Thus Spoke Zarathustra

by

Friedrich Nietzsche

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Thus Spoke Zarathustra

F. Nietzsche (Editor: Bill Chapko)

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THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

by Friedrich Nietzsche

Based on the Thomas Common Translation
Extensively modified by Bill Chapko

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EDITOR NOTES

Nietzsche Love of Fate Series
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Thus Spoke Zarathustra - Version 2.85

Note on the Translations
Cover Photos
Note On The Selection Of Books
Eternal Recurrence
Editor Profile

The eight digital books in the "Nietzsche Love of Fate Series" can be downloaded singly or as a complete collection (2.1 MB download). All books are unabridged.

The contents of these ebooks, including the introductions, appendices and hyperlink format, may not be used for commercial purposes without permission from Bill Chapko.

Note on the Translations
Based on translations published from 1899 to 1919, these eight books have been somewhat modified (especially Zarathustra). Words no longer commonly used, such as *fain*, *hitherto*, *thee*, *wouldst*, *therefrom*, *nigh*, *ye* and *forsooth*, have been replaced with their modern English equivalents.

The eight books are:

The Gay Science … . .Modified digital version based on the translation by Thomas Common published in 1910.
Ecce Homo … … . .Modified digital version based on the translation by Anthony M. Ludovici published in 1911.
Zarathustra … … .Extensively Modified digital version based on the translation by Thomas Common published in 1909.
The Dawn … … . . Modified digital version based on the translation by J. M. Kennedy published in 1911.
Twilight of the Idols . .Modified digital version based on the translation by Thomas Common published in 1899.

The Antichrist … . . Modified digital version based on the translation by H.L. Mencken published in 1919.
Beyond Good and Evil . . Modified digital version based on the translation by Helen Zimmern published in 1909.
Genealogy of Morals … Modified digital version based on the translation by Horace B. Samuel published in 1910.

Ebook Cover Photos
The bottom photo on the ebook cover shows Nietzsche joking with his friends, Miss Lou Salomè (left) and Paul Ree (center). The taking and arrangement of the photo were at Nietzsche's suggestion. The top photo was taken at age 31.

Note On The Selection Of Books
The Nietzsche Love of Fate Series contains the full texts of Nietzsche's eight best and most mature works. The books written before *The Dawn* (1880) are not as mature as those written later. *The Case of Wagner* (1888) and *Nietzsche Contro Wagner* (1888) are too narrow in scope.

The famous book, *The Will to Power* (1901) is a collection of tentative notes edited, arranged and published by Nietzsche's sister after his death. It's value is surrounded by a great deal of controversy among scholars. The eminent Nietzsche scholar Mazzino Montinari went so far as to call it a "forgery". As Walter Kaufmann said in his introduction to the book, Nietzsche could have included these notes in his published works but he chose not to and therefore it is possible he was not fully satisfied with them. For these reasons the book is not included among his "best 8".

Eternal Recurrence
To the Reader,

In his autobiography Nietzsche said that *Zarathustra* was by far his most inspired and most important book, and that the "basic conception of this work" was the idea of "eternal recurrence". This idea is intimately involved with what he calls "love of fate", "that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity."

The idea of eternal recurrence, so strange and yet so simple, needs to be

considered more than it has been. I have taken the liberty of including my essay on eternal recurrence in the appendices of this ebook. You may read it here: Appendix C: Eternal Recurrence: The World Loves You So Much It Repeats You Forever. (Or else as a web page at www.eternal-recurrence.com)

Bill Chapko

Editor Profile

Born in 1947, Bill Chapko grew up in suburban New Jersey. At New York University he studied Existential Philosophy under Professor William Barrett, author of the book "Irrational Man: A Study in Existential Philosophy". He graduated with a BA in Philosophy in 1969. He has read, enjoyed and studied Nietzsche all his life.

Since 1981 he, together with his American wife Eva and their four children, have lived happily in southern Italy.

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INTRODUCTION TO NIETZSCHE'S LIFE AND WRITINGS

by Bill Chapko

University philosophers, especially from America and England, have always been bewildered and irritated by Nietzsche. He doesn't fit anywhere. His influence has been outside university culture - among artists, dancers, poets, writers, novelists, psychologists, playwrights. Some of the most famous who publicly acknowledged being strongly influenced by Nietzsche were Picasso, Isadora Duncan, Martha Graham, William Butler Yeats, Rainer Rilke, Allen Ginsberg, Khalil Gibran, Martin Buber, H.L. Mencken, Emma Goldman, Jacques Derrida, Michel Foucault, Thomas Mann, Hermann Hesse, Jack London, Franz Kafka, Jean-Paul Sartre, Albert Camus, Sigmund Freud, Carl Jung, Karl Jaspers, Alfred Adler, Fritz Perls, Eugene O'Neill and George Bernard Shaw.

There is a large amount of scholarly literature attempting to "explain" and systematize Nietzsche and his thought. Professors comb through the events of his rather ordinary life to find reasons or a pattern to his radical ideas. Books and articles about his writings strain to fit him neatly into some framework of western philosophy. I am assuming that Nietzsche gave birth to something radically new, outside of western philosophy - that he was defending a new type of philosopher yearning to explore outside "systems of thought".

"I mistrust all systematizers and I avoid them. The will to a system is a lack of integrity."
Twilight of the Idols, (part 2, sec 26)

Explore Nietzsche yourself. He mostly wrote directly and clearly, without scholarly jargon. See if he brings out the artist or psychologist or dancer in you.

Summary of Nietzsche's Life

Other than a lifelong painful debilitating illness and his temporary friendship with the famous composer Richard Wagner, Nietzsche's life was rather ordinary. His family was not rich, so he had to work for a

living as a philology professor. He hated the drudgery of teaching and scholarship and his spirit led him to write books that were almost universally unpopular among his peers. At first they viciously criticized his ideas and style and then completely ignored him. He nevertheless maintained good relations with his university employers and after ten years was released from work for reasons of health with a pension of 2/3 his salary. He wandered and wrote for the rest of his lucid life. His friendship with Wagner soured for various reasons. He loved a fascinating girl, Lou Salome, who was younger than him and wanted to remain free. He was close to his sister until she poisoned his friendship with Lou and later married an anti-Semite rabble-rouser. His loyal helper Peter Gast during these years unfortunately was not the missing friend he needed to stimulate his thought and spirit. In his last lucid year, he finally sensed fame approaching through the enthusiastic recognition and praise of the influential Danish writer Georg Brandes. Nietzsche wrote an autobiography in anticipation and while finishing it he went insane for reasons that are not clear.

For more details of his life go to: Appendix A: Timeline Biography

Nietzsche's Writings

Aphoristic Writing

Most of Nietzsche's books after 1876 contain only aphorisms, varying in length from one short sentence to several paragraphs, each dealing with one subject, idea or observation. Aphorisms following each other are sometimes related, sometimes not. Each aphorism can stand by itself. This is especially true of *Human All Too Human, The Dawn, The Gay Science* and *Zarathustra* but even *Beyond Good and Evil, Twilight of the Idols* and *The Antichrist* follow this form to a great extent. These aphorisms return unsystematically to the many subjects and themes seen throughout his books. Each book does not have a single theme and you could see them all as one big bag of uncategorized aphorisms. Even the two later books that concentrate on a single theme, the *Genealogy of Morals* and *Ecce Homo* are punctuated throughout with striking aphorisms. The pre-Socratic philosophers also used disjointed aphorisms to describe the universe. Aristotle was the first to describe the world in a systematic way and this became the norm for philosophers ever since. It is Nietzsche's return to the uncategorized aphorism that is so unique, disturbing and powerful.

Thoughts about "Understanding" Nietzsche
If "understanding" is used in its popular sense then I don't "understand" Nietzsche. I don't strain to put him into simpler, more logical, more everyday ideas. I don't relate him to more "understandable" philosophies. If a sentence or aphorism doesn't make "sense" to me, I just let it pass by, hoping without high expectations that my subconscious with sort it out. But, except for parts of Zarathustra, Nietzsche almost always writes very clearly, using simple words. Nietzsche created something basically new, not just "new ideas", but a new way of "dancing" in life. He was what I would call a "life experimenter".

I hardly ever read books about Nietzsche's philosophy. Not only are they usually boring, but you learn about the authors of those books, not Nietzsche.

Part of Nietzsche's genius was a very simple method: He took the most widely believed, most important "truths" of his day, turned them upside-down, shook them a little, and watched with delight all the fascinating insights that flowed out.

His Best 8 Books
1. I consider Nietzsche's best book to be *The Gay Science* (1881). At the time of writing it, he was finally free of university culture and his spirits were high. Besides being enjoyable, reading this book is a type of "spiritual dance training".

2. His autobiography, *Ecce Homo* (1888), is next. We find out here what a "lazy" overman-type he was: "I am the opposite of a heroic nature. To 'will' something, to 'strive' after something, to have an 'aim' or a 'desire' in my mind - I know none of these things from experience." At the height of his maturity, the book is full of wit, brilliant insight and practical wisdom. Walter Kaufmann wrote in the introduction to the book, "Who would not rather have Shakespeare on Shakespeare, including the poet's own reflections on his plays and poems, than the exegeses and conjectures of thousands of critics and professors?"

3. *Zarathustra* (1882-85) completes what I consider Nietzsche's best three books by far. Nietzsche thought this book stood high above all his others. Of its 4 parts the first 2 parts are the most readable and best. Part 3 starts to fly a little too high for me and in the symbolism of Part 4 I get

lost and even bored. Thomas Common's mistaken use of biblical language in translating this book typifies what many readers miss: they can't fully see that Zarathustra is somewhat of a comic figure, a parody on prophets. He is one of the "wise among men who find joy once again in his folly" [Prologue (1)]. He doesn't want "followers" and "believers". Parting from those who have been following him around, he says, "all believers; therefore all faith is worth so little… . Now I bid you lose me and find yourselves; and only when you have all denied me will I come back to you."

4. *The Dawn* (1880) which came before *The Gay Science* is similar to that book but not quite as mature and high spirited.

5-6. The *Twilight of the Idols* (1888) and *The Antichrist* (1888) were written in the high-spirited whirlwind of his last year when he sensed approaching fame.

7-8. In *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886) and *Genealogy of Morals* (1887) Nietzsche changed his style to one more similar to the books of university culture. That's why modern professors like these two books more than his others. From his autobiography: "… Thenceforth [after Zarathustra] all my writings are fish hooks … If nothing was caught, I am not to blame. There were no fish … " Today, 123 years later, there still are no fish out there in university culture. Yet professors claim to be the best ones to "explain" Nietzsche to the rest of us.

To read what Nietzsche himself said about each of his books go to: Appendix B: Nietzsche's Comments on his Books

Thus Spoke Zarathustra

Prologue

Prologue
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ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE
Prologue (1) 1

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

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

For ten years have you climbed here to my cave: you would have wearied of your light and of the journey, had it not been for me, my eagle, and my serpent.

But we waited for you every morning, took from you 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 outstretched to take it.

I would rather give away and distribute, until the wise among men once more find joy in their folly, and the poor in their riches.

Therefore must I descend into the deep: as you do in the evening, when you go behind the sea, and give light also to the underworld, you exuberant star!

Like you I have to go down, as men say, to whom I shall descend.

Bless me, then, you tranquil eye, that can look on even the greatest happiness without envy!

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

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

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

Prologue (2) 2

Zarathustra went down the mountain alone, no one meeting him. When he entered the forest, however, there suddenly stood before him an old man, who had left his holy 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. Zarathustra he was called, but he has changed.

Then you carried your ashes up to the mountains: will you now carry your fire into the valleys? Do you not fear the arsonist's punishment?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure are his eyes, and no loathing lurks around his mouth. Does he not move like a dancer?

Transformed is Zarathustra; Zarathustra has become a child; an awakened one is Zarathustra: what will you do in the land of the sleepers?

As in the sea have you lived in solitude, and it has supported you. Alas, will you now go ashore? Alas, will you again haul your body by yourself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go into the forest and the desert? Was it not because I loved men far too well?

Now I love God; men I do not love. Man is a thing too imperfect for me. Love of man would be fatal to me."

Zarathustra answered: "Did I talk of love? I am bringing a gift to men."

"Give them nothing," said the saint. "Instead, take part of their load, and carry it with them - that will be most agreeable to them: if only it is agreeable to you!

If, however, you want to give something to them, give them no more than alms, and let them also beg for it!"

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

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

Our footsteps sound too lonely through the streets. And at night, when they are in bed and hear a man walking nearby long before sunrise, they may ask themselves: Where is this thief going?

Do not go to men, but stay in the forest! Go rather to the animals! Why not be like me - 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 in making songs

I laugh and weep and growl and hum: thus do I praise God.

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

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he bowed to the saint and said: "What should I have to give you?! Let me rather hurry away lest I take something away from you!" - And thus they parted from one another, the old man and Zarathustra, just like two laughing boys.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he said to his heart: "Could it be possible?! This old saint in the forest has not yet heard of it, that God is dead!"

Prologue (3) 3

When Zarathustra arrived at the nearest town which is close to the forest, he found many people assembled in the market-place, for it had been announced that a tightrope walker would give a performance. And Zarathustra spoke thus to the people:

I teach you the overman. Man is something to be surpassed. What have you done to surpass him?

All beings thus far have created something beyond themselves: and you want to be the ebb of this great tide, and even return to the beast rather than surpass man?

What is the ape to man? A laughing-stock or a painful embarrassment. And just the same shall man be to the overman: a laughing-stock or a painful embarrassment.

You have made your way from worm to man, and much inside you is still worm. Once you were apes, and still man is more of an ape than any of the apes.

Even the wisest among you is only a conflict and mix of plant and 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 appeal to you, my brothers, remain true 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, decaying and poisoned themselves, of whom the earth is weary: so let them pass away!

Once sin against God was the greatest sin; but God died, and with him these sinners. To sin against the earth is now the most terrible sin, and to revere the entrails of the unknowable higher than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked contemptuously on the body, and that contempt was supreme: the soul wished the body thin, hideous, and starved. Thus it thought to escape from the body and the earth.

Oh, that soul was itself thin, hideous, and starved; and cruelty was the desire of that soul!

But you, also, my brothers, tell me: What does your body say about your soul? Is your soul not poverty and dirt and wretched contentment?

Truly, a dirty stream is man. One must be a sea, to receive a dirty stream without becoming unclean.

Behold, I teach you the overman: he is this sea; in him your great contempt can pass under and away.

What is your greatest experience? It is the hour of the great contempt. The hour in which even your happiness becomes repulsive to you, and even your reason and virtue.

The hour when you say: "What good is my happiness! It is poverty and dirt and wretched contentment. But my happiness should justify existence itself!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my reason! does it long for knowledge as the lion for his food? It is poverty and dirt and wretched contentment!"

The hour when you say: "What good are my virtues?! As yet they have not made me rage with passion. How weary I am of my good and evil! It is all poverty and dirt and wretched contentment!"

The hour when you say: "What good is my being just and right! I don't see myself as fire and coals. The just and the right, however, are fire and coals."

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

Have you ever spoken this way? Have you ever cried this way? Oh! that I could hear you cry like this!

It is not your sin - it is your thrift that cries to heaven; it is the meanness of your sin that cries to heaven.

Where is the lightning to lick you with its tongue? Where is the frenzy with which you should be inoculated?

Behold, I teach you the overman: he is that lightning, he is that frenzy.

When Zarathustra had thus spoken, one of the people called out:

"We've heard enough of the tightrope walker; now let's see him also!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. But the tightrope walker, who thought the words were for him, began his performance.

Prologue (4) 4

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

Man is a rope stretched between animal and overman - a rope over an abyss.

A dangerous crossing, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous trembling and stopping.

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 an over-going and a down-going.

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

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 a reason beyond the stars for going down and being sacrifices, but sacrifice themselves to the earth, that the earth of the overman may some day arrive.

I love him who lives in order to know, and seeks to know in order that the overman may someday live. Thus he seeks his own down-going.

I love him who works and invents, that he may build a house for the overman, and prepare for him earth, animal, and plant: for thus he seeks his own down-going.

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

I love him who reserves no drop of spirit for himself, but wants to be entirely the spirit of his virtue: thus he walks as spirit over the bridge.

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

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

I love him whose soul squanders itself, who wants no thanks and gives none back: for he always gives, and desires not to preserve himself.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice fall in his favor, and who then asks: "Am I a dishonest player?" - for he is willing to perish.

I love him who scatters golden words in front of his deeds, and always does more than he promises: for he seeks his own down-going.

I love him who justifies those people of the future, and redeems those of the past: for he is willing to perish by those of the present.

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

I love him whose soul is deep even in being wounded, and may perish from a small experience: thus goes he gladly over the bridge.

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

I love him who is of a free spirit and a free heart: thus is his head only the entrails of his heart; his heart, however, drives him to go down.

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

Behold, I am a herald of the lightning, and a heavy drop out of the cloud: the lightning, however, is called overman.

Prologue (5) 5

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he again looked at the people, and was 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, that they may learn to hear with their eyes? Must one clatter like kettledrums and preachers of repentance? Or do they only believe the stammerer?

They have something of which they are proud. What do they call it, that which makes them proud? Education they call it; it distinguishes them from the goatherds.

, Therefore, they dislike to hear the word 'contempt' applied to themselves. So I will appeal to their pride.

I will speak to them of the most contemptible thing: that, however, is the last man!"

And thus spoke Zarathustra to the people:

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

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

Alas. There will come a time when man will no longer launch the arrow of his longing beyond man - and the string of his bow will have unlearned to whir!

I say to you: one must still have chaos in oneself to give birth to a dancing star. I say to you: you still have chaos in yourself.

Alas. There will come a time when man can no longer give birth to any star. Alas. There will come the time of the most despicable 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 a star?" - so asks the last man and blinks.

The earth has then become small, and on it there hops the last man who makes everything small. His race is as ineradicable as the flea; the last man lives longest.

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

They have left the regions where it was hard to live; for one needs warmth. One still loves one's neighbor and rubs against him; for one needs warmth.

Becoming ill and being distrustful, they consider sinful: one proceeds carefully. He is a fool who still stumbles over stones or men!

A little poison now and then: that makes pleasant dreams. And much poison in the end, for a pleasant death.

One still works, for work is entertaining. But one is careful lest the entertainment should assault you.

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

No shepherd and one herd! Everyone wants the same; everyone is the same: he who feels differently goes voluntarily into the madhouse.

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

They are clever and know all that has happened: so there is no end to their mockery. People still quarrel, but they are soon reconciled - otherwise it might spoil their digestion.

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

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

And here ended the first discourse of Zarathustra, which is also called "The Prologue", for at this point the shouting and delight of the crowd interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra" - they called out - "Make us into these last men! Then will we make you a present of the overman!" And all the people laughed and clucked with their tongues. Zarathustra, however, grew sad, and said to his heart:

"They don't understand me: I am not the mouth for these ears.

Perhaps I have lived too long in the mountains; too long have I listened to the brooks and trees: now I speak to them as to the goatherds.

Calm is my soul, and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think I am cold, and a mocker with fearful jokes.

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

Prologue (6) 6

Then, however, something happened which made every mouth mute and every eye fixed. For meanwhile the tight-rope walker had begun his performance: he had come out from a little door, and was walking along the rope which was stretched between two towers, so that it hung above the market-place and the people. When he was exactly in the middle, the little door opened once more, and a fellow, dressed like a clown or a buffoon, jumped out and walked rapidly after the first one. "Go on, lame-foot," he cried in a frightful voice, "go on, lazybones, intruder, paleface, or I shall tickle you with my heel! What are you doing here between the towers? In the tower is where you belong. You should be locked up there; you block the way for one better than yourself!" - And with every word he came nearer and nearer. However when he was but a step behind, a terrible thing happened which made every mouth silent and every eye fixed - he uttered a yell like a devil, and jumped over the man who was in his way. This man, when he thus saw his rival win, lost both his head and his footing on the rope, threw away his pole, and he plunged even faster downward into the depth, a whirlpool of arms and legs. The market-place and the people were like the sea in a storm: they rushed apart and over one another, especially where the body was to hit the ground.

Zarathustra, however, remained standing, and just beside him fell the

body, badly injured and disfigured, but not yet dead. After a while consciousness returned to the shattered man, and he saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. "What are you doing here?" said he at last, "I knew long ago that the devil would trip me up. Now he drags me to hell. will you prevent him?"

"On my honor, friend," answered Zarathustra, "there is nothing of this that you speak: there is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner than your body; therefore, fear nothing more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "If you speak the truth," he said, "I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal which has been taught to dance by blows and a few meager morsels."

"Not at all," said Zarathustra, "you have made danger your calling; there is nothing contemptible in that. Now you perish by your calling: therefore I will bury you with my own hands."

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

Prologue (7) 7

Meanwhile the evening came on, and the market-place was veiled in darkness. Then the people dispersed, for even curiosity and terror become fatigued. However Zarathustra still sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought so that he forgot the time. At last it became night, and a cold wind blew upon the lonely one. Then Zarathustra arose and said to his heart:

Truly, a fine catch of fish has Zarathustra made to-day! It is not a man he has caught, but a corpse.

Uncanny is human existence and as yet without meaning: a buffoon can become a man's fate and fatality.

I want to teach men the meaning of their existence, which is the overman, the lightning out of the dark cloud of man.

But I am still far from them, and my sense speaks not to their senses. To men I am still something 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 may bury you with my own hands.

Prologue (8) 8

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he put the corpse on his shoulders and set out on his way. He had not gone a hundred steps, when a man crept up to him and whispered in his ear - and behold it was the buffoon from the tower. "Leave this town, O Zarathustra," he said, "there are too many here who hate you. The good and just hate you, and call you their enemy and despiser; the believers in the true faith hate you, and call you a danger to the multitude. It was lucky for you that you were laughed at; and truly you spoke like a buffoon. It was your good fortune to associate with the dead dog; by so humiliating yourself you have saved your life for today. But leave this town, - or tomorrow I shall jump over you, a living man over a dead one." And when he had said this, the buffoon vanished; But Zarathustra went on through the dark streets.

At the gate of the town the gravediggers met him: they shone their torch on his face, and, recognising Zarathustra, they greatly mocked him. "Zarathustra is carrying away the dead dog: a fine thing that Zarathustra has become a grave-digger! For our hands are too clean for this roast. Will Zarathustra rob the devil of his mouthful? Well then, good luck with your meal! If only the devil were not a better thief than Zarathustra! - he will steal them both, he will eat them both!" And they laughed and put their heads together.

Zarathustra said nothing but went on his way. When he had gone on for two hours, past forests and swamps, he heard too much of the hungry howling of the wolves, and he himself became hungry. So he stopped at a lonely house in which a light was burning.

"Hunger attacks me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. Among forests and swamps my hunger attacks me, and late in the night.

"My hunger has strange moods. Often it comes to me only after a meal, and today it did not come at all; where has it been?"

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

"A living man and a dead one," said Zarathustra. "Give me something to eat and drink, I forgot about it during the day. He that feeds the

hungry refreshes his own soul, thus speaks wisdom."

The old man went back in, but returned shortly and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. "A bad country for the hungry," he said; "that is why I live here. Animals and men come to me, the hermit. But bid your companion eat and drink also, he is wearier than you are." Zarathustra replied: "My companion is dead; I should hardly be able to persuade him." "I don't care," said the old man peevishly; "Whoever knocks at my door must take what I offer him. Eat and be off!"-

Thereafter Zarathustra again went on for two hours, trusting the path and the light of the stars: for he was used to walking at night, and loved to look into the face of all that sleeps. When morning dawned, however, Zarathustra found himself in a thick forest, and he did not see a path anywhere. So he put the dead man in a hollow tree - for he wanted to protect him from the wolves - and he himself lay down on the ground and moss, his head beneath the tree. And soon he fell asleep, tired in body but with a tranquil soul.

Prologue (9) 9

Zarathustra slept a long time and not only the rosy dawn passed over his face, but also the morning. At last, however, his eyes opened: amazed, he gazed into the forest and the stillness; amazed, he gazed into himself. Then he arose quickly, like a seafarer who all at once sees the land, and he rejoiced, for he saw a new truth. And he spoke thus to his heart:

A light has dawned upon me: I need companions - living ones, not dead companions and corpses, which I carry with me wherever I wish.

But I need living companions, who will follow me because they want to follow themselves - wherever I want. A light has dawned upon me. Not to the people is Zarathustra to speak, but to companions! Zarathustra shall not become a shephard and a sheepdog to the herd!

To lure many from the herd - for that I have come. The people and the herd shall be angry with me: Zarathustra wants to be called a robber by the herdsmen.

I say herdsmen, but they call themselves the good and just. I say herdsmen, but they call themselves the believers in the true faith.

Behold the good and just! Whom do they hate most? The one who

breaks their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker; he, however, is the creator.

Behold the believers of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? The one who breaks up their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker; he, however, is the creator.

Companions, the creator seeks, not corpses, not herds and believers. Fellow creators the creator seeks - those who write new values on new tables.

Companions, the creator seeks, and fellow harvesters; for with everything is ripe for the harvest. But he lacks the hundred sickles: so he plucks the ears of corn and is annoyed.

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

Fellow-creators, Zarathustra seeks; fellow harvesters and fellow rejoicers, Zarathustra seeks: what has he to do with herds and shepherds and corpses!

And you, my first companion, farewell! I have buried you well in your hollow tree; I have hidden you from the wolves.

But I part from you; the time has arrived. Between rosy dawn and rosy dawn there came to me a new truth.

I am not to be a shepherd, I am not to be a gravedigger. No more will I speak to the people; for the last time have I spoken to the dead.

I will join the creators, the harvesters, and the rejoicers: I will show them the rainbow and all the steps to the overman.

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

I go towards my goal, I follow my course; over those who hesitate and lag behind I will leap. Thus may my going be their down going-down!

Prologue (10) 10

Zarathustra said this to his heart when the sun stood high at noon. Then he looked inquiringly up high, for he heard above him the sharp call of a bird. And Behold! An eagle swept through the air in wide circles, and on it hung a serpent, not like a prey, but like a friend: for it

kept itself coiled round the eagle's neck.

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

"The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun, - they have come to search for me.

They want to know whether Zarathustra still lives. Truly, do I still live?

I have found it more dangerous among men than among animals; on dangerous paths walks Zarathustra. 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:

"I wish I were wiser! I wish I were wise from the very heart, like my serpent!

But I am asking the impossible. So I ask my pride that it always go along with my wisdom!

And if my wisdom should some day leave me - Ah, how it loves to fly away! - then may my pride fly with my folly!"

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

First Part

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

FIRST PART

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2. The Academic Chairs Of Virtue
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20. Child And Marriage
21. Voluntary Death
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Part 1, (1) THE THREE METAMORPHOSES

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

Many heavy things are there for the spirit, the strong weight-bearing spirit in which reverence dwells: for the heavy and the heaviest are what its strength longs for.

What is heavy? so asks the weight-bearing spirit; then it kneels down like the camel, and wants to be well loaded.

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

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

Or is it this: To desert our cause when it celebrates its triumph? To climb high mountains 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 soul?

Or is it this: To be sick and send away comforters, and make friends with the deaf, who never hear what you wish?

Or is it this: To wade into dirty water when it is the water of truth, and not repelling cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: To love those who despise us, and give one's hand to the phantom when it is going to frighten us?

All these heaviest things the weight-bearing spirit takes upon itself: and like the camel, which, when burdened, speeds into the wilderness, so the spirit speeds into its wilderness.

But in the loneliest wilderness the second metamorphosis happens: here the spirit becomes a lion; it will seize freedom, and become master in its own wilderness.

Here it seeks its last master: it will fight him, and its last God; for victory it will struggle with the great dragon.

What is the great dragon which the spirit is no longer inclined to call Lord and God? "You shall," is what great dragon is called. But the spirit of the lion says, "I will."

"You shall," lies in its path, sparkling with gold - a beast covered with scales; and on every scale glitters a golden, "You shall!"

The values of a thousand years glitter on those scales, and thus speaks the mightiest of all dragons: "All the values of all things - glitter on me.

All values have already been created, and all created values - do I represent. Truly, there shall be no 'I will' any more. Thus speaks the dragon.

My brothers, why is there need of the lion in the spirit? Why is it not enough the beast of burden, which renounces and is reverent?

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

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

To assume the right to new values - that is the most formidable

assumption for a weight-bearing and reverent spirit. Truly, to such a spirit it is a theft, and the work of a beast of prey.

It once loved "You Shall" as its most sacred: now is it forced to find illusion and arbitrariness even in the holiest things, that it may capture freedom from its love: the lion is needed for this capture.

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

Innocence is the child, and forgeting, a new beginning, a game, a self-propelling wheel, a first movement, a sacred Yes.

For the game of creating, my brothers, a sacred "yes" to life is needed: the spirit now wills *its own* will; the one who had lost the world now attains *its own* world.

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

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

Part 1, (2) THE ACADEMIC CHAIRS OF VIRTUE

People recommended to Zarathustra a wise man, as one who could discourse well about sleep and virtue: greatly was he honoured and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him went Zarathustra, and sat among the youths before his chair. And thus spoke the wise man:

Be respectful and bashful in presence of sleep! That is the first thing! And avoid all who sleep badly and stay awake at night!

Even the thief is bashful in presence of sleep: he always steals softly through the night. Shameless, however, is the night-watchman; shamelessly he carries his horn.

No small art is it to sleep: it is necessary for that purpose to keep awake all day.

Ten times a day must you overcome yourself: that causes wholesome weariness, and is opium for the soul.

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

Ten truths must you find during the day; otherwise you will seek truth during the night, and your soul will stay hungry.

Ten times must you laugh during the day, and be cheerful; otherwise your stomach, the father of affliction and gloom, will disturb you in the night.

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

Shall I crave for my neighbour's maid? All that would bother a good sleep.

And even if one has all the virtues, there is still one thing needful: to send the virtues themselves to sleep at the right time. That they may not quarrel with one another, the pretty little women! And not quarrel about you, you unhappy man!

Peace with God and your neighbor: so desires good sleep. And peace also with your neighbour's devil! Otherwise it will haunt you in the night.

Honor to the authorities, and obedience, and also to the crooked authorities! So desires good sleep. How can I help it, if power likes to walk on crooked legs?

He who leads his sheep to the greenest pasture, shall always be for me the best shepherd: that goes well with good sleep.

I do not desire many honors, nor great treasures: they excite the spleen. But one sleeps badly without a good name and a little treasure.

The company of a few is more welcome to me than evil company: but they must come and go at the right time. That goes well with good sleep.

Also, the poor in spirit greatly please me: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always tell them that they are right.

Thus passes the day of the virtuous. When night comes, then I take good care not to summon sleep. It dislikes to be summoned - sleep, the lord of the virtues!

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

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

Thus pondering, while being cradled and rocked by forty thoughts, it overtakes me all at once - sleep, the unsummoned, the lord of the virtues.

Sleep taps on my eye, and it turns heavy. Sleep touches my mouth, and it remains open.

Truly, on soft soles does it come to me, the dearest of thieves, and

steals from me my thoughts: stupid do I then stand, like this academic chair.

But not much longer do I stand: I am already lying down. -

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

This wise man seems to be a fool with his forty thoughts: but I believe he knows well how to sleep.

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

There is even magic in his professorial chair. And not in vain did the youths sit before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is to keep awake in order to sleep well. And truly, if life had no sense, and I had to choose nonsense, this would be the most desirable nonsense for me also.

Now I know well what people sought formerly above all else when they sought teachers of virtue. Good sleep they sought for themselves, and opiate virtues to promote it!

To all those much praised sages of the academic chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no higher significance of life.

Even at present, to be sure, there are some like this preacher of virtue, and not always so honorable: but their time is past. And not much longer do they stand: already they are lying down.

Blessed are those sleepy men: for they soon shall drop off. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (3) ON BELIEVERS IN AN AFTERWORLD

Once on a time, Zarathustra also cast his fancy beyond man, like all believers in an afterworld. The work of a suffering and tortured God, the world then seemed to me.

The dream and fiction of a god, the world then seemed to me; colored smoke before the eyes of a discontented god.

Good and evil, and joy and pain, and I and you - colored smoke did they seem to me before creative eyes. The creator wished to look away from himself; so he created the world.

Drunken joy it is for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and

forget himself. Drunken joy and self-forgetting, did the world once seem to me.

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

Thus did I also once cast my delusion beyond man, like all the believers in an afterworld. Beyond man, indeed?

Ah, you brothers, that god whom I created was man-made and madness, like all gods!

Human was he, and only a poor fragment of a human and ego. Out of my own ashes and glow it came to me, that phantom. And truly, it came not to me from the beyond!

What happened, my brothers? I surpassed myself, the suffering one; I carried my own ashes to the mountain; a brighter flame I contrived for myself. And Behold, then the phantom withdrew from me!

To me, the convalescent, it would now be suffering and torment to believe in such phantoms: suffering it would now be to me, and humiliation. Thus speak I to believers in an afterworld.

Suffering it was, and impotence - that created all afterworlds; and the brief madness of bliss, which is experienced only by those who suffer most deeply.

Weariness, which seeks to get to the ultimate with one leap, with a death-leap; a poor ignorant weariness, unwilling even to will any longer: that created all gods and afterworlds.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body which despaired of the body - it groped with the fingers of the deluded spirit at the ultimate walls.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body which despaired of the earth - it heard the belly of existence speaking to it.

It sought to get through these ultimate walls with its head - and not only with its head - into "the other world."

But that "other world" is well concealed from man, that dehumanized, inhuman world, which is a celestial nothingness; and the belly of existence does not speak to humans at all, except as a human.

Truly, all being is difficult to demonstrate and prove, and hard to make it speak. Tell me, you brothers, is not the strangest of all things best demonstrated?

Yes, this I, with its contradiction and confusion, speaks most honestly of its being - this creating, willing, valuing ego, which is the measure and value of things.

And this most honest existence, the I - it speaks of the body, and still

wants the body, even when it poetizes and raves and flutters with broken wings.

Always more honestly learns it to speak, this I; and the more it learns, the more does it find titles and honors for the body and the earth.

A new pride my I taught me, and that I teach to men: no longer to thrust one's head into the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely, a terrestrial head, which creates a meaning for the earth!

A new will I teach to men: to choose that path which man has followed blindly, and to approve of it - and no longer to slink aside from it, like the sick and dying!

The sick and dying - it was they who despised the body and the earth, and invented the heavenly world, and the redeeming drops of blood; but even those sweet and dismal poisons they borrowed from the body and the earth!

From their misery they sought escape, and the stars were too far for them. Then they sighed: "Would that there were heavenly paths by which to sneak into another existence and into happiness!" Then they contrived for themselves their secret ways and bloody potions!

Beyond the sphere of their body and this earth they now fancied themselves transported, these ungrateful ones. But to what did they owe the convulsion and rapture of their transport? To their bodies and this earth.

Gentle is Zarathustra to the sickly. Truly, he is not angry at their ways of consolation and ingratitude. May they become convalescents and overcomers, and create higher bodies for themselves!

Neither is Zarathustra angry at a convalescent who looks tenderly on his delusions, and at midnight sneaks round the grave of his God; but even his tears indicate to me sickness and a sick body.

Many sickly ones have there always been among those who invent fables and long for God; violently they hate the discerning ones, and that youngest of virtues, which is called "honesty".

They always gaze backward toward dark ages: then, indeed, were delusion and faith something different: the delirium of reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

Too well do I know those godlike men: they insist on being believed in, and that doubt is sin. Too well, also, do I know what they themselves most believe in.

Truly, not in afterworlds and redemptive drops of blood, but in the body do they also believe most; and their own body is for them the thing-in-itself.

But it is a sickly thing to them, and gladly would they get 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; it is a more honest and pure voice.

More honestly and purely speaks the healthy body, perfect and squared-off: it speaks of the meaning of the earth.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (4) THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

To the despisers of the body I want to speak. I would not have them learn and teach differently, but merely say farewell to their own bodies - and thus become silent.

"Body am I, and soul" - so says the child. And why should one not speak like children?

But the awakened and the knowing say: "Body am I entirely, and nothing more; and soul is only a word for something about the body."

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

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

"I," you say, and are proud of that word. But greater is that in which you do not wish to believe - your body with its great intelligence; it does not says "I," but does "I."

What the sense feels, what the spirit knows, never has its end in itself. But sense and spirit would persuade you that they are the end of all things: that is how vain they are.

Instruments and toys are sense and spirit: behind them there is still the self. The self also seeks with the eyes of the senses, it also listens with the ears of the spirit.

Always the self listens and seeks; it compares, overpowers, conquers, and destroys. It rules, and is also the ruler of the "I".

Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty ruler, an unknown sage - it is called the subconscious self; it dwells in your

body, it is your body.

There is more reason, sanity and intelligence in your body than in your best wisdom. And who knows why your body requires precisely your best wisdom?

Your subconscious self laughs at your "I", and its bold 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 ego, and the prompter of its thoughts."

The subconscious self says to the "I": "Feel pain here!" Then the "I" suffers, and thinks how it might end its suffering - and that is why it is made to think.

The subconscious self says to the "I": "Feel desire or pleasure or joy here!" Then the "I" is happy, and thinks how it might often be happy again - and that is why it is made to think.

I want to speak to the despisers of the body. It is their respect and esteem that produces their despising. What is it that created respecting and esteeming and despising and worth and will?

The creative subconscious self created for itself respecting and esteeming and despising, it created for itself joy and sorrow and pain. The creative body created spirit as a hand of its will.

Even in your folly and despising you each serve your self, you despisers of the body. I tell you, your very self wants to die, and turns away from life.

No longer can your subconscious self do that which it desires most: to create beyond itself. That is what it desires most; that is all its fervour.

But it is now too late to do so: so your self wishes to go under, you despisers of the body.

Your subconscious self wants to go under, to perish; and that is why you have you become despisers of the body. For you are no longer able to create beyond yourselves.

And therefore are you now angry with life and with the earth. An unconscious envy speaks out of the squinting glance of your contempt.

I will not follow you, you despisers of the body! For me you are not a bridge to the overman! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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

To be sure, you would call it by name and caress it; you would pull its ears and amuse yourself with it.

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

It is better for you to say: "Inexpressible is it, and nameless, that which is agony and sweetness to my soul, and also the hunger of my belly."

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

Then speak and stammer: "This is my good, this do I love, it pleases me entirely, only this way do I want the good.

Not as the law of a God do I desire it, not as a human law or a human need do I want it; it shall not be a signpost for me to over-earths and paradises.

An earthly virtue is what I love: it has little prudence, and least of all the reason and wisdom of everyone.

But that bird built its nest beside me: therefore, I love and cherish it - now it sits beside me on its golden eggs."

Thus should 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 set your highest goal in the heart of those passions: then they became your virtues and joys.

And though you were of the race of the hot-tempered, or of the lustful, or of the fanatical, or the vengeful;

in the end, all your passions became virtues, and all your devils, angels.

Once you had wild dogs in your cellar: but they changed at last into birds and charming singers.

Out of your poisons you brewed soothing ointments for yourself; you milked your cow of sorrow - now you drink the sweet milk of her udder.

And nothing evil grows out of you any longer, unless it be the evil that grows out of the conflict of your virtues.

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

To have many virtues is a distinction, but it is a hard fate; 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? Necessary, however, is this evil; necessary are envy and distrust and slander among the virtues.

Behold how each of your virtues wants the highest place; each wants your whole spirit to be its herald, each wants your whole power, in wrath, hatred, and love.

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

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (6) THE PALE CRIMINAL

You do not mean to slay, you judges and sacrificers, until the animal has bowed its head? Behold. the pale criminal has bowed his head: out of his eye speaks the great contempt.

"My ego is something which is to be overcome: my ego is to me the great contempt of man": that is what his eyes say.

When he judged himself - that was his supreme moment; let not the exalted one relapse again into his baseness!

There is no salvation for him who thus suffers from himself, unless it be speedy death.

Your slaying, you judges, shall be pity, and not revenge; and in that you slay, see to it that you yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that you should reconcile with him whom you slay. Let your sorrow be love to the overman: thus will you justify your own survival!

"Enemy" shall you say but not "villain," "invalid" shall you say but not "wretch," "fool" shall you say but not "sinner."

And you, red judge, if you would say audibly all you have done in thought, then would everyone cry: "Away with the nastiness and the virulent reptile!"

But one thing is the thought, another thing is the deed, and another thing is the idea of the deed. The wheel of causality does not roll between them.

An idea made this pale man pale. Adequate was he for his deed when he did it, but the idea of it, he could not endure when it was done.

Evermore did he now see himself as the doer of one deed. Madness, I call this: the exception reversed itself to the rule in him.

The streak of chalk bewitches the hen; the stroke he struck bewitched his weak reason. Madness after the deed, I call this.

Listen, you judges! There is another madness besides, and it is before the deed. Ah! you have not gone deep enough into this soul!

Thus speaks the red judge: "Why did this criminal commit murder? He meant to rob." I tell you, however, that his soul wanted blood, not booty: he thirsted for the happiness of the knife!

But his weak reason understood not this madness, and it persuaded him. "What matter about blood!" it said; "wish you not, at least, to make booty thereby? Or take revenge?"

And he listened to his weak reason: like lead lay its words upon him - thereupon he robbed when he murdered. He did not mean to be ashamed of his madness.

And now once more lies the lead of his guilt upon him, and once more is his weak reason so benumbed, so paralyzed, and so dull.

Could he only shake his head, then would his burden roll off; but who shakes that head?

What is this man? A mass of diseases that reach out into the world through the spirit; there they want to get their prey.

What is this man? A coil of wild serpents that are seldom at peace among themselves - so they go forth apart and seek prey in the world.

Look at that poor body! What it suffered and craved, the poor soul interpreted to itself - it interpreted it as murderous desire, and eagerness for the happiness of the knife.

Him who now turns sick, the evil overtakes which is now the evil: he seeks to cause pain with that which causes him pain. But there have been other ages, and another evil and good.

Once was doubt evil, and the will to Self. Then the invalid became a heretic or sorcerer; as heretic or sorcerer he suffered, and sought to cause suffering.

But this will not enter your ears; it hurts your good people, you tell me. But what does it matter to me about your good people!

Many things in your good people cause me disgust, and truly, not their

evil. I would that they had a madness by which they succumbed, like this pale criminal!

Truly, I would that their madness were called truth, or fidelity, or justice: but they have their virtue in order to live long, and in wretched self-complacency.

I am a railing alongside the torrent; whoever is able to grasp me may grasp me! Your crutch, however, I am not. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (7) READING AND WRITING

Of all that is written, I love only what a person has written with his blood. Write with blood, and you will find that blood is spirit.

It is no easy task to understand unfamiliar blood; 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.

Every one being allowed to learn to read, ruins in the long run not only writing but also thinking.

Once spirit was God, then it became man, and now it even becomes the rabble.

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

In the mountains the shortest way is from peak to peak, but for that route you must have long legs. Aphorisms should be peaks, and those spoken to should be big and tall.

The atmosphere rare and pure, danger near and the spirit full of a joyful wickedness: thus are things well matched.

I want to have goblins about me, for I am courageous. The courage which scares away ghosts, creates for itself goblins - it wants to laugh.

I no longer feel in common with you; the very cloud which I see beneath me, the blackness and heaviness at which I laugh - that is your thunder-cloud.

You look aloft when you long for exaltation; and I look downward because I am exalted.

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

He who climbs on the highest mountains, laughs at all tragic plays and tragic realities.

Courageous, unconcerned, scornful, coercive - so wisdom wishes us; she is a woman, and ever loves only a warrior.

You tell me, "Life is hard to bear." But for what purpose should you have your pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but do not affect to be so delicate! We are all of us fine beasts of burden, male and female asses.

What have we in common with the rose-bud, which trembles because a drop of dew has formed upon it?

It is true we love life; not because we are used to life, but because we are used to loving.

There is always some madness in love. But there is always, also, some method in madness.

And to me also, who appreciate life, the butterflies, and soap-bubbles, and whatever is like them among us, seem most to enjoy happiness.

To see these light, foolish, pretty, lively little sprites flit about - that moves Zarathustra to tears and songs.

I should only believe in a God that would know how to dance.

And when I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, profound, solemn: he was the spirit of gravity - through him all things fall.

Not by wrath, but by laughter, do we slay. Come, let us slay the spirit of gravity!

I learned to walk; since then have I let myself run. I learned to fly; since then I do not need pushing in order to move from a spot.

Now am I light, now do I fly; now do I see myself under myself. Now there dances a God in me.-

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (8) THE TREE ON THE HILL

Zarathustra's eye had perceived that a certain youth avoided him. And as he walked alone one evening over the hills surrounding the town called "The Motley Cow," behold, there he found the youth sitting leaning against a tree, and gazing with wearied look into the valley. Zarathustra thereupon laid hold of the tree beside which the youth sat,

and spoke thus:

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

But the wind, which we see not, troubles and bends it as it tilts. We are sorest bent and troubled by invisible hands."

Thereupon the youth arose disconcerted, and said: "I hear Zarathustra, and just now was I thinking of him!" Zarathustra answered:

"Why are you frightened on that account? - But it is the same with man as with the tree.

The more he seeks to rise into the height and light, the more vigorously do his roots struggle earthward, downward, into the dark and deep - into the evil."

"Yes, into the 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 invent it."

"Yes, into the evil!" cried the youth once more.

"you said the truth, Zarathustra. I trust myself no longer since I sought to rise into the height, and nobody trusts me any longer; how does that happen?

I change too quickly: my to-day refutes my yesterday. I often overleap the steps when I clamber; for so doing, none of the steps pardons me.

When aloft, I find myself always alone. No one speaks to me; the frost of solitude makes me tremble. What do I seek on the height?

My contempt and my longing increase together; the higher I clamber, the more do I despise him who clambers. What does he seek on the height?

How ashamed I am of my clambering and stumbling! How I mock at my violent panting! How I hate him who flies! How tired I am on the height!"

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

"This tree stands lonely here on the hills; it has grown up high above man and beast.

And if it wanted to speak, it would have none who could understand it: so high has it grown.

Now it waits and waits, - for what does it wait? It dwells too close to the seat of the clouds; it waits perhaps for the first lightning?"

When Zarathustra had said this, the youth called out with violent gestures: "Yes, Zarathustra, you speak the truth. My destruction I longed

for, when I desired to be on the height, and you are the lightning for which I waited! Behold. what have I been since you have appeared among us? It is my envy of you that has destroyed me!" - Thus spoke the youth, and wept bitterly. Zarathustra, however, put his arm about him, and led the youth away with him.

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

It rends my heart. Better than your words express it, your eyes tell me all your danger.

As yet you are not free; you still seek freedom. Too unslept has your seeking made you, and too wakeful.

On the open height would you be; for the stars thirsts your soul. But your bad impulses also thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs want liberty; they bark for joy in their cellar when your spirit endeavor to open all prison doors.

Still are you a prisoner - it seems to me - who devises liberty for himself: ah! sharp becomes the soul of such prisoners, but also deceitful and wicked.

It is still necessary for the liberated spirit to purify himself. Much of the prison and the mould still remains in him: pure has his eye still to become.

Yes, I know your danger. But by my love and hope I appeal to you: cast not your love and hope away!

Noble you feel yourself still, and noble others also feel you still, though they bear you a grudge and cast evil looks. Know this, that to everybody a noble one stands in the way.

Also to the good, a noble one stands in the way: and even when they call him a good man, they want thereby to put him aside.

The new, would the noble man create, and a new virtue. The old, wants the good man, and that the old should be conserved.

But it is not the danger of the noble man to turn a good man, but lest he should become an arrogant boor , a mocker, or a destroyer.

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

Then lived they shamelessly in temporary pleasures, and beyond the day had hardly an aim.

"Spirit is also voluptuousness," - said they. Then broke the wings of their spirit; and now it creeps about, and defiles where it gnaws.

Once they thought of becoming heroes; but sensualists are they now. A trouble and a terror is the hero to them.

But by my love and hope I appeal to you: cast not away the hero in your soul! Maintain holy your highest hope! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (9) THE PREACHERS OF DEATH

There are preachers of death: and the earth is full of those to whom renunciation life must be preached.

Full is the earth of the superfluous; marred is life by the many-too-many. May they be lured out of this life by the "life eternal"!

"The yellow ones": so are called the preachers of death, or "the black ones." But I will show them to you in other colors besides.

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

They have not yet become men, those terrible ones: may they preach desistance from life, and pass away themselves!

There are the spiritually decaying ones: hardly are they born when they begin to die, and long for doctrines of weariness and renunciation.

They would rather be dead, and we should approve of their wish! Let us beware of awakening those dead ones, and of damaging those living coffins!

They meet an invalid, or an old man, or a corpse - and immediately they say: "Life is refuted!"

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

Shrouded in thick melancholy, and eager for the little casualties that bring death: thus do they wait, and clench their teeth.

Or else, they grasp at candy, and mock at their childishness thereby: they cling to their straw of life, and mock at their still clinging to it.

Their wisdom speaks thus: "A fool, he who remains alive; but so far are we fools! And that is the most foolish thing in life!"

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

And let this be the teaching of your virtue: "you shall slay yourself! you shall steal away from yourself!" -

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

"Giving birth is troublesome," - say others - "why still give birth? One bears only the unfortunate!" And they also are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary," - so says a third party. "Take what I have! Take what I am! So much less does life bind me!"

Were they consistently pitiful, then would they make their neighbor sick of life. To be wicked - that would be their true goodness.

But they want to be rid of life; what care they if they bind others still faster with their chains and gifts!-

And you also, to whom life is rough labor and disquiet, are you not very tired of life? Are you not very ripe for the sermon of death?

All you to whom rough labor is dear, and the rapid, new, and strange - you put up with yourselves badly; your diligence is flight, and the will to self-forgetfulness.

If you believed more in life, then would you devote yourselves less to the momentary. But for waiting, you have not enough of capacity in you - nor even for idling!

Everywhere resounds the voices of those who preach death; and the earth is full of those to whom death has to be preached.

Or "life eternal"; it is all the same to me - if only they pass away quickly! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (10) WAR AND WARRIORS

By our best enemies we do not want to be spared, nor by those either whom we love from the very heart. So let me tell you the truth!

My brothers in war! I love you from the very heart. I am, and was ever, your counterpart. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth!

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. you are not great enough not to know of hatred and envy. Then be great enough not to be ashamed of them!

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

sainthood.

I see many soldiers; could I but see many warriors! "Uniform" one calls what they wear; may that which it hides not be uniform!

You shall be those whose eyes ever seek for an enemy - for your enemy. And with some of you there is hatred at first sight.

Your enemy shall you seek; your war shall you wage, and for the sake of your thoughts! And if your thoughts succumb, your uprightness shall still shout triumph thereby!

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

You I advise not to work, but to fight. You I advise not to peace, but to victory. Let your work be a fight, let your peace be a victory!

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

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

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your sympathy, but your bravery has thus far saved the victims.

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

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

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

And when your soul becomes great, then does it become high-spirited, and in your sublimeness there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the high-spirited man and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand one another. I know you.

You shall only have enemies to be hated, but not enemies to be despised. you must be proud of your enemies; then, the successes of your enemies are also your successes.

Resistance - that is the distinction of the slave. Let your distinction be obedience. Let your commanding itself be obeying!

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

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

Your highest thought, however, you shall have it commanded to you by me - and it is this: man is something that is to be surpassed.

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

I spare you not, I love you from my very heart, my brothers in war! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (11) THE NEW IDOL

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

A state? What is that? Well! open now your ears to me, for now will I say to you my word concerning the death of peoples.

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

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay traps for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

This sign I give to you: every people speaks its language of good and evil: this its neighbor understands not. Its language has it devised for itself in laws and customs.

But the state lies in all languages of good and evil; and whatever it says it lies; and whatever it has it has stolen.

False is everything in it; with stolen teeth it bites, the biting one. False are even its bowels.

Confusion of language of good and evil; this sign I give to you as the sign of the state. Truly, the will to death, indicates this sign! Truly, it beckons to the preachers of death!

Many too many are born: for the superfluous ones was the state devised!

See just how it entices them to it, the many-too-many! How it swallows and chews and rechews them!

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

Ah! even in your ears, you great souls, it whispers its gloomy lies! Ah! it finds out the rich hearts which willingly lavish themselves!

Yes, it finds you out too, you conquerors of the old God! Weary you became of the conflict, and now your weariness serves the new idol!

Heroes and honorable ones, it would rather set up around it, the new idol! Gladly it basks in the sunshine of good consciences, - the cold monster!

Everything will it give you, if you worship it, the new idol: thus it purchases the gleam of your virtue, and the glance of your proud eyes.

It seeks to allure by means of you, the many-too-many! Yes, a hellish artifice has here been devised, a death-horse jingling with the trappings of divine honors!

Yes, a dying for many has here been devised, which glorifies itself as life: truly, a hearty service to all preachers of death!

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

Just see these superfluous ones! They steal the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise. Culture, they call their theft - and everything becomes sickness and trouble to them!

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

Just see these superfluous ones! Wealth they acquire and become poorer thereby. Power they seek for, and above all, the lever of power, much money - these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these nimble apes! They clamber over one another, and thus scuffle into the mud and the abyss.

Towards the throne they all strive: it is their madness - as if happiness sat on the throne! Often sits filth on the throne. - and often also the throne on filth.

Madmen they all seem to me, and clambering apes, and too eager. Badly smells their idol to me, the cold monster: badly they all smell to me, these idolaters.

My brothers, will you suffocate in the fumes of their snouts and appetites! Better break the windows and jump into the open air!

Go away from the bad odor! Withdraw from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Go away from the bad odor! Withdraw from the steam of these human sacrifices!

Open still remains the earth for great souls. There are still many empty seats for the lonesome and the twosome, fanned by the fragrance of silent seas.

Open still remains a free life for great souls. Truly, he who possesses little is so much the less possessed: praised be a little poverty!

There, where the state ceases - there only commences the man who is not superfluous: there commences the song of the necessary ones, the single and irreplaceable melody.

There, where the state ceases - pray look there, my brothers! Do you not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of the overman? -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (12) THE FLIES IN THE MARKET-PLACE

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

Admirably do forest and rock know how to be silent with you. Resemble again the tree which you love, the broad-branched one - silently and attentively it overhangs the sea.

