read spoils, in the long run, not only writing but thinking as well.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it is even becoming rabble.

He who writes in blood and aphorisms does not want to be read, but to be learned by heart.

In the mountains the shortest way is from peak to peak: but for that you must have long legs. Aphorisms should be peaks: and those to whom they are spoken, great and tall of growth.

The air thin and pure, danger near, and the spirit full of a joyful malice: thus do these things suit one another well.

I want goblins about me, for I am courageous. Courage that scares away ghosts creates goblins for itself,—courage wants to laugh.

I no longer feel with you: this cloud that I see beneath me, this blackness and heaviness at which I laugh,—that is precisely your thundercloud.

You look upward when you long for elevation. And I look down, because I am elevated.

Who among you can laugh and be elevated at the same time?

He who climbs upon the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic earnestness.

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

You say to me: "life is hard to bear." But why else would you have your pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but do not act so tender with me! We are all of us fine burden-bearing asses, he-asses and she-asses.

What have we in common with the rosebud, which trembles because a drop of dew lies upon its body?

It is true: we love life, not because we are accustomed to living, but because we are accustomed to loving.

There is always some madness in love. But there is also always some reason in madness.

And to me too, who am well disposed toward life, butterflies and soap bubbles, and whatever is of their kind among men, seem to know most about happiness.

To see these light, foolish, dainty, nimble little souls flutter about—that seduces Zarathustra to tears and songs.

I would believe only in a God who knew how to dance.

And when I saw my devil, I found him earnest, thorough, deep, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity,—through him all things fall.

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

I have learned to walk: since then I let myself run. I have learned to fly: since then I no longer wish to be pushed in order to move from the spot.

Now I am light, now I fly, now I see myself beneath me, now a God dances through me.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Tree on the Mountainside

Zarathustra's eye had seen that a youth was avoiding him. And as he walked alone one evening through the mountains that enclose the town which is called "the Motley Cow": behold, there in his walking he found this youth, sitting leaned against a tree and gazing with weary look into the valley. Zarathustra laid hold of the tree beside which the youth sat, and spoke thus:

If I wished to shake this tree here with my hands, I should not be able to.

But the wind, which we do not see, torments it and bends it whither it will. We are bent and tormented worst by invisible hands.

Then the youth rose up in dismay and said: "I hear Zarathustra, and just now I was thinking of him." Zarathustra answered:

"Why are you frightened at that?—But it is with man as with the tree.

The more he wants to rise up into the height and the light, the more strongly do his roots strive earthward, downward, into the dark, the deep,—into evil."

"Yes, into evil! cried the youth. How is it possible that you have discovered my soul?"

Zarathustra smiled and said: "Many a soul one will never discover, unless one first invents it." "Yes, into evil! cried the youth once more.

You spoke the truth, Zarathustra. I no longer trust myself since I have wanted to go up into the height, and no one trusts me any more,—how does this come about?

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I change too quickly: my today refutes my yesterday. I often leap over the steps when I climb,—and no step forgives me that.

When I am up above, I always find myself alone. No one speaks with me, the frost of solitude makes me tremble. What, then, do I want in the height?

My contempt and my longing grow together; the higher I climb, the more I despise him who climbs. What, then, does he want in the height?

How ashamed I am of my climbing and stumbling! How I mock my violent panting! How I hate him who flies! How weary I am in the height!"

Here the youth fell silent. And Zarathustra contemplated the tree beside which they stood, and spoke thus:

This tree stands lonely here on the mountainside; it grew high up beyond man and beast.

And if it wished to speak, it would have no one who understood it: so high has it grown.

Now it waits and waits,—for what, then, does it wait? It dwells too near the seat of the clouds: is it perhaps waiting for the first lightning?

When Zarathustra had said this, the youth cried out with violent gestures: "Yes, Zarathustra, you speak the truth. I longed for my going-under when I wanted to go up into the height, and you are the lightning for which I waited! Behold, what am I still, since you appeared among us? It is envy of you that has destroyed me!"—Thus spoke the youth and wept bitterly. But Zarathustra put his arm around him and led him away with him.

And when they had walked together a while, Zarathustra began to speak thus:

It rends my heart. Better than your words tell it, your eye tells me all your danger.

You are not yet free, you still seek freedom. Your seeking has made you sleepless and overwakeful.

Into the free height you want to go, your soul thirsts for the stars. But your wicked drives too thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs want to go free; they bark with joy in their cellar when your spirit aspires to unlock all prisons.

To me you are still a prisoner who devises freedom for himself: alas, the soul of such prisoners grows clever, but also cunning and base.

He who has freed his spirit must still purify himself. Much of prison and mould still remains in him: his eye must still become pure.

Yes, I know your danger. But by my love and hope I adjure you: do not throw away your love and hope!

Noble you still feel yourself, and noble the others still feel you to be, those who bear you a grudge and cast evil glances at you. Know that a noble one stands in the way of all.

A noble one stands in the way of the good too: and even when they call him a good one, they wish thereby to put him aside.

The noble one wants to create something new and a new virtue. The good one wants the old, and that the old be preserved.

But that is not the danger of the noble one, that he should become a good one, but rather an insolent one, a scoffer, a destroyer.

Alas, I have known noble ones who lost their highest hope. And then they slandered all high hopes.

Then they lived insolently in brief pleasures, and scarcely cast their goals beyond the day.

"Spirit too is voluptuousness"—so they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke: now it creeps about and defiles as it gnaws.

Once they thought to become heroes: voluptuaries are they now. A grief and a horror to them is the hero.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Preachers of Death

There are preachers of death: and the earth is full of such as must have turning-away from life preached to them.

Full is the earth of the superfluous, spoiled is life by the many-too-many. May they be lured away out of this life with the "eternal life"!

"Yellow ones": thus are the preachers of death called, or "black ones". But I will show them to you in yet other colours.

There are the terrible ones, who carry about within themselves the beast of prey and have no choice save lusts or self-laceration. And even their lusts are still self-laceration.

They have not yet even become men, these terrible ones: may they preach turning-away from life and pass away themselves!

There are the consumptives of the soul: scarcely are they born when they already begin to die, and they long for doctrines of weariness and renunciation.

They would gladly be dead, and we should approve their will! Let us beware of awakening these dead and of damaging these living coffins!

They meet a sick man or an old man or a corpse; and straightway they say "life is refuted!"

But only they are refuted, and their eye, which sees only the one face of existence.

Wrapped in thick melancholy and eager for the little accidents that bring death: thus they wait and clench their teeth.

Or else: they reach for sweetmeats and mock their own childishness the while: they cling to their straw of life and mock that they still cling to a straw.

Their wisdom runs: "a fool is he who stays alive, but such fools are we! And that indeed is the most foolish thing in life!"—

"Life is only suffering"—so say others, and they do not lie: then see to it that you cease! Then see to it that the life ceases which is only suffering!

And thus let the teaching of your virtue run: "thou shalt kill thyself! Thou shalt steal thyself away!"—

"Lust is sin,—so say some who preach death—let us go aside and beget no children!"

"Giving birth is toilsome,—say the others—why still give birth? One bears only the unhappy!" And they too are preachers of death.

"Pity is needful—so say the third. Take what I have! Take what I am! The less then does life bind me!"

Were they pitying through and through, they would make life loathsome to their neighbours. To be evil—that would be their true goodness.

But they want to get free of life: what do they care that with their chains and gifts they bind others yet more fast!—

And you too, to whom life is wild labour and unrest: are you not very weary of life? Are you not very ripe for the preaching of death?

All of you to whom wild labour is dear, and the swift, the new, the strange,—you bear yourselves ill, your diligence is flight and the will to forget yourselves.

If you believed more in life, you would fling yourselves less to the Moment. But you have not content enough within you for waiting—nor even for idleness!

Everywhere resounds the voice of those who preach death: and the earth is full of such as must have death preached to them.

Or "eternal life": it is all the same to me,—if only they pass away quickly!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On War and Warriors

By our best enemies we do not wish to be spared, nor by those whom we love from the very ground up. So let me then tell you the truth!

My brothers in war! I love you from the very ground up, I am and was one of your kind. And I am also your best enemy. So let me then tell you the truth!

I know of the hatred and envy of your heart. You are not great enough not to know hatred and envy. So be great enough, then, not to be ashamed of them!

And if you cannot be saints of knowledge, then be for me at least its warriors. They are the companions and forerunners of such saintliness.

I see many soldiers: would that I saw many warriors! "Uni-form" they call what they wear: may it not be uniform, what they hide beneath it!

You shall be for me such as whose eye forever seeks an enemy—your enemy. And with some of you there is a hatred at first sight.

Your enemy shall you seek, your war shall you wage, and for your thoughts! And if your thought is vanquished, then your honesty shall still cry triumph over it!

You shall love peace as a means to new wars. And the short peace more than the long.

I counsel you not to work, but to struggle. I counsel you not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a struggle, let your peace be a victory!

One can be silent and sit still only when one has bow and arrow: otherwise one chatters and quarrels. Let your peace be a victory!

You say it is the good cause that hallows even war? I say to you: it is the good war that hallows every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than love of one's neighbour. Not your pity but your bravery has saved the unfortunate until now.

What is good? you ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girls say: "to be good is what is pretty and touching at once."

They call you heartless: but your heart is true, and I love the bashfulness of your heartiness. You are ashamed of your flood, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

You are ugly? Well then, my brothers! Then wrap the sublime about you, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul grows great, it grows overweening, and in your sublimity there is malice. I know you.

In malice the overweening man meets the weakling. But they misunderstand each other. I know you.

You may have only enemies who are to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. You must be proud of your enemy: then the successes of your enemy are your successes too.

Rebellion—that is the nobility of the slave. Let your nobility be obedience! Let your very commanding be an obeying!

To a good warrior "thou shalt" sounds more pleasant than "I will". And all that is dear to you, you shall first have commanded to you.

Let your love of life be love of your highest hope: and let your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

Your highest thought, however, you shall have commanded to you by me—and it runs: Man is something that shall be overcome.

So live your life of obedience and of war! What matters long life! What warrior wishes to be spared!

I do not spare you, I love you from the very ground up, my brothers in war!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the New Idol

Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brothers: here there are states.

State? What is that? Well then! Now open your ears to me, for now I shall speak to you my word on the death of peoples.

State is the name of the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly it lies, too; and this lie creeps from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators it was who created the peoples and hung a faith and a love above them: thus they served life.

Annihilators it is who set traps for the many and call them state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings above them.

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

This sign I give you: every people speaks its own tongue of good and evil: this its neighbour does not understand. Its language it invented for itself in customs and rights.

But the state lies in all the tongues of good and evil; and whatever it speaks, it lies—and whatever it has, it has stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it bites, the biter. False are even its entrails.

Confusion of tongues of good and evil: this sign I give you as the sign of the state. Verily, the will to death is what this sign betokens! Verily, it beckons to the preachers of death!

Far too many are born: for the superfluous the state was invented!

Just look how it lures them to itself, the many-too-many! How it swallows them and chews them and chews them again!

"On earth there is nothing greater than I: the ordering finger of God am I"—thus roars the monster. And not only the long-eared and the short-sighted sink upon their knees!

Alas, into you too, you great souls, it whispers its gloomy lies! Alas, it divines the rich hearts that gladly squander themselves!

Yes, it divines you too, you vanquishers of the old God! Weary you grew in the struggle, and now your weariness serves even the new idol!

Heroes and honourable men it would set up around itself, the new idol! Gladly it basks in the sunshine of good consciences,—the cold monster!

Everything it will give you, if you worship it, the new idol: thus it buys for itself the lustre of your virtue and the glance of your proud eyes.

With you as bait it would catch the many-too-many! Yes, a hellish artifice was invented there, a horse of death, clattering in the trappings of divine honours!

Yes, a dying for many was invented there, which glorifies itself as life: verily, a heartfelt service to all preachers of death!

State I call it where all are drinkers of poison, the good and the bad: state, where all lose themselves, the good and the bad: state, where the slow suicide of all—is called "life."

Just look at these superfluous ones! They steal for themselves the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise: culture they call their theft—and everything turns for them into sickness and adversity!

Just look at these superfluous ones! Sick they always are, they vomit their bile and call it a newspaper. They devour one another and cannot even digest themselves.

Just look at these superfluous ones! Riches they acquire and grow poorer thereby. Power they want, and first of all the crowbar of power, much money,—these impotent ones!

See them climb, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another and so drag one another down into the mire and the depths.

To the throne they all want to go: that is their madness,—as if happiness sat upon the throne! Often the mire sits upon the throne—and often too the throne upon the mire.

Madmen they all are to me, and climbing apes, and overheated. Foul smells their idol to me, the cold monster: foul smell they all to me together, these idolaters.

My brothers, would you then suffocate in the fumes of their maws and cravings! Rather break the windows and leap into the open!

Get out of the way of the foul smell! Go away from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Get out of the way of the foul smell! Go away from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Free for great souls the earth still stands even now. Empty are still many seats for the solitary and for those who are two together, around which wafts the fragrance of still seas.

Free for great souls there still stands a free life. Verily, he who possesses little is all the less possessed: praised be a little poverty!

There, where the state ends, there only begins the man who is not superfluous: there begins the song of the necessary, the unique and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state ends,—look there, my brothers! Do you not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the Overman?—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Flies of the Marketplace

Flee, my friend, into your solitude! I see you dazed by the noise of the great men and stung all over by the stings of the little ones.

Forest and rock know how to keep silent with you in dignity. Be once more like the tree you love, the broad-branched one: silent and listening it hangs over the sea.

Where solitude ends, there the marketplace begins; and where the marketplace begins, there begins also the noise of the great actors and the buzzing of the poisonous flies.

In the world even the best things are worth nothing without someone who first stages them: great men, the people call these stagers.

Little does the people comprehend what is great, that is: what creates. But it has a sense for all stagers and actors of great things.

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

The actor has spirit, but little conscience of the spirit. He always believes in that by which he most strongly makes others believe,—makes them believe in him!

Tomorrow he has a new faith and the day after tomorrow a newer one. Quick senses he has, like the people, and changeable scents.

To overthrow—that to him means: to prove. To drive mad—that to him means: to convince. And blood counts with him as the best of all reasons.

A truth that slips only into fine ears he calls a lie and nothing. Verily, he believes only in gods that make a great noise in the world!

Full of solemn buffoons is the marketplace—and the people boasts of its great men! These are for it the masters of the hour.

But the hour presses them: so they press you. And from you too they want Yes or No. Alas, would you set your chair between For and Against?

On account of these unconditional and pressing ones, be without jealousy, you lover of truth! Never yet has truth hung on the arm of an unconditional one.

On account of these sudden ones, go back into your safety: only in the marketplace is one assailed with Yes? or No?

Slow is the experience of all deep wells: long must they wait until they know what fell into their depth.

Away from the marketplace and from fame all that is great takes place: away from the marketplace and from fame the inventors of new values have dwelt from of old.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude: I see you stung all over by poisonous flies. Flee to where a raw, strong air blows!

Flee into your solitude! You have lived too close to the small and the pitiable. Flee from their invisible revenge! Against you they are nothing but revenge.

Raise your arm against them no longer! Countless are they, and it is not your lot to be a fly-swatter.

Countless are these small and pitiable ones; and many a proud structure has been brought to its going-under by raindrops and weeds.

You are no stone, but already you have been hollowed by many drops. You will yet break and burst asunder, I fear, from many drops.

Wearied I see you by poisonous flies, scratched bloody I see you in a hundred places; and your pride will not even be angry.

Blood they would have from you in all innocence, blood their bloodless souls crave —and therefore they sting in all innocence.

But you, deep one, you suffer too deeply even from small wounds; and before you have even healed, the same poison-worm has crawled over your hand.

Too proud you are, I think, to kill these sweet-toothed ones. But beware lest it become your fate to bear all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around you also with their praise: obtrusiveness is their praising. They want to be near your skin and your blood.

They flatter you as one flatters a god or devil; they whimper before you as before a god or devil. What does it matter! Flatterers they are and whimperers, and nothing more.

Often too they show themselves to you as amiable. But that has always been the cleverness of the cowardly. Yes, the cowardly are clever!

They think much about you with their narrow souls,—you are always questionable to them! Whatever is much thought about becomes questionable.

They punish you for all your virtues. They forgive you from the bottom of their hearts only —your blunders.

Because you are gentle and of just mind, you say: “they are innocent of their small existence.” But their narrow souls think: “All great existence is guilt.”

Even when you are gentle with them, they still feel despised by you; and they repay your kindness with hidden unkindnesses.

Your wordless pride always goes against their taste; they rejoice when for once you are modest enough to be vain.

That which we recognize in a person, we also inflame in him. So beware of the small ones!

Before you they feel small, and their baseness smoulders and glows against you in invisible revenge.

Did you not notice how often they fell mute when you stepped among them, and how their strength went from them like the smoke from a dying fire?

Yes, my friend, you are the bad conscience of your neighbours: for they are unworthy of you. So they hate you and would gladly suck your blood.

Your neighbours will always be poisonous flies; that which is great in you,—that itself must make them more poisonous and ever more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude and to where a raw, strong air blows. It is not your lot to be a fly-swatter.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Chastity

I love the forest. In the cities it is bad to live: there are too many of the lustful there.

Is it not better to fall into the hands of a murderer than into the dreams of a lustful woman?

And just look at these men: their eye says it—they know nothing better on earth than to lie with a woman.

Mire is at the bottom of their soul; and woe, if their mire should even have spirit!

Would that you were at least perfect as animals! But to the animal belongs innocence.

Do I counsel you to slay your senses? I counsel you to the innocence of the senses.

Do I counsel you to chastity? Chastity is a virtue in some, but in many almost a vice.

These abstain, to be sure: but the bitch Sensuality looks out with envy from all that they do.

Even into the heights of their virtue and right into the cold spirit this beast follows them, and its discord.

And how nicely the bitch Sensuality knows how to beg for a piece of spirit when a piece of flesh is denied her!

You love tragedies and all that breaks the heart? But I am mistrustful of your bitch.

Your eyes are too cruel for me, and you look lustfully upon sufferers. Has not merely your lust disguised itself and called itself pity?

And this parable too I give you: not a few who wanted to drive out their devil went thereby into the swine themselves.

To whom chastity is hard, to him it should be counselled against: lest it become the road to hell—that is, to mire and lust of the soul.

Do I speak of filthy things? That is not the worst to me.

Not when truth is filthy, but when it is shallow, does the knower step reluctantly into its water.

Verily, there are those who are chaste from the ground up: they are gentler of heart, they laugh more gladly and more abundantly than you.

They laugh at chastity too, and ask: "what is chastity!

Is chastity not folly? But this folly came to us, and not we to it.

We offered this guest shelter and heart: now he dwells with us,—let him stay as long as he will!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Friend

"One is always one too many around me"—thus thinks the hermit. "Always once one—in the long run that makes two!"

I and Me are always too eager in conversation: how could it be endured if there were not a friend?

For the hermit the friend is always the third: the third is the cork that keeps the conversation of the two from sinking into the depths.

Alas, there are too many depths for all hermits. That is why they long so for a friend and for his height.

Our faith in others betrays wherein we would gladly have faith in ourselves. Our longing for a friend is our betrayer.

And often with love one wants only to leap over envy. And often one attacks and makes oneself an enemy, to conceal that one is open to attack.

"At least be my enemy!"—thus speaks true reverence, which does not dare to ask for friendship.

If one wants to have a friend, one must also be willing to wage war for him: and to wage war, one must be able to be an enemy.

In one's friend one should still honor the enemy. Can you step close up to your friend without stepping over to him?

In one's friend one should have one's best enemy. You should be nearest to him in heart when you resist him.

You want to wear no garment before your friend? It shall be your friend's honor that you give yourself to him as you are? But for that he wishes you to the devil!

He who makes no secret of himself gives offense: so much reason have you to fear nakedness! Yes, if you were gods, then you might be ashamed of your clothes!

You cannot adorn yourself beautifully enough for your friend: for you shall be to him an arrow and a longing for the Overman.

Have you ever seen your friend asleep—so that you might learn what he looks like? What else, after all, is the face of your friend? It is your own face, in a rough and imperfect mirror.

Have you ever seen your friend asleep? Were you not frightened that your friend looks like that? Oh, my friend, man is something that must be overcome.

In divining and in keeping silent the friend should be a master: not everything must you want to see. Your dream should betray to you what your friend does when awake.

Let your pity be a divining: so that you first know whether your friend wants pity. Perhaps what he loves in you is the unbroken eye and the gaze of eternity.

Let pity for your friend be hidden beneath a hard shell; on it you should break a tooth. Thus it will have its delicacy and sweetness.

Are you pure air and solitude and bread and medicine to your friend? Many a one cannot loosen his own chains and yet he is a redeemer to his friend.

Are you a slave? Then you cannot be a friend. Are you a tyrant? Then you cannot have friends.

All too long a slave and a tyrant were hidden in woman. Therefore woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knows only love.

In woman's love there is injustice and blindness toward all that she does not love. And even in woman's knowing love there is still always ambush and lightning and night beside the light.

Woman is not yet capable of friendship: women are still cats, and birds. Or, at best, cows.

Woman is not yet capable of friendship. But tell me, you men, which of you, then, is capable of friendship?

Oh, your poverty, you men, and your avarice of soul! As much as you give to your friend, that much will I give even to my enemy, and will not have grown poorer by it.

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Thousand and One Goals

Many lands did Zarathustra see, and many peoples: thus he discovered the good and evil of many peoples. No greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than good and evil.

No people could live that did not first esteem; but if it would preserve itself, then it must not esteem as its neighbour esteems.

Much that was called good by this people was called scorn and disgrace by another: thus I found it. Much I found here called evil and there adorned with purple honours.

Never did one neighbour understand the other: ever did his soul marvel at the neighbour's delusion and wickedness.

A tablet of goods hangs over every people. Behold, it is the tablet of its overcomings; behold, it is the voice of its will to power.

Praiseworthy is what it deems hard; what is indispensable and hard is called good; and what frees even from the direst need, the rare, the hardest,—that it extols as holy.

Whatever makes it rule and conquer and shine, to the dread and envy of its neighbour: that it deems the high, the first, the measure, the meaning of all things.

Verily, my brother, if thou didst but know a people's need and land and sky and neighbour: then wouldst thou surely divine the law of its overcomings, and why it climbs upon this ladder toward its hope.

"Ever shalt thou be the first and tower above the others: no one shall thy jealous soul love, unless it be the friend"—this made the soul of a Greek tremble: thereby he walked his path of greatness.

"To speak truth and to deal well with bow and arrow"—so it seemed at once dear and hard to that people from whom my name comes—the name which is to me at once dear and hard.

"To honour father and mother and to do their will even to the root of the soul": this tablet of overcoming did another people hang up over itself, and became mighty and eternal thereby.

"To practise loyalty, and for loyalty's sake to stake honour and blood even upon evil and perilous things": thus teaching itself, another people mastered itself, and thus mastering itself it grew pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

Verily, men gave themselves all their good and evil. Verily, they did not take it, they did not find it, it did not fall to them as a voice from heaven.

Man it was who first placed values in things, to preserve himself,—he it was who first created a meaning for things, a human meaning! Therefore he calls himself "man," that is: the esteemer.

Esteeming is creating: hear it, ye creators! Esteeming itself is the treasure and jewel of all esteemed things.

Through esteeming alone is there value: and without esteeming the nut of existence would be hollow. Hear it, ye creators!

Change of values,—that is change of the creators. Ever does he destroy who must be a creator.

Creators were first peoples, and only late individuals; verily, the individual himself is still the youngest creation.

Peoples once hung a tablet of the good over themselves. Love that would rule and love that would obey created such tablets together.

Older is the joy in the herd than the joy in the I: and so long as the good conscience is called herd, only the bad conscience says: I.

Verily, the cunning I, the loveless one, that seeks its advantage in the advantage of many: that is not the origin of the herd, but its going-under.

Lovers it was ever, and creators, who created good and evil. Fire of love glows in the names of all the virtues, and fire of wrath.

Many lands did Zarathustra see, and many peoples: no greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than the works of the lovers: "good" and "evil" is their name.

Verily, a monster is the power of this praising and blaming. Say, who will subdue it for me, ye brothers? Say, who will cast the fetter upon the thousand necks of this beast?

A thousand goals have there been hitherto, for a thousand peoples have there been. Only the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking, the One goal is lacking. As yet humanity has no goal.

But tell me, my brothers: if the goal is still lacking to humanity, is there not also still lacking—humanity itself?—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Love of One's Neighbour

You crowd around your neighbour and have fine words for it. But I say unto you: your love of your neighbour is your bad love of yourselves.

You flee from yourselves to your neighbour and would like to make a virtue of it: but I see through your "selflessness".

The You is older than the I; the You has been pronounced holy, but not yet the I: thus man crowds toward his neighbour.

Do I counsel you to love of your neighbour? Rather still do I counsel you to flight from your neighbour and to love of the farthest!

Higher than love of the neighbour is love of the farthest and of what is to come; higher still than love of men is love of things and of ghosts.

This ghost that runs on ahead of you, my brother, is more beautiful than you; why do you not give it your flesh and your bones? But you are afraid and run to your neighbour.

You cannot endure yourselves and do not love yourselves enough: now you would seduce your neighbour into love and gild yourselves with his error.

I would that you could not endure all manner of neighbours and their neighbours; then you would have to create out of yourselves your friend and his overflowing heart.

You invite a witness when you wish to speak well of yourselves; and when you have seduced him into thinking well of you, you yourselves think well of yourselves.

Not only he lies who speaks against his knowledge, but all the more he who speaks against his ignorance. And thus you speak of yourselves in your dealings and lie to your neighbour with yourselves.

Thus speaks the fool: "Associating with people spoils the character, especially when one has none."

The one goes to his neighbour because he seeks himself, and the other because he would like to lose himself. Your bad love of yourselves makes a prison for you out of solitude.

It is the more distant ones who pay for your love of your neighbour; and as soon as there are five of you together, a sixth must always die.

Nor do I love your festivals: too many actors did I find there, and the spectators too often behaved like actors.

Not the neighbour do I teach you, but the friend. Let the friend be to you the festival of the earth and a foretaste of the Overman.

I teach you the friend and his overfull heart. But one must know how to be a sponge if one wishes to be loved by overfull hearts.

I teach you the friend in whom the world stands complete, a bowl of the good,—the creating friend, who always has a complete world to bestow.

And as the world rolled apart for him, so it rolls together again for him in rings, as the becoming of good through evil, as the becoming of purposes out of chance.

Let the future and the farthest be the cause of your today: in your friend you shall love the Overman as your cause.

My brothers, I do not counsel you to love of your neighbour: I counsel you to love of the farthest.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Way of the Creator

Will you, my brother, go into isolation? Will you seek the way to yourself? Tarry yet a little and hear me.

"Whoever seeks easily gets lost himself. All isolation is guilt": thus speaks the herd. And you long belonged to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still resound in you too. And when you say "I no longer have One conscience with you," it will be a lament and a pain.

Behold, this very pain was still born of the One conscience: and that conscience's last glimmer still glows upon your affliction.

But you would go the way of your affliction, which is the way to yourself? Then show me your right and your strength for it!

Are you a new strength and a new right? A first motion? A wheel rolling out of itself? Can you also compel stars to revolve around you?

Alas, there is so much lusting after the heights! There are so many convulsions of the ambitious! Show me that you are not one of the lustful and the ambitious!

Alas, there are so many great thoughts that do no more than a bellows: they puff up and make emptier.

Free, you call yourself? Your ruling thought would I hear, and not that you have escaped a yoke.

Are you one who was permitted to escape a yoke? There is many a one who threw away his last value when he threw away his servitude.

Free from what? What does that matter to Zarathustra! But brightly shall your eye proclaim to me: free for what?

Can you give yourself your own evil and your own good and hang your will above you like a law? Can you be judge unto yourself and avenger of your law?

Terrible is it to be alone with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star cast out into desolate space and into the icy breath of being alone.

Today you still suffer from the many, you single one: today you still have your courage whole, and your hopes.

But one day solitude will make you weary, one day your pride will bow and your courage gnash its teeth. One day you will cry out "I am alone!"

One day you will no longer see your height, and your lowliness all too near; your very sublimity will make you afraid like a ghost. One day you will cry out: "All is false!"

There are feelings that would kill the solitary one; if they do not succeed, well then, they themselves must die! But are you capable of that—of being a murderer?

Do you know, my brother, the word "contempt" yet? And the torment of your justice, to be just to those who despise you?

You compel many to learn anew about you; that they hold hard against you. You came near to them and yet passed by: that they will never forgive you.

You go beyond them: but the higher you climb, the smaller does the eye of envy see you. But most of all is the one who flies hated.

"How could you be just toward me!—so must you speak—I choose your injustice as the portion allotted to me."

Injustice and filth they throw at the solitary one: but, my brother, if you would be a star, you must shine for them none the less on that account!

And beware of the good and the just! They love to crucify those who invent their own virtue for themselves—they hate the solitary one.

Beware also of holy simplicity! Everything is unholy to it that is not simple; it also loves to play with fire—the fire of the stake.

And beware also of the fits of your love! Too quickly does the solitary one stretch out his hand to whoever meets him.

To many a man you may not give your hand, but only your paw: and I will that your paw should also have claws.

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

Solitary one, you go the way to yourself! And your way leads past yourself and past your seven devils!

Heretic will you be to yourself, and witch and soothsayer and fool and doubter and unholy one and villain.

You must will to burn yourself in your own flame: how could you become new if you had not first become ashes!

Solitary one, you go the way of the creator: a god would you create for yourself out of your seven devils!

Solitary one, you go the way of the lover: yourself you love, and therefore you despise yourself, as only lovers despise.

The lover would create, because he despises! What does he know of love who did not have to despise precisely what he loved!

With your love go into your isolation, and with your creating, my brother; and only late will justice limp after you.

With my tears go into your isolation, my brother. I love him who would create beyond himself and thus perishes.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Little Old and Young Women

"Why do you creep so shyly through the twilight, Zarathustra? And what do you hide so carefully beneath your cloak?

Is it a treasure that was given you? Or a child that was born to you? Or do you yourself now walk the ways of thieves, you friend of the wicked?"—

Verily, my brother! said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that was given me: a little truth it is that I carry.

But it is unruly as a young child; and if I do not hold its mouth, it screams overloud.

As I went my way alone today, at the hour when the sun sinks, a little old woman met me and spoke thus to my soul:

"Much has Zarathustra spoken to us women too, yet never did he speak to us about woman."

And I answered her: "about woman one should speak only to men."

"Speak to me too of woman," she said; "I am old enough to forget it again at once."

And I granted the little old woman her wish and spoke thus to her:

Everything about woman is a riddle, and everything about woman has One solution: it is called pregnancy.

For woman, man is a means: the end is always the child. But what is woman for man?

Two things the true man wants: danger and play. Therefore he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

Man shall be brought up for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

All-too-sweet fruits—these the warrior does not like. Therefore he likes woman; bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Better than man does woman understand children, but man is more childlike than woman.

In the true man a child is hidden: it wants to play. Up, you women, discover for me, then, the child in man!

Let woman be a plaything, pure and fine, like a precious stone, illumined by the virtues of a world that is not yet here.

Let the ray of a star gleam in your love! Let your hope be called: "may I give birth to the Overman!"

Let there be bravery in your love! With your love you shall go at him who inspires fear in you!

In your love let your honor be! Little else does woman understand of honor. But let this be your honor: always to love more than you are loved, and never to be second.

Let man fear woman when she loves: then she makes every sacrifice, and every other thing she holds without value.

Let man fear woman when she hates: for man is at the bottom of his soul merely wicked, but woman there is base.

Whom does woman hate most?—Thus spoke the iron to the magnet: "I hate you most because you attract, but are not strong enough to draw to you."

The happiness of man is called: I will. The happiness of woman is called: he will.

"Behold, just now the world became perfect!"—thus thinks every woman when she obeys out of whole love.

And woman must obey and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman's soul, a restless, stormy skin upon shallow waters.

But man's soul is deep, its current roars in subterranean caves: woman senses its power but does not comprehend it.—

Then the little old woman answered me: "Many pretty things has Zarathustra said, and especially for those who are young enough for them.

Strange it is, Zarathustra knows little of women, and yet he is right about them! Does this happen because with woman nothing is impossible?

And now take a little truth by way of thanks! For I am old enough for it!

Wrap it up and hold its mouth: else it will scream overloud, this little truth."

"Give me, woman, your little truth!" said I. And thus spoke the little old woman:

"You are going to women? Do not forget the whip!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Adder's Bite

One day Zarathustra had fallen asleep beneath a fig tree, for it was hot, and had laid his arms over his face. Then came an adder and bit him in the neck, so that Zarathustra cried out with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face, he looked at the serpent: then it recognized the eyes of Zarathustra, writhed awkwardly, and sought to get away. "Not so," said Zarathustra; "you have not yet accepted my thanks! You woke me in good time, my way is still long." "Your way is short now," said the adder sadly; "my poison kills." Zarathustra smiled. "When did ever a dragon die of a serpent's poison?" he said. "But take back your poison! You are not rich enough to make me a gift of it." Then the adder fell upon his neck once more and licked his wound.

When Zarathustra once told this to his disciples, they asked: "And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of your story?" Zarathustra answered thus:

The annihilator of morality, the good and the just call me: my story is immoral.—

But if you have an enemy, then do not repay him evil with good: for that would put him to shame. Rather prove that he has done you some good.

And rather be angry than put to shame! And when you are cursed, it does not please me that you then wish to bless. Rather curse a little along with him!

And if a great injustice was done you, then quickly do five small ones besides! Horrible to behold is he whom injustice weighs upon alone.

Did you know this already? Injustice shared is half justice. And he who can bear injustice shall take it upon himself!

A little revenge is more human than no revenge at all. And if the punishment is not also a right and an honour for the transgressor, then I do not like your punishing either.

It is nobler to declare oneself wrong than to insist on being right, especially when one is right. Only one must be rich enough for it.

I do not like your cold justice; and out of the eye of your judges there always looks at me the executioner and his cold steel.

Say, where is the justice to be found that is love with seeing eyes?

Then invent for me the love that bears not only all punishment but also all guilt!

Then invent for me the justice that acquits everyone, except the one who judges!

Would you hear this too? In him who would be just through and through, even the lie becomes kindness to men.

But how could I wish to be just through and through! How can I give to each his own! Let this be enough for me: I give to each my own.

Finally, my brothers, beware of doing wrong to any hermit! How could a hermit forget! How could he repay!

Like a deep well is a hermit. Easy it is to throw a stone into it; but once it has sunk to the bottom, say, who will bring it out again?

Beware of offending the hermit! But if you have done so, well then, kill him too!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Child and Marriage

I have a question for you alone, my brother: like a plummet I cast this question into your soul, that I may know how deep it is.

You are young and wish for child and marriage. But I ask you: are you a man who is permitted to wish for a child?

Are you the victorious one, the self-conqueror, the commander of the senses, the master of your virtues? Thus do I ask you.

Or does the beast speak from your wish, and need? Or loneliness? Or discord with yourself?

I will that your victory and your freedom long for a child. Living monuments shall you build to your victory and your liberation.

Beyond yourself shall you build. But first you must yourself be built, I tell you, square-built in body and soul.

Not only onward shall you propagate yourself, but upward! To that end may the garden of marriage help you!

A higher body shall you create, a first movement, a self-propelled wheel,—a creator shall you create.

Marriage: thus I call the will of two to create the one that is more than those who created it. Reverence for one another, as for those who will such a will, is what I call marriage.

Let this be the meaning and the truth of your marriage. But that which the many-too-many call marriage, these superfluous ones,—ah, what shall I call that?

Ah, this poverty of the soul in pairs! Ah, this filth of the soul in pairs! Ah, this pitiful contentment in pairs!

Marriage they call all this; and they say their marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I do not like it, this heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like them, these beasts entangled in the heavenly net!

Far from me too be the God who comes limping near to bless what he did not join together!

Do not laugh at such marriages! What child would not have cause to weep over its parents?

Worthy this man seemed to me, and ripe for the meaning of the earth: but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me a house for the senseless.

Yes, I would that the earth shook in convulsions when a saint and a goose mate with one another.

This one went out like a hero in quest of truths, and at last he captured for himself a little dressed-up lie. His marriage he calls it.

That one was aloof in his dealings and chose choosily. But all at once he spoiled his company for all time: his marriage he calls it.

That one sought a handmaid with the virtues of an angel. But all at once he became the handmaid of a woman, and now he would need to become an angel besides.

Careful have I found all buyers now, and all have cunning eyes. But even the most cunning still buys his wife in a sack.

Many brief follies—that is what you call love. And your marriage puts an end to many brief follies, as one long stupidity.

Your love for woman and woman's love for man: ah, if only it were pity for suffering and veiled gods! But for the most part two beasts divine each other.

But even your best love is only an enraptured likeness and a painful ardor. It is a torch that shall light you to higher paths.

Beyond yourselves shall you one day love! So first learn to love! And for that you had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love: thus it makes longing for the Overman, thus it makes thirst in you, the creator!

Thirst for the creator, arrow and longing for the Overman: speak, my brother, is this your will to marriage?

Holy I call such a will and such a marriage.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Free Death

Many die too late, and some die too early. Still the teaching sounds strange: "Die at the right time!"

Die at the right time: thus Zarathustra teaches it.

To be sure, he who never lives at the right time, how should he ever die at the right time? Would that he had never been born!—Thus I counsel the superfluous.

But even the superfluous still make much of their dying, and even the hollowest nut still wants to be cracked.

All take dying seriously: but death is not yet a festival. Men have not yet learned how one consecrates the fairest festivals.

The consummating death I show to you, which becomes a goad and a vow to the living.

The consummator dies his death victorious, surrounded by those who hope and those who vow.

Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival where such a dying man did not consecrate the oaths of the living!

To die thus is best; but second best is this: to die in battle and squander a great soul.

But hateful alike to the fighter and to the victor is your grinning death, which creeps up like a thief—and yet comes as master.

My death I praise to you, the free death, which comes to me because I will.

And when shall I will it?—He who has a goal and an heir wants death at the right time for goal and heir.

And out of reverence for goal and heir he will hang no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

Verily, I will not be like the rope-makers: they draw out their thread ever longer and meanwhile themselves keep going backwards.

Many a one grows too old even for his truths and victories; a toothless mouth no longer has the right to every truth.

And everyone who wants to have fame must take leave of honour in good time and practise the difficult art of—going at the right time.

One must stop letting oneself be eaten when one tastes best: this is known by those who want to be loved long.

There are sour apples, to be sure, whose lot wills that they wait until the last day of autumn: and at the same time they become ripe, yellow and wrinkled.

In some the heart grows old first, and in others the spirit. And some are hoary in their youth: but late young keeps long young.

For many a one life miscarries: a poison-worm eats its way into his heart. Then let him see to it that his dying succeeds all the better.

Many a one never grows sweet; he rots already in summer. It is cowardice that holds him fast to his branch.

Far too many live, and far too long they hang on their branches. Would that a storm came that shook all this rotten and worm-eaten stuff from the tree!

Would that preachers came of swift death! Those would be the right storms and shakers of the trees of life to me! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is "earthly."

Ah, you preach patience with the earthly? It is this earthly that has too much patience with you, you blasphemers!

Verily, too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death honour: and for many it has since become a doom that he died too early.

As yet he knew only tears and the melancholy of the Hebrew, together with the hatred of the good and the just—the Hebrew Jesus: then the longing for death overcame him.

Had he only remained in the wilderness and far from the good and the just! Perhaps he would have learned to live and learned to love the earth—and laughter besides!

Believe it, my brothers! He died too early; he himself would have recanted his teaching had he reached my age! Noble enough was he to recant!

But he was still unripened. Unripely does the youth love, and unripely too does he hate man and earth. Still tethered and heavy are his heart and the wings of his spirit.

But in the man there is more of the child than in the youth, and less melancholy: better does he understand death and life.

Free for death and free in death, a sacred No-sayer when it is no longer time for Yes: thus does he understand death and life.

That your dying be no blasphemy against man and earth, my friends: this I beg of the honey of your soul.

In your dying your spirit and your virtue shall still glow, like a sunset glow around the earth: or else your dying has turned out badly.

Thus will I myself die, that you friends may love the earth more for my sake; and to earth will I return, that I may have rest in her who bore me.

Verily, Zarathustra had a goal, he threw his ball: now you friends are the heirs of my goal, to you I throw the golden ball.

More than anything I love to see you, my friends, throwing the golden ball! And so I linger a little while yet upon the earth: forgive me for it!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Bestowing Virtue

1.

When Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached and whose name is "the Motley Cow"—there followed him many who called themselves his disciples, and they kept him company. Thus they came to a crossroads: there Zarathustra told them that from now on he wished to go alone; for he was a friend of going alone. But his disciples handed him, in farewell, a staff on whose golden handle a serpent coiled itself about the sun. Zarathustra rejoiced in the staff and leaned upon it; then he spoke thus to his disciples.

Tell me, then: how did gold come to the highest value? Because it is uncommon and unuseful and gleaming and gentle in its lustre; it always bestows itself.

Only as an image of the highest virtue did gold come to the highest value. Gold-like gleams the glance of the one who bestows. Gold's lustre makes peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue and unuseful; gleaming is it and gentle in its lustre: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

Verily, I divine you well, my disciples: you strive, like me, for the bestowing virtue. What would you have in common with cats and wolves?

This is your thirst: to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves; and that is why you thirst to heap up all riches in your soul.

Insatiably your soul strives for treasures and jewels, because your virtue is insatiable in wanting to bestow.

You compel all things to you and into you, that they may flow back from your fountain as the gifts of your love.

Verily, such bestowing love must become a robber of all values; but whole and holy I call this selfishness.

There is another selfishness, an all-too-poor one, a hungering one, that always wants to steal: that selfishness of the sick, the sick selfishness.

With the eye of the thief it looks upon all that gleams; with the greed of hunger it measures him who has plenty to eat; and always it skulks about the table of those who bestow.

Sickness speaks from such craving, and invisible degeneration; of an ailing body speaks the thievish greed of this selfishness.

Tell me, my brothers: what do we hold to be bad and worst of all? Is it not degeneration?—And we always surmise degeneration where the bestowing soul is lacking.

Upward goes our way, from the species across to the over-species. But a horror to us is the degenerating sense that says: "Everything for me."

Upward flies our sense: thus it is a parable of our body, a parable of an elevation. Parables of such elevations are the names of the virtues.

Thus the body goes through history, a becoming one and a fighting one. And the spirit—what is it to the body? Herald of its fights and victories, companion and echo.

Parables are all names of good and evil: they do not speak out, they only beckon. A fool is he who wants knowledge from them!

Heed, my brothers, every hour in which your spirit wants to speak in parables: there is the origin of your virtue.

Elevated then is your body, and risen again; with its rapture it enchants the spirit, so that it becomes creator and esteemer and lover and benefactor of all things.

When your heart surges broad and full like the river, a blessing and a danger to those who dwell beside it: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are exalted above praise and blame, and your will wants to command all things, as the will of one who loves: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you despise the agreeable and the soft bed, and cannot make your bed far enough from the soft ones: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are willers of one will, and this turning of all need is called necessity by you: there is the origin of your virtue.

Verily, a new good and evil is she! Verily, a new deep murmuring and the voice of a new spring!

Power is she, this new virtue; a ruling thought is she, and around it a clever soul: a golden sun, and around it the serpent of knowledge.

2.

Here Zarathustra fell silent for a while and looked with love upon his disciples. Then he continued to speak thus:—and his voice had changed.

Remain faithful to the earth, my brothers, with the power of your virtue! Let your bestowing love and your knowledge serve the meaning of the earth! Thus I beg and adjure you.

