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THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA
A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE

THE WORKS OF FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

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A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE
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LONDON
T. FISHER UNWIN

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THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

A BOOK FOR ALL AND NONE

BY

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER TILLE

T. FISHER UNWIN

LONDON
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INTRODUCTION

AT various periods of his life Nietzsche designated different written and unwritten books of his as his "principal work." The composition of some of them never advanced very far, and whilst in the midst of his "Transvaluation of all Values," the First Part of which is the "Antichrist," he was for ever disabled by an incurable disease. If one has a right to speak of the principal work of a mental life that never reached its goal, but was suddenly crippled in mid career, the strange fact appears, that Nietzsche's masterpiece is not one of his purely philosophical books, but a work, half philosophy, half fiction; half an ethical sermon, half a story; a book serio-jocular and scientifico-fantastical; historico-satirical, and realistico-idealistic; a novel embracing worlds and ages and, at the same time, expressing a pure essence of Nietzsche,—his astounding prose-poem *Thus Spake Zarathustra*.

Thus Spake Zarathustra is without doubt the strangest product of modern German literature; and that says a good deal. If it is to be compared with other works of World Literature, perhaps it is nearest the Three Baskets of Buddhism, the Tripitaka. It has the same elevated prose style as that sacred book of the East in narrating a comparatively simple story, full of parables and sayings of wisdom; it has the same solemn, long

drawn out method of relating; it has the same fantastic way of looking at the world and life; whilst in the idea of eternal recurrence called by Nietzsche the genuine Zarathustra thought, it rather approaches Brahmanism than Buddhism. In similar respects the Gospels may be said to have formed its model, not only in the way of telling the tale, but also in the tone and mode of transvaluing current ideas; in the division into small chapters and prose-verses; in the way of forming sentences; and in phrases and words; and this although the general drift of thought, more especially the ethical teaching, goes in a direction so different.

In English literature there are two books to which, by its allegorical basis and wealth of moral wisdom, Nietzsche's work shows a strong similarity, *viz.*, *Piers the Ploughman* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. Though separated by centuries, these two are, with comparatively slight modifications, traversed by the same stream of thought, which is well known to be the essence of the grand system of medieval theology and religion. The author of *Piers the Ploughman* was, in numerous respects, ahead of his time, while the plain man John Bunyan had scarcely shared the intellectual advancement of the century and a half preceding the date of his death. While the Tripitaka and the Gospels deal with historical personages, the Ploughman and the Pilgrim are not at all historical, although resembling Sakyamuni Buddha and the Christ of the Gospels in one respect: in each case the biography presents its hero as a moral ideal. Yet the Ploughman and the Pilgrim are true in another sense: they represent, after a sort, ideal aspirations of two ages, and show us more clearly than any learned treatise could do what in these ages was regarded as highest and worthiest of human effort, by men who had

turned away from life, and sought for satisfaction in their own consciousness.

In German literature, leaving out of account the old Gospel-Harmonies, which are not works of original fiction in the proper sense, the germs of much that is in Zarathustra may be traced distinctly enough. For example, Rückert's *Wisdom of the Brahman* has many suggestions of Nietzsche's book, the third part of which has been strongly influenced by it. The whole orientalising and didactic poetry of the nineteenth century in Germany is inspired by Goethe's *Western-Eastern-Divan*, and although Nietzsche's work does not show that influence to the same extent as A. W. Schlegel, Rückert, Platen, Bodenstedt and Count Schack, yet it is historically in more than one respect connected with that literary school.

The work takes its title from the mythological founder or reformer of the Avestic religion, *Zarathustra*, whose name, in its Greek mutilated form, *Zoroaster*, is familiar to British readers. As the *Antichrist* shows, Nietzsche had made some studies in Oriental religious literature, which Professor Max Müller's *Sacred Books of the East* had brought within the reach of educated Europe. Yet he either neglected Persian religious tradition or purposely in his prose-poem made no use of any knowledge he possessed in that field. Though attracted by the solemn sound of the name, which in a high degree pleased his musical ear, he declined to describe the life of his hero after the model of the Gâthas, which, according to Professor Darmesteter, form the oldest part of the Avesta, though belonging, in their present form at least, to no earlier date than the first century of our era. Nietzsche's Zarathustra is neither of the family of Spitama, nor is he the husband of Frahaoshtra's daughter

Huogvî, nor yet the father-in-law of Jâmâspa, who had married Pourusishta, Zarathustra's daughter ; but he has been disentangled from the whole mythological circle of which the Zarathustra of Persian sacred tradition is part. He is a solitary man, he has no relations, not even a sister. But, like Buddha, Christ, and old Zarathustra, he has a few disciples. Of a miraculous birth of his we learn nothing in Nietzsche's poem. No ray of the Divine Majesty descends into the womb of Dughdo; no Frohar or genius of Zarathustra is enclosed in a Homa plant,[1] in order to be absorbed at a sacrifice by Paurushaspa, from whose union with Dughdo old Zarathustra was born according to the later prose literature of the Avesta; no dangers are escaped by him till he is thirty years of age, although Nietzsche's Zarathustra begins to teach people at the same date, when his old model began his conversations with Ahura and received from him his revelations; nothing is said about him having had only one disciple for ten years and having then converted two sons of Hogva, till at last king Vishtâspa himself was gained over to Zarathustra's religion by his queen Hutaosa. The modern Zarathustra is neither killed in the battle nor has he any sons who might carry on his work after his death. He stands quite alone, his only permanent companions being two animals, an eagle and a serpent. He is neither an historical nor a mythical person, but a "ghost," as Nietzsche would have called him, a type existing nowhere, and yet the incorporation of wishes and aspirations; an ideal reflected in a human image; a man as man should be in Nietzsche's opinion, and as he would have liked to be himself.

[1] Max Müller's Chips from a German Workshop. Vol. I. 1894. p. 474 ff.

Under these circumstances it is but natural that in Nietzsche's Zarathustra there should be a strong personal element; that he should be part of Nietzsche himself. He has his creator's love for loneliness and wild rocky mountains; his love for the sea and its wonders; his love for a simple life almost in poverty; like him he is an eager wanderer; he has his extreme individualism; and a hundred great and small events in his story are reflections of small and great occurrences in Nietzsche's own life. Yet, as Nietzsche has not even made an attempt in his prose-poem to represent modern life and its outward appearances, all these things are veiled under allegorical and typical persons, things and incidents, so that, *e.g.*, Richard Wagner plays the part of an evil wizard, and a modern specialist wears the mask of the Conscientious one of the Spirit, one who knows only the brain of the leech, but that thoroughly. And as Nietzsche's early writings failed to appeal to the public, and his picturesque style was later on imitated and distorted by inferior writers, Zarathustra's speech is beaten by a rope-dancer's performance, and when approaching the great city, he meets the Raging Fool who regards himself as the image of his teacher and is anxious to keep the public of the great city for himself.

The scene of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is laid, as it were, outside of time and space, and certainly outside of countries and nations, outside of this age, and outside of the main condition of all that lives—the struggle for existence. Zarathustra has not to work for his bread, but has got it without effort. His eagle and his serpent provide him with all he needs, and whenever they are not with him, he finds men who supply him. Thus there is something of the miraculous in his story, and the personification of lifeless objects and the gift of

speech conferred upon them are frequently made use of. True, in his story there appear cities and mobs, kings and scholars, poets and cripples; but outside of their realm there is a province which is Zarathustra's own, where he lives in his cave amid the rocks, and whence he thrice goes to men to teach them his wisdom pointing away from all that unites and separates men at present. This Nowhere and Nowhen, over which Nietzsche's imagination is supreme, is a province of boundless individualism, in which a man of mark has free play, unfettered by the tastes and inclinations of the multitude.

What far more than style or story separates *Thus Spake Zarathustra* from the Tripitaka and the Gospels, from Piers and the Pilgrim, is the creed contained in it. *Thus Spake Zarathustra* is a kind of summary of the intellectual life of the nineteenth century, and it is on this fact that its principal significance rests. It unites in itself a number of mental movements which, in literature as well as in various sciences, have made themselves felt separately during the last hundred years, without going far beyond them. By bringing them into contact, although not always into uncontradictory relation, Nietzsche transfers them from mere existence in philosophy, or scientific literature in general, into the sphere of the creed or *Weltanschauung* of the educated classes, and thus his book becomes capable of influencing the views and strivings of a whole age. His immense rhetorical power and rhapsodic gift give them a stress they scarcely possessed before. His enthusiasm and energy of thought animate them, and his lyrical talent transforms them into "true poetry" for the believers in them. He makes the freest use of traditional wisdom, of proverbs and sayings of poëts and philoso-

phers that can easily be traced to their original source, partly by repeating them but slightly altered, partly by transforming them considerably, partly by turning them into their contrary, or even into more than that, by giving them a new point altogether, while keeping nine tenths of their old form. And this close connection with the wisdom of the century gives a person who is well read in the German literature of the present century quite a peculiar pleasure in reading the book. It is almost inconceivable that Nietzsche should have gone through the amount of reading which would be necessary to gather all these things from the places in which individual minds had placed them for the first time. A great number of them indeed belong to the treasury of quotations familiar to literary men. But even in explaining the knowledge of many of the others a large part will have to be ascribed to oral communication from persons who were probably no longer conscious of the fact that they uttered the sayings of others.

However peculiar a book *Thus Spake Zarathustra* be, it stands neither in its form nor in its tendencies quite isolated in modern German literature. A similar aim is pursued by the whole *Weltanschauungsroman*, which since the early seventies of this century has partly taken an historical turn, and has by preference dealt with subjects from periods of history which show the like struggle about religious belief as the present time. Books like Felix Dahn's prose-poem *Odhin's Trost* (1880) are very much like Zarathustra in style, form and general drift of thought, only that much more stress in laid on the story and their purpose is not mainly philosophico-didactic. The philosophy of the Gods and warriors appearing in Dahn's novel, differs little from Zarathustra's wisdom except as regards the extreme individualism of

the latter. The lake-dwelling story in *Auch Einer* by Friedrich Theodor Vischer (1879) shows the same element of travesty as prevails in Zarathustra, and the religious examination of the lake-dwellers' children is based on exactly the same feelings and the same criticism as the Ass-Festival in Nietzsche's book. The tendency of modern German lyrics to prefer free rhythms to rhymed verses based on a regular change of accented and unaccented syllables, spreads far beyond Zarathustra, in which it is mixed with some elements of ancient Greek hymnology. Most of these books, especially those by Dahn, show in some respects a very advanced state of thought, whilst in others they delight in submitting to old fancies and antiquated prejudices. In the same way Zarathustra mixes with the highest knowledge of our time bold and unreasonable speculations like the idea of eternal recurrence, according to which all that is has been infinite times before in exactly the same way, and will recur infinitely in future, and Zarathustra boasts to be the first to teach this grand illusion. Indeed at another place he carries his individualism so far as to counsel people to kill themselves at the right time, in order not to become superfluous on earth.

Among the numerous intellectual currents which gather in the channel of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* in order to be conveyed to the ocean of general cultured, and subsequently popular, opinion, three take a prominent place, the individualistic, the free religious, and the evolutional utilitarian movements, the springs of all of which go back to last century. These currents are neither the only ones that flow through Nietzsche's book, nor do they appear clearly separated from other minor tendencies. The first and the third are in more than one respect in opposite directions to each other,

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The competition of nations for the surface of the earth is neglected by him entirely, and his few speculations about a further evolution of larger groups of individuals suffer seriously from his apathy towards everything called social. He deals with men almost exclusively as individuals, and has beautiful words on man's moral self-education, on friendship and on love, but none for labour and its reward. For him the struggle for existence is not the source of all power and efficiency His ideal is the lonely philosopher, the creator, as he calls him; and in what he demands from man in this respect he has scarcely been surpassed.

When, about the middle of last century, Lessing and Reimarus had considerably shaken the position of theoretical church doctrines, it did not take long, till, under the influence of the French encyclopaedists, attempts were made to replace them by altogether different concepts. Wieland's philosophical novels and part of Goethe's prose writings led the way. Then in the nineteenth century a whole literature bearing on the subject arose. Ludwig Feuerbach, Karl Gutzkow, Heinrich Heine, David Strauss, F. Th. Vischer, Eduard von Hartmann and Felix Dahn are its principal representatives. And Ludwig Feuerbach has given this free religious movement a motto by the saying: "God was my first, Reason my second, and Man my third and last thought. Man alone is and must be our God. No salvation outside of Man." The same idea which made James Cotter Morrison, writing on the decrease of religious influence and the increase of morality, title his book: *Service of Man*, in opposition to the Service of God preached by the churches all over the world, is at the root of that German movement, the most prominent representative of which in modern Germany is

Friedrich Nietzsche. His Zarathustra deals with the latest phases of the belief in God. In many respects he adopts the same attitude as Heinrich Heine, but his criticism of Christianity is most akin to that of perhaps the freest spirit of modern Germany, Karl Gutzkow, whose footsteps he follows.

The connection between natural science and literature has always, in Germany as elsewhere, been very loose. True, Albrecht von Haller made some attempts to bring them into contact, and Goethe tried to attain the same end in his *Wahlverwandtschaften* and in other writings: up to the present time the world has no literature which has taken into itself even the most important knowledge which natural science regards as definitively fixed; and the literary historian who would take up as his subject a history of the conversations on Darwinism occurring in modern novels, would produce a most astounding book that could not fail to make any scientist laugh in his most melancholy hours. Yet there are certain parallel developments in literature and science which by no means lack significance: and the history of modern evolutional utilitarianism in Ethics is perhaps the most astonishing among them. If it was the last goal of medieval ethical speculation to find the way to heaven by fulfilling the commandments of God, another goal was, after the sixteenth century, set up—the goal of so-called eudæmonistic utilitarianism. It was to be reached by furtherance of the happiness of one's fellow-men. But before it was, in this century, called by Bentham the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number, or the maximisation of happiness, it had, in German philosophy and literature been superseded by another goal, which is usually called the goal of Perfectionism. Under the influence of

Greek antiquity it had become the aim of the educated man to work out his own perfection in every respect. Leibnitz is the most important representative of that school, which, in the course of the eighteenth century, borrowed a whole phraseology from the world of art. It was Goethe who, after the model of the French phrases *former le coeur* and *former l'esprit*, coined the new word *Bildung* which later on became identical partly with culture and partly with education. He is probably the most pronounced perfectionist who has ever lived. Early in his youth he called his Faust a Beyond-Man, an *Uebermensch*. His aim it was to make his own life a great work of art. And yet in *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahren* he stands at the threshold of a new phase in the evolution of individual perfectionism, of the phase of racial perfectionism. This phase was opened by Prince Pückler-Muskau who was the first to lay before his contemporaries the idea of leading the human race to a higher perfection by means of artificial selection, after the model of the breeder of animals and the father of Frederic the Great, who is said to have married by preference his tallest grenadiers to tall ladies in order to beget a still taller off-spring. Prince Pückler-Muskau, however, was scarcely taken seriously, and even when Wilhelm Jordan took up the idea in his *Demiurgos* of 1854 and Radenhausen in his book *Isis, Man and World*, scarcely anybody thought of its far-reaching importance. It was only after Darwin had in his *Origin of Species* of 1859 placed the whole idea of evolution on a scientific basis, that the same poet Wilhelm Jordan could celebrate in his epos *Die Nibelunge* the higher bodily and intellectual development of the human race as the great goal of humanity, and the centre of ethical obligations. He connected it with

patriarchal matrimonial institutions, and made it the point of view from which his heroes select wives for their sons. Although clearly pronounced in at least twenty passages of that epic, it failed to attract public sympathy for a considerable time, and only after Nietzsche, (who follows Jordan closely in all details) had taken up the idea and made it almost the leading motive of his Zarathustra, did it impress itself upon large circles of the educated youth. And it is Nietzsche's undeniable merit to have led this new moral ideal to a complete victory, so that from his writings it rapidly spread over German lyrics and epic poetry.

Nietzsche himself tells us that the fundamental idea of his Zarathustra originated in August 1881 in the Engadine. The composition of the work extended over about two years. The First Part was written in January and February 1883 near Genoa; the Second Part in Sils Maria in June and July of the same year; the Third Part in the following winter at Nice, and the Fourth Part from November 1884 till February 1885 at Mentone. The Fourth Part, which was then not intended to be the last, but rather an Interlude of the whole poem, was never published by Nietzsche, but merely printed for private circulation among a few friends. It was not publicly issued till after the outbreak of Nietzsche's illness, in March 1892, so that the whole of Zarathustra, containing all four parts, appeared no earlier than July 1892, since which time it has gone through several editions.

The aim of the present translation has been to give the meaning of the German text as exactly as could be done. Where several interpretations of words or sentences were possible, as is rather frequently the case, that interpretation was chosen which seemed to agree

best with the context, although the decision of this question is in many cases quite arbitrary. For the few facts regarding the composition of *Thus Spake Zarathustra* the Editor is obliged to Dr. Fritz Koegel's *Nachbericht* to Vol. vi. of the German edition.

ALEXANDER TILLE.

THE FIRST PART

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HAVING attained the age of thirty, Zarathustra left his home and the lake of his home and went into the mountains. There he rejoiced in his spirit and his loneliness and, for ten years, did not grow weary of it. But at last his heart turned,—one morning he got up with the dawn, stepped into the presence of the Sun, and thus spake unto him:

"Thou great star! What would be thy happiness, were it not for those for whom thou shinest.

For ten years thou hast come up here to my cave. Thou wouldst have got sick of thy light and thy journey but for me, mine eagle, and my serpent.

But we waited for thee every morning and, receiving from thee thine abundance, blessed thee for it.

Lo! I am weary of my wisdom, like the bee that hath collected too much honey; I need hands reaching out for it.

I would fain grant and distribute until the wise among men could once more enjoy their folly, and the poor once more their riches.

For that end I must descend to the depth: as thou dost at even, when, sinking behind the sea, thou givest light to the lower regions, thou resplendent star!

I must, like thee, go down, as men say—men to whom I would descend.

Then bless me, thou impassive eye that canst look without envy even upon over-much happiness.

Bless the cup which is about to overflow so that the water golden-flowing out of it may carry everywhere the reflection of thy rapture.

Lo! This cup is about to empty itself again, and Zarathustra will once more become a man."

Thus Zarathustra's going down began.

2

Zarathustra stepped down the mountains alone and met with nobody. But when he reached the woods, suddenly there stood in front of him an old man who had left his hermitage to seek roots in the forest. And thus the old man spake unto Zarathustra:

"No stranger to me is the wanderer: many years ago he passed here. Zarathustra was his name; but he hath changed.

Then thou carriedst thine ashes to the mountains: wilt thou to-day carry thy fire to the valleys? Dost thou not fear the incendiary's doom?

Yea, I know Zarathustra again. Pure is his eye, nor doth any loathsomeness lurk about his mouth. Doth he not skip along like a dancer?

Changed is Zarathustra, a child Zarathustra became, awake is Zarathustra: what art thou going to do among those who sleep?

As in the sea thou livedst in loneliness, and wert borne by the sea. Alas! art thou now going to walk

on the land? Alas! art thou going to drag thy body thyself?"

Zarathustra answered: "I love men."

"Why," said the saint, "did I go to the forest and desert? Was it not because I loved men greatly over-much?

Now I love God: men I love not. Man is a thing far too imperfect for me. Love of men would kill me."

Zarathustra answered: "What did I say of love! I am bringing gifts to men."

"Do not give them anything," said the saint. "Rather take something from them and bear their burden along with them—that will serve them best: if it only serve thyself well!

And if thou art going to give them aught, give them no more than an alms, and let them beg even for that."

"No," said Zarathustra, "I do not give alms. I am not poor enough for that."

The saint laughed at Zarathustra and spake thus: "Then see to it that they accept thy treasures! They are suspicious of hermits and do not believe that we are coming in order to give.

In their ears our steps sound too lonely through the streets. And just when during the night in their beds they hear a man going long before sunrise they sometimes ask: whither goeth that thief?

Go not to men, but tarry in the forest! Rather go to the animals! Why wilt thou not be like me, a bear among bears, a bird among birds?"

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

The saint answered: "I make songs, and sing them, and making songs I laugh, cry and hum: I praise God thus.

With singing, crying, laughing, and humming I praise that God who is my God. But what gift bringest thou to us?"

Having heard these words Zarathustra bowed to the saint and said: "What could I give to you! But let me off quickly, lest I take aught from you."— And thus they parted from each other, the old man and the man like two boys laughing.

When Zarathustra was alone, however, he spake thus unto his heart: "Can it actually be possible! This old saint in his forest hath not yet heard aught of *God being dead!*"—

3

Arriving at the next town which lieth nigh the forests, Zarathustra found there many folk gathered in the market: for a performance had been promised by a rope-dancer. And Zarathustra thus spake unto the folk:

"*I teach you beyond-man.* Man is a something that shall be surpassed. What have ye done to surpass him?

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves: and are ye going to be the ebb of this great tide and rather revert to the animal than surpass man?

What with man is the ape? A joke or a sore shame. Man shall be the same for beyond-man, a joke or a sore shame.

Ye have made your way from worm to man, and much within you is still worm. Once ye were apes, even now man is ape in a higher degree than any ape.

He who is the wisest among you is but a discord and hybrid of plant and ghost. But do I order you to become ghosts or plants?

Behold, I teach you beyond-man!

Beyond-man is the significance of earth. Your will shall say: beyond-man shall be the significance of earth.

I conjure you, my brethren, *remain faithful to earth* and do not believe those who speak unto you of superterrestrial hopes! Poisoners they are whether they know it or not.

Despisers of life they are, decaying and themselves poisoned, of whom earth is weary: begone with them!

Once the offence against God was the greatest offence, but God died, so that these offenders died also. Now the most terrible of things is to offend earth and rate the intestines of the inscrutable one higher than the significance of earth!

Once soul looked contemptuously upon body; that contempt then being the highest ideal:—soul wished the body meagre, hideous, starved. Thus soul thought it could escape body and earth.

Oh! that soul was itself meagre, hideous, starved: cruelty was the lust of that soul!

But ye also, my brethren, speak: what telleth your body of your soul? Is your soul not poverty and dirt and a miserable ease?

Verily, a muddy stream is man. One must be a sea to be able to receive a muddy stream without becoming unclean.

Behold, I teach you beyond-man: he is that sea, in him your great contempt can sink.

What is the greatest thing ye can experience? That is the hour of great contempt. The hour in which not only your happiness, but your reason and virtue as well turn loathsome.

The hour in which ye say: 'What is my happiness worth! It is poverty and dirt and a miserable ease. But my happiness should itself justify existence!'

The hour in which ye say: 'What is my reason worth! Longeth it for knowledge as a lion for its food? It is poverty and dirt and a miserable ease.'

The hour in which ye say: 'What is my virtue worth! It hath not yet lashed me into rage. How tired I am of my good and mine evil! All that is poverty and dirt and miserable ease!'

The hour in which ye say: 'What is my justice worth! I do not see that I am flame and fuel. But the just one is flame and fuel!'

The hour in which ye say: 'What is my pity worth! Is pity not the cross to which he is being nailed who loveth men? But my pity is no crucifixion.'

Spake ye ever like that? Cried ye ever like that? Alas! would that I had heard you cry like that!

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themselves to earth in order that earth may someday become beyond-man's.

I love him who liveth to perceive, and who is longing for perception in order that some day beyond-man may live. And thus he willeth his own destruction.

I love him who worketh and inventeth to build a house for beyond-man and make ready for him earth, animal, and plant; for thus he willeth his own destruction.

I love him who loveth his virtue: for virtue is will to destruction and an arrow of longing.

I love him who keepeth no drop of spirit for himself, but willeth to be entirely the spirit of his virtue: thus as a spirit crosseth he the bridge.

I love him who maketh his virtue his inclination and his fate: thus for the sake of his virtue he willeth to live longer and live no more.

I love him who yearneth not after too many virtues. One virtue is more than two because it is so much the more a knot on which to hang fate.

I love him whose soul wasteth itself, who neither wanteth thanks nor returneth aught: for he always giveth and seeketh nothing to keep of himself.

I love him who is ashamed when the dice are thrown in his favour and who then asketh: am I a cheat in playing?—for he desireth to perish.

I love him who streweth golden words before his deeds and performeth still more than his promise: for he seeketh his own destruction.

I love him who justifieth the future ones and saveth

the past ones: for he seeketh to perish on account of the present ones.

I love him who chastiseth his God because he loveth his God: for he must perish on account of the wrath of his God.

I love him whose soul is deep even when wounded and who can perish even on account of a small affair: for he gladly crosseth the bridge.

I love him whose soul is over-full so that he forgetteth himself and all things are within him: thus all things become his destruction.

I love him who is of a free spirit and of a free heart: thus his head is merely the intestine of his heart, but his heart driveth him to destruction.

I love all those who are like heavy drops falling one by one from the dark cloud lowering over men: they announce the coming of the lightning and perish in the announcing.

Behold, I am an announcer of the lightning and a heavy drop from the clouds: that lightning's name is *beyond-man*."

5

Having spoken these words Zarathustra again looked at the folk and was silent. "There they are standing," he said unto his heart, "there they are laughing: they do not understand me, I am not the mouth for these ears.

Must they needs have their ears beaten to pieces before they will learn to hear with their eyes? Must one rattle like a kettledrum and a fast-day preacher? Or do they only believe stammerers?

They have got something to be proud of. How name they what maketh them proud? Education they name it; it distinguishes them from the goat-herds.

Wherefore they like not to hear the word contempt used of themselves. Thus I am going to speak unto their pride.

Thus I am going to speak unto them of the most contemptible: that is of the *last man*."

And thus Zarathustra spake unto the folk:

"It is time for man to mark out his goal. It is time for man to plant the germ of his highest hope.

His soil is still rich enough for that purpose. But one day that soil will be impoverished and tame, no high tree being any longer able to grow from it.

Alas! the time cometh when man will no longer throw the arrow of his longing beyond man and the string of his bow will have lost the cunning to whizz!

I tell you: one must have chaos within to enable one to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: ye have still got chaos within.

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

Behold! I show you the *last man*.

'What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is star?'—Thus the last man asketh, blinking.

Then earth will have become small, and on it the last man will be hopping who maketh everything small.

His kind is indestructible like the ground-flea; the last man liveth longest.

'We have invented happiness,'—the last men say, blinking.

They have left the regions where it was hard to live, for one must have warmth. One still loveth his neighbour and rubbeth one's self on him; for warmth one must have.