Where solitude ends, there begins the market-place; and where the market-place begins, there begins also the noise of the great actors, and the buzzing of the poison-flies.

In the world even the best things are worthless without those who represent them: those showmen, the people call great men.

Little, do the people understand what is great - that is to say, the creating agency. But they have a taste for all showmen and actors of great things.

Around the inventors of new values revolves the world: - invisibly it revolves. But around the actors revolve the people and the glory: such is the course of things.

Spirit, has the actor, but little conscience of the spirit. He believes always in that which he believes most strongly - in himself!

Tomorrow he has a new belief, and the day after, one still newer. Sharp perceptions has he, like the people, and changeable humours.

To upset - that means with him to prove. To drive mad - that means with him to convince. And blood is counted by him as the best of all

arguments.

A truth which only glides into sensitive ears, he calls a lie and nothing. Truly, he believes only in gods that make a great noise in the world!

Full of ceremonial clowns is the market-place, - and the people glory in their great men! These are for them the masters of the hour.

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

On account of those absolute and impatient ones, be not jealous, you lover of truth! Never yet did truth cling to the arm of an absolute one.

On account of those abrupt ones, return into your security: only in the market-place is one assailed by Yes? or No?

Slow is the experience of all deep fountains: long have they to wait until they know what has fallen into their depths.

Away from the market-place and from fame takes place all that is great: away from the market-Place and from fame have ever dwelt the devisers of new values.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude: I see you stung all over by the poisonous flies. Flee there, where a rough, strong breeze blows!

Flee into your solitude! you have lived too closely to the small and the pitiable. Flee from their invisible vengeance! Towards you they have nothing but vengeance.

Raise no longer an arm against them! Innumerable are they, and it is not your lot to shoo flies.

Innumerable are the small and pitiable ones; and of many a proud structure, rain-drops and weeds have been the ruin.

You are not stone; but already have you become hollow by the numerous drops. you will yet break and burst by the numerous drops.

Exhausted I see you, by poisonous flies; bleeding I see you, and torn at a hundred spots; and your pride will not even upbraid.

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

But you, profound one, you suffer too profoundly even from small wounds; and ere you had recovered, the same poison-worm crawled over your hand.

Too proud are you to kill these sweet-tooths. But take care lest it be your fate to suffer all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around you also with their praise: obtrusiveness is their praise. They want to be close to 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 come to! Flatterers are they, and whimperers, and nothing more.

Often, also, do they show themselves to you as amiable ones. But that has ever been the prudence of the cowardly. Yes! the cowardly are wise!

They think much about you with their circumscribed souls - you are always suspected by them! Whatever is much thought about is at last thought suspicious.

They punish you for all your virtues. They pardon you in their inmost hearts only - for your errors.

Because you are gentle and of upright character, you say: "Blameless are they for their small existence." But their circumscribed souls think: "Blamable is all great existence."

Even when you are gentle towards them, they still feel themselves despised by you; and they repay your beneficence with secret maleficence.

Your silent pride is always counter to their taste; they rejoice if once you be humble enough to be frivolous.

What we recognize in a man, we also irritate in him. Therefore be on your guard against the small ones!

In your presence they feel themselves small, and their baseness gleams and glows against you in invisible vengeance.

Saw you not how often they became dumb when you approached them, and how their energy left them like the smoke of an extinguishing fire?

Yes, my friend, the bad conscience are you of your neighbor; for they are unworthy of you. Therefore they hate you, and would rather suck your blood.

Your neighbor will always be poisonous flies; what is great in you - that itself must make them more poisonous, and always more fly-like.

Flee, my friend, into your solitude - and there, where a rough strong breeze blows. It is not your lot to shoo flies. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (13) CHASTITY

I love the forest. It is bad to live in cities: there, there are too many of the lustful.

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.

Filth is at the bottom of their souls; and Alas. if their filth has still spirit in it!

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

Do I counsel you to slay your instincts? I counsel you to innocence in your instincts.

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

These are continent, to be sure: but doggish lust looks enviously out of all that they do.

Even into the heights of their virtue and into their cold spirit does this creature follow them, with its discord.

And how nicely can doggish lust beg for a piece of spirit, when a piece of flesh is denied it!

You love tragedies and all that breaks the heart? But I am distrustful of your doggish lust.

You have too cruel eyes, and you look wantonly towards the sufferers. Has not your lust just disguised itself and taken the name of fellow-suffering?

And also this parable give I to you: Not a few who meant to cast out their devil, went thereby into the swine themselves.

To whom chastity is difficult, it is to be dissuaded: lest it become the road to hell - to filth and lust of soul.

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

Not when the truth is filthy, but when it is shallow, does the discerning one go unwillingly into its waters.

Truly, there are chaste ones from their very nature; they are gentler of heart, and laugh better and more often than you.

They laugh also at chastity, and ask: "What is chastity?

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

We offered that guest harbor and heart: now it dwells with us - let it stay as long as it will!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (14) THE FRIEND

"One is always too many about me" - thinks the anchorite. "Always once one - that makes two in the long run!"

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

The friend of the hermit is always the third one: the third one is the cork which prevents the conversation of the two sinking into the depth.

Ah! there are too many depths for all hermits. Therefore, do they long so much for a friend and for his elevation.

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

And often with our love we want merely to overleap envy. And often we attack and make ourselves enemies, to conceal that we are vulnerable.

"Be at least my enemy!" - thus speaks the true reverence, which does not venture to solicit friendship.

If one would have a friend, then must one also be willing to wage war for him: and in order to wage war, one must be capable of being an enemy.

One ought still to honor the enemy in one's friend. can you go nigh to your friend, and not go over to him?

In one's friend one shall have one's best enemy. you shall be closest to him with your heart when you withstand him.

You would wear no raiment before your friend? It is in honor of your friend that you show yourself to him as you art? But he wishes you to the devil on that account!

He who makes no secret of himself shocks: so much reason have you to fear nakedness! Indeed, if you were gods, you could then be ashamed of clothing!

You can not adorn yourself fine enough for your friend; for you shall be to him an arrow and a longing for the overman.

Saw you ever your friend asleep - to know how he looks? What is usually the countenance of your friend? It is your own countenance, in a coarse and imperfect mirror.

Saw you ever your friend asleep? Were you not dismayed at your friend looking so? O my friend, man is something that has to be

surpassed.

In divining and keeping silence shall the friend be a master: not everything must you wish to see. your dream shall disclose to you what your friend does when awake.

Let your pity be a divining: to know first if your friend wants pity. Perhaps he loves in you the unmoved eye, and the look of eternity.

Let your pity for your friend be hid under a hard shell; you shall bite out a tooth upon it. Thus will it have delicacy and sweetness.

Are you pure air and solitude and bread and medicine to your friend? Many a one cannot loosen his own fetters, but is nevertheless his friend's emancipator.

Are you a slave? Then you can not be a friend. are you a tyrant? Then you can not have friends.

Far too long has there been a slave and a tyrant concealed in woman. On that account woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knows only love.

In woman's love there is injustice and blindness to all she does not love. And even in woman's conscious love, there is still always surprise and lightning and night, along with the light.

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

As yet woman is not capable of friendship. But tell me, you men, who of you is capable of friendship?

Oh! your poverty, you men, and your sordidness of soul! As much as you give to your friend, will I give even to my foe, and will not have become poorer thereby.

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (15) THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

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

No people could live without first valuing; if a people will maintain itself, however, it must not value as its neighbor values.

Much that passed for good with one people was regarded with scorn and contempt by another: thus I found it. Much found I here called bad, which was there decked with purple honors.

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

A table of excellencies hangs over every people. Behold. it is the table of their triumphs; Behold. it is the voice of their Will to Power.

It is laudable, what they think hard; what is indispensable and hard they call good; and what relieves in the direst distress, the unique and hardest of all, - they extol as holy.

Whatever makes them rule and conquer and shine, to the dismay and envy of their neighbor, they regard as the high and foremost thing, the test and the meaning of all else.

Truly, my brother, if you knew but a people's need, its land, its sky, and its neighbor, then would you divine the law of its surmountings, and why it climbs up that ladder to its hope.

"Always shall you be the foremost and prominent above others: no one shall your jealous soul love, except a friend" - that made the soul of a Greek thrill: thereby went he his way to greatness.

"To speak truth, and be skillful with bow and arrow" - so seemed it alike pleasing and hard to the people from whom comes my name - the name which is alike pleasing and hard to me.

"To honor father and mother, and from the root of the soul to do their will" - this table of surmounting hung another people over them, and became powerful and permanent thereby.

"To have fidelity, and for the sake of fidelity to risk honor and blood, even in evil and dangerous courses" - teaching itself so, another people mastered itself, and thus mastering itself, became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

Truly, men have given to themselves all their good and bad. Truly, they took it not, they found it not, it came not to them as a voice from heaven.

Values did man only assign to things in order to maintain himself - he created only the significance of things, a human significance! Therefore, calls he himself "man," that is, the valuator.

Valuing is creating: hear it, you creating ones! Valuation itself is the treasure and jewel of the valued things.

Through valuation only is there value; and without valuation the nut of existence would be hollow. Hear it, you creating ones!

Change of values - that is, change of the creating ones. Always does he

destroy who has to be a creator.

Creating ones were first of all peoples, and only in late times individuals; truly, the individual himself is still the latest creation.

Peoples once hung over them tables of the good. Love which would rule and love which would obey, created for themselves such tables.

Older is the pleasure in the herd than the pleasure in the ego: and as long as the good conscience is for the herd, the bad conscience only says: ego.

Truly, the crafty ego, the loveless one, that seeks its advantage in the advantage of many - it is not the origin of the herd, but its ruin.

Loving ones, was it always, and creating ones, that created good and bad. Fire of love glows in the names of all the virtues, and fire of wrath.

Many lands saw Zarathustra, and many peoples: no greater power did Zarathustra find on earth than the creations of the loving ones - "good" and "bad" are they called.

Truly, a prodigy is this power of praising and blaming. Tell me, you brothers, who will master it for me? Who will put a fetter upon the thousand necks of this animal?

A thousand goals have there been thus far, for a thousand peoples have there been. Only the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking; there is lacking the one goal. As yet humanity has not a goal.

But pray tell me, my brothers, if the goal of humanity be still lacking, is there not also still lacking - humanity itself? -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (16) NEIGHBOR-LOVE

You crowd around your neighbor, and have fine words for it. But I say to you: your neighbor-love is your bad love of yourselves.

You flee to your neighbor from yourselves, and would rather make a virtue thereof: but I fathom your "unselfishness."

The you is older than the I; the you has been consecrated, but not yet the I: so man presses nigh to his neighbor.

Do I advise you to neighbor-love? Rather do I advise you to neighbor-flight and to furthest love!

Higher than love to your neighbor is love to the furthest and future

ones; higher still than love to men, is love to things and phantoms.

The phantom that runs on before you, my brother, is fairer than you; why do you not give to it your flesh and your bones? But you fear, and run to your neighbor.

You cannot endure it with yourselves, and do not love yourselves sufficiently: so you seek to mislead your neighbor into love, and would rather gild yourselves with his error.

Would that you could not endure it with any kind of near ones, or their neighbor; then would you have to create your friend and his overflowing heart out of yourselves.

You call in a witness when you want to speak well of yourselves; and when you have misled him to think well of you, you also think well of yourselves.

Not only does he lie, who speaks contrary to his knowledge, but more so, he who speaks contrary to his ignorance. And thus speak you of yourselves in your intercourse, and belie your neighbor with yourselves.

Thus says the fool: "Association with men spoils the character, especially when one has none."

The one goes to his neighbor because he seeks himself, and the other because he would rather lose himself. Your bad love to yourselves makes solitude a prison to you.

The furthest ones are they who pay for your love to the near ones; and when there are but five of you together, a sixth must always die.

I love not your festivals either: too many actors found I there, and even the spectators often behaved like actors.

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

I teach you the friend and his overflowing heart. But one must know how to be a sponge, if one would be loved by over-flowing hearts.

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

And as the world unrolled itself for him, so rolls it together again for him in rings, as the growth of good through evil, as the growth of purpose out of chance.

Let the future and the furthest be the motive of your today; in your friend shall you love the overman as your motive.

My brothers, I advise you not to neighbor-love - I advise you to furthest love! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (17) THE WAY OF THE CREATING ONE

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

"He who seeks may easily get lost himself. All isolation is wrong": so say the herd. And long did you belong to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still echo in you. And when you say, "I have no longer a conscience in common with you," then will it be a plaint and a pain.

Behold, that pain itself did the same conscience produce; and the last gleam of that conscience still glows on your affliction.

But you would go the way of your affliction, which is the way to yourself? Then show me your authority and your strength to do so!

Are you a new strength and a new authority? A first motion? A self-rolling wheel? can you also compel stars to revolve around you?

Alas. there is so much lusting for loftiness! There are so many convulsions of the ambitions! Show me that you are not a lusting and ambitious one!

Alas. there are so many great thoughts that do nothing more than the bellows: they inflate, and make emptier than ever.

Free, do you call yourself? your ruling thought would I hear of, and not that you have escaped from a yoke.

Are you one entitled to escape from a yoke? Many a one has cast away his final worth when he has cast away his servitude.

Free from what? What does that matter to Zarathustra! Clearly, however, shall your eye show to me: free for what?

can you give to yourself your bad and your good, and set up your will as a law over you? can you be judge for yourself, and avenger of your law?

Terrible is aloneness with the judge and avenger of one's own law. Thus is a star projected into desert space, and into the icy breath of aloneness.

To-day suffer you still from the multitude, you individual; to-day have you still your courage unabated, and your hopes.

But one day will the solitude weary you; one day will your pride yield, and your courage quail. you will one day cry: "I am alone!"

One day will you see no longer your loftiness, and see too closely your lowliness; your sublimity itself will frighten you as a phantom. you will one day cry: "All is false!"

There are feelings which seek to slay the lonesome one; if they do not succeed, then must they themselves die! But are you capable of it - to be a murderer?

have you ever known, my brother, the word "disdain"? And the anguish of your justice in being just to those that disdain you?

You force many to think differently about you; that, charge they heavily to your account. you came nigh to them, and yet went past: for that they never forgive you.

You go beyond them: but the higher you rise, the smaller does the eye of envy see you. Most of all, however, is the flying one hated.

"How could you be just to me!" - must you say - "I choose your injustice as my allotted portion.

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

And be on your guard against the good and just! They would rather crucify those who devise their own virtue - they hate the lonesome ones.

Be on your guard, also, against holy simplicity! All is unholy to it that is not simple; rather, likewise, would it play with the fire - of the fagot and stake.

And be on your guard, also, against the assaults of your love! Too readily does the recluse reach his hand to anyone who meets him.

To many a one may you not give your hand, but only your paw; and I wish your paw also to have claws.

But the worst enemy you can meet, will you yourself always be; you waylay yourself in caverns and forests.

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

A heretic will you be to yourself, and a wizard and a soothsayer, and a fool, and a doubter, and a reprobate, and a villain.

Ready must you be to burn yourself in your own flame; how could you become new if you have not first become ashes!

You lonesome one, you go the way of the creating one: a God will you create for yourself out of your seven devils!

You lonesome one, you go the way of the loving one: you love yourself, and on that account despise you yourself, as only the loving ones despise.

To create, desires the loving one, because he despises! What knows he

of love who has not been obliged to despise just what he loved!

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

With my tears, go into your isolation, my brother. I love him who seeks to create beyond himself, and thus succumbs. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (18) OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN

Why steal you along so furtively in the twilight, Zarathustra? And what hide you so carefully under your mantle?

Is it a treasure that has been given you? Or a child that has been born you? Or go you yourself on a thief's errand, you friend of the evil?-

Truly, my brother, said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that has been given me: it is a little truth which I carry.

But it is naughty, like a young child; and if I hold not its mouth, it screams too loudly.

As I went on my way alone today, at the hour when the sun declines, there met me an old woman, and she spoke thus to my soul:

"Much has Zarathustra spoken also to us women, but never spoke he to us concerning woman."

And I answered her: "Concerning woman, one should only talk to men."

"Talk also to me of woman," said she; "I am old enough to forget it presently."

And I obliged the old woman and spoke thus to her:

Everything in woman is a riddle, and everything in woman has one solution - it is called pregnancy.

Man is for woman a means: the purpose is always the child. But what is woman for man?

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

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

Too sweet fruits - these the warrior likes not. Therefore likes he woman; - bitter is even the sweetest woman.

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

childish than woman.

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

A plaything let woman be, pure and fine like the precious stone, illumined with the virtues of a world not yet come.

Let the beam of a star shine in your love! Let your hope say: "May I bear the overman!"

In your love let there be valour! With your love shall you assail him who inspires you with fear!

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

Let man fear woman when she loves: then makes she every sacrifice, and everything else she regards as worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hats: for man in his innermost soul is merely evil; woman, however, is mean.

Whom hats woman most? - Thus spoke the iron to the loadstone: "I hate you most, because you attract, but are too weak to draw to you."

The happiness of man is, "I will." The happiness of woman is, "He will."

"Behold. "Behold. now has the world become perfect!" - thus thinks every woman when she obeys with all her love.

Obey, must the woman, and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman's soul, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water.

Man's soul, however, is deep, its current gushes in subterranean caverns: woman surmises its force, but comprehends it not.-

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

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

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

Swaddle it up and hold its mouth: otherwise it will scream too loudly, the little truth."

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

"you go to women? Do not forget your whip!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (19) THE BITE OF THE ADDER

One day had Zarathustra fallen asleep under a fig-tree, owing to the heat, with his arm over his face. And there came an adder and bit him in the neck, so that Zarathustra screamed with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face he looked at the serpent; and then did it recognize the eyes of Zarathustra, wriggled awkwardly, and tried to get away. "Not at all," said Zarathustra, "as yet have you not received my thanks! you have awakened me in time; my journey is yet long." "your journey is short," said the adder sadly; "my poison is fatal." Zarathustra smiled. "When did ever a dragon die of a serpent's poison?" - said he. "But take your poison back! you are not rich enough to present it to me." Then fell the adder again on his neck, and licked his wound.

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

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

When, however, you have an enemy, then return him not good for evil: for that would abash him. But prove that he has done something good to you.

And rather be angry than abash any one! And when you are cursed, it pleases me not that you should then desire to bless. Rather curse a little also!

And should a great injustice befall you, then do quickly five small ones besides. Hideous to behold is he on whom injustice presses alone.

Did you ever know this? Shared injustice is half justice. And he who can bear it, shall take the injustice upon himself!

A small revenge is more human than no revenge at all. And if the punishment be not also a right and an honor to the transgressor, I do not like your punishing.

Nobler is it to own oneself in the wrong than to establish one's right, especially if one be in the right. Only, one must be rich enough to do so.

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

Tell me: where find we justice, which is love with seeing eyes?

Devise me, then, the love which not only bears all punishment, but also all guilt!

Devise me, then, the justice which acquits everyone except the judge!

And would you hear this likewise? To him who seeks to be just from the heart, even the lie becomes philanthropy.

But how could I be just from the heart! How can I give everyone his own! Let this be enough for me: I give to everyone my own.

Finally, my brothers, guard against doing wrong to any anchorite. How could an hermit forget! How could he requite!

Like a deep well is an anchorite. Easy is it to throw in a stone: if it should sink to the bottom, however, tell me, who will bring it out again?

Guard against injuring the anchorite! If you have done so, however, well then, kill him also! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (20) CHILD AND MARRIAGE

I have a question for you alone, my brother: like a sounding-lead, cast I this question into your soul, that I may know its depth.

You are young, and desire child and marriage. But I ask you: are you a man entitled to desire a child?

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

Or does the animal speak in your wish, and necessity? Or isolation? Or discord in you?

I would have your victory and freedom long for a child. Living monuments shall you build to your victory and emancipation.

Beyond yourself shall you build. But first of all must you be built yourself, rectangular in body and soul.

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

A higher body shall you create, a first movement, a spontaneously rolling wheel - a creating one shall you create.

Marriage: so call I the will of the twain to create the one that is more than those who created it. The reverence for one another, as those exercising such a will, call I marriage.

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

Ah, the poverty of soul in the twain! Ah, the filth of soul in the twain! Ah, the pitiable self-complacency in the twain!

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

Well, I do not like it, that heaven of the superfluous! No, I do not like them, those animals tangled in the heavenly toils!

Far from me also be the God who limps there to bless what he has not matched!

Laugh not at such marriages! What child has not had reason to weep over its parents?

Worthy did this man seem, and ripe for the meaning of the earth: but when I saw his wife, the earth seemed to me a home for madcaps.

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

This one went forth in quest of truth as a hero, and at last got for himself a small decked-up lie: his marriage he calls it.

That one was reserved in intercourse and chose choicely. But one time he spoilt his company for all time: his marriage he calls it.

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

Careful, have I found all buyers, and all of them have astute eyes. But even the most astute of them buys his wife in a sack.

Many short follies - that is called love by you. And your marriage putts an end to many short follies, with one long stupidity.

Your love to woman, and woman's love to man - ah, would that it were sympathy for suffering and veiled deities! But generally two animals alight on one another.

But even your best love is only an enraptured simile and a painful ardour. It is a torch to light you to loftier paths.

Beyond yourselves shall you love some day! Then learn first of all to love. And on that account you had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

Bitterness is in the cup even of the best love; thus does it cause longing for the overman; thus does it cause thirst in you, the creating one!

Thirst in the creating one, arrow and longing for the overman: tell me, my brother, is this your will to marriage?

Holy call I such a will, and such a marriage. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (21) VOLUNTARY DEATH

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

Die at the right time: so teaches Zarathustra.

To be sure, he who never lives at the right time, how could he ever die at the right time? Would that he might never be born! - Thus do I advise the superfluous ones.

But even the superfluous ones make much ado about their death, and even the hollowest nut wants to be cracked.

Every one regards dying as a great matter: but as yet death is not a festival. Not yet have people learned to inaugurate the finest festivals.

The consummating death I show to you, which becomes a stimulus and promise to the living.

His death, dies the consummating one triumphantly, surrounded by hoping and promising ones.

Thus should one learn to die; and there should be no festival at which such a dying one does not consecrate the oaths of the living!

Thus to die is best; the next best, however, is to die in battle, and sacrifice a great soul.

But to the fighter equally hateful as to the victor, is your grinning death which steals nigh like a thief, - and yet comes as master.

My death, praise I to you, the voluntary death, which comes to me because I want it.

And when shall I want it? - He that has a goal and an heir, wants death at the right time for the goal and the heir.

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

Truly, not the rope-makers will I resemble: they lengthen out their cord, and thereby go ever backward.

Many a one, also, waxes too old for his truths and triumphs; a toothless mouth has no longer the right to every truth.

And whoever wants to have fame, must take leave of honor betimes, and practise the difficult art of - going at the right time.

One must discontinue being feasted upon when one tastes best: that is known by those who want to be long loved.

Sour apples are there, no doubt, whose lot is to wait until the last day of autumn: and at the same time they become ripe, yellow, and

shrivelled.

In some ages the heart first, and in others the spirit. And some are hoary in youth, but the late young keep long young.

To many men life is a failure; a poison-worm gnaws at their heart. Then let them see to it that their dying is all the more a success.

Many never become sweet; they rot even in the summer. It is cowardice that holds them fast to their branches.

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

Would that there came preachers of speedy death! Those would be the appropriate storms and agitators of the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached, and patience with all that is "earthly."

Ah! you preach patience with what is earthly? This earthly is it that has too much patience with you, you blasphemers!

Truly, too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death honor: and to many has it proved a calamity that he died too early.

As yet had he known only tears, and the melancholy of the Hebrews, together with the hatred of the good and just - the Hebrew Jesus: then was he seized with the longing for death.

Had he but remained in the wilderness, and far from the good and just! Then, perhaps, would he have learned to live, and love the earth - and laughter also!

Believe it, my brothers! He died too early; he himself would have disavowed his doctrine had he attained to my age! Noble enough was he to disavow!

But he was still immature. Immaturely loves the youth, and immaturely also hats he man and earth. Confined and awkward are still his soul and the wings of his spirit.

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

Free for death, and free in death; a holy Naysayer, when there is no longer time for Yes: thus understands he about death and life.

That your dying may not be a reproach to man and the earth, my friends: that do I solicit from the honey of your soul.

In your dying shall your spirit and your virtue still shine like an evening after-glow around the earth: otherwise your dying has been unsatisfactory.

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

Truly, a goal had Zarathustra; he threw his ball. Now be you friends the heirs of my goal; to you throw I the golden ball.

Best of all, do I see you, my friends, throw the golden ball! And so tarry I still a little while on the earth - pardon me for it!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 1, (22) THE BESTOWING VIRTUE

1.

When Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached, the name of which is "The Pied Cow," there followed him many people who called themselves his disciples, and kept him company. Thus came they to a crossroads. Then Zarathustra told them that he now wanted to go alone; for he was fond of going alone. His disciples, however, presented him at his departure with a staff, on the golden handle of which a serpent twined round the sun. Zarathustra rejoiced on account of the staff, and supported himself thereon; then spoke he thus to his disciples:

Tell me, pray: how came gold to the highest value? Because it is uncommon, and unprofiting, and beaming, and soft in lustre; it always bestows itself.

Only as image of the highest virtue came gold to the highest value. Goldlike, beams the glance of the bestower. Gold-lustre makes peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue, and unprofiting, beaming is it, and soft of lustre: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

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

It is your thirst to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves: and therefore have you the thirst to accumulate all riches in your soul.

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

You constrain all things to flow towards you and into you, so that they shall flow back again out of your fountain as the gifts of your love.

Truly, an appropriator of all values must such bestowing. love become; but healthy and holy, call I this selfishness.-

Another selfishness is there, an all-too-poor and hungry kind, which

would always steal - the selfishness of the sick, the sickly selfishness.

With the eye of the thief it looks upon all that is lustrous; with the craving of hunger it measures him who has abundance; and ever does it prowl round the tables of bestowers.

Sickness speaks in such craving, and invisible degeneration; of a sickly body, speaks the larcenous craving of this selfishness.

Tell me, my brother, what do we think bad, and worst of all? Is it not degeneration? - And we always suspect degeneration when the bestowing soul is lacking.

Upward goes our course from genera on to super-genera. But a horror to us is the degenerating sense, which says: "All for myself."

Upward soars our sense: thus is it a simile of our body, a simile of an elevation. Such similes of elevations are the names of the virtues.

Thus goes the body through history, a becomer and fighter. And the spirit - what is it to the body? Its fights' and victories' herald, its companion and echo.

Similes, are all names of good and evil; they do not speak out, they only hint. A fool who seeks knowledge from them!

Give heed, my brothers, to every hour when your spirit would speak in similes: there is the origin of your virtue.

Elevated is then your body, and raised up; with its delight, enraptures it the spirit; so that it becomes creator, and valuer, and lover, and everything's benefactor.

When your heart overflows broad and full like the river, a blessing and a danger to the lowlanders: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are exalted above praise and blame, and your will would command all things, as a loving one's will: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you despise pleasant things, and the effeminate couch, and cannot couch far enough from the effeminate: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are willers of one will, and when that change of every need is needful to you: there is the origin of your virtue.

Truly, a new good and evil is it! Truly, a new deep murmuring, and the voice of a new fountain!

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

2.

Here paused Zarathustra awhile, and looked lovingly on his disciples. Then he continued to speak thus - and his voice had changed:

Remain true to the earth, my brothers, with the power of your virtue! Let your bestowing love and your knowledge be devoted to be the meaning of the earth! Thus do I pray and appeal to you.

Let it not fly away from the earthly and beat against eternal walls with its wings! Ah, there has always been so much flown-away virtue!

Lead, like me, the flown-away virtue back to the earth - yes, back to body and life: that it may give to the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundred times thus far has spirit as well as virtue flown away and blundered. Alas. in our body dwells still all this delusion and blundering: body and will has it there become.

A hundred times thus far has spirit as well as virtue attempted and erred. Yes, an attempt has man been. Alas, much ignorance and error has become embodied in us!

Not only the rationality of millennia - also their madness, breaks out in us. Dangerous is it to be an heir.

Still fight we step by step with the giant Chance, and over all mankind has thus far ruled nonsense, the lack-of-sense.

Let your spirit and your virtue be devoted to the sense of the earth, my brothers: let the value of everything be determined anew by you! Therefore shall you be fighters! Therefore shall you be creators!

Intelligently does the body purify itself; attempting with intelligence it exalts itself; to the discerners all impulses sanctify themselves; to the exalted the soul becomes joyful.

Physician, heal yourself: then will you also heal your patient. Let it be his best cure to see with his eyes him who makes himself whole.

A thousand paths are there which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered is still man and man's world.

Awake and listen, you lonesome ones! From the future come winds with stealthy pinions, and to fine ears good tidings are proclaimed.

You lonesome ones of today, you seceding ones, you shall one day be a people: out of you who have chosen yourselves, shall a chosen people arise: - and out of it the overman.

Truly, a place of healing shall the earth become! And already is a new odor diffused around it, a salvation-bringing odor - and a new hope!

3.

When Zarathustra had spoken these words, he paused, like one who had not said his last word; and long did he balance the staff doubtfully in his hand. At last he spoke thus - and his voice had changed:

I now go alone, my disciples! you also now go away, and alone! So will I have it.

Truly, I advise you: depart from me, and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he has deceived you.

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

One pays back a teacher badly if one remain merely a scholar. And why will you not pluck at my wreath?

You venerate me; but what if your veneration should some day collapse? Take heed lest a statue crush you!

You say, you believe in Zarathustra? But of what account is Zarathustra! you are my believers: but of what account are all believers!

You had not yet sought yourselves: then did you find me. So do all believers; therefore all belief is of so little account.

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

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

And once again shall you have become friends to me, and children of one hope: then will I be with you for the third time, to celebrate the great noontide with you.

And it is the great noontide, when man is in the midd2\le of his course between animal and overman, and celebrates his advance to the evening as his highest hope: for it is the advance to a new morning.

At such time will the down-goer bless himself, that he should be an over-goer; and the sun of his knowledge will be at noontide.

"Dead are all the Gods: now do we desire the overman to live." - Let this be our final will at the great noontide! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Second Part

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

SECOND PART

1. The Child With The Mirror
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Part 2, (1) THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR

AFTER this Zarathustra returned again into the mountains to the solitude of his cave, and withdrew himself from men, waiting like a sower who has scattered his seed. His soul, however, became impatient and full of longing for those whom he loved: because he had still much to give them. For this is hardest of all: to close the open hand out of love, and keep modest as a giver.

Thus passed with the lonesome one months and years; his wisdom meanwhile increased, and caused him pain by its abundance.

One morning, however, he awoke ere the rosy dawn, and having meditated long on his couch, at last spoke thus to his heart:

Why did I startle in my dream, so that I awoke? Did not a child come to me, carrying a mirror?

"O Zarathustra" - said the child to me - "look at yourself in the mirror!"

But when I looked into the mirror, I shrieked, and my heart throbbed: for not myself did I see therein, but a devil's grimace and derision.

Truly, all too well do I understand the dream's portent and monition: my doctrine is in danger; tares want to be called wheat!

My enemies have grown powerful and have disfigured the likeness of my doctrine, so that my dearest ones have to blush for the gifts that I gave them.

Lost are my friends; the hour has come for me to seek my lost ones!-

With these words Zarathustra started up, not however like a person in anguish seeking relief, but rather like a seer and a singer whom the spirit inspires. With amazement did his eagle and serpent gaze upon him: for a coming bliss overspread his countenance like the rosy dawn.

What has happened to me, my animals? - said Zarathustra. Am I not transformed? has 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: all sufferers shall be physicians to me!

To my friends can I again go down, and also to my enemies! Zarathustra can again speak and bestow, and show his best love to his loved ones!

My impatient love overflows in streams, - down towards sunrise and sunset. Out of silent mountains and storms of affliction, rushes my soul into the valleys.

Too long have I longed and looked into the distance. Too long has solitude possessed me: thus have I unlearned to keep silence.

Utterance have I become altogether, and the brawling of a brook from high rocks: downward into the valleys will I hurl my speech.

And let the stream of my love sweep into unfrequented channels! How should a stream not finally find its way to the sea!

Indeed, there is a lake in me, sequestered and self-sufficing; but the stream of my love bears this along with it, down - to the sea!

New paths do I tread, a new speech comes to me; tired have I become - 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 your chariot, O storm, do I

leap! And even you will I whip with my spite!

Like a cry and an huzza will I traverse wide seas, till I find the Happy Isles where my friends sojourn;-

And my enemies among them! How I now love everyone to whom I may but speak! Even my enemies pertain to my bliss.

And when I want to mount my wildest horse, then does my spear always help me up best: it is my foot's ever ready servant:-

The spear which I hurl at my enemies! How grateful am I to my enemies that I may at last hurl it!

Too great has been the tension of my cloud: between laughters of lightnings will I cast hail-showers into the depths.

Violently will my breast then heave; violently will it blow its storm over the mountains: thus comes its assuagement.

Truly, like a storm comes my happiness, and my freedom! But my enemies shall think that the evil one roars over their heads.

Yes, you also, my friends, will be alarmed by my wild wisdom; and perhaps you will flee from it, along with my enemies.

Ah, that I knew how to lure you back with shepherds' flutes! Ah, that my lioness wisdom would learn to roar softly! And much have we already learned with one another!

My wild wisdom became pregnant on the lonesome mountains; on the rough stones did she bear the youngest of her young.

Now runs she foolishly in the arid wilderness, and seeks and seeks the soft sward - my old, wild wisdom!

On the soft sward of your hearts, my friends! - on your love, would she rather couch her dearest one! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (2) IN THE HAPPY ISLES

THE figs fall from the trees, they are good and sweet; and in falling the red skins of them break. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, do these doctrines fall for you, my friends: imbibe now their juice and their sweet substance! It is autumn all around, and clear sky, and afternoon.

Behold, what fullness is around us! And out of the midst of superabundance, it is delightful to look out upon distant seas.

Once did people say God, when they looked out upon distant seas; now, however, have I taught you to say, overman.

God is a conjecture: but I do not wish your conjecturing to reach beyond your creating will.

Could you create a God? - Then, I pray you, be silent about all gods! But you could well create the overman.

Not perhaps you yourselves, my brothers! But into fathers and forefathers of the overman could you transform yourselves: and let that be your best creating!-

God is a conjecture: but I should like your conjecturing restricted to the conceivable.

Could you conceive a God? - But let this mean Will to Truth to you, that everything be transformed into the humanly conceivable, the humanly visible, the humanly sensible! Your own discernment shall you follow out to the end!

And what you have called the world shall but be created by you: your reason, your likeness, your will, your love, shall it itself become! And truly, for your bliss, you discerning ones!

And how would you endure life without that hope, you discerning ones? Neither in the inconceivable could you have been born, nor in the irrational.

But that I may reveal my heart entirely to you, my friends: if there were gods, how could I endure it to be no God! Therefore there are no gods.

Yes, I have drawn the conclusion; now, however, does it draw me.-

God is a conjecture: but who could drink all the bitterness of this conjecture without dying? Shall his faith be taken from the creating one, and from the eagle his flights into eagle-heights?

God is a thought - it makes all the straight crooked, and all that stands reel. What? Time would be gone, and all the perishable would be but a lie?

To think this is giddiness and vertigo to human limbs, and even vomiting to the stomach: truly, the reeling sickness do I call it, to conjecture such a thing.

Evil do I call it and misanthropic: all that teaching about the one, and the plenum, and the unmoved, and the sufficient, and the imperishable!

All the imperishable - that's but a simile, and the poets lie too much.-

But of time and of becoming shall the best similes speak: a praise shall they be, and a justification of all perishableness!

Creating - that is the great salvation from suffering, and life's alleviation. But for the creator to appear, 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 perishableness.

For the creator himself to be the new-born child, he must also be willing to be the child-bearer, and endure the pangs of the child-bearer.

Truly, through a hundred souls went I my way, and through a hundred cradles and birth-throes. Many a farewell have I taken; I know the heart-breaking last hours.

But so wills it my creating Will, my fate. Or, to tell you it more candidly: just such a fate - wills my Will.

All feeling suffers in me, and is in prison: but my willing ever comes to me as my emancipator and comforter.

Willing emancipates: that is the true doctrine of will and emancipation - so teaches you Zarathustra.

No longer willing, and no longer valuing, and no longer creating! Ah, that that great debility may ever be far from me!

And also in discerning do I feel only my will's procreating and evolving delight; and if there be innocence in my knowledge, it is because there is will to procreation in it.

Away from God and gods did this will allure me; what would there be to create if there were - gods!

But to man does it ever impel me anew, my fervent creative will; thus impels it the hammer to the stone.

Ah, you men, within the stone slumbers an image for me, the image of my visions! Ah, that it should slumber in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now rags my hammer ruthlessly against its prison. From the stone fly the fragments: what's that to me?

I will complete 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! Of what account now are - the gods to me! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (3) THE PITIFUL

MY FRIENDS, there has arisen a satire on your friend: "Behold Zarathustra! Walks he not among us as if among animals?"

But it is better said in this wise: "The discerning one walks among men as among animals."

Man himself is to the discerning one: the animal with red cheeks.

How has that happened to him? Is it not because he has had to be ashamed too oft?

O my friends! Thus speaks the discerning one: shame, shame, shame - that is the history of man!

And on that account does the noble one enjoin on himself not to abash: bashfulness does he enjoin himself in presence of all sufferers.

Truly, I like them not, the merciful ones, whose bliss is in their pity: too destitute are they of bashfulness.

If I must be pitiful, I dislike to be called so; and if I be so, it is preferably at a distance.

Preferably also do I shroud my head, and flee, before being recognized: and thus do I bid you do, my friends!

May my destiny ever lead unafflicted ones like you across my path, and those with whom I may have hope and repast and honey in common!

Truly, I have done this and that for the afflicted: but something better did I always seem to do when I had learned to enjoy myself better.

Since humanity came into being, man has enjoyed himself too little: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And when we learn better to enjoy ourselves, then do we unlearn best to give pain to others, and to contrive pain.

Therefore do I wash the hand that has helped the sufferer; therefore do I wipe also my soul.

For in seeing the sufferer suffering - thereof was I ashamed on account of his shame; and in helping him, sorely did I wound his pride.

Great obligations do not make grateful, but revengeful; and when a small kindness is not forgotten, it becomes a gnawing worm.

"Be shy in accepting! Distinguish by accepting!" - thus do I advise those who have naught to bestow.

I, however, am a bestower: willingly do I bestow as friend to friends. Strangers, however, and the poor, may pluck for themselves the fruit from my tree: thus does it cause less shame.

Beggars, however, one should entirely do away with! Truly, it annoys one to give to them, and it annoys one not to give to them.

And likewise sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the sting of conscience teaches one to sting.

The worst things, however, are the petty thoughts. Truly, better to have

done evilly than to have thought pettily!

To be sure, you say: "The delight in petty evils spars one many a great evil deed." But here one should not wish to be sparing.

Like a boil is the evil deed: it itches and irritates and breaks forth - it speaks honorably.

"Behold, I am disease," says the evil deed: that is its honorableness.

But like infection is the petty thought: it creeps and hides, and wants to be nowhere - until the whole body is decayed and withered by the petty infection.

To him however, who is possessed of a devil, I would whisper this word in the ear: "Better for you to rear up your devil! Even for you there is still a path to greatness!"-

Ah, my brothers! One knows a little too much about every one! And many a one becomes transparent to us, but still we can by no means penetrate him.

It is difficult to live among men because silence is so difficult.

And not to him who is offensive to us are we most unfair, but to him who does not concern us at all.

If, however, you have a suffering friend, then be a resting-place for his suffering; like a hard bed, however, a camp-bed: thus will you serve him best.

And if a friend does you wrong, then say: "I forgive you what you have done to me; that you have done it to yourself, however - how could I forgive that!"

Thus speaks all great love: it surpasses even forgiveness and pity.

One should hold fast one's heart; for when one lets it go, how quickly does one's head run away!

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than with the pitiful? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe to all loving ones who have not an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me, once on a time: "Even God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately, did I hear him say these words: "God is dead: of his pity for man has God died."-

So be you warned against pity: from thence there yet comes to men a heavy cloud! Truly, I understand weather-signs!

But attend also to this word: All great love is above all its pity: for it seeks - to create what is loved!

"Myself do I offer to my love, and my neighbor as myself" - such is the language of all creators.

All creators, however, are hard. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (4) THE PRIESTS

AND one day Zarathustra made a sign to his disciples and spoke these words to them:

"Here are priests: but although they are my enemies, pass them quietly and with sleeping swords!

Even among them there are heroes; many of them have suffered too much: - so they want to make others suffer.

Bad enemies are they: nothing is more revengeful than their meekness. And readily does he soil himself who touches them.

But my blood is related to theirs; and I want withal to see my blood honored in theirs."-

And when they had passed, a pain attacked Zarathustra; but not long had he struggled with the pain, when he began to speak thus:

It moves my heart for those priests. They also go against my taste; but that is the smallest matter to me, since I am among men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: prisoners are they to me, and stigmatized ones. He whom they call Saviour put them in fetters:-

In fetters of false values and fatuous words! Oh, that someone would save them from their Saviour!

On an isle they once thought they had landed, when the sea tossed them about; but behold, it was a slumbering monster!

False values and fatuous words: these are the worst monsters for mortals - long slumbers and waits the fate that is in them.

But at last it comes and awakes and devours and engulfs whatever has built tabernacles upon it.

Oh, just look at those tabernacles which those priests have built themselves! Churches, they call their sweet-smelling caves!

Oh, that falsified light, that mustified air! Where the soul - may not fly aloft to its height!

But so enjoins their belief: "On your knees, up the stair, you sinners!"

Truly, rather would I see a shameless one than the distorted eyes of

their shame and devotion!

Who created for themselves such caves and penitence-stairs? Was it not those who sought to conceal themselves, and were ashamed under the clear sky?

And only when the clear sky looks again through ruined roofs, and down upon grass and red poppies on ruined walls - will I again turn my heart to the seats of this God.

They called God that which opposed and afflicted them: and truly, there was much hero-spirit in their worship!

And they knew not how to love their God otherwise than by nailing men to the cross!

As corpses they thought to live; in black draped they their corpses; even in their talk do I still feel the evil favor of charnel-houses.

And he who lives close to them lives close to black pools, wherein the toad sings his song with sweet gravity.

Better songs would they have to sing, for me to believe in their Saviour: more! like saved ones would his disciples have to appear to me!

Naked, would I like to see them: for beauty alone should preach penitence. But whom would that disguised affliction convince!

Truly, their saviors themselves came not from freedom and freedom's seventh heaven! Truly, they themselves never trod the carpets of knowledge!

Of defects did the spirit of those saviors consist; but into every defect had they put their illusion, their stop-gap, which they called God.

In their pity was their spirit drowned; and when they swelled and overswelled with pity, there always floated to the surface a great folly.

Eagerly and with shouts drove they their flock over their foot-bridge; as if there were but one foot-bridge to the future! Truly, those shepherds also were still of the flock!

Small spirits and spacious souls had those shepherds: but, my brothers, what small domains have even the most spacious souls thus far been!

Characters of blood did they write on the way they went, and their folly taught that truth is proved by blood.

But blood is the very worst witness to truth; blood taints the purest teaching, and turns it into delusion and hatred of heart.

And when a person goes through fire for his teaching - what does that prove! It is more, truly, when out of one's own burning comes one's own teaching!

Sultry heart and cold head; where these meet, there arises the blusterer, the "Saviour."

Greater ones, truly, have there been, and higher-born ones, than those whom the people call saviors, those rapturous blusterers!

And by still greater ones than any of the saviors must you be saved, my brothers, if you would find the way to freedom!

Never yet has there been a overman. Naked have I seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man:-

All-too-similar are they still to each other. Truly, even the greatest found I - all-too-human! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (5)

THE VIRTUOUS

WITH thunder and heavenly fireworks must one speak to indolent and somnolent senses.

But beauty's voice speaks gently: it appeals only to the most awakened souls.

Gently vibrated and laughed to me to-day my buckler; it was beauty's holy laughing and thrilling.

At you, you virtuous ones, laughed my beauty to-day. And thus came its voice to me: "They want - to be paid besides!"

You want to be paid besides, you virtuous ones! you want reward for virtue, and heaven for earth, and eternity for your to-day?

And now you upbraid me for teaching that there is no reward-giver, nor paymaster? And truly, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Ah! this is my sorrow: into the basis of things have reward and punishment been insinuated - and now even into the basis of your souls, you virtuous ones!

But like the snout of the boar shall my word grub up the basis of your souls; a ploughshare will I be called by you.

All the secrets of your heart shall be brought to light; and when you lie in the sun, grubbed up and broken, then will also your falsehood be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: you are too pure for the filth of the words: vengeance, punishment, recompense, retribution.

You love your virtue as a mother loves her child; but when did one hear of a mother wanting to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest Self, your virtue. The ring's thirst is in you: to reach itself again struggles every ring, and turns itself.

And like the star that goes out, so is every work of your virtue: ever is its light on its way and travelling - and when will it cease to be on its way?

Thus is the light of your virtue still on its way, even when its work is done. Be it forgotten and dead, still its ray of light lives and travels.

That your virtue is your Self, and not an outward thing, a skin, or a cloak: that is the truth from the basis of your souls, you virtuous ones!-

But sure enough there are those to whom virtue means writhing under the lash: and you have listened too much to their crying!

And others are there who call virtue the slothfulness of their vices; and when once their hatred and jealousy relax the limbs, their "justice" becomes lively and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And others are there who are drawn downwards: their devils draw them. But the more they sink, the more ardently glows their eye, and the longing for their God.

Ah! their crying also has reached your ears, you virtuous ones: "What I am not, that, that is God to me, and virtue!"

And others are there who go along heavily and creakingly, like carts taking stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue - their drag they call virtue!

And others are there who are like eight-day clocks when wound up; they tick, and want people to call ticking - virtue.

Truly, in those have I my amusement: wherever I find such clocks I shall wind them up with my mockery, and they shall even whirr thereby!

And others are proud of their modicum of righteousness, and for the sake of it do violence to all things: so that the world is drowned in their unrighteousness.

Ah! how ineptly comes the word "virtue" out of their mouth! And when they say: "I am just," it always sounds like: "I am just - revenged!"

With their virtues they want to scratch out the eyes of their enemies; and they elevate themselves only that they may lower others.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp, and speak thus from among the bulrushes: "Virtue - that is to sit quietly in the swamp.

We bite no one, and go out of the way of him who would bite; and in all matters we have the opinion that is given us."

And again there are those who love attitudes, and think that virtue is a sort of attitude.

Their knees continually adore, and their hands are eulogies of virtue, but their heart knows naught thereof.

And again there are those who regard it as virtue to say: "Virtue is necessary"; but after all they believe only that policemen are necessary.

And many a one who cannot see men's loftiness, calls it virtue to see their baseness far too well: thus calls he his evil eye virtue.-

And some want to be edified and raised up, and call it virtue: and others want to be cast down, - and likewise call it virtue.

And thus do almost all think that they participate in virtue; and at least everyone claims to be an authority on "good" and "evil."

But Zarathustra came not to say to all those liars and fools: "What do you know of virtue! What could you know of virtue!"-

But that you, my friends, might become weary of the old words which you have learned from the fools and liars:

That you might become weary of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," "righteous vengeance."-

That you might become weary of saying: "That an action is good is because it is unselfish."

Ah! my friends! That your very Self be in your action, as the mother is in the child: let that be your formula of virtue!

Truly, I have taken from you a hundred formulae and your virtue's favorite playthings; and now you upbraid me, as children upbraid.

They played by the sea - then came there a wave and swept their playthings into the deep: and now do they cry.

But the same wave shall bring them new playthings, and spread before them new speckled shells!

Thus will they be comforted; and like them shall you also, my friends, have your comforting - and new speckled shells! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (6) THE RABBLE

LIFE is a well of delight; but where the rabble also drink, there all fountains are poisoned.

To everything cleanly am I well disposed; but I hate to see the grinning

mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye down into the fountain: and now glances up to me their odious smile out of the fountain.

The holy water have they poisoned with their lustfulness; and when they called their filthy dreams delight, then poisoned they also the words.

Indignant becomes the flame when they put their damp hearts to the fire; the spirit itself bubbles and smokes when the rabble approach the fire.

Mawkish and over-mellow becomes the fruit in their hands: unsteady, and withered at the top, does their look make the fruit-tree.

And many a one who has turned away from life, has only turned away from the rabble: he hated to share with them fountain, flame, and fruit.

And many a one who has gone into the wilderness and suffered thirst with beasts of prey, disliked only to sit at the cistern with filthy camel-drivers.

And many a one who has come along as a destroyer, and as a hailstorm to all cornfields, wanted merely to put his foot into the jaws of the rabble, and thus stop their throat.

And it is not the mouthful which has most choked me, to know that life itself requires enmity and death and torture-crosses:-

But I asked once, and suffocated almost with my question: What? Is the rabble also necessary for life?

Are poisoned fountains necessary, and stinking fires, and filthy dreams, and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred, but my loathing, gnawed hungrily at my life! Ah, often became I weary of spirit, when I found even the rabble spiritual!

And on the rulers turned I my back, when I saw what they now call ruling: to traffic and bargain for power - with the rabble!

Among peoples of a strange language did I dwell, with stopped ears: so that the language of their trafficking might remain strange to me, and their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose, I went morosely through all yesterdays and todays: truly, badly smell all yesterdays and todays of the scribbling rabble!

Like a cripple become deaf, and blind, and dumb - thus have I lived long; that I might not live with the power-rabble, the scribe-rabble, and the pleasure-rabble.

Toilsomely did my spirit mount stairs, and cautiously; alms of delight were its refreshment; on the staff did life creep along with the blind one.

What has happened to me? How have I freed myself from loathing? Who has rejuvenated my eye? How have I flown to the height where no rabble any longer sit at the wells?

Did my loathing itself create for me wings and fountain-divining powers? Truly, to the loftiest height had I to fly, to find again the well of delight!

Oh, I have found it, my brothers! Here on the loftiest height bubbles up for me the well of delight! And there is a life at whose waters none of the rabble drink with me!

Almost too violently do you flow for me, you fountain of delight! And often emptiest you the goblet again, in wanting to fill it!

And yet must I learn to approach you more modestly: far too violently does my heart still flow towards you:-

My heart on which my summer burns, my short, hot, melancholy, over-happy summer: how my summer heart longs for your coolness!

Past, the lingering distress of my spring! Past, the wickedness of my snowflakes in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer-noon-tide!

A summer on the loftiest height, with cold fountains and blissful stillness: oh, come, my friends, that the stillness may become more blissful!

For this is our height and our home: too high and steep do we here dwell for all uncleanly ones and their thirst.

Cast but your pure eyes into the well of my delight, my friends! How could it become turbid thereby! It shall laugh back to you with its purity.

On the tree of the future build we our nest; eagles shall bring us lone ones food in their beaks!

Truly, no food of which the impure could be fellow-partakers! Fire, would they think they devoured, and burn their mouths!

Truly, no abodes do we here keep ready for the impure! An ice-cave to their bodies would our happiness be, and to their spirits!

And as strong winds will we live above them, neighbor to the eagles, neighbor to the snow, neighbor to the sun: thus live the strong winds.

And like a wind will I one day blow among them, and with my spirit, take the breath from their spirit: thus wills my future.

Truly, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all low places; and this counsel counsels he to his enemies, and to whatever spits and spews: "Take care not to spit against the wind!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (7) THE TARANTULAS

BEHOLD, THIS is the tarantula's den! would you see the tarantula itself? Here hangs its web: touch this, so that it may tremble.

There comes the tarantula willingly: Welcome, tarantula! Black on your back is your triangle and symbol; and I know also what is in your soul.

Revenge is in your soul: wherever you bite, there arises black scab; with revenge, your poison makes the soul giddy!

Thus do I speak to you in parable, you who make the soul giddy, you preachers of equality! Tarantulas are you to me, and secretly revengeful ones!

But I will soon bring your hiding-places to the light: therefore do I laugh in your face my laughter of the height.

Therefore do I tear at your web, that your rage may lure you out of your den of lies, and that your revenge may leap forth from behind your word "justice."

Because, for man to be redeemed from revenge - that is for me the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms.

Otherwise, however, would the tarantulas have it. "Let it be very justice for the world to become full of the storms of our vengeance" - thus do they talk to one another.

"Vengeance will we use, and insult, against all who are not like us" - thus do the tarantula-hearts pledge themselves.

"And 'Will to Equality' - that itself shall henceforth be the name of virtue; and against all that has power will we raise an outcry!"

You preachers of equality, the tyrant-frenzy of impotence cries thus in you for "equality": your most secret tyrant-longings disguise themselves thus in virtue-words!

Fretted conceit and suppressed envy - perhaps your fathers' conceit and envy: in you break they forth as flame and frenzy of vengeance.

What the father has hid comes out in the son; and oft have I found in the son the father's revealed secret.

Inspired ones they resemble: but it is not the heart that inspires them - but vengeance. And when they become subtle and cold, it is not spirit, but envy, that makes them so.

Their jealousy leads them also into thinkers' paths; and this is the sign of their jealousy - they always go too far: so that their fatigue has at last to go to sleep on the snow.

In all their lamentations sounds vengeance, in all their eulogies is maleficence; and being judge seems to them bliss.

But thus do I counsel you, my friends: distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!

They are people of bad race and lineage; out of their countenances peer the hangman and the sleuth-hound.

Distrust all those who talk much of their justice! Truly, in their souls not only honey is lacking.

And when they call themselves "the good and just," forget not, that for them to be Pharisees, nothing is lacking but - power!

My friends, I will not be mixed up and confounded with others.

There are those who preach my doctrine of life, and are at the same time preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

That they speak in favour of life, though they sit in their den, these poison-spiders, and withdrawn from life - is because they would thereby do injury.

To those would they thereby do injury who have power at present: for with those the preaching of death is still most at home.

Were it otherwise, then would the tarantulas teach otherwise: and they themselves were formerly the best world-maligners and heretic-burners.

With these preachers of equality will I not be mixed up and confounded. For thus speaks justice to me: "Men are not equal."

And neither shall they become so! What would be my love to the overman, if I spoke otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and piers shall they throng to the future, and always shall there be more war and inequality among them: thus does my great love make me speak!