Do not let it fly away from earthly things and beat with its wings against eternal walls! Alas, there has always been so much virtue that flew astray!

Lead, as I do, the virtue that flew astray back to the earth—yes, back to body and life: that it may give the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundredfold, until now, both spirit and virtue have flown astray and blundered. Alas, in our body there still dwells all this delusion and blunder: body and will it has there become.

A hundredfold, until now, both spirit and virtue have attempted and erred. Yes, an attempt was man. Alas, much ignorance and error has become body in us!

Not only the reason of millennia—their madness too breaks out in us. It is dangerous to be an heir.

Still we fight step by step with the giant Chance, and over all mankind there has ruled until now nonsense, the without-sense.

Let your spirit and your virtue serve the meaning of the earth, my brothers: and let the value of all things be set anew by you! For this you shall be fighters! For this you shall be creators!

Knowingly the body purifies itself; attempting with knowledge it elevates itself; to the knower all drives become holy; to the elevated one the soul grows joyful.

Physician, help yourself: thus you help your patient too. Let this be his best help, that he behold with his eyes the one who makes himself whole.

There are a thousand paths that have never yet been walked; a thousand healths and hidden isles of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered still is man and man's earth.

Wake and listen, you lonely ones! From the future come winds with secret beating of wings; and to fine ears good tidings go forth.

You lonely ones of today, you who withdraw, you shall one day be a people: out of you who have chosen yourselves, a chosen people shall grow:—and out of it the Overman.

Verily, a place of healing shall the earth yet become! And already a new fragrance lies about it, a salvation-bringing one,—and a new hope!

3.

When Zarathustra had said these words he fell silent, like one who has not said his last word; long he weighed the staff doubtfully in his hand. At last he spoke thus:—and his voice had changed.

Alone I go now, my disciples! You too go away now, and alone! Thus I will it.

Verily, I counsel you: go away from me and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he deceived you.

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

One repays a teacher poorly if one always remains only the pupil. And why will you not pluck at my wreath?

You revere me; but what if your reverence one day topples over? Beware lest a statue strike you dead!

You say you believe in Zarathustra? But what does Zarathustra matter! You are my believers: but what do all believers matter!

You had not yet sought yourselves: then you found me. So do all believers; that is why all belief amounts to so little.

Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I return to you.

Verily, with other eyes, my brothers, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you.

And one day you shall yet have become friends to me, and children of One hope: then will I be with you for the third time, that I may celebrate the great noon with you.

And this is the great noon: when man stands at the midpoint of his course between beast and Overman, and celebrates his way to evening as his highest hope: for it is the way to a new morning.

Then will he who goes under bless himself, that he is one who goes over; and the sun of his knowledge will stand at noon for him.

"Dead are all gods: now we will that the Overman live."—let this be one day, at the great noon, our last will!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Second Part

"—and only when you have all denied me will I return to you.
Verily, with other eyes, my brothers, shall I then seek my lost ones;
with another love shall I then love you."

Zarathustra, On the Bestowing Virtue

The Child with the Mirror

Thereupon Zarathustra went back again into the mountains and into the solitude of his cave and withdrew from men: waiting like a sower who has cast out his seed. But his soul grew full of impatience and longing for those whom he loved: for he still had much to give them. For this is the hardest thing: out of love to close the open hand, and as one who bestows, to keep one's modesty.

Thus months and years passed for the solitary one; but his wisdom grew and caused him pain through its fullness.

One morning, however, he awoke even before the dawn, pondered long upon his couch, and at last spoke to his heart:

Why was I so startled in my dream that I awoke? Did not a child step up to me, bearing a mirror?

"O Zarathustra"—the child said to me—"look at thyself in the mirror!"

But when I looked into the mirror, I cried out, and my heart was shaken: for it was not myself I saw therein, but a devil's grimace and scornful laughter.

Verily, all too well do I understand the dream's sign and warning: my teaching is in danger, the tares would be called wheat!

My enemies have grown mighty and have distorted the likeness of my teaching, so that my dearest ones must be ashamed of the gifts I gave them.

Lost to me are my friends; the hour has come for me to seek my lost ones!—

With these words Zarathustra sprang up, yet not like one in anguish gasping for air, but rather like a seer and singer whom the spirit seizes. In wonder his eagle and his serpent looked upon him: for like the dawn a coming happiness lay upon his countenance.

What has happened to me, my animals?—said Zarathustra. Am I not transformed! Did not bliss come to me like a whirlwind?

Foolish is my happiness, and foolish things will it speak: it is still too young—so have patience with it!

Wounded am I by my happiness: let all who suffer be physicians to me!

To my friends may I go down again, and to my enemies too! Zarathustra may speak again and bestow, and do the dearest thing to those he loves!

My impatient love overflows in torrents, downward, toward sunrise and sunset. Out of silent mountains and thunderstorms of pain my soul rushes roaring into the valleys.

Too long have I yearned and gazed into the distance. Too long have I belonged to solitude: thus have I unlearned silence.

Mouth have I become, wholly and utterly, and the roaring of a brook from lofty rocks: down into the valleys will I hurl my speech.

And let my stream of love plunge into the pathless! How should a stream not find at last its way to the sea!

There is indeed a lake in me, a hermit-like, self-sufficient lake; but my stream of love sweeps it along with it, down—to the sea!

New ways do I go, a new speech comes to me; weary have I grown, like all creators, of the old tongues. No longer will my spirit walk on worn-out soles.

Too slowly runs all speaking for me:—into thy chariot do I leap, storm! And even thee will I whip with my malice!

Like a cry and a shout of joy will I sail over wide seas, until I find the Blessed Isles where my friends abide:—

And my enemies among them! How I love now everyone to whom I may but speak! Even my enemies belong to my bliss.

And when I would mount my wildest horse, it is ever my spear that best helps me up: it is my foot's ever-ready servant:—

The spear that I hurl against my enemies! How I thank my enemies that at last I may hurl it!

Too great was the tension of my cloud: amid the laughter of the lightnings will I cast hailstorms into the depths.

Mightily then will my breast heave, mightily will it blow its storm over the mountains: thus shall relief come to it.

Verily, like a storm comes my happiness and my freedom! But my enemies shall believe that the Evil One rages over their heads.

Yes, you too will be frightened, my friends, by my wild wisdom; and perhaps you will flee from it together with my enemies.

Ah, that I knew how to lure you back with shepherds' flutes! Ah, that my lioness wisdom would learn to roar tenderly! And many things have we already learned together!

My wild wisdom became pregnant on lonely mountains; upon rough stones she bore her young, her youngest.

Now she runs foolishly through the hard desert and seeks and seeks for soft turf—my old wild wisdom!

Upon the soft turf of your hearts, my friends!—upon your love would she bed her dearest!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Blessed Isles

The figs fall from the trees, they are good and sweet; and as they fall, their red skin splits. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, do these teachings fall to you, my friends: now drink their juice and their sweet flesh! It is autumn all around, and pure sky, and afternoon.

Behold, what fullness is about us! And out of superabundance it is beautiful to gaze out upon distant seas.

Once one said God when one gazed upon distant seas; but now I have taught you to say: Overman.

God is a conjecture; but I will that your conjecturing reach no further than your creating will.

Could you create a god?—Then be silent to me about all gods! But you could well create the Overman.

Not you yourselves, perhaps, my brothers! But into fathers and forefathers of the Overman you could recreate yourselves: and let this be your best creating!—

God is a conjecture: but I will that your conjecturing be bounded by the thinkable.

Could you think a god?—But let this mean will to truth to you, that everything be transformed into the humanly thinkable, the humanly visible, the humanly feelable! Your own senses you shall think through to the end!

And what you have called world, that shall first be created by you: your reason, your image, your will, your love shall it itself become! And verily, for your bliss, you knowers!

And how would you bear life without this hope, you knowers? Neither into the incomprehensible may you have been born, nor into the irrational.

But that I may reveal my heart to you wholly, you friends: if there were gods, how could I endure not to be a god! Therefore there are no gods.

I did indeed draw the conclusion; but now it draws me.—

God is a conjecture: but who could drink all the torment of this conjecture without dying? Shall the creator be robbed of his faith, and the eagle of his soaring in eagle-distances?

God is a thought that makes all that is straight crooked, and all that stands, spinning. What? Time would be gone, and all that is transient only a lie?

To think this is whirl and vertigo to human bones, and to the stomach a vomiting besides: verily, the spinning sickness I call it, to conjecture such a thing.

Evil I call it, and misanthropic: all this teaching of the One and the Full and the Unmoved and the Sated and the Imperishable!

All that is imperishable—that is but a parable! And the poets lie too much.—

But of time and becoming shall the best parables speak: a praise shall they be, and a justification of all transience!

Creating—that is the great redemption from suffering, and life's growing light. But that the creator may be, suffering itself is needed, and much transformation.

Yes, much bitter dying must there be in your life, you creators! Thus are you advocates and justifiers of all transience.

That the creator himself may be the child that is born anew, for that he must also will to be the one who gives birth, and the pain of her who gives birth.

Verily, through a hundred souls have I gone my way, and through a hundred cradles and birth-pangs. Many a farewell have I already taken; I know the heartbreaking last hours.

But so wills it my creating will, my destiny. Or, to tell it you more honestly: just such a destiny—does my will will.

All that feels suffers in me and lies in prisons: but my willing ever comes to me as my liberator and joy-bringer.

Willing liberates: that is the true teaching of will and freedom—thus does Zarathustra teach it to you.

No-longer-willing and no-longer-valuing and no-longer-creating! ah, that this great weariness may ever remain far from me!

In knowing, too, I feel only my will's joy in begetting and becoming; and if there is innocence in my knowledge, this is because will to begetting is in it.

Away from God and gods did this will lure me; what would there be to create, if gods—were there!

But to man it drives me ever anew, my ardent creating-will; thus is the hammer driven toward the stone.

Ah, you men, in the stone there sleeps for me an image, the image of my images! Ah, that it must sleep in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now my hammer rages cruelly against its prison. From the stone fragments fly like dust: what is that to me?

I will perfect it: for a shadow came to me—the stillest and lightest of all things once came to me!

The beauty of the Overman came to me as a shadow. Ah, my brothers! What are the gods—to me any longer!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Pitying

My friends, a mocking word came to your friend: "Just look at Zarathustra! Does he not walk among us as among animals?"

But it is better said thus: "The one who knows walks among men as among animals."

Man himself, however, is called by the one who knows: the animal that has red cheeks.

How did this befall him? Is it not because he has had to feel shame too often?

O my friends! Thus speaks the one who knows: shame, shame, shame —that is the history of man!

And therefore the noble one bids himself not to put to shame: shame he bids himself before all who suffer.

Verily, I do not like them, the merciful, who are blissful in their pity: too much do they lack shame.

If I must be pitying, still I do not want to be called so; and if I am, then preferably from afar.

Gladly too do I veil my head and flee away before I am even recognized: and thus I bid you do, my friends!

May my fate always lead across my path those who are without suffering, like you, and such as with whom I may share hope and meal and honey!

Verily, I have done this and that for the suffering: but always it seemed to me I did better when I learned to rejoice better.

As long as there have been men, man has rejoiced too little: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And if we learn to rejoice better, then we best unlearn how to hurt others and to devise hurts.

Therefore I wash my hand that helped the sufferer, therefore I wipe off my soul as well.

For that I saw the sufferer suffering, of this I was ashamed for the sake of his shame; and when I helped him, I sinned grievously against his pride.

Great obligations do not make men grateful, but vengeful; and if the small kindness is not forgotten, it turns into a gnawing worm besides.

"Be coy in accepting! Do honor by accepting!"—thus I counsel those who have nothing to give away.

I, however, am a bestower: gladly do I bestow, as friend to friends. But strangers and the poor may pluck the fruit from my tree themselves: that shames less.

Beggars, however, should be done away with entirely! Verily, one is vexed to give to them and vexed not to give to them.

And likewise the sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the bites of conscience train one to bite.

But the worst of all are small thoughts. Verily, better even to have done evil than to have thought small!

You say, to be sure: "Delight in small malices spares us many a great evil deed." But here one should not wish to spare.

Like a boil is the evil deed: it itches and scratches and breaks out—it speaks honestly.

"Behold, I am sickness"—thus speaks the evil deed; that is its honesty.

But like the fungus is the small thought: it creeps and cowers and wants to be nowhere—until the whole body is rotten and withered with little fungi.

But to him who is possessed by the devil I whisper this word in his ear: "Better still, raise your devil up to greatness! For you too there is still a way of greatness!"—

Ah, my brothers! One knows a little too much about everyone! And many a one becomes transparent to us, but that is far from meaning we can pass through him.

It is hard to live with men, because keeping silent is so hard.

And it is not toward him who is repugnant to us that we are most unjust, but toward him who does not concern us at all.

But if you have a suffering friend, be a resting-place for his suffering, yet a hard bed as it were, a camp bed: thus will you serve him best.

And if a friend does you wrong, then say: "I forgive you what you did to me; but that you did it to yourself—how could I forgive that!"

Thus speaks all great love: it overcomes even forgiveness and pity.

One should hold fast to one's heart; for if one lets it go, how soon one's head runs away with one!

Ah, where in the world have greater follies happened than among the pitying? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitying?

Woe to all lovers who do not yet have a height that is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me once: "God too has his hell: that is his love for men."

And lately I heard him say this word: "God is dead; of his pity for men God has died."—

So be warned against pity: from there a heavy cloud is yet coming upon men! Verily, I know well the signs of the weather!

But mark this word as well: all great love is still above all its pity: for it wants yet to—create the beloved!

"Myself I offer up to my love, and my neighbor as myself"—thus runs the speech of all creators.

But all creators are hard.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Priests

And once Zarathustra gave his disciples a sign and spoke these words to them:

"Here are priests: and even though they are my enemies, pass by them quietly, and with sleeping sword!

Among them too there are heroes; many of them have suffered too much—: so they want to make others suffer.

Evil enemies are they: nothing is more vengeful than their humility. And he who attacks them easily soils himself.

But my blood is kin to theirs; and I want to know my blood honoured even in theirs."—

And when they had passed by, pain assailed Zarathustra; and he had not long wrestled with his pain when he began to speak thus:

I pity these priests. They are also against my taste; but that is the least thing to me, since I have been among men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: prisoners they are to me, and marked men. He whom they call Redeemer cast them into bonds: —

Into bonds of false values and words of delusion! Ah, that someone would yet redeem them from their Redeemer!

On an island they once believed they had landed, when the sea tossed them about; but behold, it was a sleeping monster!

False values and words of delusion: these are the worst monsters for mortals,—long does doom sleep and wait in them.

But at last it comes and wakes and devours and swallows whatever built itself huts upon it.

Oh, just look at these huts that these priests have built themselves! Churches they call their sweet-smelling caves.

Oh, this falsified light, this mustied, swampy air! Here, where the soul may not—fly up to its height!

But thus their faith commands: "Up the stairs on your knees, ye sinners!"

Verily, I would rather see even the shameless than the contorted eyes of their shame and devotion!

Who created for themselves such caves and stairs of penance? Was it not those who wanted to hide themselves and were ashamed before the pure sky?

And only when the pure sky looks again through broken roofs, and down upon grass and red poppies on broken walls,—will I turn my heart again to the places of this god.

They called God that which contradicted them and caused them pain: and verily, there was much of the hero's way in their worship!

And they knew no other way to love their god than by nailing man to the cross!

As corpses they thought to live, in black they draped their corpse; even from their speeches I still smell the foul spice of charnel houses.

And whoever lives near them lives near black ponds, out of which the toad sings its song with sweet profundity.

Better songs would they have to sing for me, that I might learn to believe in their Redeemer: more redeemed would his disciples have to look to me!

Naked would I like to see them: for beauty alone should preach penance. But whom indeed does this muffled-up gloom persuade!

Verily, their redeemers themselves did not come from freedom and the seventh heaven of freedom! Verily, they themselves never walked upon the carpets of knowledge!

Of gaps did the spirit of these redeemers consist; but into every gap they had set their delusion, their stopgap, which they called God.

In their pity their spirit had drowned, and when they swelled and overswelled with pity, a great folly always floated on top.

Eagerly and with clamour they drove their herd over their footbridge: as if there were but one footbridge to the future! Verily, these shepherds too still belonged among the sheep!

Small spirits and capacious souls had these shepherds: but, my brothers, what small countries have even the most capacious souls been until now!

Signs of blood they wrote upon the way they went, and their folly taught that truth is proved with blood.

But blood is the worst witness to truth; blood poisons even the purest teaching into delusion and hatred of hearts.

And if someone goes through fire for his teaching,—what does that prove! It is more, verily, when one's own teaching comes out of one's own burning!

Sultry heart and cold head: where these meet, there arises the blustering wind, the "Redeemer."

Greater ones there have been, verily, and higher-born, than those whom the people call redeemers, these ravishing blustering winds!

And by still greater ones than all the redeemers were must you, my brothers, be redeemed, if you would find the way to freedom!

Never yet has there been an Overman. Naked have I seen both, the greatest and the smallest man:—

All too similar are they still to each other. Verily, even the greatest I found—all too human!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Virtuous

With thunder and heavenly fireworks must one speak to slack and slumbering senses.

But the voice of beauty speaks softly: it steals only into the most wakeful souls.

Softly my shield trembled and laughed to me today; that is the sacred laughter and trembling of beauty.

At you, you virtuous ones, my beauty laughed today. And thus its voice came to me: "they still want—to be paid!"

You still want to be paid, you virtuous ones! You want reward for virtue, and heaven for earth, and the eternal for your today?

And now you are angry with me because I teach that there is no paymaster and no bookkeeper of rewards? And verily, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Alas, this is my sorrow: into the ground of things reward and punishment have been lied—and now into the ground of your souls as well, you virtuous ones!

But like the snout of the boar shall my word tear open the ground of your souls; ploughshare will I be called by you.

All the secrets of your ground shall come to light; and when you lie in the sun, rooted up and broken, then your lie too will be sifted out from your truth.

For this is your truth: you are too clean for the filth of the words: revenge, punishment, reward, retribution.

You love your virtue as the mother loves her child; but when was it ever heard that a mother wanted to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest Self, your virtue. The ring's thirst is in you: to reach itself again, for that every ring wrestles and turns.

And like the star that goes out is every work of your virtue: ever is its light still on its way and wandering—and when will it no longer be on its way?

Thus the light of your virtue is still on its way, even when the work is done. Let it now be forgotten and dead: its ray of light still lives and wanders.

That your virtue be your Self and not something foreign, a skin, a cloaking: that is the truth from the ground of your soul, you virtuous ones! -

But indeed there are those for whom virtue means the convulsion under a whip: and you have listened too much to their crying!

And there are others who call it virtue when their vices grow lazy; and once their hatred and their jealousy stretch their limbs, their "justice" grows lively and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And there are others who are drawn downward: their devils draw them. But the more they sink, the more fiercely glows their eye and their craving for their god.

Alas, their crying too reached your ears, you virtuous ones: "what I am not, that, that is God and virtue to me!"

And there are others who come along heavy and creaking, like carts carrying stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue—their brake they call virtue!

And there are others who are like everyday clocks that have been wound up; they make their tick-tock and want tick-tock to be called—virtue.

Verily, in these I take my delight: wherever I find such clocks I shall wind them up with my mockery; and they shall purr for me as they do it!

And others are proud of their handful of justice and for its sake commit outrage against all things: so that the world is drowned in their injustice.

Alas, how badly the word "virtue" runs from their mouths! And when they say: "I am just," it always sounds just like: "I am avenged!"

With their virtue they want to scratch out the eyes of their enemies; and they exalt themselves only in order to abase others.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp and speak thus out of the reeds: "Virtue—that is sitting still in the swamp.

We bite no one and go out of the way of him who wants to bite; and in all things we hold the opinion that is given us."

And again there are those who love gestures and think: virtue is a kind of gesture.

Their knees are always worshipping, and their hands are hymns in praise of virtue, but their heart knows nothing of it.

And again there are those who hold it for virtue to say: "virtue is necessary"; but at bottom they believe only that police are necessary.

And many a one who cannot see what is lofty in men calls it virtue that he sees their lowliness all too closely: thus he calls his evil eye virtue.

And some want to be edified and raised up, and call it virtue; and others want to be thrown down—and call that virtue too.

And in this way nearly all believe that they have a share in virtue; and at the very least each one wants to be a connoisseur of "good" and "evil".

But Zarathustra did not come to say to all these liars and fools: "what do you know of virtue! What could you know of virtue!"—

But rather that you, my friends, might grow weary of the old words which you have learned from the fools and liars:

Grow weary of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," "revenge in justice"—

Grow weary of saying: "what makes an action good is that it is selfless."

Ah, my friends! That your Self be in the action as the mother is in the child: let that be your word of virtue!

Verily, I have taken from you perhaps a hundred words and your virtue's dearest playthings; and now you are angry with me, as children are angry.

They were playing by the sea—then came the wave and swept their plaything away into the deep: now they weep.

But the same wave shall bring them new playthings and pour out new bright-coloured shells before them!

So will they be comforted; and like them shall you too, my friends, have your comforts—and new bright-coloured shells!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Riffraff

Life is a well of delight; but where the riffraff drinks too, there all fountains are poisoned.

To all that is clean I am well disposed; but I do not like to see the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye down into the fountain: now their repulsive smile gleams up at me out of the fountain.

The holy water they have poisoned with their lustfulness; and when they called their filthy dreams delight, they poisoned even the words.

The flame grows indignant when they lay their damp hearts to the fire; the spirit itself seethes and smokes where the riffraff steps up to the fire.

Sickly-sweet and overmellow grows the fruit in their hand: their glance makes the fruit tree wind-fallen and withered at the crown.

And many a one who turned away from life turned away only from the riffraff: he did not want to share fountain and flame and fruit with the riffraff.

And many a one who went into the desert and suffered thirst with beasts of prey merely did not want to sit around the cistern with filthy camel drivers.

And many a one who came along like an annihilator and like a hail-storm upon all fields of fruit wanted only to set his foot in the jaws of the riffraff and so stop up its gullet.

And this is not the morsel on which I gagged the most: to know that life itself has need of enmity and dying and crosses of torment:—

But rather I once asked, and almost choked on my question: what? does life have need of the riffraff too?

Are poisoned fountains needed, and stinking fires and befouled dreams and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred but my nausea gnawed hungrily at my life! Ah, I often grew weary of the spirit when I found that even the riffraff was spirited!

And I turned my back on the rulers when I saw what they now call ruling: haggling and bargaining for power—with the riffraff!

Among peoples of a foreign tongue I dwelt, with stopped ears: so that the tongue of their haggling might remain foreign to me, and their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose, I went sullenly through all yesterday and today: verily, all yesterday and today smells foul of the scribbling riffraff!

Like a cripple who has become deaf and blind and dumb: thus I lived long, that I might not live with the power-riffraff and the scribble-riffraff and the pleasure-riffraff.

Laboriously my spirit climbed stairs, and cautiously; alms of delight were its refreshment; on a staff life crept along for the blind man.

What then befell me? How did I redeem myself from nausea? Who rejuvenated my eye? How did I fly up to the height where no riffraff sits any longer at the fountain?

Did my nausea itself create wings for me and powers that divine springs? Verily, to the highest I had to fly, that I might find again the well of delight!

Oh, I have found it, my brothers! Here in the highest the well of delight wells up for me! And there is a life at which no riffraff drinks too!

Almost too violently you stream for me, spring of delight! And often you empty the cup again by wanting to fill it!

And I must still learn to approach you more modestly: all too violently does my heart still stream toward you:—

My heart, on which my summer burns, the short, hot, melancholy, overblissful summer: how my summer-heart longs for your coolness!

Gone the lingering gloom of my spring! Past the malice of my snowflakes in June! Summer I have become wholly, and summer-noon!

A summer in the highest with cold springs and blissful stillness: oh come, my friends, that the stillness may grow more blissful still! For this is our height and our home: too high and steep do we dwell here for all the unclean and their thirst. Only cast your pure eyes into the well of my delight, you friends! How should it grow turbid from that! It shall laugh back at you with its purity.

On the tree Future we build our nest; eagles shall bring food to us solitary ones in their beaks!

Verily, no food of which the unclean might eat with us! They would think they were devouring fire, and would burn their mouths!

Verily, no dwelling places do we hold ready here for the unclean! An ice cave our happiness would be called by their bodies and by their spirits!

And like strong winds we will live above them, neighbours to the eagles, neighbours to the snow, neighbours to the sun: thus do strong winds live.

And like a wind I will one day yet blow among them, and with my spirit take the breath from their spirit: thus my future wills it.

Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all lowlands; and this counsel he counsels his enemies and all that spits and spews: beware of spitting against the wind!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Tarantulas

Behold, this is the tarantula's cave! Would you see it yourself? Here hangs its web: touch it, so that it trembles.

There it comes, willingly: welcome, tarantula! Black upon your back sits your triangle and emblem; and I know too what sits in your soul.

Revenge sits in your soul: wherever you bite, black scab grows; with revenge your poison makes the soul whirl!

Thus I speak to you in parable, you who make souls whirl, you preachers of equality! Tarantulas you are to me, and hidden vengeance-seekers!

But I shall yet bring your hiding-places to light: therefore I laugh in your faces my laughter of the heights.

Therefore I tear at your web, that your rage may lure you out of your cave of lies, and your revenge leap forth from behind your word "justice."

For that man be redeemed from revenge: that is for me the bridge to the highest hope and a rainbow after long storms.

But the tarantulas, to be sure, would have it otherwise. "Precisely this shall we call justice, that the world become full of the storms of our revenge"—thus they speak with one another.

"Revenge we will wreak, and abuse, upon all who are not equal to us"—thus the tarantula-hearts vow to themselves.

"And 'will to equality'—that itself shall henceforth be the name for virtue; and against all that has power we will raise our outcry!"

You preachers of equality, thus the tyrant-madness of impotence cries out of you for "equality": thus your most secret tyrant-lusts disguise themselves in words of virtue!

Embittered conceit, suppressed envy, perhaps your fathers' conceit and envy: out of you it bursts forth as flame and madness of revenge.

What the father kept silent comes to speech in the son; and often I found the son to be the father's laid-bare secret.

They resemble the inspired: but it is not the heart that inspires them —but revenge. And when they grow subtle and cold, it is not the spirit but envy that makes them subtle and cold.

Their jealousy leads them even onto the paths of thinkers; and this is the mark of their jealousy—always they go too far: so that their weariness must at last lie down to sleep even upon snow.

Out of every one of their complaints sounds revenge, in every one of their praises there is a wounding; and being judge seems to them bliss.

But thus I counsel you, my friends: mistrust all in whom the urge to punish is powerful!

That is a people of bad kind and descent; out of their faces peer the hangman and the bloodhound.

Mistrust all those who speak much of their justice! Verily, it is not only honey that their souls lack.

And when they call themselves "the good and the just," do not forget that nothing is lacking for them to be Pharisees but—power!

My friends, I will not be mixed up and confounded with others.

There are those who preach my doctrine of life: and at the same time they are preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

That they speak in favour of life, though they sit in their cave, these poison-spiders, and turned away from life: this is because they wish thereby to wound.

Those they wish thereby to wound who now hold power: for among these the preaching of death is still most at home.

Were it otherwise, the tarantulas would teach otherwise: and precisely they were once the best slanderers of the world and burners of heretics.

With these preachers of equality I will not be mixed up and confounded. For thus justice speaks to me: "men are not equal."

Nor shall they become so! What then would my love of the Overman be, if I spoke otherwise?

Upon a thousand bridges and footpaths they shall throng toward the future, and ever more war and inequality shall be set among them: thus my great love makes me speak!

Inventors of images and phantoms shall they become in their enmities, and with their images and phantoms they shall yet fight the highest fight against one another!

Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all the names of values: weapons shall they be, and clanging tokens that life must overcome itself again and again!

Into the heights it would build itself with pillars and steps, life itself: into far distances it would gaze, and out toward blissful beauties—therefore it needs height!

And because it needs height, it needs steps, and contradiction between the steps and those who climb! Life wants to climb, and in climbing to overcome itself.

And just look, my friends! Here, where the tarantula's cave is, the ruins of an ancient temple rise upward—just look upon it with enlightened eyes!

Verily, he who once here piled his thoughts upward in stone knew the secret of all life like the wisest!

That struggle and inequality are present even in beauty, and war for power and over-power: this he teaches us here in the plainest parable.

How divinely here vault and arch break against each other, in wrestling: how with light and shadow they strive against one another, the divinely striving—

Thus surely and beautifully let us also be enemies, my friends! Divinely will we strive against one another!—

Alas! There the tarantula bit me myself, my old enemy! Divinely sure and beautiful, it bit me in the finger!

"Punishment there must be, and justice—so it thinks: not for nothing shall he sing songs here in honour of enmity!"

Yes, it has avenged itself! And alas! now with revenge it will make my soul whirl too!

But that I may not whirl, my friends, bind me fast here to this pillar! Rather would I be a pillar-saint than a whirlwind of vengefulness!

Verily, no spinning top or whirlwind is Zarathustra; and if he is a dancer, never yet a tarantula-dancer!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Famous Wise Men

The people have you served and the superstition of the people, all you famous wise men!—and not truth! And precisely for that reason did one pay you reverence.

And for that reason too did one bear your unbelief, because it was a jest and a roundabout way to the people. Thus does the master let his slaves have their way and even takes delight in their wantonness.

But he who is hated by the people as a wolf is by the dogs: that is the free spirit, the foe of fetters, the non-worshipper, the dweller in forests.

To hunt him out of his lair—that was always called by the people a "sense of what is right": against him it still sets its sharpest-toothed dogs.

"For truth is there: for the people are there, are they not! Woe, woe to the seekers!"—thus has it rung out from of old.

You wanted to justify your people in their veneration: that you called "will to truth," you famous wise men!

And your heart always spoke to itself: "From the people I came: from thence too came to me the voice of God."

Stiff-necked and clever, like the ass, you always were, as the people's advocates.

And many a mighty one who wanted to fare well with the people harnessed before his steeds—a little ass as well, a famous wise man.

And now I would wish, you famous wise men, that you would at last cast off from you entirely the skin of the lion!

The skin of the beast of prey, the motley-spotted one, and the shaggy mane of the investigator, the seeker, the conqueror!

Ah, for me to learn to believe in your "truthfulness," you would first have to break your venerating will.

Truthful—so I call him who goes into godless deserts and has broken his venerating heart.

In the yellow sand and burnt by the sun he may well squint thirstily at the isles rich in springs, where living things rest beneath dark trees.

But his thirst does not persuade him to become like these comfortable ones: for where there are oases, there are idols too.

Hungry, violent, lonely, godless: thus does the lion-will will itself.

Free from the happiness of servants, redeemed from gods and adorations, fearless and fearsome, great and lonely: such is the will of the truthful one.

In the desert have dwelt from of old the truthful, the free spirits, as lords of the desert; but in the cities dwell the well-fed, famous wise men,—the beasts of draught.

For always they pull, as asses—the people's cart!

Not that I am angry with them on that account: but servants they remain to me, and harnessed ones, even when they gleam in golden harness.

And often they were good servants and worthy of praise. For thus speaks virtue: if you must be a servant, seek him whom your service benefits most!

"The spirit and the virtue of your master shall grow through your being his servant: thus do you yourself grow with his spirit and his virtue!"

And verily, you famous wise men, you servants of the people! You yourselves grew with the people's spirit and virtue—and the people through you! To your honour I say this!

But people you remain to me even in your virtues, people with dull eyes,—people who do not know what spirit is!

Spirit is the life that itself cuts into life: by its own torment it increases its own knowledge,—did you know that already?

And the happiness of the spirit is this: to be anointed and consecrated through tears as a sacrificial beast,—did you know that already?

And the blindness of the blind man and his seeking and groping shall yet bear witness to the power of the sun into which he gazed,—did you know that already?

And with mountains shall the one who knows learn to build! It is little that the spirit moves mountains,—did you know that already?

You know only the sparks of the spirit: but you do not see the anvil that it is, nor the cruelty of its hammer!

Verily, you do not know the pride of the spirit! But still less would you endure the modesty of the spirit, should it ever wish to speak!

And never yet were you permitted to cast your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that! Thus you do not know the raptures of its coldness either.

But in all things you make too free with the spirit, to my mind; and out of wisdom you have often made a poorhouse and a hospital for bad poets.

You are no eagles: thus you have never experienced the happiness in the terror of the spirit. And he who is not a bird should not make his camp above abysses.

You are lukewarm to me: but every deep knowledge flows cold. Ice-cold are the innermost wells of the spirit: a refreshment to hot hands and to those who act.

Honourable you stand there before me, and stiff and with straight backs, you famous wise men! —no strong wind and will drives you.

Have you never seen a sail going over the sea, rounded and swelled and trembling before the violence of the wind?

Like the sail, trembling before the violence of the spirit, my wisdom goes over the sea—my wild wisdom!

But you servants of the people, you famous wise men,—how could you go with me!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Night Song

Night has come: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

Night has come: only now do all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover.

Something unstilled, unstillable is within me; it wants to be heard. A craving for love is within me, and it speaks itself the language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But this is my loneliness, that I am girded round with light.

Ah, that I were dark and nocturnal! How I would suck at the breasts of light!

And even you would I bless, you little twinkling stars and glowworms up above!—and be blissful for your gifts of light.

But I live in my own light, I drink back into myself the flames that break forth from me.

I do not know the happiness of the one who takes; and often I have dreamed that stealing must be more blessed still than taking.

This is my poverty, that my hand never rests from bestowing; this is my envy, that I see waiting eyes and the lit-up nights of longing.

Oh wretchedness of all bestowers! Oh eclipse of my sun! Oh craving for craving! Oh ravenous hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I yet touch their soul? A cleft lies between giving and taking; and the smallest cleft is the last to be bridged.

A hunger grows out of my beauty: I would like to hurt those for whom I shine, I would like to rob those I have gifted:—thus do I hunger for wickedness.

Withdrawing my hand when another hand already reaches out to it; hesitating like the waterfall that hesitates even in its plunge:—thus do I hunger for wickedness.

Such revenge does my fullness devise; such malice wells up from my loneliness.

My happiness in bestowing died in bestowing, my virtue grew weary of itself through its overabundance!

He who always bestows is in danger of losing his shame; he who always dispenses, his hand and heart grow callused from sheer dispensing.

My eye no longer overflows at the shame of those who beg; my hand has grown too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Whither has the tear gone from my eye and the down from my heart? Oh loneliness of all bestowers! Oh silence of all who shine!

Many suns circle in empty space: to all that is dark they speak with their light,—to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the enmity of light against what shines: merciless it travels its course.

Unjust toward what shines in its inmost heart, cold toward suns,—thus travels every sun.

Like a storm the suns fly along their courses, that is their travelling. They follow their inexorable will, that is their coldness.

Oh, it is only you, you dark ones, you nocturnal ones, who create warmth from what shines! Oh, only you drink milk and refreshment from the udders of light!

Ah, ice is round about me, my hand is burned by what is icy! Ah, thirst is within me that languishes after your thirst!

Night has come: ah, that I must be light! And thirst for what is nocturnal! And loneliness!

Night has come: now my longing breaks forth from me like a wellspring,—for speech do I long.

Night has come: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

Night has come: only now do all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

The Dance Song

One evening Zarathustra went with his disciples through the forest; and as he was looking for a spring, behold, he came upon a green meadow, quietly ringed about by trees and bushes: upon it girls were dancing with one another. As soon as the girls recognized Zarathustra, they left off dancing; but Zarathustra stepped toward them with a friendly gesture and spoke these words:

"Do not leave off dancing, you lovely girls! No spoilsport has come to you with an evil eye, no enemy of girls.

God's advocate am I before the devil: but he is the spirit of gravity. How should I, you light ones, be hostile to godlike dances? Or to girls' feet with fair ankles?

Indeed I am a forest and a night of dark trees: yet whoever does not shrink from my darkness will find rose-banks too beneath my cypresses.

And he will likely find the little god as well, who is dearest to girls: beside the spring he lies, still, with his eyes closed.

Verily, in broad daylight he fell asleep on me, the idler! Did he chase too much after butterflies, perhaps?

Do not be angry with me, you fair dancers, if I chastise the little god a little! He will cry, no doubt, and weep—but even in his weeping he is laughable!

And with tears in his eyes he shall ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song to his dancing:

A dance song and mocking song on the spirit of gravity, my supremely highest, most mighty devil, of whom they say that he is 'the lord of the world.'"—

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang while Cupid and the girls danced together.

Into your eye I gazed of late, O life! And into the unfathomable I seemed to myself to sink.

But you drew me out with a golden fishing-line; mockingly you laughed when I called you unfathomable.

"Such is the talk of all fishes," you said; "what they cannot fathom is unfathomable.

But I am merely changeable and wild and in all things a woman, and no virtuous one:

Even though to you men I am called 'the deep' or 'the faithful,' 'the eternal,' 'the mysterious.'—

But you men always present us with your own virtues—alas, you virtuous ones!"

Thus she laughed, the unbelievable one; but I never believe her, nor her laughter, when she speaks ill of herself.

And when I talked in private with my wild wisdom, she said to me angrily: "You will, you crave, you love—for that alone do you praise life!"

Then I almost answered wickedly and told the angry one the truth; and one cannot answer more wickedly than when one "tells the truth" to one's wisdom.

For thus it stands among us three. From the ground up I love only life —and, verily, most of all when I hate it!

But that I am fond of wisdom, and often too fond: that is because she reminds me so very much of life!

She has its eye, its laughter, and even its little golden fishing-rod: can I help it that the two look so alike?

And when once life asked me: Who is she, then, this wisdom?—I said eagerly: "Ah yes! Wisdom!

One thirsts for her and is never sated, one looks through veils, one snatches through nets.

Is she beautiful? What do I know! But even the oldest carp are still baited with her.

Changeable is she and defiant; often I have seen her bite her lip and draw the comb against the grain of her hair.

Perhaps she is wicked and false, and in all things a female; but when she speaks ill of herself, precisely then does she seduce the most."

When I said this to life, it laughed maliciously and closed its eyes. "Whom are you speaking of, then?" she said. "Of me, perhaps?

And even if you were right—does one say such a thing to my face like that! But now do speak of your wisdom too!"

Ah, and now you opened your eye again, O beloved life! And into the unfathomable I seemed to myself to sink again.—

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was at an end and the girls had gone away, he grew sad.

"The sun has long since gone down," he said at last; "the meadow is damp, coolness comes from the forests.

Something unknown is about me and gazes thoughtfully. What! You are still alive, Zarathustra?

Why? What for? By what? Whither? Where? How? Is it not folly still to live?—

Ah, my friends, it is the evening that asks thus out of me. Forgive me my sadness!

Evening has come: forgive me that evening has come!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Grave-Song

"Yonder is the isle of graves, the silent one; yonder too are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life."

Thus resolving in my heart, I sailed across the sea.—

Oh you, visions and apparitions of my youth! Oh, all you glances of love, you divine moments! How swiftly you died for me! I remember you today as my dead.

From you, my dearest dead, there comes to me a sweet fragrance, a fragrance that loosens the heart and the tears. Verily, it shakes and loosens the heart of the lonely seafarer.

Still am I the richest and the most to be envied—I, the loneliest! For I had you after all, and you have me still: say, to whom did such rosy apples fall from the tree as fell to me?

Still am I the heir and the soil of your love, blooming in your memory with motley, wild-growing virtues, oh you most beloved!

Ah, we were made to remain near one another, you gracious strange wonders; and not like timid birds did you come to me and my desire —no, as trusting ones to the trusting one!

Yes, made for faithfulness, like me, and for tender eternities: must I now name you after your faithlessness, you divine glances and moments: no other name have I yet learned.

Verily, too swiftly did you die for me, you fugitives. Yet you did not flee from me, nor did I flee from you: innocent are we toward one another in our faithlessness.

To kill me, they strangled you, you songbirds of my hopes! Yes, at you, my dearest ones, malice ever shot its arrows—to strike my heart!

And it struck! For you were ever what was dearest to my heart, my possession and my being-possessed: therefore you had to die young, and all too early!

At the most vulnerable thing I possessed they shot the arrow: that was you, whose skin is like down, and still more like the smile that dies at a glance!

But this word will I speak to my enemies: what is all man-slaughter compared with what you did to me!

Worse did you do to me than all man-slaughter; the irretrievable did you take from me:—thus do I speak to you, my enemies!

For you murdered the visions of my youth and my dearest wonders! My playmates you took from me, the blessed spirits! To their memory I lay down this wreath and this curse.

This curse against you, my enemies! For you made my eternal thing brief, as a tone breaks off in the cold night! Scarcely as a flashing of divine eyes did it come to me,—as a moment!

Thus spoke my purity once in a good hour: "Divine shall all beings be to me."

Then you fell upon me with filthy ghosts; ah, whither has that good hour now fled!

"All days shall be holy to me"—so spoke once the wisdom of my youth: verily, the speech of a gay wisdom!

But then you enemies stole my nights from me and sold them to sleepless torment: ah, whither has that gay wisdom now fled?

Once I longed for auspicious bird-signs: then you led an owl-monster across my path, a repulsive one. Ah, whither then fled my tender longing?

All nausea I once vowed to renounce: then you transformed those near and nearest to me into festering boils. Ah, whither then fled my noblest vow?

As a blind man I once walked blessed ways: then you cast filth upon the blind man's way: and now he was nauseated by the old blind man's footpath.

And when I did my hardest and celebrated the victory of my overcomings: then you made those who loved me cry out that I was hurting them most grievously.

Verily, that was ever your doing: you embittered my best honey for me, and the diligence of my best bees.

To my charity you ever sent the most impudent beggars; around my pity you ever crowded the incurably shameless. Thus did you wound my virtue in its faith.

And if I still laid down my holiest as an offering: straightway your "piety" set its fatter gifts beside it: so that in the fumes of your fat even my holiest was stifled.

And once I wanted to dance as I had never yet danced: beyond all heavens I wanted to dance. Then you won over my dearest singer.

And now he struck up a dreadful, dull tune; ah, he tooted into my ears like a gloomy horn!

Murderous singer, instrument of malice, most innocent one! Already I stood ready for the best dance: then with your tones you murdered my rapture!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things:—and now my highest parable remained unspoken in my limbs!

Unspoken and unredeemed my highest hope remained! And all the visions and consolations of my youth died for me!

How did I ever endure it? How did I get over and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of these graves?

Yes, something invulnerable, unburiable is in me, something that bursts rocks: it is called my will. Silently it strides, and unchanged, through the years.

Its course it will go upon my feet, my old will; hard of heart is its mind, and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I only in my heel. Still you live there and are ever the same, most patient one! Still you have broken through all graves!

In you lives on also what was unredeemed in my youth; and as life and youth you sit here hoping upon yellow grave-ruins.

Yes, you are still for me the shatterer of all graves: Hail to you, my will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.—

On Self-Overcoming

"Will to truth" is what you call it, you wisest ones, that which drives you and makes you ardent?

Will to the thinkability of all that is: thus do I call your will!

All that is you would first make thinkable: for you doubt, with well-founded mistrust, whether it is already thinkable.

But it shall yield and bend itself to you! So your will wills it. Smooth shall it become and subject to the spirit, as its mirror and reflection.

That is your whole will, you wisest ones, as a will to power; and even when you speak of good and evil and of valuations. You still want to create the world before which you can kneel: such is your ultimate hope and intoxication.

The unwise, to be sure, the people—they are like the river on which a skiff floats onward: and in the skiff sit the valuations, solemn and cloaked.

Your will and your values you set upon the river of becoming; what the people believe to be good and evil betrays to me an ancient will to power.

It was you, you wisest ones, who set such guests in this skiff and gave them pomp and proud names—you and your ruling will!

Onward the river now bears your skiff: it must bear it. Little does it matter if the broken wave foams and angrily contradicts the keel!