To turn sick and to have suspicion are regarded as sinful. They walk wearily. A fool he who still stumbleth over stones or men.

A little poison now and then: that causeth pleasant dreams. And much poison at last for an easy death.

They still work, for work is an entertainment. But they are careful, lest the entertainment exhaust them.

They no longer grow poor and rich; it is too troublesome to do either. No herdsman and one flock! Each willeth the same, each is equal: he who feeleth otherwise voluntarily goeth into a lunatic asylum.

'Once all the world was lunatic'—the most refined say, blinking.

One is clever and knoweth whatever has happened, so that there is no end of mocking. They still quarrel, but they are soon reconciled—otherwise the stomach would turn.

One hath one's little lust for the day and one's little lust for the night: but one honoureth health.

'We have invented happiness,' the last men say, blinking."

And here ended Zarathustra's first speech which is

also called "the introductory speech": for in that moment the shouting and merriment of the folk interrupted him. "Give us that last man, o Zarathustra"—thus they bawled—"make us that last man! We gladly renounce beyond-man!" And all the folk cheered smacking with the tongue. But Zarathustra sadly said unto his heart:

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

I suppose I lived too long in the mountains, listening too much to brooks and trees: now for them my speech is like that of goat-herds.

Unmoved is my soul and bright like the mountains in the morning. But they deem me cold and a mocker with terrible jokes.

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

6

Then a thing happened which silenced every mouth and fixed every eye. For in the meantime the rope-dancer had begun his performance: he had stepped out of the little door and walked along the rope that was stretched between two towers so that it hung over the market and the folk. When he was just midway the little door opened again and a gay-coloured fellow like a clown jumped out and walked with quick steps after the first. "Go on, lame-leg," his terrible voice shouted, "go on, slow-step, smuggler, pale-face! That I may not tickle thee with my heel! What dost thou here between towers? Thy place is in the tower.

Thou shouldst be imprisoned. Thou barrest the free course to one who is better than thou art!"—And with each word the clown drew nearer and nearer: but when he was just one step behind, the terrible thing happened which silenced every mouth and fixed every eye: uttering a cry like a devil, he jumped over him who was in his way. The latter seeing his rival conquer, lost his head and the rope; throwing down his stick he shot down quicker than it, like a whirl of arms and legs. The market and the folk were as the sea when the storm rusheth over it: everybody fled tumbling one over the other, and most there where the body was to strike the ground.

Zarathustra remained standing there, and the body fell down just beside him, badly disfigured and broken, but not dead. After a while, the consciousness of the fallen one coming back, he saw Zarathustra kneel beside him. "What art thou doing there?" he asked at last, "I knew it long ago that the devil would play me a trick. Now he draggeth me unto hell: art thou going to hinder him?"

"On my honour, friend," Zarathustra answered, "what thou speakest of doth not exist: there is no devil nor hell. Thy soul will be dead even sooner than thy body: henceforward fear nothing."

The man looked up suspiciously: "If thou speakest truth," he said, "losing my life I lose nothing. Then I am not much more than an animal which by means of blows and tit-bits hath been taught to dance."

"Not so," Zarathustra said; "thou hast made danger thy calling, there is nothing contemptible in that. Now

thou diest of thy calling: therefore shall I bury thee with mine own hands."

Zarathustra having said thus the dying one made no answer, but moved his hand as though he sought Zarathustra's to thank him.

7

Meanwhile the evening fell, and the market was hidden in darkness: the folk dispersed, for even curiosity and terror grow tired. Zarathustra, however, sat beside the dead man on the ground, absorbed in thought, forgetting the time. But at last it was night, and a cold wind blew over the lonely one. Then Zarathustra rising said unto his heart:

"Verily, a fine fishing was Zarathustra's to-day! It was not a man he caught, but a corpse.

Haunted is human life and yet meaningless: a buffoon may be fatal to it.

I am going to teach men their life's significance: which is beyond-man, the lightning from the dark cloud of man.

But still I am remote from them, my sense speaketh not to their sense. For men I am still a cross between a fool and a corpse.

Dark is the night, dark are Zarathustra's ways. Come on, thou cold and stiff companion! I carry thee to the place where I shall bury thee with my hands."

8

Having said thus unto his heart Zarathustra took the corpse on his back and started on his way. When

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"Hunger surpriseth me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. Amid forests and swamps in the depth of the night my hunger surpriseth me.

My hunger hath odd fancies. Frequently it appeareth only after dinner, and to-day it did not appear all day: where was it?"

And then Zarathustra knocked at the door of the house. Very soon an old man came carrying a candle and asking: "Who cometh to me and mine evil sleep?"

"A living and a dead one," replied Zarathustra. "Give me to eat and to drink, I forgot it in the daytime. He who feedeth the hungry refresheth his own soul; thus saith wisdom."

The old man having gone off returned immediately, offering Zarathustra bread and wine. "This is a bad quarter for hungry people," said he; "that is why I am staying here. Animal and man come to me, the hermit. But ask also thy companion to eat and drink; he is much more tired than thou art." Zarathustra answered: "Dead is my companion; I shall scarcely persuade him to do so." "That is no reason with me," said the old man crossly; "he who knocketh at my house must take whatever I offer him. Eat and farewell!"

Then Zarathustra walked two more hours and trusted the road and the light of the stars; for he was accustomed to walk by night and liked to look into the face of all things asleep. But when the morning dawned, Zarathustra found himself in a deep forest with no road visible. Then he laid the dead

one in a hollow tree at his own head—for he wished to defend him from the wolves—and he laid himself down on the ground and moss. And at once he fell asleep, with his body tired, but with his soul unmoved.

9

Long slept Zarathustra, not only the dawn passing over his face, but the morning also. At last, however, his eye opened: astonished Zarathustra looked into the forest and the stillness, astonished he looked into himself. Then quickly rising, like a mariner who suddenly seeth land, he exulted: for he saw a new truth. And thus he then spake unto his heart:

"A light hath arisen for me: companions I need, and living ones,—not dead companions or corpses which I carry with me wherever I go.

But living companions I need who follow me because they wish to follow themselves—and to the place whither I wish to go.

A light hath arisen for me: Zarathustra is not to speak unto the folk, but unto companions! Zarathustra is not to be the herdsman and dog of a herd!

To entice many from the herd—that is why I have come. Folk and herd will be angry with me: a robber Zarathustra wisheth to be called by herdsmen.

Herdsmen I call them, but they call themselves the good and just. Herdsmen I call them, but they call themselves the faithful of the right belief.

Lo, the good and just! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh to pieces their tables of

values,—the breaker, the criminal:—but he is the creator.

Lo, the faithful of all beliefs! Whom do they hate most? Him who breaketh to pieces their tables of values,—the breaker, the criminal:—but he is the creator.

Companions the creator seeketh and not corpses, neither herds nor faithful men. Such as will be creators with him the creator seeketh, those who write new values on new tables.

Companions the creator seeketh, and such as will reap with him: for with him everything is ripe for harvest. But he lacketh the hundred sickles so that he teareth up the ears and is angry.

Companions the creator seeketh, and such as know how to wet their sickles. Destroyers they will be called and despisers of good and evil. But they are those who reap and cease from labour.

Such as will be creators with him Zarathustra seeketh, such as reap with him and cease from labour with him: what hath he to do with herds and herdsmen and corpses!

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

But I part from thee, the time is past. Between dawn and dawn a new truth hath revealed itself to me.

I am not to be a herdsman nor yet a grave-digger. I am not even to speak unto the folk again. I have spoken unto a dead one for the last time.

Those who are creators, who reap, who cease from labour I shall associate with. I shall show them the rainbow and all the degrees of beyond-man.

I shall sing my song unto the hermits and those who are hermits in pairs. And the heart of him who hath ears for unheard things I shall make heavy with my happiness.

Towards my goal I struggle, mine own way I go; I shall overleap those who hesitate and delay. Let my way be their destruction!"

10

Having said thus unto his heart, when the sun was at noon Zarathustra suddenly looked upwards wondering—for above himself he heard the sharp cry of a bird. And lo! an eagle swept through the air in wide circles, a serpent hanging from it not like a prey, but like a friend: coiling round its neck.

"They are mine animals" said Zarathustra and rejoiced heartily.

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

They wished to learn whether Zarathustra still liveth. Verily, do I still live?

More dangerous than among animals I found it among men. Dangerous ways are taken by Zarathustra. Let mine animals lead me!"

Having so said Zarathustra thought of the words of the saint in the forest and sighing he thus spake unto his heart:

"Would I were wiser! Would I were wise from the root like my serpent!

But I ask impossibilities. I ask my pride to be always the companion of my wisdom.

And when once my wisdom leaveth me: alas! it liketh to fly away! Would that my pride would then fly with my folly!"

Thus began Zarathustra's down-going.

ZARATHUSTRA'S SPEECHES

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Or is it: to step into dirty water, if it be the water of truth, and not drive away the cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it: to love those who despise us and to shake hands with the ghost when it is going to terrify us?

All these heaviest things are taken upon itself by the spirit that is able to bear the load; like the camel which when it is laden hasteth to the desert, the spirit hasteth to its own desert.

In the loneliest desert however cometh the second metamorphosis: there the spirit becometh a lion. Freedom it will take as its prey and be lord in its own desert.

There it seeketh its last lord: to him and its last God it seeketh to be a foe, with the great dragon it seeketh to contend for victory.

What is the great dragon which the spirit is no longer willing to call lord and God? 'Thou shalt' is the name of the great dragon. But the lion's spirit saith: 'I will.'

'Thou shalt' besets his way glittering with gold, a pangolin, on each scale there shineth golden 'Thou shalt.'

Values a thousand years old are shining on these scales, and thus saith the most powerful of all dragons: The value of all things—is shining on me.

All value hath been created, and all value created—that is I. Verily, there shall be no more 'I will.' Thus saith the dragon.

My brethren, wherefore is the lion in the spirit necessary? Wherefore doth the beast of burden that renounceth and is reverent not suffice?

To create new values—that even the lion is not able to do: but to create for itself freedom for new creating, for that the lion's power is enough.

To create for one's self freedom and a holy Nay even towards duty: therefore, my brethren, the lion is required.

To take for one's self the right to new values—that is the most terrible taking for a spirit able to bear the load and reverent. Indeed, for it a preying it is and the work of a beast of prey.

As its holiest it once loved 'Thou shalt:' now it must find illusion and arbitrariness even in the holiest, in order to prey for itself freedom from its love: the lion is required for that preying.

But tell me, my brethren, what can the child do which not even the lion could? Why must the preying lion become a child also?

The child is innocence and oblivion, a new starting, a play, a wheel rolling by itself, a prime motor, a holy asserting.

Ay, for the play of creating, my brethren, a holy asserting is wanted: it is its own will that the spirit now willeth, it is its own world that the recluse winneth for himself.

Three metamorphoses of the spirit I declare unto you: how the spirit becometh a camel, the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child."

Thus spake Zarathustra when he stayed in the town which is called: The Cow of Many Colours.

OF THE CHAIRS OF VIRTUE

SOME one praised a wise man to Zarathustra because he was said to speak well of sleep and virtue and therefore to be very much honoured and rewarded. All young men were said to sit before his chair. Zarathustra went to him and sat among all the young men before his chair. And thus spake the wise man:

"Honour and shame to sleep! That is the first thing. And to go out of the way of all who sleep badly and are awake in the night!

Even the thief is ashamed to disturb sleep: he always stealeth gently through the night. But shameless is the watchman of the night, shamelessly he weareth his horn.

Sleeping is no small art: for that purpose one needeth firstly to keep awake all day.

Ten times a day thou must conquer thyself: that giveth a wholesome weariness and is poppy for the soul.

Ten times thou must reconcile thyself with thyself: for resignation is bitterness and badly sleepeth he who is not reconciled.

Ten truths a day thou must find: else thou seekest

for truth even in the night, thy soul having remained hungry.

Ten times a day thou must laugh and be gay: else thy stomach disturbeth thee in the night, that father of affliction.

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

Shall I covet my neighbour's maid servant? All that would ill accord with good sleep.

And even if one hath all the virtues, one must know one more thing, to send unto sleep the virtues at the proper time.

In order that they may not quarrel, the pretty little women! And about thee, thou unhappy one!

Peace with God and thy neighbour: good sleep will have it so. And peace even with the neighbour's devil! Else it will haunt thee in the night.

Honour and obedience to the magistrates, and even to crooked magistrates! good sleep will have it so. Is it my fault that power liketh to walk on crooked legs?

He shall be called by me the best herdsman who leadeth his sheep unto the greenest meadow: that accordeth well with good sleep.

I do not want many honours nor great treasures: that inflameth the milt. But one sleepeth badly without a good name and a small treasure.

A small society is more welcome unto me than an evil one: it must however come and go at the proper time. That accordeth well with good sleep.

I am also well pleased with the poor in spirit: they

promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always yieldeth to them.

Thus the day passeth for the virtuous. When night cometh I take good care not to call sleep! It liketh not to be called: sleep which is the master of virtues!

But I think of what I did and thought during the day. Ruminating I ask myself, patient as a cow: what were thy ten resignations?

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

Whilst I am meditating thus and rocked by forty thoughts, suddenly sleep seizeth me: the uncalled one, the master of virtues.

Sleep knocking at mine eye, it getteth heavy. Sleep touching my mouth, it remaineth open.

Verily, on soft soles it approacheth me, the dearest of thieves, stealing my thoughts: stupid I stand like this chair.

But I do not stand long then: there I lie—"

Having heard the wise man speak thus, Zarathustra laughed in his heart: for a light had arisen for him in the meantime. And thus he spake unto his heart:

"A fool I consider that wise man there with his forty thoughts; but I believe that he well knoweth how to sleep.

Happy he who liveth near this wise man! Such a sleep is infectious, even through a thick wall it is infectious.

A charm liveth even in his chair. Nor did the youths sit in vain before the preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is: to wake in order to sleep well. And verily, if life had no significance, and had I to choose nonsense, this nonsense would seem to be the worthiest to be chosen for me as well.

Now I understand clearly, what once was sought for above all when teachers of virtue were sought. Good sleep was sought for and poppy-head-like virtues with it!

For all those belauded wise men of chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knowing no better significance of life.

Even to-day there are a few extant who are' like this preacher of virtues and not always so honest. But their time is past. And not much longer they stand: there they lie already.

Blessed are the sleepy: for they shall soon drop off."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF BACK-WORLDS-MEN

"ONCE Zarathustra threw his spell beyond man, like all back-worlds-men. Then the world seemed to me the work of a suffering and tortured God.

A dream then the world appeared to me, and a God's fiction; coloured smoke before the eyes of a godlike discontented one.

Good and evil, and pleasure and pain, and I and thou—coloured smoke it appeared to me before creative eyes. When the creator wished to look away from himself—he created the world.

For the sufferer it is an intoxicating joy to look away from his suffering and lose himself. An intoxicating joy and a losing of one's self the world once appeared to me.

This world, the ever imperfect, an image and an imperfect image of an eternal contradiction—an intoxicating joy to its imperfect creator:—thus this world once appeared to me.

Thus I threw my spell beyond man, like all back-worlds-men. Truly beyond man?

Alas! brethren, that God whom I created was man's work and man's madness, like all Gods!

Man he was, and but a poor piece of man and the I.

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Verily, difficult to be proved is all existence and difficult to be induced to speak. Tell me, brethren, hath not the oddest of all things been proved even best of all?

Ay, that I and the contradiction and confusion of the I speak most honestly of all existence, that creating, willing, valuing I which is the measure and the value of things.

And that most honest existence, that I which speaketh of the body and still willeth the body even when composing poetry and imagining and fluttering with broken wings.

Even more honestly it learneth to speak, that I: and the more it learneth, the more words and honours for body and earth it findeth.

A new pride I have been taught by mine I; and this I teach men: no more to put their head into the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely, an earth-head that giveth significance unto earth!

A new will I teach men: to will that way which man hath gone blindly and to call it good and no longer to shirk aside from it like the sickly and dying.

The sickly and dying folk despised body and earth and invented the heavenly and the redeeming blood-drops; but even those sweet and gloomy poisons were borrowed from body and earth!

They sought to escape from their misery, and the stars were too remote for them. Then they sighed: Would that there were heavenly ways by which to steal into another existence and happiness!—they in-

vented for themselves their byways and little bloody drinks!

And they professed to be beyond the reach of their body and this earth, the ungrateful ones. But to whom did they owe the convulsion and delight of their removal? To their body and this earth.

Kind unto the sick is Zarathustra. Verily, he is not angry at their ways of consolation and ingratitude. Would they were convalescent and conquering and creating a higher body for themselves!

Neither is Zarathustra angry with the convalescent one, if he looketh fondly back upon his illusion and at midnight stealeth round the grave of his God: but even his tears remain for me a disease and a sick body.

Many sick folk were always among the makers of poetry and the god-passionate; furiously they hate him who perceiveth and that youngest of virtues that is called honesty.

Backward they ever gaze into the dark times: then, of course, illusion and belief were something else. Intoxication of reason was likeness unto God, and doubt was sin.

Only too well I know those god-like ones: they wish to be believed in, and that doubt should be sin. Only too well I know, besides, what they themselves believe in most.

Verily, not in back-worlds and redeeming blood-drops: but even they believe most in body, and their own body for them is the thing in itself.

But a sickly thing it is for them: and fain they would leap out of their skin. Therefore they listen

unto the preachers of death and themselves preach back-worlds.

Rather listen, my brethren, unto the voice of the body that hath been restored unto health: it is a more honest and a purer voice.

More honestly and purely the healthy body speaketh, the perfect and rectangular: it speaketh of the significance of earth."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE DESPISERS OF BODY

"It is unto the despisers of body that I shall say my word. It is not to re-learn and re-teach what I wish them to do; I wish them to say farewell unto their own body—and be dumb.

'Body I am and soul'—thus the child speaketh. And why should one not speak like the children?

But he who is awake and knoweth saith: 'Body I am throughout, and nothing besides; and soul is merely a word for a something in body.'

Body is one great reason, a plurality with one sense, a war and a peace, a flock and a herdsman.

Also thy little reason, my brother, which thou callest 'spirit'—it is a tool of thy body, a little tool and toy of thy great reason.

'I' thou sayest and art proud of that word. But the greater thing is—which thou wilt not believe—thy body and its great reason. It doth not say 'I,' but it doth 'I.'

What the sense feeleth, what the spirit perceiveth hath never its end in itself. But sense and spirit would fain persuade thee, that they were the end of all things: so vain they are.

Tools and toys are sense and spirit: behind them

there lieth the self. The self also seeketh with the eyes of the senses, it also listeneth with the ears of the spirit.

The self ever listeneth and seeketh: it compareth, subdueth, conquereth, destroyeth. It ruleth and is the ruler of the 'I' as well.

Behind thy thoughts and feelings, my brother, standeth a mighty lord, an unknown wise man—whose name is self. In thy body he dwelleth, thy body he is.

There is more reason in thy body than in thy best wisdom. And who can know why thy body needeth thy best wisdom?

Thy self laugheth at thine I and its prancings: 'What are these boundings and flights of thought?' it saith unto itself. A round-about way to my purpose. I am the leading-string of the I and the suggester of its concepts.'

The self saith unto the I: 'Feel pain here!' And there it suffereth and meditateth how to get rid of suffering—and that is why it *shall* think.

The self saith unto the I: 'Feel lust here!' There it rejoiceth and meditateth how to rejoice often—and that is why it *shall* meditate.

I am going to say a word unto the despisers of body. Their contempt maketh their valuing. What is it that created valuing and despising and worth and will?

The creative self created for itself valuing and despising, it created for itself lust and woe. The creative body created for itself the spirit to be the hand of its will.

Even in your folly and contempt, ye despisers of body, ye are serving your self. I say unto you: your self itself is going to die and turneth away from life.

No longer is it able to do what it liketh best: to create something beyond itself. That it liketh best, that is its whole enthusiasm.

But now it is too late for it to attain that purpose: —your self seeketh to perish, ye despisers of body.

Your self seeketh to perish and therefore ye are become despisers of body! For no longer are ye able to create anything beyond yourselves.

And therefore are ye now angry at life and earth. An unconscious envy is in the sidelong look of your contempt.

I go not your way, ye despisers of body! Ye are no bridges to beyond-man!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF DELIGHTS AND PASSIONS

"My brother, when thou hast a virtue and it is thy virtue, thou hast it in common with nobody.

It is true thou wilt call it by a name and pet it; thou wilt pull its ear and amuse thyself with it.

And lo! now thou hast its name in common with the folk and hast become folk and herd with thy virtue!

It would be better for thee to say, 'Unutterable and nameless is that which maketh my soul's pain and sweetness, and it is a hunger of mine intestines.'

Let thy virtue be too high for the familiarity of names: and if thou hast to speak of it, be not ashamed to stammer.

Speak and stammer: 'That is my good, that love I, thus it pleaseth me entirely, thus alone will I the good.

I do not will it as the law of a God, I do not will it as the statute or requirement of man: it shall not be a landmark for me to beyond-earths or paradises.

It is an earthly virtue that I love: there is little prudence in it, and still less the reason common to all.

But that bird hath built its nest with me: that is

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Behold, how each of thy virtues is covetous for the highest: it longeth for thy whole spirit to be its herald, it longeth for thy whole power in wrath, love and hatred.

Jealous is each virtue of the other, and a terrible thing is jealousy. Even virtues may perish from jealousy.

He who is encompassed by the flame of jealousy at last, like the scorpion, turneth the poisonous sting towards himself.

Alas, my brother, didst thou never see a virtue backbite and stab itself?

Man is a something that must be surpassed: and therefore thou shalt love thy virtues: for thou wilt perish from them."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE PALE CRIMINAL

"YE are not going to slay, ye judges and sacrificers, before the animal hath nodded. Behold, the pale criminal hath nodded: from his eye there speaketh the great contempt.

'Mine I is a something that shall be surpassed: for me mine I is the great contempt of man:' thus something speaketh out of that eye.

His highest moment was when he judged himself: let not the sublime one fall back into his lower state!

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

Your slaying, ye judges, shall be pity and not revenge. And whilst slaying take care to justify life itself!

It is not enough that ye should be reconciled unto him whom ye are slaying. Let your sorrow be love unto beyond-man: thus ye justify your still living.

'Enemy' ye shall say, but not 'wicked one;' 'diseased one' ye shall say, but not 'wretch;' 'fool' ye shall say, but not 'sinner.'

And thou, red judge, if thou wert to declare aloud

all that thou hast done in thy thoughts, everybody would cry: 'Away with this filth and worm of poison!'

But one thing is thought, another is deed, another is the picture of the deed. The wheel of reason rolleth not between them.

A picture made this pale man pale. Of the same growth with himself was his deed when he did it; but when it was done, he could not bear the picture of it.

He ever saw himself as the doer of one deed. Madness I call that: the exceptional was engrained upon his nature.

The streak of chalk paralyseth the hen; the stroke he struck paralysed his poor reason.—Madness after the deed I call that.

Listen, ye judges! There is, besides, another madness: it is before the deed. Alas, ye did not creep far enough into this soul!

Thus speaketh the red judge: 'Why did that criminal murder? He was going to rob.' But I say unto you: his soul asked for blood, not for prey: he was thirsting for the happiness of the knife!

But his poor reason understood not that madness and persuaded him. 'What is blood worth!' it said; 'wouldst not thou at least make a prey along with it? take revenge along with it?'

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

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

If he could but shake his head, that burden would roll off. But who will shake that head?

What is this man? A mass of diseases which through the spirit reach out into the world: there they are going to prey.

What is this man? A coil of wild serpents which seldom are at rest with each other—thus singly they depart to search for prey in the world.

Behold this poor body! What it suffered and longed for, this poor soul interpreted: it interpreted it as a murderous lust and greediness for the happiness of the knife.

He who is diseased now is surprised by the evil which is evil now. He willeth to cause pain with what causeth pain to him. But there have been other times and another evil and another good.

Once doubt and the will unto self were evil. Then the diseased became heretics or witches: as heretics or witches they suffered and sought to cause suffering.

This however entereth not into your ears; it is hurtful unto your good ones, ye say unto me. But what are your good ones worth unto me!

Many things in your good ones cause loathing unto me—not what is evil in them. I even wish they had a madness from which they might perish like this pale criminal.

Indeed I wish their madness could be named truth

or faithfulness or justice: but they have their virtue to live long and in a miserable ease.

I am a railing alongside the stream; whoever is able to seize me, may seize me. Your crutch, however, I am not."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF READING AND WRITING

"Of all that is written I love only that which the writer wrote with his blood. Write with blood, and thou wilt learn that blood is spirit.

It is not easily possible to understand other people's blood. I hate the reading idlers.

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

That everybody is allowed to learn to read spoileth in the long run not only writing but thinking.

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

He who writeth in blood and apophthegms seeketh not to be read, but to be learnt by heart.

In the mountains the shortest way is from summit to summit: but for that thou needest long legs. Apophthegms shall be summits, and they who are spoken unto, great ones and tall.

The air rarefied and pure, danger near, and the spirit full of a gay wickedness: these agree well together.

I desire to have goblins round me, for I am brave.

Courage that dispelleth ghosts createth goblins for itself,—courage desireth to laugh.

I no longer feel as ye do: this cloud which I see beneath me, that blackness and heaviness at which I laugh,—that is your thunder-cloud.

Ye look upward when longing to be exalted. And I look downward because I am exalted.

Which of you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

He who strideth across the highest mountains laugheth at all tragedies whether of the stage or of life.

Brave, unconcerned, scornful, violent,—thus wisdom would have us to be: she is a woman and ever loveth the warrior only.

Ye say unto me: 'Life is hard to bear.' But for what purpose have ye got in the morning your pride and in the evening your submission?

Life is hard to bear. But do not pretend to be so frail! We are all good he-asses and she-asses of burden.

What have we in common with the rose-bud that trembleth because a drop of dew lieth on its body?

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

There is always a madness in love. There is, however, also always a reason in madness.

And to my thinking as a lover of life, butterflies, soap-bubbles, and whatever is of their kind among men, know most of happiness.

To see these light, foolish, delicate, mobile little

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OF THE TREE AT THE HILL

ZARATHUSTRA'S eye had seen that a young man avoided him. And one night when walking alone through the hills round about the town that is called "the Cow of Many Colours:" behold, walking there he found that young man sitting with his back against a tree and gazing into the valley with a tired look. Zarathustra taking hold of the tree against which the young man was sitting spake thus:

"If I wished to shake this tree with my hands I could not do so.

But the wind which we do not see tormenteth and bendeth it wherever it listeth. By unseen hands we are bent and tormented worst."