Inventors of figures and phantoms shall they be in their hostilities; and with those figures and phantoms shall they yet fight with each other the supreme fight!

Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all names of values: weapons shall they be, and sounding signs, that life must again and again surpass itself!

Aloft will it build itself with columns and stairs - life itself into remote distances would it gaze, and out towards blissful beauties - therefore does it require elevation!

And because it requires elevation, therefore does it require steps, and variance of steps and climbers! To rise strives life, and in rising to surpass itself.

And just behold, my friends! Here where the tarantula's den is, rises

aloft an ancient temple's ruins - just behold it with enlightened eyes!

Truly, he who here towered aloft his thoughts in stone, knew as well as the wisest ones about the secret of life!

That there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy: that does he here teach us in the plainest parable.

How divinely do vault and arch here contrast in the struggle: how with light and shade they strive against each other, the divinely striving ones.-

Thus, steadfast and beautiful, let us also be enemies, my friends! Divinely will we strive against one another!-

Alas. There has the tarantula bit me myself, my old enemy! Divinely steadfast and beautiful, it has bit me on the finger!

"Punishment must there be, and justice" - so thinks it: "not gratuitously shall he here sing songs in honor of enmity!"

Yes, it has revenged itself! And Alas. now will it make my soul also dizzy with revenge!

That I may not turn dizzy, however, bind me fast, my friends, to this pillar! Rather will I be a pillar-saint than a whirl of vengeance!

Truly, no cyclone or whirlwind is Zarathustra: and if he be a dancer, he is not at all a tarantula-dancer! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (8) THE FAMOUS WISE ONES

THE people have you served and the people's superstition - not the truth! - all you famous wise ones! And just on that account did they pay you reverence.

And on that account also did they tolerate your unbelief, because it was a pleasantry and a by-path for the people. Thus does the master give free scope to his slaves, and even enjoys their presumptuousness.

But he who is hated by the people, as the wolf by the dogs - is the free spirit, the enemy of fetters, the non-adorer, the dweller in the woods.

To hunt him out of his lair - that was always called "sense of right" by the people: on him do they still hound their sharpest-toothed dogs.

"For there the truth is, where the people are! Woe, woe to the seeking ones!" - thus has it echoed through all time.

Your people would you justify in their reverence: that called you "Will to Truth," you famous wise ones!

And your heart has always said to itself: "From the people have I come: from thence came to me also the voice of God."

Stiff-necked and artful, like the ass, have you always been, as the advocates of the people.

And many a powerful one who wanted to run well with the people, has harnessed in front of his horses - a donkey, a famous wise man.

And now, you famous wise ones, I would have you finally throw off entirely the skin of the lion!

The skin of the beast of prey, the speckled skin, and the disheveled locks of the investigator, the searcher, and the conqueror!

Ah! for me to learn to believe in your "conscientiousness," you would first have to break your venerating will.

Conscientious - so call I him who goes into God-forsaken wildernesses, and has broken his venerating heart.

In the yellow sands and burnt by the sun, he doubtless peers thirstily at the isles rich in fountains, where life reposes under shady trees.

But his thirst does not persuade him to become like those comfortable ones: for where there are oases, there are also idols.

Hungry, fierce, lonesome, God-forsaken: so does the lion-will wish itself.

Free from the happiness of slaves, redeemed from deities and adorations, fearless and fear-inspiring, grand and lonesome: so is the will of the conscientious.

In the wilderness have ever dwelt the conscientious, the free spirits, as lords of the wilderness; but in the cities dwell the well-foddered, famous wise ones - the draught-beasts.

For, always do they draw, as asses - the people's carts!

Not that I on that account upbraid them: but serving ones do they remain, and harnessed ones, even though they glitter in golden harness.

And often have they been good servants and worthy of their hire. For thus says virtue: "If you must be a servant, seek him to whom your service is most useful!

The spirit and virtue of your master shall advance by you being his servant: thus will you yourself advance with his spirit and virtue!"

And truly, you famous wise ones, you servants of the people! you yourselves have advanced with the people's spirit and virtue - and the people by you! To your honor do I say it!

But the people you remain for me, even with your virtues, the people with purblind eyes - the people who know not what spirit is!

Spirit is life which itself cuts into life: by its own torture does it increase

its own knowledge, - did you know that before?

And the spirit's happiness is this: to be anointed and consecrated with tears as a sacrificial victim, - did you know that before?

And the blindness of the blind one, and his seeking and groping, shall yet testify to the power of the sun into which he has gazed, - did you know that before?

And with mountains shall the discerning one learn to build! It is a small thing for the spirit to remove mountains, - did you know that before?

You know only the sparks of the spirit: but you do not see the anvil which it is, and the cruelty of its hammer!

Truly, you know not the spirit's pride! But still less could you endure the spirit's humility, should it ever want to speak!

And never yet could you cast your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that! Thus are you unaware, also, of the delight of its coldness.

In all respects, however, you make too familiar with the spirit; and out of wisdom have you often made an alms-house and a hospital for bad poets.

You are not eagles: thus have you never experienced the happiness of the alarm of the spirit. And he who is not a bird should not camp above abysses.

You seem to me lukewarm ones: but coldly flows all deep knowledge. Ice-cold are the innermost wells of the spirit: a refreshment to hot hands and handlers.

Respectable do you there stand, and stiff, and with straight backs, you famous wise ones! - no strong wind or will impels you.

Have you never seen a sail crossing the sea, rounded and inflated, and trembling with the violence of the wind?

Like the sail trembling with the violence of the spirit, does my wisdom cross the sea - my wild wisdom!

But you servants of the people, you famous wise ones - how could you go with me!-

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (9) THE NIGHT-SONG

'TIS night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is a gushing fountain.

'Tis night: now only do all songs of the loving ones awake. And my soul also is the song of a loving one.

Something unappeased, unappeasable, is within me; it longs to find expression. A craving for love is within me, which speaks itself the language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But it is my lonesomeness to be girt with light!

Ah, that I were dark and nightly! How would I suck at the breasts of light!

And you yourselves would I bless, you twinkling starlets and glowworms aloft! - and would rejoice in the gifts of your light.

But I live in my own light, I drink again into myself the flames that break forth from me.

I know not the happiness of the receiver; and oft have I dreamt that stealing must be more blessed than receiving.

It is my poverty that my hand never ceases bestowing; it is my envy that I see waiting eyes and the brightened nights of longing.

Oh, the misery of all bestowers! Oh, the darkening of my sun! Oh, the craving to crave! Oh, the violent hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I yet touch their soul? There is a gap between giving and receiving; and the smallest gap has finally to be bridged over.

A hunger arises out of my beauty: I should like to injure those I illumine; I should like to rob those I have gifted: - thus do I hunger for wickedness.

Withdrawing my hand when another hand already stretches out to it; hesitating like the cascade, which hesitates even in its leap: - thus do I hunger for wickedness!

Such revenge does my abundance think of such mischief wells out of my lonesomeness.

My happiness in bestowing died in bestowing; my virtue became weary of itself by its abundance!

He who ever bestows is in danger of losing his shame; to him who ever dispenses, the hand and heart become callous by very dispensing.

My eye no longer overflows for the shame of suppliants; my hand has become too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Whence have gone the tears of my eye, and the down of my heart? Oh, the lonesomeness of all bestowers! Oh, the silence of all shining ones!

Many suns circle in desert space: to all that is dark do they speak with their light - but to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the hostility of light to the shining one: unpityingly does it pursue its course.

Unfair to the shining one in its innermost heart, cold to the suns: - thus travels every sun.

Like a storm do the suns pursue their courses: that is their travelling. Their inexorable will do they follow: that is their coldness.

Oh, you only is it, you dark, nightly ones, that extract warmth from the shining ones! Oh, you only drink milk and refreshment from the light's udders!

Ah, there is ice around me; my hand burns with the iciness! Ah, there is thirst in me; it pants after your thirst!

'Tis night: alas, that I have to be light! And thirst for the nightly! And lonesomeness!

'Tis night: now does my longing break forth in me as a fountain, - for speech do I long.

'Tis night: now do all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul also is a gushing fountain.

'Tis night: now do all songs of loving ones awake. And my soul also is the song of a loving one. -

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 2, (10) THE DANCE-SONG

ONE evening went Zarathustra and his disciples through the forest; and when he sought for a well, behold, he lighted upon a green meadow peacefully surrounded by trees and bushes, where maidens were dancing together. As soon as the maidens recognized Zarathustra, they ceased dancing; Zarathustra, however, approached them with friendly mien and spoke these words:

Cease not your dancing, you lovely maidens! No game-spoiler has come to you with evil eye, no enemy of maidens.

God's advocate am I with the devil: he, however, is the spirit of gravity. How could I, you light-footed ones, be hostile to divine dances? Or to maidens' feet with fine ankles?

To be sure, I am a forest, and a night of dark trees: but he who is not

afraid of my darkness, will find banks full of roses under my cypresses.

And even the little God may he find, who is dearest to maidens: beside the well lies he quietly, with closed eyes.

Truly, in broad daylight did he fall asleep, the sluggard! Had he perhaps chased butterflies too much?

Upbraid me not, you beautiful dancers, when I chasten the little God somewhat! He will cry, certainly, and weep - but he is laughable even when weeping!

And with tears in his eyes shall he ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song to his dance:

A dance-song and satire on the spirit of gravity my supreme, most powerful devil, who is said to be "lord of the world."-

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang when Cupid and the maidens danced together:

Of late did I gaze into your eye, O Life! And into the unfathomable did I there seem to sink.

But you pulled me out with a golden angle; derisively did you laugh when I called you unfathomable.

"Such is the language of all fish," said you; "what they do not fathom is unfathomable.

But changeable am I only, and wild, and altogether a woman, and no virtuous one:

Though I be called by you men the 'profound one,' or the 'faithful one,' 'the eternal one,' 'the mysterious one.'

But you men endow us always with your own virtues - alas, you virtuous ones!"

Thus did she laugh, the unbelievable one; but never do I believe her and her laughter, when she speaks evil of herself.

And when I talked face to face with my wild Wisdom, she said to me angrily: "you will, you crave, you love; on that account alone do you praise Life!"

Then had I almost answered indignantly and told the truth to the angry one; and one cannot answer more indignantly than when one "tells the truth" to one's Wisdom.

For thus do things stand with us three. In my heart do I love only Life - and truly, most when I hate her!

But that I am fond of Wisdom, and often too fond, is because she reminds me very strongly of Life!

She has her eye, her laugh, and even her golden angle-rod: am I responsible for it that both are so alike?

And when once Life asked me: "Who is she then, this Wisdom?" - then said I eagerly: "Ah, yes! Wisdom!

One thirsts for her and is not satisfied, one looks through veils, one grasps through nets.

Is she beautiful? What do I know! But the oldest carps are still lured by her.

Changeable is she, and wayward; often have I seen her bite her lip, and pass the comb against the grain of her hair.

Perhaps she is wicked and false, and altogether a woman; but when she speaks ill of herself, just then does she seduce most."

When I had said this to Life, then laughed she maliciously, and shut her eyes. "Of whom do you speak?" said she. "Perhaps of me?

And if you were right - is it proper to say that in such wise to my face! But now, pray, speak also of your Wisdom!"

Ah, and now have you again opened your eyes, O beloved Life! And into the unfathomable have I again seemed to sink. -

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the maidens had departed, he became sad.

"The sun has been long set," said he at last, "the meadow is damp, and from the forest comes coolness.

An unknown presence is about me, and gazes thoughtfully. What! you live still, Zarathustra?

Why? Wherefore? Whereby? where? Where? How? Is it not folly still to live?-

Ah, my friends; the evening is it which thus interrogates in me. Forgive me my sadness!

Evening has come on: forgive me that evening has come on!"

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 2, (11) THE GRAVE-SONG

"YONDER is the grave-island, the silent isle; yonder also are the graves of my youth. There will I carry an evergreen wreath of life."

Resolving thus in my heart, did I sail over the sea.-

Oh, you sights and scenes of my youth! Oh, all you gleams of love, you divine fleeting gleams! How could you perish so soon for me! I think of you to-day as my dead ones.

From you, my dearest dead ones, comes to me a sweet savor, heart-opening and melting. Truly, it convulses and opens the heart of the lone seafarer.

Still am I the richest and most to be envied - I, the most lonesome one! For I have possessed you, and you possess me still. Tell me: to whom has there ever fallen such rosy apples from the tree as have fallen to me?

Still am I your love's heir and heritage, blooming to your memory with many-hued, wild-growing virtues, O you dearest ones!

Ah, we were made to remain close to each other, you kindly strange marvels; and not like timid birds did you come to me and my longing - no, but as trusting ones to a trusting one!

Yes, made for faithfulness, like me, and for fond eternities, must I now name you by your faithlessness, you divine glances and fleeting gleams: no other name have I yet learnt.

Truly, too early did you die for me, you fugitives. Yet did you not flee from me, nor did I flee from you: innocent are we to each other in our faithlessness.

To kill me, did they strangle you, you singing birds of my hopes! Yes, at you, you dearest ones, did malice ever shoot its arrows - to hit my heart!

And they hit it! Because you were always my dearest, my possession and my possessedness: on that account had you to die young, and far too early!

At my most vulnerable point did they shoot the arrow - namely, at you, whose skin is like down - or more like the smile that had at a glance!

But this word will I say to my enemies: What is all manslaughter in comparison with what you have done to me!

Worse evil did you do to me than all manslaughter; the irretrievable did you take from me: - thus do I speak to you, my enemies!

Slew you not my youth's visions and dearest marvels! My playmates took you from me, the blessed spirits! To their memory do I deposit this wreath and this curse.

This curse upon you, my enemies! Have you not made my eternal short, as a tone had away in a cold night! Scarcely, as the twinkle of divine eyes, did it come to me - as a fleeting gleam!

Thus spoke once in a happy hour my purity: "Divine shall everything be to me."

Then did you haunt me with foul phantoms; ah, where has that happy hour now fled!

"All days shall be holy to me" - so spoke once the wisdom of my youth: truly, the language of a joyous wisdom!

But then did you enemies steal my nights, and sold them to sleepless torture: ah, where has that joyous wisdom now fled?

Once did I long for happy auspices: then did you lead an owl-monster across my path, an adverse sign. Ah, where did my tender longing then flee?

All loathing did I once vow to renounce: then did you change my close ones and nearest ones into ulcerations. Ah, where did my noblest vow then flee?

As a blind one did I once walk in blessed ways: then did you cast filth on the blind one's course: and now is he disgusted with the old footpath.

And when I performed my hardest task, and celebrated the triumph of my victories, then did you make those who loved me call out that I then grieved them most.

Truly, it was always your doing: you embittered to me my best honey, and the diligence of my best bees.

To my charity have you ever sent the most impudent beggars; around my sympathy have you ever crowded the incurably shameless. Thus have you wounded the faith of my virtue.

And when I offered my holiest as a sacrifice, immediately did your "piety" put its fatter gifts beside it: so that my holiest suffocated in the fumes of your fat.

And once did I want to dance as I had never yet danced: beyond all heavens did I want to dance. Then did you seduce my favorite minstrel.

And now has he struck up an awful, melancholy air; alas, he tooted as a mournful horn to my ear!

Murderous minstrel, instrument of evil, most innocent instrument! Already did I stand prepared for the best dance: then did you slay my rapture with your tones!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things: - and now has my grandest parable remained unspoken in my limbs!

Unspoken and unrealized has my highest hope remained! And there have perished for me all the visions and consolations of my youth!

How did I ever bear it? How did I survive and surmount such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of those sepulchers?

Yes, something invulnerable, unburiable is with me, something that would rend rocks asunder: it is called my Will. Silently does it proceed, and unchanged throughout the years.

Its course will it go upon my feet, my old Will; hard of heart is its nature and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I only in my heel. Ever live you there, and are like yourself, you most patient one! Ever have you burst all shackles of the tomb!

In you still lives also the unrealisedness of my youth; and as life and youth sit you here hopeful on the yellow ruins of graves.

Yes, you are still for me the demolisher of all graves: Hail to you, my Will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections. -

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 2, (12) SELF-SURPASSING

"WILL to Truth" do you call it, you wisest ones, that which impells you and makes you ardent?

Will for the thinkableness of all being: thus do I call your will!

All being would you make thinkable: for you doubt with good reason whether it be already thinkable.

But it shall accommodate and bend itself to you! So wills your will. Smooth shall it become and subject to the spirit, as its mirror and reflection.

That is your entire will, you wisest ones, as a Will to Power; and even when you speak of good and evil, and of estimates of value.

You would still create a world before which you can bow the knee: such is your ultimate hope and ecstasy.

The ignorant, to be sure, the people - they are like a river on which a boat floats along: and in the boat sit the estimates of value, solemn and disguised.

Your will and your valuations have you put on the river of becoming; it betrays to me an old Will to Power, what is believed by the people as good and evil.

It was you, you wisest ones, who put such guests in this boat, and gave them pomp and proud names - you and your ruling Will!

Onward the river now carries your boat: it must carry it. A small matter if the rough wave foams and angrily resists its 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 life-will.

But that you may understand my gospel of good and evil, for that purpose will I tell you my gospel of life, and of the nature of all living things.

The living thing did I follow; I walked in the broadest and narrowest paths to learn its nature.

With a hundred-faced mirror did I catch its glance when its mouth was shut, so that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spoke to me.

But wherever I found living things, there heard I also the language of obedience. All living things are obeying things.

And this heard I secondly: Whatever cannot obey itself, is commanded. Such is the nature of living things.

This, however, is the third thing which I heard - namely, that commanding is more difficult than obeying. And not only because the commander bears the burden of all obeyers, and because this burden readily crushes him:-

An attempt and a risk seemed all commanding to me; and whenever it commands, the living thing risks itself thereby.

Yes, even when it commands itself, then also must it atone for its commanding. Of its own law must it become the judge and avenger and victim.

How does this happen! So did I ask myself. What persuades the living thing to obey, and command, and even be obedient in commanding?

Listen now to my word, you wisest ones! Test it seriously, whether I have crept into the heart of life itself, and into the roots of its heart!

Wherever I found a living thing, there found I Will to Power; and even in the will of the servant found I the will to be master.

That to the stronger the weaker shall serve - to this persuades he his will who would be master over a still weaker one. That delight alone he is unwilling to forego.

And as the lesser surrenders himself to the greater that he may have delight and power over the least of all, so does even the greatest surrender himself, and stakes - life, for the sake of power.

It is the surrender of the greatest to run risk and danger, and play dice for death.

And where there is sacrifice and service and love-glances, there also is the will to be master. By by-ways does the weaker then slink into the fortress, and into the heart of the mightier one - and there steals power.

And this secret spoke Life herself to me. "Behold," said she, "I am that which must ever surpass itself.

To be sure, you call it will to procreation, or impulse towards a goal, towards the higher, remoter, more manifold: but all that is one and the same secret.

Rather would I succumb than disown this one thing; and truly, where there is succumbing and leaf-falling, behold, there does Life sacrifice itself - for power!

That I have to be struggle, and becoming, and purpose, and cross-purpose - ah, he who divines my will, divines well also on what crooked paths it has to tread!

Whatever I create, and however much I love it, - soon must I be adverse to it, and to my love: so wills my will.

And even you, discerning one, are only a path and footstep of my will: truly, 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 formula: "Will to existence": that will - does not exist!

For what is not, cannot will; that, however, which is in existence - how could it still strive for existence!

Only where there is life, is there also will: not, however, Will to Life, but - so I teach you - Will to Power!

Much is reckoned higher than life itself by the living one; but out of the very reckoning speaks - the Will to Power!"-

Thus did Life once teach me: and thereby, you wisest ones, do I solve you the riddle of your hearts.

Truly, I say to you: good and evil which would be everlasting - it does not exist! Of its own accord must it ever surpass itself anew.

With your values and formulae of good and evil, you exercise power, you valuing ones: and that is your secret love, and the sparkling, trembling, and overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power grows out of your values, and a new surpassing: by it breaks egg and egg-shell.

And he who has to be a creator in good and evil - truly, he has first to be a destroyer, and break values in pieces.

Thus does the greatest evil pertain to the greatest good: that, however, is the creating good.-

Let us speak thereof, you wisest ones, even though it be bad. To be silent is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And let everything break up which - can break up by our truths! Many a house is still to be built! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (13) THE SUBLIME ONES

CALM is the bottom of my sea: who would guess that it hides droll monsters!

Unmoved is my depth: but it sparkles with swimming enigmas and laughter.

A sublime one saw I today, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: Oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With upraised breast, and like those who draw in their breath: thus did he stand, the sublime one, and in silence:

Overhung with ugly truths, the spoil of his hunting, and rich in torn raiment; many thorns also hung on him - but I saw no rose.

Not yet had he learned laughing and beauty. Gloomy did this hunter return from the forest of knowledge.

From the fight with wild beasts returned he home: but even yet a wild beast gazes out of his seriousness - an unconquered wild beast!

As a tiger does he ever stand, on the point of springing; but I do not like those strained souls; ungracious is my taste towards all those self-engrossed ones.

And you tell me, friends, that there is to be no dispute about taste and tasting? But all life is a dispute about taste and tasting!

Taste: that is weight at the same time, and scales and weigher; and alas for every living thing that would live without dispute about weight and scales and weigher!

Should he become weary of his sublimeness, this sublime one, then only will his beauty begin - and then only will I taste him and find him savoury.

And only when he turns away from himself will he overleap his own shadow - and truly! into his sun.

Far too long did he sit in the shade; the cheeks of the penitent of the spirit became pale; he almost starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye, and loathing hides in his mouth. To be sure, he now rests, but he has not yet taken rest in the sunshine.

As the ox ought he to do; and his happiness should smell of the earth, and not of contempt for the earth.

As a white ox would I like to see him, which, snorting and lowing,

walks before the plough-share: and his lowing should also laud all that is earthly!

Dark is still his countenance; the shadow of his hand dances upon it. Overshadowed is still the sense of his eye.

His deed itself is still the shadow upon him: his doing obscures the doer. Not yet has he overcome his deed.

To be sure, I love in him the shoulders of the ox: but now do I want to see also the eye of the angel.

Also his hero-will has he still to unlearn: an exalted one shall he be, and not only a sublime one: - the ether itself should raise him, the will-less one!

He has subdued monsters, he has solved enigmas. But he should also redeem his monsters and enigmas; into heavenly children should he transform them.

As yet has his knowledge not learned to smile, and to be without jealousy; as yet has his gushing passion not become calm in beauty.

Truly, not in satiety shall his longing cease and disappear, but in beauty! Gracefulness belongs to the munificence of the magnanimous.

His arm across his head: thus should the hero repose; thus should he also surmount his repose.

But precisely to the hero is beauty the hardest thing of all. Unattainable is beauty by all ardent wills.

A little more, a little less: precisely this is much here, it is the most here.

To stand with relaxed muscles and with unharnessed will: that is the hardest for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power becomes gracious and descends into the visible - I call such condescension, beauty.

And from no one do I want beauty so much as from you, you powerful one: let your goodness be your last self-conquest.

All evil do I accredit to you: therefore do I desire of you the good.

Truly, I have often laughed at the weaklings, who think themselves good because they have crippled paws!

The virtue of the pillar shall you strive after: more beautiful does it ever become, and more graceful - but internally harder and more sustaining - the higher it rises.

Yes, you sublime one, one day shall you also be beautiful, and hold up the mirror to your own beauty.

Then will your soul thrill with divine desires; and there will be adoration even in your vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: when the hero has abandoned it, then

only approaches it in dreams - the super-hero. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (14) THE LAND OF CULTURE

TOO far did I fly into the future: a horror seized upon me.

And when I looked around me, Behold. there time was my sole contemporary.

Then did I fly backwards, homewards - and always faster. Thus did I come to you: you present-day men, and into the land of culture.

For the first time brought I an eye to see you, and good desire: truly, with longing in my heart did I come.

But how did it turn out with me? Although so alarmed - I had yet to laugh! Never did my eye see anything so motley-coloured!

I laughed and laughed, while my foot still trembled, and my heart as well. "Here indeed, is the home of all the paint-pots," - said I.

With fifty patches painted on faces and limbs - so sat you there to my astonishment, you present-day men!

And with fifty mirrors around you, which flattered your play of colours, and repeated it!

Truly, you could wear no better masks, you present-day men, than your own faces! Who could - recognise you!

Written all over with the characters of the past, and these characters also pencilled over with new characters - thus have you concealed yourselves well from all decipherers!

And though one be a trier of the reins, who still believes that you have reins! Out of colours you seem to be baked, and out of glued scraps.

All times and peoples gaze divers-coloured out of your veils; all customs and beliefs speak divers-coloured out of your gestures.

He who would strip you of veils and wrappers, and paints and gestures, would just have enough left to scare the crows.

Truly, I myself am the scared crow that once saw you naked, and without paint; and I flew away when the skeleton ogled at me.

Rather would I be a day-labourer in the underworld, and among the shades of the by-gone! - Fatter and fuller than you, are indeed the underworldlings!

This, yes this, is bitterness to my bowels, that I can neither endure you

naked nor clothed, you present-day men!

All that is un-homelike in the future, and whatever makes strayed birds shiver, is truly more homelike and familiar than your "reality."

For thus speak you: "Real are we wholly, and without faith and superstition": thus do you plume yourselves - Alas. even without plumes!

Indeed, how would you be able to believe, you divers-coloured ones! - you who are pictures of all that has ever been believed!

Perambulating refutations are you, of belief itself, and a dislocation of all thought. Unbelievable ones: thus do I call you, you real ones!

All periods prate against one another in your spirits; and the dreams and pratings of all periods were even realer than your awakeness!

Unfruitful are you: therefore do you lack belief. But he who had to create, had always his presaging dreams and astral premonitions - and believed in believing!-

Half-open doors are you, at which grave-diggers wait. And this is your reality: "Everything deserves to perish."

Alas, how you stand there before me, you unfruitful ones; how lean your ribs! And many of you surely have had knowledge thereof.

Many a one has said: "There has surely a God filched something from me secretly whilst I slept? Truly, enough to make a girl for himself from that!

"Amazing is the poverty of my ribs!" thus has spoken many a present-day man.

Yes, you are laughable to me, you present-day men! And especially when you marvel at yourselves!

And woe to me if I could not laugh at your marvelling, and had to swallow all that is repugnant in your platters!

As it is, however, I will make lighter of you, since I have to carry what is heavy; and what matter if beetles and May-bugs also alight on my load!

Truly, it shall not on that account become heavier to me! And not from you, you present-day men, shall my great weariness arise.-

Ah, where shall I now ascend with my longing! From all mountains do I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But a home have I found nowhere: unsettled am I in all cities, and decamping at all gates.

Alien to me, and a mockery, are the present-day men, to whom of late my heart impelled me; and exiled am I from fatherlands and motherlands.

Thus do I love only my children's land, the undiscovered in the

remotest sea: for it do I bid my sails search and search.

to my children will I make amends for being the child of my fathers: and to all the future - for this present-day! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (15) IMMACULATE PERCEPTION

WHEN yester-eve the moon arose, then did I fancy it about to bear a sun: so broad and teeming did it lie on the horizon.

But it was a liar with its pregnancy; and sooner will I believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, little of a man is he also, that timid night-reveller. Truly, with a bad conscience does he stalk over the roofs.

For he is desirous and jealous, the monk in the moon; envious of the earth, and all the joys of lovers.

No, I like him not, that tom-cat on the roofs! Hateful to me are all that slink around half-closed windows!

Piously and silently does he stalk along on the star-carpets: - but I like no light-treading human feet, on which not even a spur jingles.

Every honest one's step speaks; the cat however, steals along over the ground. Behold. cat-like does the moon come along, and dishonestly.-

This parable speak I to you sentimental dissemblers, to you, the "pure discerners!" You do I call - envious ones!

Also you love the earth, and the earthly: I have divined you well! - but shame is in your love, and a bad conscience - you are like the moon!

To despise the earthly has your spirit been persuaded, but not your bowels: these, however, are the strongest in you!

And now is your spirit ashamed to be at the service of your bowels, and goes in by-ways and lying ways to escape its own shame.

"That would be the highest thing for me" - so says your lying spirit to itself - "to gaze upon life without desire, and not like the dog, with hanging-out tongue:

To be happy in gazing: with dead will, free from the grip and greed of selfishness - cold and ashy-grey all over, but with intoxicated moon-eyes!

That would be the dearest thing to me" - thus does the seduced one seduce himself, - "to love the earth as the moon loves it, and with the eye only to feel its beauty.

And this do I call immaculate perception of all things: to want nothing else from them, but to be allowed to lie before them as a mirror with a hundred facets."-

Oh, you sentimental dissemblers, you envious ones! you lack innocence in your desire: and now do you defame desiring on that account!

Truly, not as creators, as procreators, or as jubilators do you love the earth!

Where is innocence? Where there is will to procreation. And he who seeks to create beyond himself, has for me the purest will.

Where is beauty? Where I must will with my whole Will; where I will love and perish, that an image may not remain merely an image.

Loving and perishing: these have rhymed from eternity. Will to love: that is to be ready also for death. Thus do I speak to you cowards!

But now does your emasculated ogling profess to be "contemplation!" And that which can be examined with cowardly eyes is to be christened "beautiful!" Oh, you violators of noble names!

But it shall be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure discerners, that you shall never bring forth, even though you lie broad and teeming on the horizon!

Truly, you fill your mouth with noble words: and we are to believe that your heart overflows, you cozeners?

But my words are poor, contemptible, stammering words: gladly do I pick up what falls from the table at your repasts.

Yet still can I say therewith the truth - to dissemblers! Yes, my fish-bones, shells, and prickly leaves shall - tickle the noses of dissemblers!

Bad air is always about you and your repasts: your lascivious thoughts, your lies, and secrets are indeed in the air!

Dare only to believe in yourselves - in yourselves and in your inward parts! He who does not believe in himself always lies.

A God's mask have you hung in front of you, you "pure ones": into a God's mask has your execrable coiling snake crawled.

Truly you deceive, you "contemplative ones!" Even Zarathustra was once the dupe of your godlike exterior; he did not divine the serpent's coil with which it was stuffed.

A God's soul, I once thought I saw playing in your games, you pure discerners! No better arts did I once dream of than your arts!

Serpents' filth and evil odour, the distance concealed from me: and that a lizard's craft prowled thereabouts lasciviously.

But I came close to you: then came to me the day, - and now comes it to you, - at an end is the moon's love affair!

See there! Surprised and pale does it stand - before the rosy dawn!

For already she comes, the glowing one, - her love to the earth comes! Innocence, and creative desire, is all solar love!

See there, how she comes impatiently over the sea! Do you not feel the thirst and the hot breath of her love?

At the sea would she suck, and drink its depths to her height: now rises the desire of the sea with its thousand breasts.

Kissed and sucked would it be by the thirst of the sun; vapour would it become, and height, and path of light, and light itself!

Truly, like the sun do I love life, and all deep seas.

And this means to me knowledge: all that is deep shall ascend - to my height! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (16) SCHOLARS

WHEN I lay asleep, then did a sheep eat at the ivy-wreath on my head, - it ate, and said thereby: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

It said this, and went away clumsily and proudly. A child told it to me.

I like to lie here where the children play, beside the ruined wall, among thistles and red poppies.

A scholar am I 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 no longer a scholar: so wills my lot-blessings upon it!

For this is the truth: I have departed from the house of the scholars, and the door have I also slammed behind me.

Too long did my soul sit hungry at their table: not like them have I got the knack of investigating, as the knack of nut-cracking.

Freedom do I love, and the air over fresh soil; rather would I sleep on ox-skins than on their honours and dignities.

I am too hot and scorched with my own thought: often is it ready to take away my breath. Then have I to go into the open air, and away from all dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in the cool shade: they want in everything to be merely spectators, and they avoid sitting where the sun burns on the steps.

Like those who stand in the street and gape at the passers-by: thus do

they also wait, and gape at the thoughts which others have thought.

Should one lay hold of them, then do they raise a dust like flour-sacks, and involuntarily: but who would divine that their dust came from corn, and from the yellow delight of the summer fields?

When they give themselves out as wise, then do their petty sayings and truths chill me: in their wisdom there is often an odour as if it came from the swamp; and truly, I have even heard the frog croak in it!

Clever are they - they have dexterous fingers: what does my simplicity pretend to beside their multiplicity! All threading and knitting and weaving do their fingers understand: thus do they make the hose of the spirit!

Good clockworks are they: only be careful to wind them up properly! Then do they indicate the hour without mistake, and make a modest noise thereby.

Like millstones do they work, and like pestles: throw only seed-corn to them! - they know well how to grind corn small, and make white dust out of it.

They keep a sharp eye on one another, and do not trust each other the best. Ingenious in little artifices, they wait for those whose knowledge walks on lame feet, - like spiders do they wait.

I saw them always prepare their poison with precaution; and always did they put glass gloves on their fingers in doing so.

They also know how to play with false dice; and so eagerly did I find them playing, that they perspired thereby.

We are alien to each other, and their virtues are even more repugnant to my taste than their falsehoods and false dice.

And when I lived with them, then did I live above them. Therefore did they take a dislike to me.

They want to hear nothing of anyone walking above their heads; and so they put wood and earth and rubbish between me and their heads.

Thus did they deafen the sound of my tread: and least have I thus far been heard by the most learned.

All mankind's faults and weaknesses did they put between themselves and me: - they call it "false ceiling" in their houses.

But nevertheless I walk with my thoughts above their heads; and even should I walk on my own errors, still would I be above them and their heads.

For men are not equal: so speaks justice. And what I will, they may not will! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (17) POETS

"SINCE I have known the body better" - said Zarathustra to one of his disciples - "the spirit has only been to me symbolically spirit; and all the 'imperishable' - that is also but a simile."

"So have I heard you say once before," answered the disciple, "and then you added: 'But the poets lie too much.' Why didst you say that the poets lie too much?"

"Why?" said Zarathustra. "you ask why? I do not belong to those who may be asked after their Why.

Is my experience but of yesterday? It is long ago that I experienced the reasons for my opinions.

Should I not have to be a cask of memory, if I also wanted to have my reasons with me?

It is already too much for me even to retain my opinions; and many a bird flies away.

And sometimes, also, do I find a fugitive creature in my dovecote, which is alien to me, and trembles when I lay my hand upon it.

But what did Zarathustra once say to you? That the poets lie too much? - But Zarathustra also is a poet.

Do you believe that he there spoke the truth? Why do you believe it?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.-

Belief does not sanctify me, said he, least of all the belief in myself.

But granting that someone did say in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: he was right - we do lie too much.

We also know too little, and are bad learners: so we are obliged to lie.

And which of us poets has not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous hotchpotch has evolved in our cellars: many an indescribable thing has there been done.

And because we know little, therefore are we pleased from the heart with the poor in spirit, especially when they are young women!

And even of those things are we desirous, which old women tell one another in the evening. This do we call the eternally feminine in us.

And as if there were a special secret access to knowledge, which chokes up for those who learn anything, so do we believe in the people and in

their "wisdom."

This, however, do all poets believe: that whoever pricks up his ears when lying in the grass or on lonely slopes, learns something of the things that are between heaven and earth.

And if there come to them tender emotions, then do the poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

And that she steals to their ear to whisper secrets into it, and amorous flatteries: of this do they plume and pride themselves, before all mortals!

Ah, there are so many things between heaven and earth of which only the poets have dreamed!

And especially above the heavens: for all gods are poet-symbolisations, poet-sophistications!

Truly, ever are we drawn aloft - that is, to the realm of the clouds: on these do we set our gaudy puppets, and then call them gods and Supermen:-

Are not they light enough for those chairs! - all these gods and Supermen?-

Ah, how I am weary of all the inadequate that is insisted on as actual! Ah, how I am weary of the poets!

When Zarathustra so spoke, his disciple resented it, but was silent. And Zarathustra also was silent; and his eye directed itself inwardly, as if it gazed into the far distance. At last he sighed and drew breath.-

I am of today and heretofore, said he thereupon; but something is in me that is of the morrow, and the day following, and the hereafter.

I became weary of the poets, of the old and of the new: superficial are they all to me, and shallow seas.

They did not think sufficiently into the depth; therefore their feeling did not reach to the bottom.

Some sensation of voluptuousness and some sensation of tedium: these have as yet been their best contemplation.

Ghost-breathing and ghost-whisking, seems to me all the jingle-jangling of their harps; what have they known thus far of the fervour of tones!-

They are also not pure enough for me: they all muddle their water that it may seem deep.

And rather would they thereby prove themselves reconcilers: but mediaries and mixers are they to me, and half-and-half, and impure!-

Ah, I cast indeed my net into their sea, and meant to catch good fish; but always did I draw up the head of some ancient God.

Thus did the sea give a stone to the hungry one. And they themselves

may well originate from the sea.

Certainly, one finds pearls in them: thereby they are the more like hard molluscs. And instead of a soul, I have often found in them salt slime.

They have learned from the sea also its vanity: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes does it spread out its tail; never does it tire of its lace-fan of silver and silk.

Disdainfully does the buffalo glance thereat, close to the sand with its soul, closer still to the thicket, closest, however, to the swamp.

What is beauty and sea and peacock-splendour to it! This parable I speak to the poets.

Truly, their spirit itself is the peacock of peacocks, and a sea of vanity!

Spectators seeks the spirit of the poet - should they even be buffaloes!-

But of this spirit became I weary; and I see the time coming when it will become weary of itself.

Yes, changed have I seen the poets, and their glance turned towards themselves.

Penitents of the spirit have I seen appearing; they grew out of the poets. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (18) GREAT EVENTS

THERE is an isle in the sea - not far from the Happy Isles of Zarathustra - on which a volcano ever smokes; of which isle the people, and especially the old women among them, say that it is placed as a rock before the gate of the underworld; but that through the volcano itself the narrow way leads downwards which conducts to this gate.

Now about the time that Zarathustra sojourned on the Happy Isles, it happened that a ship anchored at the isle on which stands the smoking mountain, and the crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. About the noontide hour, however, when the captain and his men were together again, they saw suddenly a man coming towards them through the air, and a voice said distinctly: "It is time! It is the highest time!" But when the figure was nearest to them (it flew past quickly, however, like a shadow, in the direction of the volcano), then did they recognise with the greatest surprise that it was Zarathustra; for they had all seen him before except

the captain himself, and they loved him as the people love: in such wise that love and awe were combined in equal degree.

"Behold." said the old helmsman, "there goes Zarathustra to hell!"

About the same time that these sailors landed on the fire-isle, there was a rumour that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked about it, they said that he had gone on board a ship by night, without saying where he was going.

Thus there arose some uneasiness. After three days, however, there came the story of the ship's crew in addition to this uneasiness - and then did all the people say that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples laughed, sure enough, at this talk; and one of them said even: "Sooner would I believe that Zarathustra has taken the devil." But at the bottom of their hearts 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 interview with the fire-dog:

The earth, said he, has a skin; and this skin has diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called "man."

And another of these diseases is called "the fire-dog": concerning him men have greatly deceived themselves, and let themselves be deceived.

To fathom this mystery did I go over the sea; and I have seen the truth naked, truly! barefooted up to the neck.

Now do I know how it is concerning the fire-dog; and likewise concerning all the spouting and subversive devils, of which not only old women are afraid.

"Up with you, fire-dog, out of your depth!" cried I, "and confess how deep that depth is! Whence comes that which you snort up?

You drink copiously at the sea: that does your embittered eloquence betray! In sooth, for a dog of the depth, you take your nourishment too much from the surface!

At the most, I regard you as the ventriloquist of the earth: and ever, when I have heard subversive and spouting devils speak, I have found them like you: embittered, mendacious, and shallow.

You understand how to roar and obscure with ashes! you are the best braggarts, and have sufficiently learned the art of making dregs boil.

Where you are, there must always be dregs at hand, and much that is spongy, hollow, and compressed: it wants to have freedom.

'Freedom' you all roar most eagerly: but I have unlearned the belief in 'great events,' when there is much roaring and smoke about them.

And believe me, friend Hullabaloo! The greatest events - are not our noisiest, but our stillest hours.

Not around the inventors of new noise, but around the inventors of new values, does the world revolve; inaudibly it revolves.

And just own to it! Little had ever taken place when your noise and smoke passed away. What, if a city did become a mummy, and a statue lay in the mud!

And this do I say also to the overthrowers of statues: It is certainly the greatest folly to throw salt into the sea, and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt lay the statue: but it is just its law, that out of contempt, its life and living beauty grow again!

With diviner features does it now arise, seducing by its suffering; and truly! it will yet thank you for overthrowing it, you subverters!

This counsel, however, do I counsel to kings and churches, and to all that is weak with age or virtue - let yourselves be overthrown! That you may again come to life, and that virtue - may come to you!-"

Thus spoke I before the fire-dog: then did he interrupt me sullenly, and asked: "Church? What is that?"

"Church?" answered I, "that is a kind of state, and indeed the most mendacious. But remain quiet, you dissembling dog! you surely know your own species best!

Like yourself the state is a dissembling dog; like you does it like to speak with smoke and roaring - to make believe, like you, that it speaks out of the heart of things.

For it seeks by all means to be the most important creature on earth, the state; and people think it so."

When I had said this, the fire-dog acted as if mad with envy. "What!" cried he, "the most important creature on earth? And people think it so?" And so much vapour and terrible voices came out of his throat, that I thought he would choke with vexation and envy.

At last he became calmer and his panting subsided; as soon, however, as he was quiet, I said laughingly:

"you are angry, fire-dog: so I am in the right about you!

And that I may also maintain the right, hear the story of another fire-dog; he speaks actually out of the heart of the earth.

Gold does his breath exhale, and golden rain: so does his heart desire. What are ashes and smoke and hot dregs to him!

Laughter flitts from him like a variegated cloud; adverse is he to your gargling and spewing and grips in the bowels!

The gold, however, and the laughter - these does he take out of the heart of the earth: for, that you may know it, - the heart of the earth is of gold."

When the fire-dog heard this, he could no longer endure to listen to me. Abashed did he draw in his tail, said "bow-wow!" in a cowed voice, and crept down into his cave.-

Thus told Zarathustra. His disciples, however, hardly listened to him: so great was their eagerness to tell him about the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

"What am I to think of it!" said Zarathustra. "Am I indeed a ghost?

But it may have been my shadow. you have surely heard something of the Wanderer and his Shadow?

One thing, however, is certain: I must keep a tighter hold of it; otherwise it will spoil my reputation."

And once more Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. "What am I to think of it!" said he once more.

"Why did the ghost cry: 'It is time! It is the highest time!'

For what is it then - the highest time?" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (19) THE SOOTHSAYER

"-AND I saw a great sadness come over mankind. The best turned weary of their works.

A doctrine appeared, a faith ran beside it: 'All is empty, all is alike, all has been!'

And from all hills there re-echoed: 'All is empty, all is alike, all has been!'

To be sure we have harvested: but why have all our fruits become rotten and brown? What was it fell last night from the evil moon?

In vain was all our labour, poison has our wine become, the evil eye has singed yellow our fields and hearts.

Arid have we all become; and fire falling upon us, then do we turn dust like ashes: - yes, the fire itself have we made weary.

All our fountains have dried up, even the sea has receded. All the ground tries to gape, but the depth will not swallow!

'Alas. where is there still a sea in which one could be drowned?' so sounds our plaint - across shallow swamps.

Truly, even for dying have we become too weary; now do we keep awake and live on - in sepulchres."

Thus did Zarathustra hear a soothsayer speak; and the foreboding touched his heart and transformed him. Sorrowfully did he go about and wearily; and he became like to those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.-

Truly, said he to his disciples, a little while, and there comes the long twilight. Alas, how shall I preserve my light through it!

That it may not smother in this sorrowfulness! To remoter worlds shall it be a light, and also to remotest nights!

Thus did Zarathustra go about grieved in his heart, and for three days he did not take any meat or drink: he had no rest, and lost his speech. At last it came to pass that he fell into a deep sleep. His disciples, however, sat around him in long night-watches, and waited anxiously to see if he would awake, and speak again, and recover from his affliction.

And this is the discourse that Zarathustra spoke when he awoke; his voice, however, came to his disciples as from afar:

Hear, I pray you, the dream that I dreamed, my friends, and help me to divine its meaning!

A riddle is it still to me, this dream; the meaning is hidden in it and encaged, and does not yet fly above it on free pinions.

All life had I renounced, so I dreamed. Night-watchman and grave-guardian had I become, aloft, in the lone mountain-fortress of Death.

There did I guard his coffins: full stood the musty vaults of those trophies of victory. Out of glass coffins did vanquished life gaze upon me.

The odour of dust-covered eternities did I breathe: sultry and dust-covered lay my soul. And who could have aired his soul there!

Brightness of midnight was ever around me; lonesomeness cowered beside her; and as a third, death-rattle stillness, the worst of my female friends.

Keys did I carry, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open with them the most creaking of all gates.

Like a bitterly angry croaking ran the sound through the long corridors when the leaves of the gate opened: ungraciously did this bird cry, unwillingly was it awakened.

But more frightful even, and more heart-strangling was it, when it again became silent and still all around, and I alone sat in that malignant silence.

Thus did time pass with me, and slip by, if time there still was: what do I know thereof! But at last there happened that which awoke me.

Thrice did there peal peals at the gate like thunders, thrice did the

vaults resound and howl again: then did I go to the gate.

Alpa! cried I, who carries his ashes to the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! who carries his ashes to the mountain?

And I pressed the key, and pulled at the gate, and exerted myself. But not a finger's-breadth was it yet open:

Then did a roaring wind tear the folds apart: whistling, whizzing, and piercing, it threw to me a black coffin.

And in the roaring and whistling and whizzing, the coffin burst open, and spouted out a thousand peals of laughter.

And a thousand caricatures of children, angels, owls, fools, and child-sized butterflies laughed and mocked, and roared at me.

Fearfully was I terrified thereby: it prostrated me. And I cried with horror as I ne'er cried before.

But my own crying awoke me: - and I came to myself.-

Thus did Zarathustra relate his dream, and then was silent: for as yet he knew not the interpretation thereof. But the disciple whom he loved most arose quickly, seized Zarathustra's hand, and said:

"your life itself interprets to us this dream, O Zarathustra!

Are you not yourself the wind with shrill whistling, which bursts open the gates of the fortress of Death?

Are you not yourself the coffin full of many-hued malices and angel-caricatures of life?

Truly, like a thousand peals of children's laughter comes Zarathustra into all sepulchres, laughing at those night-watchmen and grave-guardians, and whoever else rattles with sinister keys.

With your laughter will you frighten and prostrate them: fainting and recovering will you demonstrate your power over them.

And when the long twilight comes and the mortal weariness, even then will you not disappear from our firmament, you advocate of life!

New stars have you made us see, and new nocturnal glories: truly, laughter itself have you spread out over us like a many-hued canopy.

Now will children's laughter ever from coffins flow; now will a strong wind ever come victoriously to all mortal weariness: of this you are yourself the pledge and the prophet!

Truly, they themselves didst you dream, your enemies: that was your sorest dream.

But as you awoke from them and came to yourself, so shall they awaken from themselves - and come to you!

Thus spoke the disciple; and all the others then thronged around Zarathustra, grasped him by the hands, and tried to persuade him to

leave his bed and his sadness, and return to them. Zarathustra, however, sat upright on his couch, with an absent look. Like one returning from long foreign sojourn did he look on his disciples, and examined their features; but still he knew them not. When, however, they raised him, and set him upon his feet, behold, all on a sudden his eye changed; he understood everything that had happened, stroked his beard, and said with a strong voice:

"Well! this has just its time; but see to it, my disciples, that we have a good repast; and without delay! Thus do I mean to make amends for bad dreams!

The soothsayer, however, shall eat and drink at my side: and truly, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown himself!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then did he gaze long into the face of the disciple who had been the dream-interpreter, and shook his head.-

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Part 2, (20) REDEMPTION

WHEN Zarathustra went one day over the great bridge, then did the cripples and beggars surround him, and a hunchback spoke thus to him:

"Behold, Zarathustra! Even the people learn from you, and acquire faith in your teaching: but for them to believe fully in you, one thing is still needful - you must first of all convince us cripples! Here have you now a fine selection, and truly, an opportunity with more than one forelock! The blind can you heal, and make the lame run; and from him who has too much behind, could you well, also, take away a little; - that, I think, would be the right method to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

Zarathustra, however, answered thus to him who so spoke: When one takes his hump from the hunchback, then does one take from him his spirit - so do the people teach. And when one gives the blind man eyes, then does he see too many bad things on the earth: so that he curses him who healed him. He, however, who makes the lame man run, inflicts upon him the greatest injury; for hardly can he run, when his vices run away with him - so do the people teach concerning cripples. And why should not Zarathustra also learn from the people, when the people learn from Zarathustra?

It is, however, the smallest thing to me since I have been among men,

to see one person lacking an eye, another an ear, and a third a leg, and that others have lost the tongue, or the nose, or the head.

I see and have seen worse things, and divers things so hideous, that I should neither like to speak of all matters, nor even keep silent about some of them: namely, men who lack everything, except that they have too much of one thing - men who are nothing more than a big eye, or a big mouth, or a big belly, or something else big, - reversed cripples, I call such men.

And when I came out of my solitude, and for the first time passed over this bridge, then I could not trust my eyes, but looked again and again, and said at last: "That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!" I looked still more attentively - and actually there did move under the ear something that was pitiably small and poor and slim. And in truth this immense ear was perched on a small thin stalk - the stalk, however, was a man! If one used a magnifying glass one could even recognize an envious tiny face; also, that a bloated little soul was dangling from the stalk. The people told me, however, that the big ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed in the people when they spoke of great men - and I hold to my belief that it was a reversed cripple, who had too little of everything, and too much of one thing.

When Zarathustra had spoken thus to the hunchback, and to those of whom the hunchback was the mouthpiece and advocate, then did he turn to his disciples in profound dejection, and said:

Truly, my friends, I walk among men as among the fragments and limbs of human beings!

This is the terrible thing to my eye, that I find man broken up, and scattered about, as on a battle - and butcher-ground.

And when my eye flies from the present to the bygone, it finds ever the same: fragments and limbs and fearful chances - but no men!

The present and the bygone upon earth - ah! my friends - that is my most unbearable trouble; and I should not know how to live, if I were not a seer of what is to come.

A seer, a purposer, a creator, a future itself, and a bridge to the future - and Alas. also as it were a cripple on this bridge: all that is Zarathustra.

And you also asked yourselves often: "Who is Zarathustra to us? What shall he be called by us?" And like me, did you give yourselves questions for answers.

Is he a promiser? Or a fulfiller? A conqueror? Or an inheritor? A harvest? Or a ploughshare? A physician? Or a healed one?

Is he a poet? Or a genuine one? An emancipator? Or a subjugator? A

good one? Or an evil one?

I walk among men as the fragments of the future: that future which I contemplate.

And it is all my poetisation and aspiration to compose and collect into unity what is fragment and riddle and fearful chance.

And how could I endure to be a man, if man were not also the composer, and riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance!

To redeem what is past, and to transform every "It was" into "Thus would I have it!" - that only do I call redemption!

Will - so is the emancipator and joy-bringer called: thus have I taught you, my friends! But now learn this likewise: the Will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing emancipates: but what is that called which still putts the emancipator in chains?

"It was": thus is the Will's teeth-gnashing and lonesomest tribulation called. Impotent towards what has been done - it is a malicious spectator of all that is past.

Not backward can the Will will; that it cannot break time and time's desire - that is the Will's lonesomest tribulation.

Willing emancipates: what does Willing itself devise in order to get free from its tribulation and mock at its prison?

Ah, a fool becomes every prisoner! Foolishly delivers itself also the imprisoned Will.

That time does not run backward - that is its animosity: "That which was": so is the stone which it cannot roll called.

And thus does it roll stones out of animosity and ill-humour, and takes revenge on whatever does not, like it, feel rage and ill-humour.

Thus did the Will, the emancipator, become a torturer; and on all that is capable of suffering it takes revenge, because it cannot go backward.

This, yes, this alone is revenge itself: the Will's antipathy to time, and its "It was."

Truly, a great folly dwells in our Will; and it became a curse to all humanity, that this folly acquired spirit!

The spirit of revenge: my friends, that has thus far been man's best contemplation; and where there was suffering, it was claimed there was always penalty.

"Penalty," so calls itself revenge. With a lying word it feigns a good conscience.

And because in the willer himself there is suffering, because he cannot will backwards - thus was Willing itself, and all life, claimed - to be

penalty!

And then did cloud after cloud roll over the spirit, until at last madness preached: "Everything perishes, therefore everything deserves to perish!"

"And this itself is justice, the law of time - that he must devour his children:" thus did madness preach.

"Morally are things ordered according to justice and penalty. Oh, where is there deliverance from the flux of things and from the 'existence' of penalty?" Thus did madness preach.

"Can there be deliverance when there is eternal justice? Alas, unrollable is the stone, 'It was': eternal must also be all penalties!" Thus did madness preach.

"No deed can be annihilated: how could it be undone by the penalty! This, this is what is eternal in the 'existence' of penalty, that existence also must be eternally recurring deed and guilt!

Unless the Will should at last deliver itself, and Willing become non-Willing-:" but you know, my brothers, this fabulous song of madness!

Away from those fabulous songs did I lead you when I taught you: "The Will is a creator."

All "It was" is a fragment, a riddle, a fearful chance - until the creating Will says to it: "But thus would I have it."-

Until the creating Will says to it: "But thus do I will it! Thus shall I will it!"

But did it ever speak thus? And when does this take place? has the Will been unharnessed from its own folly?

has the Will become its own deliverer and joy-bringer? has it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all teeth-gnashing?

And who has taught it reconciliation with time, and something higher than all reconciliation?

Something higher than all reconciliation must the Will will which is the Will to Power-: but how does that take place? Who has taught it also to will backwards?

-But at this point in his discourse it chanced that Zarathustra suddenly paused, and looked like a person in the greatest alarm. With terror in his eyes did he gaze on his disciples; his glances pierced as with arrows their thoughts and arrear-thoughts. But after a brief space he again laughed, and said soothingly:

"It is difficult to live among men, because silence is so difficult - especially for a babbler." -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. The hunchback, however, had listened to the conversation and had covered his face during the time; but when he

heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up with curiosity, and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak otherwise to us than to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is there to be wondered at! With hunchbacks one May well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Very 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?"-

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Part 2, (21) MANLY PRUDENCE

NOT the height, it is the declivity that is terrible!