It is not the river that is your danger and the end of your good and evil, you wisest ones: but that will itself, the will to power—the unexhausted, procreating will of life.

But so that you may understand my word about good and evil: for that I will yet tell you my word about life and about the nature of all that lives.

I pursued the living, I walked the greatest and the smallest paths, that I might know its nature.

With a hundredfold mirror I caught its glance even when its mouth was shut: that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spoke to me.

But wherever I found the living, there I also heard the speech of obedience. All that lives is something that obeys.

And this is the second thing: he who cannot obey himself is commanded. Such is the nature of the living.

This, however, is the third thing I heard: that commanding is harder than obeying. And not only that the commander bears the burden of all who obey, and that this burden easily crushes him:—

An experiment and a hazard appeared to me in all commanding; and always, when it commands, the living stakes itself upon it.

Yes, even when it commands itself: even then it must pay for its commanding. Of its own law it must become judge and avenger and victim.

How does this come about! so I asked myself. What persuades the living to obey and to command, and in commanding still to practise obedience?

Hear now my word, you wisest ones! Test it in earnest, whether I have crept into the very heart of life and down to the roots of its heart!

Where I found the living, there I found will to power; and even in the will of the one who serves I found the will to be master.

That the weaker shall serve the stronger, to this it is persuaded by its own will, which would be master over what is weaker still: this delight alone it will not forgo.

And as the lesser surrenders itself to the greater, that it may have delight and power over the least: so too does even the greatest surrender itself, and for the sake of power stakes—life itself.

That is the surrender of the greatest, that it is hazard and danger and a casting of dice for death.

And where there are sacrifice and services and glances of love: there too is the will to be master. By stealthy paths the weaker steals there into the castle and into the very heart of the mightier—and steals power there.

And this secret life itself spoke to me. Behold, it said, I am that which must always overcome itself.

"To be sure, you call it will to procreation or drive toward a goal, toward the higher, the farther, the more manifold: but all this is one and one secret.

Rather would I go under than renounce this one thing; and verily, where there is going-under and the falling of leaves, behold, there life sacrifices itself—for power!

That I must be struggle and becoming and goal and the contradiction of goals: ah, whoever guesses my will surely guesses also on what crooked paths it must walk!

Whatever I create and however much I love it—soon I must be its adversary and the adversary of my love: so my will wills it.

And you too, man of knowledge, are only a path and footprint of my will: verily, my will to power walks even on the feet of your will to truth!

He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it the word of the 'will to existence': this will—does not exist!

For: what is not cannot will; but what is in existence, how could that still will toward existence!

Only where there is life is there also will: but not will to life, but—so I teach you—will to power!

Much is esteemed by the living more highly than life itself; yet out of the esteeming itself speaks—the will to power!"—

Thus life once taught me: and with it I solve for you, you wisest ones, the riddle of your heart as well.

Verily, I say unto you: good and evil that would be imperishable—that does not exist! Of itself it must overcome itself again and again.

With your values and words of good and evil you exercise force, you valuers: and this is your hidden love and the gleaming, trembling and overflowing of your soul.

But a stronger force grows out of your values, and a new overcoming: upon it egg and eggshell break.

And whoever must be a creator in good and evil: verily, he must first be an annihilator and break values.

Thus the highest evil belongs to the highest goodness: but this is the creative goodness.—

Let us speak of it, you wisest ones, even though it is bad. Silence is worse; all truths kept silent become poisonous.

And let everything break that can—break upon our truths! Many a house is yet to be built!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Sublime Ones

Still is the floor of my sea: who would guess that it harbours playful monsters!

Unshakable is my depth: but it glitters with swimming riddles and laughters.

A sublime one I saw today, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: oh how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With chest raised high, and like those who draw in their breath: thus he stood there, the sublime one, and silent:

Hung about with ugly truths, his spoils of the hunt, and rich in torn garments; many thorns too hung on him—but as yet I saw no rose.

Not yet has he learned laughter and beauty. Gloomy came this hunter back from the forest of knowledge.

From battle with wild beasts he returned home: but out of his seriousness there still gazes a wild beast—one not overcome!

Like a tiger he still stands there, about to spring; but I do not like these tense souls, ungracious is my taste toward all these withdrawn ones.

And you tell me, friends, that there is no disputing over taste and tasting? But all life is a dispute over taste and tasting!

Taste: that is weight and scale and weigher all at once; and woe to every living thing that would live without dispute over weight and scale and weighers!

Should he grow weary of his sublimity, this sublime one: only then would his beauty begin,—and only then will I taste him and find him to my taste.

And only when he turns away from himself will he leap over his own shadow—and, verily! into his sun.

Far too long did he sit in the shadow, the cheeks of the penitent of the spirit grew pale; he nearly starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye; and nausea lurks about his mouth. True, he rests now, but his rest has not yet lain down in the sun.

Like the bull he ought to do; and his happiness ought to smell of earth and not of contempt for the earth.

As a white bull I would see him, snorting and bellowing as he goes before the ploughshare: and his bellowing should yet praise all that is earthly!

Dark still is his countenance; the shadow of the hand plays upon it. Overshadowed still is the sense of his eye.

His deed itself is still the shadow upon him: the hand darkens the doer. Not yet has he overcome his deed.

Well do I love in him the neck of the bull: but now I want to see the eye of the angel too.

His hero-will too must he still unlearn: an exalted one shall he be to me and not merely a sublime one:—the ether itself should lift him, the will-less one!

He subdued monsters, he solved riddles: but he should also redeem his monsters and riddles, into heavenly children should he yet transform them.

Not yet has his knowledge learned to smile and to be without jealousy; not yet has his streaming passion grown still in beauty.

Verily, not in satiety shall his longing fall silent and sink under, but in beauty! Gracefulness belongs to the generosity of the great-minded.

The arm laid over the head: thus should the hero rest, thus should he overcome even his resting.

But precisely to the hero is the beautiful the hardest of all things. Unattainable is the beautiful to every vehement will.

A little more, a little less: precisely that is much here, that is the most here.

To stand with muscles slack and with will unharnessed: that is the hardest for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power grows gracious and descends into the visible: beauty I call such descending.

And from no one do I want beauty so much as from you, you mighty one: let your goodness be your last self-conquest.

All evil I believe you capable of: therefore I want from you the good.

Verily, I have often laughed at the weaklings who think themselves good because they have lame paws!

The virtue of the pillar you shall strive after: ever more beautiful it grows and more delicate, but inwardly harder and more able to bear, the higher it ascends.

Yes, you sublime one, one day you shall yet be beautiful and hold up the mirror to your own beauty.

Then your soul will shudder with godlike desires; and there will be adoration even in your vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: only when the hero has forsaken her does there approach her, in dream,—the over-hero.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Land of Culture

Too far into the future did I fly: a horror fell upon me.

And when I looked about me, behold! there time was my only contemporary.

Then I fled backward, homeward—and ever more hastily: thus I came to you, you men of the present, and into the land of culture.

For the first time I brought an eye with me for you, and good desire: verily, with longing in my heart I came.

But what befell me? Afraid as I was,—I had to laugh! Never did my eye see anything so motley-speckled!

I laughed and laughed, while my foot still trembled, and my heart as well: "why, here is the home of all the paint-pots!"—said I.

Painted with fifty blotches on face and limbs: thus did you sit there to my astonishment, you men of the present!

And with fifty mirrors about you, which flattered your play of colours and repeated it after you!

Verily, you could wear no better mask, you men of the present, than your own face! Who could—recognize you!

Written all over with the signs of the past, and these signs too painted over with new signs: thus have you hidden yourselves well from all interpreters of signs!

And even if one be a trier of the reins: who would still believe that you have reins! Out of colours you seem to be baked, and out of glued scraps of paper.

All ages and peoples gaze motley out of your veils; all customs and faiths speak motley out of your gestures.

Whoever should strip you of veils and wraps and colours and gestures: he would have just enough left over to frighten the birds with.

Verily, I myself am the frightened bird that once saw you naked and without colour; and I flew away when the skeleton beckoned love to me.

Rather would I be a day-labourer in the underworld and among the shades of bygone days!—fatter and fuller than you, indeed, are even the dwellers of the underworld!

This, yes this is bitterness to my bowels, that I can endure you neither naked nor clothed, you men of the present!

All that is uncanny in the future, and whatever ever made strayed birds shudder, is verily more homely still and more familiar than your "reality".

For thus you speak: "Real are we wholly, and without faith and superstition": thus do you puff out your breasts—alas, even without breasts!

Yes, how should you be able to believe, you motley-speckled ones!—you who are paintings of all that has ever been believed!

Walking refutations are you of faith itself, and the breaking of the limbs of all thoughts. Unbelievable ones: thus do I call you, you real ones!

All ages babble against one another in your spirits; and the dreams and babble of all ages were more real still than your waking is!

Barren are you: therefore you lack faith. But whoever had to create, he always had his prophetic dreams and star-signs too—and believed in belief!—

Half-open gates are you, at which gravediggers wait. And this is your reality: "Everything deserves to perish."

Alas, how you stand there before me, you barren ones, how lean in the ribs! And many a one of you has surely had insight into this himself.

And he spoke: "has some god perhaps, while I slept, secretly purloined something from me? Verily, enough to fashion himself a little woman out of it!

Wondrous is the poverty of my ribs!" thus has many a man of the present spoken already.

Yes, you are a laughing-stock to me, you men of the present! And especially when you marvel at yourselves!

And woe is me if I could not laugh at your marvelling, and had to drink down all that is repugnant from your bowls!

As it is, however, I will take you more lightly, since I have heavy things to bear; and what does it matter to me if beetles and winged worms still settle upon my bundle!

Verily, it shall not become heavier to me on that account! And not from you, you men of the present, shall the great weariness come to me.—Alas, whither shall I now climb with my longing! From all mountains I gaze out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But a home I found nowhere: unsettled am I in all cities, and a departure at all gates.

Strangers to me and a mockery are the men of the present, to whom of late my heart drove me; and driven out am I from fatherlands and motherlands.

Thus I love only my children's land, the undiscovered one, in the farthest sea: for it do I bid my sails to search and search.

In my children will I make amends for being the child of my fathers: and to all the future—for this present!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of Immaculate Perception

When the moon rose yesterday, I fancied it meant to give birth to a sun: so broad and pregnant did it lie upon the horizon.

But a liar it was to me with its pregnancy; and sooner still will I believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, little of a man is he too, this timid night-reveller. Verily, with a bad conscience he wanders over the rooftops.

For he is lecherous and jealous, the monk in the moon, lecherous for the earth and for all the joys of lovers.

No, I like him not, this tomcat on the rooftops! Repugnant to me are all who slink about half-closed windows!

Piously and silently he wanders along on carpets of stars:—but I like no soft-treading feet of men on which not even a spur jingles.

Every honest man's step speaks; but the cat steals away over the ground. Behold, catlike comes the moon along, and dishonest.—

This parable I give to you sentimental hypocrites, to you, the „pure perceivers!“ You I call—lechers!

You too love the earth and the earthly: well have I guessed you!—but there is shame in your love and bad conscience,—you are like the moon!

To contempt for the earthly your spirit has been persuaded, but not your entrails: and they are the strongest thing in you!

And now your spirit is ashamed that it does the bidding of your entrails, and before its own shame it walks sneaking and lying ways.

„That would be the highest thing for me—thus speaks your lying spirit to itself—to gaze upon life without desire, and not like the dog with hanging tongue:

To be happy in gazing, with will extinguished, without the grasp and greed of selfishness—cold and ash-grey in all the body, but with drunken moon-eyes!"

„That would be the dearest thing for me,—thus the seduced one seduces himself—to love the earth as the moon loves it, and to touch its beauty with the eye alone.

And let this be called by me the immaculate perception of all things, that I want nothing of things: except that I may lie before them like a mirror with a hundred eyes."—

Oh, you sentimental hypocrites, you lechers! You lack innocence in desire: and therefore you now slander desiring!

Verily, not as creators, as begetters, as those who rejoice in becoming do you love the earth!

Where is innocence? Where there is the will to beget. And he who wants to create beyond himself has, to my mind, the purest will.

Where is beauty? Where I must will with all my will; where I want to love and go under, that an image may not remain merely an image.

Loving and going under: these have rhymed since eternities. Will to love: that means being willing also for death. Thus do I speak to you cowards!

But now your unmanned squinting wants to be called „contemplation"! And whatever lets itself be fingered by cowardly eyes shall be christened „beautiful"! oh, you befoulers of noble names!

But this shall be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure perceivers, that you shall never give birth: even though you lie broad and pregnant upon the horizon!

Verily, you fill your mouths with noble words: and are we to believe that your hearts overflow, you liars?

But my words are lowly, despised, crooked words: gladly do I pick up what falls under the table at your meal.

Still can I with them—tell hypocrites the truth! yes, my fishbones, shells and prickly leaves shall—tickle the noses of hypocrites!

Bad air is ever about you and your meals: your lecherous thoughts, your lies and secrecies are indeed in the air!

Dare first to believe yourselves—yourselves and your entrails! He who does not believe himself always lies.

The mask of a god you hung before yourselves, you „pure ones“: into the mask of a god crept your loathsome coiling worm.

Verily, you deceive, you „contemplative ones“! Zarathustra too was once the fool of your godlike skins; he did not guess the serpent-coils with which they were stuffed.

A god's soul I once fancied I saw playing in your play, you pure perceivers! No better art did I once fancy than your arts!

Serpent-filth and foul smell the distance hid from me: and that a lizard's cunning slunk lecherously about here.

But I came near to you: then the day came to me—and now it comes to you,—at an end was the moon's love affair!

Just look! Caught and pale he stands there—before the dawn!

For already she comes, the glowing one,—her love for the earth comes! Innocence and creator's desire is all sun-love!

Just look how impatiently she comes over the sea! Do you not feel the thirst and the hot breath of her love?

At the sea she wants to suck, and drink its depth up to herself into the height: then the desire of the sea rises with a thousand breasts.

Kissed and sucked it wants to be by the thirst of the sun; air it wants to become, and height, and footpath of light, and itself light!

Verily, like the sun do I love life and all deep seas.

And this is what perception means to me: all that is deep shall rise up —to my height!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Scholars

As I lay asleep, a sheep ate at the ivy wreath upon my head,—ate and said thereto: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

So it spoke, and went off haughtily and proud. A child told it to me.

Gladly do I lie here, where the children play, by the broken wall, among thistles and red poppies.

A scholar I am still to the children, and also to the thistles and red poppies. Innocent are they, even in their wickedness.

But to the sheep I am so no longer: thus wills my lot—blessed be it!

For this is the truth: I have moved out of the house of the scholars: and the door I slammed behind me as well.

Too long did my soul sit hungry at their table; not like them am I trained to knowing as to the cracking of nuts.

Freedom I love, and the air over fresh earth; rather would I sleep on ox-hides than on their dignities and respectabilities.

I am too hot and scorched by my own thoughts: often it would take my breath away. Then I must go out into the open and away from all dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in the cool shade: in all things they want to be only onlookers, and they take care not to sit where the sun burns upon the steps.

Like those who stand in the street and gape at the people passing by: so too do they wait and gape at thoughts that others have thought.

If one lays hands on them, they raise a dust about them like flour-sacks, and involuntarily. But who would ever guess that their dust comes from grain and from the yellow delight of the summer fields?

When they make themselves out to be wise, their petty maxims and truths make me shiver: often there is a smell about their wisdom, as if it came from the swamp: and verily, I have even heard the frog croaking out of it!

Skilful are they, they have clever fingers: what does my simplicity want amid their multiplicity! All threading and knotting and weaving do their fingers understand: thus do they knit the stockings of the spirit!

Good clockworks are they: only take care to wind them up properly! Then they show the hour without falsehood and make a modest noise about it.

Like millworks they labour, and like stamping-mills: only throw them your grains of fruit!—they know well how to grind corn small and make white dust of it.

They keep a good eye on one another's fingers and do not trust one another the best. Inventive in petty cunning, they lie in wait for those whose knowledge walks on lame feet,—like spiders they wait.

I have always seen them prepare poison with caution; and always they drew gloves of glass onto their fingers as they did so.

They know how to play with false dice, too; and so eagerly did I find them playing that they sweated at it.

We are strangers to one another, and their virtues go even more against my taste than their falsehoods and their false dice.

And when I dwelt among them, I dwelt above them. For that they bore me a grudge.

They will hear nothing of anyone walking above their heads; and so they laid wood and earth and filth between me and their heads.

Thus they muffled the sound of my steps: and hitherto I have been heard worst by the most learned.

All men's faults and weaknesses they laid between themselves and me:—"false floor" they call that in their houses.

But nevertheless I walk with my thoughts above their heads; and even if I wished to walk upon my own faults, I should still be above them and their heads.

For men are not equal: thus speaks justice. And what I will, they may not will!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Poets

"Since I have come to know the body better,—said Zarathustra to one of his disciples—spirit is to me only spirit, as it were; and all that is 'imperishable'—that too is only a parable."

"So I have heard you say once before, answered the disciple; and at that time you added: 'but the poets lie too much.' Why then did you say that the poets lie too much?"

"Why? said Zarathustra. You ask why? I am not one of those whom one may ask about their Why.

Is my experience, then, of yesterday? It is long ago that I experienced the grounds of my opinions.

Would I not have to be a cask of memory if I wanted to carry my grounds about with me as well?

It is already too much for me to keep my opinions themselves; and many a bird flies away.

And at times I also find a stray creature in my dovecote that is strange to me, and that trembles when I lay my hand upon it.

But what did Zarathustra once say to you? That the poets lie too much?—But Zarathustra too is a poet.

Do you now believe that he spoke the truth here? Why do you believe that?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.

Faith does not make me blessed, he said, least of all faith in me.

But supposing that someone said in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: then he is right,—we lie too much.

We also know too little and are poor learners: so we simply have to lie.

And which of us poets has not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous hodgepodge was brewed in our cellars, many an indescribable thing was done there.

And because we know little, the poor in spirit please us with all our hearts, especially when they are young little women!

And we are greedy even for the things that the old little women tell one another in the evenings. That we ourselves call the Eternal-Feminine in us.

And as if there were a special secret access to knowledge that is buried for those who learn something: so we believe in the people and its "wisdom".

But this all poets believe: that whoever, lying in the grass or on lonely slopes, pricks up his ears, will learn something of the things that are between heaven and earth.

And if tender stirrings come to them, the poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

And that she creeps to their ear to whisper secrets into it and amorous flatteries: of this they boast and puff themselves up before all mortals!

Alas, there are so many things between heaven and earth of which only the poets have let themselves dream!

And especially above heaven: for all gods are poets' parable, poets' sleight-of-hand!

Verily, we are always drawn upward—namely to the realm of the clouds: upon these we set our motley bladders and then call them gods and Overmen:—

For they are just light enough for these chairs!—all these gods and Overmen.

Alas, how weary I am of all the inadequate that insists on being event! Alas, how weary I am of the poets!

When Zarathustra spoke thus, his disciple was angry with him, but he kept silent. And Zarathustra too kept silent; and his eye had turned inward, as if it gazed into far distances. At last he sighed and drew breath.

I am of today and of the past, he then said; but something is in me that is of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and of some day to come.

I grew weary of the poets, the old and the new: superficial they all are to me, and shallow seas.

They did not think deeply enough: therefore their feeling did not sink to the depths.

Some lust and some boredom: that has been their best reflection so far.

Ghostly breath and ghostly flitting is all their harp-tinkling to me; what did they ever know of the fervour of tones!—

Nor are they clean enough for me: they all muddy their waters, so that they may seem deep.

And they like to pass themselves off thereby as reconcilers: but mediators and mixers they remain to me, and half-and-halves and unclean ones!—

Alas, I did cast my net into their seas and wanted to catch good fish; but always I drew up the head of some old god.

Thus the sea gave the hungry man a stone. And they themselves may well have come from the sea.

Certainly, one finds pearls in them: all the more do they themselves resemble hard shellfish. And instead of a soul I often found in them salted slime.

They learned from the sea its vanity too: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes it unrolls its tail, never does it grow weary of its lace fan of silver and silk.

Defiantly the buffalo looks on, close to the sand in its soul, closer still to the thicket, but closest of all to the swamp.

What is beauty to it, and sea and peacock finery! This parable I speak to the poets.

Verily, their spirit itself is the peacock of peacocks and a sea of vanity!

Spectators the spirit of the poet wants: even if they be buffaloes!—

But of this spirit I grew weary: and I see the time coming when it will grow weary of itself.

Already I have seen the poets transformed, and their gaze turned against themselves.

Penitents of the spirit I saw coming: they grew out of them.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of Great Events

There is an island in the sea—not far from the Blessed Isles of Zarathustra—on which a fire-mountain smokes perpetually; of it the people say, and especially the little old women among the people say it, that it has been set like a block of rock before the gate of the underworld: but through the fire-mountain itself, they say, the narrow path leads downward which conducts to this gate of the underworld.

Now about that time, when Zarathustra was dwelling on the Blessed Isles, it happened that a ship cast anchor at the island on which the smoking mountain stands; and its crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. Toward the hour of noon, however, when the captain and his men were together again, they suddenly saw a man coming toward them through the air, and a voice said distinctly: "It is time! It is high time!" But when the figure was nearest to them—it flew past swiftly, however, like a shadow, in the direction where the fire-mountain lay—they recognized with the greatest dismay that it was Zarathustra; for they had all seen him before, except the captain himself, and they loved him as the people love: such that love and awe are together in equal parts.

"Look there! said the old helmsman, there goes Zarathustra to hell!"—

About the same time that these sailors landed on the fire-island, the rumour went around that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked, they told how he had gone aboard a ship by night, without saying where he meant to travel.

Thus there arose an unrest; after three days, however, the story of the ship's men was added to this unrest—and now all the people said that the devil had fetched Zarathustra. His disciples did indeed laugh at

this talk; and one of them even said: "Sooner would I believe that Zarathustra has fetched the devil." But in the depths of their souls they were all full of anxiety and longing: so their joy was great when on the fifth day Zarathustra appeared among them.

And this is the account of Zarathustra's conversation with the fire-hound.

The earth, he said, has a skin; and this skin has diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called: "man."

And another of these diseases is called "fire-hound": about him men have told themselves many lies and let many lies be told them.

To fathom this secret I went over the sea: and I have seen the truth naked, verily! barefoot up to the neck.

What the matter is with the fire-hound I now know; and likewise with all the eruption-devils and subversion-devils, of whom not only little old women are afraid.

Out with you, fire-hound, out of your depth! I cried, and confess how deep this depth is! Whence comes that which you snort up there?

You drink plentifully at the sea: your salted eloquence betrays it! Indeed, for a hound of the depth you take your nourishment too much from the surface!

At most I take you for the ventriloquist of the earth: and always, when I heard subversion-devils and eruption-devils speak, I found them like you: salted, lying and shallow.

You know how to roar and to darken with ash! You are the best braggarts and have learned to satiety the art of making mud boil hot.

Where you are, there must always be mud nearby, and much that is spongy, cavernous, compressed: it wants to get into freedom.

"Freedom" you all like best to roar: but I unlearned my belief in "great events" as soon as there is much roaring and smoke about them.

And only believe me, friend Hellish-Din! The greatest events—they are not our loudest but our stillest hours.

Not around the inventors of new din: around the inventors of new values does the world revolve; inaudibly it revolves.

And only confess it! Little had ever happened when your din and smoke dispersed. What does it matter that a city became a mummy, and a statue lies in the mud!

And this word I say also to the overthrowers of statues. That is surely the greatest folly, to throw salt into the sea and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt the statue lay: but precisely this is its law, that out of contempt life and living beauty grow back for it!

With more godlike features it now rises again, and sufferingly seductive; and verily! it will yet give you thanks that you overthrew it, you overthrowers!

But this counsel I counsel to kings and churches and to all that is weak with age and weak with virtue—only let yourselves be overthrown! That you may come to life again, and that virtue may come back to you!—

Thus I spoke before the fire-hound: then he interrupted me sullenly and asked: "Church? What is that, then?"

Church? I answered, that is a kind of state, and indeed the most mendacious. But be still, you hypocrite-hound! You surely know your own kind best already!

Like you yourself, the state is a hypocrite-hound; like you it likes to speak with smoke and roaring,—to make men believe, like you, that it speaks out of the belly of things.

For it wants by all means to be the most important animal on earth, the state; and people believe it, too.—

When I had said that, the fire-hound behaved as if senseless with envy. "What? he cried, the most important animal on earth? And people believe it, too?" And so much steam and so many horrible voices came out of his gullet that I thought he would choke with vexation and envy.

At last he grew quieter, and his panting subsided; but as soon as he was quiet, I said laughing:

"You are vexed, fire-hound: so I am right about you!

And that I may stay in the right, hear of another fire-hound: he speaks truly out of the heart of the earth.

Gold his breath exhales, and golden rain: so his heart wills it. What are ash and smoke and hot slime to him any longer!

Laughter flutters out of him like a motley cloud; he is ill-disposed toward your gurgling and spewing and gripings of the entrails!

But the gold and the laughter—these he takes out of the heart of the earth: for, that you may know it,—the heart of the earth is of gold."

When the fire-hound heard this, he could no longer bear to listen to me. Ashamed, he drew in his tail, said in a crestfallen manner Bow! Wow! and crept down into his cave.—

Thus Zarathustra told it. But his disciples hardly listened to him: so great was their eagerness to tell him of the ship's men, the rabbits and the flying man.

"What am I to make of it! said Zarathustra. Am I a ghost, then?

But it will have been my shadow. You have surely heard something already of the wanderer and his shadow?

This, however, is certain: I must keep it on a shorter leash,—otherwise it will yet ruin my reputation."

And once more Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. "What am I to make of it!" he said once more.

"Why then did the ghost cry: It is time! It is high time!

For what is it, then—high time?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Soothsayer

"—and I saw a great sadness come over mankind. The best grew weary of their works.

A doctrine went forth, a faith ran beside it: 'All is empty, all is alike, all has been!'

And from all the hills it echoed back: 'All is empty, all is alike, all has been!'

Indeed we have harvested: but why did all our fruits turn rotten and brown? What fell down from the wicked moon on the last night?

In vain was all labour, our wine has turned to poison, the evil eye has seared our fields and hearts yellow.

Dry have we all become; and should fire fall upon us, we scatter like dust of ashes:—yea, the fire itself we have made weary.

All wells have dried up for us, even the sea has drawn back. All ground would split open, but the depths will not swallow!

'Alas, where is there still a sea in which one might drown': thus rings our lament—out across shallow swamps.

Verily, we have grown too weary even to die; now we still wake and live on—in sepulchres!"—

Thus did Zarathustra hear a soothsayer speak; and his prophecy went to his heart and transformed him. Sad he went about, and weary; and he became like those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.

Verily, so he said to his disciples, but a little while, and this long twilight will come. Alas, how shall I carry my light safely across!

Let it not suffocate in this sadness! For it shall be a light to farther worlds and to the farthest nights!

Thus troubled in his heart Zarathustra went about; and for three days he took neither drink nor food, had no rest, and lost his speech. At last it came to pass that he fell into a deep sleep. But his disciples sat about him in long night-watches and waited anxiously to see whether he would wake and speak again and be healed of his affliction.

And this is the discourse that Zarathustra spoke when he awoke; but his voice came to his disciples as from a great distance.

Hear now the dream that I dreamed, my friends, and help me to divine its meaning!

A riddle it still is to me, this dream; its meaning is hidden within it and imprisoned, and does not yet fly above it on free wings.

I had renounced all life, so I dreamed. A night-watchman and grave-watchman had I become, there upon the lonely mountain-fortress of death.

Up there I guarded his coffins: the musty vaults stood full of such trophies of victory. From glass coffins vanquished life gazed out at me.

The odour of dust-laden eternities I breathed: sultry and dust-laden lay my soul. And who could have aired his soul there!

The brightness of midnight was ever about me, loneliness crouched beside it; and, as a third, death-rattling silence, the worst of my companions.

Keys I carried, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open with them the most creaking of all gates.

Like a bitterly malicious croaking the sound ran through the long corridors when the wings of the gate were raised: hideously this bird shrieked, unwilling was it to be woken.

But more fearful still and more heart-constricting was it when it fell silent again and all around grew still, and I sat alone in this treacherous silence.

So time passed and crept by me, if time there still was: what do I know of it! But at last that happened which woke me.

Three times blows struck at the gate, like thunderclaps, three times the vaults echoed and howled again: then I went to the gate.

Alpa! I cried, who carries his ashes up the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! Who carries his ashes up the mountain?

And I pressed the key and heaved at the gate and strained. But not yet a finger's breadth did it stand open:

Then a roaring wind tore its wings asunder: whistling, shrilling and cutting, it hurled a black coffin at me:

And amid the roaring and whistling and shrilling the coffin burst asunder and spewed forth a thousandfold laughter.

And out of a thousand grimaces of children, angels, owls, fools, and butterflies as big as children, it laughed and mocked and roared at me.

Horribly was I terrified thereat: it cast me down. And I cried out in horror as never I cried.

But my own cry woke me:—and I came to myself.—

Thus Zarathustra related his dream and then fell silent: for he did not yet know the interpretation of his dream. But the disciple whom he loved most rose quickly, grasped Zarathustra's hand, and said:

"Your life itself interprets this dream for us, O Zarathustra!

Are you not yourself the wind with shrill whistling that tears open the gates of the fortresses of death?

Are you not yourself the coffin full of motley malices and angel-grimaces of life?

Verily, like a thousandfold children's laughter Zarathustra comes into all the death-chambers, laughing at these night-watchmen and grave-watchmen, and whoever else rattles with gloomy keys.

You will terrify them and cast them down with your laughter; swooning and awakening will prove your power over them.

And even when the long twilight comes and the weariness unto death, you will not go under in our sky, you advocate of life!

New stars have you let us see, and new splendours of the night; verily, laughter itself have you spread over us like a motley canopy.

Now shall children's laughter ever well forth from coffins; now shall a strong wind ever come victorious over all weariness unto death: of this you yourself are our surety and soothsayer!

Verily, it was them you dreamed, your enemies: that was your heaviest dream!

But as you awoke from them and came to yourself, so shall they awake from themselves—and come to you!"—

Thus spoke the disciple; and all the others now thronged about Zarathustra and seized him by the hands and sought to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness and return to them. But Zarathustra sat upright on his couch, and with a strange gaze. Like one who returns home from long sojourn abroad, he looked upon his disciples and searched their faces; and still he did not recognize them. But when they lifted him and set him on his feet, behold, all at once his eye was

transformed; he understood all that had happened, stroked his beard, and said with a strong voice:

"Well then! This has its time; but see to it, my disciples, that we make a good meal, and soon! Thus do I mean to do penance for bad dreams!

But the soothsayer shall eat and drink at my side: and verily, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. But then he gazed long into the face of the disciple who had played the interpreter of dreams, and shook his head the while. —

On Redemption

When Zarathustra one day crossed over the great bridge, the cripples and beggars surrounded him, and a hunchback spoke thus to him:

"Behold, Zarathustra! The people too learn from you and gain faith in your teaching: but for them to believe you wholly, one thing more is needed—you must first persuade even us cripples! Here now you have a fine selection and verily, an opportunity with more than one forelock to seize! The blind you can heal and make the lame walk; and from him who has too much behind him you might well take away a little too:—that, I think, would be the right way to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

But Zarathustra answered him who spoke thus: "If one takes the hump from the hunchback, one takes away his spirit—thus teach the people. And if one gives the blind man his eyes, he sees too many wicked things on earth: so that he curses him who healed him. But he who makes the lame man walk does him the greatest harm: for scarcely can he walk when his vices run away with him—thus teach the people about cripples. And why should Zarathustra not learn from the people too, when the people learn from Zarathustra?

But this is the least thing to me, since I have been among men, that I see: 'This one lacks an eye and that one an ear and a third the leg, and there are others who have lost the tongue or the nose or the head.'

I see and have seen worse things, and many a thing so abominable that I would not speak of each and would not even keep silent about some: namely men who lack everything except that they have one thing too much—men who are nothing more than a great eye, or a

great mouth or a great belly or something else great,—inverse cripples I call such men.

And when I came out of my solitude and for the first time crossed over this bridge: then I did not trust my eyes and looked, and looked again, and said at last: 'That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!' I looked still more closely: and indeed, beneath the ear something else was moving, something pitifully small and meagre and slender. And in truth, the monstrous ear sat upon a small thin stalk,—but the stalk was a man! Whoever held a glass to his eye could even make out a small envious little face; also that a bloated little soul dangled from the stalk. But the people told me that the great ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed the people when they spoke of great men—and I kept to my belief that it was an inverse cripple, who had too little of everything and too much of one thing."

When Zarathustra had spoken thus to the hunchback and to those whose mouthpiece and advocate he was, he turned with deep displeasure to his disciples and said:

"Verily, my friends, I walk among men as among the fragments and limbs of men!

This is the terrible thing to my eye, that I find man shattered and scattered as over a field of battle and of butchery.

And if my eye flees from the Now to the Once: it always finds the same: fragments and limbs and dreadful accidents—but no men!

The Now and the Once on earth—alas! my friends—that is what is most unbearable to me; and I would not know how to live if I were not also a seer of that which must come.

A seer, a willer, a creator, a future itself and a bridge to the future—and alas, also as it were a cripple at this bridge: all this is Zarathustra.

And you too often asked yourselves: 'Who is Zarathustra to us? What shall we call him?' And like me myself, you gave yourselves questions for answers.

Is he one who promises? Or a fulfiller? A conqueror? Or an inheritor? An autumn? Or a ploughshare? A physician? Or one who has recovered?

Is he a poet? Or a truthful one? A liberator? Or a tamer? A good one? Or an evil one?

I walk among men as among the fragments of the future: of that future which I behold.

And this is all my poetizing and striving, that I compose into one and bring together what is fragment and riddle and dreadful accident.

And how could I bear to be a man, if man were not also poet and riddle-guesser and the redeemer of accident!

To redeem those who are past and to re-create every 'It was' into a 'Thus I willed it!'—that alone would I call redemption!

Will—that is the name of the liberator and bringer of joy: thus I taught you, my friends! And now learn this as well: the will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing liberates: but what is the name of that which puts even the liberator in chains?

'It was': that is the name of the will's gnashing of teeth and loneliest affliction. Powerless against that which has been done—it is an angry spectator of all that is past.

The will cannot will backwards; that it cannot break time and time's craving,—that is the will's loneliest affliction.

Willing liberates: what does willing itself devise, that it may be rid of its affliction and mock its dungeon?

Alas, every prisoner becomes a fool! Foolishly too does the imprisoned will redeem itself.

That time does not run backwards, that is its wrath; 'That which was'—such is the name of the stone it cannot roll.

And so it rolls stones out of wrath and displeasure and takes revenge on whatever does not, like it, feel wrath and displeasure.

Thus the will, the liberator, became a doer of harm: and on all that can suffer it takes revenge for its being unable to go backwards.

This, yes, this alone is revenge itself: the will's ill will against time and its 'It was.'

Verily, a great folly dwells in our will; and it became a curse to all that is human that this folly learned spirit!

The spirit of revenge: my friends, that has hitherto been the best reflection of men; and where there was suffering, there was always to be punishment.

'Punishment', namely, is what revenge calls itself: with a lying word it feigns for itself a good conscience.

And because there is suffering in the willer himself, on account of his being unable to will backwards,—therefore willing itself and all life were to be—punishment!

And now cloud upon cloud rolled over the spirit: until at last madness preached: 'Everything passes away, therefore everything deserves to pass away!'

'And this itself is justice, that law of time, that it must devour its children': thus preached madness.

'Morally are things ordered according to justice and punishment. Oh where is redemption from the flux of things and from the punishment "existence"?' Thus preached madness.

'Can there be redemption, if there is an eternal justice? Alas, unrollable is the stone "It was": eternal too must all punishments be!' Thus preached madness.

'No deed can be annihilated: how could it be undone through punishment! This, this is what is eternal in the punishment "existence", that existence must also eternally be deed and guilt again!

Unless the will at last redeemed itself and willing became not-willing —': but you know, my brothers, this fable-song of madness!

Away from these fable-songs I led you when I taught you: "the will is a creator."

All "It was" is a fragment, a riddle, a dreadful accident—until the creating will says to it: "but thus I willed it!"

Until the creating will says to it: "But thus I will it! Thus shall I will it!"

But has it ever spoken thus? And when does this happen? Has the will yet been unharnessed from its own folly?

Has the will yet become its own redeemer and joy-bringer? Has it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all gnashing of teeth?

And who has taught it reconciliation with time, and something higher than all reconciliation?

Something higher than all reconciliation must the will will that is the will to power—: but how does this happen to it? Who has taught it also to will backwards?"

—But at this point in his speech it happened that Zarathustra suddenly stopped short and looked altogether like one who is terrified to the utmost. With terrified eyes he gazed upon his disciples; his eye pierced as with arrows their thoughts and the thoughts behind their thoughts. But after a little while he was laughing again, and said, appeased:

"It is hard to live with men, because keeping silent is so hard. Especially for a babbler."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. The hunchback, however, had listened to the conversation and had covered his face meanwhile; but when he heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up curiously and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak otherwise to us than to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is there to wonder at in that! With hunchbacks one may well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Good," said the hunchback; "and with pupils one may well tell tales out of school.

But why does Zarathustra speak otherwise to his pupils—than to himself?"—

On Human Prudence

Not the height: the slope is the terrible thing!

The slope, where the gaze plunges downward and the hand reaches upward. There the heart grows dizzy before its double will.

Ah, friends, do you perhaps guess my heart's double will too?

This, this is my slope and my danger, that my gaze plunges into the height, and that my hand would hold on and prop itself—upon the depth!

To man my will clings, with chains I bind myself to man, because I am torn upward toward the Overman: for thither my other will wants to go.

And for that I live blind among men, as though I did not know them: so that my hand may not wholly lose its faith in what is firm.

I do not know you men: this darkness and consolation is often spread about me.

I sit at the gateway for every rogue and ask: who wants to deceive me?

This is my first human prudence, that I let myself be deceived, so as not to be on my guard against deceivers.

Ah, if I were on my guard against man: how could man be an anchor to my balloon! Too easily would I be torn up and away!

This providence presides over my fate, that I must be without precaution.

And whoever would not languish among men must learn to drink out of all glasses; and whoever would stay clean among men must know how to wash himself even with dirty water.

And thus I often spoke to myself for comfort: "Well then! Up! Old heart! A misfortune miscarried for you: enjoy this as your—good fortune!"

This, however, is my other human prudence: I spare the vain more than the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? But where pride is wounded, there something grows that is better even than pride.

That life may be good to look upon, its play must be well played: but for that good actors are needed.

Good actors I found all the vain to be: they play and want people to enjoy watching them,—all their spirit is in this will.

They perform themselves, they invent themselves; in their nearness I love to look upon life,—it cures me of melancholy.

Therefore I spare the vain, because they are physicians of my melancholy and hold me fast to man as to a spectacle.

And then: who can fathom in the vain man the whole depth of his modesty! I am fond of him and full of pity on account of his modesty.

From you he wants to learn his faith in himself; he feeds upon your glances, he eats praise out of your hands.

He believes even your lies, when you lie well about him: for in his innermost depths his heart sighs: "What am I!"

And if that is the true virtue which knows nothing of itself: well, the vain man knows nothing of his modesty!—

This, however, is my third human prudence, that I do not let your timidity spoil for me the sight of the wicked.

I am blissful to see the marvels that the hot sun hatches: tigers and palms and rattlesnakes.

Among men too there is a fair brood of the hot sun, and much that is marvellous in the wicked.

To be sure, just as your wisest did not seem so very wise to me: so too I found men's wickedness to fall short of its reputation.

And often I asked, shaking my head: Why still rattle, you rattlesnakes?

Verily, there is a future even for evil! And the hottest south is not yet discovered for man.

How many a thing is now called the worst wickedness that is yet only twelve feet wide and three months long! But one day greater dragons will come into the world.

For that the Overman may not lack his dragon, the over-dragon that is worthy of him: for that much hot sun must yet glow upon moist primeval forest!

Your wildcats must first have become tigers, and your poisonous toads crocodiles: for the good hunter shall have a good hunt!

And verily, you good and just! In you there is much to laugh at, and above all your fear of what has hitherto been called "devil"!

So alien are you in your souls to what is great, that the Overman would be terrible to you in his goodness!

And you wise and knowing ones, you would flee from the sunburn of wisdom in which the Overman joyfully bathes his nakedness!

You highest men whom my eye has met! this is my doubt of you and my secret laughter: I guess that you would call my Overman—devil!

Ah, I grew weary of these highest and best: from their "height" I longed up, out, away to the Overman!

A shudder came over me when I saw these best ones naked: then wings grew on me, to soar away into distant futures.

Into more distant futures, into more southern souths than any artist ever dreamed: thither, where gods are ashamed of all clothes!

But disguised I want to see you, you neighbours and fellow men, and well decked out, and vain, and dignified, as "the good and the just,"—

And disguised will I myself sit among you,—that I may mistake you and myself: for that is my last human prudence.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Stillest Hour

"What has happened to me, my friends? You see me distraught, driven away, unwillingly obedient, ready to go—alas, to go away from you!

Yes, once more must Zarathustra go into his solitude: but this time the bear goes back to his cave without joy!

What has happened to me? Who commands this?—Alas, my angry mistress wills it so, she spoke to me: did I ever tell you her name?

Yesterday toward evening my stillest hour spoke to me: that is the name of my terrible mistress.

And thus it happened,—for I must tell you everything, that your heart may not harden against him who departs so suddenly!

Do you know the terror of one who is falling asleep?—

He is terrified down to his very toes, because the ground gives way beneath him and the dream begins.

This I tell you as a parable. Yesterday, at the stillest hour, the ground gave way beneath me: the dream began.

The hand moved on, the clock of my life drew breath—never did I hear such stillness around me: so that my heart took fright.

Then it spoke to me without a voice: "You know it, Zarathustra?"—

And I cried out in terror at this whispering, and the blood drained from my face: but I kept silent.

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "You know it, Zarathustra, but you do not speak it!"—

And at last I answered like one who is defiant: "Yes, I know it, but I will not speak it!"

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "You will not, Zarathustra? Is this really true? Do not hide yourself in your defiance!"—

And I wept and trembled like a child and said: "Alas, I would indeed, but how can I! Only spare me this! It is beyond my strength!"

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What do you matter, Zarathustra! Speak your word and break!"—

And I answered: "Alas, is it my word? Who am I? I await one worthier; I am not worthy even to break upon it."

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What do you matter? You are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the toughest hide."—

And I answered: "What has the hide of my humility not borne already! I dwell at the foot of my height: how high are my peaks? No one has told me yet. But well do I know my valleys."

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "O Zarathustra, he who has mountains to move moves valleys and lowlands too."—

And I answered: "As yet my word has moved no mountains, and what I spoke did not reach men. I went to men indeed, but I have not yet arrived among them."

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What do you know of that! The dew falls upon the grass when the night is most silent."—

And I answered: "they mocked me when I found and walked my own way; and in truth my feet trembled then."

And thus they spoke to me: "you have unlearned the way, now you are unlearning walking too!"

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What does their mockery matter! You are one who has unlearned obeying: now you shall command!

Do you not know who is most needed by all? He who commands great things.

To accomplish great things is hard: but the harder thing is to command great things.

This is what is most unforgivable in you: you have the power, and you will not rule."—

And I answered: "I lack the lion's voice for all commanding."

Then it spoke to me again as in a whisper: "It is the stillest words that bring the storm. Thoughts that come on doves' feet guide the world.

O Zarathustra, you shall go as a shadow of that which must come: thus will you command and, commanding, go before."—

And I answered: "I am ashamed."