Astonished the young man rose and said: "I hear Zarathustra and was just thinking of him." Zarathustra answered:

"Wherefore dost thou fear? It is with man as with the tree.

The more he would ascend to height and light the stronger are his roots striving earthwards, downwards, into the dark, the deep,—the evil."

"Ay, towards the evil!" cried the youth. "How was it possible for thee to discover my soul?"

Zarathustra said smiling: "Some souls will never be discovered, unless they be invented first."

"Ay, towards the evil!" repeated the youth.

"Thou saidst the truth, Zarathustra. I do not trust myself any longer since I am striving upwards, neither doth anybody else trust me—say, how is that?

I alter too quickly: my to-day refuteth my yesterday. I frequently overleap steps when I ascend—no step pardoneth me for that.

When I reach the summit I always find myself alone. Nobody speaketh unto me, the frost of solitude maketh me tremble. What do I seek on high?

My contempt and longing grow together; the higher I ascend the more I despise him who ascendeth. What seeketh he on high?

How ashamed I am of mine ascending and stumbling! How I mock at my vehement panting and puffing! How I hate him who flieth! How tired I am on high!"

Here the youth was silent. And Zarathustra contemplating the tree by which they stood spake thus:

"This tree standeth lonely by the mountains; it grew high beyond man and animal.

And if it were to speak it would have nobody to understand it: so high hath it grown.

Now, it is waiting and waiting,—for what is it waiting, say? It dwelleth too close to the clouds: It is waiting I suppose for the first lightning?"

Zarathustra having so said, the youth cried with

vehement gesture: "Ay, Zarathustra, thou speakest truth. It was for my destruction that I longed when I was striving upwards, and thou art the lightning I waited for! Behold, what am I since thou hast appeared unto us? It is the *envy* of thee which hath destroyed me!" Speaking thus the youth wept bitterly. Zarathustra, however, put his arm round him and led him away with him.

When they had walked a while together Zarathustra thus began:

"It teareth my heart. Better than thy words say it, thine eye telleth me all thy danger.

Thou art not free yet, thou seekest freedom still. Weary with watching thou art made by thy seeking, and much too wakeful.

Towards the free height thou art striving, for stars thy soul is thirsting. But thy bad instincts are also thirsting for freedom.

Thy wild dogs seek freedom; in their cellar they bark for lust when thy spirit seeketh to open all prisons.

To me thou art still a prisoner meditating freedom for himself: alas! ingenious becometh the soul of such prisoners, but guileful and bad also.

Even he who is freed in spirit must purify himself. Much of prison and mould is still left in him: his eye needeth to be purified.

Ay, I know thy danger. But by my love and hope I conjure thee: throw not away thy love and hope!

Noble thou feelest thyself, and that thou art noble

feel even the others who are angry with thee and cast evil glances. Know that a noble one is in the way of all.

A noble one is in the way of the good: and even if they call him a good one, by so doing they seek to put him aside.

The noble one wisheth to create something new and a new virtue. The good one willeth that old things should be preserved.

But that is not the danger of the noble one, to become a good one, but to become an insolent, a sneering one, a destroyer.

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

Then they lived insolently in brief pleasure, and scarcely made any of their goals beyond the day.

'Spirit is voluptuousness also'—said they. Then they broke the wings of their spirit: now it creepeth about and soileth whilst it gnaweth.

Once they thought of becoming heroes: men of pleasure they are now. A hero is a grief and a horror for them.

But by my love and hope I conjure thee: throw not away the hero in thy soul! Keep holy thine highest hope!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE PREACHERS OF DEATH

"THERE are preachers of death, and the earth is full of those unto whom it is necessary to preach the abandonment of life.

Full is earth of superfluous ones, spoiled is life by the much-too-many. Would they could be tempted away from this life by 'eternal life.'

'Yellow ones' the preachers of death are called or 'black ones.' I shall, however, show them unto you in other colours besides.

There are the terrible who carry about within themselves a beast of prey and have no choice except voluptuousness or self-laceration. And even their voluptuousness is self-laceration.

They have not even become human beings, these terrible ones: let them preach abandonment of life and themselves pass away!

There are the consumptive of soul. When scarce born they begin to die and long for the doctrine of weariness and renunciation.

They would fain be dead, and we should approve of their will! Let us beware lest we awaken these dead ones or damage these living coffins!

Whenever they meet with a diseased or an old man or a corpse they say: 'Life hath been refuted.'

But only they themselves are refuted and their eye that seeth only that one-face of existence.

Wrapped in thick melancholy and hungry for those little accidents which produce death they wait with clenched teeth.

Or: they reach out for sweetmeats and so doing mock their own childishness: they cling to the straw of their life and mock because they are hanging on a straw.

Their wisdom is: 'A fool he who remaineth alive; but to that extent we are fools! And that is the greatest folly of life!'

'Life is but suffering'—others say, and they do not lie. Well then, see that you die! See to it that life which is but suffering come to an end.

And let this be the teaching of your virtue: 'Thou shalt kill thyself! thou shalt steal thyself away!'

'Lust is sin,'—the preachers of death say—'let us turn aside and produce no children!'

'Giving birth is toilsome'—say the others—'Why give birth? One giveth birth to unhappy ones only!' And they also are preachers of death.

'Pity is needed'—a third section say. 'Accept from me whatever I have! Accept from me whatever I am. The less am I bound unto life!'

Were they piteous at heart, they would set the minds of their neighbours against life. To be evil—that would be their proper goodness.

They yearn to be rid of life. What care they if with their chains and gifts they tie others the faster!

Ye also to whom life is stormful labour and unrest: are ye not wearied of life? Are ye not ripe for the sermon of death?

All of you to whom stormful labour is dear, and what is swift, what is new and what is strange are dear, ye bear yourselves ill; your industry is retreat and will to forget itself.

If ye had more belief in life ye would yield yourselves the less to the moment. But ye have not enough substance within you to enable you to wait, not even to idle.

Everywhere soundeth the voice of the preachers of death: and the earth is full of those unto whom it is necessary to preach death.

Or: 'eternal life:' that is the same unto me,—if they only pass away quickly!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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Ye shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace better than the long.

I do not advise you to work, but to fight. I do not advise you to conclude peace, but to conquer. Let your work be a fight, your peace a victory!

One cannot be silent and sit still unless one hath bow and arrow. Otherwise one talketh and quarrelleth. Let your peace be a victory!

Ye say, a good cause will hallow even war? I say unto you: a good war halloweth every cause.

War and courage have done more great things than charity. Not your pity, but your bravery, hath hitherto saved those who had met with an accident.

What is good? ye ask. To be brave is good. Let the little girlies talk: 'To be good is what is sweet and touching at the same time.'

They call you heartless: but your heart is genuine, and I love the shame of your heartiness. Ye are ashamed of your flood-tide, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

Ye are ugly? Well then, my brethren! Wrap the sublime round yourselves, the mantle of what is ugly!

And when your soul waxeth great it waxeth haughty, and in your sublimity there is wickedness. I know you.

In wickedness the haughty one and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand each other. I know you.

Ye are permitted to have enemies only who are to be hated; not enemies who are to be despised. Ye are to be proud of your enemy: then the success of your enemy is your success also.

Rebellion, that is superiority in the slave. Let your superiority be obedience, your commanding even be an obeying!

To a good warrior 'Thou shalt' soundeth more agreeably than 'I will.' And all that will be dear unto you, ye shall yet be commanded.

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

Your highest thought, however, ye shall be ordained by myself—and it is: man is a something that shall be surpassed.

Thus live your life of obedience and war! What is long life worth? What warrior wisheth to be spared?

I do not spare you, I love you from the heart of my heart, my brethren in war!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"SOMEWHERE there are still peoples and herds, but not with us, my brethren: with us there are states.

The state? What is that? Well! now open your ears, for now I deliver my sentence on the death of peoples.

The state is called the coldest of all cold monsters. And coldly it lieth; and this lie creepeth out of its mouth: 'I, the state, am the people.'

It is a lie! Creators they were who created the peoples and hung one belief and one love over them; thus they served life.

Destroyers they are who lay traps for many, calling them the state: they hung a sword and a hundred desires over them.

Wherever a people is left, it understandeth not the state but hateth it as the evil eye and a sin against customs and rights.

This sign I show unto you: every people speaketh its own tongue of good and evil—not understood by its neighbour. Every people hath found out for itself its own language in customs and rights.

But the state is a liar in all tongues of good and

evil: whatever it saith, it lieth; whatever it hath, it hath stolen.

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

Confusion of languages of good and evil. This sign I show unto you as the sign of the state. Verily, this sign pointeth to the will unto death! Verily, it waveth hands unto the preachers of death!

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

Behold, behold, how it allureth them, the much-too-many! How it devoureth, cheweth, and masticateth them!

'On earth there is nothing greater than I; God's regulating finger am I,' thus the monster howleth. And not only those with long ears and short sight sink upon their knees!

Alas, even within you, ye great souls, the state whispereth its gloomy lies! Alas! it findeth out the rich hearts which are eager to squander themselves!

Ay, it findeth out even you, ye conquerors of the old God! Ye got wearied in the battle, and now your weariness serveth the new idol.

The new idol would fain surround itself with heroes and honest men! It liketh to sun itself in the sunshine of good consciences—that cold monster!

It will give *you* anything if *you* adore it, the new idol: thus it buyeth for itself the splendour of your virtue and the glance of your proud eyes.

With you the state will bait the hook for the much-too-many! Ay, a piece of hellish machinery was

invented then, a horse of death, rattling in the attire of godlike honours!

Ay, the death of many was invented then, death which praiseth itself as life: verily, a welcome service unto all preachers of death!

What I call the state is where all are poison-drinkers, the good and the evil alike. What I call the state is where all lose themselves, the good and the evil alike. What I call the state is where the slow suicide of all is called 'life.'

Look at those superfluous! They steal the works of inventors and the treasures of wise men: their theft they call education—and for them everything turneth into disease and hardship!

Look at those superfluous! Diseased they ever are, they vomit bile and call it newspaper. They devour but cannot digest each other.

Look at those superfluous! They acquire riches and become poorer thereby. They seek power, and first the crow-bar of power, much money—these impotent ones.

See how they climb, these swift apes! They climb over each other and thus drag themselves into the mud and depths.

They all strive towards the throne: that is their madness,—as though happiness were sitting on the throne! Often mud sitteth on the throne; often also the throne sitteth on the mud.

Madmen they are all to my mind, and climbing apes, and over-hot. Ill smelleth to me their idol, that cold monster: ill smell they all to me, these idolaters.

My brethren, will ye be suffocated in the damp of

their mouths and desires! Rather break the windows and jump into the open air!

Go, I pray, out of the way of the evil odour. Go away from the idolatry of the superfluous.

Go, I pray, out of the way of the evil odour! Go away from the steam of these human sacrifices!

For great souls earth is yet open. For hermits, and hermits in pairs, many seats are yet empty, round which floateth the odour of calm seas.

For great souls a free life is still open. Verily, he who possesseth little is possessed still less: a modest poverty be praised!

Where the state ceaseth there beginneth that man who is not superfluous: there beginneth the song of the necessary, the melody that is sung once and cannot be replaced.

Where the state *ceaseth*—look there, I pray, my brethren! Do you not see it, the rainbow and the bridges of beyond-man?"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE FLIES OF THE MARKET

"FLY, my friend, into thy loneliness! I see thee stunned by the noise of the great men and pierced by the stings of the small.

With thee forest and rock know how to be fitly silent. Be like the tree again which thou lovest, the tree with broad boughs: still and listening it hangeth over the sea.

Where loneliness ceaseth, the market beginneth, and where the market beginneth, there begin also the noise of the great actors and the buzzing of the poisonous flies.

In the world even the best things are useless without somebody to show them: great men are these showmen called by the folk.

The folk little understand what is great, *i.e.*, what createth. But they have eyes and ears for all showmen and actors of great things.

The world revolveth round the inventors of new values:—invisibly it revolveth. But the folk and glory revolve round actors: such is life.

The actor hath spirit; but little conscience of spirit. He always believeth in that by which he maketh others believe most,—*i.e.*, to believe in *himself!*

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unto the small and miserable. Fly from their invisible revenge! Against thee they are nothing but revenge.

Lift no more thine arm against them! Innumerable are they; neither is it thy lot to be a flybrush.

Innumerable are these small and miserable ones; and many a proud building the raindrops and weeds have destroyed.

Thou art not a stone, but already thou hast been hollowed out by the many drops. Under the many drops thou wilt break into pieces and burst asunder.

I see thee wearied by poisonous flies and blood drawn at a hundred spots; and thy pride will not even be angry.

In all innocence they seek to draw blood from thee, their bloodless souls crave for blood—and therefore in all innocence they sting.

But thou deep one, thou sufferest too greatly, even from small wounds; and ere thou art healed, the same poisonous worm creepeth over thy hand.

Thou art, I know, too proud to kill these dainty-mouthed. But take care that it be not thy fate to endure all their poisonous wrong.

They also hum round thee with their praise: their praise is impudence. They seek to have nigh unto them thy skin and thy blood.

They flatter thee like a God or devil; they whimper before thee as before a God or devil. What matter? Flatterers they are and whimperers, that is all.

They also frequently present themselves unto thee

as amiable. But that hath ever been the prudence of cowards. Ay, cowards are prudent.

They think much about thee with their narrow souls, thou art ever suspected of them! Whatever is much reflected upon, becometh suspected.

They punish thee for all thy virtues. From the heart of their heart they only pardon thee—thy mistakes.

Because thou art tender and of a just mind thou sayest: 'Their small existence is not their fault.' But their narrow soul thinketh: 'Guilty is all great existence.'

Even if thou art tender unto them they think that thou despisest them; and they return thy benefits with secret harms.

Thy unspoken pride is ever against their taste; they exult, when once thou art modest enough to be idle.

Whatever we recognise in a man, we inflame in him. Therefore beware of the small.—

They feel themselves to be small before thee, and their lowness glimmereth and gloweth in invisible revenge against thee.

Sawest thou not how often they were silent when thou camest nigh unto them, and how their power left them as the smoke leaveth a fire that is going out?

Ay, my friend, thou art the bad conscience for thy neighbours; for they are unworthy of thee. That is why they hate thee and would fain suck thy blood.

Thy neighbours will always be poisonous flies.

That which is great in thee—that itself must make them still more poisonous and ever more like flies.

Fly, my friend, into thy loneliness and where the rough, strong wind bloweth. It is not thy lot to be a fly-brush."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"I LOVE the forest. It is bad to live in towns: too many of the lustful are there.

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

And look at these men: their eye saith it—they know of nothing better on earth than to lie by a woman's side.

Mud is at the bottom of their soul; alas! if there is spirit in their mud!

Would ye were perfect, at least as animals are. But innocence is a necessary quality of animals.

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

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

True, these abstain: but the she-dog of sensuality looketh with envy out of all they do.

This beast and its no-peace followeth them even unto the heights of their virtues and into their cold spirit.

And with what grace the she-dog of sensuality knoweth how to beg for a piece of spirit, if it be denied a piece of flesh!

Ye love tragedies and all that breaketh the heart to pieces. I am suspicious, however, of your she-dog.

Ye have too cruel eyes and look wantonly for sufferers. Hath not your lust merely been disguised by calling itself pity?

This other parable I speak unto you; not a few who sought to drive out their devil, went themselves into the swine.

He unto whom chastity is hard is to be counselled against it: in order that it may not become the way unto hell, *i.e.*, to mud and concupiscence of the soul.

Speak I of dirty things? That is not the worst for me.

Not when truth is dirty, but when it is shallow doth he who perceiveth dislike to step into its water.

Verily, there are some who are chaste to the bottom: they are more tender in their hearts, they like to laugh more and oftener than ye do.

They also laugh at chastity, asking: 'What is chastity?

Is chastity not folly? But that folly hath come unto us, not we unto it.

We offered that guest house and heart: now he liveth with us,—let him stay as long as he liketh!'"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE FRIEND

"'THERE is always one too many about me'—thus thinketh the hermit. 'Always once one—that maketh in the long run two.

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

For the hermit a friend is always the third one: the third one is the cork that hindereth the conversation of the two from sinking into the depth.

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

Our belief in others betrayeth what we would fain believe in ourselves. Our longing for a friend is our betrayer.

And often with love one only trieth to overleap envy. And frequently one assaileth and maketh another one's enemy in order to hide the fact of one's self being assailable.

'Be at least mine enemy:' thus saith true reverence that dareth not ask for friendship.

If one seek to have a friend one must also be ready to wage war for him: and in order to wage war one must *be able* to be an enemy.

In one's friend one shall honour the enemy. Canst thou step close unto thy friend without going over to him?

In one's friend one shall have one's best enemy. Thou shalt be closest unto him with thy heart, when thou resistest him.

Thou wouldst not wear clothes in the presence of thy friend. It is to honour thy friend that thou presentest thyself unto him as thou art. But he therefore wisheth thee to go unto the devil.

He who maketh no secret of himself shocketh: so much reason have ye to fear nakedness! Ay, if ye were Gods, ye might well be ashamed of your clothing!

For thy friend thou canst not adorn thyself beautifully enough: for unto him thou shalt be an arrow and a longing towards beyond-man.

Didst thou ever see thy friend asleep so as to learn what he is like? What is thy friend's face at other times? It is thine own face seen in a rough and imperfect looking-glass.

Didst thou ever see thy friend asleep? Wert thou not terrified at thy friend looking like that? O my friend, man is a something that shall be surpassed.

In finding out and being silent the friend shall be master: thou must not wish to see everything. Thy dream shall betray unto thee what thy friend doth when he is awake.

Let a finding out be thy sympathy: in order that first thou mayest know whether thy friend seeketh sympathy. Perhaps in thee he liketh the unmoved eye and the look of eternity.

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OF A THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

"MANY lands were seen by Zarathustra, and many peoples: thus he discovered the good and evil of many peoples. No greater power on earth was found by Zarathustra than good and evil.

No people could live that did not, in the first place, *value*. If it would maintain itself, it must not value as its neighbour doth.

Much that one people called good another called scorn and dishonour: thus I found it. Much I found named evil here, adored there with the honours of the purple.

Never did one neighbour understand the other: his soul was ever astonished at his neighbour's self-deception and wickedness.

A table of values hangeth over each people. Behold, it is the table of its resignations; behold, it is the voice of its will unto power.

That is laudable which is reckoned hard; what is indispensable and hard is named good; and that which freeth from the extremest need, the rare, the hardest, —that is praised as holy.

Whatever enableth a people to dominate and conquer and shine, unto the horror and envy of its neighbour,

that is regarded as the high, the first, the standard, the significance of all things.

Verily, my brother, if thou once recognisedst a people's need and land and sky and neighbour, thou mightest easily find out the law of its resignations, and why it climbeth on this ladder unto its hope.

'Thou shalt ever be the first, standing out from the others: no one shall be loved by thy jealous soul unless thy friend:' that saying thrilled the soul of the Greek: then went he upon the path of his greatness.

'To speak the truth and handle bow and arrow well:' that was at once loved and reckoned hard by the people from whom my name cometh—the name which is at once dear and hard unto me.

'To honour father and mother, and make their will thine unto the heart of thy heart:' this table of resignations was hung up by another people which thereby became mighty and eternal.

'To keep faith and, for the sake of faith, risk honour and blood in evil and dangerous affairs:' thus teaching itself another people conquered itself, and thus conquering became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

Verily, men have made for themselves all their good and evil. Verily, they did not take it, they did not find it, it did not come down as a voice from heaven.

Values were only assigned unto things by man in order to maintain himself—he it was who gave significance to things, a human significance. Therefore he calleth himself 'man,' *i.e.*, the valuing one.

Valuing is creating: listen, ye who are creative!

To value is the treasure and jewel among all things valued.

Only by valuing is there value, without valuing the nut of existence would be hollow. Listen, ye who are creative!

Change of values,—*i.e.*, change of creators! He who is obliged to be a creator ever destroyeth.

At first people only were creators, and not till long afterwards individuals; verily, the individual himself is the latest creation.

Once peoples hung up above them a table of good. Love that seeketh to rule, and love that seeketh to obey, together created such tables.

Older than the pleasure received from the I is the pleasure received from the herd: and as long as the good conscience is called herd, only the bad conscience saith: 'I.'

Verily, that cunning, unloving I that seeketh its own profit in the profit of many: that is not the origin of the herd, but its destruction.

The loving and creative, they have always been the creators of good and evil. The flame of love and the flame of wrath glow in the names of all virtues.

Many lands were seen by Zarathustra, and many peoples: no greater power was found on earth by Zarathustra than the works of the loving: good and evil are their names.

Verily, a monster is this power of praising and blaming. Say, brethren, who will overthrow it? Who will cast the fetters over its thousand necks?

A thousand goals have existed hitherto, for a thou-

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OF LOVE FOR ONE'S NEIGHBOUR

YE throng round your neighbour and have fine words for that. But I tell you, your love for your neighbour is your bad love for yourselves.

Ye flee from yourselves unto your neighbour and would fain make a virtue thereof; but I see through your "unselfishness."

The thou is older than the I; the thou hath been proclaimed holy, but the I not yet; man thus thrusteth himself upon his neighbour.

Do I counsel you to love your neighbour? - I rather counsel you to flee from your neighbour and to love the most remote.

Love unto the most remote future man is higher than love unto your neighbour. And I consider love unto things and ghosts to be higher than love unto men.

This ghost which marcheth before thee, my brother, is more beautiful than thou art. Why dost thou not give him thy flesh and thy bones? Thou art afraid and fleest unto thy neighbour.

Unable to endure yourselves and not loving yourselves enough: you seek to wheedle your neighbour into loving you and thus to gild you with his error.

Would that ye could not endure any kind of your neighbours and their neighbours; were that so ye would need to create your friend and his enthusiastic heart out of yourselves.

Ye invite a witness, if ye wish to speak well of yourselves, and having wheedled him into thinking well of you, ye think well of yourselves also.

Not only doth he he who speaketh contrary to his knowledge, but still more he who speaketh contrary to his not-knowledge. Thus ye speak of yourselves in company and deceive your neighbour as yourselves.

Thus saith the fool: "Intercourse with men spoileth character, especially if ye have none."

One goeth unto the neighbour because he seeketh himself, another because he wisheth to lose himself. Your bad love for yourselves maketh for yourselves a prison out of solitude.

It is the more remote who pay for your love unto your neighbour; and whenever there are five of you together the sixth must die.

I like not your festivals: I have found there too many actors, and the spectators also often behaved like actors.

I teach you not the neighbour, but the friend. Let the friend be for you the festival of earth and a foretaste of beyond-man.

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

I teach you the friend in whom there standeth the

world finished, a husk of the good,—the creative friend who hath ever a finished world in his gift.

And as, for him, the world hath unrolled itself so it rolleth itself up again in rings—being the growth of good out of evil, the growth of purposes out of chance.

Let the future and the most remote be for thee the cause of thy to-day: in thy friend thou shalt love beyond-man as thy cause.

My brethren, I counsel you not to love your neighbour, I counsel you to love those who are the most remote."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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no better than bellows: they inflate things and then make them emptier than ever.

Thou callest thyself free? I wish to hear thy dominating thought, not that thou hast escaped a yoke.

Art thou such a one as to be permitted to escape a yoke? Many there are who threw away everything they were worth when they threw away their servitude.

Free from what? What doth that concern Zarathustra? Clearly thine eye shall answer: free for what?

Canst thou give thyself thine evil and thy good, hanging thy will above thee as a law? Canst thou be thine own judge and the avenger of thine own law?

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

To-day thou still sufferest from the many, thou: to-day thou hast still thy courage and thy hopes entire.

But one day loneliness will weary thee, one day thy pride will writhe and thy courage gnash its teeth. One day thou wilt cry: "I am alone."

One day thou wilt see no longer what is high for thee, and much too close what is low for thee; and what is sublime for thee will make thee afraid as if it were a ghost. One day thou wilt cry: "All is false."

There are feelings which tend to slay the lonely one; if they do not succeed they must themselves die! But art thou able to be a murderer?

Knowest thou, my brother, the word "contempt?" And the agony it is for thy justice to be just unto those who despise thee?

Thou compellest many to relearn about thee; that

is sternly set down unto thine account by them. Thy drawing near unto them and yet passing they will never pardon.

Thou goest beyond them: the higher thou risest, the smaller thou appearest unto the eye of envy. But he who flieth is hated the most.

"How could ye be just unto me!" thou hast to say—"I choose your injustice as my portion."

Injustice and dirt are thrown after the lonely one; but, my brother, if thou wouldst be a star, thou must shine unto them none the less!

Beware of the good and just! They would fain crucify those who invent their own standard of virtue, —they hate the lonely one.

Beware also of sacred simplicity! For it, nothing is sacred that is not simple; it liketh to play with the fire—of the stake.

And beware of the attacks of thy love! Too quickly the lonely one stretcheth out his hand unto him whom he meetĕth.

Unto some folk thou shouldst not give thy hand, but only thy paw, and I would that thy paw might have claws.

But the worst enemy thou canst meet will always be thyself; thou waylayest thyself in caves and forests.

O lonely one, thou goest the way unto thyself! And thy way leadeth past thyself and thy seven devils!

As for thee, thou wilt be a heretic, witch, fortune-teller, fool, sceptic, unholy one, villain.

Thou must be ready to burn thyself in thine own

flame: how canst thou become new, if thou hast not first become ashes!

O lonely one, thou goest the way of the creator: thou wilt create for-thyself a God out of thy seven devils!

O lonely one, thou goest the way of the loving one: loving thyself thou despisest thyself as only the loving do.

The loving one will create because he despiseth! What knoweth he of love whose lot it hath not been to despise just what he loved!

My brother, go into thy solitude with thy love and thy creating; and justice will not haltingly follow thee until long after.

My brother, go into thy solitude with my tears. I love him who willeth the creating of something beyond himself and thus perisheth."—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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

Two things are wanted by the true man: danger and play. Therefore he seeketh woman as the most dangerous toy.

Man shall be educated for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior. Everything else is folly.

Over-sweet fruits—the warrior liketh not. Therefore he liketh woman; bitter is even the sweetest woman.

Woman understandeth children better than man doth; but man is more childlike than woman.

In the true man a child is hidden that seeketh to play. Up, ye women, reveal the child in man!

Let woman be a toy pure and delicate like a jewel, illuminated by the virtues of a world which hath not yet come.

Let a ray of starlight shine in your love! Let your hope be called: "Would that I might give birth to beyond-man!"