The declivity, where the gaze shoots downwards, and the hand grasps upwards. There does the heart become giddy through its double will.

Ah, friends, do you divine also my heart's double will?

This, this is my declivity and my danger, that my gaze shoots towards the summit, and my hand would rather clutch and lean - on the depth!

To man clings my will; with chains do I bind myself to man, because I am pulled upwards to the overman: for there does my other will tend.

And therefore do I live blindly among men, as if I knew them not: that my hand may not entirely lose belief in firmness.

I know not you men: this gloom and consolation is often spread around me.

I sit at the gateway for every rogue, and ask: Who wishes to deceive me?

This is my first manly prudence, that I allow myself to 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 ball! Too easily would I be pulled upwards and away!

This providence is over my fate, that I have to be without foresight.

And he who would not languish among men, must learn to drink out of all glasses; and he who would keep clean among men, must know how to wash himself even with dirty water.

And thus spoke I often to myself for consolation: "Courage! Cheer up! old heart! An unhappiness has failed to befall you: enjoy that as your - happiness!"

This, however, is my other manly prudence: I am more forbearing to

the vain than to the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? Where, however, pride is wounded, there grows up something better than pride.

That life may be fair to behold, its game must be well played; for that purpose, however, it needs good actors.

Good actors have I found all the vain ones: they play, and wish people to be fond of beholding them - all their spirit is in this wish.

They represent themselves, they invent themselves; in their neighbourhood I like to look upon life - it curs of melancholy.

Therefore am I forbearing to the vain, because they are the physicians of my melancholy, and keep me attached to man as to a drama.

And further, who conceives the full depth of the modesty of the vain man! I am favourable to him, and sympathetic on account of his modesty.

From you would he learn his belief in himself; he feeds upon your glances, he eats praise out of your hands.

Your lies does he even believe when you lie favourably about him: for in its depths sighs his heart: "What am I?"

And if that be the true virtue which is unconscious of itself - well, the vain man is unconscious of his modesty!-

This is, however, my third manly prudence: I am not put out of conceit with the wicked by your timorousness.

I am happy to see the marvels the warm sun hatches: tigers and palms and rattlesnakes.

Also among men there is a beautiful brood of the warm sun, and much that is marvellous in the wicked.

In truth, as your wisest did not seem to me so very wise, so found I also human wickedness below the fame of it.

And oft did I ask with a shake of the head: Why still rattle, you rattlesnakes?

Truly, there is still a future even for evil! And the warmest south is still undiscovered by man.

How many things are now called the worst wickedness, which are only twelve feet broad and three months long! Some day, however, will greater dragons come into the world.

For that the overman may not lack his dragon, the super-dragon that is worthy of him, there must still much warm sun glow on moist virgin forests!

Out of your wild cats must tigers have evolved, and out of your poison-toads, crocodiles: for the good hunter shall have a good hunt!

And truly, you good and just! In you there is much to be laughed at, and especially your fear of what has thus far been called "the devil!"

So alien are you in your souls to what is great, that to you the overman would be frightful in his goodness!

And you wise and knowing ones, you would flee from the solar-glow of the wisdom in which the overman joyfully baths his nakedness!

You highest men who have come within my ken! this is my doubt of you, and my secret laughter: I suspect you would call my overman - a devil!

Ah, I became tired of those highest and best ones: from their "height" did I long to be up, out, and away to the overman!

A horror came over me when I saw those best ones naked: then there grew for me the pinions to soar away into distant futures.

Into more distant futures, into more southern souths than ever artist dreamed of: there, where gods are ashamed of all clothes!

But disguised do I want to see you, you neighbours and fellowmen, and well-attired and vain and estimable, as "the good and just;"-

And disguised will I myself sit among you - that I may mistake you and myself: for that is my last manly prudence. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 2, (22) THE STILLEST HOUR

WHAT has happened to me, my friends? you see me troubled, driven forth, unwillingly obedient, ready to go - alas, to go away from you!

Yes, once more must Zarathustra retire to his solitude: but unjoyously this time does the bear go back to his cave!

What has happened to me? Who orders this? - Ah, my angry mistress wishes it so; she spoke to me. Have I ever named her name to you?

Yesterday towards evening there spoke to me my stillest hour: that is the name of my terrible mistress.

And thus did it happen - for everything must I tell you, that your heart may not harden against the suddenly departing one!

Do you know the terror of him who falls asleep?-

To the very toes he is terrified, because the ground gives way under him, and the dream begins.

This do I speak to you in parable. Yesterday at the stillest hour did the

ground give way under me: the dream began.

The hour-hand moved on, the timepiece of my life drew breath - never did I hear such stillness around me, so that my heart was terrified.

Then was there spoken to me without voice: "you know it, Zarathustra?"-

And I cried in terror at this whispering, and the blood left my face: but I was silent.

Then was there once more spoken to me without voice: "you know it, Zarathustra, but you do not speak it!"-

And at last I answered, like one defiant: "Yes, I know it, but I will not speak it!"

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "you will not, Zarathustra? Is this true? Conceal yourself not behind your defiance!"-

And I wept and trembled like a child, and said: "Ah, I would indeed, but how can I do it! Exempt me only from this! It is beyond my power!"

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What matter about yourself, Zarathustra! Speak your word, and succumb!"

And I answered: "Ah, is it my word? Who am I? I await the worthier one; I am not worthy even to succumb by it."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What matter about yourself? you are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the hardest skin."-

And I answered: "What has not the skin of my humility endured! At the foot of my height do I dwell: how high are my summits, no one has yet told me. But well do I know my valleys."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "O Zarathustra, he who has to remove mountains removes also valleys and plains."-

And I answered: "As yet has my word not removed mountains, and what I have spoken has not reached man. I went, indeed, to men, but not yet have I attained to them."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What know you thereof! The dew falls on the grass when the night is most silent."-

And I answered: "They mocked me when I found and walked in my own path; and certainly did my feet then tremble.

And thus did they speak to me: you forgot the path before, now do you also forget how to walk!"

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "What matter about their mockery! you are one who have unlearned to obey: now shall you command!

Know you not who is most needed by all? He who commands great

things.

To execute great things is difficult: but the more difficult task is to command great things.

This is your most unpardonable obstinacy: you have the power, and you will not rule."-

And I answered: "I lack the lion's voice for all commanding."

Then was there again spoken to me as a whispering: "It is the stillest words which bring the storm. Thoughts that come with doves' footsteps guide the world.

O Zarathustra, you shall go as a shadow of that which is to come: thus will you command, and in commanding go foremost."-

And I answered: "I am ashamed."

Then was there again spoken to me without voice: "you must yet become a child, and be without shame.

The pride of youth is still upon you; late have you become young: but he who would become a child must surmount even his youth."-

And I considered a long while, and trembled. At last, however, did I say what I had said at first. "I will not."

Then did a laughing take place all around me. Alas, how that laughing lacerated my bowels and cut into my heart!

And there was spoken to me for the last time: "O Zarathustra, your fruits are ripe, but you are not ripe for your fruits!

So must you go again into solitude: for you shall yet become mellow."-

And again was there a laughing, and it fled: then did it become still around me, as with a double stillness. I lay, however, on the ground, and the sweat flowed from my limbs.

-Now have you heard all, and why I have to return into my solitude. Nothing have I kept hidden from you, my friends.

But even this have you heard from me, who is still the most reserved of men - and will be so!

Ah, my friends! I should have something more to say to you! I should have something more to give to you! Why do I not give it? Am I then a niggard?-

When, however, Zarathustra had spoken these words, the violence of his pain, and a sense of the nearness of his departure from his friends came over him, so that he wept aloud; and no one knew how to console him. In the night, however, he went away alone and left his friends.

THIRD PART

"You look aloft when you long for exaltation, and I look downward because I am exalted.

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

"He who climbs on the highest mountains, laughs at all tragic plays and tragic realities." - ZARATHUSTRA, I., "Reading and Writing."

Third Part

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

THIRD PART

1. The Wanderer
2. The Vision And The Enigma
3. Involuntary Bliss
4. Before Sunrise
5. On Virtue That Makes Small
6. On The Olive-Mount
7. On Passing-By
8. The Apostates
9. The Return Home
10. The Three Evil Things
11. The Spirit Of Gravity
12. Old And New Tables
13. The Convalescent
14. The Great Longing
15. The Second Dance-Song
16. The Seven Seals

Part 3, (1) THE WANDERER

THEN, when it was about midnight, Zarathustra went his way over the ridge of the isle, that he might arrive early in the morning at the other coast; because there he meant to embark. For there was a good roadstead there, in which foreign ships also liked to anchor: those ships took many people with them, who wished to cross over from the Happy Isles. So when Zarathustra thus ascended the mountain, he thought on the way of his many solitary wanderings from youth onwards, and how many mountains and ridges and summits he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and mountain-climber, said he to his heart. I love not the plains, and it seems I cannot long sit still.

And whatever may still overtake me as fate and experience - a wandering will be therein, and a mountain-climbing: in the end one experiences only oneself.

The time is now past when accidents could befall me; and what could now fall to my lot which would not already be my own!

It returns only, it comes home to me at last - my own Self, and such of it as has been long abroad, and scattered among things and accidents.

And one thing more do I know: I stand now before my last summit, and before that which has been longest reserved for me. Ah, my hardest path must I ascend! Ah, I have begun my lonesomest wandering!

He, however, who is of my nature does not avoid such an hour: the hour that says to him: Now only do you go the way to your greatness! Summit and abyss - these are now comprised together!

You go the way to your greatness: now has it become your last refuge, what was thus far your last danger!

You go the way to your greatness: it must now be your best courage that there is no longer any path behind you!

You go the way to your greatness: here shall no one steal after your! Your foot itself has effaced the path behind you, and over it stands written: Impossibility.

And if all ladders henceforth fail you, then must you learn to mount upon your own head: how could you mount upward otherwise?

Upon your own head, and beyond your own heart! Now must the gentlest in you become the hardest.

He who has always much-indulged himself, sickens at last by his much-indulgence. Praises on what makes hardy! I do not praise the land where butter and honey - flow!

To learn to look away from oneself, is necessary in order to see many things. - this hardiness is needed by every mountain-climber.

He, however, who is obtrusive with his eyes as a discerner, how can he ever see more of anything than its foreground!

But you, O Zarathustra, would view the ground of everything, and its background: thus must you mount even above yourself - up, upwards, until you have even your stars under you!

Yes! To look down upon myself, and even upon my stars: that only would I call my summit, that has remained for me as my last summit!-

Thus spoke Zarathustra to himself while ascending, comforting his heart with harsh maxims: for he was sore at heart as he had never been before. And when he had reached the top of the mountain-ridge, behold, there lay the other sea spread out before him; and he stood still and was long silent. The night, however, was cold at this height, and clear and starry.

I recognise my destiny, said he at last, sadly. Well! I am ready. Now has my last lonesomeness begun.

Ah, this sombre, sad sea, below me! Ah, this sombre nocturnal

vexation! Ah, fate and sea! To you must I now go down!

Before my highest mountain do I stand, and before my longest wandering: therefore must I first go deeper down than I ever ascended:

-Deeper down into pain than I ever ascended, even into its darkest flood! So wills my fate. Well! I am ready.

Whence come the highest mountains? so did I once ask. Then did I learn that they come out of the sea.

That testimony is inscribed on their stones, and on the walls of their summits. Out of the deepest must the highest come to its height. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra on the ridge of the mountain where it was cold: when, however, he came into the vicinity of the sea, and at last stood alone among the cliffs, then had he become weary on his way, and more eager than ever before.

Everything as yet sleeps, said he; even the sea sleeps. Drowsily and strangely does its eye gaze upon me.

But it breaths warmly - I feel it. And I feel also that it dreams. It tosses about dreamily on hard pillows.

Hark! Hark! How it groans with evil recollections! Or evil expectations?

Ah, I am sad along with you, you dusky monster, and angry with myself even for your sake.

Ah, that my hand has not strength enough! Gladly, indeed, would I free you from evil dreams! -

And while Zarathustra thus spoke, he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. What! Zarathustra, said he, will you even sing consolation to the sea?

Ah, you amiable fool, Zarathustra, you too-blindly confiding one! But thus have you ever been: ever have you approached confidently all that is terrible.

Every monster would you caress. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft tuft on its paw: - and immediately were you ready to love and lure it.

Love is the danger of the lonesomest one, love to anything, if it only live! Laughable, truly, is my folly and my modesty in love! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed thereby a second time. Then, however, he thought of his abandoned friends - and as if he had done them a wrong with his thoughts, he upbraided himself because of his thoughts. And forthwith it came to pass that the laugher wept - with anger and longing wept Zarathustra bitterly.

Part 3, (2) THE VISION AND THE ENIGMA

1.

WHEN it got abroad among the sailors that Zarathustra was on board the ship - for a man who came from the Happy Isles had gone on board along with him, - there was great curiosity and expectation. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days, and was cold and deaf with sadness; so that he neither answered looks nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he again opened his ears, though he still kept silent: for there were many curious and dangerous things to be heard on board the ship, which came from afar, and was to go still further. Zarathustra, however, was fond of all those who make distant voyages, and dislike to live without danger. And Behold. when listening, his own tongue was at last loosened, and the ice of his heart broke. Then did he begin to speak thus:

To you, the daring venturers and adventurers, and whoever has embarked with cunning sails upon frightful seas,-

To you the enigma-intoxicated, the twilight-enjoyers, whose souls are allured by flutes to every treacherous gulf:

-For you dislike to grope at a thread with cowardly hand; and where you can divine, there do you hate to calculate-

To you only do I tell the enigma that I saw - the vision of the lonesomest one.-

Gloomily walked I lately in corpse-coloured twilight - gloomily and sternly, with compressed lips. Not only one sun had set for me.

A path which ascended daringly among boulders, an evil, lonesome path, which neither herb nor shrub any longer cheered, a mountain-path, crunched under the daring of my foot.

Mutely marching over the scornful clinking of pebbles, trampling the stone that let it slip: thus did my foot force its way upwards.

Upwards: - in spite of the spirit that drew it downwards, towards the abyss, the spirit of gravity, my devil and archenemy.

Upwards: - although it sat upon me, half-dwarf, half-mole; paralysed, paralysing; dripping lead in my ear, and thoughts like drops of lead into my brain.

"O Zarathustra," it whispered scornfully, syllable by syllable, "you stone of wisdom! you threw yourself high, but every thrown stone must - fall!

O Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you sling-stone, you star-destroyer! yourself threw you so high, - but every thrown stone - must fall!

Condemned of yourself, and to your own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed threw you your stone - but upon yourself will it recoil!"

Then was the dwarf silent; and it lasted long. The silence, however, oppressed me; and to be thus in pairs, one is truly lonesomer than when alone!

I ascended, I ascended, I dreamt, I thought, - but everything oppressed me. A sick one did I resemble, whom bad torture wearies, and a worse dream reawakens out of his first sleep.-

But there is something in me which I call courage: it has thus far slain for me every dejection. This courage at last bade me stand still and say: "Dwarf! You! Or I!"-

For courage is the best slayer, - courage which attacks: for in every attack there is sound of triumph.

Man, however, is the most courageous animal: thereby has he overcome every animal. With sound of triumph has he overcome every pain; human pain, however, is the sorest pain.

Courage slays also giddiness at abysses: and where does man not stand at abysses! Is not seeing itself - seeing abysses?

Courage is the best slayer: courage slays also fellow-suffering. Fellow-suffering, however, is the deepest abyss: as deeply as man looks into life, so deeply also does he look into suffering.

Courage, however, is the best slayer, courage which attacks: it slays even death itself; for it says: "Was that life? Well! Once more!"

In such speech, however, there is much sound of triumph. He who has ears to hear, let him hear. -

2.

"Halt, dwarf!" said I. "Either I - or you! I, however, am the stronger of the two: - you know not my abysmal thought! It - could you not endure!"

Then happened that which made me lighter: for the dwarf sprang from my shoulder, the prying sprite! And it squatted on a stone in front of me. There was however a gateway just where we halted.

"Look at this gateway! Dwarf!" I continued, "it has two faces. Two roads come together here: these has no one yet gone to the end of.

This long lane backwards: it continues for an eternity. And that long lane forward - that is another eternity.

They are antithetical to one another, these roads; they directly abut on one another: - and it is here, at this gateway, that they come together. The name of the gateway is inscribed above: 'This Moment.'

But should one follow them further - and ever further and further on, think you, dwarf, that these roads would be eternally antithetical?"-

"Everything straight lies," murmured the dwarf, contemptuously. "All truth is crooked; time itself is a circle."

"you spirit of gravity!" said I wrathfully, "do not take it too lightly! Or I shall let you squat where you squattest, Haltfoot, - and I carried you high!"

"Observe," continued I, "This Moment! From the gateway, This Moment, there runs a long eternal lane backwards: behind us lies an eternity.

Must not whatever can run its course of all things, have already run along that lane? Must not whatever can happen of all things have already happened, resulted, and gone by?

And if everything has already existed, what think you, dwarf, of This Moment? Must not this gateway also - have already existed?

And are not all things closely bound together in such wise that This Moment draws all coming things after it? Consequently - itself also?

For whatever can run its course of all things, also in this long lane outward - must it once more run!-

And this slow spider which creeps in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and you and I in this gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things - must we not all have already existed?

-And must we not return and run in that other lane out before us, that long weird lane - must we not eternally return?"-

Thus did I speak, and always more softly: for I was afraid of my own thoughts, and arrear-thoughts. Then, suddenly did I hear a dog howl near me.

Had I ever heard a dog howl thus? My thoughts ran back. Yes! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood:

-Then did I hear a dog howl thus. And saw it also, with hair bristling, its head upwards, trembling in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

-So that it excited my commiseration. For just then went the full moon, silent as death, over the house; just then did it stand still, a glowing globe - at rest on the flat roof, as if on some one's property:-

Thereby had the dog been terrified: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I again heard such howling, then did it excite my commiseration once more.

Where was now the dwarf? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Had I dreamt? Had I awakened? between rugged rocks

did I suddenly stand alone, dreary in the dreariest moonlight.

But there lay a man! And there! The dog leaping, bristling, whining - now did it see me coming - then did it howl again, then did it cry: - had I ever heard a dog cry so for help?

And truly, what I saw, the like had I never seen. A young shepherd did I see, writhing, choking, quivering, with distorted countenance, and with a heavy black serpent hanging out of his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much loathing and pale horror on one countenance? He had perhaps gone to sleep? Then had the serpent crawled into his throat - there had it bitten itself fast.

My hand pulled at the serpent, and pulled: - in vain! I failed to pull the serpent out of his throat. Then there cried out of me: "Bite! Bite!

Its head off! Bite!" - so cried it out of me; my horror, my hatred, my loathing, my pity, all my good and my bad cried with one voice out of me.-

You daring ones around me! you venturers and adventurers, and whoever of you have embarked with cunning sails on unexplored seas! you enigma-enjoyers!

Solve to me the enigma that I then beheld, interpret to me the vision of the lonesomest one!

For it was a vision and a foresight: - what did I then behold in parable? And who is it that must come some day?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the serpent thus crawled? Who is the man into whose throat all the heaviest and blackest will thus crawl?

-The shepherd however bit as my cry had admonished him; he bit with a strong bite! Far away did he spit the head of the serpent: - and sprang up.-

No longer shepherd, no longer man - a transfigured being, a light-surrounded being, that laughed! Never on earth laughed a man as he laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter which was no human laughter, - and now gnaws a thirst at me, a longing that is never allayed.

My longing for that laughter gnaws at me: oh, how can I still endure to live! And how could I endure to die at present! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (3) INVOLUNTARY BLISS

WITH such enigmas and bitterness in his heart did Zarathustra sail over the sea. When, however, he was four day-journeys from the Happy Isles and from his friends, then had he surmounted all his pain: - triumphantly and with firm foot did he again accept his fate. And then talked Zarathustra in this wise to his exulting conscience:

Alone am I again, and like to be so, alone with the pure heaven, and the open sea; and again is the afternoon around me.

On an afternoon did I find my friends for the first time; on an afternoon, also, did I find them a second time: - at the hour when all light becomes stiller.

For whatever happiness is still on its way between heaven and earth, now seeks for lodging a luminous soul: with happiness has all light now become stiller.

O afternoon of my life! Once did my happiness also descend to the valley that it might seek a lodging: then did it find those open hospitable souls.

O afternoon of my life! What did I not surrender that I might have one thing: this living plantation of my thoughts, and this dawn of my highest hope!

Companions did the creating one once seek, and children of his hope: and behold, it turned out that he could not find them, except he himself should first create them.

Thus am I in the midst of my work, to my children going, and from them returning: for the sake of his children must Zarathustra perfect himself.

For in one's heart one loves only one's child and one's work; and where there is great love to oneself, then is it the sign of pregnancy: so have I found it.

Still are my children verdant in their first spring, standing close to one another, and shaken in common by the winds, the trees of my garden and of my best soil.

And truly, where such trees stand beside one another, there are Happy Isles!

But one day will I take them up, and put each by itself alone: that it may learn lonesomeness and defiance and prudence.

Gnarled and crooked and with flexible hardness shall it then stand by the sea, a living lighthouse of unconquerable life.

Yonder where the storms rush down into the sea, and the snout of the

mountain drinks water, shall each on a time have his day and night watches, for his testing and recognition.

Recognised and tested shall each be, to see if he be of my type and lineage: - if he be master of a long will, silent even when he speaks, and giving in such wise that he takes in giving:-

-So that he may one day become my companion, a fellow-creator and fellow-enjoyer with Zarathustra: - such a one as writes my will on my tables, for the fuller perfection of all things.

And for his sake and for those like him, must I perfect myself: therefore do I now avoid my happiness, and present myself to every misfortune - for my final testing and recognition.

And truly, it were time that I went away; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest tedium and the stillest hour - have all said to me: "It is the highest time!"

The word blew to me through the keyhole and said "Come!" The door sprang subtly open to me, and said "Go!"

But I lay enchained to my love for my children: desire spread this snare for me - the desire for love - that I should become the prey of my children, and lose myself in them.

Desiring - that is now for me to have lost myself. I possess you, my children! In this possessing shall everything be assurance and nothing desire.

But brooding lay the sun of my love upon me, in his own juice stewed Zarathustra, - then did shadows and doubts fly past me.

For frost and winter I now longed: "Oh, that frost and winter would again make me crack and crunch!" sighed I: - then arose icy mist out of me.

My past burst its tomb, many pains buried alike woke up: - fully slept had they merely, concealed in corpse-clothes.

So called everything to me in signs: "It is time!" But I - heard not, until at last my abyss moved, and my thought bit me.

Ah, abysmal thought, which are my thought! When shall I find strength to hear you burrowing, and no longer tremble?

To my very throat throbs my heart when I hear them burrowing! your muteness even is like to strangle me, you abysmal mute one!

As yet have I never ventured to call you up; it has been enough that I - have carried you about with me! As yet have I not been strong enough for my final lion-wantonness and playfulness.

Sufficiently formidable to me has your weight ever been: but one day shall I yet find the strength and the lion's voice which will call you up!

When I shall have surmounted myself therein, then will I surmount myself also in that which is greater; and a victory shall be the seal of my perfection!-

Meanwhile do I sail along on uncertain seas; chance flatters me, smooth-tongued chance; forward and backward do I gaze-, still see I no end.

As yet has the hour of my final struggle not come to me - or does it come to me perhaps just now? Truly, with insidious beauty do sea and life gaze upon me round about:

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before eventide! O haven upon high seas! O peace in uncertainty! How I distrust all of you!

Truly, distrustful am I of your insidious beauty! Like the lover am I, who distrusts too sleek smiling.

As he pushes the best-beloved before him - tender even in severity, the jealous one-, so do I push this blissful hour before me.

Away with you, you blissful hour! With you has there come to me an involuntary bliss! Ready for my severest pain do I here stand: - at the wrong time have you come!

Away with you, you blissful hour! Rather harbour there - with my children! Hasten! and bless them before eventide with my happiness!

There, already approaches eventide: the sun sinks. Away - my happiness! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And he waited for his misfortune the whole night; but he waited in vain. The night remained clear and calm, and happiness itself came closer and closer to him. Towards morning, however, Zarathustra laughed to his heart, and said mockingly: "Happiness runs after me. That is because I do not run after women. Happiness, however, is a woman."

Part 3, (4) BEFORE SUNRISE

O HEAVEN above me, you pure, you deep heaven! you abyss of light! Gazing on you, I tremble with divine desires.

Up to your height to toss myself - that is my depth! In your purity to hide myself - that is my innocence!

The God veils his beauty: thus hide you your stars. you speak not: thus proclaim you your wisdom to me.

Mute over the raging sea have you risen for me to-day; your love and your modesty make a revelation to my raging soul.

In that you came to me beautiful, veiled in your beauty, in that you spoke to me mutely, obvious in your wisdom:

Oh, how could I fail to divine all the modesty of your soul! Before the sun didst you come to me - the lonesomest one.

We have been friends from the beginning: to us are grief, gruesomeness, and ground common; even the sun is common to us.

We do not speak to each other, because we know too much-: we keep silent to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Are you not the light of my fire? have you not the sister-soul of my insight?

Together did we learn everything; together did we learn to ascend beyond ourselves to ourselves, and to smile uncloudedly:-

-Uncloudedly to smile down out of luminous eyes and out of miles of distance, when under us constraint and purpose and guilt stream like rain.

And wandered I alone, for what did my soul hunger by night and in labyrinthine paths? And climbed I mountains, whom did I ever seek, if not you, upon mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing: a necessity was it merely, and a makeshift of the unhandy one: - to fly only, wants my entire will, to fly into you!

And what have I hated more than passing clouds, and whatever taints you? And my own hatred have I even hated, because it tainted you!

The passing clouds I detest - those stealthy cats of prey: they take from you and me what is common to us - the vast unbounded Yes - and Amen - saying.

These mediators and mixers we detest - the passing clouds: those half-and-half ones, that have neither learned to bless nor to curse from the heart.

Rather will I sit in a tub under a closed heaven, rather will I sit in the abyss without heaven, than see you, you luminous heaven, tainted with passing clouds!

And oft have I longed to pin them fast with the jagged gold-wires of lightning, that I might, like the thunder, beat the drum upon their kettle-bellies:-

-An angry drummer, because they rob me of your yes and Amen! - you heaven above me, you pure, you luminous heaven! you abyss of light! - because they rob you of my yes and Amen.

For rather will I have noise and thunders and tempest-blasts, than this discreet, doubting cat-repose; and also among men do I hate most of all the soft-treaders, and half-and-half ones, and the doubting, hesitating, passing clouds.

And "he who cannot bless shall learn to curse!" - this clear teaching dropt to me from the clear heaven; this star stands in my heaven even in dark nights.

I, however, am a blesser and a Yes-sayer, if you be but around me, you pure, you luminous heaven! you abyss of light! - into all abysses do I then carry my beneficent Yes-saying.

A blesser have I become and a Yes-sayer: and therefore strove I long and was a striver, that I might one day get my hands free for blessing.

This, however, is my blessing: to stand above everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security: and blessed is he who thus bless!

For all things are baptized at the font of eternity, and beyond good and evil; good and evil themselves, however, are but fugitive shadows and damp afflictions and passing clouds.

Truly, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy when I teach that "above all things there stands the heaven of chance, the heaven of innocence, the heaven of hazard, the heaven of wantonness."

"Of Hazard" - that is the oldest nobility in the world; that gave I back to all things; I emancipated them from bondage under purpose.

This freedom and celestial serenity did I put like an azure bell above all things, when I taught that over them and through them, no "eternal Will" - wills.

This wantonness and folly did I put in place of that Will, when I taught that "In everything there is one thing impossible - rationality!"

A little reason, to be sure, a germ of wisdom scattered from star to star - this leaven is mixed in all things: for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed in all things!

A little wisdom is indeed possible; but this blessed security have I found in all things, that they prefer - to dance on the feet of chance.

O heaven above me! you pure, you lofty heaven! This is now your purity to me, that there is no eternal reason-spider and reason-cobweb:-

-That you are to me a dancing-floor for divine chances, that you are to me a table of the Gods, for divine dice and dice-players!-

But you blush? Have I spoken unspeakable things? Have I abused, when I meant to bless you?

Or is it the shame of being two of us that makes you blush! - Do you

bid me go and be silent, because now - day comes?

The world is deep: - and deeper than ever the day could read. Not everything may be uttered in presence of day. But day comes: so let us part!

O heaven above me, you modest one! you glowing one! O you, my happiness before sunrise! The day comes: so let us part! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (5) ON THE VIRTUE THAT MAKES SMALL

1.

WHEN Zarathustra was again on the continent, he did not go straightway to his mountains and his cave, but made many wanderings and questionings, and ascertained this and that; so that he said of himself jestingly: "Behold, a river that flows back to its source in many windings!" For he wanted to learn what had taken place among men during the interval: whether they had become greater or smaller. And once, when he saw a row of new houses, he marvelled, and said:

"What do these houses mean? Truly, no great soul put them up as its simile!

Did perhaps a silly child take them out of its toy-box? Would that another child put them again into the box!

And these rooms and chambers - can men go out and in there? They seem to be made for silk dolls; or for dainty-eaters, who perhaps let others eat with them."

And Zarathustra stood still and meditated. At last he said sorrowfully: "There has everything become smaller!

Everywhere do I see lower doorways: he who is of my type can still go through them, but - he must stoop!

Oh, when shall I arrive again at my home, where I shall no longer have to stoop - shall no longer have to stoop before the small ones!" - And Zarathustra sighed, and gazed into the distance.-

The same day, however, he gave his discourse on the dwarfing virtue.

2.

I pass through this people and keep my eyes open: they do not forgive me for not envying their virtues.

They bite at me, because I say to them that for small people, small

virtues are necessary - and because it is hard for me to understand that small people are necessary!

Here am I still like a cock in a strange farm-yard, at which even the hens peck: but on that account I am not unfriendly to the hens.

I am courteous towards them, as towards all small annoyances; to be prickly towards what is small, seems to me wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all speak of me when they sit around their fire in the evening - they speak of me, but no one thinks - of me!

This is the new stillness which I have experienced: their noise around me spreads a mantle over my thoughts.

They shout to one another: "What is this gloomy cloud about to do to us? Let us see that it does not bring a plague upon us!"

And recently did a woman seize upon her child that was coming to me: "Take the children away," cried she, "such eyes scorch children's souls."

They cough when I speak: they think coughing an objection to strong winds - they divine nothing of the boisterousness of my happiness!

"We have not yet time for Zarathustra" - so they object; but what matter about a time that "has no time" for Zarathustra?

And if they should altogether praise me, how could I go to sleep on their praise? A girdle of spines is their praise to me: it scratches me even when I take it off.

And this also did I learn among them: the praiser does as if he gave back; in truth, however, he wants more to be given him!

Ask my foot if their lauding and luring strains please it! Truly, to such measure and ticktack, it likes neither to dance nor to stand still.

To small virtues would they rather lure and laud me; to the ticktack of small happiness would they rather persuade my foot.

I pass through this people and keep my eyes open; they have become smaller, and ever become smaller: - the reason thereof is their doctrine of happiness and virtue.

For they are moderate also in virtue, - because they want comfort. With comfort, however, moderate virtue only is compatible.

To be sure, they also learn in their way to stride on and stride forward: that, I call their hobbling. - Thereby they become a hindrance to all who are in haste.

And many of them go forward, and look backwards thereby, with stiffened necks: those do I like to run up against.

Foot and eye shall not lie, nor give the lie to each other. But there is much lying among small people.

Some of them will, but most of them are willed. Some of them are

genuine, but most of them are bad actors.

There are actors without knowing it among them, and actors without intending it-, the genuine ones are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

Of man there is little here: therefore do their women masculinise themselves. For only he who is man enough, will - save the woman in woman.

And this hypocrisy found I worst among them, that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve.

"I serve, you serve, we serve" - so chants here even the hypocrisy of the rulers - and Alas. if the first lord be only the first servant!

Ah, even upon their hypocrisy did my eyes' curiosity alight; and well did I divine all their fly - happiness, and their buzzing around sunny window-panes.

So much kindness, so much weakness do I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

Round, fair, and considerate are they to one another, as grains of sand are round, fair, and considerate to grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness - that do they call "submission"! and at the same time they peer modestly after a new small happiness.

In their hearts they want simply one thing most of all: that no one hurt them. Thus do they anticipate every one's wishes and do well to every one.

That, however, is cowardice, though it be called "virtue."-

And when they chance to speak harshly, those small people, then do I hear therein only their hoarseness - every draught of air makes them hoarse.

Shrewd indeed are they, their virtues have shrewd fingers. But they lack fists: their fingers do not know how to creep behind fists.

Virtue for them is what makes modest and tame: therewith have they made the wolf a dog, and man himself man's best domestic animal.

"We set our chair in the midst" - so says their smirking to me - "and as far from dying gladiators as from satisfied swine."

That, however, is - mediocrity, though it be called moderation. -

3.

I pass through this people and let fall many words: but they know neither how to take nor how to retain them.

They wonder why I came not to revile venery and vice; and truly, I came not to warn against pickpockets either!

They wonder why I am not ready to abet and whet their wisdom: as if they had not yet enough of wiseacres, whose voices grate on my ear like

slate-pencils!

And when I call out: "Curse all the cowardly devils in you, that would rather whimper and fold the hands and adore" - then do they shout: "Zarathustra is godless."

And especially do their teachers of submission shout this; - but precisely in their ears do I love to cry: "Yes! I am Zarathustra, the godless!"

Those teachers of submission! Wherever there is aught puny, or sickly, or scabby, there do they creep like lice; and only my disgust prevents me from cracking them.

Well! This is my sermon for their ears: I am Zarathustra the godless, who says: "Who is more godless than I, that I may enjoy his teaching?"

I am Zarathustra the godless: where do I find my equal? And all those are my equals who give to themselves their Will, and divest themselves of all submission.

I am Zarathustra the godless! I cook every chance in my pot. And only when it has been quite cooked do I welcome it as my food.

And truly, many a chance came imperiously to me: but still more imperiously did my Will speak to it, - then did it lie imploringly upon its knees-

-Imploring that it might find home and heart with me, and saying flatteringly: "See, O Zarathustra, how friend only comes to friend!"-

But why talk I, when no one has my ears! And so will I shout it out to all the winds:

You ever become smaller, you small people! you crumble away, you comfortable ones! you will yet perish-

-By your many small virtues, by your many small omissions, and by your many small submissions!

Too tender, too yielding: so is your soil! But for a tree to become great, it seeks to twine hard roots around hard rocks!

Also what you omit weaves at the web of all the human future; even your naught is a cobweb, and a spider that lives on the blood of the future.

And when you take, then is it like stealing, you small virtuous ones; but even among knaves honour says that "one shall only steal when one cannot rob."

"It gives itself" - that is also a doctrine of submission. But I say to you, you comfortable ones, that it takes to itself, and will ever take more and more from you!

Ah, that you would renounce all half-willing, and would decide for idleness as you decide for action!

Ah, that you understood my word: "Do ever what you will - but first be such as can will.

Love ever your neighbour as yourselves - but first be such as love themselves-

-Such as love with great love, such as love with great contempt!" Thus speaks Zarathustra the godless.-

But why talk I, when 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 cockcrow in dark lanes.

But their hour comes! And there comes also mine! Hourly do they become smaller, poorer, unfruitfuller, - poor herbs! poor earth!

And soon shall they stand before me like dry grass and prairie, and truly, weary of themselves - and panting for fire, more than for water!

O blessed hour of the lightning! O mystery before noontide! - Running fires will I one day make of them, and heralds with flaming tongues:-

-Herald shall they one day with flaming tongues: It comes, it is close, the great noontide!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (6) ON THE OLIVE-MOUNT WINTER, a bad guest, sits with me at home; blue are my hands with his friendly hand-shaking.

I honour him, that bad guest, but gladly leave him alone. Gladly do I run away from him; and when one runs well, then one escapes him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts do I run where the wind is calm - to the sunny corner of my olive-mount.

There do I laugh at my stern guest, and am still fond of him; because he clears my house of flies, and quiets many little noises.

For he suffers it not if a gnat wants to buzz, or even two of them; also the lanes makes he lonesome, so that the moonlight is afraid there at night.

A hard guest is he, - but I honour him, and do not worship, like the tenderlings, the pot-bellied fire-idol.

Better even a little teeth-chattering than idol-adoration! - so wills my nature. And especially have I a grudge against all ardent, steaming, steamy fire-idols.

Him whom I love, I love better in winter than in summer; better do I now mock at my enemies, and more heartily, when winter sits in my house.

Heartily, truly, even when I creep into bed-: there, still laughs and wantons my hidden happiness; even my deceptive dream laughs.

I, a - creeper? Never in my life did I creep before the powerful; and if ever I lied, then did I lie out of love. Therefore am I glad even in my winter-bed.

A poor bed warms me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter she is most faithful to me.

With a wickedness do I begin every day: I mock at the winter with a cold bath: on that account grumbles my stern house-mate.

Also do I like to tickle him with a wax-taper, that he may finally let the heavens emerge from ashy-grey twilight.

For especially wicked am I in the morning: at the early hour when the pail rattles at the well, and horses neigh warmly in grey lanes:-

Impatiently do I then wait, that the clear sky may finally dawn for me, the snow-bearded winter-sky, the hoary one, the white-head,-

-The winter-sky, the silent winter-sky, which often stifles even its sun!

Did I perhaps learn from it the long clear silence? Or did it learn it from me? Or has each of us devised it himself?

Of all good things the origin is a thousandfold, - all good roguish things spring into existence for joy: how could they always do so - for once only!

A good roguish thing is also the long silence, and to look, like the winter-sky, out of a clear, round-eyed countenance:-

-Like it to stifle one's sun, and one's inflexible solar will: truly, this art and this winter-roguishness have I learned well!

My best-loved wickedness and art is it, that my silence has learned not to betray itself by silence.

Clattering with diction and dice, I outwit the solemn assistants: all those stern watchers, shall my will and purpose elude.

That no one might see down into my depth and into my ultimate will - for that purpose did I devise the long clear silence.

Many a shrewd one did I find: he veiled his countenance and made his water muddy, that no one might see therethrough and thereunder.

But precisely to him came the shrewder distrusters and nut-crackers: precisely from him did they fish his best-concealed fish!

But the clear, the honest, the transparent - these are for me the wisest silent ones: in them, so profound is the depth that even the clearest water

does not - betray it.-

You snow-bearded, silent, winter-sky, you round-eyed whitehead above me! Oh, you heavenly simile of my soul and its wantonness!

And must I not conceal myself like one who has swallowed gold - lest my soul should be ripped up?

Must I not wear stilts, that they may overlook my long legs - all those enviers and injurers around me?

Those dingy, fire-warmed, used-up, green-tinted, ill-natured souls - how could their envy endure my happiness!

Thus do I show them only the ice and winter of my peaks - and not that my mountain winds all the solar girdles around it!

They hear only the whistling of my winter-storms: and know not that I also travel over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south-winds.

They commiserate also my accidents and chances: - but my word says: "Suffer the chance to come to me: innocent is it as a little child!"

How could they endure my happiness, if I did not put around it accidents, and winter-privations, and bear-skin caps, and enmantling snowflakes!

-If I did not myself commiserate their pity, the pity of those enviers and injurers!

-If I did not myself sigh before them, and chatter with cold, and patiently let myself be swathed in their pity!

This is the wise waggish-will and good-will of my soul, that it conceals not its winters and glacial storms; it conceals not its chilblains either.

To one man, lonesomeness is the flight of the sick one; to another, it is the flight from the sick ones.

Let them hear me chattering and sighing with winter-cold, all those poor squinting knaves around me! With such sighing and chattering do I flee from their heated rooms.

Let them sympathise with me and sigh with me on account of my chilblains: "At the ice of knowledge will he yet freeze to death!" - so they mourn.

Meanwhile do I run with warm feet hither and there on my olive-mount: in the sunny corner of my olive-mount do I sing, and mock at all pity. -

Thus sang Zarathustra.

Part 3, (7) ON PASSING-BY

THUS slowly wandering through many peoples and divers cities, did Zarathustra return by round-about roads to his mountains and his cave. And behold, thereby came he unawares also to the gate of the great city. Here, however, a foaming fool, with extended hands, sprang forward to him and stood in his way. It was the same fool whom the people called "the ape of Zarathustra:" for he had learned from him something of the expression and modulation of language, and perhaps liked also to borrow from the store of his wisdom. And the fool talked thus to Zarathustra:

O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here have you nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why would you wade through this mire? Have pity upon your foot! Spit rather on the gate of the city, and - turn back!

Here is the hell for anchorites' thoughts: here are great thoughts seethed alive and boiled small.

Here do all great sentiments decay: here may only rattle-boned sensations rattle!

Smell you not already the shambles and cookshops of the spirit? Steams not this city with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

See you not the souls hanging like limp dirty rags? - And they make newspapers also out of these rags!

Hear you not how spirit has here become a verbal game? Loathsome verbal swill does it vomit forth! - And they make newspapers also out of this verbal swill.

They hound one another, and know not where! They inflame one another, and know not why! They tinkle with their pinchbeck, they jingle with their gold.

They are cold, and seek warmth from distilled waters: they are inflamed, and seek coolness from frozen spirits; they are all sick and sore through public opinion.

All lusts and vices are here at home; but here there are also the virtuous; there is much appointable appointed virtue:-

Much appointable virtue with scribe-fingers, and hardy sitting-flesh and waiting-flesh, blessed with small breast-stars, and padded, haunchless daughters.

There is here also much piety, and much faithful spittle-licking and spittle-backing, before the God of Hosts.

"From on high," drips the star, and the gracious spittle; for the high,

longs every starless bosom.

The moon has its court, and the court has its moon-calves: to all, however, that comes from the court do the mendicant people pray, and all appointable mendicant virtues.

"I serve, you serve, we serve" - so prays all appointable virtue to the prince: that the merited star may at last stick on the slender breast!

But the moon still revolves around all that is earthly: so revolves also the prince around what is earthliest of all - that, however, is the gold of the shopman.

The God of the Hosts of war is not the God of the golden bar; the prince proposes, but the shopman - disposes!

By all that is luminous and strong and good in you, O Zarathustra! Spit on this city of shopmen and return back!

Here flows all blood putridly and tepidly and frothily through all veins: spit on the great city, which is the great slum where all the scum froths together!

Spit on the city of compressed souls and slender breasts, of pointed eyes and sticky fingers-

-On the city of the obtrusive, the brazen-faced, the pen-demagogues and tongue-demagogues, the overheated ambitious:-

Where everything maimed, ill-famed, lustful, untrustful, over-mellow, sickly-yellow and seditious, festers perniciously:-

-Spit on the great city and turn back! -

Here, however, did Zarathustra interrupt the foaming fool, and shut his mouth.-

Stop this at once! called out Zarathustra, long have your speech and your species disgusted me!

Why didst you live so long by the swamp, that you yourself had to become a frog and a toad?

Flows there not a tainted, frothy, swamp-blood in your own veins, when you have thus learned to croak and revile?

Why did you not go into the forest? Or why didst you not till the ground? Is the sea not full of green islands?

I despise your contempt; and when you warned me - why didst you not warn yourself?

Out of love alone shall my contempt and my warning bird take wing; but not out of the swamp!-

They call you my ape, you foaming fool: but I call you my grunting-pig, - by your grunting, you spoil even my praise of folly.

What was it that first made you grunt? Because no one sufficiently

flattered you: - therefore didst you seat yourself beside this filth, that you might have cause for much grunting,-

-That you might have cause for much vengeance! For vengeance, you vain fool, is all your foaming; I have divined you well!

But your fools'-word injures me, even when you are right! And even if Zarathustra's word were a hundred times justified, you would ever - do wrong with my word!

Thus spoke Zarathustra. Then did he look on the great city and sighed, and was long silent. At last he spoke thus:

I loathe also this great city, and not only this fool. Here and there - there is nothing to better, nothing to worsen.

Woe to this great city! - And I would that I already saw the pillar of fire in which it will be consumed!

For such pillars of fire must precede the great noontide. But this has its time and its own fate.-

This precept, however, give I to you, in parting, you fool: Where one can no longer love, there should one - pass by! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and passed by the fool and the great city.

Part 3, (8) THE APOSTATES

1.

AH, Is everything already withered and grey which but lately stood green and many-hued on this meadow! And how much honey of hope did I carry hence into my beehives!

Those young hearts have already all become old - and not old even! only weary, ordinary, comfortable: - they declare it: "We have again become pious."

Of late did I see them run forth at early morn with valorous steps: but the feet of their knowledge became weary, and now do they malign even their morning valour!

Truly, many of them once lifted their legs like the dancer; to them winked the laughter of my wisdom: - then did they bethink themselves. Just now have I seen them bent down - to creep to the cross.

Around light and liberty did they once flutter like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder: and already are they mystifiers, and mumblers and mollycoddles.

Did perhaps their hearts despond, because lonesomeness had swallowed me like a whale? Did their ear perhaps listen yearningly-long for me in vain, and for my trumpet-notes and herald-calls?

-Ah! Ever are there but few of those whose hearts have persistent courage and exuberance; and in such remains also the spirit patient. The rest, however, are cowardly.

The rest: these are always the great majority, the common-place, the superfluous, the far-too many - those all are cowardly!-

Him who is of my type, will also the experiences of my type meet on the way: so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

His second companions, however - they will call themselves his believers, - will be a living host, with much love, much folly, much unbearded veneration.

To those believers shall he who is of my type among men not bind his heart; in those spring-times and many-hued meadows shall he not believe, who knows the fickly faint-hearted human species!

Could they do otherwise, then would they also will otherwise. The half-and-half spoil every whole. That leaves become withered, - what is there to lament about that!

Let them go and fall away, O Zarathustra, and do not lament! Better even to blow among them with rustling winds,-

-Blow among those leaves, O Zarathustra, that everything withered may run away from you the faster! -

2.

"We have again become pious" - so do those apostates confess; and some of them are still too pusillanimous thus to confess.

to them I look into the eye, - before them I say it to their face and to the blush on their cheeks: you are those who again pray!

It is however a shame to pray! Not for all, but for you, and me, and whoever has his conscience in his head. For you it is a shame to pray!

You know it well: the faint-hearted devil in you, which would rather fold its arms, and place its hands in its bosom, and take it easier: - this faint-hearted devil persuades you that "there is a God!"

Thereby, however, do you belong to the light-dreading type, to whom light never permits repose: now must you daily thrust your head deeper into obscurity and vapour!

And truly, you choose the hour well: for just now do the nocturnal birds again fly abroad. The hour has come for all light-dreading people, the vesper hour and leisure hour, when they do not - "take leisure."

I hear it and smell it: it has come - their hour for hunt and procession,

not indeed for a wild hunt, but for a tame, lame, snuffling, soft-treaders', soft-prayers' hunt,-

-For a hunt after susceptible simpletons: all mouse-traps for the heart have again been set! And whenever I lift a curtain, a night-moth rushes out of it.

Did it perhaps squat there along with another night-moth? For everywhere do I smell small concealed communities; and wherever there are closets there are new devotees therein, and the atmosphere of devotees.

They sit for long evenings beside one another, and say: "Let us again become like little children and say, 'good God!'" - ruined in mouths and stomachs by the pious confectioners.

Or they look for long evenings at a crafty, lurking cross-spider, that preaches prudence to the spiders themselves, and teaches that "under crosses it is good for cobweb-spinning!"

Or they sit all day at swamps with angle-rods, and on that account think themselves profound; but whoever fishes where there are no fish, I do not even call him superficial!

Or they learn in godly-gay style to play the harp with a hymn-poet, who would rather harp himself into the heart of young girls: - for he has tired of old girls and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder with a learned semi-madcap, who waits in darkened rooms for spirits to come to him - and the spirit runs away entirely!

Or they listen to an old roving howl - and growl-piper, who has learned from the sad winds the sadness of sounds; now pips he as the wind, and preaches sadness in sad strains.

And some of them have even become night-watchmen: they know now how to blow horns, and go about at night and awaken old things which have long fallen asleep.

Five words about old things did I hear yesternight at the garden-wall: they came from such old, sorrowful, arid night-watchmen.

"For a father he cars not sufficiently for his children: human fathers do this better!"-

"He is too old! He now cars no more for his children," - answered the other night-watchman.

"has he then children? No one can prove it unless he himself prove it! I have long wished that he would for once prove it thoroughly."

"Prove? As if he had ever proved anything! Proving is difficult to him; he lays great stress on one's believing him."

"Ay! Ay! Belief saves him; belief in him. That is the way with old

people! So it is with us also!"-

-Thus spoke to each other the two old night-watchmen and light-scarers, and tooted thereupon sorrowfully on their horns: so did it happen yesternight at the garden-wall.

To me, however, did the heart writhe with laughter, and was like to break; it knew not where to go, and sunk into the midriff.

Truly, it will be my death yet - to choke with laughter when I see asses drunken, and hear night-watchmen thus doubt about God.

has the time not long since passed for all such doubts? Who may nowadays awaken such old slumbering, light-shunning things!

With the old Deities has it long since come to an end: - and truly, a good joyful Deity-end had they!

They did not "begloom" themselves to death - that do people fabricate! On the contrary, they - laughed themselves to death once on a time!

That took place when the ungodliest utterance came from a God himself - the utterance: "There is but one God! you shall have no other gods before me!"-

-An old grim-beard of a God, a jealous one, forgot himself in such wise:-

And all the gods then laughed, and shook upon their thrones, and exclaimed: "Is it not just divinity that there are gods, but no God?"

He that has an ear let him hear. -

Thus talked Zarathustra in the city he loved, which is surnamed "The Pied Cow." For from here he had but two days to travel to reach once more his cave and his animals; his soul, however, rejoiced unceasingly on account of the closeness of his return home.

Part 3, (9) THE RETURN HOME

O LONESOMENESS! My home, lonesomeness! Too long have I lived wildly in wild remoteness, to return to you without tears!

Now threaten me with the finger as mothers threaten; now smile upon me as mothers smile; now say just: "Who was it that like a whirlwind once rushed away from me?-

-Who when departing called out: 'Too long have I sat with lonesomeness; there have I unlearned silence!' That have you learned now - surely?

O Zarathustra, everything do I know; and that you were more forsaken among the many, you unique one, than you ever were with me!

One thing is forsakenness, another matter is lonesomeness: that have you now learned! And that among men you will ever be wild and strange:

-Wild and strange even when they love you: for above all they want to be treated indulgently!

Here, however, are you at home and house with yourself; here can you utter everything, and unbosom all motives; nothing is here ashamed of concealed, congealed feelings.

Here do all things come caressingly to your talk and flatter you: for they want to ride upon your back. On every simile do you here ride to every truth.

Uprightly and openly may you here talk to all things: and truly, it sounds as praise in their ears, for one to talk to all things - directly!

Another matter, however, is forsakenness. For, do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your bird screamed overhead, when you stood in the forest, irresolute, ignorant where to go, beside a corpse:-

-When you spoke: 'Let my animals lead me! More dangerous have I found it among men than among animals:' - That was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When you sat in your isle, a well of wine giving and granting among empty buckets, bestowing and distributing among the thirsty:

-Until at last you alone sat thirsty among the drunken ones, and wailed nightly: 'Is taking not more blessed than giving? And stealing yet more blessed than taking?' - That was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your stillest hour came and drove you forth from yourself, when with wicked whispering it said: 'Speak and succumb!'-

-When it disgusted you with all your waiting and silence, and discouraged your humble courage: That was forsakenness!"-

O lonesomeness! My home, lonesomeness! How blessedly and tenderly speaks your voice to me!

We do not question each other, we do not complain to each other; we go together openly through open doors.

For all is open with you and clear; and even the hours run here on lighter feet. For in the dark, time weighs heavier upon one than in the light.

Here fly open to me all beings' words and word-cabinets: here all being wants to become words, here all becoming wants to learn of me how to

talk.

Down there, however - all talking is in vain! There, forgetting and passing-by are the best wisdom: that have I learned now!

He who would understand everything in man must handle everything. But for that I have too clean hands.

I do not like even to inhale their breath; Alas. that I have lived so long among their noise and bad breaths!

O blessed stillness around me! O pure odours around me! How from a deep breast this stillness fetches pure breath! How it hearkens, this blessed stillness!

But down there - there speaks everything, there is everything misheard. If one announce one's wisdom with bells, the shopmen in the market-place will out-jingle it with pennies!

Everything among them talks; no one knows any longer how to understand. Everything falls into the water; nothing falls any longer into deep wells.

Everything among them talks, nothing succeeds any longer and accomplishes itself. Everything cackles, but who will still sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Everything among them talks, everything is out-talked. And that which yesterday was still too hard for time itself and its tooth, hangs today, outchamped and outchewed, from the mouths of the men of today.

Everything among them talks, everything is betrayed. And what was once called the secret and secrecy of profound souls, belongs to-day to the street-trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human hubbub, you wonderful thing! you noise in dark streets! Now are you again behind me: - my greatest danger lies behind me!

In indulging and pitying lay ever my greatest danger; and all human hubbub wishes to be indulged and tolerated.

With suppressed truths, with fool's hand and befooled heart, and rich in petty lies of pity: - thus have I ever lived among men.

Disguised did I sit among them, ready to misjudge myself that I might endure them, and willingly saying to myself: "you fool, you do not know men!"

One unlearns men when one lives among them: there is too much foreground in all men - what can far-seeing, far-longing eyes do there!

And, fool that I was, when they misjudged me, I indulged them on that account more than myself, being habitually hard on myself, and often even taking revenge on myself for the indulgence.

Stung all over by poisonous flies, and hollowed like the stone by many drops of wickedness: thus did I sit among them, and still said to myself: "Innocent is everything petty of its pettiness!"

Especially did I find those who call themselves "the good," the most poisonous flies; they sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence; how could they - be just towards me!

He who lives among the good - pity teaches him to lie. Pity makes stifling air for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To conceal myself and my riches - that did I learn down there: for everyone did I still find poor in spirit. It was the lie of my pity, that I knew in every one.

-That I saw and scented in every one, what was enough of spirit for him, and what was too much!