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "You must yet become a child and without shame.

The pride of youth is still upon you, late have you become young: but he who would become a child must overcome even his youth."—

And I pondered long and trembled. At last, however, I said what I had said at first: "I will not."

Then a laughter arose around me. Woe, how that laughter tore my entrails and slit open my heart!

And it spoke to me for the last time: "O Zarathustra, your fruits are ripe, but you are not ripe for your fruits!

So you must go back into solitude: for you shall yet grow mellow."—

And again it laughed and fled: then it grew still around me as with a twofold stillness. But I lay upon the ground, and the sweat streamed from my limbs.

—Now you have heard everything, and why I must go back into my solitude. Nothing have I kept silent from you, my friends.

But this too you have heard from me: who is still the most reticent of all men—and wills to be so!

Alas, my friends! I would have something more to say to you, I would have something more to give you! Why do I not give it? Am I then stingy?"—

But when Zarathustra had spoken these words, the force of his pain and the nearness of his parting from his friends overcame him, so that he wept aloud; and no one knew how to comfort him. In the night, however, he went away alone and left his friends.

Third Part

"You look upward when you long for elevation. And I look down, because I am elevated.
Who among you can laugh and be elevated at the same time?
Whoever climbs upon the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic earnestness."

Zarathustra, On Reading and Writing.

The Wanderer

It was about midnight when Zarathustra took his way over the ridge of the island, so that he might reach the other shore by early morning: for there he meant to board a ship. For there was a good roadstead there, where foreign ships too liked to lie at anchor; these took many a one with them who wished to cross the sea from the Blessed Isles. Now as Zarathustra thus climbed the mountain, he thought along the way of his many lonely wanderings since youth, and of how many mountains and ridges and summits he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and a mountain-climber, he said to his heart; I do not love the plains, and it seems I cannot sit still for long.

And whatever may yet come to me as destiny and experience,—a wandering will be in it, and a mountain-climbing: in the end one experiences only oneself.

The time has flowed away when accidents might still befall me; and what could now still fall to me that were not already my own!

It only returns, it comes home to me at last—my own Self, and whatever of it was long abroad and scattered among all things and accidents.

And one thing more I know: I stand now before my last summit, and before that which was saved up for me the longest. Alas, my hardest way must I climb! Alas, I have begun my loneliest wandering!

But whoever is of my kind does not escape such an hour: the hour that speaks to him: "Only now do you go your way of greatness! Summit and abyss—these are now joined in one!

You go your way of greatness: now that has become your last refuge which until now was called your last danger!

You go your way of greatness: this must now be your best courage, that there is no longer any way behind you!

You go your way of greatness; here none shall steal after you! Your own foot has effaced the way behind you, and above it stands written: Impossibility.

And if henceforth all ladders fail you, then you must know how to climb even upon your own head: how else would you climb upward?

Upon your own head and away over your own heart! Now what is mildest in you must yet become the hardest.

He who has always spared himself much grows sickly at last from his much sparing. Praised be what makes hard! I do not praise the land where butter and honey—flow!

To learn to look away from oneself is needful in order to see much:—this hardness is needful to every mountain-climber.

But he who as a seeker of knowledge is importunate with his eyes, how should he see of all things more than their foregrounds!

But you, O Zarathustra, wanted to behold the ground and background of all things: so you must climb above yourself,—up, upward, until you have even your stars beneath you!

Yes! To look down upon myself and even upon my stars: that alone would I call my summit, that has remained for me as my last summit! —"

Thus spoke Zarathustra to himself as he climbed, comforting his heart with hard little sayings: for he was wounded at heart as never before. And when he came to the height of the ridge, behold, there lay

the other sea spread out before him: and he stood still and was long silent. But the night was cold at this height, and clear and bright with stars.

I recognize my lot, he said at last with sorrow. Well then! I am ready. Even now my last solitude has begun.

Ah, this black, sorrowful sea beneath me! Ah, this pregnant nocturnal sullenness! Ah, destiny and sea! To you must I now climb down!

Before my highest mountain I stand and before my longest wandering: therefore must I first go down deeper than ever I climbed:

—deeper down into pain than ever I climbed, even into its blackest flood! So wills my destiny: Well then! I am ready.

Whence come the highest mountains? so I once asked. Then I learned that they come out of the sea.

This testimony is written in their stone and in the walls of their summits. Out of the deepest must the highest come to its height.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra on the peak of the mountain, where it was cold; but when he came near the sea and at last stood alone among the cliffs, he had grown weary on the way and more full of longing than ever before.

Everything still sleeps now, he said; even the sea sleeps. Drunk with sleep and strange, its eye gazes at me.

But it breathes warmly, that I feel. And I feel too that it dreams. Dreaming, it writhes upon hard pillows.

Hark! Hark! How it groans with evil memories! Or evil expectations?

Ah, I am sad with you, you dark monster, and even vexed with myself for your sake.

Ah, that my hand has not strength enough! Gladly, verily, would I deliver you from evil dreams!—

And as Zarathustra spoke thus, he laughed with melancholy and bitterness at himself. "What! Zarathustra! he said, would you even sing comfort to the sea?

Ah, you loving fool Zarathustra, you who are overblissful in trust! But so you have always been: always you came trustingly to everything fearful.

Every monster you wanted to stroke. A breath of warm breath, a little soft shagginess on the paw—: and at once you were ready to love it and to lure it.

Love is the danger of the loneliest, love of everything, if only it lives! Laughable, verily, are my folly and my modesty in love!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed thereupon a second time: but then he thought of his forsaken friends—, and as though he had wronged them with his thoughts, he was angry with himself for his thoughts. And straightway it came to pass that the laugher wept:—with wrath and longing Zarathustra wept bitterly.

Of the Vision and the Riddle

1.

When it became rumoured among the sailors that Zarathustra was on the ship,—for a man who came from the Blessed Isles had gone aboard together with him—a great curiosity and expectation arose. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days and was cold and deaf with sadness, so that he answered neither glances nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he opened his ears again, though he still kept silent: for there was much that was strange and dangerous to be heard on this ship, which came from far away and wished to go farther still. Zarathustra, however, was a friend of all such as make long journeys and care not to live without danger. And behold! at last, as he listened, his own tongue was loosened, and the ice of his heart broke: —then he began to speak thus:

To you, the bold seekers, searchers, and whoever has ever embarked with cunning sails upon terrible seas,—

to you, the riddle-drunken, the twilight-glad, whose soul is lured with flutes to every treacherous gorge:

—for you do not wish to grope after a thread with cowardly hand; and where you can guess, there you hate to deduce—

to you alone I tell the riddle that I saw,—the vision of the loneliest.—

Gloomily I walked of late through corpse-coloured twilight,—gloomy and hard, with pressed lips. Not only one sun had gone under for me.

A path that climbed defiantly through scree, a malicious, lonely path, to which neither herb nor shrub spoke any longer: a mountain path crunched under the defiance of my foot.

Striding mute over the mocking clatter of pebbles, trampling the stone that let it slip: thus my foot forced its way upward.

Upward:—in defiance of the spirit that drew it downward, drew it abyss-ward, the spirit of gravity, my devil and arch-enemy.

Upward:—although he sat upon me, half dwarf, half mole; lame; laming; dripping lead through my ear, lead-drop thoughts into my brain.

„O Zarathustra, he whispered mockingly, syllable by syllable, you stone of wisdom! You threw yourself high, but every stone that is thrown must—fall!

O Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you sling-stone, you star-shatterer! Yourself you threw so high,—but every stone that is thrown - must fall!

Condemned to yourself and to your own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed did you throw the stone,—but upon you it will fall back!“

Thereupon the dwarf fell silent; and that lasted long. But his silence oppressed me; and to be two in such a way is truly lonelier than to be one!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought,—but everything oppressed me. I was like a sick man whom his wicked torment wearies, and whom a still more wicked dream wakes again out of his falling asleep. —

But there is something in me that I call courage: it has so far struck dead every despondency in me. This courage at last bade me stand still and speak: „Dwarf! You! Or I!“—

For courage is the best slayer,—courage that attacks: for in every attack there is the sound of fife and drum.

But man is the most courageous animal: thereby he overcame every animal. With fife and drum he has overcome even every pain; but human pain is the deepest pain.

Courage also slays the dizziness at abysses: and where would man not stand at abysses! Is not seeing itself—seeing abysses?

Courage is the best slayer: courage slays even pity. But pity is the deepest abyss: as deeply as man looks into life, so deeply does he look also into suffering.

But courage is the best slayer, courage that attacks: it slays even death, for it says: „Was that life? Well then! Once more!"

In such a saying, however, there is much sound of fife and drum. He that has ears, let him hear.—

2.

„Halt! Dwarf! said I. I! Or you! But I am the stronger of us two—: you do not know my abysmal thought! That—you could not bear!"—

Then there happened what made me lighter: for the dwarf sprang from my shoulder, the inquisitive one! And he squatted down on a stone before me. But there was a gateway just where we had stopped.

„Behold this gateway! Dwarf! I went on: it has two faces. Two ways come together here: no one has yet walked them to the end.

This long lane back: it lasts an eternity. And that long lane out yonder —that is another eternity.

They contradict each other, these ways; they butt their heads against each other:—and here, at this gateway, is where they come together. The name of the gateway is written above: „Moment".

But whoever should walk on along one of them—and ever on and ever farther: do you believe, dwarf, that these ways contradict each other eternally?"—

„All that is straight lies, murmured the dwarf contemptuously. All truth is crooked, time itself is a circle."

„You spirit of gravity! said I wrathfully, do not make it too easy for yourself! Or I shall leave you squatting where you squat, lame-foot,—and I carried you high!

Behold, I went on, this Moment! From this gateway Moment a long eternal lane runs backward behind us lies an eternity.

Must not whatever of all things can run have already run along this lane once? Must not whatever of all things can happen have already happened, been done, run past once?

And if everything has already been there: what do you think, dwarf, of this Moment? Must not this gateway too have already—been there?

And are not all things knotted together so firmly that this Moment draws after it all things to come? Thus—- itself as well?

For whatever of all things can run: out along this long lane too—it must run once more!—

And this slow spider that creeps in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and I and you in the gateway, whispering together, whispering of eternal things—must we not all have been there already?

—and come again and run in that other lane, out, before us, in this long dreadful lane—must we not come again eternally?—"

Thus I spoke, and ever more softly: for I was afraid of my own thoughts and afterthoughts. Then, suddenly, I heard a dog howl nearby.

Did I ever hear a dog howl so? My thought ran back. Yes! When I was a child, in most distant childhood:

—then I heard a dog howl so. And saw it too, bristling, its head raised upward, trembling, in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

—so that I felt pity. For just then the full moon was passing, deathly silent, over the house, just then it stood still, a round glow,—still upon the flat roof, as if upon another's property:—

at this the dog was terrified then: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I heard such howling again, I felt pity once more.

Where now was the dwarf? and the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Was I dreaming, then? Was I waking up? All at once I stood among wild cliffs, alone, desolate, in the most desolate moonlight.

But there lay a man! And there! The dog, leaping, bristling, whimpering,—now it saw me coming—then it howled again, then it cried out: —did I ever hear a dog cry so for help?

And, truly, what I saw, the like of it I never saw. A young shepherd I saw, writhing, choking, convulsed, his face distorted, from whose mouth a black, heavy serpent was hanging.

Did I ever see so much nausea and pallid dread upon one countenance? Had he perhaps been sleeping? Then the serpent crawled into his throat—and there it bit fast.

My hand tore at the serpent and tore:—in vain! it could not tear the serpent out of his throat. Then it cried out of me: "Bite! Bite!

Off with its head! Bite!"—thus it cried out of me, my dread, my hatred, my nausea, my compassion, all my good and my bad cried out of me with one single cry.—

You bold ones about me! You seekers, searchers, tempters, and whoever among you has embarked with cunning sails upon unexplored seas! You who delight in riddles!

Then guess me the riddle that I beheld that time, then interpret for me the vision of the loneliest one!

For it was a vision and a foreseeing:—what did I see that time in parable? And who is it that must one day yet come?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the serpent thus crawled? Who is the man into whose throat all that is heaviest, blackest will thus crawl?

—But the shepherd bit, as my cry counselled him; he bit with a good bite! Far away he spat the serpent's head—: and sprang up.—

No longer shepherd, no longer man,—one transformed, one surrounded with light, who laughed! Never yet on earth did any man laugh as he laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter that was no man's laughter,—- and now a thirst gnaws at me, a longing that is never stilled.

My longing for this laughter gnaws at me: oh how do I still endure to live! And how could I endure to die now!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Involuntary Bliss

With such riddles and bitternesses in his heart Zarathustra fared across the sea. But when he was four days' journey from the Blessed Isles and from his friends, then had he overcome all his pain—: victorious and with firm feet he stood once more upon his destiny. And then Zarathustra spoke thus to his exultant conscience:

"Alone am I again and will to be so, alone with pure sky and open sea; and again it is afternoon around me.

In the afternoon I once found my friends for the first time, in the afternoon also the second time:—at the hour when all light grows stiller.

For whatever of happiness is still on its way between heaven and earth now seeks for itself a bright soul as its lodging: for happiness all light has now grown stiller.

O afternoon of my life! Once my happiness too descended into the valley, to seek itself a lodging: there it found these open, hospitable souls.

O afternoon of my life! What did I not give up, that I might have one thing: this living plantation of my thoughts and this morning light of my highest hope!

Companions the creator once sought, and children of his hope: and behold, it turned out that he could not find them, unless he first create them himself.

Thus am I in the midst of my work, going to my children and returning from them: for the sake of his children must Zarathustra perfect himself.

For from the ground up one loves only one's child and work; and where there is great love of oneself, there it is the sign of pregnancy: so I found it.

Still my children grow green for me in their first spring, standing close to one another and shaken together by the winds, the trees of my garden and of my best soil.

And verily! Where such trees stand together, there are blessed isles!

But one day I will dig them up and set each one apart by itself: that it may learn solitude and defiance and caution.

Gnarled and crooked and with supple hardness shall it then stand for me by the sea, a living lighthouse of invincible life.

There where the storms plunge down into the sea, and the mountain's trunk drinks water, there shall each one some day keep his day- and night-watches, for his testing and knowledge.

Known and tested shall he be, as to whether he is of my kind and lineage,—whether he be master of a long will, silent even when he speaks, and yielding in such wise that in giving he takes:—

—that one day he may become my companion and a fellow-creator and fellow-celebrant of Zarathustra—: such a one as writes my will upon my tablets: for the fuller perfecting of all things.

And for his sake and for the sake of his like must I perfect myself: therefore I now evade my happiness and offer myself to all unhappiness—for my last testing and knowledge.

And verily, it was time that I went; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest tedium and the stillest hour—all urged me: "it is high time!"

The wind blew to me through the keyhole and said "Come!" The door sprang slyly open for me and said "Go!"

But I lay chained to love for my children: desire laid this snare for me, the desire for love, that I might become the prey of my children and lose myself to them.

To desire—that means to me already: to have lost myself. I have you, my children! In this having all shall be certainty and nothing desire.

But brooding lay the sun of my love upon me, in his own juice Zarathustra stewed,—then shadows and doubts flew over me.

For frost and winter I was already lusting: "oh that frost and winter might make me crack and crunch again!" I sighed:—then icy mists rose up out of me.

My past burst its graves, many a pain buried alive awoke—: it had only been sleeping its fill, hidden in burial shrouds.

Thus everything called to me in signs: "it is time!"—But I—heard not: until at last my abyss stirred and my thought bit me.

Ah, abysmal thought, thou who art my thought! When shall I find the strength to hear thee digging and no longer tremble?

Up to my throat my heart pounds when I hear thee digging! Even thy silence would strangle me, thou abysmally silent one!

Never yet did I dare to call thee up: enough already that I—carried thee with me! Not yet was I strong enough for the final lion's wantonness and wilfulness.

Enough of the dreadful was thy heaviness to me always: but one day shall I yet find the strength and the lion's voice that calls thee up!

When I have first overcome myself in that, then will I overcome myself in what is greater still; and a victory shall be the seal of my perfection!—

Meanwhile I still drift on uncertain seas; chance flatters me, the smooth-tongued one; forward and backward I gaze—, still I gaze upon no end.

Not yet has the hour of my last struggle come to me,—or is it perhaps coming to me even now? Verily, with treacherous beauty sea and life gaze at me all around!

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before evening! O haven on the high sea! O peace in uncertainty! How I mistrust you all!

Verily, mistrustful am I of your treacherous beauty! I am like the lover who mistrusts all-too-velvety smiles.

As he pushes his most beloved before him, tender even in his hardness, the jealous one—, so do I push this blissful hour before me.

Away with thee, thou blissful hour! With thee came to me a bliss against my will! Willing for my deepest pain I stand here:—out of season didst thou come!

Away with thee, thou blissful hour! Rather take lodging there—with my children! Hasten! and bless them before evening with my happiness!

There evening already approaches: the sun sinks. Gone—my happiness!—"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And he waited for his unhappiness the whole night: but he waited in vain. The night remained bright and still, and happiness itself came ever nearer and nearer to him. Towards morning, however, Zarathustra laughed to his heart and said mockingly:

"happiness runs after me. That comes of my not running after women. Happiness, however, is a woman."

Before Sunrise

O heaven above me, you pure one! Deep one! You abyss of light! Gazing upon you I shudder with godlike desires.

To cast myself into your height—that is my depth! To shelter myself in your purity—that is my innocence!

The god is veiled by his beauty: thus you hide your stars. You do not speak: thus you proclaim to me your wisdom.

Mute over the roaring sea you have risen for me today; your love and your modesty speak revelation to my roaring soul.

That you came to me beautiful, veiled in your beauty, that you speak to me mutely, manifest in your wisdom:

Oh how should I not divine all the modesty of your soul! Before the sun you came to me, the loneliest one.

We are friends from the beginning: grief and dread and ground we share; even the sun we share.

We do not speak to each other, because we know too much—: we are silent to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Are you not the light to my fire? Have you not the sister-soul to my insight?

Together we learned everything; together we learned to climb above ourselves to ourselves and to smile cloudlessly:—

—to smile cloudlessly down from bright eyes and from miles away, when beneath us compulsion and purpose and guilt steam like rain.

And when I wandered alone: for whom did my soul hunger in nights and on errant paths? And when I climbed mountains, whom did I ever seek, if not you, upon mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing: it was only a necessity and a makeshift of the helpless one:—to fly alone is what my whole will wills, to fly into you!

And whom did I hate more than drifting clouds and all that stains you? And even my own hatred I hated, because it stained you!

I bear a grudge against the drifting clouds, these creeping cats of prey: they take from you and me what we share,—the tremendous, boundless Yes- and Amen-saying.

We bear a grudge against these mediators and meddlers, the drifting clouds: these half-and-halfers, who have learned neither to bless nor to curse from the ground up.

Rather would I sit in a barrel beneath a closed-up sky, rather sit in the abyss without a sky, than see you, sky of light, stained with drifting clouds!

And often I have longed to pin them fast with jagged golden wires of lightning, so that I, like the thunder, might beat the kettledrum upon their cauldron-bellies:—

—an angry kettledrummer, because they rob me of your Yes! and Amen!, you heaven above me, you pure one! Bright one! You abyss of light!—because they rob you of my Yes! and Amen!

For rather would I have noise and thunder and storm-curses than this deliberate, doubting cat-calm; and among men too I hate most of all the soft-steppers and half-and-halfers and doubting, hesitating drifting clouds.

And "whoever cannot bless shall learn to curse!"—this bright teaching fell to me from a bright sky, this star stands in my heaven even in black nights.

But I am one who blesses and a Yes-sayer, if only you are around me, you pure one! Bright one! You abyss of light!—into all abysses I then carry my blessing Yes-saying.

One who blesses have I become, and one who says Yes: and for this I wrestled long and was a wrestler, that I might one day get my hands free for blessing.

But this is my blessing: to stand over every single thing as its own heaven, as its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security: and blessed is he who blesses thus!

For all things are baptized at the well of eternity and beyond good and evil; but good and evil themselves are only intervening shadows and damp afflictions and drifting clouds.

Verily, it is a blessing and no blasphemy when I teach: "over all things stands the heaven Chance, the heaven Innocence, the heaven Accident, the heaven Exuberance."

"By Accident"—that is the oldest nobility in the world; this I gave back to all things, I redeemed them from their bondage under purpose.

This freedom and heavenly serenity I set like an azure bell over all things, when I taught that over them and through them no "eternal will"—wills.

This exuberance and this folly I set in the place of that will, when I taught: "in all things one thing is impossible—rationality!"

A little reason, to be sure, a seed of wisdom scattered from star to star,—this leaven is mixed into all things: for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed into all things!

A little wisdom is indeed possible; but this blessed certainty I found in all things: that they would rather—dance on the feet of chance.

O heaven above me, you pure one! High one! This is now your purity to me, that there is no eternal reason-spider and reason-spider's web: —

—that you are to me a dance floor for divine chances, that you are to me a gods' table for divine dice and dice-players!—

But you blush? Did I speak the unspeakable? Did I blaspheme, in wishing to bless you?

Or is it the shame of being two that made you blush?—Do you bid me go and be silent, because now—the day is coming?

The world is deep—: and deeper than the day has ever thought. Not everything may have words before the day. But the day is coming: so let us part now!

O heaven above me, you modest one! Glowing one! O you my happiness before sunrise! The day is coming: so let us part now!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of the Virtue That Makes Small

1.

When Zarathustra was again on solid land, he did not make straight for his mountains and his cave, but took many paths and asked many questions and inquired into this and that, so that he said of himself in jest: "behold a river that flows back to its source in many windings!" For he wanted to learn what had meanwhile befallen man: whether he had grown greater or smaller. And once he saw a row of new houses; then he marvelled and said:

"What do these houses mean? Verily, no great soul set them up as a likeness of itself!

Did some silly child take them out of its toy-box? Would that another child would put them back into its box!

And these rooms and chambers: can men go in and out of them? They seem to me made for silken dolls; or for sweet-toothed kittens, who perhaps also let others nibble at them."

And Zarathustra stood still and reflected. At last he said sorrowfully: "Everything has become smaller!

Everywhere I see lower gateways: whoever is of my kind may still pass through them, but—he must stoop!

Oh when shall I come again to my homeland, where I need stoop no more—need stoop no more before the small!"—And Zarathustra sighed and gazed into the distance.—

That same day, however, he gave his discourse on the virtue that makes small.

2.

I walk among this people and keep my eyes open: they do not forgive me that I do not envy their virtues.

They snap at me because I say to them: small people need small virtues—and because it goes hard with me that small people are needed!

I am still like the cock here in a strange farmyard, at whom even the hens peck; yet I bear these hens no ill will for it.

I am courteous towards them as towards every small annoyance; to be prickly towards what is small seems to me a wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all talk of me when they sit around the fire in the evening,—they talk of me, but no one thinks—of me!

This is the new stillness I have learned: their noise about me spreads a cloak over my thoughts.

They clamour among themselves: "what does this gloomy cloud want of us? let us see to it that it does not bring us a plague!"

And lately a woman snatched to herself her child, who wanted to come to me: "take the children away! she cried; such eyes scorch children's souls."

They cough when I speak: they think coughing is an objection to strong winds,—they guess nothing of the roaring of my happiness!

"We have no time yet for Zarathustra"—so they object; but what matters a time that "has no time" for Zarathustra?

And even when they praise me: how could I fall asleep on their praise? A girdle of thorns is their praise to me: it still scratches me when I take it off.

And this too I learned among them: he who praises pretends to be giving back, but in truth he wants to be given more!

Ask my foot whether their tune of praise and lure pleases it! Verily, to such a beat and tick-tock it cares neither to dance nor to stand still.

To small virtue they would like to lure and praise me; to the tick-tock of small happiness they would like to persuade my foot.

I walk among this people and keep my eyes open: they have become smaller and are becoming ever smaller:—but that is the doing of their doctrine of happiness and virtue.

For they are modest in virtue too—because they want comfort. But only modest virtue gets along with comfort.

True, they too learn in their fashion to stride and to stride forward: that I call their hobbling—. Thereby they become a stumbling-block to everyone who is in a hurry.

And many a one of them goes forward and looks back the while, with stiffened neck: him I gladly run into the body.

Foot and eyes shall not lie, nor give each other the lie. But there is much lying among small people.

Some of them will, but most of them are only willed. Some of them are genuine, but most are bad actors.

There are actors without knowing it among them and actors against their will—, the genuine are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

Of man there is little here: therefore their women make themselves manly. For only he who is man enough will—redeem the woman in woman.

And this hypocrisy I found the worst among them: that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve.

"I serve, you serve, we serve"—so prays here even the hypocrisy of the rulers,—and woe, if the first lord is merely the first servant!

Ah, even into their hypocrisies my eye's curiosity strayed in its flight; and well did I divine all their fly-happiness and their buzzing about sunlit window-panes.

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

Round, fair and kindly are they with one another, as grains of sand are round, fair and kindly with grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness—that they call "resignation"! and all the while they are already modestly squinting after a new small happiness.

At bottom they simple-mindedly want one thing most of all: that no one should do them harm. So they forestall everyone and do him good.

But this is cowardice: even though it be called "virtue".—

And when for once they speak roughly, these small people: I hear in it only their hoarseness,—for every draught of wind makes them hoarse.

Clever they are, their virtues have clever fingers. But they lack fists, their fingers know not how to creep behind fists.

Virtue to them is that which makes modest and tame: with it they have made the wolf into a dog and man himself into man's best domestic animal.

"We set our chair in the middle—so their smirking tells me—and just as far from dying gladiators as from contented swine."

But this is—mediocrity: even though it be called moderation.—

3.

I walk among this people and let fall many a word: but they know neither how to take nor how to keep.

They marvel that I did not come to rail against lusts and vices; and verily, neither did I come to warn against pickpockets!

They marvel that I am not ready to sharpen and whet their cleverness still further: as if they had not enough already of the clever little wits, whose voices scratch on me like slate-pencils!

And when I cry: "Curse all the cowardly devils in you, who like to whimper and fold their hands and worship": then they cry: "Zarathustra is godless".

And especially do their teachers of resignation cry it—; but precisely into their ears do I love to shout: Yes! I am Zarathustra, the godless!

These teachers of resignation! Wherever there is aught small and sick and scabby, there they crawl, like lice; and only my nausea keeps me from cracking them.

Well then! This is my sermon for their ears: I am Zarathustra, the godless, who says "who is more godless than I, that I may rejoice in his instruction?"

I am Zarathustra, the godless: where shall I find my equals? And all those are my equals who give themselves their own will and cast off from themselves all resignation.

I am Zarathustra, the godless: I still cook every chance in my own pot. And only when it is cooked through there do I bid it welcome, as my food.

And verily, many a chance came to me lordly: but more lordly still did my will speak to it,—then it lay already on its knees, pleading—

—pleading that it might find shelter and heart with me, and coaxing me with flattery: "only look, oh Zarathustra, how friend comes only to friend!"—

But why do I speak, where no one has my ears! And so I will cry it out into all the winds:

You grow ever smaller, you small people! You crumble away, you comfortable ones! You will yet perish—

—of your many small virtues, of your many small omissions, of your many small submissions!

Too sparing, too yielding: such is your soil! But for a tree to grow great, it wants to strike hard roots around hard rocks!

Even what you omit weaves at the web of all mankind's future; even your nothing is a spider's web and a spider that lives on the future's blood.

And when you take, it is like stealing, you small virtuous ones; but even among rogues honor says: "one should steal only where one cannot rob."

"It gives itself"—that too is a doctrine of submission. But I say to you, you comfortable ones: it takes itself, and will take ever more from you!

Ah, that you would cast off from yourselves all half-willing, and become resolute for sloth as for deed!

Ah, that you understood my word: "do whatever you will,—but first be such as are able to will!"

"Love your neighbor as yourselves, by all means,—but first be for me such as love themselves—

—love with the great love, love with the great contempt!" Thus speaks Zarathustra, the godless.—

But why do I speak, where no one has my ears! It is still an hour too early for me here.

My own forerunner am I among this people, my own cock-crow through dark lanes.

But their hour is coming! And mine is coming too! Hourly they grow smaller, poorer, more barren,—poor herb! poor soil!

And soon they shall stand before me like dry grass and steppe, and verily! weary of themselves—and thirsting more for fire than for water!

Oh blessed hour of the lightning! Oh mystery before noon!—Running fires will I yet make of them one day, and heralds with tongues of flame:—

—they shall yet one day proclaim with tongues of flame: It is coming, it is near, the great noon!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Mount of Olives

Winter, a wicked guest, sits at home with me; blue are my hands from the handshake of his friendship.

I honour him, this wicked guest, but gladly leave him to sit alone. Gladly I run away from him; and if one runs well, one escapes him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts I run to where the wind stands still,—to the sunny nook of my Mount of Olives.

There I laugh at my stern guest and still bear him good will, for at home he catches the flies for me and makes much small noise still.

For he will not suffer it when a gnat wants to sing, or even two; he even makes the lane so lonely that the moonlight in it is afraid at night.

A hard guest is he,—but I honour him, and I do not pray, like the weaklings, to the pot-bellied fire-idol.

Better to chatter one's teeth a little than to worship idols!—so my nature will have it. And especially do I bear a grudge against all ardent, steaming, musty fire-idols.

Whom I love, I love better in winter than in summer; better do I mock my enemies now, and more heartily, since winter has been sitting in my house.

Heartily indeed, even when I creep into bed—: there my crept-away happiness still laughs and frolics; my lying dream still laughs.

I—a creeper? Never in my life did I creep before the mighty; and if ever I lied, I lied out of love. Therefore I am glad even in my winter bed.

A humble bed warms me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter it is most faithful to me.

With a piece of wickedness I begin each day, I mock the winter with a cold bath: at that my stern house-friend grumbles.

I also like to tickle him with a little wax candle: that he may at last let the sky out for me from the ash-grey twilight.

For I am especially wicked in the morning: at the early hour, when the bucket clanks at the well and the horses whinny warmly through grey lanes:—

Impatiently I wait then for the bright sky at last to dawn for me, the snow-bearded winter sky, the old man and white-head,—

—the winter sky, the taciturn one, which often keeps even its sun silent!

Did I perhaps learn from it the long bright silence? Or did it learn it from me? Or did each of us invent it himself?

The origin of all good things is thousandfold,—all good frolicsome things leap into existence for joy: how should they always do that only —once!

A good frolicsome thing is also the long silence, and to gaze, like the winter sky, out of a bright, round-eyed countenance:—

—like it to keep silent one's sun and one's unbending sun-will: truly, this art and this winter-frolic I have learned well!

My dearest wickedness and art is this, that my silence has learned not to betray itself through silence.

Rattling with words and dice I outwit the solemn watchers: from all these stern spies shall my will and purpose slip away.

That no one might see down into my ground and ultimate will,—for that I invented for myself the long bright silence.

Many a clever one did I find: he veiled his countenance and muddied his water, so that no one might see through and down into him.

But precisely to him came the cleverer mistrusters and nutcrackers: precisely from him did they fish out his most hidden fish!

But the bright ones, the brave ones, the transparent ones—these are to me the cleverest of the silent: whose ground is so deep that even the brightest water does not—betray it.—

You snow-bearded, silent winter sky, you round-eyed white-head above me! O you heavenly likeness of my soul and of its frolic!

And must I not hide myself, like one who has swallowed gold,—lest they slit open my soul?

Must I not wear stilts, so that they overlook my long legs,—all these envy-mongers and misery-lovers who are around me?

These smoky, room-warm, worn-out, mouldered, moping souls—how could their envy endure my happiness!

So I show them only the ice and the winter on my peaks—and not that my mountain still winds all the sun's girdles about itself!

They hear only my winter storms whistling: and not that I also sail over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south winds.

They even take pity on my mishaps and chances:—but my word is: "let chance come unto me: innocent is it, like a little child!"

How could they endure my happiness, if I did not lay mishaps and winter-hardships and polar-bear caps and snow-sky mantles about my happiness!

—if I myself did not take pity on their pity—the pity of these envy-mongers and misery-lovers!

—if I did not myself sigh and shiver with frost before them and patiently let myself be wrapped in their pity!

This is the wise frolic and good will of my soul, that it does not hide its winter and its frost-storms; nor does it hide its chilblains.

The solitude of the one is the flight of the sick; the solitude of the other, the flight from the sick.

Let them hear me chatter and sigh with winter cold, all these poor squint-eyed rogues around me! With such sighing and chattering I still flee from their heated rooms.

Let them pity me and sigh over me on account of my chilblains: "on the ice of knowledge he will yet freeze to death on us!"—so they lament.

Meanwhile I run with warm feet hither and thither on my Mount of Olives: in the sunny nook of my Mount of Olives I sing and mock at all pity.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

On Passing By

Thus, slowly striding through many people and many kinds of cities, Zarathustra went by roundabout ways back to his mountains and his cave. And behold, in so doing he came unawares also to the city gate of the great city: here, however, a foaming fool sprang toward him with outspread hands and stepped into his path. This, however, was that same fool whom the people called "Zarathustra's ape": for he had picked up from him something of the phrasing and cadence of his speech, and was also fond of borrowing from the treasure of his wisdom. But the fool spoke thus to Zarathustra:

"O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here you have nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why would you wade through this mire? Have pity on your foot! Rather spit upon the city gate and—turn back!

Here is hell for hermit-thoughts: here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked small.

Here all great feelings rot: here only rattle-lean little feelings may rattle!

Do you not already smell the slaughterhouses and cookshops of the spirit? Does this city not steam with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

Do you not see the souls hanging like limp, dirty rags?—And they even make newspapers out of these rags!

Do you not hear how the spirit has here become wordplay? Loathsome word-swill it vomits forth!—And they even make newspapers out of this word-swill.

They hound one another and know not whither? They heat one another and know not why? They tinkle with their tin, they jingle with their gold.

They are cold and seek warmth from burnt waters; they are heated and seek coolness from frozen spirits; they are all sickly and sick with craving for public opinions.

All lusts and vices are at home here; but there are also the virtuous here, there is much serviceable, in-service virtue:—

Much serviceable virtue with writing-fingers and hard sitting- and waiting-flesh, blessed with little stars upon the breast and stuffed, rumpless daughters.

There is also much piety here, and much devout spittle-licking, flattery-baking before the God of Hosts.

"From on high," indeed, trickle the star and the gracious spittle; toward on high yearns every starless bosom.

The moon has its court, and the court has its mooncalves: but to all that comes from the court the beggar-people prays, and all serviceable beggar-virtue.

"I serve, you serve, we serve"—thus all serviceable virtue prays up to the prince: that the well-deserved star may at last be pinned upon the narrow bosom!

But the moon still revolves around all that is earthly: so too the prince still revolves around the most-earthly-of-all—: and that is the gold of the shopkeepers.

The God of Hosts is no God of gold bars; the prince proposes, but the shopkeeper—disposes!

By all that is bright and strong and good in you, O Zarathustra! Spit upon this city of shopkeepers and turn back!

Here all blood flows putrid and tepid and frothy through all veins: spit upon the great city, which is the great rubbish heap where all scum froths together!

Spit upon the city of crushed souls and narrow breasts, of sharp eyes, of sticky fingers—

—upon the city of the obtrusive, the shameless, the scribble-mouths and scream-mouths, the overheated ambitious:—

—where everything decayed and ill-famed, lascivious and lugubrious, over-mellow, ulcerous, conspiratorial festers together:—

—spit upon the great city and turn back!"—

Here, however, Zarathustra interrupted the foaming fool and held his mouth shut.

"Stop at last! cried Zarathustra, I have long been nauseated by your speech and your ways!

Why did you dwell so long by the swamp that you yourself had to become a frog and a toad?

Does not a putrid, frothy swamp-blood now flow through your own veins, that you have thus learned to croak and to blaspheme?

Why did you not go into the forest? Or plough the earth? Is the sea not full of green islands?

I despise your despising; and if you warned me,—why did you not warn yourself?

Out of love alone shall my despising and my warning bird fly up for me: but not out of the swamp!—

They call you my ape, you foaming fool: but I call you my grunting-pig,—with your grunting you will yet spoil my praise of folly for me.

What was it, then, that first made you grunt? That no one flattered you enough:—therefore you sat yourself down beside this filth, so that you might have grounds for much grunting,—

—so that you might have grounds for much revenge! For revenge, you vain fool, is all your foaming; I have guessed you well!

But your fool's-word does me harm, even where you are right! And even if Zarathustra's word were a hundred times right: with my word you would always—do wrong!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra; and he looked upon the great city, sighed, and was silent for a long time. At last he spoke thus:

I am nauseated by this great city too, and not only by this fool. Here and there is nothing to make better, nothing to make worse.

Woe to this great city!—And I wish I already saw the pillar of fire in which it will be burned!

For such pillars of fire must go before the great noon. But this has its time and its own destiny.—

But this teaching I give you, you fool, in farewell: where one can no longer love, there one should—pass by!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and he passed by the fool and the great city.

Of the Apostates

1.

Ah, does everything already lie withered and grey that but lately stood green and many-coloured upon this meadow? And how much honey of hope did I carry from here into my beehives!

These young hearts have all grown old already,—and not even old! only weary, common, comfortable:—they call it "We have become pious again."

But lately I saw them running out in the early morning on brave feet: but their feet of knowledge grew weary, and now they even slander their morning bravery!

Verily, many a one of them once lifted his legs like a dancer, the laughter in my wisdom beckoned to him:—then he bethought himself. Just now I saw him bent—creeping to the cross.

Around light and freedom they once fluttered like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder: and already they are murk-mongers and mutterers and stove-squatters.

Did their heart perhaps lose courage because solitude swallowed me like a whale? Did their ear perhaps listen longingly, long and in vain, for me and my trumpet-calls and herald-calls?

—Ah! Ever are there but few whose heart has a long courage and high spirits; and in such the spirit too remains patient. The rest, however, is cowardly.

The rest: that is always the very most, the everyday, the superfluous, the many-too-many—these are all cowardly!—

Whoever is of my kind, the experiences of my kind will also cross his path: so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

His second companions, however—they will call themselves his believers: a living swarm, much love, much folly, much beardless veneration.

To these believers he shall not bind his heart who is of my kind among men; in these springtimes and many-coloured meadows he shall not believe who knows the fleeting-cowardly kind of man!

Could they do otherwise, then they would also will otherwise. Half-and-halves spoil everything whole. That leaves grow withered,—what is there to lament in that!

Let them go and fall, O Zarathustra, and do not lament! Rather blow among them with rustling winds,—

—blow among these leaves, O Zarathustra: that everything withered may run away from thee all the faster!—

2.

"We have become pious again"—so these apostates confess; and some of them are still too cowardly to confess thus.

Them I look in the eye,—to them I say it to their face and to the blush of their cheeks: you are such as pray again!

But it is a disgrace to pray! Not for all, but for thee and me and whoever has his conscience in his head as well. For thee it is a disgrace to pray!

Thou knowest it well: thy cowardly devil within thee, who would gladly fold his hands and lay his hands in his lap and have it more comfortable:—this cowardly devil persuades thee "there is a God!"

Thereby, however, thou belongest to the light-shunning kind, whom light never leaves in peace; now thou must daily stick thy head deeper into night and haze!

And verily, thou chosest the hour well: for just now the night-birds are flying out again. The hour has come for all light-shunning folk, the evening hour and hour of rest, when it does not—"rest."

I hear and smell it: their hour has come for the hunt and the procession, not indeed for a wild hunt, but for a tame, lame, snuffling hunt of soft-treaders and soft-prayers,—

—for a hunt after soulful sneaks: all the mousetraps of the heart are now set up again! And wherever I lift a curtain, out rushes a little night-moth.

Was it perhaps squatting there together with another little night-moth? For everywhere I smell little hidden-away congregations; and wherever there are little closets, there are new prayer-brethren within and the haze of prayer-brethren.

They sit together long evenings and say: let us become again as little children and say "dear God"!—ruined in mouth and stomach by the pious confectioners.

Or they watch long evenings a cunning, lurking cross-spider, which preaches prudence to the spiders themselves and teaches thus: "under crosses it is good spinning!"

Or they sit all day with fishing-rods beside swamps and think themselves profound for it; but whoever fishes where there are no fish, him I do not even call superficial!

Or they learn piously-gladly to play the harp with a song-poet who would fain harp his way into the hearts of young little women:—for he grew weary of the old little women and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder with a learned half-madman who waits in dark rooms for the spirits to come to him—and the spirit runs away altogether!

Or they listen to an old roving droner and growler who learned the dreariness of tones from dreary winds; now he pipes after the wind and preaches dreariness in dreary tones.

And some of them have even become night-watchmen: they now know how to blow horns and go about at night and awaken old things that have long since fallen asleep.

Five words about old things I heard last night by the garden wall: they came from such old, sorrowful, dried-up night-watchmen.

"For a father he does not care enough for his children: human fathers do this better!"—

"He is too old! He no longer cares for his children at all"—thus answered the other night-watchman.

"Has he any children, then? No one can prove it, if he does not prove it himself! I have long wished that he would for once prove it thoroughly."

"Prove? As if he had ever proved anything! Proving comes hard to him; he sets great store by being believed."

"Yes! Yes! Faith makes him blessed, faith in him. That is just the way of old people! So it goes with us too!"—

—Thus spoke the two old night-watchmen and light-scarers to each other, and thereupon tooted sorrowfully on their horns: so it happened last night by the garden wall.

But my heart writhed with laughter and would break and knew not whither? and sank into my diaphragm.

Verily, this will yet be my death, that I choke with laughter when I see asses drunk and hear night-watchmen thus doubting God.

Is it not long past, then, even for all such doubts? Who may still awaken such old, sleeping, light-shunning things!

With the old gods it came to an end long ago:—and verily, a good, joyful godly end they had!

They did not "twilight" themselves to death,—that is surely a lie! Rather: they once laughed themselves to—death!

That happened when the most godless word went forth from a god himself,—the word: "There is One God! Thou shalt have no other god before me!"—

—an old grim-beard of a god, a jealous one, forgot himself thus:

And all the gods laughed then and rocked on their chairs and cried: "Is not just this godliness, that there are gods but no God?"

He that hath ears, let him hear.—

Thus discoursed Zarathustra in the city which he loved and which is surnamed the Motley Cow. For from here he had but two days more to go before he would come again to his cave and to his animals; his soul, however, rejoiced continually at the nearness of his homecoming.—

The Homecoming

O solitude! Thou my home, solitude! Too long have I lived wild in wild strange lands not to return home to thee with tears!

Now threaten me with thy finger, as mothers threaten; nay, smile at me, as mothers smile; now say only: "And who was it that once stormed away from me like a storm-wind?—

—who cried in parting: too long have I sat with solitude, and so I unlearned silence! That—thou hast surely learned now?

O Zarathustra, I know all things: and that thou wast more forsaken among the many, thou one, than ever thou wast with me!

One thing is forsakenness, another is solitude: That—thou hast learned now! And that among men thou wilt always be wild and strange:

-wild and strange even when they love thee: for first of all they want to be spared!

Here, however, thou art at home and in thine own house; here thou canst speak everything out and pour out all thy grounds, nothing here is ashamed of hidden, hardened feelings.

Here all things come caressing to thy speech and flatter thee: for they want to ride upon thy back. Upon every parable thou ridest here to every truth.

Upright and forthright mayest thou speak here to all things: and verily, it sounds like praise in their ears that one should speak with all things—straight!

But another thing is being forsaken. For dost thou still remember, O Zarathustra? When once thy bird cried out above thee, as thou stoodest in the forest, undecided, whither? unknowing, near a corpse:—

—when thou spakest: let my animals lead me! More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals:—That was forsakenness!