Let bravery be in your love! With your love ye shall attack him who inspireth you with awe.

Let your honour be in your love! Little else doth woman understand of honour. But let it be your honour ever to love more than ye are loved, and never to be the second.

Let man fear woman when she loveth: then she sacrificeth anything, and nothing else hath value for her.

Let man fear woman when she hateth: for in the heart of their heart, man is only evil, but woman is base.

Whom doth woman hate the most?—Thus spake the iron unto the loadstone: "I hate thee most because thou attractest, but art not strong enough to draw unto thee."

Man's happiness is: "I will." Woman's happiness is: "He will."

"Behold, this moment the world hath become perfect!"—thus thinketh every woman, when she obeyeth from sheer love.

And woman must obey and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman's mood, a foam driven to and fro over a shallow water.

But man's mood is deep, his stream roareth in underground caves: woman divineth his power, but understandeth it not."—

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

Strange it is, that Zarathustra little knoweth women, and yet is right regarding them! Is that because with woman nothing is impossible?

And now take as my thanks a little truth. For I am old enough for that.

Wrap it up and keep its mouth shut: or it will bawl as loud as it can, that little truth."

"Give me, woman, thy little truth," I said, and thus spake the little old woman:—

"Thou goest to women? Remember thy whip!"—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE BITE OF THE ADDER

ONE day Zarathustra had fallen asleep under a fig-tree; it was hot, and he had folded his arms over his face. Then an adder came and bit his neck so that Zarathustra cried out with pain. Taking his arm from his face he looked at the serpent: which recognising Zarathustra's eyes tried awkwardly to wriggle away. "Not so," said Zarathustra; "thou hast not yet accepted my thanks! Thou wakedst me in due time, my way is long." "Thy way is short," said the adder sadly; "my poison killeth." Zarathustra smiled: "When did ever a dragon die from a serpent's poison?" he said. "But take back thy poison! Thou art not rich enough to make me a gift of it." Then the adder again fell upon his neck and licked his wound.

Zarathustra once telling this unto his disciples they asked: "And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of thy tale?" Zarathustra thus answered:—

"The destroyer of moral I am called by the good and just: my tale is immoral.

But if ye have an enemy return not good for evil: for that would make him ashamed. But prove that he hath done you a good turn.

And rather be angry than make him ashamed. And

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Like a deep well is a hermit. It is easy to throw a stone into it. But when it hath sunk unto the bottom who will get it out again ?

Beware of offending a hermit. But if ye do, well, kill him also l"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF CHILD AND MARRIAGE

"I HAVE a question for thee alone, my brother: like the lead I heave that question over into thy soul that I may know how deep it is.

Thou art young and wishest for child and marriage. But I ask thee: art thou a man who darest to wish for a child?

Art thou the victorious one, the self-subduer, the commander of thy senses, the master of thy virtues? Thus I ask thee.

Or, in thy wish, doth there speak the animal or necessity? Or solitude? Or discord with thyself?

I would that thy victory and freedom were longing for a child. Thou shalt build living monuments unto thy victory and liberation.

Thou shalt build beyond thyself. But first thou must be built thyself square in body and soul.

Thou shalt not only propagate thyself but propagate thyself upwards! Therefore the garden of marriage may help thee!

Thou shalt create a higher body, a prime motor, a wheel self-rolling—thou shalt create a creator.

Marriage: thus I call the will of two to create that one which is more than they who created it. I

call marriage reverence unto each other as unto those who will such a will.

Let this be the significance and the truth of thy marriage. But that which the much-too-many call marriage, those superfluous—alas, what call I that?

Alas! that soul's poverty of two! Alas! that soul's dirt of two! Alas! that miserable ease of two!

Marriage they call that; and they say marriage is made in heaven.

Well, I like it not, that heaven of the superfluous! Nay, I like them not, those animals caught in heavenly nets!

Far from me also be the God who cometh halting to bless what he did not join together.

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

Worthy and ripe for the significance of earth appeared this man unto me, but when I saw his wife earth seemed unto me a madhouse.

Yea, I wish the earth would tremble in convulsions whenever a saint and a goose couple.

This one went out for truths like a hero and at last he secured a little dressed up lie. He calleth it his marriage.

That one was reserved in intercourse and chose fastidiously. But suddenly he for ever spoiled his company: he calleth this his marriage.

A third one looked for a servant with an angel's virtues. But suddenly he became the servant of a woman, and now it would be well if in consequence he became an angel.

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OF FREE DEATH

"MANY die too late, and some die too early. Still the doctrine soundeth strange: 'Die at the right time.'

'Die at the right time:' thus Zarathustra teacheth.

Nay, he who hath never lived at the right time, how could he ever die at the right time? Would that he had never been born!—Thus I counsel the superfluous.

But even the superfluous put on airs about their dying, and even the hollowest nut wisheth to be cracked.

Everyone taketh dying seriously, and death is not yet a festival. Not yet have men learnt how the finest festivals are consecrated.

I show you the achieving death, which, for the living, becometh a sting and a pledge.

The achieving one dieth his death victorious, surrounded by hopeful ones and such as pledge themselves.

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

To die thus is the best: the second is however to die in the battle and spend a great soul.

But equally hated by the fighting one and the victor is your grinning death, which stealeth nigh like a thief and yet cometh as a master.

I praise unto you my death, free death, which cometh because I will.

And when shall I will? He who hath a goal and an heir wisheth death to come at the right time for goal and heir.

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

Indeed, I would not be like the rope-makers. They draw out their cord longer and longer, going ever backwards themselves.

Many a one, besides, waxeth too old for his truths and victories, a toothless mouth having no longer a right unto every truth.

And whoever wisheth fame must in time say farewell unto honour, and exercise the difficult art of departing at the right time.

One must cease to be eaten, when one tasteth best; they who would be loved for long know that.

There are sour apples whose lot it is to wait till the last day of autumn. At the same time they wax ripe and yellow and wrinkled.

With some the heart groweth old first, with others the spirit. And some are old in youth: but late youth remaineth long youth.

Unto many life is a failure, a poisonous worm eating

through unto their heart. These ought to see to it that they succeed better in dying.

Many never grow sweet, but putrefy even in summer. It is cowardice that maketh them stick unto their branch.

Much-too-many live, and much-too-long they stick unto their branches. Would that storm came to shake from the tree all that is putrid and gnawed by worms!

Would that preachers of swift death came! They would be the proper storms to shake the trees of life! But I hear only slow death preached and patience with all that is 'earthly.'

Alas! ye preach patience with what is earthly? What is earthly hath too much patience with you, ye revilers!

Too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of slow death revere: and his dying-too-early hath been fatal for many since.

When Jesus the Hebrew knew only the tears and melancholy of the Hebrew, together with the hatred of the good and just,—then a longing for death surprised him.

Would that he had remained in the desert and far away from the good and just! Perhaps he would have learnt how to live and to love the earth—and how to laugh besides!

Believe me, my brethren! He died too early; he himself would have revoked his doctrine, had he reached mine age! Noble enough to revoke he was!

But he was still unripe. Unripely the youth loveth, and unripely also he hateth man and earth. Fettered

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OF GIVING VIRTUE

ZARATHUSTRA having taken leave of the town unto which his heart was attached and whose name is: the Cow of Many Colours—many followed him who called themselves his disciples, and accompanied him. Having arrived at four crossways, Zarathustra told them that now he wished to go alone; for he had a liking for going alone. But his disciples gave him at parting a stick on the golden handle of which a serpent curled round a sun. Zarathustra, pleased with the stick and supporting himself with it, spake thus unto his disciples:

"Tell me: how came gold to be valued highest? Because it is uncommon and of little use and shining and chaste in its splendour; it ever spendeth itself.

Only as an image of the highest virtue gold came to be valued highest. Goldlike shineth the glance of him who giveth. The glitter of gold maketh peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue, and of little use; shining it is and chaste in its splendour: a giving virtue is the highest virtue.

Verily, I believe I have found you out, my disciples:

ye seek like me after giving–virtue. What could ye have in common with cats and wolves?

Your thirst is to become sacrifices and gifts yourselves: hence it is that ye thirst to heap all riches into your soul.

Unsatisfied your soul seeketh after treasures and trinkets because your virtue is ever unsatisfied in willing to give away.

Ye compel all things to come unto you and into you, in order that they may flow back from your well as gifts of your love.

Verily, such a giving love must become a robber as regardeth all values; but I call that selfishness healthy and holy.

There is another selfishness, a very poor one, a starving one which ever seeketh to steal, the selfishness of the sickly, sickly selfishness.

With a thief's eye it looketh at all that glittereth; with the craving of hunger it measureth him who hath plenty to eat; and it ever stealeth round the table of givers.

Disease speaketh in that craving, and invisible degeneration; of a sick body speaketh the thieflike craving of that selfishness.

Tell me, my brethren: what regard we as the bad and the worst thing? Is it not *degeneration*?—And we always suspect degeneration wherever the giving soul is lacking.

Upwards goeth our way, from species to beyond-species. But a horror for us is the degenerating mind which saith: 'All for myself!'

Upwards flieth our mind: it is an image of our body, an image of an exaltation. The names of virtues are images of such exaltations.

Thus the body goeth through history,—growing and fighting. And the spirit—what is it unto the body? The herald, companion and echo of its fights and victories.

All names of good and evil are images: they speak not out, they only beckon. A fool he who seeketh knowledge from them!

My brethren, give heed unto each hour, in which your spirit wisheth to speak in images: there is the origin of your virtue.

There your body is exalted and risen; with its delight it ravisheth the spirit so that it becometh creative and valuing and loving and benefiting all things.

When your heart overfloweth, broad and full like a stream, a blessing and a danger for those dwelling nigh: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye are raised above praise and blame, and your will seeketh to command all things, as the will of a loving one: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye despise what is agreeable and a soft bed, and know not how to make your bed far enough from the effeminate: there is the origin of your virtue.

When ye will one will, and that end of all trouble is called necessity by you: there is the origin of your virtue.

Verily, a new good and evil is your virtue—verily, a new deep rushing, and the voice of a new well!

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Yet we fight step by step with the giant of chance; over all humanity hitherto not-sense, the lack of sense, hath ruled.

Let your spirit and your virtue serve the significance of earth, my brethren; and let the value of all things be fixed anew by yourselves! Therefore ye shall be fighters! Therefore ye shall be creators!

Knowingly the body purifieth itself; attempting with knowledge it exalteth itself; for him who perceiveth all instincts are proclaimed holy; the soul of him who is exalted waxeth merry.

Physician, heal thyself; so thou healest also thy patient. Let that be his best health, that he may see with his own eyes him who hath made himself whole.

A thousand paths there are which have never yet been walked, a thousand healths and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered ever are man and the human earth.

Awake and listen, ye lonely ones! From the future winds are coming with a gentle beating of wings, and there cometh a good message for fine ears.

Ye lonely ones of to-day, ye who stand apart, ye shall one day be a people: from you who have chosen yourselves, a chosen people shall arise: and from it beyond-man.

Verily, a place of healing shall earth become! And already a new odour lieth round it, an odour which bringeth salvation—and a new hope."

3

Zarathustra having spoken these words was silent like one who hath not yet uttered his last word; a long while he doubtfully balanced the stick in his hand. At last he spake thus, his voice having again changed:

"Alone I now go, my disciples! Ye go also, and alone. I would have it so.

Verily, I counsel you: depart from me and defend yourselves from Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him. Perhaps he hath deceived you.

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

One ill requiteth one's teacher by always remaining only his scholar. Why will ye not pluck at my wreath?

Ye revere me; but how if your reverence one day falleth down? Beware of being crushed to death by a statue!

Ye say ye believe in Zarathustra? But what is Zarathustra worth? Ye are my faithful ones: but what are all faithful ones worth!

When ye had not yet sought yourselves ye found me. Thus do all faithful ones; hence all belief is worth so little.

Now I ask you to lose me and find yourselves; not until all of you have disowned me, shall I return unto you.

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

And one day ye shall have become friends of mine and children of one hope: then I shall be with you for a third time, in order to celebrate with you the great noon.

And the great noon is when man standeth in the middle of his course between animal and beyond-man, and glorifieth his way unto the evening as his highest hope; for it is the way unto a new morning.

Then he who perisheth will bless himself as one who goeth beyond; and his sun of knowledge will stand at noon.

'*Dead are all Gods: now we will that beyond-man live.*' Let this be one day your last will at the great noon!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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THE CHILD WITH THE LOOKING-GLASS

AFTER this Zarathustra went back into the mountains and the solitude of his cave and withdrew from men, waiting like a sower who hath thrown out his seed. But his soul was filled with impatience and longing for those he loved; for he had still many gifts for them. For this is the hardest: to shut one's open hand because of love, and as a giver to preserve one's modesty.

Thus months and years passed away with the lonely one, but his wisdom grew, and its abundance caused him pain.

But one morning he awoke before dawn, meditated long on his couch, and at last spake unto his heart:

"Why then was I terrified in my dream so that I awoke? Did not a child come unto me carrying a looking-glass?

'O Zarathustra'—the child said unto me—'look at thyself in the looking-glass!'

But when I looked into the looking-glass I cried aloud, and my heart was shaken. For in it I did not see myself, I saw a devil's grimace and scornful laughter.

Verily, only too well I understand the sign and warning of this dream; my *teaching* is in danger: tares usurp the name of wheat.

Mine enemies have grown strong and have distorted the face of my teaching, so that my dearest friends must be ashamed of the gifts I gave them.

My friends are lost; the hour hath come for me to seek my lost ones."

With these words Zarathustra started up, but not like one terrified seeking for air, on the contrary, like a prophet and poet visited by the spirit. With astonishment his eagle and his serpent gazed upon him; for a happiness to come lay on his countenance like the day-blush.

"What hath happened unto me, mine animals?"—said Zarathustra. "Am I not changed! Did not bliss come unto me like a stormwind?

Foolish is my happiness, and foolish things it will say: too young it is: have patience with it!

Wounded I am by my happiness. All sufferers shall be my physicians!

Again I am allowed to descend unto my friends as well as unto mine enemies! Again Zarathustra is allowed to speak and give and do his kindest unto his dear friends.

Mine impatient love floweth over in streams, downwards towards east and west. Out of silent mountains and thunderstorms of pain my soul rusheth into the valleys.

Too long have I yearned and looked into the dis-

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laughters of lightnings I will throw hail-showers into the depths.

Powerfully my breast will heave, powerfully it will blow its stormblast over the mountains: thus it will relieve itself.

Verily, like a storm my happiness and my freedom come. But mine enemies shall believe that *the evil one* rageth over their heads.

Yea, ye also will be terrified by my wild wisdom, my friends, and perhaps ye will flee away along with mine enemies.

Oh! that I were able to tempt you back with a herdsman's flute! Oh! that the lioness of my wisdom would learn how to growl lovingly! How many things we have already learnt together.

My wild wisdom became pregnant on lonely mountains; upon rugged stones she bore her young, her youngest.

Now she runneth strangely through the hard desert and seeketh, and ever seeketh for soft grass, mine old wild wisdom.

She would fain bed her dearest on the soft grass of your hearts, on your love, my friends!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE BLISSFUL ISLANDS

"THE figs fall from the trees, they are good and sweet; and while falling their red skin bursteth. A north wind I am unto ripe figs.

Thus, my friends, those precepts fall unto your share like figs: now drink their juice and their sweet meat! Autumn it is round about and clear sky and afternoon.

Behold what plenty is around us! And it is beautiful to gaze on remote seas from the midst of plenty.

Once folk said 'God' when they gazed on remote seas, now I have taught you to say: 'Beyond-man.'

God is a supposition; but I would have your supposing reach no further than your creative will.

Could ye *create* a God?—Then be silent concerning all Gods! But ye could very well create beyond-man.

Not yourselves perhaps, my brethren! But ye could create yourselves into fathers and fore-fathers of beyond-man: and let this be your best creating!

God is a supposition; but I would have your supposing limited by conceivableness.

Could ye *conceive* a God?—But let this be for

you will unto truth, that all be turned into something conceivable, visible, tangible for men! Ye should mentally follow your own senses unto their ends.

And what ye called world hath still to be created by you: it shall become your reason, your image, your will, your love itself! And, verily, it would be for your bliss, ye perceiving ones!

How could ye bear life without that hope, ye perceiving ones? Ye could neither have been born into an inconceivable, nor into an unreasonable world.

But let me reveal unto you my heart entirely, my friends. *If* there were Gods, how could I bear to be no God! *Consequently* there are no Gods.

True, I have drawn that conclusion, but now it draweth me.

God is a supposition, but who could drink all the pain of that supposition without dying? Is the creator to be bereaved of his belief, and the eagle of his flight into eagle-distances?

God is a thought which bendeth all that is straight, and turneth round whatever standeth still. How? Should time have disappeared, and all that is perishable be a mere lie?

To think this is a whirling and giddiness for human bones and a vomiting for the stomach. The giddy-sickness I call it to imagine such things.

Evil I call it and hostile unto human beings, all that teaching of the one thing, the full, the unmoved, the satisfied, the imperishable!

All that is imperishable—is only a simile! And the poets lie too much.

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This will enticed me away from God and Gods; for what could be created, if there were Gods!

But mine ardent will to create impelleth me unto man ever anew. Thus the hammer is impelled unto the stone.

Alas, ye men, in the stone there sleepeth for me an image, the image of all mine images! Alas, that it should have to sleep in the hardest and ugliest stone!

Now my hammer rageth cruelly against its prison. Pieces fly off from the stone: what doth it concern me?

I shall finish it. For a shadow came unto me—the stillest and lightest of all things once came unto me!

The beauty of beyond-man came unto me as a shadow. Alas, my brethren! What do Gods concern me!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"My friends, a mocking speech hath come unto your friend: 'Behold Zarathustra! Doth he not walk among us as among animals?'

But it is better said thus: 'The perceiving one walketh among men as being animals.'

Man himself is called by the perceiving one: the animal with red cheeks.

How did he get them? Was it not because he had occasion so often to be ashamed?

O my friends! Thus speaketh the perceiving one: 'Shame, shame, shame, that is the history of man!'

That is why the noble one maketh it his law never to make anybody ashamed. He maketh it his law to be ashamed in presence of all that suffereth.

Verily, I like them not, the merciful who are blessed in their mercy. Too much they are lacking in the sense of shame.

If I must be pitiful, I do not wish to be called so; and if I am so, I like to be so at a distance.

I also like to veil my head and flee before being recognised; and thus I ask you to do, my friends!

Would that my fate would always lead across my path such as are free from sorrow like you, and such

as those with whom I *may* share hope and meal and honey.

Verily, now and then I did something for sufferers, but I always seemed unto myself to do something better when I learned how to enjoy myself better.

Since man came into existence he hath had too little joy. That alone, my brethren, is our original sin!

And when we learn how to have more joy we best get disaccustomed to cause pain and to invent pain unto others.

Therefore I wash my hand which helped the sufferer; therefore I even wipe my soul.

For on account of the sufferer's shame I was ashamed, when seeing him suffer; and when I helped him, I strongly offended his pride.

Great obligations do not make grateful but revengeful; and when a small benefit is not forgotten, it turneth into a gnawing worm.

'Be shy of accepting! Distinguish by accepting!' thus I counsel those who have nothing to give away.

But I am a giver: willingly I give, as a friend unto friends. But strangers and paupers may themselves pluck the fruit from my tree: thus it causeth less shame.

Beggars should be abolished utterly! Verily, we are angry when giving them anything and are angry when not giving.

And likewise the sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: remorse of conscience teacheth to bite.

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Thus speaketh all great love: it even overcometh forgiveness and pity.

One must keep fast one's heart. For if one letteth it go, how soon the head runneth away!

Alas! where in the world have greater follies happened than with the pitiful? And what in the world hath done more harm than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe unto all loving ones who do not possess an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus the devil once said unto me: 'Even God hath his own hell: that is his love unto men.'

And recently I heard the word said: 'God is dead; he hath died of his pity for men.'

Beware of pity: a heavy cloud will one day come *from it* for men. Verily, I understand about weather-forecasts!

But remember this word also: All great love is lifted above all its pity, for it seeketh to create what it loveth!

'Myself I sacrifice unto my love, *and my neighbour as myself*,' thus runneth the speech of all creators.

But all creators are hard."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF PRIESTS

ONE day Zarathustra made a sign unto his disciples and spake unto them these words:

"Here are priests. And though they are mine enemies, pass them quietly and with sleeping sword!

Among them also there are heroes; many of them have suffered too much. Hence they try to make others suffer.

Evil friends they are: nothing is more revengeful than their submissiveness. And easily he defileth himself who toucheth them.

But my blood is kindred with theirs; I would have my blood honoured even in theirs."

And when they had passed, Zarathustra was attacked by pain. And when he had fought with his pain a little while, he thus began to speak:

"I am sorry for these priests. They are contrary unto my taste, but that is a small matter unto me since I am dwelling among men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: prisoners they are for me, and branded ones. He whom they call Saviour put them into fetters:

Into the fetters of false values and illusory words! Oh, that some one would save them from their Saviour!

Once when the sea tossed them to and fro they

believed they had landed on an island; but, behold, it was a slumbering monster!

False values and illusory words: these are the worst monsters for mortals: in them doom slumbereth and waiteth long.

But at last it cometh and waketh and eateth and devoureth whatever made its tabernacle upon it.

Oh, look at the tabernacles made by these priests! they call their sweetly smelling dens.

Churches

Oh, that falsified light, that heavy air! This place where the soul is—not allowed to fly upwards unto its height!

But thus its faith commandeth! 'On your knees up the stairs, ye sinners!'

Verily, I would rather see the shameless than the sprained eyes of their shame and devotion!

Who created for himself such dens and stairs of penitence? Was it not such as sought to hide themselves and were ashamed of the clear sky?

And not until the clear sky shall again look through broken ceilings and down on grass and red poppy growing by broken walls, shall I again turn my heart unto the places of this God.

They called God what was opposite and painful unto them: and, verily, there was much of the heroic in their worship!

And they did not know how to love their God otherwise than by fixing man unto the cross.

As corpses they meant to live, in black they draped their corpse: even in their words I smell the evil seasoning of the dead-house.

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blood even poisoneth the purest teaching and turneth it into delusion and hatred of hearts.

And when a man goeth through fire for his teaching—what is proved thereby? Verily, it is more when one's own teaching springeth from one's own burning.

A sultry heart and a cool head, where these happen to meet, the blusterer ariseth, the 'saviour.'

Verily, there have been much greater ones and more highly born ones than those whom folk call saviours, those ravishing blusterers.

And ye, my brethren, if ye ever wish to find the way unto freedom, ye must be saved by much greater ones than any saviours have been.

Never yet beyond-man existed. I have seen them both naked, the greatest and the smallest man.

Much too like are they still unto each other. Verily, even the greatest one I found to be — much too human!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"WITH thunder and heavenly fire-works one hath to speak unto languid and sleeping senses.

But the voice of beauty speaketh gently; it stealeth only into the sprightliest souls.

To-day my shield trembled and laughed gently: that is the holy laughter and trembling of beauty.

Over you, ye virtuous, my beauty laughed to-day. And thus came its voice unto me: 'They wish to be —paid in addition!'

Ye wish to be paid in addition, ye virtuous! Ye wish reward for virtue, heaven for earths, and eternity for your to-day?

And now ye are angry at my teaching that there is no rewarder and pay-master. Nay, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Alas! That is my trouble: reward and punishment have been deceitfully put into the foundation of things —and now even into the foundation of your souls, ye virtuous!

But like a boar's snout my word shall harrow the foundation of your souls. I would have you call me a plough.

All the secrets of your foundation shall be brought

unto light; and when you will lie in the sun harrowed and crushed, your lie will be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: ye are too *cleánly* for the filth of the words: revenge, punishment, reward, retaliation.

Ye love your virtue as the mother doth her child; but did anybody ever hear of a mother wishing to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest self, your virtue. The thirst of the ring is within you. To reach itself again, for that purpose every ring struggleth and turneth.

And every work of your virtue resembleth a star extinguished. Its light is still on the way and travelleth on. When will it have ceased to be on the way?

Thus the light of your virtue is still on the way, even when the work hath been done. Be it forgotten or dead, its beam of light still liveth and travelleth.

That your virtue is your self, and not anything strange, a skin, a mantle: that is the truth from the foundation of your soul, ye virtuous!

But to be sure there are men who call the agony under the whip virtue; and ye have listened too much unto their crying!

And there are others who call the putrefaction of their vices virtue; and when their hatred and their jealousy for once stretch their limbs, their justice awaketh and rubbeth its sleepy eyes.

And there are others who are drawn downwards:

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And again there are such as love gestures and think virtue is a kind of gesture.

Their knees always adore, and their hands are a praise of virtue, but their heart knoweth nothing of it.

And again there are such as deem it virtue to say: 'Virtue is necessary;' but in reality they only believe police to be necessary.

And many a one who cannot see what is sublime in men, calleth it virtue to see too well what is base in them: thus he calleth his evil eye virtue.

And some wish to be edified and lifted up, and call it virtue; and others wish to be cast down—and call it virtue also.

And in this way almost all believe they share in virtue. At any rate everybody would have himself to be an expert as to 'good' and 'evil.'

Zarathustra hath not come to say unto all these liars and fools: 'What know ye of virtue! What *could* ye know of virtue!'

But that ye, my friends, may become weary of the old words which ye have learnt from fools and liars.

Weary of the words 'reward,' 'retaliation,' 'punishment,' 'revenge in justice'—

Weary of saying: 'That an action is good, springeth from its being unselfish.'

Alas, my friends! That *your* self be in your action as a mother is in the child, that shall be for me *your* word of virtue!

Verily, I have taken from you perhaps an hundred words and the dearest play-things of your virtue; and now ye are angry with me as children are.

They played on the seashore,—then came a wave and swept all their toys away into the depth: now they cry.

But the same wave shall bring them new play-things and spread before them new coloured shells.

Thus they will be comforted; and like them ye also, my friends, shall have your comforts—and new coloured shells!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"LIFE is a well of lust; but wherever the rabble drink also, all wells are poisoned.

I am fond of all things cleanly; I like not to see the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They have cast their eye down into the well; now their repugnant smile shineth up out of the well.

The holy water hath been poisoned by their concupiscence; and when calling their foul dreams lust they have poisoned words as well.

Angry waxeth the flame when they lay their damp hearts nigh the fire; the spirit itself bubbleth and smoketh wherever the rabble approach the fire.

Sweetish and much too mellow waxeth the fruit in their hand; shaky and withered at the top waxeth the fruit-tree from their look.