Their stiff wise men: I call them wise, not stiff - thus did I learn to slur over words.

The grave-diggers dig for themselves diseases. Under old rubbish rest bad vapours. One should not stir up the marsh. One should live on mountains.

With blessed nostrils do I again breathe mountain-freedom. Freed at last is my nose from the smell of all human hubbub!

With sharp breezes tickled, as with sparkling wine, sneezes my soul - sneezes, and shouts self-congratulatingly: "Health to you!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (10) THE THREE EVIL THINGS

1.

IN MY dream, in my last morning-dream, I stood today on a promontory - beyond the world; I held a pair of scales, and weighed the world.

Alas, that the rosy dawn came too early to me: she glowed me awake, the jealous one! Jealous is she always of the glows of my morning-dream.

Measurable by him who has time, weighable by a good weigher, attainable by strong pinions, divinable by divine nutcrackers: thus did my dream find the world:-

My dream, a bold sailor, half-ship, half-hurricane, silent as the butterfly, impatient as the falcon: how had it the patience and leisure to-day for

world-weighing!

Did my wisdom perhaps speak secretly to it, my laughing, wide-awake day-wisdom, which mocks at all "infinite worlds"? For it says: "Where force is, there becomes number the master: it has more force."

How confidently did my dream contemplate this finite world, not new-fangledly, not old-fangledly, not timidly, not entreatingly:-

-As if a big round apple presented itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple, with a coolly-soft, velvety skin: - thus did the world present itself to me:-

-As if a tree nodded to me, a broad-branched, strong-willed tree, curved as a recline and a foot-stool for weary travellers: thus did the world stand on my promontory:-

-As if delicate hands carried a casket towards me - a casket open for the delectation of modest adoring eyes: thus did the world present itself before me today:-

-Not riddle enough to scare human love from it, not solution enough to put to sleep human wisdom: - a humanly good thing was the world to me to-day, of which such bad things are said!

How I thank my morning-dream that I thus at today's dawn, weighed the world! As a humanly good thing did it come to me, this dream and heart-comforter!

And that I may do the like by day, and imitate and copy its best, now will I put the three worst things on the scales, and weigh them humanly well.-

He who taught to bless taught also to curse: what are the three best cursed things in the world? These will I put on the scales.

Voluptuousness, passion for power, and selfishness: these three things have thus far been best cursed, and have been in worst and falsest repute - these three things will I weigh humanly well.

Well! Here is my promontory, and there is the sea - it rolls hither to me, shaggily and fawningly, the old, faithful, hundred-headed dog-monster that I love!-

Well! Here will I hold the scales over the weltering sea: and also a witness do I choose to look on - you, the anchorite-tree, you, the strong-odoured, broad-arched tree that I love!-

On what bridge goes the now to the hereafter? By what constraint does the high stoop to the low? And what enjoins even the highest still - to grow upwards?-

Now stand the scales poised and at rest: three heavy questions have I thrown in; three heavy answers carries the other scale.

2.

Voluptuousness: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body, a sting and stake; and, cursed as "the world," by all the believers in an afterworld: for it mocks and befools all erring, misinferring teachers.

Voluptuousness: to the rabble, the slow fire at which it is burnt; to all wormy wood, to all stinking rags, the prepared heat and stew furnace.

Voluptuousness: to free hearts, a thing innocent and free, the garden-happiness of the earth, all the future's thanks-overflow to the present.

Voluptuousness: only to the withered a sweet poison; to the lion-willed, however, the great cordial, and the reverently saved wine of wines.

Voluptuousness: the great symbolic happiness of a higher happiness and highest hope. For to many is marriage promised, and more than marriage,-

-To many that are more unknown to each other than man and woman: - and who has fully understood how unknown to each other are man and woman!

Voluptuousness: - but I will have hedges around my thoughts, and even around my words, lest swine and libertine should break into my gardens!-

Passion for power: the glowing scourge of the hardest of the heart-hard; the cruel torture reserved for the cruellest themselves; the gloomy flame of living pyres.

Passion for power: the wicked gadfly which is mounted on the vainest peoples; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; which rids on every horse and on every pride.

Passion for power: the earthquake which breaks and upbreaks all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punitive demolisher of whited sepulchres; the flashing interrogative-sign beside premature answers.

Passion for power: before whose glance man creeps and crouches and drudges, and becomes lower than the serpent and the swine: - until at last great contempt cries out of him-,

Passion for power: the terrible teacher of great contempt, which preaches to their face to cities and empires: "Away with you!" - until a voice cries out of themselves: "Away with me!"

Passion for power: which, however, mounts alluringly even to the pure and lonesome, and up to self-satisfied elevations, glowing like a love that paint Part purple felicities alluringly on earthly heavens.

Passion for power: but who would call it passion, when the height

longs to stoop for power! Truly, nothing sick or diseased is there in such longing and descending!

That the lonesome height may not forever remain lonesome and self-sufficing; that the mountains may come to the valleys and the winds of the heights to the plains:-

Oh, who could find the right prename and honouring name for such longing! "Bestowing virtue" - thus did Zarathustra. once name the unnamable.

And then it happened also, - and truly, it happened for the first time! - that his word blessed selfishness, the wholesome, healthy selfishness, that springs from the powerful soul:-

-From the powerful soul, to which the high body appertains, the handsome, triumphing, refreshing body, around which everything becomes a mirror:

-The pliant, persuasive body, the dancer, whose symbol and epitome is the self-enjoying soul. Of such bodies and souls the self-enjoyment calls itself "virtue."

With its words of good and bad does such self-enjoyment shelter itself as with sacred groves; with the names of its happiness does it banish from itself everything contemptible.

Away from itself does it banish everything cowardly; it says: "Bad - that is cowardly!" Contemptible seem to it the ever-solicitous, the sighing, the complaining, and whoever pick up the most trifling advantage.

It despises also all bitter-sweet wisdom: for truly, there is also wisdom that blooms in the dark, a night-shade wisdom, which ever sighs: "All is vain!"

Shy distrust is regarded by it as base, and everyone who wants oaths instead of looks and hands: also all over-distrustful wisdom, - for such is the mode of cowardly souls.

Baser still it regards the obsequious, doggish one, who immediately lies on his back, the submissive one; and there is also wisdom that is submissive, and doggish, and pious, and obsequious.

Hateful to it altogether, and a loathing, is he who will never defend himself, he who swallows down poisonous spittle and bad looks, the all-too-patient one, the all-endurer, the all-satisfied one: for that is the mode of slaves.

Whether they be servile before gods and divine spurnings, or before men and stupid human opinions: at all kinds of slaves does it spit, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: thus does it call all that is spirit-broken, and sordidly-servile -

constrained, blinking eyes, depressed hearts, and the false submissive style, which kisses with broad cowardly lips.

And spurious wisdom: so does it call all the wit that slaves, and hoary-headed and weary ones affect; and especially all the cunning, spurious-witted, curious-witted foolishness of priests!

The spurious wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of feminine and servile nature - oh, how has their game all along abused selfishness!

And precisely that was to be virtue and was to be called virtue - to abuse selfishness! And "selfless" - so did they wish themselves with good reason, all those world-weary cowards and cross-spiders!

But to all those comes now the day, the change, the sword of judgment, the great noontide: then shall many things be revealed!

And he who proclaims the ego wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, truly, he, the prognosticator, speaks also what he knows: "Behold, it comes, it is night, the great noontide!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (11) THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY

1.

MY MOUTHPIECE - is of the people: too coarsely and cordially do I talk for Angora rabbits. And still stranger sounds my word to all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand - is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls, and whatever has room for fool's sketching, fool's scrawling!

My foot - is a horse-foot; therewith do I trample and trot over stick and stone, in the fields up and down, and am bedevilled with delight in all fast racing.

My stomach - is surely an eagle's stomach? For it prefers lamb's flesh. Certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished with innocent things, and with few, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away - that is now my nature: why should there not be something of bird-nature therein!

And especially that I am hostile to the spirit of gravity, that is bird-nature: - truly, deadly hostile, supremely hostile, originally hostile! Oh, where has my hostility not flown and misflown!

Thereof could I sing a song - - and will sing it: though I be alone in an empty house, and must sing it to my own ears.

Other singers are there, to be sure, to whom only the full house makes the voice soft, the hand eloquent, the eye expressive, the heart wakeful: - those do I not resemble. -

2.

He who one day teaches men to fly will have shifted all landmarks; to him will all landmarks themselves fly into the air; the earth will he christen anew - as "the light body."

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, but it also thrusts its head heavily into the heavy earth: thus is it with the man who cannot yet fly.

Heavy to him are earth and life, and so wills the spirit of gravity! But he who would become light, and be a bird, must love himself: - thus do I teach.

Not, to be sure, with the love of the side and infected, for with them stinks even self-love!

One must learn to love oneself - thus do I teach - with a wholesome and healthy love: that one may endure to be with oneself, and not go roving about.

Such roving about christens itself "brotherly love"; with these words has there thus far been the best lying and dissembling, and especially by those who have been burdensome to every one.

And truly, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow to learn to love oneself. Rather is it of all arts the finest, subtlest, last and most patient.

For to its possessor is all possession well concealed, and of all treasure-pits one's own is last excavated - so causes the spirit of gravity.

Almost in the cradle are we apportioned with heavy words and worths: "good" and "evil" - so calls itself this dowry. For the sake of it we are forgiven for living.

And therefore suffers one little children to come to one, to forbid them betimes to love themselves - so causes the spirit of gravity.

And we - we bear loyally what is apportioned to us, on hard shoulders, over rugged mountains! And when we sweat, then do people say to us: "Yes, life is hard to bear!"

But man himself only is hard to bear! The reason thereof is that he carries too many extraneous things on his shoulders. Like the camel kneels he down, and lets himself be well laden.

Especially the strong weight-bearing man in whom reverence resides. Too many extraneous heavy words and worths loads he upon himself -

then seems life to him a desert!

And truly! Many a thing also that is our own is hard to bear! And many internal things in man are like the oyster - repulsive and slippery and hard to grasp;-

So that an elegant shell, with elegant adornment, must plead for them. But this art also must one learn: to have a shell, and a fine appearance, and sagacious blindness!

Again, it deceives about many things in man, that many a shell is poor and pitiable, and too much of a shell. Much concealed goodness and power is never dreamt of; the choicest dainties find no tasters!

Women know that, the choicest of them: a little fatter a little leaner - oh, how much fate is in so little!

Man is difficult to discover, and to himself most difficult of all; often lies the spirit concerning the soul. So causes the spirit of gravity.

He, however, has discovered himself who says: This is my good and evil: therewith has he silenced the mole and the dwarf, who say: "Good for all, evil for all."

Truly, neither do I like those who call everything good, and this world the best of all. Those do I call the all-satisfied.

All-satisfiedness, which knows how to taste everything, - that is not the best taste! I honour the refractory, fastidious tongues and stomachs, which have learned to say "I" and "Yes" and "No."

To chew and digest everything, however - that is the genuine swine-nature! Ever to say YE-A - that has only the ass learned, and those like it!-

Deep yellow and hot red - so wants my taste - it mixes blood with all colours. He, however, who whitewashes his house, betrays to me a whitewashed soul.

With mummies, some fall in love; others with phantoms: both alike hostile to all flesh and blood - oh, how repugnant are both to my taste! For I love blood.

And there will I not reside and abide where everyone spits and spews: that is now my taste, - rather would I live among thieves and perjurers. Nobody carries gold in his mouth.

Still more repugnant to me, however, are all lick-spittles; and the most repugnant animal of man that I found, did I christen "parasite": it would not love, and would yet live by love.

Unhappy do I call all those who have only one choice: either to become evil beasts, or evil beast-tamers. Among such would I not build my tabernacle.

Unhappy do I also call those who have ever to wait, - they are repugnant to my taste - all the toll-gatherers and traders, and kings, and other landkeepers and shopkeepers.

Truly, I learned waiting also, and thoroughly so, - but only waiting for myself. And above all did I learn standing and walking and running and leaping and climbing and dancing.

This however is my teaching: he who wishes one day to fly, must first learn standing and walking and running and climbing and dancing: - one does not fly into flying!

With rope-ladders learned I to reach many a window, with nimble legs did I climb high masts: to sit on high masts of perception seemed to me no small bliss;-

-To flicker like small flames on high masts: a small light, certainly, but a great comfort to cast-away sailors and ship-wrecked ones!

By divers ways and wendings did I arrive at my truth; not by one ladder did I mount to the height where my eye roves into my remoteness.

And unwillingly only did I ask my way - that was always counter to my taste! Rather did I question and test the ways themselves.

A testing and a questioning has been all my travelling: - and truly, one must also learn to answer such questioning! That, however, - is my taste:

-Neither a good nor a bad taste, but my taste, of which I have no longer either shame or secrecy.

"This - is now my way, - where is yours?" Thus did I answer those who asked me "the way." For the way - it does not exist!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (12) OLD AND NEW TABLES

1.

HERE do I sit and wait, old broken tables around me and also new half-written tables. When comes my hour?

-The hour of my descent, of my down-going: for once more will I go to men.

For that hour do I now wait: for first must the signs come to me that it is my hour - namely, the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

Meanwhile do I talk to myself as one who has time. No one tells me anything new, so I tell myself my own story.

2.

When I came to men, then found I them resting on an old infatuation: all of them thought they had long known what was good and bad for men.

An old wearisome business seemed to them all discourse about virtue; and he who wished to sleep well spoke of "good" and "bad" ere retiring to rest.

This somnolence did I disturb when I taught that no one yet knows what is good and bad: - unless it be the creating one!

-It is he, however, who creates man's goal, and gives to the earth its meaning and its future: he only effects it that aught is good or bad.

And I bade them upset their old academic chairs, and wherever that old infatuation had sat; I bade them laugh at their great moralists, their saints, their poets, and their saviours.

At their gloomy sages did I bid them laugh, and whoever had sat admonishing as a black scarecrow on the tree of life.

On their great grave-highway did I seat myself, and even beside the carrion and vultures - and I laughed at all their bygone and its mellow decaying glory.

Truly, like penitential preachers and fools did I cry wrath and shame on all their greatness and smallness. Oh, that their best is so very small! Oh, that their worst is so very small! Thus did I laugh.

Thus did my wise longing, born in the mountains, cry and laugh in me; a wild wisdom, truly! - my great pinion-rustling longing.

And oft did it carry me off and up and away and in the midst of laughter; then flew I quivering like an arrow with sun-intoxicated rapture:

-Out into distant futures, which no dream has yet seen, into warmer souths than ever sculptor conceived, - where gods in their dancing are ashamed of all clothes:

(That I may speak in parables and halt and stammer like the poets: and truly I am ashamed that I have still to be a poet!)

Where all becoming seemed to me dancing of gods, and wantoning of gods, and the world unloosed and unbridled and fleeing back to itself:-

-As an eternal self-fleeing and re-seeking of one another of many gods, as the blessed self-contradicting, recommuning, and refraternising with one another of many gods:-

Where all time seemed to me a blessed mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself, which played happily with the goad of freedom:-

Where I also found again my old devil and arch-enemy, the spirit of gravity, and all that it created: constraint, law, necessity and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil:-

For must there not be that which is danced over, danced beyond? Must there not, for the sake of the nimble, the nimblest, - be moles and clumsy dwarfs? -

3.

There was it also where I picked up from the path the word "overman," and that man is something that must be surpassed.

-That man is a bridge and not a goal - rejoicing over his noontides and evenings, as advances to new rosy dawns:

-The Zarathustra word of the great noontide, and whatever else I have hung up over men like purple evening-afterglows.

Truly, also new stars did I make them see, along with new nights; and over cloud and day and night, did I spread out laughter like a gay-coloured canopy.

I taught them all my poetisation and aspiration: to compose and collect into unity what is fragment in man, and riddle and fearful chance;-

-As composer, riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance, did I teach them to create the future, and all that has been - to redeem by creating.

The past of man to redeem, and every "It was" to transform, until the Will says: "But so did I will it! So shall I will it-"

-This did I call redemption; this alone taught I them to call redemption. - -

Now do I await my redemption - that I may go to them for the last time.

For once more will I go to men: among them will my sun set; in dying will I give them my choicest gift!

From the sun did I learn this, when it goes down, the exuberant one: gold does it then pour into the sea, out of inexhaustible riches,-

-So that the poorest fisherman rows even with golden oars! For this did I once see, and did not tire of weeping in beholding it. - -

Like the sun will also Zarathustra go down: now sits he here and waits, old broken tables around him, and also new tables - half-written.

4.

Behold, here is a new table; but where are my brothers who will carry it with me to the valley and into hearts of flesh?-

Thus demands my great love to the remotest ones: be not considerate of your neighbour! Man is something that must be surpassed.

There are many divers ways and modes of surpassing: see you to this!

But only a buffoon thinks: "man can also be overleapt."

Surpass yourself even in your neighbour: and a right which you can seize upon, shall you not allow to be given you!

What you do can no one do to you again. Behold, there is no requital.

He who cannot command himself shall obey. And many a one can command himself, but still sorely lacks self-obedience!

5.

Thus wishes the type of noble souls: they desire to have nothing gratuitously, least of all, life.

He who is of the populace wishes to live gratuitously; we others, however, to whom life has given itself - we are ever considering what we can best give in return!

And truly, it is a noble dictum which says: "What life promises us, that promise will we keep - to life!"

One should not wish to enjoy where one does not contribute to the enjoyment. And one should not wish to enjoy!

For enjoyment and innocence are the most bashful things. Neither like to be sought for. One should have them, - but one should rather seek for guilt and pain! -

6.

O my brothers, he who is a firstling is ever sacrificed. Now, however, are we firstlings!

We all bleed on secret sacrificial altars, we all burn and broil in honour of ancient idols.

Our best is still young: this excites old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin is only lambs' skin: - how could we not excite old idol-priests!

In ourselves dwells he still, the old idol-priest, who broils our best for his banquet. Ah, my brothers, how could firstlings fail to be sacrifices!

But so wishes our type; and I love those who do not wish to preserve themselves, the down-going ones do I love with my entire love: for they go beyond. -

7.

To be true - that can few be! And he who can, will not! Least of all, however, can the good be true.

Oh, those good ones! Good men never speak the truth. For the spirit, thus to be good, is a malady.

They yield, those good ones, they submit themselves; their heart repeats, their soul obeys: he, however, who obeys, does not listen to himself!

All that is called evil by the good, must come together in order that one

truth may be born. O my brothers, are you also evil enough for this truth?

The daring venture, the prolonged distrust, the cruel No, the tedium, the cutting-into-the-quick - how seldom do these come together! Out of such seed, however - is truth produced!

Beside the bad conscience has thus far grown all knowledge! Break up, break up, you discerning ones, the old tables!

8.

When the water has planks, when gangways and railings overspan the stream, truly, he is not believed who then says: "All is in flux."

But even the simpletons contradict him. "What?" say the simpletons, "all in flux? Planks and railings are still over the stream!

"Over the stream all is stable, all the values of things, the bridges and bearings, all 'good' and 'evil': these are all stable!"-

Comes, however, the hard winter, the stream-tamer, then learn even the wittiest distrust, and truly, not only the simpletons then say: "Should not everything - stand still?"

"Fundamentally stands everything still" - that is an appropriate winter doctrine, good cheer for an unproductive period, a great comfort for winter-sleepers and fireside-loungers.

"Fundamentally stands everything still"-: but contrary to this, preaches the thawing wind!

The thawing wind, a bullock, which is no ploughing bullock - a furious bullock, a destroyer, which with angry horns breaks the ice! The ice however - - breaks gangways!

O my brothers, is not everything at present in flux? Have not all railings and gangways fallen into the water? Who would still hold on to "good" and "evil"?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind blows!" - Thus preach, my brothers, through all the streets!

9.

There is an old illusion - it is called good and evil. Around soothsayers and astrologers has thus far revolved the orbit of this illusion.

Once did one believe in soothsayers and astrologers; and therefore did one believe, "Everything is fate: you shall, for you must!"

Then again did one distrust all soothsayers and astrologers; and therefore did one believe, "Everything is freedom: you can, for you will!"

O my brothers, concerning the stars and the future there has thus far been only illusion, and not knowledge; and therefore concerning good and evil there has thus far been only illusion and not knowledge!

10.

"you shall not rob! you shall not slay!" - such precepts were once called holy; before them did one bow the knee and the head, and take off one's shoes.

But I ask you: Where have there ever been better robbers and slayers in the world than such holy precepts?

Is there not even in all life - robbing and slaying? And for such precepts to be called holy, was not truth itself thereby - slain?

-Or was it a sermon of death that called holy what contradicted and dissuaded from life? - O my brothers, break up, break up for me the old tables!

11.

It is my sympathy with all the past that I see it is abandoned,-

-Abandoned to the favour, the spirit and the madness of every generation that comes, and reinterprets all that has been as its bridge!

A great potentate might arise, an artful prodigy, who with approval and disapproval could strain and constrain all the past, until it became for him a bridge, a harbinger, a herald, and a cock-crowing.

This however is the other danger, and my other sympathy: - he who is of the populace, his thoughts go back to his grandfather, - with his grandfather, however, does time cease.

Thus is all the past abandoned: for it might some day happen for the populace to become master, and drown all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brothers, a new nobility is needed, which shall be the adversary of all populace and potentate rule, and shall inscribe anew the word "noble" on new tables.

For many noble ones are needed, and many kinds of noble ones, for a new nobility! Or, as I once said in parable: "That is just divinity, that there are gods, but no God!"

12.

O my brothers, I consecrate you and point you to a new nobility: you shall become procreators and cultivators and sowers of the future;-

-Truly, not to a nobility which you could purchase like traders with traders' gold; for little worth is all that has its price.

Let it not be your honour henceforth whence you come, but where you go! Your Will and your feet which seek to surpass you - let these be your new honour!

Truly, not that you have served a prince - of what account are princes now! - nor that you have become a bulwark to that which stands, that it may stand more firmly.

Not that your family have become courtly at courts, and that you have learned - gay-coloured, like the flamingo - to stand long hours in shallow pools:

(For ability-to-stand is a merit in courtiers; and all courtiers believe that to blessedness after death pertains - permission-to-sit!)

Nor even that a Spirit called 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 truly, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, always in such campaigns did - goats and geese, and wry-heads and guy-heads run foremost!-

O my brothers, not backward shall your nobility gaze, but outward! Exiles shall you be from all fatherlands and forefather-lands!

Your children's land shall you love: let this love be your new nobility, - the undiscovered in the remotest seas! For it do I bid your sails search and search!

to your children shall you make amends for being the children of your fathers: all the past shall you thus redeem! This new table do I place over you!

13.

"Why should one live? All is vain! To live - that is to thresh straw; to live - that is to burn oneself and yet not get warm.-

Such ancient babbling still passes for "wisdom"; because it is old, however, and smells mustily, therefore is it the more honoured. Even mould ennobles.-

Children might thus speak: they shun the fire because it has burnt them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And he who ever "threshes straw," why should he be allowed to rail at threshing! Such a fool one would have to muzzle!

Such persons sit down to the table and bring nothing with them, not even good hunger: - and then do they rail: "All is vain!"

But to eat and drink well, my brothers, is truly no vain art! Break up, break up for me the tables of the never-joyous ones!

14.

"To the clean are all things clean" - thus say the people. I, however, say to you: To the swine all things become swinish!

Therefore preach the visionaries and bowed-heads (whose hearts are also bowed down): "The world itself is a filthy monster."

For these are all unclean spirits; especially those, however, who have no peace or rest, unless they see the world from the backside - the

believers in an afterworld!

To those do I say it to the face, although it sound unpleasantly: the world resembles man, in that it has a backside, - so much is true!

There is in the world much filth: so much is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster!

There is wisdom in the fact that much in the world smells badly: loathing itself creates wings, and fountain-divining powers!

In the best there is still something to loathe; and the best is still something that must be surpassed!-

O my brothers, there is much wisdom in the fact that much filth is in the world! -

15.

Such sayings did I hear pious the believers in an afterworld speak to their consciences, and truly without wickedness or guile, - although there is nothing more guileful in the world, or more wicked.

"Let the world be as it is! Raise not a finger against it!"

"Let whoever will choke and stab and skin and scrape the people: raise not a finger against it! Thereby will they learn to renounce the world."

"And your own reason - this shall you yourself stifle and choke; for it is a reason of this world, - thereby will you learn yourself to renounce the world."-

-Shatter, shatter, O my brothers, those old tables of the pious! Tatter the maxims of the world-maligners! -

16.

"He who learns much unlearns all violent cravings" - that do people now whisper to one another in all the dark lanes.

"Wisdom wearies, nothing is worthwhile; you shall not crave!" - this new table found I hanging even in the public markets.

Break up for me, O my brothers, break up also that new table! The weary-o'-the-world put it up, and the preachers of death and the jailer: for behold, it is also a sermon for slavery:-

Because they learned badly and not the best, and everything too early and everything too fast; because they ate badly: from thence has resulted their ruined stomach;-

-For a ruined stomach, is their spirit: it persuades to death! For truly, my brothers, the spirit is a stomach!

Life is a well of delight, but to him in whom the ruined stomach speaks, the father of affliction, all fountains are poisoned.

To discern: that is delight to the lion-willed! But he who has become weary, is himself merely "willed"; with him play all the waves.

And such is always the nature of weak men: they lose themselves on their way. And at last asks their weariness: "Why did we ever go on the way? All is indifferent!"

To them sounds it pleasant to have preached in their ears: "Nothing is worthwhile! you shall not will!" That, however, is a sermon for slavery.

O my brothers, a fresh blustering wind comes Zarathustra to all way-weary ones; many noses will he yet make sneeze!

Even through walls blows my free breath, and into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing emancipates: for willing is creating: so do I teach. And only for creating shall you learn!

And also the learning shall you learn only from me, the learning well! - He who has ears let him hear!

17.

There stands the boat - there goes it over, perhaps into vast nothingness - but who wills to enter into this "Perhaps"?

None of you want to enter into the death-boat! How should you then be world-weary ones!

World-weary ones! And have not even withdrawn from the earth! Eager did I ever find you for the earth, amorous still of your own earth-weariness!

Not in vain does your lip hang down: - a small worldly wish still sits thereon! And in your eye - floats there not a cloudlet of unforgotten earthly bliss?

There are on the earth many good inventions, some useful, some pleasant: for their sake is the earth to be loved.

And many such good inventions are there, that they are like woman's breasts: useful at the same time, and pleasant.

You world-weary ones, however! you earth-idlers! You, shall one beat with stripes! With stripes shall one again make you sprightly limbs.

For if you be not invalids, or decrepit creatures, of whom the earth is weary, then are you sly sloths, or dainty, sneaking pleasure-cats. And if you will not again run gaily, then shall you - pass away!

To the incurable shall one not seek to be a physician: thus teaches Zarathustra: - so shall you pass away!

But more courage is needed to make an end than to make a new verse: that do all physicians and poets know well. -

18.

O my brothers, there are tables which weariness framed, and tables which slothfulness framed, corrupt slothfulness: although they speak

similarly, they want to be heard differently.-

See this languishing one! Only a span-breadth is he from his goal; but from weariness has he lain down obstinately in the dust, this brave one!

From weariness yawns he at the path, at the earth, at the goal, and at himself: not a step further will he go, - this brave one!

Now glows the sun upon him, and the dogs lick at his sweat: but he lies there in his obstinacy and prefers to languish:-

-A span-breadth from his goal, to languish! Truly, you will have to drag him into his heaven by the hair of his head - this hero!

Better still that you let him lie where he has lain down, that sleep may come to him, the comforter, with cooling patter-rain.

Let him lie, until of his own accord he awakens, - until of his own accord he repudiates all weariness, and what weariness has taught through him!

Only, my brothers, see that you scare the dogs away from him, the idle skulkers, and all the swarming vermin:-

-All the swarming vermin of the "cultured," that - feast on the sweat of every hero! -

19.

I form circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer ascend with me ever higher mountains: I build a mountain-range out of ever holier mountains.-

But wherever you would ascend with me, O my brothers, take care lest a parasite ascend with you!

A parasite: that is a reptile, a creeping, cringing reptile, that tries to fatten on your infirm and sore places.

And this is its art: it divines where ascending souls are weary, in your trouble and dejection, in your sensitive modesty, does it build its loathsome nest.

Where the strong are weak, where the noble are all-too-gentle - there builds it its loathsome nest; the parasite lives where the great have small sore-places.

What is the highest of all species of being, and what is the lowest? The parasite is the lowest species; he, however, who is of the highest species feeds most parasites.

For the soul which has the longest ladder, and can go deepest down: how could there fail to be most parasites upon it?-

-The most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and rove furthest in itself; the most necessary soul, which out of joy flings itself into chance:-

-The soul in Being, which plunges into Becoming; the possessing soul, which seeks to attain desire and longing:-

-The soul fleeing from itself, which overtakes itself in the widest circuit; the wisest soul, to which folly speaks most sweetly:-

-The soul most self-loving, in which all things have their current and counter-current, their ebb and their flow: - oh, how could the loftiest soul fail to have the worst parasites?

20.

O my brothers, am I then cruel? But I say: What falls, that shall one also push!

Everything of today - it falls, it decays; who would preserve it! But I - I wish also to push it!

Know you the delight which rolls stones into precipitous depths? - Those men of today, see just how they roll into my depths!

A prelude am I to better players, O my brothers! An example! Do according to my example!

And him whom you do not teach to fly, teach I pray you - to fall faster! -

21.

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a swordsman, - one must also know whereon to use swordsmanship!

And often is it greater bravery to keep quiet and pass by, that thereby one may reserve oneself for a worthier foe!

You shall only have foes to be hated; but not foes to be despised: you must be proud of your foes. Thus have I already taught.

For the worthier foe, O my brothers, shall you reserve yourselves: therefore must you pass by many a one,-

-Especially many of the rabble, who din your ears with noise about people and peoples.

Keep your eye clear of their For and Against! There is there much right, much wrong: he who looks on becomes wroth.

Therein viewing, therein hewing - they are the same thing: therefore depart into the forests and lay your sword to sleep!

Go your ways! and let the people and peoples go theirs! - gloomy ways, truly, on which not a single hope glints any more!

Let there the trader rule, where all that still glitters is - traders' gold. It is the time of kings no longer: that which now calls itself the people is unworthy of kings.

See how these peoples themselves now do just like the traders: they pick up the smallest advantage out of all kinds of rubbish!

They lay lures for one another, they lure things out of one another, - that they call "good neighbourliness." O blessed remote period 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 is different, there - the best is lacking.

22.

If they had - bread for nothing, Alas. for what would they cry! Their maintainment - that is their true entertainment; and they shall have it hard!

Beasts of prey, are they: in their "working" - there is even plundering, in their "earning" - there is even over-reaching! Therefore shall they have it hard!

Better beasts of prey shall they thus become, subtler, cleverer, more man-like: for man is the best beast of prey.

All the animals has man already robbed of their virtues: that is why of all animals it has been hardest for man.

Only the birds are still beyond him. And if man should yet learn to fly, Alas. to what height - would his rapacity fly!

23.

Thus would I have man and woman: fit for war, the one; fit for maternity, the other; both, however, fit for dancing with head and legs.

And lost be the day to us in which a measure has not been danced. And false be every truth which has not had laughter along with it!

24.

Your marriage-arranging: see that it be not a bad arranging! you have arranged too hastily: so there follows from that - marriage-breaking!

And better marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying! - Thus spoke a woman to me: "Indeed, I broke the marriage, but first did the marriage break - me!

The badly paired found I ever the most revengeful: they make everyone suffer for it that they no longer run singly.

On that account want I the honest ones to say to one another: "We love each other: let us see to it that we maintain our love! Or shall our pledging be blundering?"

-"Give us a set term and a small marriage, that we may see if we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great matter always to be twain."

Thus do I counsel all honest ones; and what would be my love to the overman, and to all that is to come, if I should counsel and speak otherwise!

Not only to propagate yourselves onwards but upwards - to this, O my

brothers, may the garden of marriage help you!

25.

He who has grown wise concerning old origins, behold, he will at last seek after the fountains of the future and new origins.-

O my brothers, not long will it be until new peoples shall arise and new fountains shall rush down into new depths.

For the earthquake - it chokes up many wells, it causes much languishing: but it brings also to light inner powers and secrets.

The earthquake discloses new fountains. In the earthquake of old peoples new fountains burst forth.

And whoever calls out: "Behold, here is a well for many thirsty ones, one heart for many longing ones, one will for many instruments": - around him collects a people, that is to say, many attempting ones.

Who can command, who must obey - that is there attempted! Ah, with what long seeking and solving and failing and learning and re-attempting!

Human society: it is an attempt - so I teach - a long seeking: it seeks however the ruler!-

-An attempt, my brothers! And no "contract"! Destroy, I pray you, destroy that word of the soft-hearted and half-and-half!

26.

O my brothers! With whom lies the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?-

-As those who say and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, we possess it also; woe to those who still seek thereafter!

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

And whatever harm the world-maligners may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

O my brothers, into the hearts of the good and just looked someone once on a time, who said: "They are the Pharisees." But people did not understand him.

The good and just themselves were not free to understand him; their spirit was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably wise.

It is the truth, however, that the good must be Pharisees - they have no choice!

The good must crucify him who devises his own virtue! That is the truth!

The second one, however, who discovered their country - the country,

heart and soul of the good and just, - it was he who asked: "Whom do they hate most?"

The creator, hate they most, him who breaks the tables and old values, the breaker, - him they call the law-breaker.

For the good - they cannot create; they are always the beginning of the end:-

-They crucify him who writes new values on new tables, they sacrifice to themselves the future - they crucify the whole human future!

The good - they have always been the beginning of the end. -

27.

O my brothers, have you also understood this word? And what I once said of the "last man"? - -

With whom lies the greatest danger to the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?

Break up, break up, I pray you, the good and just! - O my brothers, have you understood also this word?

28.

You flee from me? you are frightened? you tremble at this word?

O my brothers, when I enjoined you to break up the good, and the tables of the good, then only did I embark man on his high seas.

And now only comes to him the great terror, the great outlook, the great sickness, the great nausea, the great seasickness.

False shores and false securities did the good teach you; in the lies of the good you were born and bred. Everything has been radically contorted and distorted by the good.

But he who discovered the country of "man," discovered also the country of "man's future." Now shall you be sailors for me, brave, patient!

Keep yourselves up betimes, my brothers, learn to keep yourselves up! The sea storms: many seek to raise themselves again by you.

The sea storms: all is in the sea. Well! Cheer up! you old seaman-hearts!

What of fatherland! There strives our helm where our children's land is! In that direction, stormier than the sea, storms our great longing! -

29.

"Why so hard!" - said to the diamond one day the charcoal; "are we then not near relatives?"-

Why so soft? O my brothers; thus do I ask you: are you then not - my brothers?

Why so soft, so submissive and yielding? Why is there so much negation and abnegation in your hearts? Why is there so little fate in your looks?

And if you will not be fates and inexorable ones, how can you one day - conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not glance and cut and chip to pieces, how can you one day - create with me?

For the creators are hard. And blessedness must it seem to you to press your hand upon millenniums as upon wax,-

-Blessedness to write upon the will of millenniums as upon brass, - harder than brass, nobler than brass. Entirely hard is only the noblest.

This new table, O my brothers, put I up over you: Become hard! -

30.

O you, my Will! you change of every need, my needfulness! Preserve me from all small victories!

You fatedness of my soul, which I call fate! you In-me! Over-me! Preserve and spare me for one great fate!

And your last greatness, my Will, spare it for your last - that you may be inexorable in your victory! Ah, who has not succumbed to his victory!

Ah, whose eye has not bedimmed in this intoxicated twilight! Ah, whose foot has not faltered and forgotten in victory - how to stand!-

-That I may one day be ready and ripe in the great noon-tide: ready and ripe like the glowing ore, the lightning-bearing cloud, and the swelling milk-udder:-

-Ready for myself and for my most hidden Will: a bow eager for its arrow, an arrow eager for its star:-

-A star, ready and ripe in its noontide, glowing, pierced, blessed, by annihilating sun-arrows:-

-A sun itself, and an inexorable sun-will, ready for annihilation in victory!

O Will, you change of every need, my needfulness! Spare me for one great victory! - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (13) THE CONVALESCENT

1.

ONE morning, not long after his return to his cave, Zarathustra sprang up from his couch like a madman, crying with a frightful voice, and acting as if someone still lay on the couch who did not wish to rise.

Zarathustra's voice also resounded in such a manner that his animals came to him frightened, and out of all the neighbouring caves and lurking-places all the creatures slipped away - flying, fluttering, creeping or leaping, according to their variety of foot or wing. Zarathustra, however, spoke these words:

Up, abysmal thought out of my depth! I am your cock and morning dawn, you overslept reptile: Up! Up! My voice shall soon crow you awake!

Unbind the fetters of your ears: listen! For I wish to hear your! Up! Up! There is thunder enough to make the very graves listen!

And rub the sleep and all the dimness and blindness out of your eyes! Hear me also with your eyes: my voice is a medicine even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, then shall you ever remain awake. It is not my custom to awake great-grandmothers out of their sleep that I may bid them - sleep on!

You stir, stretch yourself, wheezes? Up! Up! Not wheeze, shall you, - but speak to me! Zarathustra calls you, Zarathustra the godless!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of living, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circuit - you do I call, my most abysmal thought!

Joy to me! you come, - I hear your! My abyss speaks, my lowest depth have I turned over into the light!

Joy to me! Come hither! Give me your hand - - ha! let be! aha! - - Disgust, disgust, disgust - - - alas to me!

2.

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra spoken these words, when he fell down as one dead, and remained long as one dead. When however he again came to himself, then was he pale and trembling, and remained lying; and for long he would neither eat nor drink. This condition continued for seven days; his animals, however, did not leave him day nor night, except that the eagle flew forth to fetch food. And what it fetched and foraged, it laid on Zarathustra's couch: so that Zarathustra at last lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, rosy apples, sweet-smelling herbage, and pine-cones. At his feet, however, two lambs were stretched, which the eagle had with difficulty carried off from their shepherds.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra raised himself upon his couch, took a rosy apple in his hand, smelt it and found its smell pleasant. Then did his animals think the time had come to speak to him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "now have you lain thus for seven days with heavy eyes: will you not set yourself again upon your feet?

Step out of your cave: the world waits for you as a garden. The wind plays with heavy fragrance which seeks for you; and all brooks would like to run after you.

All things long for you, since you have remained alone for seven days - step forth out of your cave! All things want to be your physicians!

Did perhaps a new knowledge come to you, a bitter, grievous knowledge? Like leavened dough you lay, your soul arose and swelled beyond all its bounds.-"

-O my animals, answered Zarathustra, talk on thus and let me listen! It refreshes me so to hear your talk: where there is talk, there is the world as a garden to me.

How charming it is that there are words and tones; are not words and tones rainbows and seeming bridges between the eternally separated?

To each soul belongs another world; to each soul is every other soul a back-world.

Among the most alike does semblance deceive most delightfully: for the smallest gap is most difficult to bridge over.

For me - how could there be an outside-of-me? There is no outside! But this we forget on hearing tones; how delightful it is that we forget!

Have not names and tones been given to things that man may refresh himself with them? It is a beautiful folly, speaking; therewith dances man over everything.

How lovely is all speech and all falsehoods of tones! With tones dances our love on variegated rainbows.-

-"O Zarathustra," said then his animals, "to those who think like us, things all dance themselves: they come and hold out the hand and laugh and flee - and return.

Everything goes, everything returns; eternally rolls the wheel of existence. Everything dies, everything blossoms forth again; eternally runs on the year of existence.

Everything breaks, everything is integrated anew; eternally builds itself the same house of existence. All things separate, all things again greet one another; eternally true to itself remains the ring of existence.

Every moment begins existence, around every 'Here' rolls the ball 'There.' The middle is everywhere. Crooked is the path of eternity."-

-O you wags and barrel-organs! answered Zarathustra, and smiled once more, how well do you know what had to be fulfilled in seven days:-

-And how that monster crept into my throat and choked me! But I bit off its head and spat it away from me.

And you - you have made a lyre-lay out of it? Now, however, do I lie here, still exhausted with that biting and spitting-away, still sick with my own salvation.

And you looked on at it all? O my animals, are you also cruel? Did you like to look at my great pain as men do? For man is the cruellest animal.

At tragedies, bull-fights, and crucifixions has he thus far been happiest on earth; and when he invented his hell, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

When the great man cries-: immediately runs the little man there, and his tongue hangs out of his mouth for very lusting. He, however, calls it his "pity."

The little man, especially the poet - how passionately does he accuse life in words! Listen to him, but do not fail to hear the delight which is in all accusation!

Such accusers of life - them life overcomes with a glance of the eye. "you lovest me?" says the insolent one; "wait a little, as yet have I no time for you."

Towards himself man is the cruellest animal; and in all who call themselves "sinners" and "bearers of the cross" and "penitents," do not overlook the voluptuousness in their plaints and accusations!

And I myself - do, I thereby want to be man's accuser? Ah, my animals, this only have I learned thus far, that for man his most bad is necessary for his best,-

-That all that is most bad is the best power, and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better and more bad:-

Not to this torture-stake was I tied, that I know man is bad, - but I cried, as no one has yet cried:

"Ah, that his most bad is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small!"

The great disgust at man - it strangled me and had crept into my throat: and what the soothsayer had presaged: "All is alike, nothing is worthwhile, knowledge strangles."

A long twilight limped on before me, a fatally weary, fatally intoxicated sadness, which spoke with yawning mouth.

"Eternally he returns, the man of whom you are weary, the small man" - so yawned my sadness, and dragged its foot and could not go to sleep.

A cavern, became the human earth to me; its breast caved in; everything living became to me human dust and bones and mouldering past.

My sighing sat on all human graves, and could no longer arise: my

sighing and questioning croaked and choked, and gnawed and nagged day and night:

-"Ah, man returns eternally! The small man returns eternally!"

Naked had I once seen both of them, the greatest man and the smallest man: all too like one another - all too human, even the greatest man!

All too small, even the greatest man! - that was my disgust at man! And the eternal return also of the smallest man! - that was my disgust at all existence!

Ah, Disgust! Disgust! Disgust! - - Thus spoke Zarathustra, and sighed and shuddered; for he remembered his sickness. Then did his animals prevent him from speaking further.

"Do not speak further, you convalescent!" - so answered his animals, "but go out where the world waits for you like a garden.

Go out to the roses, the bees, and the flocks of doves! Especially, however, to the singing-birds, to learn singing from them!

For singing is for the convalescent; the sound ones may talk. And when the sound also want songs, then want they other songs than the convalescent."

-"O you wags and barrel-organs, do be silent!" answered Zarathustra, and smiled at his animals. "How well you know what consolation I devised for myself in seven days!

That I have to sing once more - that consolation did I devise for myself, and this convalescence: would you also make another lyre-lay thereof?"

-"Do not talk further," answered his animals once more; "rather, you convalescent, prepare for yourself first a lyre, a new lyre!

For behold, O Zarathustra! For your new lays there are needed new lyres.

Sing and bubble over, O Zarathustra, heal your soul with new lays: that you may bear your great fate, which has not yet been any one's fate!

For your animals know it well, O Zarathustra, who you are and must become: behold, you are the teacher of the eternal return, - that is now your fate!

That you must be the first to teach this teaching - how could this great fate not be your greatest danger and infirmity!

Behold, we know what you teach: that all things eternally return, and ourselves with them, and that we have already existed times without number, and all things with us.

You teach that there is a great year of Becoming, a prodigy of a great year; it must, like a sand-glass, ever turn up anew, that it may anew run down and run out:-

-So that all those years are like one another in the greatest and also in the smallest, so that we ourselves, in every great year, are like ourselves in the greatest and also in the smallest.

And if you would now die, O Zarathustra, behold, we know also how you would then speak to yourself: - but your animals beseech you not to die yet!

You would speak, and without trembling, buoyant rather with bliss, for a great weight and worry would be taken from you, you most patient one!-

'Now do I die and disappear,' would you say, 'and in a moment I am nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the plexus of causes returns in which I am intertwined, - it will again create me! I myself pertain to the causes of the eternal return.

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 identical and selfsame life, in its greatest and its smallest, to teach again the eternal return of all things,-

-To speak again the word of the great noontide of earth and man, to announce again to man the overman.

I have spoken my word. I break down by my word: so wills my eternal fate - as announcer do I succumb!

The hour has now come for the down-goer to bless himself. Thus - ends Zarathustra's down-going.'" - -

When the animals had spoken these words they were silent and waited, so that Zarathustra might say something to them; but Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. On the contrary, he lay quietly with closed eyes like a person sleeping, although he did not sleep; for he communed just then with his soul. The serpent, however, and the eagle, when they found him silent in such wise, respected the great stillness around him, and prudently retired.

Part 3, (14) THE GREAT LONGING

O MY soul, I have taught you to say "today" as "once on a time" and "formerly," and to dance your measure over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I delivered you from all by-places, I brushed down from

you dust and spiders and twilight.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the by-place virtue from you, and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm that is called "spirit" did I blow over your surging sea; all clouds did I blow away from it; I strangled even the strangler called "sin."

O my soul, I gave you the right to say No like the storm, and to say yes as the open heaven says Yes: calm as the light you remain, and now walk through denying storms.

O my soul, I restored to you liberty over the created and the uncreated; and who knows, as you know, the voluptuousness of the future?

O my soul, I taught you the contempt which does not come like worm-eating, the great, the loving contempt, which loves most where it contemns most.

O my soul, I taught you so to persuade that you persuade even the grounds themselves to you: like the sun, which persuades even the sea to its height.

O my soul, I have taken from you all obeying and knee-bending and homage-paying; I have myself given you the names, "Change of need" and "Fate."

O my soul, I have given you new names and gay-coloured playthings, I have called you "Fate" and "the Circuit of circuits" and "the Navel-string of time" and "the Azure bell."

O my soul, to your domain gave I all wisdom to drink all new wines, and also all immemorially old strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul, every sun shed I upon you, and every night and every silence and every longing: - then grew you up for me as a vine.

O my soul, exuberant and heavy do you now stand forth, a vine with swelling udders and full clusters of brown golden grapes:-

-Filled and weighted by your happiness, waiting from superabundance, and yet ashamed of your waiting.

O my soul, there is nowhere a soul which could be more loving and more comprehensive and more extensive! Where could future and past be closer together than with you?

O my soul, I have given you everything, and all my hands have become empty by you: - and now! Now say you to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us owes thanks?-

-does the giver not owe thanks because the receiver received? Is bestowing not a necessity? Is receiving not - pitying?"

O my soul, I understand the smiling of your melancholy: your over-

abundance itself now stretchs out longing hands!

Your fullness looks forth over raging seas, and seeks and waits: the longing of over-fulness looks forth from the smiling heaven of your eyes!

And truly, O my soul! Who could see your smiling and not melt into tears? The angels themselves melt into tears through the over-graciousness of your smiling.

Your graciousness and over-graciousness, is it which will not complain and weep: and yet, O my soul, longs your smiling for tears, and your trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping complaining? And all complaining, accusing?" Thus speak you to yourself; and therefore, O my soul, will you rather smile than pour forth your grief-

-Than in gushing tears pour forth all your grief concerning your fullness, and concerning the craving of the vine for the vintager and vintage-knife!

But will you not weep, will you not weep forth your purple melancholy, then will you have to sing, O my soul! - Behold, I smile myself, who foretell you this:

-you will have to sing with passionate song, until all seas turn calm to listen to your longing,-

-Until over calm longing seas the bark glides, the golden marvel, around the gold of which all good, bad, and marvellous things frisk:-

-Also many large and small animals, and everything that has light marvellous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths,-

-Towards the golden marvel, the spontaneous bark, and its master: he, however, is the vintager who waits with the diamond vintage-knife,-

-your great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one - for whom future songs only will find names! And truly, already has your breath the fragrance of future songs,-

-Already glow you and dream, already drink you thirstily at all deep echoing wells of consolation, already reposes your melancholy in the bliss of future songs! - -

O my soul, now have I given you all, and even my last possession, and all my hands have become empty by you: - that I bade you sing, behold, that was my last thing to give!

That I bade you sing, - say now, say: which of us now - owes thanks? - Better still, however: sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let me thank you! -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 3, (15) THE SECOND DANCE SONG

1.

"INTO your eyes gazed I lately, O Life: gold saw I gleam in your night-eyes, - my heart stood still with delight:

-A golden bark saw I gleam on darkened waters, a sinking, drinking, reblinking, golden swing-bark!

At my dance-frantic foot, do you cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, thrown glance:

Twice only moved you your rattle with your little hands - then did my feet swing with dance-fury.-

My heels reared aloft, my toes they listened, - you they would know: has not the dancer his ear - in his toe!

to you did I spring: then fled you back from my bound; and towards me waved your fleeing, flying tresses round!

Away from you did I spring, and from your snaky tresses: then stood you there half-turned, and in your eye caresses.

With crooked glances - do you teach me crooked courses; on crooked courses learn my feet - crafty fancies!

I fear you near, I love you far; your flight allures me, your seeking secures me: - I suffer, but for you, what would I not gladly bear!

For you, whose coldness inflames, whose hatred misleads, whose flight enchains, whose mockery - pleads:

-Who would not hate you, you great bindress, in-windress, temptress, seekress, findress! Who would not love you, you innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!

where pull you me now, you paragon and tomboy? And now fool you me fleeing; you sweet romp do annoy!

I dance after you, I follow even faint traces lonely. Where are you? Give me your hand! Or your finger only!

Here are caves and thickets: we shall go astray! - Halt! Stand still! See you not owls and bats in fluttering fray?

You bat! you owl! you would play me foul? Where are we? From the dogs have you learned thus to bark and howl.

You gnash on me sweetly with little white teeth; your evil eyes shoot out upon me, your curly little mane from underneath!

This is a dance over stock and stone: I am the hunter, - will you be my hound, or my chamois anon?

Now beside me! And quickly, wickedly springing! Now up! And over! - Alas. I have fallen myself overswinging!

Oh, see me lying, you arrogant one, and imploring grace! Gladly would I walk with you - in some lovelier place!

-In the paths of love, through bushes variegated, quiet, trim! Or there along the lake, where gold-fishes dance and swim!

You are now a-weary? There above are sheep and sun-set stripes: is it not sweet to sleep - the shepherd pipes?

You are so very weary? I carry you there; let just your arm sink! And are you thirsty - I should have something; but your mouth would not like it to drink!-

-Oh, that cursed, nimble, supple serpent and lurking-witch! Where are you gone? But in my face do I feel through your hand, two spots and red blotches itch!

I am truly weary of it, ever your sheepish shepherd to be. you witch, if I have thus far sung to you, now shall you - cry to me!

To the rhythm of my whip shall you dance and cry! I forget not my whip? - Not I!" -

2.

Then did Life answer me thus, and kept thereby her fine ears closed:

"O Zarathustra! Crack not so terribly with your whip! you know surely that noise kills thought, - and just now there came to me such delicate thoughts.

We are both of us genuine ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-ills. Beyond good and evil found we our island and our green meadow - we two alone! Therefore must we be friendly to each other!

And even should we not love each other from the bottom of our hearts, - must we then have a grudge against each other if we do not love each other perfectly?

And that I am friendly to you, and often too friendly, that know you: and the reason is that I am envious of your Wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool, Wisdom!

If your Wisdom should one day run away from you, ah! then would also my love run away from you quickly." -

Thereupon did Life look thoughtfully behind and around, 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 think of soon leaving me.

There is an old heavy, heavy, booming-clock: it booms by night up to your cave:-

-When you hear this clock strike the hours at midnight, then think you between one and twelve thereon-

-you think thereon, O Zarathustra, I know it - of soon leaving me!"-

"Yes," answered I, hesitatingly, "but you know it also" - And I said something into her ear, in among her confused, yellow, foolish tresses.

"you know that, O Zarathustra? That knows no one - -"

And we gazed at each other, and looked at the green meadow over which the cool evening was just passing, and we wept together. - Then, however, was Life dearer to me than all my Wisdom had ever been. -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

3.

One!
O man! Take heed!
Two!
What says deep midnight's voice indeed?
Three!
"I slept my sleep -
Four!
"From deepest dream I've woke and plead: -
Five!
"The world is deep,
Six!
"And deeper than the day could read.
Seven!
"Deep is its woe -
Eight!
"Joy - deeper still than grief can be:
Nine!
"Woe says: Hence! Go!
Ten!
"But joys all want eternity -
Eleven!
"Want deep profound eternity!"
Twelve!

Part 3, (16) THE SEVEN SEALS

(OR THE yes AND AMEN LAY.)

1.

IF I be a diviner and full of the divining spirit which wanders on high mountain-ridges, between two seas,-

Wanders between the past and the future as a heavy cloud - hostile to sultry plains, and to all that is weary and can neither die nor live:

Ready for lightning in its dark bosom, and for the redeeming flash of light, charged with lightning which say Yes! which laugh Yes! ready for divining flashes of lightning:-

-Blessed, however, is he who is thus charged! And truly, long must he hang like a heavy tempest on the mountain, who shall one day kindle the light of the future!-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to 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 has burst graves, shifted landmarks, or rolled old shattered tables into precipitous depths:

If ever my scorn has scattered mouldered words to the winds, and if I have come like a besom to cross-spiders, and as a cleansing wind to old charnel-houses:

If ever I have sat rejoicing where old gods lie buried, world-blessing, world-loving, beside the monuments of old world-maligners:-

-For even churches and gods'-graves do I love, if only heaven looks through their ruined roofs with pure eyes; gladly do I sit like grass and red poppies on ruined churches-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to 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 has come to me of the creative breath, and of the heavenly necessity which compels even chances to dance star-dances:

If ever I have laughed with the laughter of the creative lightning, to which the long thunder of the deed follows, grumblingly, but obediently:

If ever I have played dice with the gods at the divine table of the earth, so that the earth quaked and ruptured, and snorted forth fire-streams:-

-For a divine table is the earth, and trembling with new active dictums and dice-casts of the gods:

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to 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 have drunk a full draught of the foaming spice - and confection-bowl in which all things are well mixed:

If ever my hand has mingled the furthest with the nearest, fire with spirit, joy with sorrow, and the harshest with the kindest:

If I myself am a grain of the saving salt which makes everything in the confection-bowl mix well:-

-For there is a salt which units good with evil; and even the evilest is worthy, as spicing and as final over-foaming:-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to 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 be fond of the sea, and all that is sea-like, and fondest of it when it angrily contradicts me:

If the exploring delight be in me, which impels sails to the undiscovered, if the seafarer's delight be in my delight:

If ever my rejoicing has called out: "The shore has vanished, - now has fallen from me the last chain-

The boundless roars around me, far away sparkle for me space and time, - well! cheer up! old heart!"-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to 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 be a dancer's virtue, and if I have often sprung with both feet into golden-emerald rapture:

If my wickedness be a laughing wickedness, at home among rose-banks and hedges of lilies:

-or in laughter is all evil present, but it is sanctified and absolved by its own bliss:-

And if it be my Alpha and Omega that everything heavy shall become light, everybody a dancer, and every spirit a bird: and truly, that is my Alpha and Omega!-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to 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 have spread out a tranquil heaven above me, and have flown into my own heaven with my own pinions:

If I have swum playfully in profound luminous distances, and if my freedom's avian wisdom has come to me:-

-Thus however speaks avian wisdom: - "Behold, there is no above and no below! Throw 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 ones? Sing! speak no more!"-

Oh, how could I not be ardent for Eternity, and for the marriage-ring of rings - the ring of the return?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should like to have children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

FOURTH AND LAST PART

Ah, where in the world have there been greater follies than with the pitiful? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe to all loving ones who have not an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me, once on a time: "Ever God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately did I hear him say these words: "God is dead: of his pity for man has God died." - ZARATHUSTRA, II., "The Pitiful."