And dost thou still remember, O Zarathustra? When thou sattest upon thine isle, a well of wine among empty buckets, giving and giving out, bestowing and pouring out among the thirsty:

—until at last thou sattest thirsty alone among the drunken and didst lament by night: "is not taking more blessed than giving? And stealing yet more blessed than taking?"—That was forsakenness!

And dost thou still remember, O Zarathustra? When thy stillest hour came and drove thee forth from thyself, when it spake with wicked whispering: "Speak and break!" -

—when it made thee rue all thy waiting and silence and disheartened thy humble heart: That was forsakenness!"—

O solitude! Thou my home, solitude! How blissfully and tenderly thy voice speaks to me!

We question not one another, we complain not to one another, we go openly together through open doors.

For it is open with thee and bright; and here even the hours run on lighter feet. For in the dark one bears time more heavily than in the light.

Here all being's words and word-shrines spring open to me: here all being wants to become word, all becoming wants to learn from me how to speak.

But down there—there all speaking is in vain! There forgetting and passing by are the best wisdom: That—I have learned now!

He who would grasp everything among men would have to grope at everything. But for that my hands are too clean.

I care not even to breathe in their breath; alas, that I lived so long amid their noise and foul breath!

O blissful stillness around me! O pure fragrances around me! Oh how from a deep breast this stillness draws pure breath! Oh how it listens, this blissful stillness!

But down there—there everything speaks, there everything goes unheard. One may ring in one's wisdom with bells: the shopkeepers in the market-place will out-jingle it with pennies!

Everything among them speaks, no one knows any longer how to understand. Everything falls into the water, nothing falls any longer into deep wells.

Everything among them speaks, nothing thrives any longer and comes to an end. Everything cackles, but who will still sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Everything among them speaks, everything is talked to pieces. And what yesterday was still too hard for time itself and its tooth: today it hangs, scraped and gnawed, from the mouths of the men of today.

Everything among them speaks, everything is betrayed. And what was once called secret and the secrecy of deep souls, today it belongs to the street-trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human kind, thou strange thing! Thou noise in dark streets! Now thou liest behind me again:—my greatest danger lies behind me!

In sparing and in pity lay ever my greatest danger; and all human kind wants to be spared and suffered.

With truths held back, with a fool's hand and a doting heart and rich in little lies of pity:—thus did I ever live among men.

Disguised I sat among them, ready to mistake myself so that I might endure them, and gladly persuading myself: "thou fool, thou knowest not men!"

One unlearns men when one lives among men: there is too much foreground in all men,—what use there are far-seeing, far-seeking eyes!

And when they mistook me: I, fool that I was, spared them on that account more than myself: accustomed to hardness against myself, and often even taking revenge upon myself for this sparing.

Stung all over by poisonous flies and hollowed out, like the stone, by many drops of malice, thus I sat among them and still persuaded myself: "innocent is all that is small of its smallness!"

Especially those who call themselves "the good" did I find to be the most poisonous flies: they sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence; how could they be capable of being—just toward me!

Whoever lives among the good, pity teaches him to lie. Pity makes the air stifling for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To conceal myself and my riches—that I learned down there: for I found everyone still poor in spirit. That was the lie of my pity, that with everyone I knew,

—that I saw and smelled in everyone what was spirit enough for him and what was already too much spirit for him!

Their stiff sages: I called them wise, not stiff,—thus I learned to swallow words. Their gravediggers: I called them researchers and examiners,—thus I learned to exchange words.

The gravediggers dig diseases for themselves. Under old rubble rest foul vapours. One should not stir up the morass. One should live upon mountains.

With blissful nostrils I breathe again mountain-freedom! Redeemed at last is my nose from the smell of all human kind!

Tickled by sharp breezes, as by sparkling wines, my soul sneezes,—sneezes and cheers itself: Bless you!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Three Evils

1.

In a dream, in my last morning dream, I stood today upon a promontory,—beyond the world, I held a pair of scales and weighed the world.

Oh that the dawn came to me too early: she glowed me awake, the jealous one! Jealous she always is of my morning-dream glows.

Measurable for him who has time, weighable for a good weigher, reachable in flight for strong pinions, guessable for divine nutcrackers: thus did my dream find the world:—

My dream, a bold sailor, half ship, half whirlwind, silent like butterflies, impatient like noble falcons: how then did it have patience and leisure today for weighing the world!

Did my wisdom perhaps speak to it in secret, my laughing, wakeful day-wisdom, which mocks at all "infinite worlds"? For it says: "where there is force, number too becomes mistress: it has more force."

How surely my dream gazed upon this finite world, not craving the new, not craving the old, not fearing, not begging:—

—as if a full apple offered itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple, with cool-soft, velvety skin:—thus did the world offer itself to me:—

—as if a tree beckoned to me, a broad-branched, strong-willed one, bent to be a backrest and even a footstool for the wayweary: thus stood the world upon my promontory:—

—as if dainty hands carried a shrine towards me,—a shrine open for the delight of bashful, adoring eyes: thus did the world come to meet me today:—

—not riddle enough to scare away human love, not solution enough to lull human wisdom to sleep:—a humanly good thing was the world to me today, the world of which such evil is spoken!

How I thank my morning dream that thus in the early hour today I weighed the world! As a humanly good thing it came to me, this dream and comforter of the heart!

And that I may do as it did by day, and learn from it and copy its best: I will now put the three most evil things upon the scales and weigh them in a humanly good way.—

He who taught blessing taught cursing too: which are the three most cursed things in the world? These will I put upon the scales.

Voluptuousness, lust to rule, selfishness: these three have hitherto been cursed the most and been the worst be-rumoured and be-lied,—these three will I weigh in a humanly good way.

Up! Here is my promontory and there the sea: it rolls towards me, shaggy, fawning, the faithful old hundred-headed dog-monster that I love.

Up! Here will I hold the scales over the rolling sea: and a witness too I choose, that he may look on,—thee, thou hermit-tree, thou strong-scented, broad-vaulted one, whom I love!—

On what bridge does the Now go over to the Hereafter? By what compulsion does the high compel itself down to the low? And what bids even the highest still—to grow upward?—

Now the scales stand level and still: three heavy questions I threw in, three heavy answers are borne by the other scale.

2.

Voluptuousness: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body their sting and stake, and cursed as "world" among all afterworldsmen: for it mocks and fools all teachers of muddle and error.

Voluptuousness: for the riffraff the slow fire on which it is burned; for all worm-eaten wood, for all stinking rags, the ever-ready furnace of rut and seething.

Voluptuousness: for free hearts innocent and free, the garden-happiness of the earth, the overflowing thanks of all the future to the Now.

Voluptuousness: only to the withered a sweetish poison, but for the lion-willed the great cordial of the heart, and the reverently hoarded wine of wines.

Voluptuousness: the great happiness that is a parable of higher happiness and highest hope. For to much is marriage promised, and more than marriage,—

—to much that is stranger to itself than man and woman:—and who has fully grasped how strange man and woman are to each other!

Voluptuousness:—but I will have fences around my thoughts and around my words as well: lest swine and swarming zealots break into my gardens!—

Lust to rule: the glowing scourge of the hardest of the hard-hearted; the grisly torment that keeps itself in store for the cruellest himself; the gloomy flame of living pyres.

Lust to rule: the malicious gadfly that is set upon the vainest peoples; the mocker of all uncertain virtue; she who rides upon every steed and every pride.

Lust to rule: the earthquake that breaks and breaks open all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punishing smasher of whited sepulchres; the flashing question mark beside premature answers.

Lust to rule: before whose gaze man crawls and cowers and slaves and becomes lower than serpent and swine:—until at last the great contempt cries out from within him—,

Lust to rule: the terrible teacher of the great contempt, who preaches to the faces of cities and empires "away with thee!"—until out of themselves it cries "away with me!"

Lust to rule: who, however, alluringly climbs also to the pure and the lonely and up to self-sufficient heights, glowing like a love that alluringly paints purple bliss upon earthly heavens.

Lust to rule: but who would call it lust when the high longs downward for power! Verily, there is nothing sick and lustful in such longing and descending!

That the lonely height may not forever be lonely and content with itself; that the mountain may come down to the valley and the winds of the height to the lowlands:—

Oh who would find the right baptismal name and virtue-name for such longing! "Bestowing virtue"—thus Zarathustra once named the unnameable.

And it was then too that it came to pass,—and verily, it came to pass for the first time!—that his word called selfishness blessed, the wholesome, healthy selfishness that wells forth from a mighty soul:—

—from a mighty soul, to which belongs the high body, the beautiful, triumphant, refreshing body, around which every thing becomes a mirror:

—the supple, persuading body, the dancer, whose parable and epitome is the self-enjoying soul. The self-enjoyment of such bodies and souls calls itself: "virtue."

With its words of good and bad such self-enjoyment shields itself as with sacred groves; with the names of its happiness it banishes from itself all that is contemptible.

Away from itself it banishes all that is cowardly; it says: Bad—that is cowardly! Contemptible to it seems the one who is always worrying, sighing, wretched, and whoever picks up even the smallest advantages.

It despises also all woe-blissful wisdom: for, verily, there is also wisdom that blooms in the dark, a nightshade-wisdom: such as always sighs: "All is vanity!"

Shy mistrust it holds in low esteem, and everyone who wants oaths instead of looks and hands: also all overly mistrustful wisdom,—for such is the way of cowardly souls.

Lower still it holds the quick-to-please, the doglike one, who lies straightway on his back, the humble one; and there is wisdom too that is humble and doglike and pious and quick-to-please.

Hateful to it indeed, and a nausea, is he who will never defend himself, who swallows down poisonous spittle and evil looks, the all-too-patient, the all-enduring, the all-content: for that is the servile way.

Whether one is servile before gods and divine kicks, or before men and stupid human opinions: on all servility it spits, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: thus it calls all that is broken and stingy-servile, unfree blinking eyes, oppressed hearts, and that false yielding kind that kisses with broad cowardly lips.

And sham-wisdom: thus it calls all that servants and greybeards and the weary crack wits about; and especially the whole wicked, witless, over-witty folly of priests!

The sham-wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of the womanish and servile kind,—oh how their game has from of old played foul with selfishness!

And precisely this was to be virtue and be called virtue, that one should play foul with selfishness! And "selfless"—that is what all these world-weary cowards and cross-spiders wished themselves to be, and with good reason!

But for all of them the day now comes, the transformation, the sword of judgment, the great noon: then much shall be made manifest!

And whoever pronounces the I whole and holy, and selfishness blessed, verily, he also speaks what he knows, a foreteller: "Behold, it comes, it is near, the great noon!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Spirit of Gravity

1.

My mouth—is of the people: too coarse and hearty do I speak for the silken hares. And stranger still does my word sound to all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand—is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls, and whatever else has room for fool's adornment, fool's scrawlment!

My foot—is a horse's hoof; with it I trample and trot over stick and stone, crosswise and cross-country, and am devilishly glad in all swift running.

My stomach—is it perhaps an eagle's stomach? For it loves lamb's flesh best of all. But certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished on innocent things and on little, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—that now is my way: how should there not be something of the bird's way in it!

And above all, that I am enemy to the spirit of gravity, that is the bird's way: and verily, deadly enemy, arch-enemy, primordial enemy! Oh, whither has my enmity not already flown and flown astray!

Of that I could well sing a song—and will sing it: though I be alone in an empty house and must sing it to my own ears.

There are other singers, to be sure, whose throats are made supple, whose hands are made eloquent, whose eyes are made expressive, whose hearts are made wakeful only by a full house:—those I do not resemble.—

2.

He who one day teaches men to fly will have moved all boundary stones; all boundary stones themselves will fly into the air for him, he will baptize the earth anew—as "the light one."

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, but even he still thrusts his head heavily into heavy earth: thus too the man who cannot yet fly.

Heavy he calls earth and life; and so the spirit of gravity wills it! But he who would become light and a bird must love himself:—thus do I teach.

Not, to be sure, with the love of the sickly and the addicted: for with them even self-love stinks!

One must learn to love oneself—thus do I teach—with a whole and healthy love: so that one can bear to be with oneself and not go roaming about.

Such roaming about baptizes itself "love of one's neighbour": with this word the best lying and dissembling has been done hitherto, and especially by those who were a burden to all the world.

And verily, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow, this learning to love oneself. Rather, of all arts this is the finest, the subtlest, the last and the most patient.

For to its owner all that is his own is well hidden; and of all treasure-pits one's own is dug up last,—thus does the spirit of gravity bring it about.

Almost in the cradle we are given heavy words and values to take along: "good" and "evil"—so this dowry calls itself. For its sake we are forgiven for living.

And for this one suffers the little children to come unto one, that one may forbid them betimes to love themselves: thus does the spirit of gravity bring it about.

And we—we faithfully drag what we are given, on hard shoulders and over rugged mountains! And if we sweat, we are told: "Yes, life is hard to bear!"

But only man is hard for himself to bear! That is because he drags too much that is foreign upon his shoulders. Like the camel he kneels down and lets himself be well laden.

Especially the strong, burden-bearing man in whom reverence dwells: too many foreign heavy words and values he loads upon himself,—now life seems to him a desert!

And verily! Much that is one's own is also hard to bear! And much that is inward in man is like the oyster, namely loathsome and slippery and hard to grasp—,

—so that a noble shell with noble adornment must intercede for it. But this art too one must learn: to have a shell and fair seeming and shrewd blindness!

Again, there is deception about many things in man, because many a shell is paltry and sad and too much shell. Much hidden goodness and power is never guessed; the most exquisite dainties find no tasters!

Women know this, the most exquisite of them: a little fatter, a little leaner—oh, how much fate lies in so little!

Man is hard to discover, and hardest of all to himself; often the spirit lies about the soul. Thus does the spirit of gravity bring it about.

But he has discovered himself who says: This is my good and evil: with that he has struck dumb the mole and dwarf who says "Good for all, evil for all."

Verily, neither do I like those to whom every thing is good and this world even the best. Such I call the all-contented.

All-contentedness, which knows how to taste everything: that is not the best taste! I honour the refractory, choosy tongues and stomachs that have learned to say "I" and "Yes" and "No."

But to chew and digest everything—that is the true swinish way! Always to say Ye-a—that only the ass has learned, and whoever is of his spirit!—

Deep yellow and hot red: so my taste wills it,—it mixes blood into all colours. But he who whitewashes his house betrays to me a whitewashed soul.

Some in love with mummies, others with ghosts; and both alike enemies to all flesh and blood—oh, how both go against my taste! For I love blood.

And there I will not dwell and tarry where everyone spits and spews: that now is my taste,—I would rather live among thieves and perjurers. No one carries gold in his mouth.

Yet more repugnant to me are all lickspittles; and the most repugnant animal of a man that I found, I baptized parasite: it would not love and yet would live on love.

Wretched I call all who have only one choice: to become evil beasts or evil tamers of beasts: among such I would build myself no huts.

Wretched I call also those who must always wait,—they go against my taste: all the tax-collectors and shopkeepers and kings and other keepers of lands and shops.

Verily, I too learned waiting, and thoroughly,

—but only waiting for myself. And above all I learned to stand and walk and run and leap and climb and dance.

This, however, is my teaching: he who would one day learn to fly must first learn to stand and walk and run and climb and dance:—one does not fly into flying!

With rope-ladders I learned to climb to many a window, with nimble legs I clambered up high masts: to sit on high masts of knowledge seemed to me no small bliss,—

—to flicker like little flames on high masts: a little light, to be sure, but yet a great comfort to storm-driven sailors and shipwrecked men! —

By many a way and manner did I come to my truth; not by one ladder did I climb to the height where my eye roams into my distance.

And only unwillingly did I ever ask the way,—that always went against my taste! Rather did I question and try the ways themselves.

A trying and questioning was all my going:—and verily, one must also learn to answer such questioning! That, however—is my taste:

—not a good one, not a bad one, but my taste, of which I am no longer ashamed and which I no longer conceal.

"This—is now my way,—where is yours?" thus I answered those who asked me "the way." For the way—it does not exist!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of Old and New Tablets

1.

Here I sit and wait, old broken tablets around me and also new tablets half written upon. When will my hour come?

—the hour of my descent, of my going-under: for once more I will go to men.

For this I now wait: for first the signs must come to me that it is my hour,—namely the laughing lion with the swarm of doves.

Meanwhile I talk to myself as one who has time. No one tells me anything new: so I tell myself to myself.—

2.

When I came to men, I found them sitting on an old conceit: all of them had long fancied they knew what is good and evil for man.

All talk of virtue seemed to them an old, weary thing; and whoever wished to sleep well still spoke of "good" and "evil" before going to bed.

This somnolence I disturbed when I taught: what is good and evil, that no one yet knows:—unless it be the creator!

—He, however, is the one who creates man's goal and gives the earth its meaning and its future: he alone brings it about that anything is good and evil.

And I bade them overturn their old professorial chairs, and wherever that old conceit had sat; I bade them laugh at their great masters of virtue and saints and poets and world-redeemers.

At their gloomy sages I bade them laugh, and at whoever had ever sat, a black scarecrow, warning on the tree of life.

By their great street of tombs I sat down, and even beside carrion and vultures—and I laughed at all their Once and its mellow, decaying glory.

Verily, like preachers of repentance and fools I cried wrath and woe over all their great and small—that their best is so very small! That their most evil is so very small!—thus did I laugh.

Thus did my wise longing cry and laugh out of me, which was born on mountains, a wild wisdom verily!—my great longing with rushing wings.

And often it tore me away and up and off, and in the midst of laughter: then indeed I flew, shuddering, an arrow, through sun-drunken rapture:

—out into distant futures that no dream has yet seen, into hotter souths than sculptors ever dreamed of: thither where gods, dancing, are ashamed of all clothes:—

—that I may speak, namely, in parables, and limp and stammer like poets: and verily, I am ashamed that I must still be a poet!—

Where all becoming seemed to me the dance of gods and the wantonness of gods, and the world unloosed and unbridled and fleeing back to itself:—

—as an eternal fleeing-from-itself and seeking-itself-again of many gods, as the blessed self-contradicting, self-hearing-again, self-belonging-again of many gods:—

Where all time seemed to me a blessed mockery of Moments, where necessity was freedom itself, which played blissfully with the sting of freedom:—

Where I also found again my old devil and arch-enemy, the spirit of gravity, and all that he created: constraint, statute, necessity and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil:—

For must there not be that over which one dances, dances away? Must there not, for the sake of the light, the lightest ones—be moles and heavy dwarfs?—

3.

There too it was that I picked up from the road the word "Overman," and that man is something that must be overcome,

—that man is a bridge and no end: calling himself blessed for his noon and his evening, as the way to new dawns:

—the Zarathustra-word of the great noon, and whatever else I hung up over men, like purple second sunsets.

Verily, new stars too I let them see, together with new nights; and over clouds and day and night I spread out laughter like a motley canopy.

I taught them all my poetizing and striving: to compose into one and carry together what is fragment in man and riddle and dreadful chance,—

—as poet, guesser of riddles and redeemer of chance I taught them to create upon the future, and all that was—to redeem by creating.

To redeem what is past in man and to re-create all "It was," until the will speaks: "But thus I willed it! Thus shall I will it—"

—This I called redemption for them, this alone I taught them to call redemption.—

Now I await my redemption—that I may go to them for the last time.

For once more I will go to men: among them I will go under, dying I will give them my richest gift!

This I learned from the sun when it goes down, the over-rich one: gold it then pours into the sea out of inexhaustible riches,—

—so that even the poorest fisherman rows with golden oars! This, namely, I once saw, and could not have my fill of tears in watching.—

Like the sun, Zarathustra too will go under: now he sits here and waits, old broken tablets around him and also new tablets,—half written upon.

4.

Behold, here is a new tablet: but where are my brothers, who will carry it with me down to the valley and into hearts of flesh?—

Thus my great love for the farthest demands it: do not spare your neighbour! Man is something that must be overcome.

There are many kinds of way and manner of overcoming: see you to that! But only a buffoon thinks: "man can also be leapt over."

Overcome yourself even in your neighbour: and a right that you can seize for yourself, you shall not let be given to you!

What you do, no one can do to you in return. Behold, there is no requital.

Whoever cannot command himself shall obey. And many a one can command himself, but much is still lacking before he also obeys himself!

5.

Thus the nature of noble souls would have it: they want to have nothing for nothing, least of all life.

Whoever is of the rabble wants to live for nothing; but we others, to whom life gave itself,—we ever ponder what we might best give in return!

And verily, this is a noble saying, which says: "what life promises us, that we will keep—for life!"

One should not wish to enjoy where one gives nothing to enjoy. And —one should not wish to enjoy!

For enjoyment and innocence are the most bashful of things: neither wants to be sought. One should have them—but one should rather seek even guilt and pain!—

6.

Oh my brothers, whoever is a firstling is always sacrificed. But now we are firstlings.

We all bleed at secret altars of sacrifice, we all burn and roast in honour of old idols.

Our best is still young: that excites old palates. Our flesh is tender, our hide is but a lamb's hide:—how could we not excite old idol-priests!

In ourselves he still dwells, the old idol-priest, who roasts our best for his feast. Alas, my brothers, how could firstlings not be sacrifices!

But thus our nature would have it; and I love those who do not wish to preserve themselves. Those who go under I love with my whole love: for they cross over.—

7.

To be true—few are able to! And whoever is able, does not yet will it! But least of all are the good able to.

Oh these good ones!—Good men never speak the truth; for the spirit, to be good in such a way is a sickness.

They yield, these good ones, they give themselves up, their heart repeats what is said, their ground obeys; but whoever obeys does not hear himself!

All that the good call evil must come together, that One truth may be born: oh my brothers, are you evil enough for this truth?

The audacious venture, the long mistrust, the cruel No, the weariness, the cutting into the living flesh—how seldom does that come together! But from such seed is truth begotten!

Beside the bad conscience has all knowledge grown until now! Break, break for me, you knowers, the old tablets!

8.

When the water has planks, when footbridges and railings leap across the river: verily, then no one is believed who says: "All is in flux."

Rather, even the dolts contradict him. "What? say the dolts, all is in flux? But planks and railings are above the flux!"

"Above the flux all is firm, all the values of things, the bridges, concepts, all 'good' and 'evil': all that is firm!"—

But when the hard winter comes, the river-beast tamer: then even the wittiest learn mistrust; and, verily, not only the dolts say then: "Should not everything—stand still?"

"At bottom everything stands still"—, that is a proper winter-doctrine, a good thing for a barren time, a good comfort for winter-sleepers and stove-squatters.

"At bottom everything stands still"—: but against this preaches the thawing wind!

The thawing wind, a bull that is no ploughing bull—a raging bull, a destroyer, that breaks ice with wrathful horns! But ice— breaks foot-bridges!

Oh my brothers, is not everything now in flux? Have not all railings and footbridges fallen into the water? Who would still cling to "good" and "evil"?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind is blowing!"—Thus preach for me, oh my brothers, through all the streets!

8.

There is an old delusion, which is called good and evil. Around soothsayers and stargazers has the wheel of this delusion turned until now.

Once men believed in soothsayers and stargazers: and therefore they believed "All is fate: thou shalt, for thou must!"

Then again men mistrusted all soothsayers and stargazers: and therefore they believed "All is freedom: thou canst, for thou willest!"

Oh my brothers, concerning stars and the future there has until now only been deluded opinion, not knowledge: and therefore concerning good and evil there has until now only been deluded opinion, not knowledge!

10.

"Thou shalt not rob! Thou shalt not kill!"—such words were once called holy; before them men bowed knees and heads and took off their shoes.

But I ask you: where in the world were there ever better robbers and killers than such holy words?

Is there not in all life itself—robbing and killing? And by calling such words holy, was not truth itself thereby—killed?

Or was it a preaching of death that called holy what contradicted and counselled against all life?—Oh my brothers, break, break for me the old tablets!

11.

This is my pity for all that is past, that I see: it is abandoned,—

—abandoned to the grace, the spirit, the madness of every generation that comes and reinterprets all that was as its bridge!

A great despot might come, a cunning fiend, who with his grace and disgrace would force and constrain all that is past: until it became for him a bridge and omen and herald and cockcrow.

But this is the other danger and my other pity:—he who is of the rabble, his memory goes back as far as his grandfather,—but with the grandfather time comes to an end.

Thus all that is past is abandoned: for it might one day come to pass that the rabble became master and drowned all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, oh my brothers, there is need of a new nobility, which is adversary to all rabble and all that is despotic, and writes anew upon new tablets the word "noble."

For many noble ones are needed, and noble ones of many kinds, that there may be nobility! Or, as I once said in a parable: "This precisely is godliness, that there are gods, but no God!"

12.

Oh my brothers, I consecrate you and direct you to a new nobility: you shall become for me begetters and breeders and sowers of the future,—

—verily, not to a nobility that you could buy like shopkeepers and with shopkeepers' gold: for little value has all that has its price.

Let not where you come from be your honour henceforth, but where you are going! Your will and your foot, which wills to go beyond yourselves,—let that be your new honour!

Verily not that you have served a prince—what matter princes now!—or become a bulwark to what stands, that it might stand more firmly!

Not that your lineage grew courtly at courts, and you learned, motley like a flamingo, to stand long hours in shallow ponds.

—For being able to stand is a merit among courtiers; and all courtiers believe that to blessedness after death belongs—being permitted to sit!—

Nor yet that a spirit which they call holy led your forefathers into promised lands, which I do not praise: for where the worst of all trees grew, the cross,—in that land there is nothing to praise!—

—and verily, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, always at the head of such processions ran—goats and geese and cross-heads and wrong-heads!—

Oh my brothers, your nobility shall not look backward, but outward! Exiles shall you be from all fatherlands and forefatherlands!

Your children's land shall you love: let this love be your new nobility, —the undiscovered land, in the farthest sea! For it I bid your sails seek and seek!

In your children you shall make amends for being the children of your fathers: thus shall you redeem all that is past! This new tablet I place over you!

13.

"Why live? All is vanity! Living—that is threshing straw; living—that is burning oneself and yet not growing warm."—

Such antiquated babble still passes for "wisdom"; but because it is old and smells musty, it is all the more honoured. Mould too ennobles.—

Children might speak thus: they shun the fire because it burned them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And he who always "threshes straw," how should he be allowed to rail at threshing! Such a fool one ought to muzzle!

Such men sit down at table and bring nothing with them, not even good hunger:—and now they rail "All is vanity!"

But to eat and drink well, oh my brothers, is verily no vain art! Break, break for me the tablets of the never-joyful!

14.

"To the pure all things are pure"—so say the people. But I say unto you: to swine all things become swinish!

Therefore the enthusiasts and head-hangers, whose hearts hang down as well, preach: "the world itself is a filthy monster."

For these are all of unclean spirit; but especially those who have neither rest nor respite unless they see the world from behind,—the afterworldsmen!

To them I say to their faces, though it does not sound lovely: the world resembles man in this, that it has a backside,—so much is true!

There is much filth in the world: so much is true! But not for that is the world itself a filthy monster!

There is wisdom in this, that much in the world smells foul: nausea itself creates wings and water-divining powers!

Even in the best there is still something nauseating; and even the best is still something that must be overcome!—

Oh my brothers, there is much wisdom in this, that there is much filth in the world!—

15.

Such sayings I heard pious afterworldsmen speak to their conscience; and verily, without malice or falseness,—though there is nothing falser in the world, nor more malicious.

"Let the world be the world! Do not lift even One finger against it!"

"Let whoever will throttle and stab and cut and scrape the people: do not lift even One finger against it! Thereby they will yet learn to renounce the world."

"And your own reason—that you shall yourself strangle and throttle; for it is a reason of this world,—thereby you yourself learn to renounce the world." -

—Shatter, shatter for me, O my brothers, these old tablets of the pious! Unsay for me the sayings of the world-slanderers!

16.

"Whoever learns much unlearns all vehement desiring"—that is what people whisper to one another today in all the dark alleys.

"Wisdom makes weary, nothing is worth—anything; thou shalt not desire!"—this new tablet I found hanging even in the open markets.

Shatter for me, O my brothers, shatter for me this new tablet too! The world-weary hung it there and the preachers of death, and the task-masters too: for see, it is also a sermon for servitude!—

That they learned badly and not the best, and everything too early and everything too fast: that they ate badly, from that came to them that ruined stomach,—

—for a ruined stomach is their spirit: it counsels death! For verily, my brothers, the spirit is a stomach!

Life is a well of joy: but for him out of whom the ruined stomach speaks, the father of affliction, all springs are poisoned.

To know: that is joy to the lion-willed! But whoever has grown weary is himself merely "willed"; with him all the waves play.

And such is ever the way of weak men: they lose themselves on their ways. And at last their weariness even asks: "why did we ever go on ways! It is all the same!"

To them it sounds sweet in the ears when it is preached: “Nothing is worth it! You shall not will!” But this is a sermon for servitude.

O my brothers, a fresh blustering wind comes Zarathustra to all the way-weary; many noses will he yet make sneeze!

Even through walls my free breath blows, and in into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing liberates: for willing is creating: thus I teach. And only for creating shall you learn!

And even learning you shall first learn from me, learning well!—He who has ears, let him hear!

17.

There stands the skiff,—over yonder the way goes perhaps into the great Nothing.—But who wants to climb into this “Perhaps”?

None of you wants to climb into the death-skiff! Why then do you want to be world-weary!

World-weary! And you have not even become earth-removed! I found you still lusting after earth, still in love with your own earth-weariness!

Not for nothing does your lip hang down:—a little earthly wish still sits upon it! And in the eye—does there not swim a little cloud of unforgotten earthly joy?

There are on earth many good inventions, some useful, others pleasant: for their sake the earth is to be loved.

And many a thing there is so well invented that it is like a woman's bosom: useful and pleasant at once.

But you world-weary ones! You earth-idlers! You should be beaten with rods! With rod-strokes one should make your legs lively again.

For: if you are not sick ones and worn-out wretches of whom the earth is weary, then you are sly sloths or sweet-toothed, skulking pleasure-cats. And if you will not run merrily again, then you shall—pass away!

One should not want to be physician to the incurable: thus Zarathustra teaches:—so you shall pass away!

But it takes more courage to make an end than to make a new verse: all physicians and poets know that.—

18.

O my brothers, there are tablets which weariness created, and tablets which laziness created, the putrid kind: though they speak alike, they want to be heard unalike.—

See here this languishing one! Only a span away is he from his goal, but out of weariness he has defiantly lain down here in the dust: this brave one!

Out of weariness he yawns at way and earth and goal and himself: not one step further will he take,—this brave one!

Now the sun glows upon him, and the dogs lick at his sweat: but he lies there in his defiance and would rather languish:—

—languish a span away from his goal! Verily, you will yet have to drag him by the hair into his heaven,—this hero!

Better still, let him lie where he has laid himself down, that sleep may come to him, the comforter, with cooling rushing rain:

Let him lie until he wakes of his own accord, until of his own accord he recants all weariness and what weariness taught through him!

Only, my brothers, see that you chase the dogs away from him, the lazy sneaks, and all the swarming vermin:—

—all the swarming vermin of the "educated", that regales itself on the sweat of every hero!—

19.

I draw circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer climb with me up ever higher mountains,—I build a mountain range out of ever holier mountains. -

But wherever you may climb with me, O my brothers: see to it that no parasite climbs with you!

Parasite: that is a worm, a creeping, cringing one, that wants to grow fat on your sick, sore corners.

And this is its art, that it divines where ascending souls are weary: into your grief and ill-humour, into your tender shame it builds its loathsome nest.

Where the strong one is weak, the noble one all too mild,—in there it builds its loathsome nest: the parasite dwells where the great one has little sore corners.

What is the highest kind of all that is, and what the lowest? The parasite is the lowest kind; but whoever is of the highest kind nourishes the most parasites.

For the soul which has the longest ladder and can go down deepest: how should the most parasites not sit upon it?—

—the most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and roam farthest within itself; the most necessary, which out of joy plunges itself into chance:—

—the soul that is, which dives into becoming; the soul that has, which wants to go into willing and longing:—

—the soul fleeing itself, which overtakes itself in the widest circle; the wisest soul, to which folly speaks most sweetly:—

—the soul that loves itself most, in which all things have their streaming and counter-streaming and ebb and flood:—oh how should the highest soul not have the worst parasites?

20.

O my brothers, am I then cruel? But I say: what is falling, one should also push!

All that is of today—it falls, it decays: who would hold it! But I—I want to push it too!

Do you know the voluptuousness that rolls stones into steep depths? —These men of today: just see how they roll into my depths!

A prelude am I of better players, O my brothers! An example! Do after my example!

And whom you do not teach to fly, teach him for me—to fall faster!—

21.

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a slash-sword,—one must also know: slash, but see whom!

And often there is more bravery in holding oneself back and passing by: in order to save oneself for the worthier enemy!

You should have only enemies who are to be hated, but not enemies to be despised: you must be proud of your enemy: thus I taught once before.

For the worthier enemy, O my friends, shall you save yourselves: therefore you must pass by much,—

—above all much riffraff that clamours in your ears about people and peoples.

Keep your eye clean of their for and against! There is much right there, much wrong: whoever looks on grows angry.

Looking in, lashing in—there it is all one: therefore go away into the forests and lay your sword to sleep!

Go your ways! And let people and peoples go theirs!—dark ways, verily, on which not a single hope flickers any longer like sheet-lightning!

Let the huckster rule there, where all that still glitters—is huckster's gold! It is the time of kings no longer: what today calls itself a people deserves no kings.

Just see how these peoples now behave like hucksters themselves: they pick out for themselves the smallest advantages even from every heap of sweepings!

They lie in wait for one another, they lie in wait to filch something from one another,—that they call "good neighbourliness." O blessed distant time, when a people said to itself: "I will be—master over peoples!"

For, my brothers: the best shall rule, the best also wills to rule! And where the teaching sounds otherwise, there—the best is lacking.

22.

If those folk had—bread for nothing, woe! What would those folk cry out for! Their keep—that is what truly keeps them amused; and they shall have it hard!

Beasts of prey are they: in their "working"—there is still robbing too, in their "earning"—there is still outwitting too! Therefore they shall have it hard!

Better beasts of prey, then, shall they become, finer, cleverer, more man-like: for man is the best beast of prey.

From all the animals man has already robbed their virtues: that is because, of all the animals, man has had it hardest.

Only the birds are still above him. And if man should yet learn to fly, woe! to what heights—would his lust for prey fly!

23.

Thus would I have man and woman: the one fit for war, the other fit for bearing, but both fit for dancing with head and legs.

And let that day be counted lost to us on which there was not one dance! And let every truth be called false to us at which there was not one burst of laughter!

24.

Your concluding of marriage: see to it that it be not a bad conclusion! You concluded too quickly: and so there follows from it—marriage-breaking!

And better still marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying!—Thus a woman spoke to me: "Indeed I broke the marriage, but first the marriage broke—me!"

The ill-matched I have always found to be the worst of the vengeful: they make all the world pay for it that they no longer run singly.

For this reason I will that the honest should speak to one another: "We love each other: let us see to it that we keep each other loved! Or shall our promise be a mis-take?"

—"Give us a term and a little marriage, that we may see whether we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great thing to be always two!"

Thus I counsel all the honest; and what then would my love for the Overman and for all that is to come be, if I counselled and spoke otherwise!

Not only to propagate yourselves onward, but upward—to that end, O my brothers, may the garden of marriage help you!

25.

He who has grown wise about ancient origins, behold, he will at last seek after the wellsprings of the future and after new origins.—

O my brothers, it will not be long before new peoples spring forth and new springs go rushing down into new depths.

For the earthquake—it buries many wells, it causes much languishing with thirst: it also raises inner powers and secret things to the light.

The earthquake reveals new springs. In the earthquake of ancient peoples new springs burst forth.

And whoever cries out there: "Behold, here is a well for many who thirst, one heart for many who yearn, one will for many instruments": —around him gathers a people, that is to say: many who make trial.

Who can command, who must obey—that is put to the trial there! Ah, with what long seeking and guessing and mis-guessing and learning and trying anew!

Human society: it is an experiment, so I teach,—a long seeking: but what it seeks is the commander!—

—an experiment, O my brothers! And no "contract"! Break, break me such a word of the soft-hearted and the half-and-halfers!

26.

O my brothers! With whom, then, lies the greatest danger to all the future of man? Is it not with the good and the just?—

—with those, namely, who speak and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, we have it too; woe to those who still seek here!"—

And whatever harm the wicked may do: the harm the good do is the most harmful harm!

And whatever harm the slanderers of the world may do: the harm the good do is the most harmful harm.

O my brothers, once someone looked into the heart of the good and the just, and he said: "They are the Pharisees." But he was not understood.

The good and the just themselves were not permitted to understand him: their spirit is held captive in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably clever.

But this is the truth: the good must be Pharisees,—they have no choice!

The good must crucify him who invents his own virtue for himself! That is the truth!

But the second one who discovered their land, the land, heart and soil of the good and the just: that was he who asked: "Whom do they hate most?"

The creator they hate most: him who breaks tablets and old values, the breaker—him they call lawbreaker.

For the good—they cannot create: they are always the beginning of the end:—

—they crucify him who writes new values upon new tablets, they sacrifice the future to themselves,—they crucify all the future of man!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.—

27.

O my brothers, have you understood this word too? And what I once said of "the last man"?—

With whom lies the greatest danger to all the future of man? Is it not with the good and the just?

Break, break me the good and the just!—O my brothers, have you understood this word too?

28.

You flee from me? You are frightened? You tremble at this word?

O my brothers, when I bade you break the good and the tablets of the good: only then did I embark man upon his high seas.

And only now does the great terror come upon him, the great looking-about, the great sickness, the great nausea, the great sea-sickness.

False coasts and false securities the good taught you; in the lies of the good you were born and harboured. Everything has been lied askew and bent askew down to the very ground by the good.

But whoever discovered the land "man" discovered also the land "future of man." Now you shall be seafarers for me, valiant, patient ones!

Walk upright betimes, O my brothers, learn to walk upright! The sea is storming: many want to raise themselves up again by you.

The sea is storming: all is in the sea. Well then! Up! You old sailor-hearts!

What of fatherland! Thither our helm wills, where our children's land is! Out thither, stormier than the sea, storms our great longing!—

29.

"Why so hard!—said the kitchen coal once to the diamond; are we not close kin?"—

Why so soft? O my brothers, thus I ask you: are you not—my brothers?

Why so soft, so yielding and giving way? Why is there so much denial, so much self-denial in your hearts? So little destiny in your gaze?

And if you will not be destinies and inexorable ones: how could you one day —conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not flash and sever and cut asunder: how could you one day—create with me?

For creators are hard. And it must seem bliss to you to press your hand upon millennia as upon wax,—

—bliss to write upon the will of millennia as upon bronze,—harder than bronze, nobler than bronze. Only the noblest is altogether hard.

This new tablet, O my brothers, I set over you: become hard!—

30.

O thou my will! Thou turning of all need, thou my necessity! Preserve me from all small victories!

Thou dispensation of my soul, which I call destiny! Thou-in-me! Over-me! Preserve me and spare me for One great destiny!

And thy last greatness, my will, spare for thy last,—that thou be inexorable in thy victory! Ah, who has not succumbed to his victory!

Ah, whose eye has not darkened in this drunken twilight! Ah, whose foot has not staggered and forgotten in victory—how to stand!—

—That I may one day be ready and ripe in the great noon: ready and ripe like glowing bronze, like a cloud pregnant with lightning and a swelling udder of milk:—

—ready for myself and for my most hidden will: a bow burning with longing for its arrow, an arrow burning with longing for its star:—

—a star, ready and ripe in its noon, glowing, pierced, blissful before annihilating sun-arrows:—

—a sun itself and an inexorable sun-will, ready to annihilate in victory!

O will, turning of all need, thou my necessity! Spare me for One great victory!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Convalescent

1.

One morning, not long after his return to the cave, Zarathustra sprang up from his couch like a madman, cried out with a terrible voice, and carried on as though someone else still lay upon the couch who would not rise from it; and so loudly did Zarathustra's voice resound that his animals came running in alarm, and from all the caves and hiding-places neighbouring Zarathustra's cave every creature scurried away,—flying, fluttering, creeping, leaping, according to whatever kind of foot and wing had been given it. But Zarathustra spoke these words:

Up, abysmal thought, out of my depths! I am your cock and morning twilight, drowsy worm: up! up! My voice shall yet crow you awake!

Unloose the fetters of your ears: listen! For I will hear you! Up! Up! Here is thunder enough that even graves learn to listen!

And wipe the sleep and all that is dull and blind from your eyes! Hear me with your eyes too: my voice is a remedy even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, you shall stay awake for me eternally. It is not my way to wake great-grandmothers from their sleep only to bid them—sleep on!

You stir, you stretch, you rattle in your throat? Up! Up! Not rattle—speak you shall to me! Zarathustra calls you, the godless one!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of life, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circle—you I call, my most abysmal thought!

Hail to me! You come—I hear you! My abyss speaks, my last depth have I turned inside out into the light!

Hail to me! Come here! Give me your hand—ha! let go! Haha!—nausea, nausea, nausea—woe is me!

2.

But scarcely had Zarathustra spoken these words when he fell down like one dead and remained long as one dead. When he came to himself again, however, he was pale and trembled and remained lying and for a long time would neither eat nor drink. This state lasted with him seven days; but his animals did not leave him by day or night, except that the eagle flew out to fetch food. And whatever he fetched and plundered together, he laid upon Zarathustra's couch: so that Zarathustra at last lay amid yellow and red berries, grapes, rose-apples, sweet-smelling herbs and pine-cones. At his feet, however, two lambs were spread, which the eagle had with difficulty carried off from their shepherds.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra raised himself upon his couch, took a rose-apple in his hand, smelled it and found its fragrance lovely. Then his animals believed the time had come to speak with him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "now you have lain thus for seven days already, with heavy eyes: will you not at last set yourself upon your feet again?

Step out of your cave: the world awaits you like a garden. The wind plays with heavy fragrances that long to reach you; and all the brooks would like to run after you.

All things yearn for you, since you have stayed alone seven days,—step out of your cave! All things want to be your physicians!

Did some new knowledge come to you, a sour, heavy one? Like leavened dough you lay, your soul rose and swelled over all its rims. —"

—O my animals, answered Zarathustra, chatter on thus and let me listen! It refreshes me so that you chatter: where there is chattering, there the world already lies before me like a garden.

How lovely it is that there are words and sounds: are not words and sounds rainbows and illusory bridges between things eternally separated?

To each soul belongs another world; for each soul every other soul is an afterworld.

Precisely between the most alike does illusion lie most beautifully; for the smallest gulf is the hardest to bridge.

For me—how could there be an outside-of-me? There is no outside! But we forget this with all sounds; how lovely it is that we forget!

Have not names and sounds been bestowed upon things so that man may refresh himself with things? It is a beautiful folly, speaking: with it man dances over all things.

How lovely is all talking and all the lying of sounds! With sounds our love dances on motley rainbows.—

—"O Zarathustra," said the animals then, "to those who think as we do, all things themselves dance: they come and offer their hands and laugh and flee—and come back.

Everything goes, everything comes back; eternally rolls the wheel of being. Everything dies, everything blossoms again, eternally runs the year of being.

Everything breaks, everything is joined anew; eternally the same house of being builds itself. Everything parts, everything greets again; eternally the ring of being remains true to itself.

In every instant being begins; around every Here rolls the sphere There. The centre is everywhere. Crooked is the path of eternity."—

—O you rogues and barrel-organs! answered Zarathustra and smiled again, how well you know what had to be fulfilled in seven days:—

—and how that monster crept into my throat and choked me! But I bit its head off and spat it away from me.

And you,—you have already made a hurdy-gurdy song of it? But now I lie here, still weary from this biting and spitting away, still sick from my own redemption.

And you looked on at all this? O my animals, are you too cruel? Did you want to watch my great pain, as men do? For man is the cruellest animal.