And many a one who turned away from life only turneth away from the rabble; he careth not to share with them well and fire and fruit.

And many a one who went into the desert and suffered from thirst with the camels, merely cared not to sit round the cistern with dirty camel-drivers.

And many a one who came along like a destroyer

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How did I reach in flying the height where no longer the rabble sit at the well?

Did my very loathing give me wings and powers divining wells? Verily, I had to fly unto the very highest to rediscover the well of lust!

Oh, I found it, my brethren! How on the very height the well of lust floweth for me! And there is a life, in the drinking of which no rabble share!

Almost too violently for me thou flowest, well of lust! And frequently thou emptiest the cup again by trying to fill it!

And yet I must learn to approach thee more modestly. Much too violently my heart floweth towards thee—

My heart on which my summer burneth, the short, hot, melancholy, all-too-blessed summer! How doth my summer-heart long for thy coolness!

Past is the hesitating trouble of my spring! Past is the wickedness of my flakes of snow in June! Wholly I became summer and a summer-noon!

A summer on the very height with cold wells and blessed stillness! Oh come, my friends, that the stillness may become still more blessed!

For this is *our* height and our home. Too highly and too steeply we here stay for all the impure and their thirst.

Just cast your pure eyes into the well of my lust, ye friends! How could it become muddy therefrom! Laughing with *its* purity it shall receive you.

On the trees of the future we build our nest. Eagles are to bring food with their beaks unto us lonely ones!

Verily, no food in the eating of which impure ones would be allowed to share! They would fancy they ate fire and burned their mouths with it.

Verily, here we have no homes ready for impure ones. Unto their bodies our happiness would mean a cave of ice, and unto their minds as well!

And like strong winds we will live above them, companions of eagles, companions of the snow, companions of the sun; thus live strong winds.

And like a wind I shall one day blow amidst them and take away their breath with my spirit; thus my future willeth it.

Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra for all low lands; and his enemies and everything that spitteth and bespattereth he counselleth with such advice: 'Take care to spit *against* the wind!'"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF TARANTULÆ

"BEHOLD, this is the cave of the tarantula! Wouldst thou see itself? Here hangeth its net. Touch it so as to make it tremble.

There the tarantula cometh willingly. Welcome, tarantula! Black on thy back is thy triangle and mark; besides, I know what is in thy soul.

Revenge is in thy soul: wherever thou bitest, black canker waxeth; with revenge thy poison maketh the soul turn round.

Thus I speak unto you in a parable, ye who make the souls turn round, ye preachers of *equality!* For me ye are tarantulæ and underhand revengeful ones!

But I shall bring unto the light your hiding places. Therefore I laugh into your face my laughter of the height.

Therefore I tear at your net so that rage may tempt you out of your cave of lying and your revenge may jump forth from behind your word 'justice.'

To save man from revenge, that is for me the bridge towards the highest hope, and a rainbow after long thunderstorms.

But the tarantulæ would have it otherwise. 'Call

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They are folk of bad kin and descent. Out of their countenances look the hang-man and blood-hound.

Mistrust all those who talk much of their justice! Verily, it is not honey merely that their souls lack.

And if they call themselves 'the good and just' forget not that to be Pharisees they lack nothing but —power!

My friends, I like not to be confounded with and taken for a wrong one.

There are some that preach my doctrine of life but at the same time are preachers of equality and tarantulæ.

If they speak favourably of life although they sit in their cave, these poisonous spiders, and have turned away from life: it is because they wish to cause pain.

They intend to cause pain unto those who now have power; for with them the sermon of death is most at home.

Were it otherwise the tarantulæ would teach otherwise. Once it was just they who were the best calumniators of the world and the best burners of heretics.

I do not wish to be confounded with, and mistaken for these preachers of equality. For within *me* justice saith: 'Men are not equal.'

Neither shall they become so! For what would be my love for beyond-man if I spake otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and gang-ways they shall throng towards the future, and ever more war and

inequality shall be set among them. Thus my great love maketh me speak!

Inventors of images and ghosts they shall become in their hostilities, and with their images and ghosts they shall fight against each other the supreme battle!

Good and evil, rich and poor, high and low, and all the names of values: they shall be weapons and clashing signs that life always hath to surpass itself again!

Upwards it striveth to build itself with pillars and stairs, life itself: into far distances it longeth to gaze and outwards after blessed beauties—*therefore* it needeth height!

And because it needeth height it needeth stairs and contradiction between stairs and those rising beyond them! To rise striveth life and to surpass itself in rising.

And now behold, my friends! Here where the cave of the tarantula is, the ruins of an old temple rise,—do ye gaze there with enlightened eyes!

Verily, he who here once made his thoughts tower upwards in stone, like the wisest one he knew the secret of all life!

That even in beauty there is fight and inequality and war over power and superiority: he teacheth it unto us in the clearest parable.

How divinely here vaults and arches break each other in a struggle! How with light and shadow they strive contrary unto each other, the divinely striving ones!

Let our enemies also be thus secure and beautiful, my friends! Divinely we will strive *contrary* unto each other!

Alas! There the tarantula bit me, mine old enemy! Divinely, securely, and beautifully it bit my finger!

'There must be punishment and justice'—thus it thinketh. Not for nothing shall he sing here songs in honour of hostility!'

Yea, it hath taken its revenge! And alas, now it will with revenge even make my soul turn round!

But that I may *not* turn round, my friends, tie me fast unto this pillar! I will rather be a stylite than a whirlpool of revengefulness!

Verily, no whirlwind or eddy-wind is Zarathustra; and if he be a dancer, he will never be a tarantula-dancer!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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Stiff necks and wisdom ye always had, like the asses, when ye were the folk's advocates.

And many a mighty one who wished to drive well with the folk, harnessed in front of his horses—a little ass, a famous wise man.

And now I wish, ye famous wise men, ye would finally and entirely throw off the hide of the lion!

The hide of the beast of prey, the many-coloured, and the shaggy hair of the explorer, seeker, conqueror!

Alas, in order to make me believe in your 'truthfulness,' ye would require first to break your revering will.

Truthful—thus I call him who goeth into godless deserts and hath broken his revering heart.

In yellow sand burnt by the sun, it is true, he leereth thirstily at the islands full of wells where living things rest under dark trees.

But his thirst persuadeth him not to become like these comfortable ones; for where oases are, there are idols also.

Hungry, violent, lonely, godless—thus the lion's will willeth itself.

Free from the happiness of slaves; saved from Gods and adorations: fearless and fear-inspiring; great and lonely; this is the will of the truthful one.

In the desert at all times the truthful have lived, the free spirits, as the masters of the desert; but in towns live the well-fed, famous wise men, the draught-beasts.

For, being asses, they always draw—the *folk's* cart!

Not that therefore I was angry with them; but

as serving ones they are regarded by me, and as harnessed ones, even if they glitter in golden harness.

For often they were good servants and worth their hire. For thus speaketh virtue: 'If thou must be a servant, seek him unto whom thy service will be of the most use!

The spirit and virtue of thy master shall grow in that thou art his servant. Thus thou thyself wilt grow with his spirit and his virtue!'

And, verily, ye famous wise men, ye servants of the folk! Ye yourselves have grown with the folk's spirit and virtue—and the folk through you! I say so in your honour!

But folk ye remain for me even in your virtues, folk with dim-sighted eyes,—folk that know not what *spirit* is!

Spirit is that life which itself cutteth into life. By one's own pain one's own knowledge increaseth;—knew ye that before?

And the happiness of the spirit is this; to be anointed and consecrated by tears as a sacrificial animal;—knew ye that before?

And even the blindness of the blind and his seeking and fumbling shall bear witness as unto the power of the sun, into which he gazed:—knew ye that before?

And the perceiver shall learn to *build* with mountains. Little it is for the spirit to remove mountains;—knew ye that before?

Ye only see the sparks of the spirit; ye know not the anvil it is, nor the cruelty of its hammer!

Verily, ye know not the pride of the spirit! Still less would ye endure the modesty of the spirit, if it once would utter it.

Neither have ye ever before been allowed to throw your spirit into a pit of snow. Ye are not hot enough for that. Thus ye know not, either, the ravishings of its coldness.

But in every respect ye make yourselves too familiar with the spirit; and ye have frequently made out of wisdom an alms-house and infirmary for bad poets.

Ye are not eagles. Thus ye have never experienced the happiness in the terror of the spirit. And he who is not a bird shall not dwell over abysses.

Ye are for me lukewarm; but every deep perception floweth cold. As cold as ice are the innermost wells of the spirit,—a refreshment for hot hands and doers.

Decently there ye stand, and stiff, and with a stiff back, ye famous wise men! Ye are not driven by any strong wind or will.

Saw ye never a sail go over the sea, rounded and blown up and trembling with the violence of the wind?

Like that sail, trembling with the violence of the spirit, my wisdom goeth over the sea—my wild wisdom!

But ye servants of the folk, ye famous wise men, how *could* ye go with me!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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Oh, unblessedness of all givers! Oh, obscuration of my sun! Oh, longing for longing! Oh, famished voracity in the midst of satisfaction!

They take things from me: but do I touch their soul? There is a gulf between giving and taking; and the smallest gulf is the most difficult to bridge over.

A hunger waxeth out of my beauty: I would cause pain unto those unto whom I bring light; I would fain bereave those I gave my gifts to. Thus am I hungry for wickedness.

Taking back my hand when another hand stretcheth out for it; hesitating like the waterfall that hesitateth when raging down—thus am I hungry for wickedness.

Such revenge is invented by mine abundance; such insidiousness springeth from my loneliness.

My happiness of giving died from giving; my virtue became weary of itself from its abundance!

He who always giveth is in danger to lose his sense of shame; he who always distributeth getteth hard swellings on his hand and heart from distributing.

Mine eye no longer floweth over from the shame of the begging ones; my hand hath become too hard to feel the trembling of full hands.

Whither went the tear of mine eye and the down of my heart? Oh, solitude of all givers! Oh, silence of all lighters!

Many suns circle round in empty space: unto all that is dark they speak with their light,—unto me they are silent.

Oh, that is the enmity of light against what shineth! Without pity it wandereth on its course.

Unfair towards what shineth in the heart of its heart, cold towards suns,—thus walketh every sun.

Like the storm the suns fly on their courses; that is their walking. They follow their inexorable will; that is their coldness.

Oh, it is only ye, ye dark ones, ye of the night who create warmth out of what shineth! Oh, it is only ye who drink milk and refreshment from the udders of light!

Alas, there is ice round me, my hand burneth itself when touching what is icy! Alas, there is thirst within me that is thirsty for your thirst!

Night it is: alas, that I must be a light! And a thirst for what is of the night! And solitude!

Night it is: now, like a well, my longing breaketh forth from me. I am longing for speech.

Night it is: now talk louder all springing wells. And my soul is a springing well.

Night it is: only now all songs of the loving awake. And my soul is the song of a loving one.

Thus sang Zarathustra.

THE DANCE-SONG

ONE night Zarathustra went through the forest with his disciples, and when seeking for a well, behold! he came unto a green meadow which was surrounded by trees and bushes. There girls danced together. As soon as the girls knew Zarathustra, they ceased to dance; but Zarathustra approached them with a friendly gesture and spake these words:

"Cease not to dance, ye sweet girls! No spoil-sport hath come unto you with an evil eye, no enemy of girls.

I am the advocate of God in the presence of the devil. But he is the spirit of gravity. How could I, ye light ones, be an enemy unto divine dances? Or unto the feet of girls with beautiful ankles?

True, I am a forest and a night of dark trees, but he who is not afraid of my darkness, findeth banks full of roses under my cypresses.

And I think he will also find the tiny God whom girls like best. Beside the well he lieth, still with his eyes shut.

Verily, in broad daylight he fell asleep, the sluggard! Did he perhaps try to catch too many butterflies?

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she told me angrily: 'Thou willest, thou desirest, thou lovest; therefore only thou *praisest* life!'

Then I almost answered in anger and told the truth unto the angry one; and one cannot answer more angrily than when 'telling the truth' unto one's wisdom.

For thus things stand among us three. I love life alone from the bottom—and, verily, the most, when I hate her!

But that I am fond of wisdom and often too fond, that is because she remindeth me of life very much! Wisdom hath life's eye, life's laughter and even life's little golden fishing-rod. Is it my fault that the two are so like unto each other?

And when once life asked me: 'Wisdom, who is she?'—I eagerly said: 'Oh yes! wisdom!

One is thirsty for her and is not satisfied; one looketh through veils; one catcheth with nets.

Is she beautiful? I do not know. But even the oldest carps are lured by her.

Changeable she is and defiant; often I saw her bite her own lip and pass the comb the wrong way through her hair.

Perhaps she is wicked and deceitful, and in all respects a woman; but just when speaking badly of herself she seduceth most.'

When I told that unto life, she laughed wickedly and shut her eyes. 'Say, of whom dost thou speak? Is it of me?

Suppose thou wert right,—doth one say that thus into my face! But now speak of thy wisdom also!'

Oh! and now thou openedst again thine eye, O beloved life! And I seemed again unto myself to sink into what is impenetrable."

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was finished and the girls had departed, sad he grew.

"The sun hath gone down long ago," he said at last; "the meadow is damp, and coolness ariseth from the forests.

An unknown something hovereth round me and gazeth in deep thought. What? Thou livest still, Zarathustra?

Why? Wherefore? Wherethrough? Whither? Where? How? Is it not folly still to live?

Alas! my friends, it is the evening that thus out of myself asketh. Forgive me my sadness!

Evening it hath become. Forgive me that it hath become evening!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE GRAVE-SONG

"'YONDER is the island of graves, the silent. Yonder also are the graves of my youth. Thither will I carry an evergreen wreath of life.'

Resolving this in my heart I went over the sea.

Oh, ye, ye visions and apparitions of my youth! Oh, all ye glances of love, ye divine moments! How could ye die so quickly for me! This day I think of you as of my dead ones.

From your direction, my dearest dead ones, a sweet odour cometh unto me, an odour setting free heart and tears. Verily, it shaketh and setteth free the heart of the lonely sailor.

Still I am the richest and he who is to be envied most—I, the loneliest! For I *have had* you, and ye have me still. Say, for whom as for me have such rose apples fallen from the tree?

Still I am the heir and soil of your love, flourishing in memory of you with many-coloured wild-growing virtues, O ye dearest!

Alas, we had been made to remain nigh unto each other, ye kind, strange marvels! And ye came not unto me and my desire, as shy birds do. Nay, ye came as trusting ones unto a trusting one!

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made short what was eternal for me; as a sound breaketh off in a cold night! Scarcely as a glancing of divine eyes it came unto me,—as a moment!

Thus in a good hour once spake my purity: 'All beings shall be divine for me!'

Then ye surprised me with foul ghosts. Alas! Whither fled then that good hour?

'All days shall be holy unto me.' Thus spake once the wisdom of my youth,—verily, the speech of a gay wisdom!

But then ye, mine enemies, stole my nights and sold them to cause me sleepless pain. Alas! Whither now hath fled that gay wisdom?

Once I desired lucky bird-omens. Then ye led an owl-monster across my way, an adverse one. Alas! Whither fled then my tender desire?

Once I promised to renounce all loathing. Then ye changed into ulcers those who were nigh unto me and nighest unto me. Alas! Whither fled then my noblest promise?

As a blind man I once went in blessed ways. Then ye threw filth in the way of the blind man. And now the old footpath of the blind man striketh him with disgust.

And when I did my hardest and celebrated the victory of mine overcomings, then ye made those who loved me cry, that I caused them the sorest pain.

Verily, it hath always been your action, to make bitter my best honey and the diligence of my best bees.

Ye always sent the most impudent beggars unto my charity. Ye always pressed the incurably shameless

round my sympathy. Thus ye wounded my virtues in their belief.

And as soon as I laid down as a sacrifice what was holiest unto me, quickly your 'piety' laid its fatter gifts beside it, so that in the steam of your fat my holiest was suffocated.

And once I wished to dance as I had danced before; I wished to dance beyond all heavens. Then ye persuaded my dearest singer.

And now he started a dull, terrible melody. Alas, he blew into mine ears like a mournful horn!

Murderous singer, tool of wickedness, most innocent one! Already I stood prepared for the best dance; then thou murderedst my rapture with thy tunes!

Only in dancing I know how to utter the parable of the highest things. And now my highest parable remained unuttered in my limbs!

Unuttered and unsaved remained my highest hope! And all the visions and comforts of my youth died!

How did I bear it? How did I forget and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again from these graves?

Yea, a thing invulnerable, unburiable is within me; a thing that blasteth rocks; it is called *my will*. Silently and unchanged it walketh through the years.

It will go its way on my feet, mine old will; hard-hearted and invulnerable is its sense.

Invulnerable I am at my heel only. There thou still livest and art like thyself, thou most patient one! Thou hast ever broken through all graves, and dost so still!

In thee what is unsaved of my youth still liveth. And as life and youth thou sittest hopeful on the yellow ruins of graves.

Yea, thou still art for me the destroyer of all graves! All hail unto thee, my will! Only where there are graves are there resurrections."

Thus sang Zarathustra.

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guests in the boat and gave them pomp and proud names, ye and your dominating will!

Now the river carrieth on your boat; it *must* carry it on. Little matter if the broken wave foāmeth and angrily contradicteth the keel!

Not the river is your danger, nor the end of your good and evil, ye wisest men; but that will itself, will unto power,—the unexhausted, procreative will of life.

But in order that ye may understand my word of good and evil, I shall tell you my word of life and of all kinds of living things.

I pursued living things, I walked on the broadest and the narrowest paths to perceive their kin.

With an hundredfold mirror I caught their glance when their mouth was shut, in order to hear their eye speak. And their eye spake unto me.

But wherever I found living things, there also I heard the speech of obedience. All living things are things that obey.

And this is the second: he is commanded who cannot obey his own self. This is the way of living things.

But this is the third I heard: to command is more difficult than to obey. And not only that the commander beareth the burden of all who obey, and that this burden easily crusheth him;—

An effort and a jeopardy appeared unto me to be contained in all commanding; and whenever living things command they risk themselves.

Nay even, when they command themselves: even there

they have to atone for their commanding. For their own law they must become judge and avenger and sacrifice.

'How doth that happen?' I asked myself. What persuadeth living things to obey and command and obey in commanding?

Now hearken unto my word, ye wisest men! Examine earnestly whether I have stolen into the heart of life itself and unto the roots of its heart!

Wherever I found living matter I found will unto power; and even in the will of the serving, I found the will to be master.

To serve the stronger the weaker is persuaded by its own will which wisheth to be master over what is still weaker. This delight alone it liketh not to miss.

And as the smaller giveth itself up unto the larger, in order to have itself delight from, and power over the smallest: thus even the largest giveth itself up, and for the sake of power risketh—life.

That is the devotion of the largest, to be jeopardy and danger and a casting of dice about death.

And wherever there are sacrifice and services and loving glances, there is will to be master. By secret paths the weaker one stealeth into the castle and unto the heart of the more powerful one—and there stealeth power.

And this secret did life itself utter unto me: 'Behold,' it said, 'I am *whatever must surpass itself.*

It is true, ye call it will unto procreation or impulse for the end, for the higher, the more remote, the more manifold; but all that is one thing and one secret.

I perish rather than renounce that one thing; and

verily, wherever there is perishing and falling of leaves, behold, life sacrificeth itself—for the sake of power!

That I must be war and becoming and end and the contradiction of the ends—alas, he who findeth out my will, probably findeth out also on what *crooked* ways he hath to walk!

Whatever I create and however I love it, soon afterwards I have to be an adversary unto it and unto my love. Thus willeth my will.

And even thou, O perceiver, art but a path and footstep of my will. Verily, my will unto power walketh on the feet of thy will unto truth!

Of course, he who shot after the word of 'will unto existence' did not hit truth. Such a will—doth not exist!

For what existeth not cannot will; but what is in existence how could that strive after existence!

Only where there is life, there is will; but not will unto life, but—thus I teach thee—will unto power!

Many things are valued higher by living things than life itself; but even out of valuing speaketh—will unto power!'

Thus life once taught me. And by means of that, ye wisest men, I read you the riddle of your heart.

Verily, I tell you: good and evil, which would be imperishable,—do not exist! Of themselves they must ever again surpass themselves.

With your values and words of good and evil ye exercise power, ye valuing ones. And this is your hidden love and the shining, trembling, and overflowing of your soul.

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"STILL is the bottom of my sea. Who could know that it hideth jesting monsters!

Unshakable is my depth, but it shineth from swimming riddles and laughters.

An august one I saw to-day, a solemn one, a penitent of spirit. Oh, how laughed my soul at his ugliness!

With his breast raised and like those who draw in their breath—thus he stood there, the august one, and silent;

Covered with ugly truths, the prey of his hunting, and rich with torn clothes; many thorns also hung on him, but I saw no rose.

Not yet had he learnt laughter and beauty. Frowning this hunter came back from the forest of perception.

He returned from the struggle with wild beasts; but out of his seriousness a wild beast looketh—one not overcome!

Like a tiger still standeth he there, about to jump; but I care not for these strained souls; my taste hath no favour for all these reserved ones.

And ye tell me, friends, that one cannot quarrel about taste and tasting? But all life is a struggle about taste and tasting!

Taste—that is at the same time weight and balance and the weighing one. And alas! for all living things that would try to live without struggle about weight and balance and weighing ones!

If he would become weary of his augustness, this august one—only then his beauty would begin. And not until then shall I taste him and find him tasty.

And not until he turneth away from himself will he jump over his own shadow—and lo! straight into *his* sun.

Much too long hath he been sitting in the shadow; the cheeks of the penitent of spirit grew pale; he almost died from hunger because of his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye; and loathing is hidden round his mouth. Although he resteth just now, his rest hath not yet lain down in the sun.

He ought to do as doth the bull; and his happiness ought to smell after earth and not after contempt of earth.

I should like to see him as a white bull snorting and roaring and going in front of the plough. And even his roaring should praise all that is earthy.

Dark still is his face; the shadow of his hand playeth over it. Overshadowed still is the sense of his eye.

His deed itself is the shadow that lieth on him; the hand obscureth the acting one. Not yet hath he overcome his deed.

True, I love in him the bull's neck, but I also want to see the angel's eye.

He also hath to unlearn his heroic will. He shall be one who is lifted up, and not only an august one. Ether itself should lift him who should have lost all will!

He hath conquered monsters, he hath solved riddles. But besides he should save his monsters and riddles, he should alter them into heavenly children.

Not yet hath his perception learnt how to smile and be without jealousy; not yet hath his flowing passion become still in beauty.

Verily, not in satiety shall his desire be silent and submerge, but in beauty! Gracefulness is part of the generosity of the magnanimous.

His arm put across his head—thus the hero should rest; thus he should also overcome his resting.

But for the hero above all the *beautiful* is the hardest of things. Unattainable by struggle is the beautiful for all eager will.

A little more, a little less—just that is here much, that is here the most.

To stand with your muscles relaxed and with your will unharnessed, that is the hardest for all of you, ye august!

When power becometh gracious and steppeth down into visibleness—beauty I call such stepping down.

And of no one I demand beauty with the same eagerness as just from thee, thou powerful one. Let thy goodness be thy last self-overcoming!

Everything evil I expect from thee; therefore I demand from thee what is good.

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"Too far flew I into the future; a shivering seized me. And when I looked round, behold! time was mine only contemporary there.

Then I flew backwards, homeward—and ever in a greater haste. Thus I came unto you, ye present ones, and into the country of culture.

For the first time have I brought with me an eye to see you and a good desire. Verily, with a longing in my heart have I come.

But what befell me? However frightened I was,—I had to laugh! Never hath mine eye seen anything so many-coloured!

I laughed and laughed whilst my foot was still trembling and my heart also. 'Behold, here is the home of all paint-pots!' said I.

With fifty spots of paint on your face and limbs, ye sat there and aroused mine astonishment, ye present ones!

And with fifty mirrors around you, which flattered your play of colours and spake in its favour!

Verily, ye could not possibly wear any better mask, ye present ones, than your own face is! Who could *recognise* you!

Written all over with the signs of the past, and these signs painted over with new signs—thus have ye concealed yourselves well from all soothsayers!

And even if one could look through your intestines —who will believe that ye have intestines? Ye seem to have been baked out of colours and glued papers!

All times and all peoples, many-coloured, gaze out of your veils; all customs and beliefs, many-coloured, speak out of your gestures.

He who would take away from you veils and garments and colours and gestures—he would just keep sufficient to scare the birds.

Verily, I myself am the scared bird, who for once saw you naked and colourless; and I flew away when the skeleton made me signs of love.

Rather I would be a day-labourer in the lower regions and among the shadows of the past! For fatter and fuller than ye are the inhabitants of the lower regions!

This, yea, this is bitterness in my bowels, that I can endure you neither naked nor dressed, ye present ones!

All that is dismal in the future, all that hath scared the strayed birds, is indeed more homelike and more familiar than your 'reality.'

For thus ye speak: 'We are wholly real and without any belief or superstition.' Thus ye give yourselves airs —alas, even without having any breasts!

Oh, how *could* ye believe, ye many-coloured—ye who are pictures of whatever hath been believed at any time!

Ye are yourselves living refutations of belief and a breaking of limbs of all thought. *Untrustworthy*—thus I call you, ye real!

All times rave against each other in your minds; and the dreams and gossip of all times have been more real than your being awake!

Sterile ye are. *Therefore* faith is lacking within you. But he who was compelled to create had always his prophesying dreams and prognostics in the stars—and believed in belief!

Half-open doors ye are at which gravediggers wait. And this is *your* reality: 'Everything deserveth to perish.'

Oh, how ye appear unto me, ye sterile, how meagre in your ribs! And many of you knew that perfectly.

And they said: 'Whilst I was sleeping, a God, I suppose, clandestinely stole something from me? Verily, enough to form a little woman out of it!'

'Wonderful is the poverty of my ribs!' thus said many present ones.

Yea, ye make me laugh at you, ye present ones! And especially when ye are astonished at yourselves!

And woe unto me, if I could not laugh at your astonishment, and had to swallow whatever is loathsome in your dishes!

But as it is, I shall take you more lightly, since I have to bear *heavy things*. What matter, if beetles and flying worms alight on my burden!

Verily, it shall not thereby become heavier! And not from you, ye present ones, shall my great weariness spring.

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OF IMMACULATE PERCEPTION

"WHEN the moon rose yesternight, I fancied she would give birth unto a sun. So broad and big she lay on the horizon.