Fourth Part

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

FOURTH AND LAST PART

1. The Honey Sacrifice
2. The Cry Of Distress
3. Talk With The Kings
4. The Leech
5. The Magician
6. Out Of Service
7. The Ugliest Man
8. The Voluntary Beggar
9. The Shadow
10. Noontide
11. The Greeting
12. The Supper
13. The Higher Man
14. The Song Of Melancholy
15. Science
16. Among Daughters Of The Desert
17. The Awakening
18. The Ass-Festival
19. The Drunken Song
20. The Sign

Part 4, (1) THE HONEY SACRIFICE

-AND again passed moons and years over Zarathustra's soul, and he heeded it not; his hair, however, became white. One day when he sat on a stone in front of his cave, and gazed calmly into the distance - one there gazes out on the sea, and away beyond sinuous abysses, - then went his animals thoughtfully round about him, and at last set themselves in front of him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "gaze you out perhaps for your happiness?" - "Of what account is my happiness!" answered he, "I have long ceased to strive any more for happiness, I strive for my work." - "O Zarathustra," said the animals once more, "that say you as one who has overmuch of good things. Lie you not in a sky-blue lake of happiness?" - "You wags,"

answered Zarathustra, and smiled, "how well did you choose the simile! But you know also that my happiness is heavy, and not like a fluid wave of water: it presses me and will not leave me, and is like molten pitch."-

Then went his animals again thoughtfully around him, and placed themselves once more in front of him. "O Zarathustra," said they, "it is consequently for that reason that you yourself always becomes more yellow and darker, although your hair looks white and flaxen? Behold, you sit in your pitch!" - "What do you say, my animals?" said Zarathustra, laughing; "truly I reviled when I spoke of pitch. As it happens with me, so is it with all fruits that turn ripe. It is the honey in my veins that makes my blood thicker, and also my soul stiller." - "So will it be, O Zarathustra," answered his animals, and pressed up to him; "but will you not today ascend a high mountain? The air is pure, and today one sees more of the world than ever." - "Yes, my animals," answered he, "you counsel admirably and according to my heart: I will today ascend a high mountain! But see that honey is there ready to hand, yellow, white, good, ice-cool, golden-comb-honey. For know that when aloft I will make the honey-sacrifice."-

When Zarathustra, however, was aloft on the summit, he sent his animals home that had accompanied him, and found that he was now alone: - then he laughed from the bottom of his heart, looked around him, and spoke thus:

That I spoke of sacrifices and honey-sacrifices, it was merely a ruse in talking and truly, a useful folly! Here aloft can I now speak freer than in front of mountain-caves and anchorites' domestic animals.

What to sacrifice! I squander what is given me, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I call that - sacrificing?

And when I desired honey I only desired bait, and sweet mucus and mucilage, for which even the mouths of growling bears, and strange, sulky, evil birds, water:

-The best bait, as huntsmen and fishermen require it. For if the world be as a gloomy forest of animals, and a pleasure-ground for all wild huntsmen, it seems to me rather - and preferably - a fathomless, rich sea;

-A sea full of many-hued fishes and crabs, for which even the gods might long, and might be tempted to become fishers in it, and casters of nets, - so rich is the world in wonderful things, great and small!

Especially the human world, the human sea: - towards it do I now throw out my golden angle-rod and say: Open up, you human abyss!

Open up, and throw to me your fish and shining crabs! With my best bait shall I allure to myself today the strangest human fish!

-My happiness itself do I throw out into all places far and wide between orient, noontide, and occident, to see if many human fish will not learn to hug and tug at my happiness;-

Until, biting at my sharp hidden hooks, they have to come up to my height, the most motley abyss-groundlings, to the wickedest of all fishers of men.

For this am I from the heart and from the beginning - drawing, hither-drawing, upward-drawing, upbringing; a drawer, a trainer, a training-master, who not in vain counselled himself once on a time: "Become what you art!"

Thus may men now come up to me; for as yet do I await the signs that it is time for my down-going; as yet do I not myself go down, as I must do, among men.

Therefore do I here wait, crafty and scornful upon high mountains, no impatient one, no patient one; rather one who has even unlearnt patience, - because he no longer "suffers."

For my fate gives me time: it has forgotten me perhaps? Or does it sit behind a big stone and catch flies?

And truly, I am well-disposed to my eternal fate, because it does not hound and hurry me, but leaves me time for merriment and mischief; so that I have to-day ascended this high mountain to catch fish.

Did ever anyone catch fish upon high mountains? And though it be a folly what I here seek and do, it is better so than that down below I should become solemn with waiting, and green and yellow-

-A posturing wrath-snorter with waiting, a holy howl-storm from the mountains, an impatient one that shouts down into the valleys: "Listen, else I will scourge you with the scourge of God!"

Not that I would have a grudge against such wrathful ones on that account: they are well enough for laughter to me! Impatient must they now be, those big alarm-drums, which find a voice now or never!

Myself, however, and my fate - we do not talk to the Present, neither do we talk to the Never: for talking we have patience and time and more than time. For one day must it yet come, and may not pass by.

What must one day come and may not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is to say, our great, remote human-kingdom, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years - -

How remote may such "remoteness" be? What does it concern me? But on that account it is none the less sure to me-, with both feet stand I secure on this ground;

-On an eternal ground, on hard primary rock, on this highest, hardest,

primary mountain-ridge, to which all winds come, as to the storm-parting, asking Where? and Whence? and where?

Here laugh, laugh, my hearty, healthy wickedness! From high mountains cast down your glittering scorn-laughter! Allure for me with your glittering the finest human fish!

And whatever belongs to me in all seas, my in-and-for-me in all things - fish that out for me, bring that up to me: for that do I wait, the wickedest of all fish-catchers.

Out! out! my fishing-hook! In and down, you bait of my happiness! Drip your sweetest dew, you honey of my heart! Bite, my fishing-hook, into the belly of all black affliction!

Look out, look out, my eye! Oh, how many seas round about me, what dawning human futures! And above me - what rosy red stillness! What unclouded silence!

Part 4, (2) THE CRY OF DISTRESS

THE next day sat Zarathustra again on the stone in front of his cave, whilst his animals roved about in the world outside to bring home new food, - also new honey: for Zarathustra had spent and wasted the old honey to the very last particle. When he thus sat, however, with a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure on the earth, and reflecting - truly! not upon himself and his shadow, - all at once he startled and shrank back: for he saw another shadow beside his own. And when he hastily looked around and stood up, behold, there stood the soothsayer beside him, the same whom he had once given to eat and drink at his table, the proclaimer of the great weariness, who taught: "All is alike, nothing is worthwhile, the world is without meaning, knowledge strangles." But his face had changed since then; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was startled once more: so much evil announcement and ashy-grey lightning passed over that countenance.

The soothsayer, who had perceived what went on in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his face with his hand, as if he would wipe out the impression; the same did also Zarathustra. And when both of them had thus silently composed and strengthened themselves, they gave each other the hand, as a token that they wanted once more to recognise each other.

"Welcome hither," said Zarathustra, "you soothsayer of the great

weariness, not in vain shall you once have been my messmate and guest. Eat and drink also with me to-day, and forgive it that a cheerful old man sits with you at table!" - "A cheerful old man?" answered the soothsayer, shaking his head, "but whoever you art, or would be, O Zarathustra, you have been here aloft the longest time, - in a little while your bark shall no longer rest on dry land!" - "Do I then rest on dry land?" - asked Zarathustra, laughing. - "The waves around your mountain," answered the soothsayer, "rise and rise, the waves of great distress and affliction: they will soon raise your bark also and carry you away." - Thereupon was Zarathustra silent and wondered. - "Do you still hear nothing?" continued the soothsayer: "does it not rush and roar out of the depth?" - Zarathustra was silent once more and listened: then heard he a long, long cry, which the abysses threw to one another and passed on; for none of them wished to retain it: so evil did it sound.

"you ill announcer," said Zarathustra at last, "that is a cry of distress, and the cry of a man; it may come perhaps out of a black sea. But what does human distress matter to me! My last sin which has been reserved for me, - know you what it is called?"

-"Pity!" answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart, and raised both his hands aloft - "O Zarathustra, I have come that I may seduce you to your last sin!"-

And hardly had those words been uttered when there sounded the cry once more, and longer and more alarming than before - also much nearer. "You hear? You hear, O Zarathustra?" called out the soothsayer, "the cry concerns you, it calls you: Come, come, come; it is time, it is the highest time!"-

Zarathustra was silent thereupon, confused and staggered; at last he asked, like one who hesitates in himself: "And who is it that there calls me?"

"But you know it, certainly," answered the soothsayer warmly, "why do you conceal yourself? It is the higher man that cries for you!"

"The higher man?" cried Zarathustra, horror-stricken: "what wants he? What wants he? The higher man! What wants he here?" - and his skin covered with perspiration.

The soothsayer, however, did not heed Zarathustra's alarm, but listened and listened in the downward direction. When, however, it had been still there for a long while, he looked behind, and saw Zarathustra standing trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began, with sorrowful voice, "you do not stand there like one whose happiness makes him giddy: you will have to dance

lest you tumble down!

But although you should dance before me, and leap all your side-leaps, no one may say to me: 'Behold, here dances the last joyous man!'

In vain would anyone come to this height who sought him here: caves would he find, indeed, and back-caves, hiding-places for hidden ones; but not lucky mines, nor treasure-chambers, nor new gold-veins of happiness.

Happiness - how indeed could one find happiness among such buried-alive and solitary ones! Must I yet seek the last happiness on the Happy Isles, and far away among forgotten seas?

But all is alike, nothing is worthwhile, no seeking is of service, there are no longer any Happy Isles!" - -

Thus sighed the soothsayer; with his last sigh, however, Zarathustra again became serene and assured, like one who has come out of a deep chasm into the light. "No! No! Three times No!" exclaimed he with a strong voice, and stroked his beard - "that do I know better! There are still Happy Isles! Silence thereon, you sighing sorrow-sack!

Cease to splash thereon, you rain-cloud of the forenoon! Do I not already stand here wet with your misery, and drenched like a dog?

Now do I shake myself and run away from you, that I may again become dry: thereat may you not wonder! Do I seem to you discourteous? Here however is my court.

But as regards the higher man: well! I shall seek him at once in those forests: from thence came his cry. Perhaps he is there hard beset by an evil beast.

He is in my domain: therein shall he receive no scathe! And truly, there are many evil beasts about me."-

With those words Zarathustra turned around to depart. Then said the soothsayer: "O Zarathustra, you are a rogue!

I know it well: you would rather be rid of me! Rather would you run into the forest and lay snares for evil beasts!

But what good will it do you? In the evening will you have me again: in your own cave will I sit, patient and heavy like a block - and wait for you!"

"So be it!" shouted back Zarathustra, as he went away: "and what is my in my cave belongs also to you, my guest!

Should you however find honey therein, well! Just lick it up, you growling bear, and sweeten your soul! For in the evening we want both to be in good spirits;

-In good spirits and joyful, because this day has come to an end! And

you yourself shall dance to my lays, as my dancing-bear.

You do not believe this? you shake your head? Well! Cheer up, old bear! But I also - am a soothsayer."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (3) TALK WITH THE KINGS

1.

ERE Zarathustra had been an hour on his way in the mountains and forests, he saw all at once a strange procession. Right on the path which he was about to descend came two kings walking, bedecked with crowns and purple girdles, and variegated like flamingos: they drove before them a laden ass. "What do these kings want in my domain?" said Zarathustra in astonishment to his heart, and hid himself hastily behind a thicket. When however the kings approached to him, he said half-aloud, like one speaking only to himself: "Strange! Strange! How does this harmonise? Two kings do I see - and only one ass!"

Thereupon the two kings made a halt; they smiled and looked towards the spot whence the voice proceeded, and afterwards looked into each other's faces. "Such things do we also think among ourselves," said the king on the right, "but we do not utter them."

The king on the left, however, shrugged his shoulders and answered: "That may perhaps be a goat-herd. Or an hermit who has lived too long among rocks and trees. For no society at all spoils also good manners."

"Good manners?" replied angrily and bitterly the other king: "what then do we run out of the way of? Is it not 'good manners'? Our 'good society'?

Better, truly, to live among hermits and goat-herds, than with our gilded, false, over-rouged populace - though it call itself 'good society.'

-Though it call itself 'nobility.' But there all is false and foul, above all the blood - thanks to old evil diseases and worse curers.

The best and dearest to me at present is still a sound peasant, coarse, artful, obstinate and enduring: that is at present the noblest type.

The peasant is at present the best; and the peasant type should be master! But it is the kingdom of the populace - I no longer allow anything to be imposed upon me. The populace, however - that means, hodgepodge.

Populace-hodgepodge: therein is everything mixed with everything,

saint and swindler, gentleman and Jew, and every beast out of Noah's ark.

Good manners! Everything is false and foul with us. No one knows any longer how to reverence: it is that precisely that we run away from. They are fulsome obtrusive dogs; they gild palm-leaves.

This loathing chokes me, that we kings ourselves have become false, draped and disguised with the old faded pomp of our ancestors, show-pieces for the stupidest, the craftiest, and whosoever at present traffics for power.

We are not the first men - and have nevertheless to stand for them: of this imposture have we at last become weary and disgusted.

From the rabble have we gone out of the way, from all those bawlers and scribe-blowflies, from the trader-stench, the ambition-fidgeting, the bad breath-: fie, to live among the rabble;

-Fie, to stand for the first men among the rabble! Ah, loathing! Loathing! Loathing! What does it now matter about us kings!"-

"Your old sickness seizes you," said here the king on the left, "your loathing seizes you, my poor brother. you know, however, that someone hears us."

Immediately thereupon, Zarathustra, who had opened ears and eyes to this talk, rose from his hiding-place, advanced towards the kings, and thus began:

"He who hears to you, he who gladly hears to you, is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra who once said: 'What does it now matter about kings!' Forgive me; I rejoiced when you said to each other: 'What does it matter about us kings!'

Here, however, is my domain and jurisdiction: what may you be seeking in my domain? Perhaps, however, you have found on your way what I seek: namely, the higher man."

When the kings heard this, they beat upon their breasts and said with one voice: "We are recognised!

With the sword of your utterance severest you the thickest darkness of our hearts. you have discovered our distress; for Behold. we are on our way to find the higher man-

-The man that is higher than we, although we are kings. To him do we convey this ass. For the highest man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no sorer misfortune in all human destiny, than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becomes

false and distorted and monstrous.

And when they are even the last men, and more beast than man, then rises and rises the populace in honour, and at last says even the populace-virtue: 'Behold, I alone am virtue!'"-

What have I just heard? answered Zarathustra. What wisdom in kings! I am enchanted, and truly, I have already promptings to make a rhyme thereon:-

-Even if it should happen to be a rhyme not suited for every one's ears. I unlearned long ago to have consideration for long ears. Well then! Well now!

(Here, however, it happened that the ass also found utterance: it said distinctly and with malevolence, Y-E-A.)

'Twas once - methinks year one of our blessed Lord,-
Drunk without wine, the Sybil thus deplored:-
"How ill things go!
Decline! Decline! Ne'er sank the world so low!
Rome now has turned harlot and harlot-stew,
Rome's Caesar a beast, and God - has turned Jew!

2.

With those rhymes of Zarathustra the kings were delighted; the king on the right, however, said: "O Zarathustra, how well it was that we set out to see you!

For your enemies showed us your likeness in their mirror: there looked you with the grimace of a devil, and sneeringly: so that we were afraid of you.

But what good did it do! Always didst you prick us anew in heart and ear with your sayings. Then did we say at last: What does it matter how he look!

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 sanctifies every cause.'

O Zarathustra, our fathers' blood stirred in our veins at such words: it was like the voice of spring to old wine-casks.

When the swords ran among one another like red-spotted serpents, then did our fathers become fond of life; the sun of every peace seemed to them languid and lukewarm, the long peace, however, made them ashamed.

How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw on the wall brightly furbished, dried-up swords! Like those they thirsted for war. For a

sword thirsts to drink blood, and sparkles with desire." - -

-When the kings thus discoursed and talked eagerly of the happiness of their fathers, there came upon Zarathustra no little desire to mock at their eagerness: for evidently they were very peaceable kings whom he saw before him, kings with old and refined features. But he restrained himself. "Well!" said he, "there leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra; and this day is to have a long evening! At present, however, a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

It will honour my cave if kings want to sit and wait in it: but, to be sure, you will have to wait long!

Well! What of that! Where does one at present learn better to wait than at courts? And the whole virtue of kings that has remained to them - is it not called to-day: Ability to wait?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (4) THE LEECH

AND Zarathustra went thoughtfully on, further and lower down, through forests and past moory bottoms; as it happens, however, to everyone who meditates upon hard matters, he trod thereby unawares upon a man. And behold, there spurted into his face all at once a cry of pain, and two curses and twenty bad invectives, so that in his fright he raised his stick and also struck the trodden one. Immediately afterwards, however, he regained his composure, and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

"Pardon me," said he to the trodden one, who had got up enraged, and had seated himself, "pardon me, and hear first of all a parable.

As a wanderer who dreams of remote things on a lonesome highway, runs unawares against a sleeping dog, a dog which lies in the sun:

-As both of them then start up and snap at each other, like deadly enemies, those two beings mortally frightened - so did it happen to us.

And yet! And yet - how little was lacking for them to caress each other, that dog and that lonesome one! Are they not both - lonesome ones!"

-"Whoever you art," said the trodden one, still enraged, "you tread also too close to me with your parable, and not only with your foot!

Behold. am I then a dog?" - And thereupon the sitting one got up, and pulled his naked arm out of the swamp. For at first he had lain

outstretched on the ground, hidden and indiscernible, like those who lie in wait for swamp-game.

"But whatever are you about!" called out Zarathustra in alarm, for he saw a deal of blood streaming over the naked arm, - "what has hurt you? has an evil beast bit you, you unfortunate one?"

The bleeding one laughed, still angry, "What matter is it to you!" said he, and was about to go on. "Here am I at home and in my province. Let him question me whoever will: to a dolt, however, I shall hardly answer."

"you are mistaken," said Zarathustra sympathetically, and held him fast; "you are mistaken. Here you are not at home, but in my domain, and therein shall no one receive any hurt.

Call me however what you wilt - I am who I must be. I call myself Zarathustra.

Well! Up there is the way to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far, - will you not attend to your wounds at my home?

It has gone badly with you, you unfortunate one, in this life: first a beast bit you, and then - a man trod upon you!" - -

When however the trodden one had heard the name of Zarathustra he was transformed. "What happens to me!" he exclaimed, "who preoccupies me so much in this life as this one man, namely Zarathustra, and that one animal that lives on blood, the leech?

For the sake of the leech did I lie here by this swamp, like a fisher, and already had my outstretched arm been bitten ten times, when there bits a still finer leech at my blood, Zarathustra himself!

O happiness! O miracle! Praised be this day which enticed me into the swamp! Praised be the best, the most live cupping-glass, that at present lives; praised be the great conscience-leech Zarathustra!"-

Thus spoke the trodden one, and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their refined reverential style. "Who are you?" asked he, and gave him his hand, "there is much to clear up and elucidate between us, but already methinks pure clear day is dawning."

"I am the spiritually conscientious one," answered he who was asked, "and in matters of the spirit it is difficult for anyone to take it more rigorously, more restrictedly, and more severely than I, except him from whom I learnt it, Zarathustra himself.

Better know nothing than half-know many things! Better be a fool on one's own account, than a sage on other people's approbation! I - go to the basis:

-What matter if it be great or small? If it be called swamp or sky? A

handbreadth of basis is enough for me, if it be actually basis and ground!

-A handbreadth of basis: thereon can one stand. In the true knowing-knowledge there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Then you are perhaps an expert on the leech?" asked Zarathustra; "and you investigate the leech to its ultimate basis, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the trodden one, "that would be something immense; how could I presume to do so!

That, however, of which I am master and knower, is the brain of the leech: - that is my world!

And it is also a world! Forgive it, however, that my pride here finds expression, for here I have not my equal. Therefore said I: 'here am I at home.'

How long have I investigated this one thing, the brain of the leech, so that here the slippery truth might no longer slip from me! Here is my domain!

-For the sake of this did I cast everything else aside, for the sake of this did everything else become indifferent to me; and close beside my knowledge lies my black ignorance.

My spiritual conscience requires from me that it should be so - that I should know one thing, and not know all else: they are a loathing to me, all the semi-spiritual, all the hazy, hovering, and visionary.

Where my honesty ceases, there am I blind, and want also to be blind. Where I want to know, however, there want I also to be honest - namely, severe, rigorous, restricted, cruel and inexorable.

Because you once said, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is life which itself cuts into life'; - that led and allured me to your doctrine. And truly, with my own blood have I increased my own knowledge!"

-"As the evidence indicates," broke in Zarathustra; for still was the blood flowing down on the naked arm of the conscientious one. For there had ten leeches bitten into it.

"O you strange fellow, how much does this very evidence teach me - namely, you yourself! And not all, perhaps, might I pour into your rigorous ear!

Well then! We part here! But I would rather find you again. Up there is the way to my cave: to-night shall you there by my welcome guest!

Rather would I also make amends to your body for Zarathustra treading upon you with his feet: I think about that. Just now, however, a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (5) THE MAGICIAN

1.

WHEN however Zarathustra had gone round a rock, then saw he on the same path, not far below him, a man who threw his limbs about like a maniac, and at last tumbled to the ground on his belly. "Halt!" said then Zarathustra to his heart, "he there must surely be the higher man, from him came that dreadful cry of distress, - I will see if I can help him." When, however, he ran to the spot where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with fixed eyes; and in spite of all Zarathustra's efforts to lift him and set him again on his feet, it was all in vain. The unfortunate one, also, did not seem to notice that someone was beside him; on the contrary, he continually looked around with moving gestures, like one forsaken and isolated from all the world. At last, however, after much trembling, and convulsion, and curling-himself-up, he began to lament thus:

Who warm'th me, who lov'th me still?
Give ardent fingers!
Give heartening charcoal-warmers!
Prone, outstretched, trembling,
Like him, half dead and cold, whose feet one warm'th-
And shaken, ah! by unfamiliar fevers,
Shivering with sharpened, icy-cold frost-arrows,
By you pursued, my fancy!
Indescribable! Recondite! Sore-frightening!
You huntsman 'hind the cloud-banks!
Now lightning-struck by you,
You mocking eye that me in darkness watches:
-Thus do I lie,
Bend myself, twist myself, convulsed
With all eternal torture,
And smitten
By you, cruellest huntsman,
You unfamiliar - God…
Smite deeper!
Smite yet once more!

Pierce through and rend my heart!
What mean'th this torture
With dull, indented arrows?
Why look'st you hither,
Of human pain not weary,
With mischief-loving, godly flash-glances?
Not murder will you,
But torture, torture?
For why - me torture,
You mischief-loving, unfamiliar God? -
Ha! Ha!
You steal close
In midnight's gloomy hour?…
What will you?
Speak!
You crowd me, pressest-
Ha! now far too closely!
You hear me breathing,
You overhear my heart,
You ever jealous one!
-Of what, pray, ever jealous?
Off! Off!
For why the ladder?
Would you get in?
To heart in-clamber?
To my own most secret
Conceptions in-clamber?
Shameless one! you unknown one! - Thief!
What seek you by your stealing?
What seek you by your hearkening?
What seek you by your torturing?
You torturer!
You - hangman-God!
Or shall I, as the mastiffs do,
Roll me before you?
And cringing, enraptured, frantical,
My tail friendly - waggle!
In vain!
Goad further!
Cruellest goader!

No dog - your game just am I,
Cruellest huntsman!
Your proudest of captives,
You robber 'hind the cloud-banks…
Speak finally!
You lightning-veiled one! you unknown one! Speak!
What will you, highway-ambusher, from - me?
What will you, unfamiliar - God?
What?
Ransom-gold?
How much of ransom-gold?
Solicit much - that bids my pride!
And be concise - that bids my other pride!
Ha! Ha!
Me - want you? me?
-Entire?…
Ha! Ha!
And torture me, fool that you art,
Dead-torture quite my pride?
Give love to me - who warms me still?
Who loves me still?-
Give ardent fingers
Give heartening charcoal-warmers,
Give me, the lonesomest,
The ice (ah! seven-fold frozen ice
For very enemies,
For foes, does make one thirst).
Give, yield to me,
Cruellest foe,
-Yourself! - -
Away!
There fled he surely,
My final, only comrade,
My greatest foe,
My unfamiliar-
My hangman-God!…
-No!
Come you back!
With all of your great tortures!
To me the last of lonesome ones,

Oh, come you back!
All my hot tears in streamlets trickle
Their course to you!
And all my final hearty fervour-
Up-glows to you!
Oh, come you back,
My unfamiliar God! my pain!
My final bliss!
2.

-Here, however, Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself; he took his staff and struck the wailer with all his might. "Stop this," cried he to him with wrathful laughter, "stop this, you stage-player! you false coiner! you liar from the very heart! I know you well!

I will soon make warm legs to you, you evil magician: I know well how - to make it hot for such as you!"

-"Leave off," said the old man, and sprang up from the ground, "strike me no more, O Zarathustra! I did it only for amusement!

That kind of thing belongs to my art. you yourself, I wanted to put to the proof when I gave this performance. And truly, you have well detected me!

But you yourself - have given me no small proof of yourself: you are hard, you wise Zarathustra! Hard strike you with your 'truths,' your cudgel forces from me - this truth!"

-"Flatter not," answered Zarathustra, still excited and frowning, "you stage-player from the heart! you are false: why speak you - of truth!

You peacock of peacocks, you sea of vanity; what didst you represent before me, you evil magician; whom was I meant to believe in when you wailed in such wise?"

"The penitent in spirit," said the old man, "it was him - I represented; you yourself once devised this expression-

-The poet and magician who at last turns his spirit against himself, the transformed one who freezes to death by his bad science and conscience.

And just acknowledge it: it was long, O Zarathustra, before you discovered my trick and lie! you believed in my distress when you held my head with both your hands,-

-I heard you lament 'we have loved him too little, loved him too little!' Because I so far deceived you, my wickedness rejoiced in me."

"you may have deceived subtler ones than I," said Zarathustra sternly. "I am not on my guard against deceivers; I have to be without precaution: so wills my lot.

You, however, - must deceive: so far do I know your! You must ever be equivocal, trivocal, quadrivocal, and quinquivocal! Even what you have now confessed, is not nearly true enough nor false enough for me!

You bad false coiner, how could you do otherwise! your very malady would you whitewash if you showed yourself naked to your physician.

Thus didst you whitewash your lie before me when you said: 'I did so only for amusement!' There was also seriousness therein, you are something of a penitent-in-spirit!

I divine you well: you have become the enchanter of all the world; but for yourself you have no lie or artifice left, - you are disenchanted to yourself!

You have reaped disgust as your one truth. No word in you is any longer genuine, but your mouth is so: that is to say, the disgust that cleaves to your mouth." - -

-"Who are you at all!" cried here the old magician with defiant voice, "who dares to speak thus to me, the greatest man now living?" - and a green flash shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But immediately after he changed, and said sadly:

"O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, I am disgusted with my arts, I am not great, why do I dissemble! But you know it well - I sought for greatness!

A great man I wanted to appear, and persuaded many; but the lie has been beyond my power. On it do I collapse.

O Zarathustra, everything is a lie in me; but that I collapse - this my collapsing is genuine!"-

"It honours you," said Zarathustra gloomily, looking down with side-long glance, "it honours you that you sought for greatness, but it betrays you also. you are not great.

You bad old magician, that is the best and the most honest thing I hon-our in you, that you have become weary of yourself, and have expressed it: 'I am not great.'

Therein do I honour you as a penitent-in-spirit, and although only for the twinkling of an eye, in that one moment were you - genuine.

But tell me, what seek you here in my forests and rocks? And if you have put yourself in my way, what proof of me would you have?-

-Wherein didst you put me to the test?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and his eyes sparkled. But the old magician kept silence for a while; then said he: "Did I put you to the test? I - seek only.

O Zarathustra, I seek a genuine one, a right one, a simple one, an un-equivocal one, a man of perfect honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of

knowledge, a great man!

Know you it not, O Zarathustra? I seek Zarathustra."

-And here there arose a long silence between them: Zarathustra, however, became profoundly absorbed in thought, so that he shut his eyes. But afterwards coming back to the situation, he grasped the hand of the magician, and said, full of politeness and policy:

"Well! Up there leads the way, there is the cave of Zarathustra. In it may you seek him whom you would rather find.

And ask counsel of my animals, my eagle and my serpent: they shall help you to seek. My cave however is large.

I myself, to be sure - I have as yet seen no great man. That which is great, the acutest eye is at present insensible to it. It is the kingdom of the populace.

Many a one have I found who stretched and inflated himself, and the people cried: 'Behold; a great man!' But what good do all bellows do! The wind comes out at last.

At last bursts the frog which has inflated itself too long: then comes out the wind. To prick a swollen one in the belly, I call good pastime. Hear that, you boys!

Our today is of the popular: who still knows what is great and what is small! Who could there seek successfully for greatness! A fool only: it succeeds with fools.

You seek for great men, you strange fool? Who taught that to you? Is today the time for it? Oh, you bad seeker, why do you - tempt me?" - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra, comforted in his heart, and went laughing on his way.

Part 4, (6) OUT OF SERVICE

NOT long, however, after Zarathustra had freed himself from the magician, he again saw a person sitting beside the path which he followed, namely a tall, black man, with a haggard, pale countenance: this man grieved him exceedingly. "Alas," said he to his heart, "there sits disguised affliction; methinks he is of the type of the priests: what do they want in my domain?

What! Hardly have I escaped from that magician, and must another necromancer again run across my path,-

-Some sorcerer with laying-on-of-hands, some sombre wonder-worker by the grace of God, some anointed world-maligner, whom, may the devil take!

But the devil is never at the place which would be his right place: he always comes too late, that cursed dwarf and club-foot!"-

Thus cursed Zarathustra impatiently in his heart, and considered how with averted look he might slip past the black man. But behold, it came about otherwise. For at the same moment had the sitting one already perceived him; and not unlike one whom an unexpected happiness overtakes, he sprang to his feet, and went straight towards Zarathustra.

"Whoever you art, you traveller," said he, "help a strayed one, a seeker, an old man, who may here easily come to grief!

The world here is strange to me, and remote; wild beasts also did I hear howling; and he who could have given me protection - he is himself no more.

I was seeking the pious man, a saint and an anchorite, who, alone in his forest, had not yet heard of what all the world knows at present."

"What does all the world know at present?" asked Zarathustra. "Perhaps 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 that old God until his last hour.

Now, however, am I out of service, without master, and yet not free; likewise am I no longer merry even for an hour, except it be in recollections.

Therefore did I ascend into these mountains, that I might finally have a festival for myself once more, as becomes an old pope and church-father: for know it, that I am the last pope! - a festival of pious recollections and divine services.

Now, however, is he himself dead, the most pious of men, the saint in the forest, who praised his God constantly with singing and mumbling.

He himself found I no longer when I found his cot - but two wolves found I therein, which howled on account of his death, - for all animals loved him. Then did I haste away.

Had I thus come in vain into these forests and mountains? Then did my heart determine that I should seek another, the most pious of all those who believe not in God-, my heart determined that I should seek Zarathustra!"

Thus spoke the hoary man, and gazed with keen eyes at him who stood before him. Zarathustra however seized the hand of the old pope

and regarded it a long while with admiration.

"Behold. you venerable one," said he then, "what a fine and long hand! That is the hand of one who has ever dispensed blessings. Now, however, does it hold fast him whom you seek, me, Zarathustra.

It is I, the ungodly Zarathustra, who says: 'Who is ungodlier than I, that I may enjoy his teaching?'"-

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and penetrated with his glances the thoughts and arrear-thoughts of the old pope. At last the latter began:

"He who most loved and possessed him has now also lost him most-:

-Behold, I myself am surely the most godless of us at present? But who could rejoice at 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 sympathy choked him;

-That he saw how man hung on the cross, and could not endure it; - that his love to man became his hell, and at last his death?" - -

The old pope however did not answer, but looked aside timidly, with a painful and gloomy expression.

"Let him go," said Zarathustra, after prolonged meditation, still looking the old man straight in the eye.

"Let him go, he is gone. And though it honours you that you speak only in praise of this dead one, yet you know as well as I who he was, and that he went curious ways."

"To speak before three eyes," said the old pope cheerfully (he was blind of one eye), "in divine matters I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself - and may well be so.

My love served him long years, my will followed all his will. A good servant, however, knows everything, and many a thing even which a master hides from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Truly, he did not come by his son otherwise than by secret ways. At the door of his faith stands adultery.

Whoever extols him as a God of love, does not think highly enough of love itself. Did not that God want also to be judge? But the loving one loves irrespective of reward and requital.

When he was young, that God out of the Orient, then was he harsh and revengeful, and built himself a hell for the delight of his favourites.

At last, however, he became old and soft and mellow and pitiful, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a tottering old grandmother.

There did he sit shrivelled in his chimney-corner, fretting on account of

his weak legs, world-weary, will-weary, and one day he suffocated of his all-too-great pity." - -

"you old pope," said here Zarathustra interposing, "have you seen that with your eyes? It could well have happened in that way: in that way, and also otherwise. When gods die they always die many kinds of death.

Well! At all events, one way or other - he is gone! He was counter to the taste of my ears and eyes; worse than that I should not like to say against him.

I love everything that looks bright and speaks honestly. But he - you know it, indeed, you old priest, there was something of your type in him, the priest-type - he was equivocal.

He was also indistinct. How he raged at us, this wrath-snorter, because we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more clearly?

And if the fault lay in our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him badly? If there was dirt in our ears, well! who put it in them?

Too much miscarried with him, this potter who had not learned thoroughly! That he took revenge on his pots and creations, however, because they turned out badly - that was a sin against good taste.

There is also good taste in piety: this at last said: 'Away with such a God! Better to have no God, better to set up destiny on one's own account, better to be a fool, better to be God oneself!'"

-"What do I hear!" said then the old pope, with intent ears; "O Zarathustra, you are more pious than you believe, with such an unbelief! Some god in you has converted you to your ungodliness.

Is it not your piety itself which no longer lets you believe in a God? And your over-great honesty will yet lead you even beyond good and evil!

Behold, what has been reserved for you? you have eyes and hands and mouth, which have been predestined for blessing from eternity. One does not bless with the hand alone.

Nigh to you, though you profess to be the ungodliest one, I feel a hale and holy odour of long benedictions: I feel glad and grieved thereby.

Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth shall I now feel better than with you!"-

"Amen! So shall it be!" said Zarathustra, with great astonishment; "up there leads the way, there lies the cave of Zarathustra.

Gladly, indeed, would I conduct 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 shall no one come to grief; my cave is a good haven.

And best of all would I like to put every sorrowful one again on firm land and firm legs.

Who, however, could take your melancholy off your shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long, truly, should we have to wait until someone re-awoke your God for you.

For that old God lives no more: he is indeed dead." -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (7) THE UGLIEST MAN

-AND again did Zarathustra's feet run through mountains and forests, and his eyes sought and sought, but nowhere was he to be seen whom they wanted to see - the sorely distressed sufferer and crier. On the whole way, however, he rejoiced in his heart and was full of gratitude. "What good things," said he, "has this day given me, as amends for its bad beginning! What strange interlocutors have I found!

At their words will I now chew a long while as at good corn; small shall my teeth grind and crush them, until they flow like milk into my soul!"-

When, however, the path again curved round a rock, all at once the landscape changed, and Zarathustra entered into a realm of death. Here bristled aloft black and red cliffs, without any grass, tree, or bird's voice. For it was a valley which all animals avoided, even the beasts of prey, except that a species of ugly, thick, green serpent came here to die when they became old. Therefore the shepherds called this valley: "Serpent-death."

Zarathustra, however, became absorbed in dark recollections, for it seemed to him as if he had once before stood in this valley. And much heaviness settled on his mind, so that he walked slowly and always 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 hardly like a man, something nondescript. And all at once there came over Zarathustra a great shame, because he had gazed on such a thing. Blushing up to the very roots of his white hair, he turned aside his glance, and raised his foot that he might leave this ill-starred place. Then, however, became the dead wilderness vocal: for from the ground a noise welled up, gurgling and rattling, as water gurgles and rattles at night through

stopped-up water-pipes; and at last it turned into human voice and human speech: - it sounded thus:

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Read my riddle! Say, say! What is the revenge on the witness?

I entice you back; here is smooth ice! See to it, see to it, that your pride does not here break its legs!

You think yourself wise, you proud Zarathustra! Read then the riddle, you hard nut-cracker, - the riddle that I am! Say then: who am I!"

-When however Zarathustra had heard these words, - what think you then took place in his soul? Pity overcame him; and he sank down all at once, like an oak that has long withstood many tree-fellers, - heavily, suddenly, to the terror even of those who meant to fell it. But immediately he got up again from the ground, and his countenance became stern.

"I know you well," said he, with a brazen voice, "you are the murderer of God! Let me go.

You could not endure him who beheld you, - who ever beheld you through and through, you ugliest man. you took revenge on this witness!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and was about to go; but the nondescript grasped at a corner of his garment and began anew to gurgle and seek for words. "Stay," said he at last-

-"Stay! Do not pass by! I have divined what axe it was that struck you to the ground: hail to you, O Zarathustra, that you are again upon your feet!

You have divined, I know it well, how the man feels who killed him, - the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down here beside me; it is not to no purpose.

To whom would I go but to you? Stay, sit down! Do not however look at me! Honour thus - my ugliness!

They persecute me: now are you my last refuge. Not with their hatred, not with their bailiffs; - Oh, such persecution would I mock at, and be proud and cheerful!

has not all success thus far been with the well-persecuted ones? And he who persecutes well learns readily to be obsequent - when once he is - put behind! But it is their pity-

-Their pity is it from which I flee away and flee to you. O Zarathustra, protect me, you, my last refuge, you sole one who divined me:

-you have divined how the man feels who killed him. Stay! And if you will go, you impatient one, go not the way that I came. That way is bad.

Are you angry with me because I have already racked language too long? Because I have already counselled you? But know that it is I, the ugliest man,

-Who have also the largest, heaviest feet. Where I have gone, the way is bad. I tread all paths to death and destruction.

But that you passed me by in silence, that you blushed - I saw it well: thereby did I know you as Zarathustra.

Every one else would have thrown to me his alms, his pity, in look and speech. But for that - I am not beggar enough: that didst you divine.

For that I am too rich, rich in what is great, frightful, ugliest, most unutterable! your shame, O Zarathustra, honoured me!

With difficulty did I get out of the crowd of the pitiful, - that I might find the only one who at present teaches that 'pity is obtrusive' - yourself, O Zarathustra!

-Whether it be the pity of a God, or whether it be human pity, it is offensive to modesty. And unwillingness to help may be nobler than the virtue that rushes to do so.

That however - namely, pity - is called virtue itself at present by all petty people: - they have no reverence for great misfortune, great ugliness, great failure.

Beyond all these do I look, as a dog looks over the backs of thronging flocks of sheep. They are petty, good-wooled, good-willed, grey people.

As the heron looks contemptuously at shallow pools, with backward-bent head, so do I look at the throng of grey little waves and wills and souls.

Too long have we acknowledged them to be right, those petty people: so we have at last given them power as well; - and now do they teach that 'good is only what petty people call good.'

And 'truth' is at present what the preacher spoke who himself sprang from them, that singular saint and advocate of the petty people, who testified of himself: 'I - am the truth.'

That immodest one has long made the petty people greatly puffed up, - he who taught no small error when he taught: 'I - am the truth.'

has an immodest one ever been answered more courteously? - You, however, O Zarathustra, passed him by, and said: 'No! No! Three times No!'

You warned against his error; you warned - the first to do so - against pity: - not every one, not none, but yourself and your type.

You are ashamed of the shame of the great sufferer; and truly when you say: 'From pity there comes a heavy cloud; take heed, you men!'

-When you teach: 'All creators are hard, all great love is beyond their pity:' O Zarathustra, how well versed do you seem to me in weather-signs!

You yourself, however, - warn yourself also against your pity! For many are on their way to you, many suffering, doubting, despairing, drowning, freezing ones-

I warn you also against myself. you have read my best, my worst riddle, myself, and what I have done. I know the axe that fells you.

But he - had to die: he looked with eyes which beheld everything, - he beheld men's depths and dregs, all his hidden ignominy and ugliness.

His pity knew no modesty: he crept into my dirtiest corners. This most prying, over-intrusive, over-pitiful one had to die.

He ever beheld me: on such a witness I would have revenge - or not live myself.

The God who beheld everything, and also man: that God had to die! Man cannot endure it that such a witness should live."

Thus spoke the ugliest man. Zarathustra however got up, and prepared to go on: for he felt frozen to the very bowels.

"you nondescript," said he, "you warned me against your path. As thanks for it I praise my to you. Behold, up there is the cave of Zarathustra.

My cave is large and deep and has many corners; there finds he that is most hidden his hiding-place. And close beside it, there are a hundred lurking-places and by-places for creeping, fluttering, and hopping creatures.

You outcast, who have cast yourself out, you will not live among men and men's pity? Well then, do like me! Thus will you learn also from me; only the doer learns.

And talk first and foremost to my animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal - they might 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 hardly knew what to answer.

"How poor indeed is man," thought he in his heart, "how ugly, how wheezy, how full of hidden shame!

They tell me that man loves himself. Ah, how great must that self-love be! How much contempt is opposed to it!

Even this man has loved himself, as he has despised himself, - a great lover methinks he is, and a great despiser.

No one have I yet found who more thoroughly despised himself: even that is elevation. Alas, was this perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. Man is something that has to be surpassed." --

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Part 4, (8) THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR

WHEN Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he was chilled and felt lonesome: for much coldness and lonesomeness came over his spirit, so that even his limbs became colder thereby. When, however, he wandered on and on, uphill and down, at times past green meadows, though also sometimes over wild stony couches where formerly perhaps an impatient brook had made its bed, then he turned all at once warmer and heartier again.

"What has happened to me?" he asked himself, "something warm and living quickens me; it must be in the neighbourhood.

Already am I less alone; unconscious companions and brothers rove around me; their warm breath touches my soul."

When, however, he spied about and sought for the comforters of his lonesomeness, behold, there were cows there standing together on an eminence, whose proximity and smell had warmed his heart. The cows, however, seemed to listen eagerly to a speaker, and took no heed of him who approached. When, however, Zarathustra was quite close to them, then did he hear plainly that a human voice spoke in the midst of the cows, and apparently all of them had turned their heads towards the speaker.

Then ran Zarathustra up speedily and drove the animals aside; for he feared that someone had here met with harm, which the pity of the cows would hardly be able to relieve. But in this he was deceived; for behold, there sat a man on the ground who seemed to be persuading the animals to have no fear of him, a peaceable man and Preacher-on-the-Mount, out of whose eyes kindness itself preached. "What do you seek here?" called out Zarathustra in astonishment.

"What do I here seek?" answered he: "the same that you seek, you mischief-maker; that is to say, happiness upon earth.

To that end, however, I would rather learn of these cows. For I tell you

that I have already talked half a morning to them, and just now were they about to give me their answer. Why do you disturb them?

Except we be converted and become as cows, we shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. For we ought to learn from them one thing: ruminating.

And truly, although a man should gain the whole world, and yet not learn one thing, ruminating, what would it profit him! He would not be rid of his affliction,

-His great affliction: that, however, is at present called disgust. Who has not at present his heart, his mouth and his eyes full of disgust? you also! you also! But behold these cows!"-

Thus spoke the Preacher-on-the-Mount, and turned then his own look towards Zarathustra - for thus far it had rested lovingly on the cows-: then, however, he put on a different expression. "Who is this with whom I talk?" he exclaimed, frightened, and sprang up from the ground.

"This is the man without disgust, this is Zarathustra himself, the surmounter of the great disgust, this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And whilst he thus spoke he kissed with overflowing eyes the hands of him with whom he spoke, and behaved altogether like one to whom a precious gift and jewel has fallen unawares from heaven. The cows, however, gazed at it all and wondered.

"Speak not of me, you strange one; you amiable one!" said Zarathustra, and restrained his affection, "speak to me firstly of yourself! are you not the voluntary beggar who once cast away great riches,-

-Who was ashamed of his riches and of the rich, and fled to the poorest to bestow upon them his abundance and his heart? But they received him not."

"But they received me not," said the voluntary beggar, "you know it, indeed. So I went at last to the animals and to those cows."

"Then learned you," interrupted Zarathustra, "how much harder it is to give properly than to take properly, and that bestowing well is an art - the last, subtlest master-art of kindness.

"Especially nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar: "at present, that is to say, when everything low has become rebellious and exclusive and haughty in its manner - in the manner of the populace.

For the hour has come, you know it indeed, for the great, evil, long, slow mob-and-slave-insurrection: it extends and extends!

Now does it provoke the lower classes, all benevolence and petty giving; and the overrich may be on their guard!

Whoever at present drip, like bulgy bottles out of all-too-small necks: - of such bottles at present one willingly breaks the necks.

Wanton avidity, bilious envy, careworn revenge, populace-pride: all these struck my eye. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. The kingdom of heaven, however, is with the cows."

"And why is it not with the rich?" asked Zarathustra temptingly, while he kept back the cows which sniffed familiarly at the peaceful one.

"Why do you tempt me?" answered the other. "you know it yourself better even than I. What was it drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not my disgust at the richest?

-At the culprits of riches, with cold eyes and rank thoughts, who pick up profit out of all kinds of rubbish - at this rabble that stinks to heaven,

-At this gilded, falsified populace, whose fathers were pickpockets, or carrion-crows, or rag-pickers, with wives compliant, lewd and forgetful: - for they are all of them not far different from harlots-

Populace above, populace below! What are 'poor' and 'rich' at present! That distinction did I unlearn, - then did I flee away further and ever further, until I came to those cows."

Thus spoke the peaceful one, and puffed himself and perspired with his words: so that the cows wondered anew. Zarathustra, however, kept looking into his face with a smile, all the time the man talked so severely - and shook silently his head.

"you do violence to yourself, you Preacher-on-the-Mount, when you use such severe words. For such severity neither your mouth nor your eye have been given you.

Nor, methinks, has your stomach either: to it all such rage and hatred and foaming-over is repugnant. your stomach wants softer things: you are not a butcher.

Rather seem you to me a plant-eater and a root-man. Perhaps you grind corn. Certainly, however, you are averse to fleshly joys, and you love honey."

"you have divined me well," answered the voluntary beggar, with lightened heart. "I love honey, I also grind corn; for I have sought out what tastes sweetly and makes pure breath:

-Also what requires a long time, a day's-work and a mouth's-work for gentle idlers and sluggards.

Furthest, to be sure, have those cows carried it: they have devised ruminating and lying in the sun. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts which inflate the heart."

-"Well!" said Zarathustra, "you should also see my animals, my eagle

and my serpent, - their like do not at present exist on earth.

Behold, there leads the way to my cave: be tonight its guest. And talk to my animals of the happiness of animals,-

-Until I myself come home. For now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you. Also, should you find new honey with me, ice-cold, golden-comb-honey, eat it!

Now, however, take leave at once of your cows, you strange one! you amiable one! though it be hard for you. For they are your warmest friends and preceptors!"-

-"One excepted, whom I hold still dearer," answered the voluntary beggar. "you yourself are good, O Zarathustra, and better even than a cow!"

"Away, away with your! You evil flatterer!" cried Zarathustra mischievously, "why do you spoil me with such praise and flattery- honey?

"Away, away from me!" cried he once more, and heaved his stick at the fond beggar, who, however, ran nimbly away.

Part 4, (9) THE SHADOW

SCARCELY however was the voluntary beggar gone in haste, and Zarathustra again alone, when he heard behind him a new voice which called out: "Stay! Zarathustra! Do wait! It is myself, indeed, O Zarathustra, myself, your shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait; for a sudden irritation came over him on account of the crowd and the crowding in his mountains. "where has my lonesomeness gone?" spoke he.

"It is truly becoming too much for me; these mountains swarm; my kingdom is no longer of this world; I require new mountains.

My shadow calls me? What matter about my shadow! Let it run after me! I - run away from it."

Thus spoke Zarathustra to his heart and ran away. But the one behind followed after him, so that immediately there were three runners, one after the other - namely, foremost the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and thirdly, and hindmost, his shadow. But not long had they run thus when Zarathustra became conscious of his folly, and shook off with one jerk all his irritation and detestation.

"What!" said he, "have not the most ludicrous things always happened to us old hermits and saints?

Truly, my folly has grown big in the mountains! Now do I hear six old

fools' legs rattling behind one another!

But does Zarathustra need to be frightened by his shadow? Also, methinks that after all it has longer legs thin mine."

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and, laughing with eyes and entrails, he stood still and turned round quickly - and behold, he almost thereby threw his shadow and follower to the ground, so closely had the latter followed at his heels, and so weak was he. For when Zarathustra scrutinised him with his glance he was frightened as by a sudden apparition, so slender, swarthy, hollow and worn-out did this follower appear.

"Who are you?" asked Zarathustra vehemently, "what do you here? And why call you yourself my shadow? you are not pleasing to me."

"Forgive me," answered the shadow, "that it is I; and if I please you not - well, O Zarathustra! therein do I admire you and your good taste.

A wanderer am I, who have walked long at your heels; always on the way, but without a goal, also without a home: so that truly, I lack little of being the eternally Wandering Jew, except that I am not eternal and not a Jew.

What? Must I ever be on the way? Whirled by every wind, unsettled, driven about? O earth, you have become too round for me!

On every surface have I already sat, like tired dust have I fallen asleep on mirrors and window-panes: everything takes from me, nothing gives; I become thin - I am almost equal to a shadow.

After you, however, O Zarathustra, did I fly and hasten longest; and though I hid myself from you, I was nevertheless your best shadow: wherever you have sat, there sat I also.

With you have I wandered about in the remotest, coldest worlds, like a phantom that voluntarily haunts winter roofs and snows.

With you have I pushed into all the forbidden, all the worst and the furthest: and if there be anything of virtue in me, it is that I have had no fear of any prohibition.

With you have I broken up whatever my heart revered; all boundary-stones and statues have I overthrown; the most dangerous wishes did I pursue, - truly, beyond every crime did I once go.

With you did I unlearn the belief in words and worths and in great names. When the devil casts his skin, does not his name also fall away? It is also skin. The devil himself is perhaps - skin.

'Nothing is true, all is permitted': so said I to myself. Into the coldest water did I plunge with head and heart. Ah, how oft did I stand there naked on that account, like a red crab!

Ah, where have gone all my goodness and all my shame and all my

belief in the good! Ah, where is the lying innocence which I once possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble lies!

Too oft, truly, did I follow close to the heels of truth: then did it kick me on the face. Sometimes I meant to lie, and Behold. then only did I hit - the truth.

Too much has become clear to me: now it does not concern me any more. Nothing lives any longer that I love, - how should I still love myself?

'To live as I incline, or not to live at all': so do I wish; so wishes also the holiest. But Alas. how have I still - inclination?

Have I - still a goal? A haven towards which my sail is set?

A good wind? Ah, he only who knows where he sails, knows what wind is good, and a fair wind for him.

What still remains to me? A heart weary and flippant; an unstable will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

This seeking for my home: O Zarathustra, do you know that this seeking has been my home-sickening; it eats me up.

'Where is - my home?' For it do I ask and seek, and have sought, but have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal - in-vain!"

Thus spoke the shadow, and Zarathustra's countenance lengthened at his words. "you are my shadow!" said he at last sadly.

"your danger is not small, you free spirit and wanderer! you have had a bad day: see that a still worse evening does not overtake you!

To such unsettled ones as you, seems at last even a prisoner blessed. Didst you ever see how captured criminals sleep? They sleep quietly, they enjoy their new security.

Beware lest in the end a narrow faith capture you, a hard, rigorous delusion! For now everything that is narrow and fixed seduces and tempts you.

You have lost your goal. Alas, how will you forego and forget that loss? Thereby - have you also lost your way!

You poor rover and rambler, you tired butterfly! will you have a rest and a home this evening? Then go up to my cave!

There leads the way to my cave. And now will I run quickly away from you again. Already lies as it were a shadow upon me.