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

When the great man cries out—: swiftly the little one runs to the spot; and his tongue hangs from his throat with lust. But he calls it his "pity."

The little man, especially the poet—how eagerly he accuses life in words! Listen to him, but do not fail to hear the delight that is in all accusing!

Such accusers of life: life overcomes them with a wink of the eye. "You love me?" says the impudent one; "wait a little longer, I have no time for you yet."

Man is the cruellest animal towards himself; and in all who call themselves "sinners" and "cross-bearers" and "penitents," do not fail to hear the voluptuousness that is in this lamenting and accusing!

And I myself—do I thereby wish to be man's accuser? Alas, my animals, this alone have I learned hitherto, that man needs his most evil for his best,—

—that all that is most evil is his best power and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better and more evil: -

Not to this stake of torment was I fastened, that I know: man is evil, —but I cried as no one has yet cried:

"Alas that his most evil is so very small! Alas that his best is so very small!"

The great surfeit of man—it choked me and had crept into my throat: and what the soothsayer foretold: "All is alike, nothing is worth while, knowledge chokes."

A long twilight limped before me, a sadness weary unto death, drunken with death, which spoke with a yawning mouth.

"Eternally he returns, the man of whom you are weary, the little man"—so yawned my sadness and dragged its foot and could not fall asleep.

Into a cave the human earth was transformed for me, its breast sank in, all that lives became for me human rot and bones and crumbling past.

My sighing sat upon all human graves and could no longer rise; my sighing and questioning croaked and choked and gnawed and wailed by day and by night:

—“alas, man recurs eternally! The small man recurs eternally!”—

Naked I had once seen them both, the greatest man and the smallest man: all-too-like each other,—all-too-human even the greatest!

All-too-small the greatest!—That was my weariness of man! And eternal recurrence even of the smallest!—That was my weariness of all existence!

Ah, nausea! Nausea! Nausea!—— Thus spoke Zarathustra and sighed and shuddered; for he remembered his sickness. But then his animals would not let him speak further.

"Speak no further, you convalescent!—thus his animals answered him, but go out, where the world awaits you like a garden.

Go out to the roses and bees and flocks of doves! But above all to the songbirds: that you may learn singing from them!

For singing is for the convalescent; the healthy may talk. And even if the healthy one wants songs, he wants other songs than the convalescent."

—"O you jesters and barrel-organs, do be silent!—answered Zarathustra and smiled at his animals. How well you know what comfort I devised for myself in seven days!

That I must sing again,—that comfort I devised for myself, and this recovery: would you make of that too, straightaway, another hurdy-gurdy song?"

—"Speak no further, his animals answered him once more; rather, you convalescent, first make yourself a lyre, a new lyre!

For behold, O Zarathustra! For your new songs new lyres are needed.

Sing and overflow with roaring, O Zarathustra, heal your soul with new songs: that you may bear your great destiny, which has never yet been any man's destiny!

For your animals know well, O Zarathustra, who you are and must become: behold, you are the teacher of the eternal recurrence—, that is now your destiny!

That you must be the first to teach this teaching,—how should this great destiny not also be your greatest danger and sickness!

Behold, we know what you teach: that all things recur eternally and we ourselves with them, and that we have already been here countless times, and all things with us.

You teach that there is a great year of becoming, a monster of a great year: it must, like an hourglass, turn itself over again and again anew, so that it may run down and run out anew:—

—so that all these years are alike, in the greatest and also in the smallest,—so that we ourselves in every great year are alike, in the greatest and also in the smallest.

And if you wanted to die now, O Zarathustra: behold, we know too how you would then speak to yourself:—but your animals beg you not to die yet!

You would speak, and without trembling, rather breathing deep with bliss: for a great heaviness and sultriness would be taken from you, you most patient one!—

"Now I die and vanish, you would say, and in an instant I am a nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the knot of causes in which I am entangled recurs,—it will create me again! I myself belong to the causes of the eternal recurrence.

I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—not to a new life or a better life or a similar life:

—I come again eternally to this same and selfsame life, in the greatest and also in the smallest, to teach again the eternal recurrence of all things,—

—to speak again the word of the great noon of earth and man, to proclaim again the Overman to men.

I spoke my word, I break upon my word: so wills my eternal lot -, as a proclaimer I perish!

The hour has now come when he who goes under blesses himself. Thus ends Zarathustra's going-under.""—

When the animals had spoken these words they fell silent and waited for Zarathustra to say something to them: but Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. Rather he lay still, with closed eyes, like one sleeping, although he was not asleep: for he was just then conversing with his soul. But the serpent and the eagle, when they found him thus silent, honoured the great stillness around him and cautiously withdrew.

On the Great Longing

O my soul, I taught you to say "Today" as you say "Once" and "Formerly," and to dance your round-dance over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I redeemed you from all corners, I swept dust, spiders and twilight off you.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the corner-virtue off you and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm that is called "spirit" I blew over your heaving sea; I blew all clouds away, I strangled even the strangler that is called "sin."

O my soul, I gave you the right to say No like the storm and to say Yes as the open sky says Yes: still as light you stand, and now you walk through denying storms.

O my soul, I gave you back your freedom over the created and the uncreated: and who knows, as you know it, the voluptuous delight of what is to come?

O my soul, I taught you the contempt that does not come like a gnawing of worms, the great, the loving contempt that loves most where it most despises.

O my soul, I taught you so to persuade that you persuade the very grounds to come to you: like the sun, which persuades even the sea up to its own height.

O my soul, I took from you all obeying, knee-bending and saying-Lord; I myself gave you the name "turning of need" and "destiny."

O my soul, I gave you new names and motley playthings, I called you "destiny" and "compass of compasses" and "umbilical cord of time" and "azure bell."

O my soul, to your soil I gave all wisdom to drink, all new wines and also all the immemorially old, strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul, every sun I poured upon you, and every night and every silence and every longing:—then you grew up for me like a vine.

O my soul, overrich and heavy you now stand there, a vine with swelling udders and crowded brown golden grapes:—

—crowded and pressed by your happiness, waiting out of superabundance and still bashful at your waiting.

O my soul, there is now nowhere a soul that would be more loving and more embracing and more encompassing! Where would future and past dwell closer together than in you?

O my soul, I gave you everything, and all my hands have become empty for your sake:—and now! Now you say to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us has to give thanks?—

—has not the giver to give thanks that the receiver received? Is bestowing not a need? Is receiving not—mercy?"—

O my soul, I understand the smile of your melancholy: your overrichness itself now stretches out longing hands!

Your fullness gazes out over roaring seas and seeks and waits; the longing of over-fullness gazes from the smiling heaven of your eyes!

And verily, O my soul! Who could see your smile and not melt into tears? The angels themselves melt into tears at the over-goodness of your smile.

It is your goodness and over-goodness that will not lament and weep: and yet, O my soul, your smile longs for tears and your trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping a lamenting? And all lamenting an accusing?" Thus you speak to yourself, and therefore, O my soul, you would rather smile than pour out your sorrow,

—pour out in gushing tears all your sorrow over your fullness and over all the craving of the vine for the vintager and the vintager's knife!

But if you will not weep, nor weep out your purple melancholy, then you will have to sing, O my soul!—Behold, I smile myself, I who foretell you this:

—to sing, with a roaring song, until all seas grow still to listen to your longing,—

—until over still, longing seas the bark comes floating, the golden marvel, around whose gold all good, bad, wondrous things leap:—

—also many great and small beasts, and everything that has light, wondrous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths,—

—towards the golden marvel, the voluntary bark, and towards its master: but that is the vintager, who waits with a diamond vintager's knife,—

—your great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one—for whom only future songs will find names! And verily, already your breath is fragrant with future songs,—

—already you glow and dream, already you drink thirstily at all deep, resounding wells of consolation, already your melancholy rests in the bliss of future songs!—

O my soul, now I have given you everything and even my last, and all my hands have become empty for your sake:—that I bade you sing, behold, that was my last!

That I bade you sing, speak now, speak: which of us now has—to give thanks?—Better still, though: sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let me give thanks!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Other Dance Song

1.

"Into your eye I gazed of late, O life: gold I saw gleaming in your night-eye—my heart stood still at this delight:

—a golden bark I saw gleaming on mighty waters, a sinking, drinking, ever again winking golden rocking-bark!

At my foot, my dance-mad foot, you cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting rocking-glance:

Twice only did you stir your rattle with small hands—and already my foot was rocking with dance-madness.—

My heels reared up, my toes listened, to understand you: for the dancer wears his ear—in his toes!

Toward you I leapt: then you fled back from my leap; and toward me flickered the tongue of your fleeing, flying hair!

Away from you I leapt and from your serpents: there you stood already, half-turned, your eye full of yearning.

With crooked glances—you teach me crooked ways; on crooked ways my foot learns—wiles!

I fear you near, I love you far; your flight lures me, your seeking stays me:—I suffer, but what would I not gladly have suffered for you!

You whose coldness kindles, whose hatred seduces, whose flight binds, whose mockery—moves:

—who would not hate you, you great binder, entwiner, temptress, seeker, finder! Who would not love you, you innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!

Whither do you draw me now, you paragon and unruly one? And now you flee me again, you sweet wildling and ingrate!

I dance after you, I follow you even on the faintest trace. Where are you? Give me your hand! Or just one finger!

Here are caves and thickets: we shall go astray!—Halt! Stand still! Do you not see owls and bats whirring?

You owl! You bat! Would you make an ape of me? Where are we? From the dogs you learned this howling and yapping.

You bare your little white teeth at me sweetly, your wicked eyes leap at me from your curly little mane!

This is a dance over stick and stone: I am the hunter—will you be my hound or my chamois?

Now beside me! And quickly, you malicious leaper! Now up! And over!—Woe! There I fell myself in leaping!

Oh see me lying, you wantonness, and pleading for mercy! Gladly would I walk with you—lovelier paths!

—the paths of love through still, many-coloured bushes! Or there along the lake: there goldfish swim and dance!

You are tired now? Over yonder are sheep and evening glows: is it not lovely to sleep when shepherds play their flutes?

You are so dreadfully tired? I will carry you there, just let your arms sink! And if you are thirsty—I might well have something, but your mouth will not drink it!—

—Oh this accursed, nimble, supple serpent and slippery witch! Where have you gone? But on my face I feel from your hand two spots and red blotches!

I am truly weary of forever being your sheepish shepherd! You witch, if till now I have sung for you, now you shall—scream for me!

To the beat of my whip you shall dance and scream for me! I did not forget the whip, did I?—No!"—

2.

Then life answered me thus, holding her dainty ears shut the while:

"O Zarathustra! Do not crack your whip so frightfully! You know it well: noise murders thoughts—and just now such tender thoughts are coming to me.

We are both of us a right pair of do-no-goods and do-no-evils. Beyond good and evil we found our island and our green meadow—we two alone! Therefore we must indeed be fond of each other!

And even if we do not love each other from the ground up—must one then bear a grudge against each other if one does not love from the ground up?

And that I am fond of you, and often too fond, that you know: and the reason is that I am jealous of your wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool of a wisdom!

If your wisdom ever ran away from you, ah! then my love too would quickly run away from you."—

Thereupon life looked thoughtfully behind her and around her and said softly: "O Zarathustra, you are not faithful enough to me!

You love me not nearly so much as you say; I know you are thinking that you will soon leave me.

There is an old, heavy, heavy booming-bell: it booms at night all the way up to your cave:—

—when you hear this bell strike the hour at midnight, then between one and twelve you think of it—

—you think of it, O Zarathustra, I know it, that you will soon leave me!"—

"Yes," I answered hesitantly, "but you know this too—" And I said something into her ear, right in among her tangled, yellow, foolish tufts of hair.

You know that, O Zarathustra? No one knows that.—

And we looked at each other and gazed upon the green meadow, over which the cool evening was just then running, and wept together.— But then life was dearer to me than all my wisdom ever was.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

3.
One!
O man! Take heed!
Two!
What does the deep midnight say?
Three!
"I slept, I slept—,"
Four!
"From deep dream I have awoken:—"
Five!
"The world is deep,"
Six!

“And deeper than the day had thought.”
Seven!
“Deep is its woe—,”
Eight!
“Joy—deeper still than heart’s agony:”
Nine!
“Woe says: Pass away!”
Ten!
“But all joy wants eternity—,”
Eleven!
“—wants deep, deep eternity!”
Twelve!

The Seven Seals

(Or: The Yes and Amen Song)

1.

If I am a soothsayer and full of that soothsaying spirit which wanders on a high ridge between two seas,—

wanders between past and future as a heavy cloud,—hostile to sultry lowlands and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live:—

ready for lightning in its dark bosom and for the redeeming beam of light, pregnant with lightnings that say Yes! that laugh Yes! ready for soothsaying lightning-bolts:—

—but blessed is he who is thus pregnant! And verily, long must he hang upon the mountain as a heavy storm who shall one day kindle the light of the future!—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

2.

If ever my wrath broke open graves, moved boundary stones, and rolled old tablets, shattered, into sheer depths:

If ever my scorn blew mouldered words to the winds, and I came like a broom to the cross-spiders and as a sweeping wind to old, musty burial chambers:

If ever I sat rejoicing where old gods lie buried, world-blessing, world-loving, beside the monuments of old world-slanderers:—

—for even churches and the graves of God I love, once the sky looks with pure eye through their broken roofs; gladly I sit like grass and red poppy upon broken churches—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

3.

If ever a breath came to me of the creative breath and of that heavenly necessity which compels even chance to dance star-rounds:

If ever I laughed with the laughter of the creative lightning, which the long thunder of the deed follows, rumbling but obedient:

If ever I played dice with gods at the gods' table of the earth, so that the earth quaked and broke and snorted up rivers of fire:—

—for a gods' table is the earth, and trembling with creative new words and gods' throws of the dice:—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

4.

If ever I drank a full draught from that foaming jug of spice and mixture in which all things are well mixed:

If ever my hand poured the farthest to the nearest, and fire to spirit, and joy to sorrow, and the worst to the kindest:

If I myself am a grain of that redeeming salt which makes all things in the mixing jug mix well:—

—for there is a salt that binds good with evil; and even the most evil is worthy of being a spice and of the last foaming over:—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

5.

If I am fond of the sea and of all that is of the sea's kind, and fondest of all when it angrily contradicts me:

If that seeking joy is in me which drives the sails toward the undiscovered, if a seafarer's joy is in my joy:

If ever my rejoicing cried: "The coast has vanished,—now the last chain has fallen from me—

—the boundless roars about me, far out space and time glitter for me, well then! up! old heart!"—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

6.

If my virtue is a dancer's virtue, and often I leapt with both feet into gold-emerald rapture:

If my malice is a laughing malice, at home beneath slopes of roses and hedges of lilies:

—for in laughter all that is evil is gathered together, but hallowed and absolved by its own bliss:—

And if this is my alpha and omega, that all that is heavy become light, all body a dancer, all spirit a bird: and verily, that is my alpha and omega!—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

7.

If ever I spread still skies above me and flew with my own wings into my own skies:

If I swam playfully in deep distances of light, and the bird-wisdom of my freedom came:—

—but thus speaks bird-wisdom: "Behold, there is no above, no below! Fling yourself about, outward, backward, you light one! Sing! speak no more!

—are not all words made for the heavy? Do not all words lie to the light one! Sing! speak no more!"—

Oh how should I not burn with longing for eternity and for the nuptial ring of rings,—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

Fourth and Final Part

Ah, where in the world have greater follies happened than among the pitying? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitying?
Woe to all lovers who do not yet have a height that is above their pity!
Thus the devil once spoke to me: "God too has his hell: that is his love for mankind."
And lately I heard him say this word: "God is dead; of his pity for mankind God has died."

Zarathustra, On the Pitying

The Honey Offering

—And again moons and years ran over Zarathustra's soul, and he heeded it not; but his hair grew white. One day, as he sat upon a stone before his cave and gazed out in silence,—for from there one gazes out upon the sea, and away over winding abysses—his animals went thoughtfully round about him and at last placed themselves before him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "are you perhaps looking out for your happiness?"—"What matters happiness!" he answered, "I have long ceased to strive after happiness, I strive after my work."—"O Zarathustra," the animals spoke again, "you say that as one who has more than enough of the good. Do you not lie in a sky-blue lake of happiness?"—"You rogues and fools," answered Zarathustra and smiled, "how well you chose the parable! But you know too that my happiness is heavy and not like a flowing wave of water: it presses upon me and will not leave me and behaves like molten pitch."—

Then the animals again went thoughtfully round about him and then once more placed themselves before him. "O Zarathustra," they said, "is it from this, then, that you yourself grow ever yellower and darker, although your hair would look white and flaxen? Behold, you sit in your pitch!"—"What are you saying, my animals," said Zarathustra and laughed at it, "verily, I blasphemed when I spoke of pitch. As it goes with me, so it goes with all fruits that grow ripe. It is the honey in my veins that makes my blood thicker and my soul stiller too."—"So it will be, O Zarathustra," answered the animals and pressed close to him; "but will you not climb a high mountain today? The air is pure, and today one sees more of the world than ever."—"Yes, my animals," he answered, "you counsel excellently and

after my own heart: today I will climb a high mountain! But see to it that honey is there at hand for me, yellow, white, good, ice-fresh golden honey from the comb. For know that up there I will bring the honey offering."—

But when Zarathustra was up on the summit, he sent home the animals that had escorted him, and found that he was now alone:—then he laughed with his whole heart, looked about him and spoke thus:

That I spoke of offerings and honey offerings was only a ruse of my speech and, verily, a useful folly! Up here I may speak more freely than before hermits' caves and hermits' pets.

Offer, indeed! I squander what is given me, I, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I still call that—offering!

And when I desired honey, I desired only bait and sweet syrup and slime, for which even growling bears and strange, sullen, wicked birds put out their tongues:

—the best bait, such as hunters and fishermen need. For if the world is like a dark forest of beasts and the pleasure garden of all wild hunters, to me it seems still more, and rather, an abysmal, rich sea,

—a sea full of many-coloured fishes and crabs, for which even gods might lust, so that they would become fishermen at it and casters of nets: so rich is the world in strange things, great and small!

Especially the human world, the human sea:—into it I now cast my golden fishing rod and say: open up, you human abyss!

Open up and toss me your fishes and glittering crabs! With my best bait I shall bait for myself today the strangest human fishes!

—my happiness itself I cast out into all wide places and far places, between sunrise, noon and sunset, to see whether many human fishes will not learn to tug and wriggle at my happiness.

Until, biting upon my sharp hidden hooks, they must come up to my height, the most motley gudgeons of the abyss, to the most malicious of all fishers of men.

For that is what I am from the ground and the beginning, drawing, drawing near, drawing up, drawing upward, a drawer, a breeder and a taskmaster, who not in vain once said to himself: "Become who you are!"

So let men now come up to me: for I still await the signs that it is time for my descent; I myself do not yet go under, as I must, among men.

For that I wait here, cunning and mocking upon high mountains, no impatient one, no patient one, rather one who has even unlearned patience,—because he no longer "suffers."

For my fate leaves me time: has it perhaps forgotten me? Or does it sit in the shade behind a great stone and catch flies?

And verily, I am well disposed toward it for this, my eternal fate, that it does not hound and press me and leaves me time for pranks and mischief: so that today I climbed this high mountain to catch fish.

Did ever a man catch fish upon high mountains? And even if it is a folly, what I want and do up here: better this still than that down below I should grow solemn from waiting, and green and yellow—

—a strutting snorter of wrath from waiting, a holy howling storm from the mountains, an impatient one who calls down into the valleys: "Hear, or I will lash you with the scourge of God!"

Not that I would bear a grudge against such wrathful ones for that: they are good enough for me to laugh at! Impatient they must surely be, these great noise-drums, who get to speak today or never!

But I and my fate—we do not speak to the Today, nor do we speak to the Never: for speaking we have patience and time and more than time. For one day it must come and may not pass by.

What must one day come and may not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is, our great distant kingdom of man, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years—

How far may such a "far" be? What is it to me! But it stands no less firm for me on that account—, with both feet I stand secure upon this ground,

—upon an eternal ground, upon hard primeval rock, upon this highest, hardest primeval mountain range, to which all winds come as to the weather-divide, asking Where? and Whence? and Whither?

Here laugh, laugh, my bright and wholesome malice! From high mountains cast down your glittering mocking laughter! Bait for me with your glittering the most beautiful human fishes!

And whatever in all seas belongs to me, my in-and-for-myself in all things—fish that out for me, bring that up to me: for that I wait, the most malicious of all fishermen.

Out, out, my fishing hook! In, down, bait of my happiness! Drip your sweetest dew, honey of my heart! Bite, my hook, into the belly of all black affliction!

Out, out, my eye! Oh how many seas round about me, what dawning human futures! And above me—what rose-red stillness! What cloudless silence!

The Cry of Distress

On the following day Zarathustra sat once more upon his stone before the cave, while the animals roamed about outside in the world, that they might bring home new food,—new honey too: for Zarathustra had used up and squandered the old honey to the very last grain. But as he sat there thus, with a staff in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure upon the ground, pondering and, verily! not upon himself and his shadow—all at once he took fright and started: for beside his shadow he saw yet another shadow. And as he quickly looked about him and stood up, behold, there stood the soothsayer beside him, the same whom he had once fed and given drink at his table, the proclaimer of the great weariness, who taught: "All is alike, nothing is worth while, the world is without meaning, knowledge strangles." But his countenance had changed in the meantime; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was startled once again: so many evil proclamations and ash-grey lightnings passed over that face.

The soothsayer, who had perceived what was taking place in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his hand across his countenance, as if he wanted to wipe it away; Zarathustra likewise did the same. And when both had in this manner silently composed and strengthened themselves, they gave each other their hands, as a sign that they wished to recognize each other again.

"Be welcome to me," said Zarathustra, "thou soothsayer of the great weariness, not in vain shalt thou once have been my table-companion and guest. Eat and drink with me today as well, and forgive it that a cheerful old man sits at table with thee!"—"A cheerful old man?" answered the soothsayer, shaking his head: "but whoever thou art or

wouldst be, O Zarathustra, thou hast been it up here for the longest time,—before long thy boat shall no longer sit on dry land!"—"Do I then sit on dry land?" asked Zarathustra, laughing.—"The waves around thy mountain," answered the soothsayer, "rise and rise, the waves of great distress and affliction: soon they will lift thy boat too and carry thee away."—Thereupon Zarathustra was silent and wondered.—"Dost thou still hear nothing?" the soothsayer went on: "does it not rush and roar up out of the depths?"—Zarathustra was silent once more and listened: then he heard a long, long cry, which the abysses threw to one another and passed along, for none wanted to keep it: so evil did it sound.

"Thou evil proclaimer," spoke Zarathustra at last, "that is a cry of distress and the cry of a man; it may well come out of a black sea. But what is human distress to me! My last sin, which has been saved up for me,—dost thou know what it is called?"

—"Pity!" answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart, and raised both hands aloft—"O Zarathustra, I come that I may seduce thee to thy last sin!"—

And scarcely had these words been spoken when the cry rang out again, longer and more anguished than before, and already much nearer. "Dost thou hear? Dost thou hear, O Zarathustra?" cried the soothsayer, "the cry is meant for thee, it calls thee: come, come, come, it is time, it is high time!"—

Thereupon Zarathustra was silent, confused and shaken; at last he asked, like one who hesitates within himself: "And who is it that calls me there?"

"But thou knowest it already," answered the soothsayer vehemently, "why dost thou hide thyself? It is the higher man who cries for thee!"

"The higher man?" cried Zarathustra, seized with horror: "what does he want? What does he want? The higher man! What does he want here?"—and his skin was covered with sweat.

The soothsayer, however, did not answer Zarathustra's dread, but listened and listened toward the depths. When, however, it remained still there for a long time, he turned his gaze back and saw Zarathustra standing and trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began in a sorrowful voice, "thou dost not stand there like one whom his happiness makes giddy: thou wilt have to dance, lest thou fall over before me!

But even if thou wouldst dance before me and leap all thy side-leaps: no one shall be permitted to say to me: 'Behold, here dances the last joyful man!'

In vain would one come up to this height who sought him here: caves he would find indeed, and back-caves, hiding places for those who hide, but not shafts of happiness and treasure chambers and new gold-veins of happiness.

Happiness—how should one find happiness among such buried ones and hermits! Must I seek the last happiness yet on Blessed Isles and far away between forgotten seas?

But all is alike, nothing is worth while, no seeking helps, there are no Blessed Isles any more either!"—

Thus sighed the soothsayer; but at his last sigh Zarathustra became bright and sure again, like one who comes out of a deep chasm into the light. "No! No! Three times No!" he cried in a strong voice and stroked his beard—"That I know better! There are still Blessed Isles! Silence about that, thou sighing sack of sorrow!

Stop splashing about that, thou rain-cloud in the forenoon! Do I not already stand here wet with thine affliction and drenched like a dog?

Now I shake myself and run away from thee, that I may become dry again: at that thou mayest not wonder! Do I seem discourteous to thee? But here is my court.

But as for thy higher man: well then! I shall seek him forthwith in those forests: from there came his cry. Perhaps an evil beast is pressing him there.

He is in my domain: therein he shall come to no harm! And verily, there are many evil beasts about me."—

With these words Zarathustra turned to go. Then spoke the soothsayer: "O Zarathustra, thou art a rogue!

I know it well: thou wouldst be rid of me! Rather wouldst thou run into the forests and hunt evil beasts!

But what good will it do thee? In the evening thou wilt have me back all the same; in thine own cave I shall sit, patient and heavy as a log—and wait for thee!"

"So be it!" Zarathustra called back as he went: "and what is mine in my cave belongs to thee as well, my guest!

But shouldst thou find honey still in there, well then! just lick it up, thou growling bear, and sweeten thy soul! For in the evening we both shall be of good cheer,

—of good cheer and glad that this day has come to an end! And thou thyself shalt dance to my songs as my dancing bear.

Thou dost not believe it? Thou shakest thy head? Well then! Up! Old bear! But I too—am a soothsayer."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Conversation with the Kings

1.

Zarathustra had not yet been an hour on his way in his mountains and forests when all at once he saw a strange procession. Right along the path by which he meant to descend came two kings walking, adorned with crowns and purple sashes and motley as flamingos: they drove a laden ass before them. "What do these kings want in my kingdom?" said Zarathustra to his heart in astonishment, and hid himself quickly behind a bush. But when the kings came up close to him, he said, half aloud, like one who talks to himself alone: "Strange! Strange! How does this rhyme together? Two kings I see—and only One ass!"

Then the two kings halted, smiled, looked toward the spot whence the voice came, and afterwards looked each other in the face. "Such things are doubtless thought among us too," said the king on the right, "but one does not say them aloud."

The king on the left, however, shrugged his shoulders and answered: "That may well be a goatherd. Or a hermit who has lived too long among rocks and trees. For no society at all also corrupts good manners."

"Good manners?" retorted the other king, indignant and bitter: "whom then are we running away from? Is it not 'good manners'? Our 'good society'?

Better, verily, to live among hermits and goatherds than with our gilded, false, over-painted rabble,—though it call itself 'good society',

—though it call itself 'nobility'. But there all is false and rotten, the blood first of all, thanks to old bad diseases and worse healers.

The best and dearest to me today is still a healthy peasant, coarse, cunning, stubborn, enduring: that is the noblest kind today.

The peasant is the best today; and the peasant kind should be master! But it is the kingdom of the rabble,—I will no longer be taken in. Rabble, however, means: hodgepodge.

Rabble-hodgepodge: in it everything is jumbled up with everything, saint and scoundrel and squire and Jew and every beast out of Noah's ark.

Good manners! Everything among us is false and rotten. No one knows any longer how to revere: it is just this that we are running away from. They are cloying, importunate dogs, they gild palm leaves.

This nausea chokes me, that we kings ourselves became false, draped and disguised in the old yellowed pomp of our grandfathers, show-medals for the dumbest and the slyest, and for whoever today drives a haggling trade with power!

We are not the first—and yet must signify it: of this imposture we have at last grown sated and nauseated.

We went out of the way of the riffraff, of all these bawlers and scribbling blowflies, of the stench of shopkeepers, the wriggling of ambition, the foul breath—: faugh, to live among the riffraff,

—faugh, to signify the first among the riffraff! Ah, nausea! Nausea! Nausea! What do we kings matter any more!"—

"Your old sickness is seizing you," said the king on the left at this, "nausea is seizing you, my poor brother. But you know, after all, that someone is listening to us."

Immediately Zarathustra, who had opened wide his ears and eyes to these speeches, rose from his hiding-place, stepped up to the kings and began:

"He who listens to you, who gladly listens to you, you kings, is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra, who once said: 'What do kings matter any more!' Forgive me, I rejoiced when you said to one another: 'What do we kings matter!'

But here is my kingdom and my dominion: what might you be seeking in my kingdom? Perhaps, though, you found on the way what I am seeking: namely the higher man."

When the kings heard this, they beat their breasts and said with one mouth: "We are recognized!

With the sword of this word you cleave the thickest darkness of our heart. You have discovered our distress, for behold! We are on our way to find the higher man—

—the man who is higher than we: though we are kings. To him we are leading this ass. For the highest man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no harder misfortune in all human destiny than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becomes false and crooked and monstrous.

And when they are even the last, and more beast than man: then the rabble rises and rises in price, and at last the rabble-virtue even says: 'behold, I alone am virtue!'"—

"What did I just hear?" answered Zarathustra; "what wisdom in kings! I am enchanted, and, verily, already I itch to make a rhyme on it:—

—even if it should turn out a rhyme not fit for everyone's ears. I unlearned long ago any consideration for long ears. Well then! Up!

(But here it came to pass that the ass too got a word in: and it said distinctly and with ill will Hee-haw.)

Once on a time—methinks, in the year of grace One—

The Sibyl spoke, though wine she'd drunk had none:

"Woe, now all goes amiss!

Decay! Decay! Ne'er sank the world to this!

Rome sank to whore, and to a whore-house too,

Rome's Caesar sank to beast, God himself—became a Jew!"

2.

In these rhymes of Zarathustra the kings took delight; but the king on the right said: "O Zarathustra, how well we did to set out to see you!

For your enemies showed us your image in their mirror: there you looked with the grimace of a devil, and laughing with scorn: so that we were afraid of you.

But what good did it do! Again and again you pierced our ears and hearts with your sayings. Then at last we said: what does it matter how he looks!

We must hear him, him who teaches 'you shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace more than the long!'

No one ever spoke such warlike words: 'What is good? To be brave is good. It is the good war that hallows every cause.'

O Zarathustra, our fathers' blood stirred in our body at such words: it was like the speech of spring to old wine-casks.

When the swords ran crisscross like red-spotted serpents, then our fathers grew fond of life; the sun of all peace seemed to them limp and lukewarm, but the long peace brought shame.

How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw gleaming, dried-out swords upon the wall! Like these they thirsted for war. For a sword wants to drink blood and sparkles with desire."—

—When the kings thus spoke and chattered with zeal of the happiness of their fathers, no small desire came over Zarathustra to mock their zeal: for evidently they were very peaceable kings whom he saw before him, such as had old and refined faces. But he restrained himself. "Well then!" he said, "thither leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra; and this day shall have a long evening! But now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

It honours my cave if kings will sit and wait in it: but, to be sure, you will have to wait long!

Well now! What of it! Where does one learn better to wait today than at courts? And the whole virtue of kings that is left to them,—is it not called today: being-able-to-wait?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Leech

And Zarathustra went on, thoughtful, farther and deeper, through forests and past marshy hollows; but as befalls everyone who ponders heavy things, he stepped unawares upon a man as he went. And behold, all at once a cry of pain and two curses and twenty foul insults spattered into his face: so that in his fright he raised his stick and struck the trodden one besides. Straightaway, however, his senses returned to him; and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

"Forgive me," he said to the trodden one, who had risen grimly and sat himself down, "forgive me, and before all else hear first a parable.

As a wanderer who dreams of distant things knocks unawares, on a lonely road, against a sleeping dog, a dog that lies in the sun:

—as then both start up, snap at each other, like mortal enemies, these two frightened to death: so it went with us.

And yet! And yet—how little was wanting for them to caress each other, this dog and this lonely one! For they are both—lonely ones!"

—"Whoever you may be," said the trodden one, still grimly, "you tread on my toes with your parable too, and not only with your foot!

Just look, am I a dog, then?"—and with that the seated man rose and drew his naked arm out of the swamp. For at first he had lain stretched out upon the ground, hidden and unrecognizable, like those who lie in wait for swamp game.

"But what are you doing!" cried Zarathustra in alarm, for he saw that much blood was flowing over the naked arm, "—what has befallen you? Did a wicked beast bite you, you unfortunate one?"

The bleeding man laughed, still angered. "What is it to you!" he said, and was about to go on. "Here I am at home and in my own domain. Let him question me who will: but to a lout I shall hardly give answer."

"You are mistaken," said Zarathustra with pity, and held him fast, "you are mistaken: here you are not in your own house, but in my realm, and in it no one shall come to harm.

But call me what you will,—I am who I must be. I myself call myself Zarathustra.

Well then! Up yonder goes the way to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far, —will you not tend your wounds with me?

It has gone badly with you, you unfortunate one, in this life: first the beast bit you, and then—man trod on you!"—

But when the trodden one heard the name of Zarathustra, he was transformed. "What is happening to me!" he cried out. "Who is there that I still care about in this life, but this one man, namely Zarathustra, and that one beast that lives on blood, the leech?

For the leech's sake I lay here by this swamp like a fisherman, and already my outhung arm had been bitten ten times, when a still finer hedgehog bites after my blood, Zarathustra himself!

O happiness! O wonder! Praised be this day that lured me into this swamp! Praised be the best, liveliest cupping-glass that lives today, praised be the great leech of conscience, Zarathustra!"—

Thus spoke the trodden one; and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their fine, reverent manner. "Who are you?" he asked, and gave him his hand. "Between us much remains to be cleared up and brightened up: but already, it seems to me, it is becoming pure bright day."

"I am the conscientious one of the spirit," answered the one questioned, "and in matters of the spirit hardly anyone takes it more strictly, more narrowly and more harshly than I, save him from whom I learned it, Zarathustra himself.

Better to know nothing than to know many things by halves! Better to be a fool on one's own account than a sage by others' judgment! I—go to the ground of things:

—what does it matter whether it is great or small? Whether it is called swamp or heaven? A hand's breadth of ground is enough for me: if only it is truly ground and footing!

—a hand's breadth of ground: on that one can stand. In the true science of conscience of knowledge there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Then are you perhaps the knower of the leech?" asked Zarathustra. "And you pursue the leech down to its ultimate grounds, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the trodden one, "that would be something monstrous; how could I presume to undertake it!

But that of which I am master and connoisseur, that is the brain of the leech:—that is my world!

And it is a world, too! But forgive me that my pride here comes to speech, for here I have not my equal. Therefore I said: 'here I am at home.'

How long have I already pursued this one thing, the brain of the leech, so that the slippery truth might no longer slip away from me here! Here is my realm!

—for its sake I threw away all else, for its sake all else became indifferent to me; and close beside my knowledge lies encamped my black ignorance.

My conscience of the spirit wills it so of me, that I know one thing and know nothing else at all: I feel nausea at all the half-ones of the spirit, all the vaporous, the hovering, the enthusiastic.

Where my honesty ceases, there I am blind and will to be blind. But where I will to know, there I will also to be honest, namely hard, strict, narrow, cruel, inexorable.

That you once said, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is the life that itself cuts into life,'—that led and misled me to your teaching. And verily, with my own blood I increased my own knowledge!"

—"As the evidence before our eyes teaches," Zarathustra broke in; for the blood was still flowing down the naked arm of the conscientious one. For ten leeches had bitten their way into it.

"O you strange fellow, how much this evidence before my eyes teaches me, namely you yourself! And perhaps I may not pour everything into your strict ears!

Well then! So here we part! Yet I would gladly find you again. Up yonder leads the way to my cave: tonight you shall be my dear guest there!

Gladly would I also make amends to your body for Zarathustra's having trodden on you with his feet: I am thinking about that. But now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Magician

1.

But as Zarathustra rounded a rock, he saw, not far below him on the same path, a man who flung his limbs about like a raving madman and at last fell flat on his belly to the ground. "Stop! then said Zarathustra to his heart, that one there must surely be the higher man; from him came that dreadful cry of distress,—I will see whether there is help to be given." But when he ran up to the spot where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with staring eyes; and however much Zarathustra strove to raise him up and set him on his feet again, it was in vain. Nor did the unhappy man seem to notice that anyone was near him; rather he kept looking about him with touching gestures, like one forsaken and left lonely by all the world. At last, however, after much trembling, twitching and writhing-together, he began to lament thus:

Who warms me, who loves me still?

Give hot hands!

Give braziers of the heart!

Stretched out, shuddering,

Like one half-dead whose feet are warmed—

Shaken, ah! by unknown fevers,

Trembling before sharp icy arrows of frost,

Hunted by you, thought!

Unnameable! Veiled! Terrible!

You hunter behind clouds!

Struck down by your lightning,

You mocking eye that gazes at me out of darkness:

—thus I lie,

Bend myself, writhe myself, tormented

By all eternal tortures,

Struck

By You, cruellest hunter,

You unknown—god!

Strike deeper,

Strike once more!

Pierce, break this heart!

Why this torturing

With blunt-toothed arrows?

Why do you gaze again,

Never weary of human agony,

With gloating god-lightning-eyes?

You will not kill,

Only torture, torture?

Why—torture me,

You gloating unknown god?—

Haha! You come creeping near?

At such a midnight

What do you want? Speak!

You press me, crush me—

Ha! already far too close!

Away! Away!

You hear me breathing,

You eavesdrop on my heart,

You jealous one—

Jealous of what, then?

Away! Away! Why the ladder?

Would you get inside,

Into the heart,

Climb in, into my most secret

Thoughts climb in?

Shameless one! Unknown—thief!

What would you steal for yourself,

What would you eavesdrop for yourself,

What would you wring out by torture,

You torturer!

You—hangman-god!

Or shall I, like a dog,

Roll about before you?

Devoted, enraptured-beside-myself,

Wag—love to you?

In vain!

Sting on,

Cruellest sting! No,

No dog—only your game am I,

Cruellest hunter!

Your proudest captive,

You robber behind clouds...

Speak at last,

What do you want, waylayer, from me?

You lightning-veiled one! Unknown one! Speak,

What do you want, unknown god?—-

What?

Ransom?

What ransom do you want?

Demand much—so counsels my pride!

And be brief—so counsels my other pride!

Haha!

Me—you want? Me?

Me—entire?

Haha!

And you torture me, fool that you are,

Torture my pride to pieces?

Give me love—who warms me still?

Who loves me still?—give hot hands,

Give braziers of the heart,

Give to me, the loneliest,

Whom ice, ah! sevenfold ice

For enemies themselves,

Teaches to pine for enemies,

Give, yes, give yourself up,

Cruellest enemy,

To me—yourself!...

Gone!

There he himself fled,

My last, my only companion,

My great enemy,

My unknown one,

My hangman-god!...

—No!

Come back,

With all your tortures!

To the last of all the lonely

Oh come back!

All my streams of tears run

Their course to you!

And my last flame of the heart—

For you it glows up!

Oh come back,

My unknown god! My pain!

My last happiness!

2.

—But here Zarathustra could contain himself no longer; he took his staff and struck at the lamenting man with all his might. "Stop! he cried to him, with furious laughter, stop, you actor! You counterfeiter! You liar to the core! I know you well!

I'll warm your legs for you, you wicked magician; I know well how to make it—hot for the likes of you!"

—"Leave off, said the old man and sprang up from the ground, strike no more, oh Zarathustra! I did all this only in play!

Such things belong to my art; it was you yourself I wanted to put to the test when I gave you this trial! And verily, you have seen through me well!

But you too—gave me no small proof of yourself: you are hard, you wise Zarathustra! Hard you strike with your "truths"; your cudgel forces from me—this truth!"

—"Do not flatter, answered Zarathustra, still agitated and with a dark look, you actor to the core! You are false: what do you speak of—truth!

You peacock of peacocks, you sea of vanity, what were you playing before me, you wicked magician, in whom was I to believe when you lamented in such a guise?"

"The penitent of the spirit, said the old man, him—I played: you yourself once coined this word—

—the poet and magician who at last turns his spirit against himself, the transformed one who freezes to death on his wicked knowledge and conscience.

And only confess it: it was a long while, oh Zarathustra, before you found out my art and my lie! You believed in my distress when you held my head with both your hands,—

—I heard you lament "he has been loved too little, loved too little!" That I deceived you so far, at that my malice inwardly rejoiced."

"You may have deceived subtler ones than me, said Zarathustra harshly. I am not on my guard against deceivers; I must be without caution: so my lot wills it.

But you—must deceive: that much I know of you! You must always be of two, three, four and five meanings! Even what you have just confessed was not nearly true enough nor false enough for me!

You wicked counterfeiter, how could you do otherwise! You would paint even your sickness if you showed yourself naked to your physician.

Just so did you paint your lie before me when you said: "I did all this only in play!" There was earnest in it too; you are something of a penitent of the spirit!

I read you well: you became the enchanter of all, but against yourself you have no lie and no cunning left,—to yourself you are disenchanted!

You have reaped nausea as your one truth. No word in you is genuine any longer, save your mouth: that is, the nausea that clings to your mouth."—

—"Who are you, then! cried the old magician here in a defiant voice, who dares speak thus to me, the greatest who lives today?"—and a green lightning shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But immediately afterward he was transformed and said sadly:

"Oh Zarathustra, I am weary of it, my arts fill me with nausea, I am not great, why do I pretend! But you know it well—I sought for greatness!

I wanted to represent a great man, and I persuaded many: but this lie went beyond my strength. Upon it I am breaking.

Oh Zarathustra, everything in me is a lie; but that I am breaking—this my breaking is genuine!"—

"It honours you, spoke Zarathustra gloomily, looking down to one side, it honours you that you sought for greatness, but it also betrays you. You are not great.

You wicked old magician, this is the best and most honest thing in you, and this I honour in you: that you grew weary of yourself and spoke it out: "I am not great."

In this I honour you as a penitent of the spirit: and even if only for a breath and a flicker, in this one Moment you were—genuine.

But speak, what seekest thou here in my forests and crags? And when thou didst lay thyself in my way, what proof wouldst thou have of me? —

—wherein didst thou tempt me?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and his eyes sparkled. The old magician was silent a while, then he said: "Did I tempt thee? I—only seek.

O Zarathustra, I seek one who is genuine, right, simple, unequivocal, a man of all honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!

Knowest thou it not, then, O Zarathustra? I seek Zarathustra."

—And here there arose a long silence between the two; but Zarathustra sank deep into himself, so that he closed his eyes. But then, returning to the one with whom he spoke, he seized the hand of the magician and said, full of courtesy and cunning:

"Well then! Up there leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra. In it thou mayest seek him whom thou wouldst find.

And ask counsel of my animals, my eagle and my serpent: they shall help thee seek. But my cave is large.

I myself, to be sure—I have as yet seen no great man. For what is great, the eye of even the finest is coarse today. It is the kingdom of the rabble.

Many a one have I found already who stretched and puffed himself up, and the people cried: "Behold, a great man!" But what avail all bellows! In the end the wind comes out.

In the end a frog bursts that puffed itself up too long: then the wind comes out. To prick a swollen one in the belly, that I call a fine pastime. Hear that, ye boys!

This today belongs to the rabble: who there still knows what is great, what is small! Who there would seek greatness with luck! A fool alone: fools have luck.

Thou seekest great men, thou strange fool? Who taught thee that? Is today the time for it? O thou wicked seeker, why—dost thou tempt me?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, comforted in heart, and went laughing greedily on his way.