But a liar she was with her child-bearing; and I shall rather believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, there is little of man either in the moon, that shy dreamer of the night. Verily, with a bad conscience she strideth over the roofs.

For he is lascivious and jealous, the monk in the moon, lascivious for earth and all delights of the loving.

Nay, I like him not, this tom-cat on the roofs! Disgusting for me are all who steal round half-closed windows!

Piously and silently he walketh on over starry carpets. But I like not soft-stepping men's feet, without even a spur clinking.

Every honest man's step speaketh; but the cat stealeth over the ground. Behold, like a cat, dishonestly the moon strideth on.

This parable I give unto you sentimental dissemblers, unto you with your 'pure perception.' You *I* call lascivious!

Ye also love earth and things earthly. Truly I found you out ! But shame and bad conscience are in your love ; ye are like the moon !

To despise things earthly your mind hath been persuaded, but not your bowels which are the strongest thing within you !

And now your mind is ashamed to be under the will of your bowels, and goeth byways and lie-ways to escape its own shame.

'That would be the highest for me'—thus saith your deceitful mind unto itself—'to look at life without desire, and not like the dog with the tongue hanging out ;

To be happy in gazing, with one's will dead, without the grasp or greediness of selfishness—cold and ashen-grey all over the body, but with the eyes drunken like the moon !

That is what I should like best.' Thus the seduced one seduceth himself to love earth, as the moon loveth it, and to touch its beauty solely with the eye.

And I call it the *immaculate* perception of all things, that I want nothing from things but to be allowed to lie before them, like a mirror with an hundred eyes.

Oh, ye sentimental dissemblers, ye lascivious ! Ye lack innocence in desire, and therefore ye backbite desire.

Verily, not as creators, procreators, happy in becoming, ye love earth !

Where is innocence ? Where will unto procreation is. And he who would create beyond himself, hath in mine eyes the purest will.

Where is beauty? Where I am *compelled to will* with all will; where I must love and perish in order that an image might not remain an image only.

Loving and perishing,—these words have rhymed for eternities. Will unto love,—that is, to be willing even unto death. Thus I speak unto you cowards!

But now your emasculate ogling wisheth to be called 'contemplativeness.' And what can be touched with cowardly eyes is to be baptised 'beautiful!' Oh, ye befoulers of noble names!

But that shall be your curse, ye immaculate, ye pure perceivers, that ye shall never give birth. And that although ye lie broad and big on the horizon!

Verily, ye fill your mouth well with noble words, and we are to be made believe that your heart hath too great abundance, ye liars?

But *my* words are small, despised, crooked words; happily I pick up what falleth under the table during your dinner.

Still they serve to tell dissemblers the truth! Yea, my fishbones, shells, and stinging leaves shall tickle the noses of dissemblers!

Bad air is always around you and your meals. For your lascivious thoughts, your lies and secrecies are in the air!

Dare first to believe yourselves—yourselves and your intestines! He who doth not believe himself lieth ever.

A God's mask ye hang before yourselves, ye 'pure.' In a God's mask hid itself your horrible coiled worm.

Verily, ye deceive, ye 'contemplative!' Zarathustra

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OF SCHOLARS

"When I lay sleeping, a sheep ate at the ivy-wreath of my head,—ate and said eating: 'Zarathustra is no longer a scholar.'

Said it and went off clumsily and proudly. So a child told me.

I like to lie here where the children play, at the broken wall, under thistles and red poppy flowers.

A scholar am I still for the children and the thistles and the red poppy flowers. Innocent are they, even in their wickedness.

But a scholar am I no longer for the sheep. Thus my fate willeth—be it blessed!

For this is the truth: I have departed from the house of scholars, and the door I have shut violently behind me.

Too long sat my soul hungry at their table. Not, as they, am I trained for perceiving as for cracking nuts.

Freedom I love, and a breeze over a fresh soil. And I would rather sleep on ox-skins than on their honours and respectabilities.

I am too hot and am burnt with mine own thoughts,

so as often to take my breath away. Then I must go into the open air and away from all dusty rooms.

But they are sitting cool in the cool shadow. They like to be spectators in all things and take care not to sit where the sun burneth on the steps.

Like such as stand in the street and gaze at the folk passing—thus they tarry and gaze at the thoughts thought by others.

As soon as they are grasped by hands, they give off dust like flour-bags, and involuntarily. But who would find out rightly that their dust is derived from the corn and the yellow delight of summer fields?

When they give themselves the air of wisdom, I grow cold with their petty sayings and truths. An odour is often in their wisdom, as if it sprang from the swamp. And, verily, I have even heard the frog croak in it!

Clever they are, they have able fingers. What doth my simplicity wish from their manifoldness? Their fingers understand all threading and knotting and weaving. Thus they weave the stockings of the spirit!

Good clock-works are they. Only take care to wind them up properly! Then without deceitfulness they indicate the hour and make a modest noise in so doing.

Like millworks they work, and like corn-crushers. Let folk only throw their grain into them! They know only too well how to grind corn and make white dust out of it.

They look well at each other's fingers and trust each other not over-much. Ingenious in little stratagems,

they wait for those whose knowledge walketh on lame feet; like spiders they wait.

I have seem them always prepare their poison with prudence; and they always put gloves of glass on their fingers in so doing.

They also know how to play with false dice; and I found them play so eagerly that they perspired from it.

We are strangers unto each other, and their virtues are still more contrary unto my taste than their falsehoods and false dice.

And when I lived among them I lived above them. Therefore they became angry at me.

They like not to hear of any one walking above their heads. Thus they laid wood and earth and filfth between myself and their heads.

Thus they have deadened the sound of my steps; and the most learned have heard me worst.

The fault and weakness of all human beings they laid between themselves and myself. 'False ceiling' they call that in their houses.

But nevertheless I walk with my thoughts *above* their heads; and even if I should walk on mine own faults, I should still be above them and their heads.

For men are *not* equal. Thus speaketh justice. And what I will *they* would not be allowed to will!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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Believest thou now that he spake the truth in this point? Why dost thou believe that?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.

"Belief doth not make me blessed," said he, "more especially not the belief in myself.

But suppose somebody said seriously that the poets lie too much: he is right,—*we* lie too much.

Besides we know too little and are bad learners. Thus we are compelled to lie.

And which of us poets hath not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous mishmash hath been brought about in our cellars; many indescribable things have been done there.

And because we know little we like from our heart's heart the poor in spirit, especially if they are little young women!

And we are even desirous of the things which the little old women tell each other at night. This we call in ourselves eternally feminine.

And as though there were a particular secret access unto knowledge, which was *obstructed* for those who learn something—we believe in the folk and their 'wisdom.'

But this is what all poets believe, that he who is lying in the grass or by lonely slopes and pricketh up his ears, learneth something about the things which are between heaven and earth.

And when feeling amorous emotions, the poets ever think that nature herself is in love with them.

And that she stealeth unto their ear, to whisper into

it secret things and love-flatteries,—of that they boast, and in it they take their pride in the presence of all mortals!

Alas, there are so many things between heaven and earth of which poets only have dreamt!

And chiefly *above* heaven. For all Gods are a simile of poets, an imposition by poets!

Verily, we are always drawn upwards—namely into the kingdom of clouds. On these we place our coloured dolls and call them Gods and beyond-men.

For they are just light enough for such chairs—all these Gods and beyond-men!

Alas, how weary I am of all the inadequate things which are obstinately maintained to be actuality! Alas, how weary I am of poets!"

Zarathustra so saying, his disciple was angry with him but was silent. And Zarathustra was silent also; and his eye had turned inwards, as though he gazed into far distances. At last he sighed and took breath.

Then he said: "I am of to-day and of the past; but something is within me, that is of to-morrow and the day after to-morrow and the far future.

I became weary of poets, of the old and of the new. Superficial all of them are, and shallow seas.

They did not think deep enough. Therefore their feeling did not sink so deep as to reach the bottom.

Some voluptuousness and some tediousness—these have even been their best meditation.

As a breathing and vanishing of ghosts I regard all

the strumming of their harp. What have they known hitherto of the ardour of tones!

Besides they are not cleanly enough for me. All of them make their water muddy that it may seem deep.

And they like to let themselves appear as reconcilers. But mediators and mixers they remain for me, and half-and-half ones and uncleanly!

Alas, it is true I have cast my net in their seas and tried to catch good fish; but I always drew up the head of some old God.

Thus the sea gave a stone unto the hungry one. And perhaps they themselves are born from the sea.

True, one findeth pearls in them. So much the more are they like unto the hard shell-fish. And instead of a soul I often found salt slime in them.

From the sea they learned even its vanity. Is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes it unfoldeth its tail; and it never wearieth of its lace-fan of silver and silk.

Defiantly looketh at it the buffalo, with soul nigh the sand, still nigher the thicket, but nighest the swamp.

What is for it beauty and sea and peacock-decoration? This simile I give unto poets.

Verily, their mind itself is the peacock of peacocks, and a sea of vanity!

The mind of poets wisheth spectators,—even if it were buffaloes!

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THERE is an island in the sea—not far from the blissful islands of Zarathustra—in which a volcano smoketh constantly. The folk, and especially the little old women among the folk, say that that island is set before the gate of the underworld. But through the volcano there is a narrow path down, which leadeth unto that gate of the underworld.

About that time when Zarathustra lived on the blissful islands it came to pass that a ship cast anchor at that island on which the smoking mountain standeth; and the sailors of that ship went ashore in order to shoot rabbits! But about the hour of noon, when the captain and his men had mustered again, they suddenly saw a man come through the air unto them, and a voice said distinctly: "It is time! It is high time!" But when that person was nighest unto them (he passed by them flying quickly like a shadow, in the direction in which the volcano was situated) they recognised with the greatest confusion that it was Zarathustra. For all of them, except the captain, had seen him before, and they loved him, as the folk love, blending love and awe in equal parts.

"Lo there!" said the old steersman, "Zarathustra goeth unto hell!"

About the same time when these sailors landed at the fire-island, a rumour went about that Zarathustra had disappeared. And when his friends were asked they told how at night he had gone aboard a ship without saying whither he was going to voyage.

Thus some anxiety arose. But after three days the story of the sailors was added unto that anxiety—and now every one said that the devil had taken Zarathustra. Although his disciples laughed at that gossip and one of them even said: "I rather believe that Zarathustra hath taken the devil," at the bottom of their soul they were all full of sorrow and longing. Thus their joy was great when, on the fifth day, Zarathustra appeared among them.

And this is the story of Zarathustra's conversation with the fiery dog:

"Earth," said he, "hath a skin; and that skin hath diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called: 'man.'

And another of these diseases is called 'fiery dog;' of *it* men have told and been told many lies.

To find out this secret I went beyond the sea. And I have seen truth naked, verily! barefoot up to its neck.

Now I know the truth about that fiery dog; and at the same time about all the devils of casting out and of revolution, of which not only little old women are afraid.

'Come up, fiery dog, out of thy depth!' I shouted,

'and confess how deep that depth is! Whence cometh what thou snortest up?

Thou drinkest enough at the sea; that is betrayed by thy salt eloquence! Verily, considering that thou art a dog of the depth thou takest thy food too much from the surface!

At the highest I regard thee as a ventriloquist of earth, and whenever I heard devils of revolution and casting out speak, I found them to be like thee: salt, deceitful and shallow.

Ye understand how to roar and to darken with ashes! Ye are the best swaggerers and have sufficiently learnt the art of heating mud.

Wherever ye are, there must mud be nigh, and many mud-like, hollow, squeezed-in things. They seek to get into freedom.

"Freedom" all of you like best to shout. But I have lost my belief in "great events," whenever much shouting and smoke are round them.

And believe me, friend Hellish Noise! The greatest events are not our loudest but our stillest hours.

The world doth not revolve round the inventors of new noise, but round the inventors of new values; *inaudibly* it turneth.

And now confess! Little had actually happened when thy noise and smoke disappeared. What matter that a town became a mummy, and a statue lay in the mud!

And this word I tell the subverters of statues. Probably the greatest folly is to throw salt into the sea, and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt the statue lay. But

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And in order that I may also be right in future, let me speak unto thee of another fiery dog, that actually speaketh out of the heart of earth.

Gold is breathed by its breath, and a golden rain. Thus its heart willeth. What are for it ashes and smoke and hot phlegm!

Laughter fluttereth out of it like coloured clouds; it misliketh thy gargling and spitting and thy pains in the bowels!

But gold and laughter it taketh out of the heart of earth. For thou mayest now know—*the heart of earth is of gold.*'

When the fiery dog had heard that, it could bear no longer to listen unto me. In shame it drew in its tail; sorely cast down it said: 'Bow wow!' and crept down into its cave."

Thus told Zarathustra. But his disciples scarcely listened unto him. So great was their desire to tell him about the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

"What am I to think of that!" said Zarathustra. "Am I a ghost?

But it may have been my shadow. I suppose ye have heard some things about the wanderer and his shadow?

But one thing is sure: I must keep it shorter,—otherwise it spoileth my reputation."

And Zarathustra shook his head once more and wondered. "What am I to think of that!" he repeated.

"Why did that ghost cry: 'It is high time!'

For what is it—high time?"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER

"AND I saw a great sadness coming over men. The best became weary of their works.

A doctrine went out, a belief ran with it: 'All is empty, all is equal, all hath been!'

And from all hills it echoed: 'All is empty, all is equal, all hath been!'

True, we have reaped. But why grew all our fruits rotten and brown? What hath fallen down from the evil moon last night?

In vain hath been all work, our wine hath become poison, an evil eye hath burnt our fields and hearts yellow.

Dry all of us have become; and when fire falleth down on us we become dust like ashes. Fire itself we have wearied out. For us, all wells pined away; even the sea receded from us. All the soil is going to break, but the depth is not going to devour anything!

Alas! where is a sea left to be drowned in? Thus soundeth our lament, away over shallow swamps.

Verily, we are already too weary to die. Now we wake on and live on—in burial vaults!"

Thus heard Zarathustra a fortune-teller say; and the prophecy touched his heart and changed him. He went about dreary and weary; and he became like those of whom the fortune-teller had spoken.

"Verily," said he unto his disciples, "yet a little while, and then cometh that long twilight. Alas, how can I save my light beyond it!

Would that it were not extinguished in that sadness! For it is meant to be a light for still remoter worlds, and for the remotest nights!"

Thus afflicted Zarathustra went about. And for three days he did not take any drink or food; he had no rest and lost his speech. At last it came to pass that he fell into a deep sleep. But his disciples sat around him in long night-watches and waited sorrowing, to see whether he would awake and speak again and recover from his affliction.

This is the speech which Zarathustra made when he awoke. But his voice sounded unto his disciples as though it came from a far distance.

"Now listen unto the dream I dreamt, ye friends, and help me to find out its sense!

A riddle it is still for me, that dream. Its sense is hidden within it and caught in it, and flieth not yet over it with free wings.

I dreamt I had renounced all life. I had become a night watchman and grave watchman, there on the lonely castle of death in the mountains.

On high there I guarded death's coffins. The damp vaults stood full of such signs of triumph. Out of glass coffins, overcome life gazed at me.

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And amidst the roaring and whistling and whizzing the coffin brake and spat out a thousandfold laughter.

And out of a thousand caricatures of children, angels, owls, fools, and butterflies as big as children, something laughed and mocked and roared at me.

It made me sore afraid, it threw me down. And with terror I yelled, as never I yelled before.

But mine own cry awakened me; and I became conscious again."

Thus Zarathustra told his dream and then was silent. For he did not yet know the interpretation of it. But the disciple whom he loved most, arose quickly and took Zarathustra's hand, saying:

"Thy life itself is explained unto us by this dream, O Zarathustra!

Art thou not thyself the wind with whizzing whistling, that openeth the doors of the castles of death?

Art thou not thyself the coffin of many-coloured wickednesses and caricatures of the angels of life?

Verily, like a thousandfold laughter of children Zarathustra entereth all chambers of the dead, laughing at those night watchmen and grave watchmen, and whoever else rattleth with gloomy keys.

Thou wilt terrify and subvert them with thy laughter. Impotence and awakening will be proved by thy power over them.

And even when the long dawn cometh, and the weariness of death, thou wilt not set in our sky, thou advocate of life!

Thou madest us see new stars and new beauties of the night. Verily, life itself thou didst stretch over us like a many-coloured tent.

Now for ever the laughter of children will spring forth from coffins; now for ever a strong wind will come victoriously over all weariness of death. Of that thou art thyself a pledge and a prophet.

Verily, *thou beholdest thine enemies themselves*, in thy dream; that was thy hardest dream!

But as thou awokest and camest back from them unto thyself, so shall they awake from themselves and come unto thee!"

Thus said the disciple. And now all the others thronged round Zarathustra and shook his hands and tried to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness and return unto them. But Zarathustra sat upright on his couch and with a strange glance. Like unto one who returneth from a long journey abroad he gazed at his disciples and examined their faces; but not yet did he recognise them. But when they lifted him and set him on his feet, behold, then his eye changed at once. He understood all that had befallen, he stroked his beard and said with a strong voice:

"Up! This hath had its time. Take care, my disciples, that we have a good dinner, and that right early! Thus would I do penance for bad dreams!

But the fortune-teller shall eat and drink at my side. And, verily, I shall show him a sea in which he can be drowned!"

Thus spake Zarathustra. And then for a long while he gazed into the face of the disciple who had been the interpreter of his dream—shaking his head.

OF SALVATION

WHEN Zarathustra one day crossed the large bridge, cripples and beggars surrounded him, and a hunchback thus spake unto him:

"Behold, Zarathustra! Even the folk learn from thee and learn belief in thy teaching. But in order that they may believe thee entirely, one thing more is wanted—first thou must persuade us cripples! Here thou hast now a beautiful selection, and, verily, an opportunity with more than one forelock to catch it by. Thou mightest heal the blind and make the lame run, and thou mightest also perhaps take a little from him who hath too much behind him. That, I think, would be the proper way to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

But Zarathustra replied thus unto him who had spoken: "If one taketh the hunch from the hunchback, one taketh his spirit away. Thus the folk teach. And if one giveth the blind one his eyes, he seeth too many bad things on earth, so that he curseth him who hath healed him. But he who maketh the lame one run, hurteth him sorely; for just when he hath learnt to run, his vices run away with him. Thus the folk teach about cripples. And why should not Zarathustra

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Having thus spoken unto the hunchback and unto those whose mouthpiece and advocate that man was, Zarathustra turned unto his disciples in deep distress and said:

"Verily, my friends, I walk among men as among the fragments and limbs of men!

This is the dreadful thing for mine eye, that I find man broken into pieces and scattered as over a battle field and a butcher's shambles.

And when mine eye fleeth from to-day into the past it findeth always the same: fragments and limbs and dismal accidents, but no men!

The present and the past on earth—alas! my friends, —these are what *I* find most intolerable. And I should not know how to live, if I were not a prophet of what must come.

A prophet, a willing one, a creator, a veritable future, and a bridge unto the future—and alas! besides, as it were, a cripple at that bridge. All these things is Zarathustra.

And ye also asked yourselves: 'Who is Zarathustra for us? How is he to be called by us?' And as I do, ye gave yourselves questions for answer.

Is he one who promiseth? Or one who fulfilleth? One who conquereth? Or one who inheriteth? An autumn? Or a plough? A physician? Or a convalescent?

Is he a poet? Or a truthful one? A liberator? Or a subduer? One who is good? Or one who is bad?

I walk among men as among the fragments of the future, of that future which I see.

And all my thought and striving is to compose and gather into one thing what is a fragment and a riddle and a dismal accident.

And how could I bear to be a man, if man was not a poet and a solver of riddles and the saviour of accident!

To save the past ones and to change every 'It was' into a 'Thus I would have it'—that alone would mean salvation for me!

Will—that is the name of the liberator and bringer of joy. Thus I taught you, my friends! But now learn this in addition: will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing delivereth. But what is the name of that which putteth into chains even the liberator?

'It was;' thus the gnashing of the teeth and the loneliest affliction of will are named. Impotent against what hath been done, it is an evil spectator of all that is past.

Will is unable to will anything in the past. That it cannot break time and the desire of time,—that is the loneliest affliction of will.

Willing delivereth. What doth willing itself invent in order to get rid of its affliction and mock at its prison?

Alas, every prisoner becometh a fool! Foolishly, likewise, imprisoned will delivereth itself.

That time doth not go backwards, that is will's wrath. 'What was'—is the name of the stone it cannot turn.

And thus it turneth stones out of wrath and indignation and taketh revenge on what doth not feel wrath and indignation like it.

Thus will, the liberator, became a causer of pain. And on all that is able to suffer, it taketh revenge for being unable to enter the past.

This, this alone, is *revenge:* will's abhorrence of time and its 'It was.'

Verily, great folly liveth in our will; and it became a curse for all that is human, that that folly learned how to have spirit!

The spirit of revenge—my friends, that hath hitherto been the best meditation of men. And wherever there was affliction, there punishment was supposed to be.

'Punishment'—thus revenge calleth itself. With a word of lying, it feigneth a good conscience for itself.

And because there is affliction in the willing one, because he cannot will backwards—all willing and all living were supposed to be punishment!

And now one cloud after another hath rolled over the spirit, until at last madness preached: 'Everything perisheth, therefore all is worthy to perish!'

'And this law of time is justice, that time must devour its own children.' Thus madness preached.

'Morally things are arranged according to right and punishment. Oh! where is the salvation from the current of things and the "existence" of punishment?' Thus madness preached.

'Can there be salvation if there is an eternal right? Alas, unturnable is the stone "It was!" Eternal must be all punishments!' Thus madness preached.

'No action can be annihilated. How could it be undone by punishment! This, this, is what is eternal

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"It is difficult to live with men because silence is so difficult. Especially for a talkative person."

Thus spake Zarathustra. But the hunchback had listened unto the conversation with his face covered over. Yet when he heard Zarathustra laugh he looked up curiously and said slowly:

"But why doth Zarathustra speak unto us in different wise from that in which he speaketh unto his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What cause is there for astonishment? With the hunchback, one may well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Good and well," said the hunchback; "and among schoolfellows one may well talk of school.

But why doth Zarathustra speak in different wise unto his disciples from that—in which he speaketh unto himself?"

"NOT the height, the declivity is the terrible thing!

The declivity where the glance hurleth *down*, and the hand graspeth *up*. There the heart becometh dizzy from its double will.

Alas, friends, do ye guess rightly the double will of my heart?

This, this is *my* declivity and my danger, that my glance hurleth up, and my hand would fain clutch and lean upon—depth!

My will clingeth round man; with chains I bind myself unto man because I am torn upwards unto beyond-man. For thither mine other will is longing.

And *for this purpose* I live blind among men as though I did not know them; that my hand might not lose entirely its belief in what is firm.

I know not you men; this darkness and comfort is frequently spread out over me.

I am sitting at the gateway for every villain and ask: 'Who is going to deceive me?'

My first manly prudence is that I admit myself to be deceived in order not to be compelled to guard myself from deceivers.

Alas, if I guarded myself from man how could man

be an anchor for my ball! Much too easily would I be drawn upwards and away!

This providence hangeth over my fate, that I must be without caution.

And whoever wisheth not to die of thirst among men, must learn to drink out of all glasses; and whoever wisheth to remain clean among men, must understand to wash himself even with dirty water.

Thus I often spake unto myself comforting: 'Up! up! old heart! A misfortune of thine hath failed. Enjoy that as thy happiness!'

But this is mine other manly prudence: I spare the *conceited* more than the proud.

Is not wounded conceit the mother of all tragedies? But where pride is wounded, there groweth up something better than pride.

In order that life may be a fine spectacle, its play must be played well. But for that purpose good actors are required.

Good actors, I found, all the conceited are. They play and wish that folk may like to look at their playing. All their spirit is in this will.

They act themselves, they invent themselves; close by them I like to look at life's play,—it cureth melancholy.

Therefore I spare all the conceited, because they are physicians of my melancholy and keep me tied fast unto man as unto a spectacle.

And then: in the conceited one, who could measure the entire depth of his modesty! I am favourable and sympathetic towards him because of his modesty.

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Out of your wild cats tigers must have grown and crocodiles out of your poisonous toads. For the good hunter shall have a good hunt!

And, verily, ye good and just! Much in you is laughable and especially your fear of what hath hitherto been called 'devil!'

What is great is so strange unto your soul, that beyond-man would be *terrible* unto you by his kindness!

And ye wise and knowing men, ye would flee from the burning sun of wisdom, in which beyond-man rejoiceth to bathe his nakedness!

Ye highest men with whom mine eye hath met! This is my doubt as regardeth you, and my secret laughter: I guess, my beyond-man ye would call—'devil!'

Alas, I have grown weary of these highest and best! From their 'height' I longed to rise upwards, out, away unto beyond-man!

A terror overcame me when I saw these best men naked. Then wings grew unto me to fly away into remote futures.

Into more remote futures, into more southern souths than artist ever dreamt of: thither where Gods are ashamed of all clothing!

But I wish to see *you* disguised, ye neighbours and fellow-men, and well adorned, and vain, and worthy, as 'the good and just,'—

And disguised I will sit among you myself, in order to *mistake* you and myself. For this is my last manly prudence."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE STILL HOUR

"WHAT hath happened unto me, my friends? Ye see me troubled, driven away, unwillingly obedient, ready to go—alas, to go away from *you!*

Yea, once more Zarathustra hath to go into his solitude! But this time the bear goeth back into its cave sadly!

What hath happened unto me? Who commandeth this? Alas, mine angry mistress wisheth it to be thus! She spake unto me. Did I ever mention her name unto you?

Yester-even *my stillest hour* spake unto me. That is the name of my terrible mistress.

And thus it happened. (For everything must I tell you, that your heart may not harden towards him who taketh sudden leave!)

Know ye the terror of him who falleth asleep?

Unto his very toes he is terrified by the ground giving way and the dream beginning.

This I tell you as a parable. Yesterday at the stillest hour, the ground gave way beneath me: the dream began.

The hand moved on, the clock of my life took breath. Never did I hear such stillness round me. Thus my heart was terrified.

Then it was said unto me without a voice: '*Thou knowest it, Zarathustra?*'

And I yelled with terror at that whispering, and the blood went out of my face, but I was speechless.

Then it was again said unto me without a voice: 'Thou knowest, Zarathustra, but thou speakest not!'

And at last I answered like a spiteful one: 'Yea, I know it, but wish not to pronounce it!'

Then it was again said unto me: 'Thou *wishest* not, Zarathustra? Is that true? Conceal not thyself behind thy spite!'