I will run alone, so that it may again become bright around me. Therefore must I still be a long time merrily upon my legs. In the evening, however, there will be - dancing with me!" - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (10) NOONTIDE

-AND Zarathustra ran and ran, but he found no one else, and was alone and ever found himself again; he enjoyed and quaffed his solitude, and thought of good things - for hours. About the hour of noontide, however, when the sun stood exactly over Zarathustra's head, he passed an old, bent and gnarled tree, which was encircled round by the ardent love of a vine, and hidden from itself; from this there hung yellow grapes in abundance, confronting the wanderer. Then he felt inclined to quench a little thirst, and to break off for himself a cluster of grapes. When, however, he had already his arm out-stretched for that purpose, he felt still more inclined for something else - namely, to lie down beside the tree at the hour of perfect noontide and sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and no sooner had he laid himself on the ground in the stillness and secrecy of the variegated grass, than he had forgotten his little thirst, and fell asleep. For as the proverb of Zarathustra says: "One thing is more necessary than the other." Only that his eyes remained open: - for they never grew weary of viewing and admiring the tree and the love of the vine. In falling asleep, however, Zarathustra spoke thus to his heart:

"Hush! Hush! has not the world now become perfect? What has happened to me?

As a delicate wind dances invisibly upon parqueted seas, light, feather-light, so - dances sleep upon me.

No eye does it close to me, it leaves my soul awake. Light is it, truly, feather-light.

It persuades me, I know not how, it touches me inwardly with a caressing hand, it constrains me. Yes, it constrains me, so that my soul stretches itself out:-

-How long and weary it becomes, my strange soul! has a seventh-day evening come to it precisely at noontide? has it already wandered too long, blissfully, among good and ripe things?

It stretches itself out, long - longer! it lies still, my strange soul. Too many good things has it already tasted; this golden sadness oppresses it, it distorts its mouth.

-As a ship that putts into the calmest cove: - it now draws up to the

land, weary of long voyages and uncertain seas. Is not the land more faithful?

As such a ship hugs the shore, tugs the shore: - then it suffices for a spider to spin its thread from the ship to the land. No stronger ropes are required there.

As such a weary ship in the calmest cove, so do I also now repose, close to the earth, faithful, trusting, waiting, bound to it with the lightest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! will you perhaps sing, O my soul? you lie in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour, when no shepherd plays his pipe.

Take care! Hot noontide sleeps on the fields. Do not sing! Hush! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you prairie-bird, my soul! Do not even whisper! Behold - hush! The old noontide sleeps, it moves its mouth: does it not just now drink a drop of happiness-

-An old brown drop of golden happiness, golden wine? Something whisks over it, its happiness laughs. Thus - laughs a God. Hush!-

-'For happiness, how little suffices for happiness!' Thus spoke I once and thought myself wise. But it was a blasphemy: that have I now learned. Wise fools speak better.

The least thing precisely, the gentlest thing, the lightest thing, a lizard's rustling, a breath, a whisk, an eye-glance - little makes up the best happiness. Hush!

-What has befallen me: Hark! has time flown away? Do I not fall? Have I not fallen - hark! into the well of eternity?

-What happens to me? Hush! It stings me - alas - to the heart? To the heart! Oh, break up, break up, my heart, after such happiness, after such a sting!

-What? has not the world just now become perfect? Round and ripe? Oh, for the golden round ring - where does it fly? Let me run after it! Quick!

Hush - -" (and here Zarathustra stretched himself, and felt that he was asleep.)

"Up!" said he to himself, "you sleeper! you noontide sleeper! Well then, up, you old legs! It is time and more than time; many a good stretch of road is still awaiting you-

Now have you slept your fill; for how long a time? A half-eternity! Well then, up now, my old heart! For how long after such a sleep may you - remain awake?"

(But then did he fall asleep anew, and his soul spoke against him and defended itself, and lay down again) - "Leave me alone! Hush! has not the world just now become perfect? Oh, for the golden round ball!-

"Get up," said Zarathustra, "you little thief, you sluggard! What! Still stretching yourself, yawning, sighing, failing into deep wells?

Who are you then, O my soul!" (and here he became frightened, for a sunbeam shot down from heaven upon his face.)

"O heaven above me," said he sighing, and sat upright, "you gaze at me? you listento my strange soul?

When will you drink this drop of dew that fell down upon all earthly things, - when will you drink this strange soul-

-When, you well of eternity! you joyous, awful, noontide abyss! when will you drink my soul back into you?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and rose from his couch beside the tree, as if awakening from a strange drunkenness: and Behold. there stood the sun still exactly above his head. One might, however, rightly infer from there that Zarathustra had not then slept long.

Part 4, (11) The Greeting

IT WAS late in the afternoon only when Zarathustra, after long useless searching and strolling about, again came home to his cave. When, however, he stood over against it, not more than twenty paces from there, the thing happened which he now least of all expected: he heard anew the great cry of distress. And extraordinary! this time the cry came out of his own cave. It was a long, manifold, peculiar cry, and Zarathustra plainly distinguished that it was composed of many voices: although heard at a distance it might sound like the cry out of a single mouth.

Thereupon Zarathustra rushed forward to his cave, and Behold. what a spectacle awaited him after that concert! For there did they all sit together whom he had passed 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 intellectually conscientious one, the sorrowful soothsayer, and the ass; the ugliest man, however, had set a crown on his head, and had put round him two purple girdles, - for he liked, like all ugly ones, to disguise himself and play the handsome person. In the midst, however, of that sorrowful company stood Zarathustra's eagle, ruffled

and disquieted, for it had been called upon to answer too much for which its pride had not any answer; the wise serpent however hung round its neck.

All this did Zarathustra behold with great astonishment; then however he scrutinised each individual guest with courteous curiosity, read their souls and wondered anew. In the meantime the assembled ones had risen from their seats, and waited with reverence for Zarathustra to speak. Zarathustra however spoke thus:

"You despairing ones! you strange ones! So it was your cry of distress that I heard? And now do I know also where he is to be sought, whom I have sought for in vain today: the higher man-:

-In my own cave sits he, the higher man! But why do I wonder! Have not I myself allured him to me by honey-offerings and artful lure-calls of my happiness?

But it seems to me that you are badly adapted for company: you make one another's hearts fretful, you that cry for help, when you sit here together? There is one that must first come,

-One who will make you laugh once more, a good jovial buffoon, a dancer, a wind, a wild romp, some old fool: - what think you?

Forgive me, however, you despairing ones, for speaking such trivial words before you, unworthy, truly, of such guests! But you do not divine what makes my heart wanton:-

-You yourselves do it, and your aspect, forgive it me! For everyone becomes courageous who beholds a despairing one. To encourage a despairing one - everyone thinks himself strong enough to do so.

To myself have you given this power, - a good gift, my honourable guests! An excellent guest's-present! Well, do not then upbraid when I also offer you something of mine.

This is my empire and my dominion: that which is mine, however, shall this evening and tonight be yours. my animals shall serve you: let my cave be your resting-place!

At house and home with me shall no one despair: in my purlieus do I protect everyone from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing which I offer you: security!

The second thing, however, is my little finger. And when you have that, then take the whole hand also, yes and the heart with it! Welcome here, welcome to you, my guests!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed with love and mischief. After this greeting his guests bowed once more and were reverentially silent; the king on the right, however, answered him in their name.

"O Zarathustra, by the way in which you have given us your hand and your greeting, we recognise you as Zarathustra. you have humbled yourself before us; almost have you hurt our reverence-:

-Who however could have humbled himself as you have done, with such pride? That uplifts us ourselves; a refreshment is it, to our eyes and hearts.

To behold this, merely, gladly would we ascend higher mountains than this. For as eager beholders have we come; we wanted to see what brightens dim eyes.

And Behold. now is it all over with our cries of distress. Now are our minds and hearts open and enraptured. Little is lacking for our spirits to become wanton.

There is nothing, O Zarathustra, that grows more pleasingly on earth than a lofty, strong will: it is the finest growth. An entire landscape refreshes itself at one such tree.

To the pine do I compare him, O Zarathustra, which grows up like you - tall, silent, hardy, solitary, of the best, supplest wood, stately,-

-In the end, however, grasping out for its dominion with strong, green branches, asking weighty questions of the wind, the storm, and whatever is at home on high places;

-Answering more weightily, a commander, a victor! Oh! who should not ascend high mountains to behold such growths?

At your tree, O Zarathustra, the gloomy and ill-constituted also refresh themselves; at your look even the wavering become steady and heal their hearts.

And truly, towards your mountain and your tree do many eyes turn today; a great longing has arisen, and many have learned to ask: 'Who is Zarathustra?'

And those into whose ears you have at any time dripped your song and your honey: all the hidden ones, the lonesome and the twosome, have simultaneously said to their hearts:

'does Zarathustra still live? It is no longer worthwhile to live, everything is indifferent, everything is useless: or else - we must live with Zarathustra!'

'Why does he not come who has so long announced himself?' thus do many people ask; 'has solitude swallowed him up? Or should we perhaps go to him?'

Now does it come to pass that solitude itself becomes fragile and breaks open, like a grave that breaks open and can no longer hold its dead. Everywhere one sees resurrected ones.

Now do the waves rise and rise around your mountain, O Zarathustra. And however high be your height, many of them must rise up to you: your boat shall not rest much longer on dry ground.

And that we despairing ones have now come into your cave, and already no longer despair: - it is but a prognostic and a presage that better ones are on the way to you,-

-For they themselves are on the way to you, the last remnant of God among men - that is to say, all the men of great longing, of great loathing, of great satiety,

-All who do not want to live unless they learn again to hope - unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the great hope!"

Thus spoke the king on the right, and seized the hand of Zarathustra in order to kiss it; but Zarathustra checked his veneration, and stepped back frightened, fleeing as it were, silently and suddenly into the far distance. After a little while, however, he was again at home with his guests, looked at them with clear scrutinising eyes, and said:

"My guests, you higher men, I will speak plain language and plainly with you. It is not for you that I have waited here in these mountains."

("'Plain language and plainly?' Good God!" said here the king on the left to himself; "one sees he does not know the good Occidentals, this sage out of the Orient!

But he means 'blunt language and bluntly' - well! That is not the worst taste in these days!")

"You may, truly, all of you be higher men," continued Zarathustra; "but for me - you are neither high enough, nor strong enough.

For me, that is to say, for the inexorable which is now silent in me, but will not always be silent. And if you appertain to me, still it is not as my right arm.

For he who himself stands, like you, on sickly and tender legs, wishes above all to be treated indulgently, whether he be conscious of it or hide it from himself.

My arms and my legs, however, I do not treat indulgently, I do not treat my warriors indulgently: how then could you be fit for my warfare?

With you I should spoil all my victories. And many of you would tumble over if you but heard the loud beating of my drums.

Moreover, you are not sufficiently beautiful and well-born for me. I require pure, smooth mirrors for my doctrines; on your surface even my own likeness is distorted.

On your shoulders presses many a burden, many a recollection; many a mischievous dwarf squats in your corners. There is concealed populace

also in you.

And though you be high and of a higher type, much in you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world that could hammer you right and straight for me.

You are only bridges: may higher ones pass over upon you! you signify steps: so do not upbraid him who ascends beyond you into his height!

Out of your seed there may one day arise for me a genuine son and perfect heir: but that time is distant. 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 have come to me only as a presage that higher ones are on the way to me,-

-Not the men of great longing, of great loathing, of great satiety, and that which you call the remnant of God;

-No! No! Three times No! For others do I wait here in these mountains, and will not lift my foot from thence without them;

-For higher ones, stronger ones, triumphanter ones, merrier ones, for such as are built squarely in body and soul: laughing lions must come!

O my guests, you strange ones - have you yet heard nothing of my children? And that they are on the way to me?

Do speak to me of my gardens, of my Happy Isles, of my new beautiful race - why do you not speak to me thereof?

This guests' - present do I solicit of your love, that you speak to me of my children. For them am I rich, for them I became poor: what have I not surrendered.

What would I not surrender that I might have one thing: these children, this living plantation, these life-trees of my will and of my highest hope!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and stopped suddenly in his discourse: for his longing came over him, and he closed his eyes and his mouth, because of the agitation of his heart. And all his guests also were silent, and stood still and confounded: except only that the old soothsayer made signs with his hands and his gestures.

Part 4, (12) THE SUPPER

FOR at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting of

Zarathustra and his guests: he pressed forward as one who had no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand and exclaimed: "But Zarathustra!

One thing is more necessary than the other, so say you yourself: well, one thing is now more necessary to me than all others.

A word at the right time: didst you not invite me to table? And here are many who have made long journeys. you do not mean to feed us merely with discourses?

Besides, all of you have thought too much about freezing, drowning, suffocating, and other bodily dangers: none of you, however, have thought of my danger, namely, perishing of hunger-"

(Thus spoke the soothsayer. When Zarathustra's animals, however, heard these words, they ran away in terror. For they saw that all they had brought home during the day would not be enough to fill the one soothsayer.)

"Likewise perishing of thirst," continued the soothsayer. "And although I hear water splashing here like words of wisdom - that is to say, plenteously and unweariedly, I - want wine!

Not everyone is a born water-drinker like Zarathustra. Neither does water suit weary and withered ones: we deserve wine - it alone gives immediate vigour and improvised health!"

On this occasion, when the soothsayer was longing for wine, it happened that the king on the left, the silent one, also found expression for once. "We took care," said he, "about wine, I, along with my brother the king on the right: we have enough of wine, - a whole ass-load of it. So there is nothing lacking but bread."

"Bread," replied Zarathustra, laughing when he spoke, "it is precisely bread that hermits have not. But man does not live by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two:

-These shall we slaughter quickly, and cook spicily with sage: it is so that I like them. And there is also no lack of roots and fruits, good enough even for the fastidious and dainty, - nor of nuts and other riddles for cracking.

Thus will we have a good repast in a little while. But whoever wishes to eat with us must also give a hand to the work, even the kings. For with Zarathustra even a king may be a cook."

This proposal appealed to the hearts of all of them, save that the voluntary beggar objected to the flesh and wine and spices.

"Just hear this glutton Zarathustra!" said he jokingly: "does one go into caves and high mountains to make such repasts?

Now indeed do I understand what he once taught us: Blessed be

moderate poverty!' And why he wishes to do away with beggars."

"Be of good cheer," replied Zarathustra, "as I am. Abide by your customs, you excellent one: grind your corn, drink your water, praise your cooking, - if only it make you glad!

I am a law only for my own; I am not a law for all. He, however, who belongs to me must be strong of bone and light of foot,-

-Joyous in fight and feast, no sulker, no John o' Dreams, ready for the hardest task as for the feast, healthy and hale.

The best belongs to my and me; and if it be not given us, then do we take it: - the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the fairest women!"-

Thus spoke Zarathustra; the king on the right however answered and said: "Strange! Did one ever hear such sensible things out of the mouth of a wise man?

And truly, it is the strangest thing in a wise man, if over and above, he be still sensible, and not an ass."

Thus spoke the king on the right and wondered; the ass however, with ill-will, said YE-A to his remark. This however was the beginning of that long repast which is called "The Supper" in the history-books. At this there was nothing else spoken of but the higher man.

Part 4, (13) THE HIGHER MAN

1.

WHEN I came to men for the first time, then did I commit the hermit folly, the great folly: I appeared on the market-place.

And when I spoke to all, I spoke to none. In the evening, however, rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

With the new morning, however, there came to me a new truth: then did I learn to say: "Of what account to me are market-place and populace and populace-noise and long populace-cars!"

You higher men, learn this from me: On the market-place no one believes in higher men. But if you will speak there, very well! The populace, however, blinks: "We are all equal."

"You higher men," - so blinks the populace - "there are no higher men, we are all equal; man is man, before God - we are all equal!"

Before God! - Now, however, this God has died. Before the populace, however, we will not be equal. you higher men, away from the market-place!

2.

Before God! - Now however this God has died! you higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he lay in the grave have you again arisen. Now only comes the great noontide, now only does the higher man become - master!

Have you understood this word, O my brothers? you are frightened: do your hearts turn giddy? does the abyss here yawn for you? does the hell-hound here yelp at you?

Well! Take heart! you higher men! Now only travails the mountain of the human future. God has died: now do we desire - the overman to live.

3.

The most careful ask to-day: "How is man to be maintained?" Zarathustra however asks, as the first and only one: "How is man to be surpassed?"

The overman, I have at heart; that is the first and only thing to me - and not man: not the neighbour, not the poorest, not the sorriest, not the best.-

O my brothers, what I can love in man is that he is an over-going and a down-going. And also in you there is much that makes me love and hope.

In that you have despised, you higher men, that makes me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

In that you have despaired, there is much to honour. For you have not learned to submit yourselves, you have not learned petty policy.

For to-day have the petty people become master: they all preach submission and humility and policy and diligence and consideration and the long et cetera of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the effeminate type, whatever originates from the servile type, and especially the populace-mishmash: - that wishes now to be master of all human destiny - O disgust! Disgust! Disgust!

That asks and asks and never tires: "How is man to maintain himself best, longest, most pleasantly?" Thereby - are they the masters of today.

These masters of today - surpass them, O my brothers - these petty people: they are the overman's greatest danger!

Surpass, you higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policy, the sand-grain considerateness, the ant-hill trumpery, the pitiable comfortableness, the "happiness of the greatest number"-!

And rather despair than submit yourselves. And truly, I love you, because you know not today how to live, you higher men! For thus do you live - best!

4.

Have you courage, O my brothers? Are you stout-hearted? Not the courage before witnesses, but hermit and eagle courage, which not even a God any longer beholds?

Cold souls, mules, the blind and the drunken, I do not call stout-hearted. He has heart who knows fear, but vanquishes it; who sees the abyss, but with pride.

He who sees the abyss, but with eagle's eyes, - he who with eagle's talons grasps the abyss: he has courage. - -

5.

"Man is evil" - so said to me for consolation, all the wisest ones. Ah, if only it be still true today! For the evil is man's best force.

"Man must become better and eviler" - so do I teach. The evilest is necessary for the overman's best.

It may have been well for the preacher of the petty people to suffer and be burdened by men's sin. I, however, rejoice in great sin as my great consolation.-

Such things, however, are not said for long ears. Every word, also, is not suited for every mouth. These are fine far-away things: at them sheep's claws shall not grasp!

6.

You higher men, think you that I am here to put right what you have put wrong?

Or that I wished henceforth to make snugger couches for you sufferers? Or show you restless, miswandering, misclimbing ones, new and easier footpaths?

No! No! Three times No! Always more, always better ones of your type shall succumb, - for you shall always have it worse and harder. Thus only-

-Thus only grows man aloft to the height where the lightning strikes and shatters him: high enough for the lightning!

Towards the few, the long, the remote go forth my soul and my seeking: of what account to me are your many little, short miseries!

You do not yet suffer enough for me! For you suffer from yourselves, you have not yet suffered from man. you would lie if you spoke otherwise! None of you suffers from what I have suffered. - -

7.

It is not enough for me that the lightning no longer does harm. I do not wish to conduct it away: it shall learn - to work for me.-

My wisdom has accumulated long like a cloud, it becomes stiller and darker. So does all wisdom which shall one day bear lightning.-

to these men of today will I not be light, nor be called light. Them - will I blind: lightning of my wisdom! put out their eyes!

8.

Do not will anything beyond your power: there is a bad falseness in those who will beyond their power.

Especially when they will great things! For they awaken distrust in great things, these subtle false-coiners and stage-players:-

-Until at last they are false towards themselves, squint-eyed, whited cankers, glossed over with strong words, parade virtues and brilliant false deeds.

Take good care there, you higher men! For nothing is more precious to me, and rarer, than honesty.

Is this today not that of the populace? The populace however knows not what is great and what is small, what is straight and what is honest: it is innocently crooked, it ever lies.

9.

Have a good distrust today you, higher men, you enheartened ones! you open-hearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this today is that of the populace.

What the populace once learned to believe without reasons, who could - refute it to them by means of reasons?

And on the market-place one convinces with gestures. But reasons make the populace distrustful.

And when truth has once triumphed there, then ask yourselves with good distrust: "What strong error has fought for it?"

Be on your guard also against the learned! They hate you, because they are unproductive! They have cold, withered eyes before which every bird is unplumed.

Such persons vaunt about not lying: but inability to lie is still far from being love to truth. Be on your guard!

Freedom from fever is still far from being knowledge! Refrigerated spirits I do not believe in. He who cannot lie, does not know what truth is.

10.

If you would go up high, then use your own legs! Do not get yourselves carried aloft; do not seat yourselves on other people's backs

and heads!

You have mounted, however, on horseback? you now ride briskly up to your goal? Well, my friend! But your lame foot is also with you on horseback!

When you reach your goal, when you alight from your horse: precisely on your height, you higher man, - then will you stumble!

11.

You creating ones, you higher men! One is only pregnant with one's own child.

Do not let yourselves be imposed upon or put upon! Who then is your neighbour? Even if you act "for your neighbour" - you still do not create for him!

Unlearn, I pray you, this "for," you creating ones: your very virtue wishes you to have naught to do with "for" and "on account of" and "because." Against these false little words shall you stop your ears.

"For one's neighbour," is the virtue only of the petty people: there it is said "like and like," and "hand washes hand": - they have neither the right nor the power for your self-seeking!

In your self-seeking, you creating ones, there is the foresight and foreseeing of the pregnant! What no one's eye has yet seen, namely, the fruit - this, shelters and saves and nourishes your entire love.

Where your entire love is, namely, with your child, there is also your entire virtue! Your work, your will is your "neighbour": let no false values impose upon you!

12.

You creating ones, you higher men! Whoever has to give birth is sick; whoever has given birth, however, is unclean.

Ask women: one gives birth, not because it gives pleasure. The pain makes hens and poets cackle.

You creating ones, in you there is much uncleanliness. That is because you have had to be mothers.

A new child: oh, how much new filth has also come into the world! Go apart! He who has given birth shall wash his soul!

13.

Be not virtuous beyond your powers! And seek nothing from yourselves opposed to probability!

Walk in the footsteps in which your fathers' virtue has already walked! How would you rise high, if your fathers' will should not rise with you?

He, however, who would be a firstling, let him take care lest he also become a lastling! And where the vices of your fathers are, there should

you not set up as saints!

He whose fathers were inclined for women, and for strong wine and flesh of wildboar swine; what would it be if he demanded chastity of himself?

A folly would it be! Much, truly, does it seem to me for such a one, if he should be the husband of one or of two or of three women.

And if he founded monasteries, and inscribed over their portals: "The way to holiness," - I should still say: What good is it! it is a new folly!

He has founded for himself a penance-house and refuge-house: much good may it do! But I do not believe in it.

In solitude there grows what anyone brings into it - also the brute in one's nature. Thus is solitude inadvisable to many.

has there ever been anything filthier on earth than the saints of the wilderness? Around them was not only the devil loose - but also the swine.

14.

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like the tiger whose spring has failed - thus, you higher men, have I often seen you slink aside. A cast which you made had failed.

But what does it matter, you dice-players! you had not learned to play and mock, as one must play and mock! Do we not ever sit at a great table of mocking and playing?

And if great things have been a failure with you, have you yourselves therefore - been a failure? And if you yourselves have been a failure, has man therefore - been a failure? If man, however, has been a failure: well then! never mind!

15.

The higher its type, always the seldomer does a thing succeed. you higher men here, have you not all - been failures?

Be of good cheer; what does it matter? How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as you ought to laugh!

What wonder even that you have failed and only half-succeeded, you half-shattered ones! does not - man's future strive and struggle in you?

Man's furthest, profoundest, star-highest issues, his prodigious powers - do not all these foam through one another in your vessel?

What wonder that many a vessel shatters! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as you ought to laugh! you higher men, Oh, how much is still possible!

And truly, how much has already succeeded! How rich is this earth in small, good, perfect things, in well-constituted things!

Set around you small, good, perfect things, you higher men. Their golden maturity heals the heart. The perfect teaches one to hope.

16.

What has thus far been the greatest sin here on earth? Was it not the word of him who said: "Woe to them that laugh now!"

Did he himself find no cause for laughter on the earth? Then he sought badly. A child even finds cause for it.

He - did not love sufficiently: otherwise would he also have loved us, the laughing ones! But he hated and hooted us; wailing and teeth-gnashing did he promise us.

Must one then curse immediately, when one does not love? That - seems to me bad taste. Thus did he, however, this absolute one. He sprang from the populace.

And he himself just did not love sufficiently; otherwise would he have raged less because people did not love him. All great love does not seek love: - it seeks more.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They are a poor sickly type, a populace-type: they look at this life with ill-will, they have an evil eye for this earth.

Go out of the way of all such absolute ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts: - they do not know how to dance. How could the earth be light to such ones!

17.

Tortuously do all good things come close to their goal. Like cats they curve their backs, they purr inwardly with their approaching happiness, - all good things laugh.

His step betrays whether a person already walks on his own path: just see me walk! He, however, who comes close to his goal, dances.

And truly, a statue have I not become, not yet do I stand there stiff, stupid and stony, like a pillar; I love fast racing.

And though there be on earth fens and dense afflictions, he who has light feet runs even across the mud, and dances, as upon well-swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, you good dancers, and better still, if you stand upon your heads!

18.

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: I myself have put on this crown, I myself have consecrated my laughter. No one else have I found to-day potent enough for this.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckons with his pinions, one ready for flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and prepared, a blissfully light-spirited one:-

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the sooth-laugher, no impatient one, no absolute one, one who loves leaps and side-leaps; I myself have put on this crown!

19.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high, higher! And do not forget your legs! Lift up also your legs, you good dancers, and better still if you stand upon your heads!

There are also heavy animals in a state of happiness, there are club-footed ones from the beginning. Curiously do they exert themselves, like an elephant which endeavours to stand upon its head.

Better, however, to be foolish with happiness than foolish with misfortune, better to dance awkwardly than walk lamely. So learn, I pray you, my wisdom, you higher men: even the worst thing has two good reverse sides,-

-Even the worst thing has good dancing-legs: so learn, I pray you, you higher men, to put yourselves on your proper legs!

So unlearn, I pray you, the sorrow-sighing, and all the populace-sadness! Oh, how sad the buffoons of the populace seem to me today! This today, however, is that of the populace.

20.

Do like to the wind when it rushes forth from its mountain-caves: to its own piping will it dance; the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which gives wings to asses, that which milks the lionesses: - praised be that good, unruly spirit, which comes like a hurricane to all the present and to all the populace,-

-Which is hostile to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads, and to all withered leaves and weeds: - praised be this wild, good, free spirit of the storm, which dances upon fens and afflictions, as upon meadows!

Which hats the consumptive populace-dogs, and all the ill-constituted, sullen brood: - praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, which blows dust into the eyes of all the melanopic and melancholic!

You higher men, the worst thing in you is that you have none of you learned to dance as you ought to dance - to dance beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you have failed!

How many things are still possible! So learn to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter!

This crown of the laughter, this rose-garland crown: to you, my brothers, do I cast this crown! Laughing have I consecrated; you higher men, learn, I pray you - to laugh!

Part 4, (14) THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY

1.

WHEN Zarathustra spoke these sayings, he stood close to 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.

"O pure odours around me," cried he, "O blessed stillness around me! But where are my animals? Hither, hither, my eagle and my serpent!

Tell me, my animals: these higher men, all of them - do they perhaps not smell well? O pure odours around me! Now only do I know and feel how I love you, my animals."

-And Zarathustra said once more: "I love you, my animals!" The eagle, however, and the serpent pressed close to him when he spoke these words, and looked up to him. In this attitude were they all three silent together, and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air here outside was better than with the higher men.

2.

Hardly, however, had Zarathustra left the cave when the old magician got up, looked cunningly about him, and said: "He is gone!

And already, you higher men - let me tickle you with this complimentary and flattering name, as he himself dos - already does my evil spirit of deceit and magic attack me, my melancholy devil,

-Which is an adversary to this Zarathustra from the very heart: forgive it for this! Now does it wish to beseech before you, it has just its hour; in vain do I struggle with this evil spirit.

to all of you, whatever honours you like to assume in your names, whether you call yourselves 'the free spirits' or 'the conscientious,' or 'the penitents of the spirit,' or 'the unfettered,' or 'the great longers,'-

-Unto all of you, who like me suffer from the great loathing, to whom the old God has died, and as yet no new God lies in cradles and swaddling clothes - to all of you is my evil spirit and magic-devil favourable.

I know you, you higher men, I know him, - I know also this fiend whom I love in spite of me, this Zarathustra: he himself often seems to me like the beautiful mask of a saint,

-Like a new strange mummery in which my evil spirit, the melancholy devil, delights: - I love Zarathustra, so does it often seem to me, for the

sake of my evil spirit.-

But already does it attack me and constrain me, this spirit of melancholy, this evening-twilight devil: and truly, you higher men, it has a longing-

-Open your eyes! - it has a longing to come naked, whether male or female, I do not yet know: but it comes, it constrains me, Alas. open your wits!

The day dies out, to all things comes now the evening, also to the best things; hear now, and see, you higher men, what devil - man or woman - this spirit of evening-melancholy is!"

Thus spoke the old magician, looked cunningly about him, and then seized his harp.

3.

In evening's limpid air,
What time the dew's soothings
to the earth downpour,
Invisibly and unheard-
For tender shoe-gear wear
The soothing dews, like all that's kind-gentle-:
Bethink you then, bethink you, burning heart,
How once you thirsted
For heaven's kindly teardrops and dew's down-droppings,
All singed and weary thirsted,
What time on yellow grass-pathways
Wicked, occidental sunny glances
Through sombre trees about you sported,
Blindingly sunny glow-glances, gladly-hurting?
"Of truth the wooer? You?" - so taunted they-
"No! Merely poet!
A brute insidious, plundering, grovelling,
That aye must lie,
That wittingly, wilfully, aye must lie:
For booty lusting,
Motley masked,
Self-hidden, shrouded,
Himself his booty-
He - of truth the wooer?
No! Mere fool! Mere poet!
Just motley speaking,
From mask of fool confusedly shouting,

Circumambling on fabricated word-bridges,
On motley rainbow-arches,
between the spurious heavenly,
And spurious earthly,
Round us roving, round us soaring,-
Mere fool! Mere poet!
He - of truth the wooer?
Not still, stiff, smooth and cold,
Become an image,
A godlike statue,
Set up in front of temples,
As a God's own door-guard:
No! hostile to all such truthfulness-statues,
In every desert homelier than at temples,
With cattish wantonness,
Through every window leaping
Quickly into chances,
Every wild forest a-sniffing,
Greedily-longingly, sniffing,
That you, in wild forests,
'Mong the motley-speckled fierce creatures,
Should rove, sinful-sound and fine-coloured,
With longing lips smacking,
Blessedly mocking, blessedly hellish, blessedly blood-thirsty,
Robbing, skulking, lying - roving: -
Or to eagles like which fixedly,
Long adown the precipice look,
Adown their precipice: - -
Oh, how they whirl down now,
Thereunder, therein,
To ever deeper profoundness whirling!-
Then,
Sudden,
With aim aright,
With quivering flight,
On lambkins pouncing,
Headlong down, sore-hungry,
For lambkins longing,
Fierce 'gainst all lamb-spirits,
Furious-fierce all that look

Sheeplike, or lambeyed, or crisp-woolly,
-Grey, with lambsheep kindliness!
Even thus,
Eaglelike, pantherlike,
Are the poet's desires,
Are your own desires 'neath a thousand guises.
You fool! you poet!
You who all mankind viewed-
So God, as sheep-:
The God to rend within mankind,
As the sheep in mankind,
And in rending laughing -
That, that is your own blessedness!
Of a panther and eagle - blessedness!
Of a poet and fool - the blessedness! - -
In evening's limpid air,
What time the moon's sickle,
Green, between the purple-glowings,
And jealous, steal'th forth:
-Of day the foe,
With every step in secret,
The rosy garland-hammocks
Downsickling, till they've sunken
Down nightwards, faded, downsunken: -
Thus had I sunken one day
From my own truth-insanity,
From my own fervid day-longings,
Of day weary, sick of sunshine,
-Sunk downwards, evenwards, shadowwards:
By one sole trueness
All scorched and thirsty:
-Bethink you still, bethinkst you, burning heart,
How then you thirsted?-
That I should banned be
From all the trueness!
Mere fool! Mere poet!

Part 4, (15) SCIENCE

THUS sang the magician; and all who were present went like birds unawares into the net of his artful and melancholy voluptuousness. Only the spiritually conscientious one had not been caught: he at once snatched the harp from the magician and called out: "Air! Let in good air! Let in Zarathustra! you make this cave sultry and poisonous, you bad old magician!

You seduce, you false one, you subtle one, to unknown desires and deserts. And alas, that such as you should talk and make ado about the truth!

Alas, to all free spirits who are not on their guard against such magicians! It is all over with their freedom: you teach and tempt back into prisons,-

-you old melancholy devil, out of your lament sounds a lurement: you resemble those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite to voluptuousness!

Thus spoke the conscientious one; the old magician, however, looked about him, enjoying his triumph, and on that account put up with the annoyance which the conscientious one caused him. "Be still!" said he with modest voice, "good songs want to re-echo well; after good songs one should be long silent.

Thus do all those present, the higher men. You, however, have perhaps understood but little of my song? In you there is little of the magic spirit.

"you praise me," replied the conscientious one, "in that you separate me from yourself; very well! But, you others, what do I see? you still sit there, all of you, with lusting eyes-:

You free spirits, where has your freedom gone! you almost seem to me to resemble those who have long looked at bad girls dancing naked: your souls themselves dance!

In you, you higher men, there must be more of that which the magician calls his evil spirit of magic and deceit: - we must indeed be different.

And truly, we spoke and thought long enough together ere. Zarathustra came home to his cave, for me not to be unaware that we are different.

We seek different things even here aloft, you and I. For I seek more security; on that account have I come to Zarathustra. For he is still the most steadfast tower and will-

-Today, when everything totters, when all the earth quakes. You, however, when I see what eyes you make, it almost seems to me that you

seek more insecurity,

-More horror, more danger, more earthquake. you long (it almost seems so to me - forgive my presumption, you higher men)-

-You long for the worst and most dangerous life, which frightens me most, - for the life of wild beasts, for forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine gorges.

And it is not those who lead out of danger that please you best, but those who lead you away from all paths, the misleaders. But if such longing in you be actual, it seems to me nevertheless to be impossible.

For fear - that is man's original and fundamental feeling; through fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue. Through fear there grew also my virtue, that is to say: Science.

For fear of wild animals - that has been longest fostered in man, inclusive of the animal which he conceals and fears in himself: - Zarathustra calls it 'the beast inside.'

Such prolonged ancient fear, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual - at present, me thinks, it is called Science."-

Thus spoke the conscientious one; but Zarathustra, who had just come back into his cave and had heard and divined the last discourse, threw a handful of roses to the conscientious one, and laughed on account of his "truths." "Why!" he exclaimed, "what did I hear just now? Truly, it seems to me, you are a fool, or else I myself am one: and quietly and quickly will I Put your 'truth' upside down.

For fear - is an exception with us. Courage, however, and adventure, and delight in the uncertain, in the unattempted - courage seems to me the entire primitive history of man.

The wildest and most courageous animals has he envied and robbed of all their virtues: thus only did he become - man.

This courage, at last become subtle, spiritual and intellectual, this human courage, with eagle's pinions and serpent's wisdom: this, it seems to me, is called at present-"

"Zarathustra!" cried all of them there assembled, as if with one voice, and burst out at the same time into a great laughter; there arose, however, from them as it were a heavy cloud. Even the magician laughed, and said wisely: "Well! It is gone, my evil spirit!

And did I not myself warn you against it when I said that it was a deceiver, a lying and deceiving spirit?

Especially when it shows itself naked. But what can I do with regard to its tricks! Have I created it and the world?

Well! Let us be good again, and of good cheer! And although

Zarathustra looks with evil eye - just see him! he dislikes me-:

-Ere night comes will he again learn to love and laud me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

He - loves his enemies: this art knows he better than anyone I have seen. But he takes revenge for it - on his friends!"

Thus spoke the old magician, and the higher men applauded him; so that Zarathustra went round, and mischievously and lovingly shook hands with his friends, - like one who has to make amends and apologise to everyone for something. When however he had thereby come to the door of his cave, behold, then had he again a longing for the good air outside, and for his animals, - and wished to steal out.

Part 4, (16) AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT

1.

"GO NOT away!" said then the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow, "abide with us - otherwise the old gloomy affliction might again fall upon us.

Now has that old magician given us of his worst for our good, and Behold. the good, pious pope there has tears in his eyes, and has quite embarked again upon the sea of melancholy.

Those kings may well put on a good air before us still: for that have they learned best of us all at present! Had they however no one to see them, I wager that with them also the bad game would again commence,-

-The bad game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of curtained heavens, of stolen suns, of howling autumn-winds,

-The bad game of our howling and crying for help! Abide with us, O Zarathustra! Here there is much concealed misery that wishes to speak, much evening, much cloud, much damp air!

You have nourished us with strong food for men, and powerful proverbs: do not let the weakly, womanly spirits attack us anew at dessert!

You alone make the air around you strong and clear. Did I ever find anywhere on earth such good air as with you in your cave?

Many lands have I seen, my nose has learned to test and estimate many kinds of air: but with you do my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

Unless it be, - unless it be-, do forgive an old recollection! Forgive me

an old after-dinner song, which I once composed among daughters of the desert:-

For with them was there equally good, clear, Oriental air; there was I furthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old-Europe!

Then did I love such Oriental maidens and other blue kingdoms of heaven, over which hang no clouds and no thoughts.

You would not believe how charmingly they sat there, when they did not dance, profound, but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert-nuts-

Many-hued and foreign, indeed! but without clouds: riddles which can be guessed: to please such maidens I then composed an after-dinner psalm."

Thus spoke the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow; and before anyone answered him, he had seized the harp of the old magician, crossed his legs, and looked calmly and sagely around him: - with his nostrils, however, he inhaled the air slowly and questioningly, like one who in new countries tastes new foreign air. Afterward he began to sing with a kind of roaring.

2.

The deserts grow: woe him who does them hide!
-Ha!
Solemnly!
In effect solemnly!
A worthy beginning!
Afric manner, solemnly!
Of a lion worthy,
Or perhaps of a virtuous howl-monkey-
-But it's naught to you,
You friendly damsels dearly loved,
At whose own feet to me,
The first occasion,
To a European under palm-trees,
At seat is now granted. Selah.
Wonderful, truly!
Here do I sit now,
The desert close, and yet I am
So far still from the desert,
Even in naught yet deserted:
That is, I'm swallowed down
By this the smallest oasis-:

-It opened up just yawning,
Its loveliest mouth agape,
Most sweet-odoured of all mouthlets:
Then fell I right in,
Right down, right through - in 'mong you,
You friendly damsels dearly loved! Selah.
Hail! hail! to that whale, fishlike,
If it thus for its guest's convenience
Made things nice! - (you well know,
Surely, my learned allusion?)
Hail to its belly,
If it had e'er
A such loveliest oasis-belly
As this is: though however I doubt about it,
-With this come I out of Old-Europe,
That doubt'th more eagerly than does any
Elderly married woman.
May the Lord improve it!
Amen!
Here do I sit now,
In this the smallest oasis,
Like a date indeed,
Brown, quite sweet, gold-suppurating,
For rounded mouth of maiden longing,
But yet still more for youthful, maidlike,
Ice-cold and snow-white and incisory
Front teeth: and for such assuredly,
Pine the hearts all of ardent date-fruits. Selah.
To the there-named south-fruits now,
Similar, all-too-similar,
Do I lie here; by little
Flying insects
Round-sniffled and round-played,
And also by yet littler,
Foolisher, and peccabler
Wishes and phantasies,-
Environed by you,
You silent, presentientest
Maiden-kittens,
Dudu and Suleika,

-Round sphinxed, that into one word
I may crowd much feeling:
(Forgive me, O God,
All such speech-sinning!)
-Sit I here the best of air sniffling,
Paradisal air, truly,
Bright and buoyant air, golden-mottled,
As goodly air as ever
From lunar orb downfell-
Be it by hazard,
Or supervened it by arrogancy?
As the ancient poets relate it.
But doubter, I'm now calling it
In question: with this do I come indeed
Out of Europe,
That doubts more eagerly than does any
Elderly married woman.
May the Lord improve it!
Amen.
This the finest air drinking,
With nostrils out-swelled like goblets,
Lacking future, lacking remembrances,
Thus do I sit here, you
Friendly damsels dearly loved,
And look at the palm-tree there,
How it, to a dance-girl, like,
does bow and bend and on its haunches bob,
-One does it too, when one views it long!-
To a dance-girl like, who as it seems to me,
Too long, and dangerously persistent,
Always, always, just on single leg has stood?
-Then forgot she thereby, as it seem to me,
The other leg?
For vainly I, at least,
Did search for the amissing
Fellow-jewel
-Namely, the other leg-
In the sanctified precincts,
Nigh her very dearest, very tenderest,
Flapping and fluttering and flickering skirting.

Yes, if you should, you beauteous friendly ones,
Quite take my word:
She hath, Alas. lost it!
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
It is away!
For ever away!
The other leg!
Oh, pity for that loveliest other leg!
Where may it now tarry, all-forsaken weeping?
The lonesomest leg?
In fear perhaps before a
Furious, yellow, blond and curled
Leonine monster? Or perhaps even
Gnawed away, nibbled badly-
Most wretched, woeful! woeful! nibbled badly! Selah.
Oh, weep you not,
Gentle spirits!
Weep you not, you
Date-fruit spirits! Milk-bosoms!
You sweetwood-heart
Purselets!
Weep you no more,
Pallid Dudu!
Be a man, Suleika! Bold! Bold!
-Or else should there perhaps
Something strengthening, heart-strengthening,
Here most proper be?
Some inspiring text?
Some solemn exhortation?-
Ha! Up now! honour!
Moral honour! European honour!
Blow again, continue,
Bellows-box of virtue!
Ha!
Once more your roaring,
Your moral roaring!
As a virtuous lion
Nigh the daughters of deserts roaring!
-For virtue's out-howl,
You very dearest maidens,

Is more than every
European fervour, European hot-hunger!
And now do I stand here,
As European,
I can't be different, God's help to me!
Amen!
The deserts grow: woe him who does them hide!

Part 4, (17) 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 all spoke simultaneously, and even the ass, encouraged thereby, no longer remained silent, a little aversion and scorn for his visitors came over Zarathustra, although he rejoiced at 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 has their distress now gone?" said he, and already did he himself feel relieved of his petty disgust - "with me, it seems that they have unlearned their cries of distress!

-Though, Alas. not yet their crying." And Zarathustra stopped his ears, for just then did the YE-A of the ass mix strangely with the noisy jubilation of those higher men.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knows? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they have learned of me to laugh, still it is not my laughter they have learned.

But what matter about that! They are old people: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; my ears have already endured worse and have not become peevish.

This day is a victory: he already yields, he flies, the spirit of gravity, my old arch-enemy! How well this day is about to end, which began so badly and gloomily!

And it is about to end. Already comes the evening: over the sea rids it hither, the good rider! How it bobs, the blessed one, the home-returning one, in its purple saddles!

The sky gazes brightly thereon, the world lies deep. Oh, all you strange

ones who have come to me, it is already worthwhile to have lived with me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And again came the cries and laughter of the higher men out of the cave: then began he anew:

"They bite at it, my bait takes, there departs also from them their enemy, the spirit of gravity. Now do they learn to laugh at themselves: do I hear rightly?

My virile food takes effect, my strong and savoury sayings: and truly, I did not nourish them with flatulent vegetables! But with warrior-food, with conqueror-food: new desires did I awaken.

New hopes are in their arms and legs, their hearts expand. They find new words, soon will their spirits breathe wantonness.

Such food may sure enough not be proper for children, nor even for longing girls old and young. One persuades their bowels otherwise; I am not their physician and teacher.

The disgust departs from these higher men; well! that is my victory. In my domain they become assured; all stupid shame flies away; they empty themselves.

They empty their hearts, good times return to them, they keep holiday and ruminate, - they become thankful.

That do I take as the best sign: they become thankful. Not long will it be ere they devise festivals, and put up memorials to their old joys.

They are convalescents!" Thus spoke Zarathustra joyfully to his heart and gazed outward; his animals, however, pressed up to him, and honoured his happiness and his silence.

2.

All on a sudden however, Zarathustra's ear was frightened: for the cave which had thus far been full of noise and laughter, became all at once still as death; - his nose, however, smelt a sweet-scented vapour and incense-odour, as if from burning pine-cones.

"What happens? What are they about?" he asked himself, and stole up to the entrance, that he might be able unobserved to see his guests. But wonder upon wonder! what was he then obliged to behold with his own eyes!

"They have all of them become pious again, they pray, they are mad!" - said he, and was astonished beyond measure. And indeed! all these higher men, the two kings, the pope out of service, the evil magician, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the spiritually conscientious one, and the ugliest man - they all lay on their knees like children and credulous old women, and worshipped the ass.

And just then began the ugliest man to gurgle and snort, as if something unutterable in him tried to find expression; when, however, he had actually found words, Behold. it was a pious, strange litany in praise of the adored and censed ass. And the litany sounded thus:

Amen! And glory and honour and wisdom and thanks and praise and strength be to our God, from everlasting to everlasting!

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

He carried our burdens, he has taken upon him the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never says No; and he who loves his God chastises him.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

He speaks not: except that he ever says yes to the world which he created: thus does he extol his world. It is his artfulness that speaks not: thus is he rarely found wrong.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Uncomely goes he through the world. Grey is the favourite colour in which he wraps his virtue. has he spirit, then does he conceal it; every one, however, believes in his long ears.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

What hidden wisdom it is to wear long ears, and only to say yes and never No! has he not created the world in his own image, namely, as stupid as possible?

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

You go straight and crooked ways; it concerns you little what seems straight or crooked to us men. Beyond good and evil is your domain. It is your innocence not to know what innocence is.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Behold. how you spurn none from you, neither beggars nor kings. you suffer little children to come to you, and when the bad boys decoy you, then say you simply, YE-A.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

You love she-asses and fresh figs, you are no food-despiser. A thistle tickles your heart when you chance to be hungry. There is the wisdom of a God therein.

-The ass, however, here brayed YE-A.

Part 4, (18) THE ASS-FESTIVAL

1.

AT THIS place in the litany, however, Zarathustra could no longer control himself; he himself cried out YE-A, louder even than the ass, and sprang into the midst of his maddened guests. "Whatever are you about, you grown-up children?" he exclaimed, pulling up the praying ones from the ground. "Alas, if anyone else, except Zarathustra, had seen you:

Every one would think you the worst blasphemers, or the most very foolish old women, with your new belief!

And you yourself, you old pope, how is it in accordance with you, to adore an ass in such a manner as God?"-

"O Zarathustra," answered the pope, "forgive me, but in divine matters I am more enlightened even than you. And it is right that it should be so.

Better to adore God so, in this form, than in no form at all! Think over this saying, my exalted friend: you will readily divine that in such a saying there is wisdom.

He who said 'God is a Spirit' - made the greatest stride and slide thus far made on earth towards unbelief: such a dictum is not easily amended again on earth!

My old heart leaps and bounds because there is still something to adore on earth. Forgive it, O Zarathustra, to an old, pious pontiff-heart!-"

-"And you," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "you call and think yourself a free spirit? And you here practise such idolatry and hierolatry?

Worse truly, do you here than with your bad brown girls, you bad, new believer!"

"It is sad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "you are right: but how can I help it! The old God lives again, O Zarathustra, you may say what you wilt.

The ugliest man is to blame for it all: he has reawakened him. And if he say that he once killed him, with Gods death is always just a prejudice."

-"And you," said Zarathustra, "you bad old magician, what didst you do! Who ought to believe any longer in you in this free age, when you believe in such divine donkeyism?

It was a stupid thing that you didst; how could you, a shrewd man, do such a stupid thing!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the shrewd magician, "you are right, it was a stupid thing, - it was also repugnant to me."

-"And you even," said Zarathustra to the spiritually conscientious one, "consider, and put your finger to your nose! does nothing go against

your conscience here? Is your spirit not too cleanly for this praying and the fumes of those devotees?"

"There is something therein," said the spiritually conscientious one, and put his finger to his nose, "there is something in this spectacle which even does good to my conscience.

Perhaps I dare not believe in God: certain it is however, that God seems to me most worthy of belief in this form.

God is said to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious: he who has so much time takes his time. As slow and as stupid as possible: thereby can such a one nevertheless go very far.

And he who has too much spirit might well become infatuated with stupidity and folly. Think of yourself, O Zarathustra!

You yourself - truly! even you could well become an ass through superabundance of wisdom.

does not the true sage willingly walk on the most crooked paths? The evidence teaches it, O Zarathustra, - your own evidence!"

-"And you yourself, finally," said Zarathustra, and turned towards the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground stretching up his arm to the ass (for he gave it wine to drink). "Say, you nondescript, what have you been about!

You seem to me transformed, your eyes glow, the mantle of the sublime covers your ugliness: what didst you do?

Is it then true what they say, that you have again awakened him? And why? Was he not for good reasons killed and made away with?

You yourself seem to me awakened: what didst you do? why didst you turn round? Why didst you get converted? Speak, you nondescript!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest man, "you are a rogue!

Whether he yet lives, or again lives, or is thoroughly dead - which of us both knows that best? I ask you.

One thing however do I know, - from yourself did I learn it once, O Zarathustra: he who wants to kill most thoroughly, laughs.

'Not by wrath but by laughter does one kill' - thus spoke you once, O Zarathustra, you hidden one, you destroyer without wrath, you dangerous saint, - you are a rogue!"

2.

Then, however, did it come to pass that Zarathustra, astonished at such merely roguish answers, jumped back to the door of his cave, and turning towards all his guests, cried out with a strong voice:

"O you wags, all of you, you buffoons! Why do you dissemble and disguise yourselves before me!

How the hearts of all of you convulsed with delight and wickedness, because you had at last become again like little children - namely, pious,-

-Because you at last did again as children do - namely, prayed, folded your hands and said 'good God'!

But now leave, I pray you, this nursery, my own cave, where today all childishness is carried on. Cool down, here outside, your hot child-wantonness and heart-tumult!

To be sure: except you become as little children you shall not enter into that kingdom of heaven." (And Zarathustra pointed aloft with his hands.)

"But we do not at all want to enter into the kingdom of heaven: we have become men, - so we want the kingdom of earth."

3.

And once more began Zarathustra to speak. "O my new friends," said he, - "you strange ones, you higher men, how well do you now please me,-

-Since you have again become joyful! you have, truly, all blossomed forth: it seems to me that for such flowers as you, new festivals are required.

-A little valiant nonsense, some divine service and ass-festival, some old joyful Zarathustra fool, some blusterer to blow your souls bright.

Forget not this night and this ass-festival, you higher men! That did you devise when with me, that do I take as a good omen, - such things only the convalescents devise!

And should you celebrate it again, this ass-festival, do it from love to yourselves, do it also from love to me! And in remembrance of me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part 4, (19) THE DRUNKEN SONG

1.

MEANWHILE one after another had gone out into the open air, and into the cool, thoughtful night; Zarathustra himself, however, led the ugliest man by the hand, that he might show him his night-world, and the great round moon, and the silvery water-falls near his cave. There they at last stood still beside one another; all of them old people, but with comforted, brave hearts, and astonished in themselves that it was so well

with them on earth; the mystery of the night, however, came closer and closer to their hearts. And anew Zarathustra thought to himself: "Oh, how well do they now please me, these higher men!" - but he did not say it aloud, for he respected their happiness and their silence.-

Then, however, there happened that which in this astonishing long day was most astonishing: the ugliest man began once more and for the last time to gurgle and snort, and when he had at length found expression, Behold. there sprang a question plump and plain out of his mouth, a good, deep, clear question, which moved the hearts of all who listened to him.

"My friends, all of you," said the ugliest man, "what think you? For the sake of this day - I am for the first time content to have lived my entire life.

And that I testify so much is still not enough for me. It is worthwhile living on the earth: one day, one festival with Zarathustra, has taught me to love the earth.

'Was that - life?' will I say to death. 'Well! Once more!'

My friends, what think you? Will you not, like me, say to death: 'Was that - life? For the sake of Zarathustra, well! Once more!'" - -

Thus spoke the ugliest man; it was not, however, far from midnight. And what took place then, think you? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they became all at once conscious of their transformation and convalescence, and of him who was the cause thereof: then did they rush up to Zarathustra, thanking, honouring, caressing him, and kissing his hands, each in his own peculiar way; so that some laughed and some wept. The old soothsayer, however, danced with delight; and though he was then, as some narrators suppose, full of sweet wine, he was certainly still fuller of sweet life, and had renounced all weariness. There are even those who narrate that the ass then danced: for not in vain had the ugliest man previously given it wine to drink. That may be the case, or it may be otherwise; and if in truth the ass did not dance that evening, there nevertheless happened then greater and rarer wonders than the dancing of an ass would have been. In short, as the proverb of Zarathustra says: "What does it matter!"

2.

When, however, this took place with the ugliest man, Zarathustra stood there like one drunken: his glance dulled, his tongue faltered and his feet staggered. And who could divine what thoughts then passed through Zarathustra's soul? Apparently, however, his spirit retreated and fled in advance and was in remote distances, and as it were

"wandering on high mountain-ridges," as it stands 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 to himself a little, and resisted with his hands the crowd of the honouring and caring ones; but he did not speak. All at once, however, he turned his head quickly, for he seemed to hear something: then laid he his finger on his mouth and said: "Come!"

And immediately it became still and mysterious round about; from the depth however there came up slowly the sound of a clock-bell. Zarathustra listened to this, like the higher men; then, however, laid he his finger on his mouth the second time, and said again: "Come! Come! It is getting on to midnight!" - and his voice had changed. But still he had not moved from the spot. Then it became yet stiller and more mysterious, and everything listened, even the ass, and Zarathustra's noble animals, the eagle and the serpent, - likewise the cave of Zarathustra and the big cool moon, and the night itself. Zarathustra, however, laid his hand upon his mouth for the third time, and said:

Come! Come! Come! Let us now wander! It is the hour: let us wander into the night!

3.

You higher men, it is getting on to midnight: then will I say something into your ears, as that old clock-bell says it into my ear,-

-As mysteriously, as frightfully, and as cordially as that midnight clock-bell speaks it to me, which has experienced more than one man:

-Which has already counted the smarting throbbings of your fathers' hearts - ah! ah! how it sighs! how it laughs in its dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

Hush! Hush! Then is there many a thing heard which may not be heard by day; now however, in the cool air, when even all the tumult of your hearts has become still,-

-Now does it speak, now is it heard, now does it steal into overwakeful, nocturnal souls: ah! ah! how the midnight sighs! how it laughs in its dream!