Retired from Service

Not long, however, after Zarathustra had freed himself from the magician, he again saw someone sitting beside the way he was going, namely a tall man in black with a gaunt, pale face: this man vexed him mightily. "Woe, he said to his heart, there sits muffled-up gloom, that seems to me of the priestly kind: what do they want in my realm?

What! Scarcely have I escaped that magician: must yet another black artist cross my path,—

—some sorcerer with laying-on of hands, some dark miracle-worker by the grace of God, some anointed world-slanderer, whom may the devil take!

But the devil is never in his place when his place would be there: always he comes too late, this accursed dwarf and club-foot!"—

Thus cursed Zarathustra impatiently in his heart, and considered how he might slip past the black man with averted gaze: but behold, it turned out otherwise. For in that same moment the one sitting had already caught sight of him; and not unlike one upon whom an unexpected good fortune befalls, he sprang up and made straight for Zarathustra.

"Whoever you may be, you wanderer, he said, help one who has gone astray, a seeker, an old man who may easily come to harm here!

This world here is strange and remote to me, and I heard wild beasts howling; and He who could have offered me protection, he himself is no more.

I was seeking the last pious man, a saint and hermit, who alone in his forest had not yet heard anything of what all the world knows today."

"What does all the world know today? asked Zarathustra. Perhaps this, that the old God no longer lives, in whom all the world once believed?"

"You say it, answered the old man sorrowfully. And I served this old God until his last hour.

But now I am retired from service, without a master, and yet not free, nor merry for a single hour any more, unless it be in memories.

For that reason I climbed into these mountains, that I might at last make myself a festival again, as befits an old pope and church-father: for know that I am the last pope!—a festival of pious memories and divine services.

But now he himself is dead, the most pious of men, that saint in the forest who constantly praised his God with singing and humming.

Him I found no more when I found his hut,—but two wolves inside it, howling over his death—for all animals loved him. Then I ran away.

Had I then come into these forests and mountains in vain? Then my heart resolved that I should seek another, the most pious of all those who do not believe in God—, that I should seek Zarathustra!"

Thus spoke the old man and gazed with sharp eyes at him who stood before him; but Zarathustra seized the hand of the old pope and contemplated it long with admiration.

"Behold, you venerable one, he then said, what a beautiful and long hand! That is the hand of one who has always dispensed blessings. But now it holds fast him whom you seek, me, Zarathustra.

It is I, the godless Zarathustra, who speaks here: who is more godless than I, that I may rejoice in his instruction?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra and pierced with his glances the thoughts and the hidden thoughts of the old pope. At last the latter began:

"He who loved and possessed him most, has now also lost him most -:

—behold, I myself am now probably the more godless of us two? But who could rejoice in that!"—

"You served him to the last, asked Zarathustra thoughtfully, after a deep silence, you know how he died? Is it true what they say, that pity strangled him,

—that he saw how man hung on the cross, and could not bear it, that his love for man became his hell and at last his death?"—

But the old pope did not answer, but looked aside shyly and with a pained and gloomy expression.

"Let him go, said Zarathustra after long reflection, still looking the old man straight in the eye.

Let him go, he is gone. And though it does you honour that you speak only good of this dead one, you know as well as I who he was; and that he went strange ways."

"Spoken between three eyes, said the old pope, cheered (for he was blind in one eye), in matters of God I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself—and may well be so.

My love served him long years, my will followed all his will. But a good servant knows everything, and many a thing too that his master hides from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Verily, even to a son he came by no other way than by stealthy paths. At the door of his faith stands adultery.

Whoever praises him as a God of love does not think highly enough of love itself. Did this God not want to be judge as well? But the lover loves beyond reward and retribution.

When he was young, this God out of the Orient, he was harsh and vengeful and built himself a hell for the delight of his favourites.

But at last he grew old and soft and mellow and pitying, more like a grandfather than a father, but likest of all to a doddering old grandmother.

There he sat, withered, in his chimney-corner, fretting over his weak legs, world-weary, will-weary, and one day he choked on his all-too-great pity."—

"You old pope, Zarathustra here interjected, did you see that with your own eyes? It may well have happened thus: thus, and otherwise too. When gods die, they always die many kinds of death.

But well then! This way or that, this way and that—he is gone! He went against the taste of my ears and eyes; worse than that I would not say of him.

I love all that looks clear and speaks honestly. But he—you know it indeed, you old priest, there was something of your kind about him, of the priestly kind—he was ambiguous.

He was also unclear. How he raged at us for it, this snorter of wrath, that we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more cleanly?

And if it lay with our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him badly? If there was mud in our ears, well then! who put it there?

Too much miscarried for him, this potter who had not finished his apprenticeship! But that he took revenge on his pots and creatures be-

cause they turned out badly for him,—that was a sin against good taste.

There is good taste in piety too: and it spoke at last, "Away with such a God! Better no God, better to make one's fate by one's own hand, better to be a fool, better to be God oneself!""

—"What do I hear! said the old pope here, pricking up his ears; oh Zarathustra, you are more pious than you believe, with such an unbelief! Some god within you converted you to your godlessness.

Is it not your piety itself that no longer lets you believe in a God? And your overgreat honesty will yet lead you beyond good and evil too!

Behold, then, what was kept in store for you? You have eyes and hand and mouth that have been foreordained for blessing since eternity. One does not bless with the hand alone.

Near you, though you would be the most godless of all, I scent a secret fragrance of incense and sweetness from long benedictions: it makes me feel glad and grieved at once.

Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth will I now feel better than with you!"—

"Amen! So shall it be! spoke Zarathustra in great astonishment; up there leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra.

Gladly, verily, would I guide you there myself, you venerable one, for I love all pious men. But now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

In my domain no one shall come to harm; my cave is a good harbour. And most of all I would like to set every sorrowful one back upon firm land and firm legs.

But who would take your melancholy from your shoulder? For that I am too weak. Long, verily, might we wait until someone awakens your God for you again.

For this old God lives no more: he is thoroughly dead."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Ugliest Man

—And again Zarathustra's feet ran through mountains and forests, and his eyes sought and sought, but nowhere was he to be seen whom they wanted to see, the great sufferer in distress who cried out in distress. Along the whole way, however, he exulted in his heart and was grateful. "What good things, he said, this day has bestowed on me, in recompense for beginning so badly! What strange interlocutors I have found!

On their words I will now chew long, as on good grains; small shall my tooth grind and crush them, until they flow into my soul like milk!"—

But when the path again bent around a rock, all at once the landscape changed, and Zarathustra stepped into a realm of death. Here black and red cliffs jutted upward: no grass, no tree, no voice of a bird. For it was a valley which all animals shunned, even the beasts of prey—except that a kind of ugly, thick, green serpent came here to die when they grew old. Therefore the shepherds called this valley: Serpent-Death.

Zarathustra, however, sank into a black remembrance, for it seemed to him as though he had once before stood in this valley. And much that was heavy laid itself upon his mind: so that he walked slowly, and ever more slowly, and at last stood still. Then, however, when he opened his eyes, he saw something sitting by the wayside, shaped like a man and scarcely like a man, something unutterable. And at one stroke Zarathustra was overcome by great shame at having looked upon such a thing with his eyes: blushing up to his white hair, he turned his gaze away and lifted his foot, that he might leave this evil place. But then the dead wasteland grew loud: for up from the ground

there welled a gurgling and a rattling, as water gurgles and rattles at night through choked water-pipes; and at last out of it came a human voice and human speech:—which went thus.

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Guess my riddle! Speak, speak! What is the revenge on the witness?

I lure you back, here is smooth ice! Look to it, look to it, lest your pride break its legs here!

You deem yourself wise, you proud Zarathustra! Then guess the riddle, you hard nutcracker,—the riddle that I am! Speak then—who am I!"

—But when Zarathustra had heard these words,—what do you think befell his soul then? Pity assailed him; and all at once he sank down, like an oak that has long withstood many woodcutters,—heavily, suddenly, to the terror even of those who meant to fell it. But already he rose again from the ground, and his countenance grew hard.

"I know you well, he said in a brazen voice: you are the murderer of God! Let me go.

You could not bear him who saw you,—who saw you always and through and through, you ugliest man! You took revenge on this witness!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and would have gone away; but the unutterable one grasped at a hem of his garment and began anew to gurgle and to grope for words. "Stay!" he said at last—

—"stay! Do not pass by! I guessed what axe struck you to the ground: hail to you, O Zarathustra, that you stand again!

You guessed, I know it well, how he feels who killed him,—the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down here by me, it is not in vain.

To whom would I go, if not to you? Stay, sit down! But do not look at me! Honour thus—my ugliness!

They pursue me: now you are my last refuge. Not with their hatred, not with their catchpoles:—oh, such pursuit I would mock, and be proud and glad!

Has not all success hitherto been with the well-pursued? And whoever pursues well learns easily to follow:—for he is, after all, already—behind! But it is their pity—

—it is their pity from which I flee and to you I flee. O Zarathustra, protect me, you my last refuge, you the only one who guessed me:

—you guessed how he feels who killed him. Stay! And if you would go, you impatient one: do not go the way I came. That way is bad.

Are you angry with me that I have been mouthing-mangling-mauling words too long already? That I already give you counsel? But know, it is I, the ugliest man,

—who also has the biggest, heaviest feet. Where I have gone, the way is bad. I tread all ways to death and to ruin.

But that you passed me by, silent; that you blushed, I saw it well: by that I knew you as Zarathustra.

Any other would have tossed me his alms, his pity, in look and speech. But for that—I am not beggar enough, that you guessed—

—for that I am too rich, rich in what is great, in what is terrible, in the ugliest, in the most unutterable! Your shame, O Zarathustra, honoured me!

With difficulty I got out of the throng of the pitying,—that I might find the only one who today teaches "pity is obtrusive"—you, O Zarathustra!

—be it a god's pity, be it men's pity: pity offends against shame. And not-wanting-to-help can be nobler than that virtue which leaps to aid.

But that is today called virtue itself among all little people, pity:—they have no reverence before great misfortune, before great ugliness, before great failure.

Over all these I look away, as a dog looks away over the backs of teeming flocks of sheep. They are little, well-wishing, well-willing grey people.

As a heron looks away contemptuously over shallow ponds, with head thrown back: so I look away over the teeming of grey little waves and wills and souls.

Too long have they been granted right, these little people: so at last they were granted might as well—now they teach: "good is only what little people call good."

And "truth" today is what the preacher spoke who himself came from among them, that strange saint and advocate of the little people, who testified of himself "I—am the truth."

This immodest one has long now made the crests of the little people swell high—he who taught no little error when he taught "I—am the truth."

Was an immodest one ever answered more politely?—But you, O Zarathustra, passed him by and said: "No! No! Three times No!"

You warned against his error, you were the first to warn against pity—not all, not none, but you and your kind.

You are ashamed at the shame of the great sufferer; and verily, when you say "from pity there comes a great cloud, take heed, you men!"

—when you teach “all creators are hard, all great love is above its pity”: O Zarathustra, how well schooled you seem to me in weather-signs!

But you yourself—warn yourself, too, against your pity! For many are on their way to you, many who suffer, who doubt, who despair, who drown, who freeze—

I warn you also against me. You guessed my best, my worst riddle, myself and what I did. I know the axe that fells you.

But he—had to die: he saw with eyes that saw everything,—he saw man’s depths and grounds, all his hidden disgrace and ugliness.

His pity knew no shame: he crept into my filthiest corners. This most curious, over-obtrusive, over-pitying one had to die.

He always saw me: on such a witness I wanted to have revenge—or not live myself.

The God who saw everything, even man: this God had to die! Man cannot bear that such a witness should live."

Thus spoke the ugliest man. But Zarathustra rose and made ready to go: for he was chilled to his very entrails.

"You unutterable one," he said, "you warned me against your path. In thanks for that I commend my own to you. Behold, up there lies the cave of Zarathustra.

My cave is great and deep and has many corners; there the most hidden one finds his hiding place. And close by it are a hundred crannies and secret ways for creeping, fluttering and leaping creatures.

You outcast, who cast yourself out, you do not wish to dwell among men and men's pity? Well then, do as I do! Thus you will also learn from me; only the doer learns.

And speak first and foremost with my animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal—they may well be the right counsellors for us both!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra and went his way, more thoughtfully and slowly even than before: for he asked himself many things and did not easily know how to answer himself.

"How poor man is after all!" he thought in his heart, "how ugly, how wheezing, how full of hidden shame!

They tell me that man loves himself: ah, how great this self-love must be! How much contempt it has against it!

This one too loved himself as he despised himself—a great lover he is to me, and a great despiser.

None have I yet found who despised himself more deeply: that too is height. Alas, was this perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. But man is something that must be overcome."—

The Voluntary Beggar

When Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he was cold and felt lonely: for much that was cold and lonely passed through his senses, so that on that account his limbs too grew colder. But as he climbed on and on, up and down, now past green pastures, but also over wild stony beds where once perhaps an impatient brook had laid itself to rest,- then all at once he felt warmer and more heartfelt again.

"What then has happened to me? he asked himself, something warm and living refreshes me; it must be near me.

Already I am less alone; unknowing companions and brothers roam about me, their warm breath touches my soul."

But when he peered about him and sought the comforters of his loneliness: behold, there were cows standing together on a rise; their nearness and their smell had warmed his heart. These cows, however, seemed to be listening eagerly to one who was speaking, and paid no heed to him who approached. But when Zarathustra was quite near them, he heard plainly that a human voice was speaking from the midst of the cows; and evidently they had all turned their heads toward the speaker.

Then Zarathustra sprang eagerly up and pushed the animals apart, for he feared that some harm had befallen someone here, which the pity of cows could hardly remedy. But in this he had deceived himself; for behold, there sat a man upon the ground and seemed to be persuading the animals that they should have no fear of him, a peaceable man and preacher on the mount, out of whose eyes goodness itself preached. "What do you seek here?" cried Zarathustra in astonishment.

"What do I seek here? he answered: the same thing that you seek, you troublemaker! namely, happiness on earth.

But for that I would learn from these cows. For, you know, I have been talking to them for half a morning already, and just now they were about to give me answer. Why then do you disturb them?

Except we turn back and become as the cows, we shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. For there is one thing we ought to learn from them: chewing the cud.

And verily, though a man should gain the whole world and not learn that one thing, chewing the cud: what would it profit him! He would not be rid of his affliction

—his great affliction: but that today is called nausea. Who today has not heart, mouth and eyes full of nausea? You too! You too! But behold these cows!"—

Thus spoke the preacher on the mount and then turned his own gaze upon Zarathustra,—for until now it had clung lovingly to the cows—: but then he was transformed. "Who is this with whom I speak? he cried in alarm and sprang up from the ground.

This is the man without nausea, this is Zarathustra himself, the overcomer of the great nausea, this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And as he spoke thus, he kissed the hands of him to whom he was speaking, with overflowing eyes, and behaved altogether like one to whom a precious gift and jewel has fallen unexpectedly from heaven. But the cows looked on at all this and marvelled.

"Do not speak of me, you strange one! you lovely one! said Zarathustra, warding off his tenderness, speak to me first of yourself! Are you not the voluntary beggar who once cast away a great wealth,—

—who was ashamed of his wealth and of the rich, and fled to the poorest, that he might bestow on them his abundance and his heart? But they did not accept him."

"But they did not accept me, said the voluntary beggar, you know it well. So at last I went to the animals and to these cows."

"There you learned, Zarathustra interrupted the speaker, how it is harder to give rightly than to take rightly, and that to bestow well is an art and the ultimate, most cunning master-art of goodness."

"Especially nowadays, answered the voluntary beggar: today, that is, when everything low has become rebellious and shy and haughty in its own way: namely, in the rabble's way.

For the hour has come, you know it well, for the great, wicked, long, slow uprising of the rabble and the slaves: it grows and grows!

Now all charity and petty giving-away incenses the lowly; and the overrich had better be on their guard!

Whoever today, like bulging bottles, drips out of all-too-narrow necks: —such bottles today people gladly break by the neck.

Lustful greed, bilious envy, aggrieved vengefulness, rabble-pride: all that leapt into my face. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. But the kingdom of heaven is with the cows."

And why is it not with the rich? asked Zarathustra, tempting him, while he warded off the cows, which were snuffling trustingly at the peaceable one.

"Why do you tempt me? answered the latter. You know it yourself even better than I. What was it then that drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not nausea at our richest?

—at the convicts of wealth, who pick their profit out of every rubbish heap, with cold eyes, lecherous thoughts, at this riffraff that stinks to heaven,

—at this gilded, falsified rabble, whose fathers were pickpockets or carrion birds or ragpickers, with wives compliant, lustful, forgetful:—for none of them is far from the whore—

Rabble above, rabble below! What do "poor" and "rich" still mean today! This distinction I unlearned,—then I fled away, further, ever further, until I came to these cows."

Thus spoke the peaceable one, and himself snorted and sweated at his words: so that the cows marvelled anew. But Zarathustra kept looking him in the face with a smile while he spoke so harshly, and shook his head the while in silence.

"You do violence to yourself, you preacher on the mount, when you use such harsh words. Your mouth was not made for such harshness, nor your eye.

Nor, it seems to me, your stomach itself: all such raging and hating and frothing-over goes against it. Your stomach wants gentler things: you are no butcher.

Rather you seem to me a plant-eater and a man of roots. Perhaps you grind grain. But surely you are averse to fleshly pleasures and love honey."

"You have guessed me well, answered the voluntary beggar, with a lightened heart. I love honey, I also grind grain, for I sought what tastes sweet and makes the breath pure:

—also what takes a long time, a day's work and a mouth's work for gentle idlers and sluggards.

Furthest of all, to be sure, have these cows come: they invented for themselves chewing the cud and lying in the sun. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts, which bloat the heart."

"- Well then! said Zarathustra: you should see my animals too, my eagle and my serpent,—their like is not to be found on earth today.

Behold, that way leads the path to my cave: be its guest this night. And talk with my animals of the happiness of animals,—

—until I myself come home. For now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you. You will also find new honey with me, ice-fresh golden honey of the comb: eat it!

But now take leave of your cows quickly, you strange one! you lovely one! though it may be hard for you. For they are your warmest friends and teachers!"—

"- Except for one, whom I hold dearer still, answered the voluntary beggar. You yourself are good, and better even than a cow, O Zarathustra!"

"Away, away with you! you wicked flatterer! cried Zarathustra with malice, why do you spoil me with such praise and flattery-honey?"

"Away, away from me!" he cried once more, and swung his stick at the tender beggar: who, however, ran nimbly away.

The Shadow

But scarcely had the voluntary beggar run off and Zarathustra was alone with himself again, when he heard behind him a new voice: it cried "Stop! Zarathustra! Do wait! It is I, O Zarathustra, I, your shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait, for a sudden vexation came over him at all the crowding and thronging in his mountains. "Where has my solitude gone? he said.

Verily, it is becoming too much for me; these mountains are swarming, my kingdom is no longer of this world, I need new mountains.

My shadow calls me? What does my shadow matter! Let him run after me! I—shall run away from him."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra to his heart and ran away. But he who was behind him followed after him: so that soon there were three runners one behind the other, namely in front the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and third and hindmost his shadow. Not long had they run thus when Zarathustra came to his senses about his folly and with one jerk shook off all vexation and weariness.

"What! he said, have not the most ridiculous things always happened among us old hermits and saints?

Verily, my folly has grown tall in the mountains! Now I hear six old fool's legs clattering along one behind the other!

But may Zarathustra indeed be afraid of a shadow? Besides, it seems to me after all that he has longer legs than I."

Thus spoke Zarathustra, laughing with eyes and entrails, stood still and turned quickly around—and behold, in doing so he almost threw his follower and shadow to the ground: so close already was the latter

following at his heels, and so weak was he too. For when he examined him with his eyes, he was startled as by a sudden ghost: so thin, swarthy, hollow and outlived did this follower look.

"Who are you? asked Zarathustra vehemently, what are you doing here? And why do you call yourself my shadow? I do not like you."

"Forgive me, answered the shadow, that it is I; and if you do not like me, well then, O Zarathustra! in that I praise you and your good taste.

A wanderer am I, who has already walked much behind your heels: always on the way, but without a goal, also without a home: so that verily I lack little of being the Eternal Jew, unless it be that I am not eternal, and not a Jew either.

What? Must I forever be on the way? Whirled by every wind, unsettled, driven onward? O earth, you have become too round for me!

On every surface I have already sat, like weary dust I have fallen asleep on mirrors and windowpanes: everything takes from me, nothing gives, I grow thin,—I am almost like a shadow.

But after you, O Zarathustra, I flew and drifted longest, and though I hid myself from you, yet I was your best shadow: wherever you have sat, I sat too.

With you I have haunted the farthest, coldest worlds, like a ghost that runs of its own will over winter roofs and snow.

With you I strove into everything forbidden, worst, farthest: and if anything in me is virtue, it is that I had no fear of any prohibition.

With you I broke whatever my heart ever revered, all boundary stones and images I overthrew, the most dangerous wishes I ran after,—verily, over every crime I once ran.

With you I unlearned faith in words and values and great names. When the devil sheds his skin, does not his name fall away too? For that too is skin. The devil himself is perhaps—skin.

"Nothing is true, everything is permitted": thus I told myself. Into the coldest waters I plunged, with head and heart. Ah, how often did I stand there naked for it like a red crab!

Ah, where did all goodness go for me, and all shame, and all faith in the good! Ah, where is that mendacious innocence that I once possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble lies!

Too often, verily, I followed close on the heels of truth: then it kicked me in the head. Sometimes I thought I was lying, and behold! only then did I hit upon—the truth.

Too much has become clear to me: now it no longer concerns me. Nothing lives any more that I love,—how should I still love myself?

"To live as I have a mind to, or not to live at all": thus I will it, thus wills it the holiest too. But, alas! how do I still have—a mind to anything?

Have I—still a goal? A haven toward which my sail is running?

A good wind? Ah, only he who knows where he is sailing knows also which wind is good and a fair wind for him.

What is left to me still? A heart weary and insolent; an unsettled will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

This seeking for my home: O Zarathustra, do you know, this seeking was my visitation and affliction, it is eating me up.

"Where is—my home?" That I ask and seek and have sought, that I have not found. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal —in vain!"

Thus spoke the shadow, and Zarathustra's face grew long at his words. "You are my shadow! he said at last, with sadness.

Your danger is no small one, you free spirit and wanderer! You have had a bad day: see to it that a still worse evening does not come upon you!

To such unsettled ones as you, at last even a prison seems blissful. Did you ever see how captured criminals sleep? They sleep calmly, they enjoy their new security.

Beware lest in the end a narrow faith capture you after all, a hard, severe delusion! For now you are seduced and tempted by everything that is narrow and firm.

You have lost your goal: alas, how will you jest away and get over this loss? With it—you have also lost your way!

You poor roamer, rover, you weary butterfly! Do you want a rest and a home for this evening? Then go up to my cave!

That way leads the path to my cave. And now I will quickly run away from you again. Already something lies upon me like a shadow.

I will run alone, so that it may grow bright around me again. For that I must still be merrily on my legs a long while. But in the evening there will be—dancing at my place!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

At Noon

—And Zarathustra ran and ran and found no one any more and was alone and found himself again and again and enjoyed and sipped his solitude and thought of good things,—for hours. But around the hour of noon, when the sun stood straight above Zarathustra's head, he passed by an old crooked and gnarled tree, which was embraced all around by the rich love of a grapevine and hidden from itself: from it yellow grapes hung in abundance toward the wanderer. Then he felt the desire to quench a little thirst and to break off a grape for himself; but as he was already stretching out his arm to do so, he desired something else still more: namely, to lie down beside the tree, at the hour of perfect noon, and to sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and as soon as he lay on the ground, in the stillness and secrecy of the motley grass, he had already forgotten his little thirst and fell asleep. For, as Zarathustra's proverb says: one thing is more necessary than the other. Only his eyes remained open: —for they did not grow sated with seeing and praising the tree and the love of the grapevine. But as he fell asleep, Zarathustra spoke thus to his heart:

Still! Still! Did the world not just become perfect? What is happening to me?

As a dainty wind, unseen, dances upon the inlaid sea, light, feather-light: so—sleep dances upon me,

It closes no eye of mine, it leaves my soul awake. Light it is, verily! feather-light.

It persuades me, I know not how?, it dabs at me inwardly with a caressing hand, it compels me. Yes, it compels me, so that my soul stretches out:—

—how long and weary it grows, my strange soul! Did a seventh day's evening come to it right at noon? Has it already wandered too long, blissful, among good and ripe things?

It stretches out long, long,—longer! it lies still, my strange soul. Too much good has it already tasted, this one; golden sadness presses upon it, it puckers its mouth.

—Like a ship that ran into its stillest bay:—now it leans against the earth, weary of the long voyages and the uncertain seas. Is the earth not more faithful?

As such a ship lays itself against the land, nestles close:—then it is enough for a spider to spin its thread to it from the land. No stronger ropes are needed there.

Like such a weary ship in the stillest bay: so I too now rest near the earth, faithful, trusting, waiting, bound to it with the faintest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Would you sing, O my soul? You lie in the grass. But this is the secret solemn hour when no shepherd plays his flute.

Beware! Hot noon sleeps upon the fields. Do not sing! Still! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you grass-fowl, O my soul! Do not even whisper! Just look—still! old noon is sleeping, it moves its mouth: is it not just now drinking a drop of happiness—

—an old brown drop of golden happiness, of golden wine? Something flits across it, its happiness laughs. So—laughs a god. Still!—

—"For happiness, how little suffices for happiness!" Thus I once spoke, and thought myself clever. But it was a blasphemy: this I have now learned. Clever fools speak better.

Precisely the least, the softest, the lightest, a lizard's rustling, a breath, a flit, a blink of an eye—little makes up the kind of the best happiness. Still!

—What happened to me: Hark! Has time flown away? Am I not falling? Did I not fall—hark! into the well of eternity?

—What is happening to me? Still! Something stings me—alas—in the heart? In the heart! O break, break, heart, after such happiness, after such a sting!

—What? Did the world not just become perfect? Round and ripe? O the golden round ring—whither does it fly? Shall I run after it! Whoosh!

Still—- (and here Zarathustra stretched himself and felt that he was asleep.)—

Up! he said to himself, you sleeper! You noon-sleeper! Well then! Up!, you old legs! It is time and more than time, many a good stretch of road still remains for you—

Now you have slept your fill, for how long? Half an eternity! Well then! Up! now, my old heart! How long only after such a sleep may you—wake your fill?

(But then he was already falling asleep anew, and his soul spoke against him and resisted and lay down again)—"Leave me be! Still! Did the world not just become perfect? O the golden round ball!"—

"Get up, said Zarathustra, you little thief, you thief of days! What? Still stretching, yawning, sighing, falling down into deep wells?

Who are you then! O my soul!" (and here he took fright, for a sunbeam fell down from the sky upon his face)

"O heaven above me, he said, sighing, and sat upright, are you watching me? Are you listening to my strange soul?

When will you drink this drop of dew that fell upon all earthly things, —when will you drink this strange soul—

—when, well of eternity! you cheerful, dreadful abyss of noon! when will you drink my soul back into yourself?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and rose from his resting place by the tree as if from a strange drunkenness: and behold, the sun still stood straight above his head. But one might rightly conclude from this that Zarathustra had not slept long at that time.

The Greeting

It was not until late in the afternoon that Zarathustra, after long and fruitless searching and roaming about, came home again to his cave. But when he stood facing it, not twenty paces away from it any more, there happened that which he now least expected: once again he heard the great cry of distress. And, astonishing! this time it came from his own cave. It was, however, a long, manifold, strange cry, and Zarathustra clearly distinguished that it was composed of many voices: even though, heard from afar, it might sound like the cry from a single mouth.

Then Zarathustra sprang toward his cave, and behold! what a spectacle awaited him after this ear-play! For there they all sat together, those whom he had passed by during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left, the old magician, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the conscientious one of the spirit, the sad soothsayer and the ass; the ugliest man, however, had set a crown upon his head and wound two purple sashes about himself,—for he loved, like all the ugly, to disguise himself and play at being beautiful. But in the midst of this sorrowful company stood Zarathustra's eagle, ruffled and restless, for he was supposed to answer too much for which his pride had no answer; the wise serpent, however, hung about his neck.

All this Zarathustra beheld with great wonderment; then he examined each one of his guests with affable curiosity, read their souls and wondered anew. Meanwhile those assembled had risen from their seats and waited with reverence for Zarathustra to speak. But Zarathustra spoke thus:

“You despairing ones! You strange ones! So it was your cry of distress I heard? And now I know also where he is to be sought whom I sought in vain today: the higher man—:

—in my own cave he sits, the higher man! But why do I wonder! Did I not myself lure him to me through honey-offerings and cunning lure-calls of my happiness?

Yet it seems to me you are poorly suited to one another’s company, you make each other’s hearts peevish, you who cry in distress, when you sit here together? First someone must come,

—someone who makes you laugh again, a good merry jack-pudding, a dancer and wind and madcap, some old fool:—what do you think?

Forgive me, though, you despairing ones, that I speak before you with such small words, unworthy, verily!, of such guests! But you do not guess what makes my heart wanton:—

—you yourselves do it, and the sight of you, forgive me! For everyone becomes courageous who looks upon one who despairs. To speak comfort to one who despairs—for that everyone deems himself strong enough.

To me myself you gave this strength,—a good gift, my lofty guests! An honest guest-gift! Well then, be not angry now that I also offer you something of mine.

This here is my realm and my dominion: but what is mine, for this evening and this night it shall be yours. My animals shall serve you: let my cave be your resting place!

At home and hearth with me no one shall despair, in my preserve I protect everyone from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing I offer you: safety!

The second, however, is: my little finger. And once you have that, then just take the whole hand, well then! and the heart along with it! Welcome here, welcome, my guest-friends!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and laughed out of love and malice. After this greeting his guests bowed once more and kept a reverent silence; the king on the right, however, answered him in their name.

"By the way, O Zarathustra, in which you offered us hand and greeting, we recognize you as Zarathustra. You abased yourself before us; you almost did hurt to our reverence—:

—but who, like you, could abase himself with such pride? That raises us up ourselves, a refreshment it is to our eyes and hearts.

Merely to behold this, gladly would we climb higher mountains than this mountain is. For we came as sightseers, we wanted to see what makes dim eyes bright.

And behold, already all our crying of distress is over. Already sense and heart stand open to us and are enraptured. Little is lacking: and our courage becomes wanton.

Nothing, O Zarathustra, grows more gladdening on earth than a lofty, strong will: that is its fairest growth. A whole landscape is refreshed by one such tree.

To the pine I compare him who, like you, O Zarathustra, grows up: tall, silent, hard, alone, of the best and most supple wood, magnificent,—

—but at last reaching out with strong green branches for its dominion, asking strong questions of winds and weathers and whatever is at home on the heights,

—answering more strongly, a commander, a victor: oh who would not climb high mountains to behold such growths?

By your tree here, O Zarathustra, even the gloomy one, the ill-constituted one, is refreshed; at the sight of you even the unsteady one grows secure and heals his heart.

And verily, toward your mountain and tree many eyes are turned today; a great longing has set out, and many have learned to ask: who is Zarathustra?

And whoever had ever had your song and your honey trickled into his ear: all the hidden ones, the hermits, the two-hermits spoke all at once to their hearts:

'Is Zarathustra still alive? It is no longer worth living, all is the same, all is in vain: or—we must live with Zarathustra!'

'Why does he not come, he who announced himself so long? thus many ask; did solitude devour him? Or should we perhaps come to him?'

Now it comes to pass that solitude itself grows brittle and breaks apart, like a grave that breaks apart and can no longer hold its dead. Everywhere one sees the resurrected.

Now the waves rise and rise around your mountain, O Zarathustra. And however high your height may be, many must come up to you; your boat shall not sit much longer on dry land.

And that we despairing ones have now come into your cave and already no longer despair: it is only a sign and an omen that better ones are on their way to you,—

—for he himself is on his way to you, the last remnant of God among men, that is: all the men of great longing, of great nausea, of great weariness,

—all who do not want to live unless they learn to hope again—unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the great hope!"

Thus spoke the king on the right and seized Zarathustra's hand to kiss it; but Zarathustra fended off his veneration and stepped back in alarm, silent and suddenly as if fleeing into far distances. After a little while, however, he was already back with his guests, looked at them with bright, searching eyes and spoke:

My guests, you higher men, I will speak to you German and plain. It was not for you that I waited here in these mountains.

("German and plain? God have mercy! said the king on the left here, aside; one can tell he does not know the dear Germans, this wise man from the East!

But he means 'German and coarse'—well then! That is nowadays not yet the worst of tastes!")

"You may verily all together be higher men, Zarathustra continued: but for me—you are not high and strong enough.

For me, that is to say: for the inexorable that is silent in me, but will not always be silent. And if you belong to me, it is still not as my right arm.

For whoever himself stands on sick and tender legs, like you, wants above all, whether he knows it or hides it from himself: that he be spared.

But my arms and my legs I do not spare, I do not spare my warriors: how then could you be fit for my war?

With you I should spoil every victory still. And many a one of you would fall over merely on hearing the loud beat of my drums.

Nor are you beautiful enough for me, nor well-born. I need pure, smooth mirrors for my teachings; on your surface even my own image is distorted.

Many a burden, many a memory presses upon your shoulders; many a wicked dwarf squats in your corners. There is hidden rabble in you too.

And though you be high and of a higher kind: much in you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world who could hammer you right and straight for me.

You are only bridges: may higher ones stride across upon you! You signify steps: so be not wroth with him who climbs over you into his height!

From your seed there may one day grow for me too a true son and perfect heir: but that is far off. You yourselves are not those to whom my heritage and name belong.

Not for you do I wait here in these mountains, not with you may I descend for the last time. You came to me only as a sign that higher ones are already on their way to me,—

—not the men of great longing, of great nausea, of great surfeit, and that which you called the remnant of God.

—No! No! Three times No! For others do I wait here in these mountains, and I will not lift my foot from hence without them,

—for higher ones, stronger ones, more victorious ones, more high-spirited ones, such as are built square in body and soul: laughing lions must come!

Oh, my guests, you strange ones,—have you heard nothing yet of my children? And that they are on their way to me?

Speak to me of my gardens, of my Blessed Isles, of my new and beautiful kind,—why do you not speak to me of these?

This guest-gift I beg of your love, that you speak to me of my children. For this am I rich, for this did I become poor: what did I not give away,

—what would I not give away, that I might have one thing: these children, this living plantation, these trees of life of my will and of my highest hope!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and suddenly he broke off in his speech: for his longing overcame him, and he closed his eyes and his mouth at the stirring of his heart. And all his guests too fell silent and stood still and dismayed: except that the old soothsayer made signs with his hands and gestures.

The Last Supper

For at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting of Zarathustra and his guests: he pushed himself forward like one who has no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand and cried: "But Zarathustra!

One thing is more needful than the other, so you say yourself: well then, one thing is now more needful to me than all else.

A word in season: did you not invite me to a meal? And here are many who have travelled long roads. Surely you do not mean to fob us off with speeches?

Besides, all of you have already made too much mention for my taste of freezing, drowning, suffocating and other bodily distresses: but no one has made mention of my distress, namely of starving—"

(Thus spoke the soothsayer; but when Zarathustra's animals heard these words, they ran away in terror. For they saw that whatever they had brought home during the day would not be enough to stuff the one soothsayer.)

"Including dying of thirst," the soothsayer continued. "And although I hear water splashing here, like speeches of wisdom, that is, abundantly and untiringly: I—want wine!

Not everyone is, like Zarathustra, a born water-drinker. Nor is water any good for the weary and the withered: to us wine is due,—it alone gives sudden convalescence and impromptu health!"

On this occasion, when the soothsayer craved wine, it came to pass that the king on the left, the silent one, also for once got a word in. "For wine," he said, "we have taken care, I together with my brother,

the king on the right: we have wine enough,—a whole ass-load of it. So nothing is lacking but bread."

"Bread?" replied Zarathustra, and laughed as he did so. "Bread is just the one thing hermits do not have. But man does not live by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two:

—These shall be slaughtered quickly and prepared savourily, with sage: that is how I love it. Nor is there any lack of roots and fruits, good enough even for gourmets and dainty-tongues; nor of nuts and other riddles for cracking.

So we shall make a good meal in short order. But whoever wants to eat with us must also lend a hand, the kings too. For with Zarathustra even a king may be a cook."

This proposal spoke to the hearts of all: except that the voluntary beggar balked at meat and wine and spices.

"Now just listen to this glutton Zarathustra!" he said jokingly. "Is this why one goes into caves and high mountains, to make such meals?

Now indeed I understand what he once taught us: 'Praised be a little poverty!' And why he wants to do away with beggars."

"Be of good cheer," Zarathustra answered him, "as I am. Keep to your custom, you excellent one, grind your grains, drink your water, praise your cooking: so long as it makes you merry!

I am a law only for my own, I am not a law for all. But whoever belongs to me must be of strong bones, and also of light feet,—

—glad for wars and feasts, no gloom-monger, no dream-Jack, ready for the hardest as for his feast, healthy and whole.

The best belongs to my own and to me; and if it is not given to us, we take it:—the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the most beautiful women!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but the king on the right replied: "Strange! Has one ever heard such clever things from the mouth of a wise man?

And verily, that is the strangest thing in a wise man, when on top of everything he is also clever and no ass."

Thus spoke the king on the right and marvelled; but the ass, with ill will, said Yea-Yuh to his speech. This, however, was the beginning of that long meal which is called "the Last Supper" in the history books. And at it nothing else was spoken of but the higher man.

Of the Higher Man

1.

When I came to men for the first time, I committed the hermit's folly, the great folly: I placed myself in the market-place.

And when I spoke to all, I spoke to none. But in the evening tightrope walkers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

But with the new morning a new truth came to me: then I learned to say, "What do market and rabble and rabble-noise and long rabble-ears matter to me!"

You higher men, learn this from me: in the market-place nobody believes in higher men. And if you wish to speak there, well then! But the rabble blinks: "we are all equal."

"You higher men,—so blinks the rabble—there are no higher men, we are all equal, man is man, before God—we are all equal!"

Before God!—But now this God has died. Before the rabble, however, we do not want to be equal. You higher men, go away from the market-place!

2.

Before God!—But now this God has died! You higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he has lain in the grave have you risen again. Only now does the great noon come, only now does the higher man become—master!

Have you understood this word, O my brothers? You are startled: do your hearts grow dizzy? Does the abyss gape at you here? Does the hellhound yap at you here?

Well then! Up! You higher men! Only now is the mountain of man's future in labor. God died: now we will,—that the Overman live.

3.

The most careful ask today: "how is man to be preserved?" But Zarathustra asks, as the only one and the first: "how is man to be overcome?"

The Overman lies close to my heart, he is my first and only one,—and not man: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the most suffering, not the best—

O my brothers, what I can love in man is that he is a crossing-over and a going-under. And in you too there is much that makes me love and hope.

That you have despised, you higher men, that makes me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

That you have despaired, in that there is much to honor. For you did not learn how to surrender, you did not learn the petty prudences.

For today the small people have become master: they all preach surrender and resignation and prudence and diligence and consideration and the long and-so-forth of the small virtues.

Whatever is of womanish kind, whatever stems from servile kind, and especially the rabble-hodgepodge: that now wants to become master of all human destiny—O nausea! Nausea! Nausea!

That asks and asks and never tires: “How is man to preserve himself best, longest, most pleasantly?” Thereby—they are the masters of today.

Overcome me these masters of today, O my brothers,—these small people: they are the Overman's greatest danger!

Overcome me, you higher men, the small virtues, the petty prudences, the sand-grain considerations, the ant-swarm trumpery, the wretched contentment, the “happiness of the most” —!

And rather despair than surrender. And verily, I love you for not knowing how to live today, you higher men! For thus you live—best!

4.

Have you courage, O my brothers? Are you stout-hearted? Not courage before witnesses, but hermit's and eagle's courage, which not even a god any longer looks upon?

Cold souls, mules, the blind, the drunken I do not call stout-hearted. He has heart who knows fear but compels fear; who sees the abyss, but with pride.

He who sees the abyss, but with eagle's eyes, he who grasps the abyss with eagle's talons: he has courage.—

5.

“Man is evil” —so all the wisest told me, for my comfort. Ah, if only it is still true today! For evil is man's best strength.

“Man must become better and more evil” —so I teach. The most evil is necessary for the Overman's best.

It may have been good for that preacher of the small people that he suffered and bore the sin of man. But I rejoice in great sin as my great comfort.—

Such things, however, are not said for long ears. Nor does every word belong in every mouth. These are fine, far-off things: sheep's hooves shall not grab at them!

6.

You higher men, do you think I am here to make good what you made bad?

Or that I wished henceforth to bed you sufferers more comfortably? Or to show you, the restless, the strayed, the climbed-astray, new and easier footpaths?

No! No! Three times No! Ever more, ever better ones of your kind shall perish,—for you shall have it ever worse and harder. Thus alone —

—thus alone does man grow into the height where lightning strikes and shatters him: high enough for lightning!

Toward the few, the long, the distant go my mind and my longing: what would your small, many, short misery matter to me!

You do not yet suffer enough for me! For you suffer from yourselves, you have not yet suffered from man. You would be lying if you said otherwise! None of you suffers from what I have suffered.—

7.

It is not enough for me that lightning no longer does harm. I do not want to conduct it away: it shall learn to—work for me.—

My wisdom has long been gathering like a cloud, it grows stiller and darker. So does every wisdom that shall one day give birth to lightning.—

To these men of today I will not be light, nor be called light. Them—I will blind: lightning of my wisdom! Put out their eyes!

8.

Will nothing beyond your power: there is a wicked falseness in those who will beyond their power.

Especially when they will great things! For they awaken mistrust of great things, these subtle counterfeiters and play-actors:—

—until at last they are false even before themselves, squint-eyed, whitewashed worm-rot, cloaked by strong words, by show-window virtues, by glittering false works.

Take good care there, you higher men! For nothing today counts with me as more precious and rarer than honesty.

Does this today not belong to the rabble? But the rabble does not know what is great, what is small, what is straight and honest: it is innocently crooked, it always lies.

8.

Have a good mistrust today, you higher men, you stout-hearted ones! You open-hearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this today belongs to the rabble.

What the rabble once learned to believe without reasons, who could —overthrow that for it with reasons?

And in the market-place one persuades with gestures. But reasons make the rabble mistrustful.

And if truth has once come to victory there, then ask yourselves with good mistrust: “what strong error has fought for it?”

Beware also of the scholars! They hate you: for they are unfruitful! They have cold, dried-up eyes; before them every bird lies stripped of its feathers.

Such men boast that they do not lie: but incapacity for lying is still far from love of truth. Beware!

Freedom from fever is still far from knowledge! I do not believe chilled-out spirits. He who cannot lie does not know what truth is.

10.

If you would go high, then use your own legs! Do not let yourselves be carried up, do not seat yourselves on strangers' backs and heads!

But you have mounted a horse? You now ride swiftly up to your goal? Well then, my friend! But your lame foot sits on the horse with you!

When you are at your goal, when you leap from your horse: precisely on your height, you higher man—you will stumble!

11.

You creators, you higher men! One is pregnant only with one's own child.

Let nothing be talked at you or talked into you! Who, then, is your neighbour? And even if you act "for your neighbour"—still you do not create for him!

Unlearn this "for", I pray you, you creators: your very virtue wills that you do nothing with "for" and "in order to" and "because". Against these false little words you shall stop up your ears.

This "for one's neighbour" is the virtue only of little people: there it is said "like with like" and "one hand washes the other":—they have neither the right nor the strength for your selfishness!

In your selfishness, you creators, is the caution and foresight of the pregnant woman! What no one has yet seen with eyes, the fruit: that is what your whole love shelters and spares and nourishes.