But I wept and trembled like a child and said: 'Alas, I should wish, but how can I do it! Exempt me from this one thing! It is beyond my power!'

Then it was again said unto me without a voice: 'What matter about thyself, Zarathustra! Say thy word and break into pieces!'

And I answered: 'Alas, is it *my* word? Who am *I*? I wait for a worthier one; I am not worthy to be broken into pieces even from that word.'

Then it was again said unto me without a voice: 'What matter about thyself? Thou art not yet humble enough. Humility hath the thickest skin.'

And I answered: 'What hath not been borne by the skin of my humility! At the foot of my height I dwell. How high my summits are? How high, no one hath yet told me. But well I know my valleys.'

Then it was again said unto me without a voice: 'O Zarathustra, he who hath to move mountains moveth valleys and low lands as well.'

And I answered: 'Not yet hath my word moved

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The pride of youth is still upon thee; very late hast thou become young. And whoever wanteth to become a child must overcome even his youth.'

And I meditated a long while and trembled. But at last I said what I had said first: 'I wish not.'

Then a laughter brake out around me. Alas, how the laughter tore mine intestines and ripped up my heart!

And it was said unto me for the last time: 'O Zarathustra, thy fruits are ripe, but thou art not ripe for thy fruits!

Thus thou must again go into solitude; for thou shalt become mellow.'

And again there was laughter; and then it fled. Then there was stillness around me, as it were, with a two-fold stillness. But I lay on the ground, and the sweat flowed down my limbs.

Now ye have heard all, and why I have to return into my solitude. Nothing I kept hidden from you, my friends.

Ye have indeed heard it from me *who* am still the most discreet of men—and will be so!

Alas, my friends! I should have more to tell you, I should have more to give you! Why do I give it not? Am I miserly?"

When Zarathustra had said these words the power of pain and the nighness of the leavetaking from his friends surprised him so that he wept aloud; and nobody could comfort him. But at night he went off alone and left his friends.

THE THIRD PART

"Ye look upward when longing to be exalted. And I look downward because I am exalted.

Which of you can at the same time laugh and be exalted?

He who strideth across the highest mountains laugheth at all tragedies whether of the stage or of life."

Zarathustra, I
Of Reading and Writing

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—mine own self, and whatever of it hath been for a long time abroad and hath been dispersed among all things and accidents.

And one more thing I know: now I stand before my last summit and before that which hath been longest reserved for me. Alas, I must ascend my hardest path! Alas, I have begun my loneliest wandering!

But whoever is of my kin escapeth not such an hour, an hour which speaketh unto him: 'It is only now that thou goest the way of thy greatness! Summit and precipice—these are now contained in one!

Thou goest the way of thy greatness. Now what was called hitherto thy last danger hath become thy last refuge!

Thou goest the way of thy greatness. Thy best courage must now be that behind thee there is no further path!

Thou goest the way of thy greatness. Hither no one shall steal after thee! Thy foot itself extinguished the path behind thee, and above it there standeth written: 'Impossibility.'

And if thou now lackest all ladders thou must know how to mount thine own head. Otherwise how couldst thou ascend?

Thine own head, and past thine own heart! Now what is mildest in thee must become hardest.

Whoever hath spared himself always, at last aileth because of his sparing himself so much. Let that which maketh hard be praised. I do not praise the land where there—flow butter and honey!

In order to see *much* it is necessary to learn to forget

one's self. This hardness is requisite for every mountain-climber.

But whoever is forward with his eyes as a perceiver, how could he see more than the foremost reasons of all things!

But thou, O Zarathustra, desiredst to see the ground and background of all things. Thus thou art compelled to mount above thyself, up, upwards until thou seest below thyself even thy stars!

Ay, to look down unto one's self and even unto one's stars: only that would I call my *summit*, that hath been reserved for me as my *last* summit."

Thus Zarathustra spake unto himself, ascending, comforting his heart with hard little sayings; for his heart was sore as it had never been. And when he reached the top of the mountain ridge, lo! the other sea lay spread out before him. And he stood still and kept silence for a long time. But the night was cold on that height, and clear and bright with stars.

"I recognise my lot," at last he said sadly. "Up! I am ready. My last loneliness hath just begun.

Oh, that black, sad sea below me! Oh, that black, nightlike peevishness! Oh, fate and sea! Now I have to step *down* unto you!

Before my highest mountain I stand, and before my longest wandering. Therefore I must first descend deeper than I ever ascended—

Descend deeper into pain, than I ever ascended until I reach its blackest flood. Thus my fate willeth. Up! I am ready.

'Whence spring the highest mountains?' Thus I once asked. Then I learned that they spring from the sea.

This testimony is written in their stones-and in the walls of their summits. Out of the greatest depth the highest must rise unto its height."

Thus spake Zarathustra on the summit of the mountain, where it was cold. But when he came nigh unto the sea, and at last stood alone among the cliffs, he had grown weary on the way and felt a deeper longing than ever before.

"Now everything is asleep," said he. "The sea is asleep also. Full of sleep and strange its eye gazeth at me.

But warm is its breath, I feel it. And I also feel that it dreameth. Dreamy it tosseth to and fro on its hard pillows.

Hearken! Hearken! How it groaneth with evil reminiscences! Or with evil expectations?

Oh, I am sad with thee, thou dark monster, and I am angry at myself even for thy sake.

Alas, that my hand hath not strength enough! Fain, truly, would I redeem thee from evil dreams!"

And while thus speaking Zarathustra laughed with melancholy and bitterness at himself. "What! Zarathustra!" said he. "Art thou about to sing comfort even unto the sea?

Oh, thou kind-hearted fool Zarathustra, thou who art all-too-full of confidence! But thus thou hast always been: familiarly thou hast ever approached unto all that was terrible.

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OF THE VISION AND THE RIDDLE

WHEN the rumour spread among the shipmen that Zarathustra was on board the ship (for at the same time with him a man had come aboard who came from the blissful islands), great curiosity and expectation arose. But Zarathustra was silent for two days and was cold and deaf from sadness so that he neither answered looks nor questions. But on the evening of the second day he opened his ears again, although he still remained silent. For there were many strange and dangerous things to be heard on that ship which came from a far distance and went far further. But Zarathustra was a friend of all such as make distant voyages and like not to live without danger. And lo! from listening at last his own tongue was loosened and the ice of his heart brake. Then he began to speak thus:

"Unto you, ye keen searchers, tempters and whoever goeth aboard a ship for terrible seas with cunning sails,—

Unto you rejoicers in riddles, who enjoy the twi-

light; whose soul is attracted by flutes unto every labyrinthine chasm:

(For ye care not to grope after a thread, with a coward's hand; and where ye are able to *guess* ye hate to determine by *argument*.)

Unto you alone I tell this riddle which I *saw*—the vision of the loneliest one.

Mournfully I went of late through a corpse-coloured dawn,—mournfully and hard with my lips pressed together. Not only one sun had gone down for me.

A path ascending defiantly through the boulder-stones; a wicked, lonely path unto which neither herb nor bushes spake; a mountain-path gnashed its teeth under the scorn of my foot.

Striding silently over the scornful rattling of pebbles, crushing with its step the stone that made it slip, thus my foot forced its way upwards.

Upwards—in defiance of the spirit drawing it downwards, into the abyss—the spirit of gravity, my devil and arch-enemy.

Upwards—although that spirit sat upon me, half a dwarf, half a mole; lame; laming; dropping lead through mine ear, thoughts as heavy as drops of lead into my brain.

'O Zarathustra,' it whispered scornfully pronouncing syllable by syllable. 'Thou stone of wisdom! Thou threwest thyself high up, but every stone thrown must—fall!

O Zarathustra, thou stone of wisdom, thou sling-stone, thou destroyer of stars! Thyself thou threwest so high,—but every stone thrown must—fall!

Condemned unto thyself and thine own stoning. O Zarathustra, far thou threwest the stone indeed,—but it will fall back upon *thyself!*'

Then the dwarf was silent; and that lasted long. But his silence pressed me down; and being thus by twos, verily, one is lonelier than being by one!

I ascended, I ascended, I dreamt, I thought,—but everything pressed upon me. Like a sick one I was, who is wearied by a sore torture, and who, by a sorer dream, is awakened out of his falling asleep.

But a thing is within me, I call it courage. It hath hitherto slain every evil mood of mine. This courage bade me at last stand still and say: 'Dwarf! Thou! Or I!'

For courage is the best murderer,—courage that *attacketh*. For in every attack there is a stirring music of battle.

But man is the most courageous animal. Thereby he hath conquered every animal. With stirring battle-music he hath conquered every pain; but human pain is the sorest pain.

Courage even slayeth giddiness nigh abysses. And where doth man not stand nigh abysses! Is the very seeing not—seeing abysses?

Courage is the best murderer; courage murdereth even pity. But pity is the deepest abyss. As deep as man looketh into life, so deep he looketh into suffering.

But courage is the best murderer, courage that attacketh; it murdereth even death, for it saith: 'Was *that* life? Up! Once more!'

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gateway called moment a long, eternal lane runneth *backward*: behind us lieth an eternity.

Must not all that *can* run of things have run already through this lane? Must not what *can* happen of things have happened, have been done and have run past here?

And if all things have happened already: what dost thou dwarf think of this moment? Must not this gateway have existed previously also?

And are not thus all things knotted fast together that this moment draweth behind it all future things? *Consequently*—draweth itself, as well?

For what *can* run of things—in that long lane *out there*, it *must* run once more!

And this slow spider creeping in the moonshine, and this moonshine itself, and I and thou in the gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things, must not we all have existed once in the past?

And must not we recur and run in that other lane out there, before us, in that long haunted lane—must we not recur eternally?'

Thus I spake and ever more gently. For I was afraid of mine own thoughts and back-thoughts. Then, suddenly, I heard a dog *howl* nigh unto the place.

Did I ever hear a dog howl like that? My thought went back. Yea! When I was a child, in my remotest childhood.

Then I heard a dog howl like that. And I saw it as well, with its hair bristled, its head turned upwards, trembling, in the stillest midnight when even the dogs believe in ghosts—

So that I felt pity for it. For that very moment the full moon in deadly silence passed the house; that very moment she stood still, a round glow,—still on the flat roof, as if she stood on strange property.

Thereby the dog had been terrified; for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I heard that howling again, I felt pity once more.

Whither had the dwarf gone? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Did I dream? Did I awake? Between wild cliffs I stood suddenly, alone, lonely, in the loneliest moonshine.

But there lay a man! And there! The dog, jumping, with its hair bristled, whimpering,—now it saw me come. Then it howled again, then it *cried*. Did I ever hear a dog cry thus for help?

And, verily, what I saw, the like I had never seen. A young shepherd I saw, writhing, choking, quivering, with his face distorted, from whose mouth a black heavy snake hung down.

Did I ever see so much loathing and pale horror in one face? Had he slept? Then the serpent crept into his throat—and clung there biting.

My hand tore at the serpent and tore—in vain! It was unable to tear the snake out of his throat. Then something in myself cried out: 'Bite! Bite!

Off its head! Bite!' Thus something in myself cried out. My horror, my hate, my loathing, my pity, all my good and bad cried in one cry out of me.

Ye keen ones around me! Ye searchers, tempters, and whoever of you goeth on board a ship for unexplored seas with cunning sails! Ye rejoicers in riddles!

Find out this riddle, which I beheld at that time! Interpret the vision of the loneliest one!

For a vision it was, and a forecast. What did I then behold in a parable? And *who* is he that must come one day?

Who is the shepherd whose throat was thus entered by the snake? *Who* is the man from whose throat thus the hardest, blackest thing will have to creep forth?

But the shepherd bit, as my cry counselled him; and with a strong bite! Far away he spat the snake's head—and leaped up.

No longer a shepherd, no longer a man,—a changed one, one surrounded by light who *laughed!* Never on earth hath a man laughed as *he* did.

O my brethren, I heard a laughter that was no man's laughter. And now a thirst gnaweth at me, a longing that is never stilled.

My longing for that laughter gnaweth at me. Oh how can I endure still to live! And how could I endure to die now!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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Companions once the creator sought for, and children of *his* hope. And lo! it was found that he could not find them unless he would create them himself.

Thus am I in the middle of my work, going unto my children and returning from them. For the sake of his children Zarathustra must complete himself.

For from the bottom one loveth nothing but one's child and work; and where there is great love unto one's self, it is the sign of child-bearing. Thus I found it.

Still my children flourish in their first spring, standing close together and shaken together by the winds, the trees of my garden and of my best soil.

And, verily! Where such trees stand close unto each other, there *are* blissful islands!

But one day I will take them out of their soil and plant each of them alone, that he may learn loneliness and defiance and caution.

Gnarled and crooked and with hardness that bendeth, he shall stand then by the sea, a living lighthouse of life undestroyable.

There where the storms hustle down into the sea, and the snout of the mountains drinketh water, each of them shall one day have his day-watches and night-watches, for the sake of *his* trial and recognition.

Recognised and tried shall he be, to find out whether he be of my kin and descent, whether he be the master of a long will, silent even when he speaketh, and yielding so that he *taketh* in giving—

In order that he one day may become my com-

panion and one who createth with me and ceaseth from work with me; such a one as writeth my will on my tables for the sake of a fuller perfection of all things.

And for his sake and the sake of his like I must complete *myself*. Therefore I now avōid my happiness and offer myself unto all misfortune, for the sake of *my* last trial and recognition.

And, verily, it was time that I went away. And the wanderer's shadow, and the longest while, and the stillest hour, all counselled me: 'It is high time!'

The wind blew through my key hole saying: 'Come!' My door cunningly opened of itself saying: 'Go!'

But I lay fettered by my love unto my children. The desire laid this trap for me—the desire for love—that I should become my children's booty, and lose myself unto them.

Desiring—that meaneth in mine opinion to have lost myself. *I have got you, my children!* In this possessing, all shall be security, and nothing desiring.

But brooding the sun of my love lay upon me; in his own juice Zarathustra stewed. Then shadows and doubts flew past me.

I longed for frost and winter: 'Would that frost and winter would make me again crack and groan,' I sighed. Then icy fogs rose from me.

My past hath broken its graves; many a pain buried alive hath awakened. It had merely slept its fill, hidden in corpse's clothes.

Thus all reminded me by signs: 'It is time!

But I—heard not; until at last mine abyss moved and my thought bit me.

Oh, abyss-like thought which art *my* thought! When shall I find the strength to hear thee dig, and to tremble no more?

Up to my throat throbbeth my heart when I hear thee dig! Thy silence even will throttle me, thou who art silent as an abyss!

Never yet have I dared to call thee *upward*. It was enough that I—carried thee with me! Not yet was I strong enough for the utmost overflowing spirit and wantonness of the lion.

Enough of horror for me thy gravity hath ever been. But one day yet shall I find the strength and the voice of a lion to call thee up!

When once I shall have overcome myself in this respect, I shall also overcome myself in that greater matter; and a *victory* shall be the seal of my perfection!

In the meantime, I sail about on uncertain seas; chance flattereth me with its smooth tongue; forward and backward I gaze, not yet do I see any end.

Not yet hath the hour of my last struggle come. Or doth it come this very moment? Verily, round about with insidious beauty sea and life gaze at me.

Oh, afternoon of my life! Oh, happiness before eventide! Oh, harbour on the open sea! Oh, peace in what is uncertain! How I mistrust all of you!

Verily, mistrustful am I of your insidious beauty! I am like unto the lover who mistrusteth a too velvety smile.

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BEFORE SUNRISE

"Oh, sky above me! Thou pure! Thou deep! Thou abyss of light! Gazing at thee, I quiver with god-like desires.

To cast myself up unto thy height—that is *my* profundity! To hide myself in thy purity—that is mine innocence!

A God is veiled by his beauty: thus thy stars are hidden by thee. Thou speakest not: *thus* thou showest forth thy wisdom unto me.

Silent over a roaring sea thou hast risen to-day unto me; thy love and thy shame utter a revelation unto my roaring soul.

That thou camest unto me, beautiful, veiled in thy beauty; that silent thou speakest unto me, manifest in thy wisdom—

Oh, how should I not guess all that is full of shame in thy soul! *Before* sunrise thou camest unto me, the loneliest one.

We are friends from the beginning. Sorrow and horror and soil we share; even the sun we share.

We do not speak unto each other because we know too many things. We stare silently at each other; smiling we declare our knowledge unto one another.

Art thou not the light unto my fire? Hast thou not the sister-soul unto mine insight?

Together we have learnt everything; together we have learnt to ascend above ourselves unto ourselves, and to smile cloudless—

To smile down cloudless from bright eyes and from a distance of many miles, when below us compulsion and purpose and guilt steam like rain.

And when I wandered alone,—*for what* did my soul hunger in nights and labyrinthine paths! And when climbing mountains,—for *whom* did I ever search, unless for thee, on mountains?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing,—it was only a necessity and a make-shift of the helpless one. *Flying* is the only thing my will willeth, flying into *thee!*

And whom could I hate more than wandering clouds and all that defileth thee! And I even hated mine own hatred because it defiled thee!

I bear a grudge unto wandering clouds, those stealthy cats of prey. They take from thee and me what we have in common,—that immense, that infinite saying of Yea and Amen.

We bear a grudge unto these mediators and mixers, the wandering clouds; those half-and-half ones who neither learnt how to bless nor curse from the bottom of their soul.

I will rather sit in the barrel, with the sky shut out; rather sit in the abyss without a sky, than see thee, sky of light, defiled with wandering clouds!

And I often longed to fix them with the jagged

gold-wires of lightning, in order to beat the kettle-drum on their kettle-womb, like a thunder clap,—

An angry kettledrum-beater, because they bereave me of thy Yea and Amen, thou sky above me! Thou pure! Thou bright! Thou abyss of light! And because they bereave thee of *my* Yea and Amen!

For rather I love noise and lightning and the curses of thunder than that deliberate doubting silence of cats. And among men also I hate most all eavesdroppers and half-and-half ones and doubting, tardy, wandering clouds.

And 'he who cannot bless shall *learn* how to curse!'—this clear doctrine fell unto me from the clear sky; this star standeth on my sky even in black nights.

But I am one who blesseth and saith Yea, if thou only art round me, thou pure! Thou bright! Thou abyss of light! Then I carry my Yea-saying with its blessing even into all abysses.

I have become one who blesseth and saith Yea. And for that purpose I struggled long and was a struggler, in order to get one day my hands free for blessing.

But this is my blessing: to stand above every thing as its own sky, as its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security. And blessed he who blesseth thus!

For all things are baptised at the well of eternity, and beyond good and evil. But good and evil themselves are but inter-shadows and damp afflictions and wandering clouds.

Verily, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy, when

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thought it might. Not everything is allowed to have language in presence of the day. But the day cometh! Now therefore let us *part!*

Oh, sky above me. Thou bashful! Thou glowing! Oh, thou my happiness before sunrise! The day cometh! Now therefore let us part!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF VIRTUE THAT MAKETH SMALLER

HAVING reached the firm land again, Zarathustra did not straightway go unto his mountains and his cave, but walked about much and put many questions and learned this and that, so that he said of himself by way of a joke: "Behold a river which with many windings floweth back unto its source." For he wished to learn what in the meantime had gone on *with man*, whether he had become taller or smaller. And once he saw a row of new houses. Then he wondered and said:

"What do these houses mean? Verily, no great soul put them there to be its likeness!

Did a silly child take them out of the toy-box? Would that another child would put them back into his box!

And these public rooms and bed-rooms—are *men* able to go in and out there? They appear unto me to be made for silken dolls; or for sweet-teeth, which even allow delicacies to be stolen from them."

And Zarathustra stopped and meditated. At last he said sadly: "*All* hath become smaller!

Everywhere I see lower doorways. He who is of my kin, can still pass through them, but he must stoop!

Oh, when shall I return unto my home where I shall have to stoop no more—to stoop no more *before the small!*" And Zarathustra sighed gazing into the distance.

The same day he made his speech on the virtue that maketh smaller.

2

"I pass through these folk and keep mine eyes open. The folk do not forgive me for not being envious of their virtues.

They bite at me because I say unto them: 'For small folk small virtues are requisite;' and because it is hard for me to understand that small folk are *requisite!*

Still I am like the cock in a strange farm yard, at whom even the hens bite. But for that reason I have no dislike unto these hens.

I am polite unto them as I am unto all small annoyances. To be bristly towards what is small, seemeth unto me to be a wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all speak of me whenever they sit round the fire at even. They speak of me, but no one thinketh—of me!

This is the new stillness I learned: their noise around me spreadeth a mantle over my thoughts.

They make a noise among themselves: 'What doth that gloomy cloud there? Let us see unto it that it bring not a pestilence unto us!'

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stride forward. That call I their *hobbling*. Thereby they become an offence unto every one who is in a hurry.

And many a one strideth on and in doing so looketh backward, with a stiffened neck. I rejoice to run against the stomachs of such.

Foot and eyes shall not lie, nor reproach each other for lying. But there is much lying among the small folk.

Some of them will, but most of them are willed merely. Some of them are genuine, but most of them are bad actors.

There are unconscious actors among them, and involuntary actors. The genuine are always rare, especially genuine actors.

Here is little of man; therefore women try to make themselves manly. For only he who is enough of a man will *save the woman* in woman.

And this hypocrisy I found to be worst among them, that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve.

'I serve, thou servest, we serve.' Thus the hypocrisy of the rulers prayeth. And, alas, if the highest lord be *merely* the highest servant!

Alas! the curiosity of mine eye strayed even unto their hypocrisies, and well I divined all their fly-happiness and their humming round window-panes in the sunshine.

So much kindness, so much weakness see I. So much justice and sympathy, so much weakness.

Round, honest and kind are they towards each

other, as grains of sand are round, honest and kind unto grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness—they call 'submission!' And therewith they modestly look sideways after a new small happiness.

At bottom they desire plainly one thing most of all: to be hurt by nobody. Thus they oblige all and do well unto them.

But this is *cowardice*; although it be called 'virtue.'

And if once they speak harshly, these small folk,—*I* hear therein merely their hoarseness. For every draught of air maketh them hoarse.

Prudent are they; their virtues have prudent fingers. But they are lacking in clenched fists; their fingers knew not how to hide themselves behind fists.

For them virtue is what maketh modest and tame. Thereby they have made the wolf a dog and man himself man's best domestic animal.

'We put our chair in the *midst*'—thus saith their simpering unto me—'exactly as far from dying gladiators as from happy swine.'

This is *mediocrity*; although it be called moderation.

3

I walk through these folk and let fall many a word. But they know neither how to take nor how to keep.

They wonder that I have not come to revile lusts and

vices. Nor indeed have I come to bid them beware of pick-pockets.

They wonder that I am not ready to sharpen and point their prudence; as if among them there were not wiselings enough, whose voices grate mine ear like slate-pencils.

And when I cry: 'Curse all cowardly devils within yourselves who would fain whine and fold their hands and adore'—they cry: 'Zarathustra is ungodly.'

And so chiefly their teachers of submission cry. But into their ears I rejoice to cry: 'Yea! I *am* Zarathustra, the ungodly!'

These teachers of submission! Like lice they creep wherever things are small and sick and scabbed. It is only my loathing that hindereth me from cracking them.

Up! This is my sermon unto *their* ears: 'I am Zarathustra, the ungodly, who ask: "Who is more ungodly than I am that I may enjoy his teaching?"

I am Zarathustra, the ungodly. Where find I my like? And all those are my like who give themselves a will of their own and renounce all submission.

I am Zarathustra, the ungodly. I have ever boiled every chance in *mine own* pot. And not until it hath been boiled properly, do I give it welcome as *my* meat.'

And, verily, many a chance came unto me imperiously. But my *will* spake unto it still more so. Then the chance at once fell beseechingly upon its knees—

Beseeching to be given a home and heart with

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But what say I where no one hath *mine* ears! Here it is still an hour too early for me.

Mine own fore-runner I am among these folk, mine own cock-crow through dark lanes.

But *their* hour will come! And mine will come also! Every hour they become smaller, poorer, less fertile. Poor pot-herbs! Poor soil!

And *soon* shall they stand there like dry grass and prairie, and, verily, wearied of themselves—and longing for fire more than for water!

Oh, blessed hour of lightning! Oh, secret of the forenoon! Running fires shall I one day make out of them and announcers with fiery tongues.

Announce shall they one day with fiery tongues: 'It cometh, it is nigh, *the great noon!*'"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"THE winter, an evil guest, sitteth in my home with me. Blue are my hands from his friendship's hand-shaking.

I honour him, this evil guest, but would gladly let him alone. Gladly I run away from him. And, if one runneth *well* one escapeth from him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts I run thither where the wind is still, unto the sunny corner of my mount of olives.

There I laugh at my stern guest and yet am fond of him, because at home he catcheth the flies for me and stilleth many little noises.

For he doth not allow a midge to sing, or still less two midges: even the lane he maketh lonely so that the moonshine at night is afraid there.

A hard guest is he,—but I honour him, and I do not, like the tenderlings, pray unto the fire-idol with its fat womb.

Rather chatter a little with the teeth than adore idols! Thus my kin willeth. And especially I hate all ardent, steaming, damp fire-idols.

Whom I love, I love better in winter than in summer. Better I now mock at mine enemies, and

more valiantly, now that the winter sitteth in my home.

Valiantly indeed, even when I creep into bed. Even then my hidden happiness laugheth and wantoneth; then laugheth my dream with its lies.

I, a—creeper! Never in my life have I crept before mighty ones. And if I ever lied, I lied from love. Therefore am I glad even in my wintry bed.

A poor bed warmeth me better than a rich bed; for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter it is the most faithful unto me.

With a wickedness I begin every day: I mock at the winter by a cold bath. Therefore grumbleth my stern house-friend.

Besides I like to tickle him with a little wax-candle so that, at last, he may let the sky come out of ashen gray dawn.

For particularly wicked am I in the morning. At an early hour, when the pail clattereth at the well, and the horses with heat whinny through gray lanes—

Impatiently I wait, that, at last, the clear sky may open unto me, the wintry sky with its beard of snow, the old and white-headed man—

The wintry sky, the silent, which often even keepeth back its sun!

Have I learnt from it the long bright silence? Or hath it learnt it from me? Or hath either of us invented it himself?

The origin of all good things is thousandfold.

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swallowed gold, in order that my soul may not be cut open?

Must I not walk on stilts in order that my long legs may escape the notice of all those envious and malicious folk around me?

Those souls smoky, fireside-warmed, used-up, covered with green, sulky—how *could* their envy endure my happiness!

But as things are, I show them only the ice and the winter on my summits—and *not* that my mount tieth around itself all the girdles of the sun!