-Hear you not how it mysteriously, frightfully, and cordially speaks to you, the old deep, deep midnight?

O man, take heed!

4.

Woe to me! where has time gone? Have I not sunk into deep wells? The world sleeps-

Ah! Ah! The dog howls, the moon shins. Rather will I die, rather will I die, than say to you what my midnight-heart now thinks.

Already have I died. It is all over. Spider, why spin you around me? will you have blood? Ah! Ah! The dew falls, the hour comes-

-The hour in which I frost and freeze, which asks and asks and asks: "Who has sufficient courage for it?

-Who is to be master of the world? Who is going to say: Thus shall you flow, you great and small streams!"

-The hour approaches: O man, you higher man, take heed! this talk is for fine ears, for your ears - what says deep midnight's voice indeed?

5.

It carries me away, my soul dances. Day's-work! Day's-work! Who is to be master of the world?

The moon is cool, the wind is still. Ah! Ah! Have you already flown high enough? you have danced: a leg, nevertheless, is not a wing.

You good dancers, now is all delight over: wine has become lees, every cup has become brittle, the sepulchres mutter.

You have not flown high enough: now do the sepulchres mutter: "Free the dead! Why is it so long night? does not the moon make us drunken?"

You higher men, free the sepulchres, awaken the corpses! Ah, why does the worm still burrow? There approaches, there approaches, the hour,-

-There booms the clock-bell, there thrills still the heart, there burrows still the wood-worm, the heart-worm. Ah! Ah! The world is deep!

6.

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love your tone, your drunken, ranunculine tone! - how long, how far has come to me your tone, from the distance, from the ponds of love!

You old clock-bell, you sweet lyre! Every pain has torn your heart, father-pain, fathers'-pain, forefathers'-pain; your speech has become ripe,-

-Ripe like the golden autumn and the afternoon, like my hermit heart - now say you: The world itself has become ripe, the grape turns brown,

-Now does it wish to die, to die of happiness. you higher men, do you not feel it? There wells up mysteriously an odour,

-A perfume and odour of eternity, a rosy-blessed, brown, gold-wine-odour of old happiness.

-Of drunken midnight-death happiness, which sings: the world is deep, and deeper than the day could read!

7.

Leave me alone! Leave me alone! I am too pure for you. Touch me not! has not my world just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Leave me alone, you dull, doltish, stupid day! Is not the midnight brighter?

The purest are to be masters of the world, the least known, the strongest, the midnight-souls, who are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, you grope for me? you feel for my happiness? For you am I rich, lonesome, a treasure-pit, a gold chamber?

O world, you want me? Am I worldly for you? Am I spiritual for you? Am I divine for you? But day and world, you are too coarse,-

-Have cleverer hands, grasp after deeper happiness, after deeper unhappiness, grasp after some God; grasp not after me:

-My unhappiness, my happiness is deep, you strange day, but yet am I no God, no God's-hell: deep is its woe.

8.

God's woe is deeper, you strange world! Grasp at God's woe, not at me! What am I! A drunken sweet lyre,-

-A midnight-lyre, a bell-frog, which no one understands, but which must speak before deaf ones, you higher men! For you do not understand me!

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noontide! O afternoon! Now have come evening and night and midnight, - the dog howls, the wind:

-Is the wind not a dog? It whines, it barks, it howls. Ah! Ah! how she sighs! how she laughs, how she wheezes and pants, the midnight!

How she just now speaks soberly, this drunken poetess! has she perhaps overdrunk her drunkenness? has she become overawake? does she ruminate?

-Her woe does she ruminate over, in a dream, the old, deep midnight - and still more her joy. For joy, although woe be deep, joy is deeper still than grief can be.

9.

You grape-vine! Why do you praise me? Have I not cut your! I am cruel, you bleed-: what means your praise of my drunken cruelty?

"Whatever has become perfect, everything mature - wants to die!" so say you. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But everything immature wants to live: Alas.

Woe says: "Hence! Go! Away, you woe!" But everything that suffers wants to live, that it may become mature and lively and longing,

-Longing for the further, the higher, the brighter. "I want heirs," so says everything that suffers, "I want children, I do not want myself,"-

Joy, however, does not want heirs, it does not want children, - joy wants itself, it wants eternity, it wants recurrence, it wants everything eternally-like-itself.

Woe says: "Break, bleed, you heart! Wander, you leg! you wing, fly! Onward! upward! you pain!" Well! Cheer up! O my old heart: Woe says: "Hence! Go!"

10.

You higher men, what think you? Am I a soothsayer? Or a dreamer? Or a drunkard? Or a dream-reader? Or a midnight-bell?

Or a drop of dew? Or a fume and fragrance of eternity? Hear you it not? Smell you it not? Just now has my world become perfect, midnight is also mid-day,-

Pain is also a joy, curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun, - go away! or you will learn that a sage is also a fool.

Said you ever yes to one joy? O my friends, then said you yes also to all woe. All things are enlinked, enlaced and enamoured,-

-Wanted you ever once to come twice; said you ever: "you please me, happiness! Instant! Moment!" then wanted you all to come back again!

-All anew, all eternal, all enlinked, enlaced and enamoured, Oh, then did you love the world,-

-You eternal ones, you love it eternally and for all time: and also to woe do you say: Hence! Go! but come back! For joys all want - eternity!

11.

All joy wants the eternity of all things, it wants honey, it wants lees, it wants drunken midnight, it wants graves, it wants grave-tears' consolation, it wants gilded evening-red-

-What does not joy want! it is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more frightful, more mysterious, than all woe: it wants itself, it bits into itself, the ring's will writhes in it,-

-It wants love, it wants hate, it is over-rich, it bestows, it throws away, it begs for someone to take from it, it thanks the taker, it would rather be hated,-

-So rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for hate, for shame, for the lame, for the world, - for this world, Oh, you know it indeed!

You higher men, for you does it long, this joy, this irrepressible, blessed joy - for your woe, you failures! For failures, longs all eternal joy.

For joys all want themselves, therefore do they also want grief! O happiness, O pain! Oh break, you heart! you higher men, do learn it, that joys want eternity.

-Joys want the eternity of all things, they want deep, profound eternity!

12.

Have you now learned my song? Have you divined what it would say? Well! Cheer up! you higher men, sing now my roundelay!

Sing now yourselves the song, the name of which is "Once more," the signification of which is "Unto all eternity!" - sing, you higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!
What says deep midnight's voice indeed?
"I slept my sleep-,
"From deepest dream I've woke, and plead:-
"The world is deep,
"And deeper than the day could read.
"Deep is its woe-,
"Joy - deeper still than grief can be:
"Woe says: Hence! Go!
"But joys all want eternity-,
"-Want deep, profound eternity!"

Part 4, (20) THE SIGN

IN THE morning, however, after this night, Zarathustra jumped up from his couch, and, having girded his loins, he came out of his cave glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of gloomy mountains.

"you great star," spoke he, as he had spoken once before, "you deep eye of happiness, what would be all your happiness if you had not those for whom you shine!

And if they remained in their chambers whilst you are already awake, and come and bestow and distribute, how would your proud modesty upbraid for it!

Well! they still sleep, these higher men, whilst I am awake: they are not my proper companions! Not for them do I wait here in my mountains.

At my work I want to be, at my day: but they understand not what are the signs of my morning, my step - is not for them the awakening-call.

They still sleep in my cave; their dream still drinks at my drunken songs. The audient ear for me - the obedient ear, is yet lacking in their limbs."

-This had Zarathustra spoken to his heart when the sun arose: then looked he inquiringly aloft, for he heard above him the sharp call of his eagle. "Well!" called he upwards, "thus is it pleasing and proper to me. my animals are awake, for I am awake.

My eagle is awake, and like me honours the sun. With eagle-talons does it grasp at the new light. you are my proper animals; I love you.

But still do I lack my proper men!" -

Thus spoke Zarathustra; then, however, it happened that all on a sudden he became aware that he was flocked around and fluttered around, as if by innumerable birds, - the whizzing of so many wings, however, and the crowding around his head was so great that he shut his eyes. And truly, there came down upon him as it were a cloud, like a cloud of arrows which pours upon a new enemy. But behold, here it was a cloud of love, and showered upon a new friend.

"What happens to me?" thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and slowly seated himself on the big stone which lay close to the exit from his cave. But while he grasped about with his hands, around him, above him and below him, and repelled the tender birds, behold, there then happened to him something still stranger: for he grasped thereby unawares into a mass of thick, warm, shaggy hair; at the same time, however, there sounded before him a roar, - a long, soft lion-roar.

"The sign comes," said Zarathustra, and a change came over his heart. And in truth, when it turned clear before him, there lay a yellow, powerful animal at his feet, resting its head on his knee, - unwilling to leave him out of love, and doing like a dog which again finds its old master. The doves, however, were no less eager with their love than the lion; and whenever a dove whisked over its nose, the lion shook its head and wondered and laughed.

When all this went on Zarathustra spoke only a word: "My children are close, my children"-, then he became quite mute. His heart, however, was loosed, and from his eyes there dropped down tears and fell upon his hands. And he took no further notice of anything, but sat there motionless, without repelling the animals further. Then flew the doves to and fro, and perched on his shoulder, and caressed his white hair, and did not tire of their tenderness and joyousness. The strong lion, however, licked always the tears that fell on Zarathustra's hands, and roared and growled shyly. Thus did these animals do.-

All this went on for a long time, or a short time: for properly speaking, there is no time on earth for such things-. Meanwhile, however, the higher men had awakened in Zarathustra's cave, and marshalled themselves

for a procession to go to meet Zarathustra, and give him their morning greeting: for they had found when they awakened that he no longer tarried with them. When, however, they reached the door of the cave and the noise of their steps had preceded them, the lion started violently; it turned away all at once from Zarathustra, and roaring wildly, sprang towards the cave. The higher men, however, when they heard the lion roaring, cried all aloud as with one voice, fled back and vanished in an instant.

Zarathustra himself, however, stunned and strange, rose from his seat, looked around him, stood there astonished, inquired of his heart, bethought himself, and remained alone. "What did I hear?" said he at last, slowly, "what happened to me just now?"

But soon there came to him his recollection, and he took in at a glance all that had taken place between yesterday and to-day. "Here is indeed the stone," said he, and stroked his beard, "on it sat I yester-morn; and here came the soothsayer to me, and here heard I first the cry which I heard just now, the great cry of distress.

O you higher men, your distress was it that the old soothsayer foretold to me yester-morn,-

-Unto your distress did he want to seduce and tempt me: 'O Zarathustra,' said he to me, 'I come to seduce you to your last sin.'

To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, and laughed angrily at his own words: "what has been reserved for me as my last sin?"

-And once more Zarathustra became absorbed in himself, and sat down again on the big stone and meditated. Suddenly he sprang up,-

"Fellow-suffering! Fellow-suffering with the higher men!" he cried out, and his countenance changed into brass. "Well! That - has had its time!

My suffering and my fellow-suffering - what matter about them! Do I then strive after happiness? I strive after my work!

Well! The lion has come, my children are close, Zarathustra has grown ripe, my hour has come:-

This is my morning, my day begins: arise now, arise, you great noontide!" - -

Thus spoke Zarathustra and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of gloomy mountains.

THE END

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Appendices

A - Timeline Biography

APPENDIX A

TIMELINE BIOGRAPHY

Youth (1844-1869)
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Professor (1869-1879)
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Youth (1844-1869) Age

0 - October 15, 1844: Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche is born in the small rural town of Rocken, Germany. His father and both grandfathers were Lutheran ministers.
2 - His sister Elisabeth is born.
4 - His father dies at age 35.
5 - The family moves to nearby Naumburg.
14 - Nietzsche enters the famous Pforta High School.
20 - October: He starts studying theology at the University of Bonn but by the second semester shifts to philology (the study of language and literary texts)
Easter: He refuses to take communion which upsets his mother.
21 - October: Nietzsche transfers to the University of Leipzig to study classical philology. A pianist and composer, Nietzsche also tries to study music there.

By accident at a bookstore, he discovers the philosophy of Schopenhauer.

January: The renowned Professor A. Ritschl "discovers" the young student and lavishly praises his possibilities as a future philologist. Nietzsche says, "One day, I was suddenly a philologist" [3](part 2, sect. 9)
23 - Nietzsche enlists in an artillery regiment but later is discharged due to injuries from riding a horse.

All during his Leipzig years, Nietzsche has doubts about philology, seeing it only as a stepping stone to interesting philosophical problems.

Professor (1869-1879) Age

24 - November: Nietzsche has his first meeting with Richard Wagner, the famous composer.

February: Not even finished with his doctorate, Nietzsche is amazed to be appointed as Professor in Philology at Basel University through the intervention of Ritschl. The pay is excellent but he soon laments, "What does this wonderful luck … consist of? Sweat and effort … the stale milk of the job's daily monotony."[4] (p.102)

April: Nietzsche renounces his German citizenship to become Swiss. But because of a residency technicality he never becomes a Swiss citizen and so remains officially stateless for the rest of his life.[5](1869)

In his inaugural university lecture Nietzsche reveals his radical view that philology should be subservient to philosophy.

April to July: Nietzsche makes frequent visits to Wagner's home, becoming almost 'one of the family'.

He has a heavy schedule teaching at the university and an associated preparatory high school. He mostly teaches Greek and Roman classics.

September: Nietzsche becomes a vegetarian but he gives it up shortly after an argument with Wagner about it.

25 - December: He plays "Santa Claus" for Wagner's [future] wife Cosima, making numerous purchases in Basel.

January, February: He considers getting a dog as a pet but never does. Wagner writes to his new friend, "I have at present nobody with whom I can be as serious as with you—apart from [my wife]"

June: Franz Overbeck, a professor of Theology at Basel, moves into the same house as Nietzsche. Their close friendship lasts all of Nietzsche's life.

August: He volunteers for the German side in the Franco-Prussian war. The university gives him a leave of absence but because of Swiss neutrality he can only be a medic. He becomes sick while tending to severely wounded soldiers at the front and spends a month recovering at home.

26 - January: Nietzsche applies for a position as philosophy professor but is unsuccessful.

April: His first book, *The Birth of Tragedy*, is ready for submission. The book breaks from scholarly tradition by its exuberant style and by having no footnotes referring to other sources.

27 - January: The Birth of Tragedy is published. The Wagners are very enthusiastic about it but Ritschl calls it, "clever drunkenness".

March: Nietzsche's aspirations as a musical composer is set back by

criticism of his music by the conductor Hans Von Bulow.

May: An important philologist, Ulrich von Wilamowitz attacks the *Birth of Tragedy* and in October students begin to avoid Nietzsche's classes because of the controversy surrounding his book.

28 - December: Awkward visit by Ritschl who reports Nietzsche is becoming unpopular at the university. February: Ritschl further embittered by Nietzsche's wayward style and writings. Ritschl writes to a friend, "But our Nietzsche! — that it certainly a very muddled chapter… it's remarkable how in that single man two souls live side by side. On the one hand the most rigorous methodology of schooled, scientific research… on the other this phantastic-exaggerated, overly clever, reaching into the incomprehensible, Wagnerian-Schopenhauerian art-mysticism-enthusiasm!… What annoys me the most is his impiety against his own mother, who nursed him at her breast: philology."

May: Nietzsche begins an intensive reading of books on natural science.

29 - December: More arguments and tension between Ritschl and Nietzsche.

February: Nietzsche continues to be plagued by ill health. Wagner says that marriage is the key to Nietzsche recovering.

July: The faculty by a vote of 6 to 4 decides against admission of women to doctoral programs. One of the faculty voting in favor of admission is Nietzsche.

August: There are disagreements with Wagner. Cosima says, "In all, a clear indication that Nietzsche is unable to "toe the line" as Wagner expects". Vacation in Flims. He writes, "My health has been changeable, so I hope the holidays will be restful and productive. For it is only when I am producing something that I can be really healthy and feel well." (H165)

30 - March-September: Nietzsche works on *Schopenhauer as Educator* (*Untimely Meditations III*)

31 - January: For health reasons he is released from teaching at the local High School. February: His illness also interrupts university teaching.

April: He proposes marriage to Mathilde Trampedach but she loves someone else.

June: He requests a year's leave from the university. It is granted, with full salary.

Summer: His close relationship with Wagner has all but ended. His flight from Wagnerian anti-Semitism is extreme. Later, when Wagner sends him a text of his latest opera, he remarks that he almost wishes his

Jewish admirer, Siegfried Lipiner would rewrite it.[4](p.195)

August: He is attracted to but resists a love affair with a married woman from Paris, Louise Ott. [4] (p.189)

32 - October: He leaves with his new Jewish friend and scholar, Paul Ree to join Albert Brenner and Malwida von Meysenbug as a community of "free spirits" living in a villa in Sorrento, Italy. On the way he makes a detour to visit Pisa with Isabella von Pahlen, a girl he had met on the train. [4] (p.191)

November: Nietzsche's final meeting with Wagner in Sorrento.

January: The Sorrento community spends their days together, taking walks, reading and working on their own projects. There is much discussion about Nietzsche and whom he should marry. They see marriage as helping to relieve his illness.

Early October: To help his eye condition doctors recommend "absolute avoidance of reading and writing for many years." [4]

33 - March: He is relieved of his high school teaching responsibilities.

May: *Human, All Too Human* is published. Wagner attacks the book saying it is influenced by Jewish thought. To Ree Nietzsche says, "All my friends are now in agreement that my book was written by you: for which I congratulate you on its authorship … Long live Reealism and my good friend!"

34 - Autumn: Nietzsche's illness continues to plague him. His teaching exhausts him.

March: Publication of *Mixed Opinions and Maxims*. As usual the sales of the book are poor.

May: Submits resignation to the university on grounds of ill health. In June the university expresses regret and thanks and he is awarded a pension of 2/3 his regular salary. His friends discuss how he might get extra financial support. He sells his furniture and his books are stored in Zurich.

August-September: Despite his illness he keeps writing aphorisms for his next book. He is helped by his new friend, Peter Gast.

About being a prestigious professor at the University of Basel he says, "Ten years were behind me, during which, to tell the truth, the nourishment of my spirit had been at a standstill, during which I had added not a single useful fragment to my knowledge, in which I had forgotten countless things in the pursuit of dusty scholarly odds and ends." ([3] p6 s3)

Years of Wandering (1880-1889) Age

35 - December: *The Wanderer and His Shadow* is published. His friends praise the book but only 192 copies are sold.

March-June: With help from Gast, Nietzsche goes to live in Venice. Gast reads to and takes diction from his bedridden friend.

36 - February: *The Dawn* is completed.

July: *The Dawn* is published. Nietzsche goes to Sils Maria, high in the Swiss Alps. The idea for *Zarathustra* occurs to him there.

37- January-March: Material originally intended for *The Dawn* is developed into *The Gay Science*.

He tries a typewriter, invented only 10 years earlier but it doesn't make his task of writing easier and he gives it up.

March: Nietzsche boards a ship for Messina, which he likes but goes to Rome 4 weeks later.

May: Nietzsche meets Lou Salome in Rome. She is perhaps the one woman in his life that he has strong feelings for. Lou is young and adventurous. She, Ree and Nietzsche talk and dream about living and studying together in Paris. Lou, years later, says Nietzsche twice proposed marriage to her, but recent biographers doubt it was true.[5] (1884) Ree too has feelings for Lou and together with Nietzsche's jealous, prudish sister Elizabeth, a real emotional mess is starting to develop.

August: The Gay Science is published. Lou and Elizabeth have a loud bitter argument. Nietzsche is unaware of this. Lou gives him a beautiful poem she wrote and he likes it so much he puts it to music and later publishes it.

September: Plans are set for the "trinity" to go to Paris but at the last minute everything falls apart. Nietzsche's mother, influenced by Elizabeth, is violently opposed to Lou. Nietzsche learns of the hate between Lou and Elizabeth.

October: There is a last meeting of the "trinity". By November Nietzsche is definitely not going to Paris.

38 - November: Nietzsche spends a difficult month in Rapallo alone. Through letters, relations between him and Ree and Lou worsen. He is so upset with his mother and sister he won't even write to them. At Christmas to his friend Overbeck he writes, "This last bite of life was the hardest I've ever chewed… "

January: Nietzsche swings between highs and lows. When his spirits are high, in only ten days, he completes a clean copy of the first part of *Zarathustra*.

February: Wagner dies. In a letter to a friend he says, "It was hard, very hard, for six years to have to be the opponent of someone one has

honored and loved as I have loved Wagner"

Late February to May: Nietzsche is in a cheerful frame of mind, his health improving. He renews writing to his mother and sister.

August: He asks to be able to hold lectures at the University of Leipzig but is refused because of his views on Christianity.

June to September: He goes to Sils-Maria in the Alps. Writes the second part of *Zarathustra*.

October: Elizabeth announces her engagement to the anti-Semite Bernhard Forster.

39 He breaks again with his sister. In a letter to Overbeck "The cursed anti-Semitism… is the cause of a radical break between me and my sister… "[5] 1884

He goes to Genoa. His health declines and he moves to Nice in search of good weather.

January: *Zarathustra Book 2* is published. Like *Book 1*, it sells very poorly.

Acquaintance with Resa von Schirnhofer who says, "Nietzsche once gave me the good advice to keep paper and pencil on hand at night, as he himself did, since at night we are often visited by rare thoughts, which we should record immediately… for by morning we can usually not find them again … "[6] (p.148)

40 June to mid-September: He meets Louise Röder-Wiederhold who transcribes a number of aphorisms by his dictation. Most of these will be used in *Beyond Good and Evil*. In a letter, Nietzsche wonders if Louise can long stand his "anti-democratic" ideas and his aphorisms about women.[5] (1885) Difficulties start with his anti-Semitic publisher, Schmeitzner who refuses to publish *Zarathustra 4.* In a letter to Overbeck: "my writings lie completely buried and unexhumeable in this anti-Semitic hole (meaning Schmeitzner)"[5](1885)

41 - November: Nietzsche is delighted to encounter an astronomer, a "snow white old man," making observations who recites passages from *Human, All Too Human*.[5] (1885)

June: He begins *Beyond Good and Evil*.

August: He spends time with Meta von Salis, Emily Flynn, Helen Zimmern.

42 - November: Accidentally "discovers" Dostoevsky. "… my joy was extraordinary: I would have to go back to my acquaintance with Stendhal's Rouge et Noir to recall the same degree of delight"[5](1886)

January: He completes *Beyond Good and Evil*. August: The book is published.

October: Nietzsche writes the fifth book of *The Gay Science*.

43 -

November: Nietzsche sends a copy of *Genealogy of Morals* to Georg Brandes, the influential and famous Danish literary critic, who replies, "you are without doubt the most exciting of German writers."[4] (p.314). A lively correspondence ensues.

Early April: Nietzsche discovers Turin and is delighted with the dry weather, the people, the cuisine and the beautiful, "quiet, aristocratic" atmosphere of the city.

April: Brandes writes that he had been "seized with a kind of anger that no one in Scandinavia knows of you, and had quickly decided to make you famous all in one blow". He will give a series of open lectures at the University of Copenhagen on Nietzsche's philosophy. The five lectures are a great success and at the end Brandes is given a ovation by a large audience. In May he tells Nietzsche, "Your name now, I can say without exaggeration, is very popular in all intelligent circles of Copenhagen and known, at least in all of Scandinavia.[7] (p.289) Later in the year Brandes "completely wins over" the influential Swedish writer August Strindberg, who tells Nietzsche, "I am ending all my letters, 'Read Nietzsche' ". [4] (p.333)

Nietzsche is delighted by all this. The rest of the year becomes one of his happiest and most productive years. His health and energy seem much better. He senses approaching fame. He writes 5 books where his usual pace is one per year. Turin continues to enchant him especially after September.

May: He begins work on *The Wagner Case*.

June: Nietzsche leaves for Sils Maria. He works on *Twilight of the Idols.*

September: He finishes *The Wagner Case* and the *Twilight of the Idols* and begins work on the *The Antichrist*.

44 -

October: On the 15th, his 44th birthday, he starts writing his autobiography and commentary on his writings entitled *Ecce Homo*.

End of November: *The Antichrist* is all but finished.

December 12-15 Nietzsche quickly assembles a short book of previous passages called *Nietzsche Contro Wagner*.

End of December: *Ecce Homo* is almost completed.

January 3: On a street in Turin, Italy, Nietzsche collapses unconscious after tearfully flinging his arms around a horse that was being beaten by its owner. Awaking later in his room, he writes and sends off several strange, clowning letters. He is brought to a clinic in Basel. At first his

friends think he would recover. Even a year later Gast says, "He did not look very ill. I almost had the impression that his mental disturbance consists in no more than a heightening of the humorous antics he used to put on for an intimate circle of friends.' … Gast could see he didn't want to be cured : "It seemed - horrible though this is - as if Nietzsche were merely feigning madness, as if he were glad for it to have ended this way". This tallies with Overbeck's feeling when he came to Jena in February: "I cannot escape the ghastly suspicion … that his madness is simulated." [4] (p. 340-41)
44-54 - His mental and physical condition progressively worsens leaving him helpless and unable to write coherently.
55 - August 25, 1900: Nietzsche dies.

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9. The Gay Science, 1886 Preface
10. The Antichrist, Preface

APPENDIX B

NIETZSCHE'S COMMENTS ON HIS BOOKS

All the comments below either come from Nietzsche's autobiography, Ecce Homo, or from prefaces he wrote to his previously published books.

Age / Date Finished

THE BIRTH OF TRAGEDY

Age **28** - 1872

"… today [1886] for me it is an impossible book—I call it something poorly written, ponderous, embarrassing, with fantastic and confused imagery, sentimental … without any impulse for logical cleanliness … [8]
… a book for the initiated, like "Music" for those dedicated to music … [8]
… an arrogant and rhapsodic book, which right from the start sealed itself off from the profane rabble of the "educated," even more than from the "people," … [8]
… "Hellenism and Pessimism" - this would have been a less equivocal title, seeing that the book contains the first attempt at showing how the Greeks succeeded in disposing of pessimism-in what manner they overcame it… . Tragedy itself is the proof of the fact that the Greeks were not pessimists… .[3]
… the Greeks will continue to remain, as before, entirely unknown and unknowable as long as we have no answer to the question, "What is Dionysian?" … ." [8]

UNTIMELY MEDITATIONS

Age **29 - 32**, 1873 - 1876

"… The four essays composing the Untimely Meditations are thoroughly warlike in tone. They prove that I was no mere dreamer, that I delight in

drawing the sword-and perhaps, also, that my wrist is dangerously supple. The first onslaught (1873) was directed against German culture, upon which I looked down even at that time with unmitigated contempt. Without either sense, substance, or goal, it was simply " public opinion." There could be no more dangerous misunderstanding than to suppose that Germany's success at arms proved anything in favour of German culture-and still less the triumph of this culture over that of France.

The second essay (1874) brings to light that which is dangerous, that which corrodes and poisons life in our manner of pursuing scientific study : Life is diseased, thanks to this dehumanised piece of clockwork and mechanism, thanks to the " impersonality" of the workman, and the false economy of the " division of labour." The object, which is culture, is lost sight of: modern scientific activity as a means thereto simply produces barbarism. In this treatise, the " historical sense," of which this century is so proud, is for the first time recognised as sickness, as a typical symptom of decay. -

In the third and fourth essays, a sign-post is set up pointing to a higher concept of culture, to a re-establishment of the notion " culture " ; and two pictures of the hardest self-love and self-discipline are presented, two essentially un-modern types, full of the most sovereign contempt for all that which lay around them and was called " Empire," " Culture," " Christianity," " Bismarck," and " Success," - these two types were Schopenhauer and Wagner, or, in a word, Nietzsche… ." [3] part 5, sec. 2

HUMAN, ALL TOO HUMAN

Age **34 - 35**, 1877 - 1879

"… Human, all-too-Human, with its two sequels, is the memorial of a crisis. It is called a book for free spirits: almost every sentence in it is the expression of a triumph - by means of it I purged myself of everything in me which was foreign to my nature. Idealism is foreign to me : the title of the book means: "Where you see ideal things I see - human, alas ! all-too-human things ! " … I know men better. The word " free spirit" in this book must not be understood as anything else than a spirit that has become free, that has once more taken possession of itself." [3] part 6, sec. 1

THE DAWN

Age **36** - 1880

"… With this book I open my campaign against morality… . This yes-saying book projects its light, its love, its tenderness, over all evil things, it restores to them their soul, their clear conscience, and their superior right and privilege to exist on earth. Morality is not assailed, it simply ceases to be considered… ." [3] part 6, sec. 1
"… The question concerning the origin of moral valuations is therefore a matter of the highest importance to me because it determines the future of mankind. The demand made upon us to believe that everything is really in the best hands, that a certain book, the Bible, gives us the definite and comforting assurance that there is a Providence that wisely rules the fate of man,-when translated back into reality amounts simply to this, namely, the will to stifle the truth which maintains the reverse of all this, which is that until now man has been in the worst possible hands, and that he has been governed by the physiologically botched, the men of cunning and burning revengefulness, and the so-called " saints " - those slanderers of the world and violators of humanity… . ." [3] part 7, sec. 2

THE GAY SCIENCE

Age **37** - 1881

"[This book] seems to be written with the language of the wind that melts ice and snow: high spirits, unrest, contradiction, and the weather of April are present in it… . Thankfulness comes out of it continuously, as if something unexpected had just happened - the thankfulness of a convalescent - for his convalescence was not expected. "Gay Science": that signifies the celebration of a spirit who has resisted patiently a terrible, long pressure - patiently, severely, coldly, never submitting, but also without hope - and now all at once hope has attacked him, the hope for health, and the intoxication of a convalescent."[9] Preface, sec. 1

"… Dawn of Day is a yes-saying book, profound, but clear and kindly. The same applies once more and in the highest degree to La Gaya Scienza : in almost every sentence of this book, profundity and playfulness go gently hand in hand… ." [3] part 8, sec. 1

THUS SPOKE ZARATHUSTRA

Age **39** - 1882-85

"… The fundamental idea of the work, the Eternal Recurrence, the highest formula of a Yes-saying to life that can ever be attained, was first conceived in the month of August 1881. I made a note of the idea on a sheet of paper, with the postscript: "Six thousand feet beyond man and time."[3] (part 9, sec. 1)

… inspiration? … I will describe it. If one had the smallest vestige of superstition left in one, it would hardly be possible completely to set aside the idea that one is the mere incarnation, mouthpiece, or medium of an almighty power. The idea of revelation, in the sense that something which profoundly convulses and upsets one becomes suddenly visible and audible with indescribable certainty and accuracy-describes the simple fact. One hears-one does not seek; one takes-one does not ask who gives: a thought suddenly flashes up like lightning, it comes with necessity, without faltering-I have never had any choice in the matter… .[3] (part 9, sec. 3)

… The psychological problem presented by the type of Zarathustra is, how can he, who in an unprecedented manner says no, and acts no, in regard to all that which has been affirmed until now, remain nevertheless a yes-saying spirit ? how can he who bears the heaviest destiny on his shoulders and whose very life-task is a fatality, yet be the brightest and the most transcendental of spirits-for Zarathustra is a dancer? how can he who has the hardest and most terrible grasp of reality, and who has thought the most " abysmal thoughts," nevertheless avoid conceiving these things as objections to existence, or even as objections to the eternal recurrence of existence ?- how is it that on the contrary he finds reasons for being himself the eternal affirmation of all things, "the tremendous and unlimited saying of Yes and Amen"?… " [3] (part 9, sec. 6)

BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

Age **42** - 1886

"… In all its essential points, this book (1886) is a criticism of modernity, embracing the modern sciences, arts, even politics, together with certain indications as to a type which would be the reverse of modern man, or as little like him as possible, a noble and yes-saying type. In this last respect

the book is a school for gentlemen-the term gentleman being understood here in a much more spiritual and radical sense than it has implied until now… ." [3] (part 10, sec. 2)

ON THE GENEALOGY OF MORALS

Age **43** - 1887

"… The truth of the first essay is the psychology of Christianity: the birth of Christianity out of the spirit of ressentiment [resentment], not, as is supposed, out of the "spirit," - a counter-movement by its very nature, the great rebellion against the dominion of noble values… .[3] (part 11, sec. 1)

… The second essay deals with the psychology of conscience: this is not, as is supposed, "the voice of God in man," - it is the instinct of cruelty, turning back after it can no longer discharge itself outwardly. For the first time, cruelty is here revealed as one of the oldest and basic ground-work of culture that simply cannot be imagined away… [3] (part 11, sec. 1)

… The third essay answers the question from where the ascetic ideal comes, the ideal of the priests, derives its great power although it is the very harmful ideal in extreme, a will to the end, an ideal of decadence… ." [3] (part 11, sec. 1)

TWILIGHT OF THE IDOLS

Age **44** - 1888 (Published January 24, 1889)

"This work … is altogether an exception among books : there is no work more rich in substance, more independent, more upsetting-more wicked. If anyone should desire to obtain a rapid sketch of how everything, be-fore my time, was standing on its head, he should begin reading me in this book. That which is called " Idols " on the title page is simply the old truth that has been believed in until now. In plain English, The Twilight of the Idols means that the old truth is on its last legs… ." [3] (part 12, sec. 1)

ECCE HOMO

(This short book is his autobiography and commentary on his writings)
Age **44** - 1888 (Published April 1908)

"… Since I must soon confront humanity with the greatest demand ever made of it, it seems necessary to say who and what I am. Truly, this ought to be well known already, for I have not " held my tongue" about myself. But the difference between the greatness of my task and the smallness of my contemporaries, is revealed by the fact that people have neither heard me nor yet seen me. I live on my own self-made credit …
… Under these circumstances, it is my duty - against which my usual reserve and, even more, the pride of my instincts rebel - to say : Listen ! for I am such and such a person. Above all, do not mistake me for someone else! … [3] (preface, sec. 1)
… I am, for example, in no way a bogey man, or moral monster. In truth, I am the very opposite of the kind of man that has been honoured until now as virtuous. Between ourselves, it seems to me that exactly this is part of my pride. I am a disciple of the philosopher Dionysus, and I would even prefer to be a satyr than a saint. But just read this little book ! Maybe I have been successful, perhaps this work had no other meaning than to give expression to this contrast in a cheerful and philanthropic manner… "[3] (preface, sec. 2)

THE ANTICHRIST

Age **44** - 1888 (Published November 1894)

"This book belongs to the most rare of men. Perhaps not one of them is yet alive… . First the day after tomorrow must come for me. Some men are born posthumously.

The conditions under which anyone understands me, and necessarily understands me—I know them only too well. Even to endure my seriousness, my passion, he must carry intellectual integrity to the verge of hardness. He must be accustomed to living on mountain tops—and to looking upon the wretched gabble of politics and nationalism as beneath him. He must have become indifferent; he must never ask of the truth whether it brings profit to him or a fatality to him… He must have an inclination, born of strength, for questions that no one has the courage for;

the courage for the forbidden; predestination for the labyrinth. The experience of seven solitudes. New ears for new music. New eyes for what is most distant. A new conscience for truths that have until now remained unheard. And the will to economize in the grand manner—to hold together his strength, his enthusiasm… Reverence for self; love of self; absolute freedom of self… ..

Very well, then! of that sort only are my readers, my true readers, my readers foreordained: of what account are the rest? … " [10] Preface to the Anti-Christ

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APPENDIX C

ETERNAL RECURRENCE: THE WORLD LOVES YOU SO MUCH IT REPEATS YOU FOREVER

by Bill Chapko

This essay presents a new view of eternal recurrence, expanding on Nietzsche's fundamental idea. It focuses on personal existential recurrence. It is a call to wake up from the social dream.

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What is Eternal Recurrence? (Also Called "Eternal Return")

"This life, as you now live it, and have lived it, you must live it once more, and also innumerable times; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every joy and every thought and every sigh, and everything unspeakably small and great in your life must come to you again, and all in the same series and sequence - even this spider and this moonlight among the trees, and even this moment, and I myself. The eternal hourglass of existence will ever be turned over and over again, and you with it … "

From Nietzsche's book, 'The Gay Science', Section 341

Waking Up from the Social Dream

About 40,000 years ago, during what is called the human 'Upper Paleolithic Revolution', our predictive capacities developed to the point where we saw our inevitable death. A tiger jumping at us out of the bushes was not necessary to scare the hell out of us. Our minds did it, and we mobilized to act. The result - 40 millennia of social fantasies. Tribal religions, spirits, afterworlds, legends, taboos, good and evils, social mores of conduct, superstitions … many of them delightful and moving but mostly lots of nervous low-level entertainment, social worries and bickering, see-saws of belief and doubt, all marinated in continuous mind chatter. In the last two millennia we have become more organized, more global, more cluttered in our social fantasies: nations, bibles, "history", "knowledge", astrology, universities, literature, science, religions and ideologies. It's time to realize the silliness of these fake worlds which are “bigger than us”, which give “meaning” to our “small lives”, where we in some way continue after death. We don't live on in heaven or hell or in God's lap or in a new body. We don't live on in our reputation or in our small contribution to science or scholarship or knowledge. We don't live on in the memories of those who knew us or in an invention or idea named after us or a book we wrote. We don't live

on in our good works or being a good citizen or "making the world a little better" or living a morally good life.

We are not different from animals, only they're more awake while we spend most of our time head-dancing in our big frontal lobes.

The thought of eternal recurrence is a means for us to wake up.

How Long Until We Return ?

A very, very, very long time.

How many years? We need a big number. A billion is 1000000000, a 1 with 9 zeros after it. A googol is a number with 100 zeros after the 1. A googolplex is a number with a googol amount of zeros after the 1. Too small. The mathematicians invented the "Graham number" which the Guinness World Records listed as the "World Champion largest number". It is too large to be written in scientific notation because even the digits in the exponent would exceed the number of atoms in the observable universe. Well, even this is much, much, much too small a number of years. We're not talking about shuffling a deck of cards or the sand pebbles of a beach. We're talking about shuffling the position and motion of every atom in the universe. However, eventually there is an incredibly large finite number of years when "the music box repeats it's tune".

This is a long time to wait. To handle the wait the universe gives us the "cheerful magic of death".

The Cheerful Magic of Death

To confront the multiple Graham number of years for the return, the cheerful magic of death provides that

there is no waiting

The moment after you die you "wake up" as the baby you were.

But when the music box plays the tune again - Is it still you?

Is it You that Returns or another Person Exactly Like You ?

It is you.

Luckily, you are not separated from the universe. You are not a "ghost in a machine". The ghost would die forever and the machine would come back. You not only have a deep connection, at every instant, with your body, the earth and it's universe. Every instant you are your body, this earth, it's universe and nothing else.

When the exact same universe returns, you're there.

Do I have a Choice, a Chance, to Make Each Return a Little Different ? A Little Better ?

No choice, no chance, no different, no better … (and no worse).

Each time you return it's exactly the same you. If there were the slightest infinitesimal difference, the butterfly effect would not only radically change your entire life and the future course of human history but radically change the whole future of the universe such that at the incredibly large number of years after which you are supposed to return, you wouldn't be there since the universe would be radically different.

That's how well connected you are to the universe.

If We Are Exactly the Same Each Time, What About Free Will ?

Nietzsche attacked the idea of free will repeatedly and mercilessly: “'free will' … the foulest of all theologians' artifices … has been invented essentially for the purpose of punishment, that is, because one wanted to impute guilt… . we immoralists are trying with all our strength to take the concept of guilt and the concept of punishment out of the world again." "The Twilight of the Idols" Part 5 Section 7, 'The Error of Free Will'

If we deny the religious moralist his sado-masochistic pleasure tool, is there any other use for this idea? Probably not.

University philosophers have long played entertaining mind games trying to prove free will true or false, but it was not much more than entertainment.

Any "what-if" statement applied to the past is absolutely silly. The butterfly-effect is not an observation but a mathematical aspect of complex systems, and "complex systems" encompasses everything in the universe outside of billiard tables and chemistry-lab test-tubes. It says that any one little "what if this were different" radically changes whatever follows. If I had not gotten that parking ticket in 1972, all four of my children would never have existed.

Seeing everything in your past as fate is wise. It's very close to having no regrets and no resentments.

Seeing your evolving present actions as fate is also wise. Experience, emotion and intelligence flow more smoothly, genuinely and gracefully. You're not plagued by sputtering "decisions". It's much easier to ride your spirit.

Seeing your future as fate is hardest and wisest of all. Decidophobia (fear of decisions), feeling that choosing one person or path over another will be letting the experience of that other person or path die forever, seeing and being paralyzed by this abyss-fantasy, is a comic situation. What makes you think you have such god-like powers to see and “save a world"? Life is awareness, experience and feelings, all with a spirit and flow of their own, obeying the iron laws of yin and yang, up and down. You can never know what that person or path would have been for you and certainly it would not have been all "wonderfulness".

Can I Remember Previous Recurrences?

No. That's silly.

Rare, random, playful, uncontrollable psychic glimpses of the future or deja vu feelings might be possible, but they would come from the

world you are living in now, not some cosmic memory that spans a multiple graham number of years.

Thank goodness we don't remember, for it would rob life of its freshness, excitement and surprise.

Waking up - Making the World Appear.

Animals dream and probably day-dream but most of the time, assuming they haven't been made neurotic by contact with humans, they are awake, the world appears before them and becomes the center stage of their lives. Humans live in an opposite manner. The center stage is their social fantasies while they flitting-ly and mechanically check in and act upon the world around them. Ancient Eastern wisdom is full of hopes and techniques for quieting the mind, for enlightenment, satori and awakening. But we are all still mesmerized and fooled by man's 40,000 year old project of avoiding personal death through projecting our "selves" into social dreams, moralities, hopes, projects, plans, legends, good and evils.

In believing in personal eternal recurrence, that our life is completely solid, repeating itself forever, the "self" becomes unimportant. This "self" is always what you imagine what others imagine what you are. All this social imagining becomes silly to you. You're left with the world that appears before you.

Eternal Recurrence and the Will to Laughter

Awareness is the world's mystical experience.

Nietzsche thought that the basic "stuff" of the world was not atoms or love or survival or God but the "will to power". I accept power as the best candidate, but I propose a complimentary yin-yang partner. I call it the "will to laughter" (or just "laughter" if "power" is its partner) and it is intimately involved with Eternal Recurrence. It is the world's delight and happiness in its own useless dance, the eternal laughable folly of power, the lightness of awareness, the freedom of not wanting or having to make the world better.

We humans waste life on a neurotic, futile, social fantasy flight from our personal death. We have lost the majestic awareness that animals have for their world. What we consider most powerful, our "consciousness" or "mind", this chatterbox mish-mosh of awareness, thought, head-dancing and fantasy-world, is a clown, forever laughable.

We haven't even come close to seeing or accepting the first basic truth of our modern situation, that technology is life's way of making a species weaker. Every time we get in a car instead of walking or running or dancing … every time we cover symptoms with drugs or play it safe with shotgun antibiotic consumption … every time we apply university categories or theories to our local situation instead of waking up to look at it … every time we substitute the fake drama of movies and TV for the drama and play of those close to us … every day we live in those artificial, sterile, controllable, laboratory-like boxes called houses, offices and stores … - … our bodies get a little weaker, a little stupider. Human pretensions of power are an amazingly huge source of laughter. After many generations of this behaviour the human body will become extremely weak and fragile. We will have squandered the 2 billion year strength that our bodies have accumulated without technology. It may be time for life to invent something new.

The greatest power in the universe, truly infinite, is the 'butterfly effect'. Whether you wave your hand towards the right or the left will totally change the faces of every person on earth 500 years from now and into eternity. Here infinite power meets infinite laughter - for this power is infinitely useless.

Is There a Proof of Eternal Recurrence?

Not empirically. There is no outside observer to take and compare notes during the double multiple Graham-years wait until two returns had passed. God, who might volunteer for the job, is too busy trying to prove that he exists.

Nietzsche made a couple of logical attempts at proofs in his notes, but he was never so convinced of them as to publish them.

My "proof" is "experiential". It comes from the sense and feeling of the non-neurotic solidity of existence, of awareness. It is indicated in the following paradox:

If death is real, why are we so calm? … . . If death is not real, why are we so nervous?

There is a yin-yang dynamic going on here. The abyss, the personal extinction that would last forever, if it were true, would be too devastating and paralysing psychologically. Yes, death is very real. In a near car accident the adrenaline rush of our body tells us it's very real. But the extinction that our predictive minds first saw 40,000 years ago, is not eternal. Yes, a very, very, very big number of years, but not eternal. The world as

it is now returns. Everything we are aware of, every wandering moment of awareness is not fleeting but eternal, repeating itself eternally and us with it. The world loves you so much it repeats you forever.

In the end a rock solid proof of eternal recurrence is elusive, but this is the case for all "knowledge", theories and philosophies. The only solid rock certainty, put forward by Descartes, "I think, therefore I am" is almost true but not quite. Thinking is the most ghostly of activities and is always neurotically trying to make itself fixed and lasting, always chasing the belief, "this thought will survive my death". Despite its wandering nature, awareness is the most solid of rocks. "I am aware of the sky, I am aware of that tree, I am aware of thinking, therefore I exist." You may be wrong about the words sky, tree or thinking but you are sure about being aware of something, about being aware. "I am aware, therefore I exist". Awareness and existence are the same.

What might be more important to ask than a "proof" of the theory of eternal recurrence is … what is the value of this theory? Is it a gateway to a "new health"? … . . My answer: It's the only "projection-mind-game" with the possibility of waking up, of happily and playfully dissolving itself to allow the possibility of localizing yourself in your immediate world, to allow what Fritz Perls so elegantly expressed as "losing your mind, and coming to your senses".

Does Eternal Recurrence Imply a New Morality?

Not as I see it.

You could say eternal recurrence implies a new "natural morality" which is close to "animal morality". "Animal morality" ?! The incongruity of "animal" and "morality" seen together reveals the scam. The incongruity says, "animals die but we don't". It's better to just dump the word.

Without morality, are we free to do anything we want ? No, there are always consequences. You can't walk through walls. You can't step on toes of others without them getting mad. You can't threaten someone without him defending himself in one way or another. But this isn't morality, it's intelligence.

What eternal recurrence does imply is a new "health", which follows from an awakening from the social dream to the world around us. This world around us of course includes our body, which contains all the "dos and don'ts" that animals have, a passion to defend itself and its family, a great wisdom and intelligence, a "will to power" and a "will to laughter".

At its center, morality implies cheating life of its death. The moral head dance can provide great low-level entertainment but it will forever miss the sparkling, crystalline, raw vitality of existence.

Is Eternal Recurrence the "Greatest Weight"?

It doesn't seem heavy to me.

Section 341 of the Gay Science is called "The Greatest Weight" and it contains Nietzsche's best description of eternal recurrence. The first half of this section is above, at the beginning of this essay. The second half goes on as follows:

"Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth, and curse the demon who so spoke? Or have you once experienced a tremendous moment in which you would answer him: "You are a god, and never did I hear anything so divine." If that thought acquired power over you as you are, it would transform you, and perhaps crush you; the question with regard to each and every thing: "Do you want this once more, and also for innumerable times?" would lie as the greatest weight upon your actions. Or, how well disposed would you have to become to yourself and to life, so as to long for nothing more fervently than this ultimate eternal confirmation and seal?"

This "greatest weight" that Nietzsche mentions as one possible reaction does not refer directly to eternal recurrence itself but to paralyzing "decisions". This is the weight of morality intruding itself again. Let's have, let's repeat the "good stuff", only joy or happiness or clever thoughts or "good works" rather than having, repeating fear or suffering or stupid thoughts or "evil" deeds. But making our life truly "better" (not just looking better) is eternally problematic and not so simple. The universe is playing a joke on us.

Let's take joy as an example. True deep thunderous joy, not the posed joy seen on faces in advertising or "positive thinking", is always preceded by its yin-yang partner, by a period, long or short, of fear. The patient receiving a lab report ruling out cancer, the successful flight from a war zone, victory in battle, getting a good mark on a final exam in college, the landing of a good job … all these joys are preceded by fear of one sort or another - the more fear, the deeper the joy. Smaller joys are surrounded by smaller fears. So trying to fill your life with joy (and the other good things) is a stage for comedy. Life is both giving us it's greatest

imperatives (the essence of pain is to run away from it) and joking with us … but we don't get the joke.

No, the paralyzing weight of decision is the moral game revisited: "will this save me from death?". Forget it. Ride your spirit instead.

The Iron Law of Yin-Yang

There is no isolated happiness or suffering, only a happiness-suffering flow back and forth. Happiness is the release from suffering. Suffering is the loss of happiness. There would be no happiness without suffering. There would be no suffering without happiness. The flow is uncontrollable and uncanny. This same yin-yang applies to every human and non-human aspect of the universe: good-evil, joy-fear, peace-struggle, knowledge-ignorance, wave-particle, subject-object, energy-matter, power-laughter, light-darkness, ad infinitum. Yin-yang makes the world dance.

Human progress has been and will always be … perfectly zero. The more knowledge universities accumulate, the more possibilities there are for ignorance, for being mesmerised by their structured categories, ideas and theories instead of looking at a situation as an intelligent organism. The more comfort and security is made by a generation with memories of hard or dangerous times, the more their children will be rebellious and look for thrills. The more toys technology spits out the more nervous boredom we have. The more entertaining our living in videoland is, the more our bodies know it's flat, lifeless and unreal. America's historical mission is to prove that you can't make the world better.

We need not pity or envy any being in the universe, past or future. The newly hatched turtle with the strength of his body and instincts racing happily across the sand towards the sea only to be killed and eaten by a seagull is no less fortunate than the life of a Nobel prize winner whose hard work to get it drove his wife crazy and made her divorce him. Both lives have their share of happiness and suffering and repeat themselves continuously for eternity. I'm not sure which life is more boring.

"No progress? Effort will not make the world better or happier or more just? We might as well do nothing." Go ahead, do nothing … … until you get bored and your body tells you to do something exciting and forget about the idea of yin-yang. Doing only nothing is just another impossible attempt to get out of the flow of yin-yang. The universe is laughing.

Will the Thought of Eternal Recurrence Bring You or Humanity to a Higher Level?

No. With Nietzsche (Ecce Homo, Preface, Section 2), I don't believe in "ideals" which bring us to any "higher level". Effort towards an ideal is a comic activity. There is no hierarchy of levels of happiness-suffering, only near-infinite colors of happiness-suffering. Your spirit, which changes you effortlessly, will determine if and how the thought of eternal recurrence will affect you.

There are higher types of human beings, the non-neurotic types, but they appear by uncontrollable fate, not choice and effort. In fact, ideal, choice and effort together are the symptoms of neurosis.

Nietzsche's hints at eugenics were a major blunder. Humans are just too stupid to use eugenics to create a higher species. Following their "ideals", they would probably sterilize everyone with an SAT math score lower than 700, not realizing that concept manipulation is one of the most useless forms of intelligence. They would slice out the "gene for aggression" so we would be all peaceful and cooperative and orderly and dull. "Making the world better" is full of laughs.

No Ideals? Does This Mean We Value Nothing?

We constantly bring value into the world, every moment, by every act or non-act we make. Life is a dance of giving value. Placing value is the joy of life, is life itself. But this happens only on a local, immediate level, in awareness-space, never on fantasies called eternal "values", "ideas" and "ideals". When someone speaks up at a political or religious meeting, it is to stimulate or hearten those real people at that meeting. Most of the time he does it with fantasies of one kind or another, but it's the excitement in those bodies which produces his own excitement. The fact that the magic of ideals come and go, that we argue over them, that different cultures and sub-cultures have opposite ideals, shows they are not "eternal" and never will be. There is forever a dance between belief and non-belief and there's no way of not dancing. The eternal "will to laughter" is shinning through.

Equal Happiness-Suffering for All? Couldn't This Be Used by Oppressors to Justify Oppression?

Yes. But they'd have to hide the philosophy from the oppressed. "Riding your spirit" could include a powerful, sustained dose of rebellion.

What is the Compensating Yin-Yang Partner of the Misery of Dying?

The completion of dying is immediately followed by that magnificent surge of life, joy and power which is the embryo-baby-child.

Loved Ones

All my life I have loved periods and moments of sadness. It seemed to me to be a noble emotion, both hurtful and sweet. However, I'm not quite sure where it fits in the belief of eternal personal recurrence … because … you never really say "goodbye" to your loved ones, you say, "see you in 30 years" or just "see you soon".

Perhaps animals are right. They never cry. Their periods of mourning seem very short or not there at all.

Waking Up to Your Children

Morals are silly and poisonous. You will not "save" your children in any way. Your "responsibilities" to them are physical protection (food and basic shelter), making their childhood childlike (90% of which is leaving them alone) and enjoying their company as much as your spirit can (since you will be spending eternity with them). Until the rest of your neighbors and fellow citizens give up their religious and/or self-realization moral crusades (which may be never) you'll also have to gently protect them from your neighbors.

Social and moral pretensions dissolve and you are left watching these wonder-ous, miraculous beings. If there is an ounce of play left in your spirit you can interact with these play-teachers and you're in the best heaven that life can give.

Eternal Recurrence Gives You Courage.

The life you live continues uninterrupted for eternity, repeating itself. Knowing this, a long life does not seem so important as it used to be. Your body naturally strives for a full and fruitful life. However the higher spirit of your body knows that whether you live 40 or 80 or 20 or even 5 years, it is not too important. You can take risks.

Becoming a Spiritual Adventurer

Awareness is the world's mystical experience. Give the world a thrill. Become a spiritual adventurer.

All the wasted energy of trying to make believe you continue after death evaporates. The world appears. Adventures can begin. Of course your world contains numerous people who will not like anyone exposing, mocking or even ignoring their social fantasies. You still play the social games - only they're not important anymore. Those close to you, family and friends, probably won't understand. It doesn't matter. They are more real and more lovely to look at than ever. You respond as you always have, but without the fear, without the edge. Laughter is always very close … but unseen.

Urges to preach "The New Awareness" to yourself or others give you a hearty laugh. It is as self-contradictory as a Zen koan.

Nietzsche's "love of fate", "that one wants nothing to be different, not forward, not backward, not in all eternity" becomes more real to you.

There's no one to save, no one to bring to self-realization, no one even to awaken. Either you're destined to have the thought of eternal recurrence hit you or you're not.

What kind of adventures will you have? No one can tell you. It's in your spirit and only you can ride your spirit.

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