Where your whole love is, with your child, there too is your whole virtue! Your work, your will is your "neighbour": let no false values be talked into you!

12.

You creators, you higher men! Whoever must give birth is sick; but whoever has given birth is unclean.

Ask the women: one does not give birth because it gives pleasure. Pain makes hens and poets cackle.

You creators, there is much that is unclean in you. That comes of your having had to be mothers.

A new child: oh, how much new filth has come into the world as well! Step aside! And whoever has given birth shall wash his soul clean!

13.

Be not virtuous beyond your strength! And want nothing of yourselves against probability!

Walk in the footprints where your fathers' virtue already walked! How would you climb high if your fathers' will does not climb with you?

But whoever would be a firstling, let him take care that he does not also become a lastling! And where your fathers' vices are, there you shall not want to pass for saints!

He whose fathers kept company with women and with strong wines and wild boars: what would it be if he wanted chastity of himself?

It would be a folly! Much, verily, it seems to me for such a one, if he is husband of one or two or three women.

And if he founded cloisters and wrote over the door: "The way to holiness,"—I would still say: what for! it is a new folly!

He has founded for himself a house of correction and of refuge: much good may it do him! But I do not believe in it.

In solitude there grows whatever one brings into it, the inner beast as well. In this fashion solitude is to be dissuaded for many.

Has there been anything filthier on earth till now than desert saints? Around them not only was the devil loose,—but the swine as well.

14.

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like a tiger whose leap has failed: thus, you higher men, have I often seen you slink aside. A throw had failed you.

But, you dice-players, what does it matter! You have not learned to play and to mock as one must play and mock! Do we not always sit at a great table of mockery and play?

And if great things have failed you, are you yourselves therefore—failures? And if you yourselves have failed, has man therefore—failed? But if man has failed: well then! up!

15.

The higher its kind, the more seldom does a thing succeed. You higher men here, are you not all—failures?

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

What wonder, too, that you failed and half succeeded, you half-broken ones! Is it not thronging and jostling in you—man's future?

Man's farthest, deepest, star-highest, his monstrous strength: does not all that foam against itself in your pot?

What wonder that many a pot breaks! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh! You higher men, oh, how much is still possible!

And verily, how much has already succeeded! How rich is this earth in small, good, perfect things, in things well turned out!

Set small, good, perfect things about you, you higher men! Their golden ripeness heals the heart. What is perfect teaches hope.

16.

What has been the greatest sin here on earth till now? Was it not the word of him who said: "Woe unto those who laugh here!"

Did he find no reasons for laughter on earth itself? Then he searched but poorly. Even a child finds reasons here.

He—did not love enough: else he would have loved us too, the laughing ones! But he hated and mocked us, wailing and gnashing of teeth he promised us.

Must one then curse at once where one does not love? That—seems to me bad taste. But so he did, this unconditional one. He came from the rabble.

And he himself simply did not love enough: else he would have raged less that he was not loved. All great love does not want love:—it wants more.

Get out of the way of all such unconditional ones! That is a poor, sick kind, a rabble kind: they look ill upon this life, they have the evil eye for this earth.

Get out of the way of all such unconditional ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts:—they do not know how to dance. How should the earth be light to such as these!

17.

Crookedly do all good things draw near their goal. Like cats they arch their backs, they purr inwardly at their approaching happiness,—all good things laugh.

The stride betrays whether one already walks upon one's own path: so watch me walk! But whoever draws near his goal, he dances.

And, verily, I have not become a statue, nor do I stand there stiff, dull, stony, a pillar; I love swift running.

And even if there is bog and thick gloom on earth: whoever has light feet runs even over mud and dances as upon swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: stand on your heads as well!

18.

This crown of the laughing one, this rose-wreath crown: I myself have set this crown upon my head, I myself have pronounced my laughter holy. No one else did I find strong enough for it today.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckons with his wings, one ready for flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and prepared, a blissfully light-hearted one:—

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the sooth-laugher, no impatient one, no unconditional one, one who loves leaps and side-leaps; I myself have set this crown upon my head!

19.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: stand on your heads as well!

There are heavy beasts in happiness too, there are clumsy-footed ones from the very beginning. Strangely they toil away, like an elephant toiling to stand on its head.

Better, though, to be foolish with happiness than foolish with unhappiness, better to dance clumsily than to walk lamely. So learn my wisdom from me: even the worst thing has two good reverse sides,—

—even the worst thing has good legs for dancing: so learn, I pray you, you higher men, to set yourselves upon your proper legs!

So unlearn, I pray you, the trumpeting of gloom and all rabble-sadness! Oh, how sad the rabble's clowns still seem to me today! But this today belongs to the rabble.

20.

Do as the wind does, I pray you, when it rushes from its mountain caves: to its own pipe will it dance, the seas tremble and leap beneath its footsteps.

He who gives wings to asses, who milks lionesses, praised be this good, unruly spirit, who comes like a storm wind to all today and to all rabble,—

—who is foe to all thistle-heads and hair-splitter-heads and to all withered leaves and weeds: praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, who dances upon moors and miseries as upon meadows!

Who hates the rabble's consumptive curs and all the ill-bred, gloomy brood: praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, who blows dust into the eyes of all the black-sighted, the festering-sick!

You higher men, the worst in you is this: none of you learned to dance as one must dance—to dance away beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you turned out failures!

How much is still possible! So learn, then, to laugh away beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget good laughter for me, either!

This crown of the laugher, this rose-wreath crown: to you, my brothers, I throw this crown! Laughter I have pronounced holy; you higher men, learn for me—to laugh!

The Song of Melancholy

1.

When Zarathustra spoke these discourses, he stood near the entrance of his cave; with the last words, however, he slipped away from his guests and fled for a little while into the open air.

"Oh pure smells about me," he cried out, "oh blissful stillness about me! But where are my animals? Come here, come here, my eagle and my serpent!

Tell me, my animals: these higher men, all of them together—do they perhaps not smell good? Oh pure smells about me! Only now do I know and feel how I love you, my animals."

—And Zarathustra spoke once more: "I love you, my animals!" The eagle and the serpent, however, pressed close to him as he spoke these words, and looked up at him. In this manner the three of them were together in silence, and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air out here was better than among the higher men.

2.

But scarcely had Zarathustra left his cave when the old sorcerer rose up, looked cunningly about him and said: "He is gone out!

And already, you higher men—let me tickle you with this name of praise and flattery, just as he himself does—already my wicked spirit of deceit and sorcery falls upon me, my melancholy devil,

—who is an adversary to this Zarathustra from the very ground up: forgive him for it! Now he wants to work his sorcery before you, his hour has just come; in vain do I wrestle with this evil spirit.

To all of you, whatever honours you may give yourselves with words, whether you call yourselves "the free spirits" or "the truthful" or "the penitents of the spirit" or "the unfettered" or "the great longers"—

—to all of you who suffer from the great nausea as I do, for whom the old God died and as yet no new God lies in cradles and swaddling clothes,—to all of you my evil spirit and sorcerer-devil is well disposed.

I know you, you higher men, I know him,—I know also this fiend whom I love against my will, this Zarathustra: he himself often seems to me like a beautiful mask of a saint,

—like a new and wondrous masquerade in which my evil spirit, the melancholy devil, takes delight:—I love Zarathustra, so it often seems to me, for the sake of my evil spirit.—

But already he falls upon me and compels me, this spirit of melancholy, this devil of the evening twilight: and verily, you higher men, he has a craving—

—just open your eyes!—he has a craving to come naked, whether male or female I do not yet know: but he comes, he compels me, woe! open your senses!

The day dies away, evening now comes to all things, even to the best things; hear now and see, you higher men, what devil, whether man or woman, this spirit of evening melancholy is!"

Thus spoke the old sorcerer, looked cunningly about him and then reached for his harp.

3.

In the cleared air of evening,

When already the dew's consolation

Wells down upon the earth,

Unseen, unheard as well:

—For tender shoes are worn

By the comforter dew, like all the gently comforting—:

Do you remember then, do you remember, hot heart,

How once you thirsted,

For heavenly tears and the trickling of dew

Scorched and weary you thirsted,

While on yellow grassy paths

Malicious glances of the evening sun

Ran round you through black trees,

Blinding glowing glances of the sun, gloating.

"The suitor of truth? You?—so they mocked—

No! Only a poet!

A beast, a cunning, preying, prowling beast,

That must lie,

That knowingly, willingly must lie:

Lusting for prey,

Motley-masked,

A mask unto itself,

A prey unto itself—

That—the suitor of truth? No!

Only fool! Only poet!

Only speaking motley things,

Crying out motley from masks of fools,

Clambering about on lying bridges of words,

On motley rainbows,

Between false heavens

And false earths,

Roaming about, hovering about,—

Only fool! Only poet!...

That—the suitor of truth?

Not still, rigid, smooth, cold,

Become an image,

A pillar of God,

Not set up before temples,

A god's doorkeeper:

No! Hostile to such statues of truth,

More at home in any wilderness than before temples,

Full of cattish wantonness,

Leaping through every window

Whisk! into every chance,

Sniffing toward every primeval forest,

Sniffing with craving and longing,

That you in primeval forests

Among motley-spotted beasts of prey

Might run sinfully healthy and motley and beautiful,

With lustful chops,

Blissfully mocking, blissfully hellish, blissfully bloodthirsty,

Preying, prowling, lying might run:...

Or, like the eagle that long,

Long gazes rigidly into abysses,

Into its abysses:...

-- Oh how they coil down here,

Downward, inward,

Into ever deeper depths!—

Then,

Suddenly,

in straight course,

With drawn-blade flight,

Swooping on lambs,

Headlong down, ravenous,

Lusting for lambs,

Spiteful to all lamb-souls,

Grimly spiteful to all that looks

Sheeplike, lamb-eyed, curly-woolled,

Grey, with lamb-and-sheep benevolence!

Thus

Eaglelike, pantherlike

Are the poet's longings,

Are your longings beneath a thousand masks,

You fool! You poet!

You who beheld man

As god as well as sheep—:

To tear apart the god in man

Like the sheep in man,

And laugh while tearing—

That, that is your bliss! A panther's and an eagle's bliss! A poet's and a fool's bliss!"—

In the cleared air of evening,

When already the moon's sickle

Green between purple reds

And enviously creeps along:

—hostile to the day,

With every step secretly

At hammocks of roses

Sickling away, till they sink,

Sink down pale toward the night:

So I myself once sank

Out of my truth-madness,

Out of my day-longings,

Weary of the day, sick from the light,

—sank downward, eveningward, shadowward:

By One truth

Burned and thirsty:

—do you still remember, do you remember, hot heart,

How you thirsted then?—

That I be banished

From all truth,

Only fool! Only poet!

Of Science

Thus sang the sorcerer; and all who were gathered together went, like birds, unawares into the net of his cunning and melancholy lust. Only the conscientious one of the spirit was not ensnared: he swiftly snatched the harp away from the sorcerer and cried: "Air! Let good air in! Let Zarathustra in! You are making this cave sultry and poisonous, you wicked old sorcerer!

You lead astray, you false one, you subtle one, toward unknown desires and wildernesses. And woe when such as you make talk and fuss about truth!

Woe to all free spirits who are not on their guard against such sorcerers! Gone is their freedom: you teach and lure back into prisons,—

—you old melancholy devil, out of your lament there sounds a decoy-whistle, you resemble those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite to voluptuousness!"

Thus spoke the conscientious one; but the old sorcerer looked about him, relished his victory, and in doing so swallowed the vexation which the conscientious one caused him. "Be still!" he said in a modest voice, "good songs want to echo well; after good songs one should keep long silence.

So do all these, the higher men. But you have probably understood little of my song? In you there is little of a sorcerer's spirit."

"You praise me," retorted the conscientious one, "in separating me from yourself; well then! But you others, what do I see? You all still sit there with lustful eyes—:

You free souls, whither has your freedom gone! Almost, it seems to me, you resemble those who have long watched wicked dancing naked girls: your souls themselves are dancing!

In you, you higher men, there must be more of that which the sorcerer calls his evil spirit of sorcery and deceit:—we must indeed be different.

And verily, we spoke and thought enough together before Zarathustra came home to his cave for me not to know it: we are different.

We seek different things even up here, you and I. For I seek more security; that is why I came to Zarathustra. For he is still the firmest tower and will—

—today, when everything totters, when all the earth quakes. But you, when I see the eyes you make, it almost seems to me you seek more insecurity,

—more shuddering, more danger, more earthquake. You lust, so it almost seems to me, forgive my conceit, you higher men—

—you lust after the worst, most dangerous life, which frightens me most, after the life of wild beasts, after forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine gorges.

And it is not those who lead you out of danger who please you best, but those who lead you off all paths, the misleaders. But if such lusting is truly in you, it nonetheless seems to me impossible.

For fear—that is man's hereditary and fundamental feeling; by fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue. Out of fear grew my virtue too, and it is called: science.

For fear of wild beasts—that was bred into man longest of all, including the beast that he harbours within himself and fears:—Zarathustra calls it "the inner beast."

Such long old fear, at last grown subtle, spiritual, intellectual—today, it seems to me, it is called: science."—

Thus spoke the conscientious one; but Zarathustra, who was just coming back into his cave and had heard and divined the last speech, threw a handful of roses to the conscientious one and laughed at his "truths." "What!" he cried, "what did I hear just now? Verily, it seems to me you are a fool, or I myself am one: and your "truth" I shall stand on its head in a trice.

For fear—is our exception. But courage and adventure and delight in the uncertain, in the undared,—courage seems to me man's entire prehistory.

From the wildest, most courageous beasts he envied and robbed all their virtues: only thus did he become—man.

This courage, at last grown subtle, spiritual, intellectual, this human courage with eagle's wings and serpent's wisdom: that, it seems to me, is called today—"

"Zarathustra!" cried all who sat together, as if from one mouth, and with it broke into great laughter; but it rose from them like a heavy cloud. The sorcerer too laughed and spoke with cleverness: "Well then! He is gone, my evil spirit!

And did I not myself warn you against him when I said that he was a deceiver, a spirit of lies and deceit?

Especially when he shows himself naked. But what can I do about his tricks! Did I create him and the world?

Well then! Let us be good again and of good cheer! And though Zarathustra looks angry—just look at him! he bears me a grudge—:

—before night comes he will learn again to love and praise me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

He—loves his enemies: this art he understands best of all whom I have seen. But he takes revenge for it—on his friends!"

Thus spoke the old sorcerer, and the higher men applauded him: so that Zarathustra went round and with malice and love shook hands with his friends,—as one who has something to make amends for and to ask pardon for from them all. But when in doing so he came to the door of his cave, behold, he was already longing again for the good air outside and for his animals,—and he wanted to slip out.

Among Daughters of the Desert

1.

"Do not go away! said then the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow, stay with us, or else the old dull gloom might fall upon us again.

Already that old sorcerer has treated us to the worst he has, and only look, the good pious pope there has tears in his eyes and has quite set sail again upon the sea of melancholy.

These kings may well keep up a good face before us: for that is what they learned best from all of us today! But if they had no witnesses, I wager, with them too the wicked game would begin again—

—the wicked game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of veiled skies, of stolen suns, of howling autumn winds,

—the wicked game of our howling and crying for distress: stay with us, O Zarathustra! Here is much hidden misery that wants to speak, much evening, much cloud, much stuffy air!

You fed us with strong man's fare and forceful sayings: do not let the soft womanish spirits fall upon us again for dessert!

You alone make the air around you strong and clear! Did I ever find on earth such good air as with you in your cave?

Many lands have I seen, after all, my nose has learned to test and appraise many kinds of air: but with you my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

Unless,—unless—, oh forgive an old remembrance! Forgive me an old after-dinner song, which I once composed among daughters of the desert:—

—for with them there was likewise good bright oriental air; there I was farthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old Europe!

In those days I loved such Orient maidens and other blue kingdoms of heaven, over which hang no clouds and no thoughts.

You would not believe how prettily they sat there when they were not dancing, deep, but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert nuts—

motley and strange, forsooth! but without clouds: riddles that let themselves be guessed: for love of such maidens I then devised an after-dinner psalm."

Thus spoke the wanderer and shadow; and before anyone answered him, he had already seized the harp of the old sorcerer, crossed his legs, and looked about him calmly and wisely:—but with his nostrils he drew in the air slowly and questioningly, like one who in new lands tastes new strange air. Thereupon he began to sing with a kind of roar.

2.

The desert grows: woe to him who harbours deserts!

—Ha! Solemn!

Solemn indeed!

A worthy beginning!

Africanly solemn!

Worthy of a lion,

Or of a moral howler monkey—

—but nothing for you,

You loveliest of lady friends,

At whose feet I,

For the first time,

A European, beneath palms

Am granted leave to sit. Selah.

Wondrous, truly!

Here I sit now,

Near to the desert and already

So far again from the desert,

And in nothing yet laid waste:

For swallowed down

By this smallest oasis—:

—it was just yawning open

Its lovely maw.

The sweetest-smelling of all little mouths:

Then in I fell,

Down, right through—among you,

You loveliest of lady friends! Selah.

Hail, hail to that whale,

If thus he let his guest

Fare well!—you understand

My learned allusion?

Hail to his belly,

If it was thus

So lovely an oasis-belly

As this one: which, however, I call in doubt,

—for I come from Europe,

Which is more doubt-addicted than all

Elderly little wives.

May God amend it!

Amen!

Here I sit now,

In this smallest oasis,

Like a date,

Brown, sweetened through, oozing gold, lusting

For a round maiden's mouth,

But still more for maidenly

Ice-cold, snow-white, cutting

Biting teeth: for after these

Pants the heart of all hot dates. Selah.

To the aforementioned southern fruits

Alike, all-too-alike,

I lie here, by little

Winged beetles

Danced around and played around,

Likewise by still smaller,

More foolish, more wicked

Wishes and notions,

Besieged by you,

You silent, you foreboding

Maiden-cats,

Dudu and Suleika,

—ensphinxed, if I may cram into one word

Many feelings:

(May God forgive me

This sin against language!)

—I sit here, sniffing the best air,

Paradise air, truly,

Bright, light air, gold-striped,

As good air as ever

Fell down from the moon—

Was it by chance,

Or did it happen out of high spirits?

As the old poets tell.

But I, a doubter, call it

In doubt, for I come, after all,

From Europe,

Which is more doubt-addicted than all

Elderly little wives.

May God amend it!

Amen!

Drinking this fairest air,

With nostrils swelled like goblets, Without future, without remembrances,

Thus I sit here, you

Loveliest of lady friends,

And watch the palm tree,

How, like a dancing girl,

She bends and bows and sways upon her hips,

—one does it too, if one watches long!

Like a dancing girl who, as it would seem to me,

Too long already, dangerously long,

Has stood ever, ever only on one leg?

—so that she forgot thereby, as it would seem to me,

The other little leg?

In vain at least

Did I seek the missing twin-jewel

—namely the other leg—

In the holy vicinity

Of her loveliest, daintiest

Fanning and fluttering and flittering skirtlet.

yes, if you, my fair lady friends,

Will believe me wholly:

She has lost it!

It is gone!

Forever gone!

The other leg!

Oh, the pity of that lovely other leg!

Where—may it now be lingering and grieving, forsaken?

The lonely leg?

In fear perhaps of a

Fierce, yellow, blond-maned

Lion-monster? Or even already

Gnawed off, nibbled off—

Pitifully, woe! woe! nibbled off! Selah.

Oh weep not,

Soft hearts!

Weep not, you

Date-hearts! Milk-bosoms!

You licorice-heart-

Pouches!

Weep no more,

Pale Dudu!

Be a man, Suleika! Courage! Courage!

—Or should perhaps

Something strengthening, heart-strengthening,

Be in order here?

An anointed saying?

A solemn exhortation?—

Ha! Up, dignity!

Virtue-dignity! European dignity!

Blow, blow again,

Bellows of virtue!

Ha!

Once more to roar,

To roar morally!

As a moral lion

To roar before the daughters of the desert!

—For virtue-howling,

You loveliest of maidens,

Is more than anything

European ardour, European ravenous hunger!

And here I stand already,

As a European,

I can do no other, God help me!

Amen!

The desert grows: woe to him who harbours deserts!

The Awakening

1.

After the song of the wanderer and shadow the cave became all at once full of noise and laughter; and since the assembled guests were all speaking at the same time, and even the ass, at such encouragement, no longer kept still, a slight aversion and mockery toward his visitors came over Zarathustra: although he rejoiced in their gladness. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. So he slipped out into the open air and spoke to his animals.

"Where now has their distress gone? he said, and already he himself breathed more freely after his small weariness,—with me, it seems to me, they have unlearned the crying of distress!

—though, alas, not yet the crying." And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then the Hee-Haw of the ass mingled strangely with the jubilant noise of these higher men.

"They are merry, he began again, and who knows? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they have learned from me to laugh, still it is not my laughter that they have learned.

But what does it matter! They are old folk: they convalesce in their own way, they laugh in their own way; my ears have already endured worse and did not grow cross.

This day is a victory: it is already yielding, it is fleeing, the spirit of gravity, my old arch-enemy! How well this day means to end, that began so ill and heavily!

And end it will. Already evening comes: over the sea it rides hither, the good rider! How it sways, the blessed one, the homecoming one, in its purple saddles!

The sky looks clear upon it, the world lies deep: oh all you strange ones who have come to me, it is worth while indeed to live with me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And again there came the shouting and laughter of the higher men out of the cave: then he began anew.

"They are biting, my bait is working, from them too their enemy is yielding, the spirit of gravity. Already they are learning to laugh at themselves: do I hear aright?

My man's fare is working, my word of sap and strength: and verily, I did not nourish them with bloating vegetables! But with warriors' fare, with conquerors' fare: new desires did I awaken.

New hopes are in their arms and legs, their heart stretches itself out. They are finding new words, soon their spirit will breathe wantonness.

Such fare, to be sure, may not be for children, nor for longing little women old and young. Their bowels are persuaded otherwise; their physician and teacher I am not.

Nausea is yielding from these higher men: well then! that is my victory. In my realm they grow secure, all foolish shame runs away, they pour themselves out.

They pour out their heart, good hours return to them, they celebrate and chew the cud,—they grow grateful.

That I take as the best sign: they grow grateful. Not long now, and they will devise festivals and set up memorial stones to their old joys.

They are convalescents!" Thus spoke Zarathustra joyfully to his heart and gazed out; but his animals pressed close to him and honoured his happiness and his silence.

2.

Suddenly, however, Zarathustra's ear took fright: for the cave, which until then had been full of noise and laughter, became all at once deathly still;—but his nose smelt a fragrant smoke and incense, as of burning pine-cones.

"What is happening? What are they up to?" he asked himself, and crept up to the entrance, so that he might watch his guests unnoticed. But, wonder upon wonder! what was he then to see with his own eyes!

"They have all become pious again, they are praying, they are mad!"—he said, and marvelled beyond measure. And, forsooth!, all these higher men, the two kings, the pope out of service, the wicked sorcerer, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the conscientious one of the spirit and the ugliest man: they all lay like children and credulous little old women upon their knees and were worshipping the ass. And just then the ugliest man began to gurgle and snort, as though something unutterable wanted to come out of him; but when he had actually brought it to words, behold, it was a pious, strange litany in praise of the worshipped and censed ass. And this litany sounded thus:

Amen! And praise and honour and wisdom and thanks and glory and strength be unto our God, from everlasting to everlasting!

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

He beareth our burden, he took upon him the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never saith Nay; and he who loveth his God chastiseth him.

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

He speaketh not: save that to the world which he created he ever saith Yea: thus doth he praise his world. It is his cunning that speaketh not: thus is he seldom in the wrong.

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

Inconspicuous he goeth through the world. Grey is the bodily colour in which he wrappeth his virtue. Hath he spirit, he hideth it; but every man believeth in his long ears.

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

What hidden wisdom is this, that he weareth long ears and saith only Yea and never Nay! Hath he not created the world in his own image, namely as stupid as possible?

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

Thou goest straight ways and crooked; it troubleth thee little what seemeth straight or crooked unto us men. Beyond good and evil is thy kingdom. It is thine innocence not to know what innocence is.

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

Behold now, how thou thrustest no one from thee, neither the beggars nor the kings. The little children thou sufferest to come unto thee, and when the wicked lads entice thee, thou sayest in thy simpleness Hee-Haw.

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

Thou lovest she-asses and fresh figs, thou art no despiser of food. A thistle tickleth thine heart when thou chancest to be hungry. Therein lieth the wisdom of a god.

—And the ass cried thereto Hee-Haw.

The Ass Festival

1.

At this point in the litany, however, Zarathustra could master himself no longer, cried out Ye-A himself, louder still than the ass, and leapt into the midst of his guests, who had gone mad.

"But what are you doing there, you children of men? he cried, tearing the worshippers up from the ground. Woe, if anyone other than Zarathustra were watching you:

Everyone would judge that you, with your new faith, were the worst of blasphemers or the most foolish of all old women!

And you yourself, you old pope, how does it accord with you yourself that you worship an ass here as God in such a fashion?"—

"O Zarathustra, answered the pope, forgive me, but in the things of God I am more enlightened even than you. And that is only fitting.

Better to worship God in this form than in no form at all! Ponder this saying, my lofty friend: you will quickly guess that in such a saying there lies wisdom.

He who said 'God is a spirit'—he took the greatest step and leap toward unbelief that has yet been taken on earth: such a word is not easily made good again on earth!

My old heart leaps and skips because there is still something on earth to worship. Forgive that, O Zarathustra, to an old pious pope's heart! —"

—"And you, said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, you call yourself and fancy yourself a free spirit? And here you practise such idolatry and priestcraft?

Worse, verily, do you carry on here than even with your wicked brown girls, you wicked new believer!"

"Wicked enough, answered the wanderer and shadow, you are right: but how can I help it! The old God lives again, O Zarathustra, say what you will.

The ugliest man is to blame for everything: he has awakened him again. And when he says that he once killed him: with gods, death is always only a prejudice."

—And you, spoke Zarathustra, you wicked old sorcerer, what have you done! Who, in this free age, shall henceforth believe in you, if you believe in such divine asininities?

It was a stupidity, what you did; how could you, you clever one, commit such a stupidity!

"O Zarathustra, answered the clever sorcerer, you are right, it was a stupidity,—and it has been hard enough for me, too."

—"And you of all people, said Zarathustra to the conscientious one of the spirit, consider and lay your finger to your nose! Does nothing here go against your conscience? Is your spirit not too clean for this praying and the reek of these pious brethren?"

"There is something in it, answered the conscientious one, and laid his finger to his nose, there is something in this spectacle that even does my conscience good.

Perhaps I may not believe in God: but certain it is that God seems to me most believable in this form.

God is said to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious: whoever has so much time takes his time. As slowly and as stupidly as possible: with that such a one can still get very far.

And whoever has too much spirit might well grow foolishly fond of folly and stupidity itself. Ponder yourself, O Zarathustra!

You yourself—verily! even you might well become an ass out of overabundance and wisdom.

Does not a perfect sage gladly walk the crookedest paths? Appearances teach it, O Zarathustra,—your appearance!"

—"And you yourself, last of all, spoke Zarathustra, turning toward the ugliest man, who was still lying on the ground, raising his arm up to the ass (for he was giving it wine to drink). Speak, you unspeakable one, what have you done there!

You seem to me transformed, your eye glows, the mantle of the sublime lies about your ugliness: what did you do?

Is it true, then, what they say, that you awakened him again? And to what end? Was he not killed off and done away with for good reason?

You yourself seem to me awakened: what did you do? why did you turn about? Why did you convert? Speak, you unspeakable one!"

"O Zarathustra, answered the ugliest man, you are a rogue!

Whether he still lives or lives again or is thoroughly dead,—which of us two knows that best? I ask you.

But one thing I know,—from you yourself I learned it once, O Zarathustra: whoever wants to kill most thoroughly, laughs.

'Not by wrath but by laughter does one kill'—thus you once spoke. O Zarathustra, you hidden one, you destroyer without wrath, you dangerous saint,—you are a rogue!"

2.

Then, however, it came to pass that Zarathustra, astonished at nothing but such roguish answers, sprang back to the door of his cave and, turned toward all his guests, cried out in a strong voice:

"O you wag-fools, all of you, you buffoons! Why do you dissemble and hide yourselves from me!

How the heart of each of you fluttered with delight and malice, because at last you had once more become like little children, namely pious,—

—because at last you did again as children do, namely prayed, folded your hands and said 'dear God'!

But now leave me this nursery, my own cave, where today all childishness is at home. Cool off out here your hot childish high spirits and the clamour of your hearts!

To be sure: except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. (And Zarathustra pointed upward with his hands.)

But we do not want to enter the kingdom of heaven at all: men have we become,—so we want the kingdom of earth."

3.

And once more Zarathustra began to speak. "O my new friends, he said,—you strange ones, you higher men, how well you please me now,—

—since you have become joyful again! Verily, you have all blossomed: it seems to me that such flowers as you are need new festivals,

—a little brave nonsense, some divine service and ass festival, some old joyful Zarathustra-fool, a roaring wind that blows your souls bright.

Do not forget this night and this ass festival, you higher men! This you invented with me, this I take as a good omen,—such things only convalescents invent!

And if you celebrate it again, this ass festival, do it for love of yourselves, do it also for love of me! And in remembrance of me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Night-Wanderer's Song

1.

Meanwhile, however, one after another had stepped outside, into the open and into the cool, pensive night; but Zarathustra himself led the ugliest man by the hand, that he might show him his night-world and the great round moon and the silvery waterfalls near his cave. There at last they stood still together, old folk all of them, but with comforted, brave hearts and marvelling within themselves that it went so well with them on earth; and the secrecy of the night came nearer and nearer to their hearts. And anew Zarathustra thought within himself: "oh how well they please me now, these higher men!"—but he did not say it aloud, for he honoured their happiness and their silence.—

But then there happened that which, on that astonishing long day, was the most astonishing thing of all: the ugliest man began once more and for the last time to gurgle and to snort, and when he had brought it as far as words, behold, a question sprang round and clean from his mouth, a good, deep, clear question, which stirred the heart in the body of all who listened to him.

"My friends, all of you," spoke the ugliest man, "what think ye? For the sake of this day—I am for the first time content that I have lived the whole of life.

And that I bear witness to so much is still not enough for me. It is worth while to live on the earth: one day, one festival with Zarathustra taught me to love the earth.

'Was that—life?' I will say unto death. 'Well then! Once more!'

My friends, what think ye? Will ye not, like me, say unto death: Was that—life? For Zarathustra's sake, well then! Once more!"—

Thus spoke the ugliest man; and it was not long before midnight. And what think ye happened then? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they became all at once aware of their transformation and recovery, and of who it was that had given it to them: then they sprang towards Zarathustra, thanking, revering, caressing, kissing his hands, each after the manner that was his own: so that some laughed and some wept. The old soothsayer, however, danced for pleasure; and even if, as some storytellers think, he was full of sweet wine at that time, he was certainly fuller still of sweet life and had renounced all weariness. There are even those who tell that the ass danced then: for not in vain, they say, had the ugliest man given it wine to drink beforehand. This may be so, or it may be otherwise; and if in truth the ass did not dance that evening, yet there happened then greater and stranger wonders than the dancing of an ass would be. In short, as Zarathustra's proverb has it: "what does it matter!"

2.

But Zarathustra, when this befell with the ugliest man, stood there like one drunken: his gaze went dim, his tongue faltered, his feet staggered. And who indeed could guess what thoughts then passed over Zarathustra's soul? Plainly, however, his spirit drew back and fled ahead and was in wide distances and as it were "upon a high ridge, as it is written, between two seas,

—wandering between the past and the future as a heavy cloud." Gradually, however, while the higher men held him in their arms, he came back a little to himself and warded off with his hands the throng of those who revered him and were anxious for him; yet he did not speak. All at once, however, he turned his head swiftly, for he seemed

to hear something: then he laid his finger to his mouth and said: "Come!"

And straightway it grew still and secret all around; but from the depth there came slowly up the sound of a bell. Zarathustra listened to it, as did the higher men; then, however, he laid his finger to his mouth a second time and said again: "Come! Come! It draws towards midnight!"—and his voice had changed. But still he did not stir from the spot: then it grew yet stiller and more secret, and everything listened, even the ass, and Zarathustra's animals of honour, the eagle and the serpent, likewise Zarathustra's cave and the great cool moon and the night itself. But Zarathustra laid his hand to his mouth for the third time and said:

Come! Come! Come! Let us wander now! It is the hour: let us wander into the night!

3.

Ye higher men, it draws towards midnight: then will I say something into your ears, as that old bell says it into my ear,—

—as secretly, as terribly, as heartfeltly as that midnight bell speaks it to me, which has lived through more than one man:

—which already counted off the heart-beats of pain of your fathers—alas! alas! how it sighs! how it laughs in its dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

Still! Still! Then many a thing is heard that may not grow loud by day; but now, in the cool air, when all the clamour of your hearts too has grown still,—

—now it speaks, now it is heard, now it steals into nightly, over-wakeful souls: alas! alas! how it sighs! how it laughs in its dream!

—dost thou not hear how it speaks to thee secretly, terribly, heartfeltly, the old, deep, deep midnight? O man, take heed!

4.

Woe is me! Whither has time gone? Did I not sink into deep wells? The world sleeps—

Alas! Alas! The dog howls, the moon shines. Rather will I die, die, than tell you what my midnight heart is thinking now.

Now I have died already. It is gone. Spider, what spinnest thou around me? Wilt thou blood? Alas! Alas! the dew falls, the hour comes—

—the hour when I shiver and freeze, which asks and asks and asks: "who has heart enough for it?

—who shall be lord of the earth? Who will say: thus shall ye run, ye great and little streams!"

—the hour draws near: O man, thou higher man, take heed! this speech is for fine ears, for thine ears what says the deep midnight?

5.

It carries me away, my soul dances. Day's work! Day's work! Who shall be lord of the earth?

The moon is cool, the wind is silent. Alas! Alas! Have ye flown high enough already? Ye danced: but a leg is still no wing.

Ye good dancers, now all delight is over, wine has become dregs, every cup has grown brittle, the graves stammer.

Ye flew not high enough: now the graves stammer "redeem the dead! Why is it so long night? Does not the moon make us drunken?"

Ye higher men, redeem the graves, awaken the corpses! Ah, why does the worm still dig? It draws near, it draws near, the hour,—

—the bell booms, the heart still rattles, the woodworm still digs, the heart-worm. Alas! Alas! The world is deep!

6.

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love thy tone, thy drunken toad-tone!—from how long ago, from how far away thy tone comes to me, from far away, from the ponds of love!

Thou old bell, thou sweet lyre! Every pain tore into thy heart, father-pain, fathers'-pain, forefathers'-pain, thy speech grew ripe,—

—ripe like golden autumn and afternoon, like my hermit's heart—now thou speakest: the world itself grew ripe, the grape turns brown,

—now it would die, die of happiness. Ye higher men, do ye not smell it? A fragrance wells up secretly,

—a fragrance and scent of eternity, a rose-blissful, brown gold-wine scent of ancient happiness,

of drunken midnight-dying-happiness, which sings: the world is deep, and deeper than the day had thought!

7.

Leave me! Leave me! I am too pure for you. Touch me not! Did my world not just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Leave me, you dumb, doltish, dull day! Is the midnight not brighter?

The purest shall be lords of the earth, the most unrecognized, the strongest, the midnight-souls, who are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, you grope for me? You fumble after my happiness? To you I am rich, solitary, a treasure-pit, a gold-chamber?

O world, you want me? Am I worldly to you? Am I spiritual to you? Am I godly to you? But day and world, you are too clumsy,—

—have cleverer hands, reach for deeper happiness, for deeper unhappiness, reach for some god or other, reach not for me:

—my unhappiness, my happiness is deep, you strange day, but still I am no god, no god's-hell: deep is its woe.

8.

God's woe is deeper, you strange world! Reach for God's woe, not for me! What am I! A drunken sweet lyre,—

a midnight-lyre, a bell-toad, which no one understands, but which must speak, before the deaf, you higher men! For you do not understand me!

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noon! O afternoon! Now came evening and night and midnight,—the dog howls, the wind:

—is the wind not a dog? It whimpers, it yelps, it howls. Ah! Ah! how she sighs! how she laughs, how she rattles and gasps, the midnight!

How soberly she speaks just now, this drunken poetess! has she perhaps outrun her drunkenness? has she become over-awake? does she chew the cud?

—her woe she chews over again, in dream, the old deep midnight, and still more her joy. For joy, though woe be deep: joy is deeper still than heartache.

8.

You vine! Why do you praise me? Did I not cut you! I am cruel, you bleed—: what does your praise of my drunken cruelty want?

"What has become perfect, all that is ripe—wants to die!" thus you speak. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But all that is unripe wants to live: woe!

Woe speaks: "Pass away! Begone, you woe!" But all that suffers wants to live, that it may become ripe and joyful and longing,

—longing for what is farther, higher, brighter. "I want heirs, thus speaks all that suffers, I want children, I do not want myself,"—

Joy, however, wants no heirs, no children,—joy wants itself, wants eternity, wants recurrence, wants everything-eternally-the-same.

Woe speaks: "Break, bleed, heart! Walk, leg! Wing, fly! Onward! Upward! Pain!" Well then! Up! O my old heart: woe speaks: "pass away!"

10.

You higher men, what think you? Am I a soothsayer? A dreamer? A drunkard? An interpreter of dreams? A midnight-bell?

A drop of dew? A vapour and fragrance of eternity? Do you not hear it? Do you not smell it? Just now my world became perfect, midnight is also noon,—

pain is also a joy, a curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun,—go away or you will learn: a sage is also a fool.

Did you ever say Yes to a single joy? O my friends, then you said Yes also to all woe. All things are enchained, entwined, enamoured,—

—did you ever want one time twice, did you ever say "you please me, happiness! Flit! Moment!" then you wanted everything back!

—Everything anew, everything eternally, everything enchained, entwined, enamoured, oh thus you loved the world,—

—you eternal ones, love it eternally and for all time: and to woe too you say: pass away, but come back! For all joy wants—eternity!

11.

All joy wants the eternity of all things, wants honey, wants dregs, wants drunken midnight, wants graves, wants graves'-tears'-consolation, wants gilded sunset -

—what does joy not want! it is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more terrible, more secret than all woe, it wants itself, it bites into itself, the will of the ring wrestles in it,—

—it wants love, it wants hate, it is overrich, bestows, throws away, begs that someone take it, thanks the taker, it would gladly be hated, —

—so rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for hate, for disgrace, for the cripple, for world,—for this world, oh you know it indeed!

You higher men, for you it longs, joy, the unbridled, the blissful,—for your woe, you failures! For what has failed all eternal joy longs.

For all joy wants itself, therefore it wants heartache too! O happiness, O pain! O break, heart! You higher men, do learn it, all joy wants eternity,

—joy wants the eternity of all things, wants deep, deep eternity!

12.

Have you now learned my song? Have you guessed what it wants? Well then! Up! You higher men, now sing me my roundelay!

Now sing yourselves the song whose name is "Once More", whose meaning is "into all eternity!", sing, you higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!

What does the deep midnight say?

"I slept, I slept—,

From deep dream I have awoken:—

The world is deep,

And deeper than the day had thought.

Deep is its woe—,

Joy—deeper still than heartache:

Woe speaks: Pass away!

But all joy wants eternity

wants deep, deep eternity!"

The Sign

But in the morning after this night Zarathustra sprang up from his couch, girded his loins and came out of his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun that comes out of dark mountains.

"Thou great star, he spoke, as he had once spoken, thou deep eye of happiness, what would all thy happiness be, if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

And if they stayed in their chambers while thou art already awake and comest and bestowest and distributest: how thy proud modesty would be wrathful at that!

Well then! they still sleep, these higher men, while I am awake: these are not my rightful companions! It is not for them that I wait here in my mountains.

To my work I will go, to my day: but they do not understand what the signs of my morning are, my step—is for them no call to waken.

They still sleep in my cave, their dream still chews upon my midnights. The ear that listens for me,—the obedient ear is lacking in their limbs."

—This Zarathustra had spoken to his heart as the sun rose: then he looked questioningly into the heights, for he heard above him the sharp cry of his eagle. "Well then! he called up, thus it pleases and befits me. My animals are awake, for I am awake.

My eagle is awake and, like me, honours the sun. With eagle's talons he grasps after the new light. You are my rightful animals; I love you.

But my rightful men are still lacking to me!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but then it happened that he suddenly heard himself swarmed about and fluttered around as if by countless birds, —but the whirring of so many wings and the throng about his head was so great that he closed his eyes. And verily, like a cloud it fell upon him, like a cloud of arrows that pours itself out over a new enemy. But behold, here it was a cloud of love, and over a new friend.

"What is happening to me?" thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and slowly let himself down upon the great stone that lay beside the mouth of his cave. But as he grasped with his hands around him and above him and below him, and warded off the tender birds, behold, there happened to him something stranger still: for in doing so he grasped unawares into a thick, warm shag of hair; and at the same time there resounded before him a roar,—a soft, long lion's roar.

"The sign is coming," spoke Zarathustra, and his heart was transformed. And in truth, when it grew bright before him, there lay at his feet a yellow, mighty beast, and it nestled its head against his knees and would not leave him for love, and behaved like a dog that finds its old master again. But the doves were no less eager with their love than the lion; and every time a dove flitted across the lion's nose, the lion shook its head and wondered and laughed thereat.

To all this Zarathustra spoke only One word: "my children are near, my children"—, then he became wholly mute. But his heart was loosed, and from his eyes tears dropped down and fell upon his hands. And he heeded nothing any more and sat there, motionless, and without warding off the animals any longer. Then the doves flew to and fro and perched upon his shoulder and caressed his white hair and did not grow weary of tenderness and rejoicing. But the strong lion kept licking the tears that fell down upon Zarathustra's hands,

and roared and growled shyly the while. Thus did these animals carry on.—

All this lasted a long time, or a short time: for, rightly spoken, there is no time on earth for such things—. Meanwhile, however, the higher men in Zarathustra's cave had awakened and were arranging themselves with one another into a procession, so that they might go to meet Zarathustra and offer him their morning greeting: for they had found, when they awoke, that he no longer tarried among them. But when they reached the door of the cave and the sound of their steps ran ahead of them, the lion started mightily, turned all at Once away from Zarathustra and sprang, roaring wildly, at the cave; but the higher men, when they heard it roar, all cried out as with One mouth, and fled back, and in a trice had vanished.

But Zarathustra himself, dazed and estranged, rose from his seat, looked about him, stood there in amazement, questioned his heart, bethought himself, and was alone. "What was it I heard? he spoke at last, slowly, what has just happened to me?"

And already memory came to him, and he grasped with One glance all that had come to pass between yesterday and today. "Here indeed is the stone, he spoke, and stroked his beard, on which I sat yesterday in the morning; and here the soothsayer stepped up to me, and here I first heard the cry that I have just heard, the great cry of distress.

O you higher men, it was of your distress, indeed, that that old soothsayer soothsaid to me yesterday in the morning,—

—to your distress he wanted to seduce and tempt me: O Zarathustra, he spoke to me, I come that I may seduce thee to thy last sin.

To my last sin? cried Zarathustra, and laughed angrily at his own word: what then was kept in store for me as my last sin?"

—And once more Zarathustra sank into himself and sat down again upon the great stone and pondered. Suddenly he sprang up,—

"Pity! Pity for the higher man! he cried out, and his countenance was transformed into bronze. Well then! That—has had its time!

My suffering and my pity—what does it matter! Do I then strive after happiness? I strive after my work!

Well then! The lion has come, my children are near, Zarathustra has grown ripe, my hour has come:—

This is my morning, my day begins: up now, up, thou great noon!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun that comes out of dark mountains.

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