They hear the whistle of my wintry storms only—and *not* that I also sail over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south winds.

They have pity on my accidents and chances. But *my* word is: 'Let chance come unto me! Innocent it is, as a little child!'

How *could* they endure my happiness if I did not put round it accidents and winter sorrows and caps of polar bear-skin and covers of snowy skies!

If I had not pity for their *pity*, for the pity of these envious and malicious folk!

And if I did not sigh in their presence myself and chatter with cold and *allow* myself to be patiently wrapped in their pity!

This is the wise wantonness and good-will of my soul, that it *doth not hide* its winter and its snow storms; neither doth it hide its chilblains.

The loneliness of the one is the flight of the sick one; the loneliness of the other is the flight *from* the sick.

Let them hear me chatter and sigh with the winter cold, all those poor, envious rogues round me! With such sighing and chattering I fly from their well warmed rooms.

Let them pity me and sigh with me because of my chilblains. 'At the ice of perception at last he will freeze unto death!' Thus they complain.

In the meantime with warm feet I walk crosswise and crookedwise over my mount of olives. In the sunny corner of my mount of olives I sing and mock at all pity."

Thus sang Zarathustra.

OF PASSING

THUS slowly passing through much folk and towns of many kinds by round-about-ways, Zarathustra returned unto his mountains and his cave. And, behold, in doing so he came unawares unto the town-gate of the *great city*. But there a raging fool jumped at him with his hands spread out and stood in his way. And this was the same fool whom the folk called "the ape of Zarathustra." For he had learnt from him some things regarding the coining and melody of speech, and borrowed probably not unwillingly from the treasure of his wisdom. The fool thus spake unto Zarathustra:

"O Zarathustra, here is the great city! Here thou hast nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why shouldst thou wish to wade through this mud? Have pity on thy foot! Rather spit at the city gate, and—turn round!

Here is the hell of hermit's thoughts. Here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked into morsels.

Here all great feelings moulder. Here only such little feelings are allowed to rattle as rattle from leanness.

Dost thou not smell already the shambles and

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virtue prayeth upwards unto the prince, in order that the star which had been deserved may at last be fixed on the narrow breast!

But the moon revolveth round all that is earthly. Thus the prince also turneth round what is earthliest of all: that is the gold of shopkeepers.

The God of hosts is not a God of gold bars. The prince thinketh, but the shopkeeper directeth!

By all that is light and strong and good within thee, O Zarathustra! Spit on this town of shopkeepers and turn round!

Here the blood floweth rotten and lukewarm and with a scum through all veins. Spit at the great city, which is the great rubbish-heap where all the scum simmereth together!

Spit at this town of the pressed-in souls and the narrow breasts, the pointed eyes and the sticky fingers—

At this town of obtruders, impudent ones, writers and bawlers, of over-heated ambitious ones—

Where all that is tainted, feigned, lustful, dust-ful, over-mellow, ulcer-yellow, conspiring, ulcerateth, together—

Spit at the great city and turn round!"

Here Zarathustra interrupted the raging fool and shut his mouth.

"Stop now!" Zarathustra cried, "I have long loathed thy speech and kin!

Why hast thou dwelt so long nigh the swamp that thou wert obliged to become a frog and a toad?

Doth not a rotten scumlike swamp-blood flow through thine own veins, that thou hast learnt to croak and slander thus.

Why wentst thou not into the forest? Or why didst thou not plough the soil? Is not the sea full of green islands?

I despise thy despising. And if thou warnedst me, —why didst thou not warn thyself?

From love alone my despising and my warning birds shall fly up; but not out of the swamp!

They call thee mine ape, thou raging fool, but I call thee my grunting pig. Through grunting thou even spoilest my praise of folly.

What then was it that made thee grunt first? Because nobody *flattered* thee sufficiently, therefore thou sattest down at this filth in order to have reason to grunt much,—

In order to have reason for much *revenge!* For revenge, thou idle fool, is all thy raging. Truly I have found thee out!

But thy foolish word doth harm unto *me* even where thou art right! And if Zarathustra's word *were* even right a hundred times, with *my* word thou wouldst always *do* wrong!"

Thus spake Zarathustra. And long he gazed at the great city, sighed and was long silent. At last he spake thus:

"I loathe this great city and not merely this fool. In neither is there anything to be improved, anything to be made worse.

Alas, for this great city! Would I could see now the pillar of fire by which it will be burnt!

For such pillars of fire will have to precede the great noon. But this hath its time and its own fate.

This wisdom I give thee, thou fool, at parting: 'Where one can love no longer, one shall—*pass!*'"

Thus spake Zarathustra and passed the fool and the great city.

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Alas! There are always but few whose heart hath a long courage and long overflowing spirits; and unto such the spirit remaineth patient also. But the rest are *cowards!*

The rest, that meaneth always the great majority, the every-day folk, the superabundant, the much too many—all these are cowards!

Unto him who is of my kin, experiences of my kin will cross the way. Thus his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

But his second companions—they will call themselves his *faithful* ones—a living hive, much love, much folly, much beardless veneration.

Whoever is of my kin among men, shall not tie his heart unto these faithful ones! Whoever knoweth the fleeting cowardly kind of man, shall not believe in these springs and many-coloured meadows!

If they *could* do otherwise, they would *will* otherwise also. Half-and-half ones spoil every whole. That leaves wither,—why lament about that!

Let them go and fall, O Zarathustra, and lament not! Rather blow among them with rustling winds!

Blow among these leaves, O Zarathustra, that all that is *withered* may still faster run away from thee!

2

'We have become pious once more'—these apostates confess; and some of them are too cowardly to confess that.

Into their eye I gaze; into their face and into the

blushing of their cheeks I tell it: 'You are such as *pray* again!'

But it is a shame to pray! Not for all, but for thee and me and him who hath his conscience in his head. For *thee* it is a shame to pray!

Thou knowest it well: thy cowardly devil within thee who would fain fold his hands and lay them in his lap and have things made easier—this cowardly devil persuadeth thee 'there *is* a God!'

Thereby thou belongest unto that kin that fear the light, that cannot find rest in the light. Now daily thou must put thy head deeper into night and damp!

And, verily, thou chosest the hour well; for just now the moths have swarmed out again. The hour hath come for all folk that fear the light, the hour of even and rest, when they do not—'rest.'

I hear it and smell it: their hour hath come for hunting and procession; true, not for the wild huntsman, but for a hunting tame, lame, snuffling, a hunting of eavesdroppers and secret praying ones—

For a hunting of soul-breathing sneaks. All mouse-traps for hearts have been set once more! And wherever I lift a curtain, a little moth rusheth forth from it.

Did it squat there together with another little moth? For everywhere I smell little hidden communions; and wherever there are small rooms, there are new bigots and the odour of bigots.

They sit for long evenings together saying: 'Let us become again like the little children and say "dear

God!"—with their mouth and stomach spoiled by the pious comfit-makers.

Or for long evenings they gaze at an artful, lurking cross-spider that preacheth prudence unto the spiders themselves and teacheth thus: 'Below crosses there is good spinning!'

Or they sit all day with fishing rods at the swamps, and thereby believe themselves *profound*. But him who fisheth where there are no fish I call not even superficial!

Or they learn to play the harp piously and gaily from a hymn-writer, who would fain harp himself into the heart of young little women. For he hath wearied of old little women and their praises.

Or they learn how to shudder with a learned half-madman who waiteth in dark rooms for the spirits to come unto him—and the spirit runneth wholly away!

And they listen unto an old juggler-piper and snarler who hath wandered about and learnt from dreary winds the affliction of tones. Now he whistleth after the wind and preacheth affliction in dreary tones.

And some of them have even become night watchmen. They know now how to blow horns and to walk about in the night and awaken old things which have long ago fallen asleep.

Five words of old things I heard last night at the garden wall. They came from such old, dreary, dry night watchmen.

'For a father he taketh not care enough of his children. Human fathers do it better!'

'He is too old! He no longer taketh care of his

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ungodly word was uttered, the word: 'There is one God! Thou shalt have no other Gods before me!'

An old grim beard of a God, a jealous one, forgot himself thus.

And then all Gods laughed and shook on their chairs and cried: 'Is godliness not just that there are Gods, but no God?'

Whoever hath ears let him hear."

Thus spake Zarathustra in the town which he loved and which is called the "Cow of Many Colours." From it he had only two more days to walk in order to return unto his cave and his animals. And his soul rejoiced without ceasing over the nighness of his return home.

RETURN HOMEWARD

"Oh, loneliness! Thou my *home*, loneliness! Too long have I lived *wild* in wild places afar off, to be able to return home unto thee without tears!

Now threaten me with the finger, as mothers do; now smile at me, as mothers do, now speak: 'And who was it that once upon a time like a stormwind rushed away from me?

Who, taking leave, called: "Too long I sat with loneliness; there I unlearned silence!" Peradventure thou hast now learnt *that*?

O Zarathustra! I know all and that thou wert more sorely forsaken among the many, thou one, than thou ever wert with me!

Forsakenness is one thing, loneliness is another—*that* thou hast now learnt! And that, among men, thou wilt always be wild and strange—

Wild and strange even when they love thee; for above all they wish to be *spared!*

But here thou art in thine own home and house; here thou canst speak out everything and pour out all reasons. Nothing here is ashamed of hidden, obdurate feelings.

Here all things come fondling unto thy speech and

flatter thee; for they will ride on thy back. On every likeness thou ridest here unto every truth.

Upright and sincere mayest thou here speak unto all things. And, verily, it soundeth like praise unto their ears, that one speaketh frankly with all things!

Another thing, however, is forsakenness. For dost thou remember, O Zarathustra, when thy bird shrieked above thee, when thou stoodest in the forest irresolute whither to go, unknowing, nigh unto a corpse?

When thou spakest: "Let mine animals lead me. More dangerous I found it among men than among animals?" *That* was forsakenness!

And dost thou remember, O Zarathustra, when thou sattest on thine island; among empty pails, a well of wine, giving and spending; among thirsty folk, granting and pouring out—

Until, at last, thou sattest alone thirsty among drunken folk and wailedst: "Is taking not more blissful than giving? And stealing still more blissful than taking? *That* was forsakenness!

And dost thou remember, O Zarathustra, when thy stillest hour came and drove thee away from thyself, when it spake with evil whispering: "Speak and break!"

When it made thee loathe all thy waiting and silence, and abashed thine humble courage! *That* was forsakenness!'

Oh, loneliness! Thou my home, loneliness! How blissfully and fondly speaketh thy voice unto me!

We do not ask each other, we do not wail with each other, we openly go together through open doors.

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Everything with them speaketh, everything is spoken into pieces. And what yesterday was too hard for time itself and its tooth, to-day hangeth out of the mouths of the folk of to-day—scraped and gnawed into pieces.

Everything with them speaketh, everything is betrayed. And what once was called secret and a secrecy of deep souls, to-day belongeth unto the trumpeters of the streets and other butterflies.

Oh, human kind, how strange thou art! Thou noise in dark lanes! Now thou again liest behind me! My greatest danger lieth behind me!

In sparing and pity lay always my greatest danger; and all human kind wisheth to be spared and endured.

With truths kept back, with a foolish hand and a befooled heart, and rich with the small lies of pity—thus have I always lived among men.

Disguised I sat among them, ready to mistake *myself* in order to endure *them*, and willingly trying to persuade myself: 'Thou fool, thou dost not know men!'

One unlearneth men when living among men. Too much foreground is in all men—what could far-seeing, far-searching eyes do there!

And when they mistook me—fool that I was, I spared them on that account more than I spared myself! For I was accustomed to be hard upon myself, and often even took revenge on myself for that sparing.

Stung all over by poisonous flies, and hollowed like a stone by many drops of wickedness, I sat among

them and tried to persuade myself: 'Innocent of its smallness is everything small!'

Especially those who call themselves 'the good' I found to be the most poisonous flies. They sting in all innocence, they lie in all innocence. How *could* they be just unto me!

Whoever liveth among the good, is taught to lie by pity. Pity maketh the air damp unto all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To hide myself and my riches—*that* I have learnt down there; for every one I found to be poor in spirit. That was the lie of my pity, that I knew about everyone,—

That I saw and smelt at once in everyone how much of spirit was *enough* for him, and how much of spirit was *too* much for him!

Their stiff wise men—I called them wise, not stiff. Thus I learned to swallow words. Their grave-diggers—I called them searchers and examiners. Thus I learned to exchange words.

The grave-diggers get sicknesses by digging. Under old rubbish there rest bad odours. One must not stir up the swamp. One must live on mountains.

With blessed nostrils I breathe again mountain-freedom. Saved, at last, is my nose from the odour of all human kind!

Tickled by sharp breezes, as it were by sparkling wines, my soul sneezeth. It sneezeth and in triumph crieth: 'God bless me!'"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE THREE EVIL ONES

"In a dream, in a last dream of the morning, I stood this day on a promontory,—beyond the world. I held a balance and *weighed* the world.

Alas, that the dawn came too soon unto me! It waked me by its glow, the jealous one! Jealous is it always of the glow of my morning dreams.

Measurable for him who hath time; weighable for a good weigher; reachable by the flight of strong wings; guessable by godlike nut-crackers;—thus my dream found the world to be.

My dream, a bold sailor, half ship, half whirlwind, silent as butterflies, impatient as a falcon gentle—why had it this day patience and leisure to weigh the world?

Did my wisdom silently speak unto it, my laughing, wide-awake wisdom of daylight which mocketh at all 'infinite worlds?' For it saith: 'Where there is force, there the *number* becometh master; for it hath the greater force.'

How securely did my dream look on this finite world, not curious, not greedy for old things, not afraid, not praying.

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the faithful old dog-monster with an hundred heads which I love.

Up! Here will I keep the balance over the rolling sea! And a witness I choose also, to look at my weighing,—thee, thou hermit-tree, which I love, with thy strong odour and thy broad arching boughs.

On what bridge doth the Now go unto the One-day? By what compulsion doth what is high compel itself to join what is low? And what biddeth even the highest—grow upwards?

Now the balance standeth equal and still. Three heavy questions I have thrown into it; three heavy answers are carried by the other scale.

Voluptuousness—unto all despisers of the body who wear penance-shirts, a sting and stake, and cursed as a 'world' by all back-worlds-men. For it mocketh at, and maketh fools of, all teachers of confusion and heresy.

Voluptuousness—for the rabble the slow fire on which they are burnt; for all worm-eaten wood, for all stinking rags, the ready oven of love-fire and stewing.

Voluptuousness—for free hearts innocent and free, the garden-joy of earth, the overflowing thankfulness of all the future towards the present.

Voluptuousness—a sweet poison unto the withered only, but the great invigoration of the heart and the reverently spared wine of wines for those who have the will of a lion.

Voluptuousness—the great prototype of a higher happiness and the highest hope. For unto many things matrimony is promised and more than matrimony,—

Unto many things which are stranger unto each other than man and woman are. And who would perceive completely *how strange* man and woman are unto each other!

Voluptuousness—but I will have railings round my thoughts and even round my words, that swine and enthusiasts may not break into my gardens!

Thirst of power—the glowing scourge of the hardest in hardness of heart; the horrid torture reserved for the very cruellest; the gloomy flame of living pyre.

Thirst of power—the malicious gadfly which is being set on the vainest peoples; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; that which rideth on every horse and on every pride.

Thirst of power—the earthquake that breaketh, and by breaking openeth, all that is rotten and hollow; the rolling, grudging, punishing breaker of whited sepulchres; the shining interrogation mark beside premature answers.

Thirst of power—before the glance of which man creepeth and ducketh and slaveth and becometh lower than serpent or swine, until at last the great contempt crieth out of him.

Thirst of power—the terrible teacher of the great contempt which preacheth: 'Away with thee!' in the very face of cities and empires, until a cry cometh out of themselves: 'Away with me!'

Thirst of power—which alluring mounteth self-contented heights up unto the pure and lonely, glowing like a love that, alluring, painteth purple blisses on earthly heavens.

Thirst of power—but who could call it *thirst*, if what is high longeth to step down for power! Verily, there is nothing sick or suppurative in such a longing and stepping down!

That the lonely height may not for ever be lonely and self-contented; that the mount may come unto the valley, and the winds of the height unto the low lands!

Oh! who could find the right Christian name and name of virtue for such a longing! 'Giving virtue'—thus the unutterable was once called by Zarathustra.

And then it also came to pass—and, verily, to pass for the first time, that his word praised blessed *selfishness*, whole, healthy selfishness that springeth from a mighty soul—

From a mighty soul, part of which is the high body, the beautiful, victorious, recreative, round which every thing becometh a mirror—

The flexible, persuading body, the dancer whose likeness and summary is the self-joyful soul. The self-joy of such bodies and souls calleth itself 'virtue.'

With its words of good and bad such a self-joy protecteth itself as with sacred groves. With the names of its happiness it banisheth from itself all that is contemptible.

Away from itself it banisheth all that is cowardly. It saith: 'Bad—*that meaneth* cowardly!' Contemptible

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the weary of the world, and those whose souls are of the tribe of women and slaves,—oh! how well hath their play ever abused selfishness!

And this very thing, *to* ill-use selfishness, was proclaimed to be virtue and to be called virtue! And 'unselfish'—thus, with good reason, all those cowards weary of the world and cross-spiders wished to be!

And for all those the day now cometh, the change, the sword of judgment, *the great noon*. Then much shall become apparent!

And he who proclaimeth the I whole and holy, and selfishness blessed, a prophet indeed, saith also what he knoweth: '*Behold, it cometh, it is nigh, the great noon!*'"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

OF THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY

1

"My gift of the gab—is of the folk. Too coarsely and heartily for angora-rabbits I speak. And still stranger my word soundeth unto all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand—is a fool's hand. Woe unto all tables and walls, and whatever hath space left for fools' ornaments, fools' scribbling!

My foot—is a horse's foot. With it I trample and trot over logs and stones, crosswise and straight over the fields, and I am the devil's with lust in all my fast running.

My stomach—is it an eagle's stomach? For it liketh best to eat lamb's flesh. But certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Fed on innocent and few things, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—that is now my way. How should not something of bird's ways be in it!

And, in particular, that I am an enemy unto the spirit of gravity, that is a bird's way. And, verily, a mortal enemy, an arch-enemy, a born fiend! Oh! whither hath mine enmity not already flown and strayed?

Of that I could sing a song and *will* sing it, although

I am alone in an empty house and must sing it unto mine own ears.

True, there are other singers, whose throat is softened only, whose hand becometh talkative only; whose eye expressive only, whose heart awake only, when the hall is well filled. I am not like unto them.

2

He who one day will teach men to fly, hath moved all landmarks.

All landmarks will themselves fly into the air, the earth will be baptised anew by that man—as 'the light one.'

The ostrich bird runneth faster than the swiftest horse, but even it putteth its head heavily into the heavy ground. So doth man who cannot yet fly.

Earth and life are called heavy by him; thus the spirit of gravity *willeth!* But whoever intendeth to become light and a bird, must love himself; thus teach *I*.

True, not with the love of the sick and suppurative. For with them stinketh even love unto themselves!

One must learn how to love one's self—thus I teach—with a whole and healthy love, that one may find life with one's self endurable, and not go gadding about.

Such a gadding about baptiseth itself 'love unto one's neighbour.' With this word folk have lied best hitherto and dissembled best, and in particular those whom all the world felt to be heavy.

And, verily, it is no commandment for to-day and

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Again concerning many things in man there is deceit, in that many a shell is inferior and sad and too much a shell. Much hidden kindness and power is never found out; the most precious dainties find no tasters!

Women, the most precious of them, know that: a little fatter, a little leaner—oh, how much fate lieth in so little!

Man is difficult to discover, and hardest of all unto himself. Often the spirit lieth over the soul. Thus the spirit of gravity causeth it to be.

But he hath discovered himself who saith: 'This is *my* good and evil.' Thereby he hath made mute the mole and dwarf who said: 'Good for all, evil for all.'

Verily, neither like I such as call everything good and this world even the best. Such I call the all-contented.

All-contentedness that knoweth how to taste everything—that is not the best taste! I honour the obstinate, fastidious tongues and stomachs which have learnt to say: 'I' and 'Yea' and 'Nay.'

To chew and digest everything—that is the proper way of swine. To say always 'Hee-haw'—that hath been learnt by the ass alone and creatures of his kidney!

Deep yellow and hot red—thus *my* taste willeth. It mixeth blood with all colours. But whoever painteth his house white betrayeth unto me a soul painted white.

Some fall in love with mummies, others with ghosts; both are alike enemies unto all flesh and blood. Oh, how contrary are they both unto my taste! For I love blood.

And not there will I stay and dwell where everybody spitteth and bespattereth; that is *my* taste. Rather would I live among thieves and perjured ones. No one carrieth gold in his mouth.

But still more repugnant unto me are all lick-spittles; and the most repugnant beast of a man I have found, I have baptised parasite. It would not love and yet would live by love.

I call every one unblessed who hath only one choice, to become an evil beast or evil subduer of beasts. With such I would not build tabernacles.

Unblessed also call I those who must always *wait*. They are contrary unto my taste—all the publicans and shopkeepers and kings and other keepers of lands and shops.

Verily, I have also learned to wait, and from the bottom,—but only to wait for *myself*. And I learned to stand and to walk and to run and to jump and to climb and to dance over all things.

But this is my teaching: whoever wisheth to learn to fly one day, must first learn to stand and walk and run and climb and dance. One doth not learn flying by flying!

By ladders of rope I learned to climb up unto many a window; with swift legs I climbed up high masts. To sit on high masts of perception seemed unto me no small bliss,—

To flicker on high masts like small flames—although a small light, yet a great comfort for sailors driven out of their course and for shipwrecked folk!

By many ways and modes I have come unto my

truth; not on one ladder I climbed up unto the height, where mine eye roveth into my distance.

And I have always asked other folk for the way unwillingly. That hath ever been contrary unto my taste! Rather have I asked and tried the ways for myself.

A trying and asking hath all my walking been. And, verily, one must also *learn* how to answer such questioning! But that—is my taste—

No good, no bad, but *my* taste, for which I have neither shame nor concealment.

'This—is *my* way,—where is yours?' I answered unto those who asked me 'for the way.' 'For *the* way—existeth not!'"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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But a creator is he who createth man's goal and giveth earth its significance and its future. It is he alone who *createth* the fact *that* things are good and evil.

And I bid them overthrow their old chairs, and all seats on which that old conceit had sat. I bid them laugh at their great masters of virtue and saints and poets and world-redeemers.

I bid them laugh at their gloomy wise men, and whoever had before sat warning, a black scare-crow on the tree of life.

By their great street of graves I sat down, yea, nigh unto carrion and vultures; and I laughed at all their past and its mellow, decaying splendour.

Verily, like preachers of penitence and fools I proclaimed wrath and slaughter against their great and small things. 'Oh, that their best things are so very small! Oh, that their evilest things are so very small!' Thus I laughed.

Thus out of me cried and laughed my wise longing, which is born on mountains, a wild wisdom, verily! my great longing with its roaring wings.

And often it tore me off and upward and away, and that in the midst of laughing. Then meseemed I flew shuddering, an arrow through a rapture drunk with sunlight—

Out into remote futures, not yet seen by any dream; into hotter souths than artists ever dreamt; thither where Gods dancing are ashamed of all clothing:

(So I say to use a simile, and poet-like halt and stammer. And, verily, I am ashamed that I still need to be a poet!)

Where all becoming seemed unto me to be a dance of Gods and a wantoning of Gods, and the world to be left loose and wantonly flying back unto itself,—

As an eternal fleeing of many Gods from themselves and seeking themselves again; as the blessed self-contradicting, hearing themselves again, and belonging unto themselves once more of many Gods;

Where all time seemed unto me a blissful scorn for moments; where necessity was freedom itself, playing blessedly with the sting of freedom;

Where I found again mine old devil and arch-fiend, the spirit of gravity, and all created by it: compulsion, institutions, exigency and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil:

(For must there not be things *over* which, across which there can be dancing? Must there not exist —moles and heavy dwarfs, for the sake of the light, the lightest?)

3

There also I picked up from the way the word 'beyond-man,' and the concept that man is a something which must be surpassed,—

That man is a bridge and not a goal—praising himself as blessed because of his noon and evening, as a way unto new morning reds—

The Zarathustra-word of the great noon, and whatever else I hung up over man like second purple evening reds.

Verily, new stars also I made them see, and new nights; and over clouds and day and night I spread out laughter like a many-coloured tent.

I taught them all *my* fancying and planning: to compose into one thing and carry together whatever is fragmentary in man and riddle and dismal chance—

As a poet, solver of riddles and redeemer of chance, I taught them to work at the future and to redeem all that *hath been* by creating.

To redeem what is past in man and to transvalue every 'It was' until will saith: 'Thus I willed! Thus shall I will—'

This I publicly called redemption, this alone I taught them to call redemption.

Now I wait for *my* redemption—, that I may go unto them for the last time.

For once more will I go unto men. *Among* them will I perish, dying will I give them my richest gift!

I learned that from the sun when he goeth down, the over-rich one. Then he poureth gold into the sea, out of his inexhaustible wealth—

So that the poorest fisherman even roweth with a golden oar! For this I saw once, and gazing upon it wearied not of tears.

Like the sun, Zarathustra will go down. Now he sitteth here and waiteth; round him old broken tables and new tables half written upon.

4

Behold, here is a new table! But where are my brethren to carry it down unto the valley and into hearts of flesh?

Thus my great love unto the most remote com-

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6

O my brethren, whoever is a firstling is ever sacrificed. Now we are firstlings.

We all bleed at secret tables of sacrifice; we all burn and roast in honour of old idols.

Our best is still young. That tickleth old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin is merely a lambskin—how should we not excite old idol-priests!

In *ourselves* he still liveth, the old idol-priest who roasteth our best for his own dinner. Alas! my brethren, how could firstlings not be sacrifices?

But thus our tribe willeth. And I love them who wish not to keep themselves. The perishing I love with mine entire love! for they go beyond.

7

To be true—few are *able* to be so! And he who is able doth not want to be so. But least of all the good are able.

Oh, these good! *Good men never speak the truth.* To be good in that way is a sickness for the mind.

They yield, these good, they submit themselves; their heart saith what is said unto it, their foundation obeyeth. But whoever obeyeth *doth not hear himself!*

All that is called evil by the good must come together in order that one truth be born. O my brethren, are ye evil enough for *this* truth?

The bold adventuring, the long mistrust, the cruel Nay, satiety, the cutting into what is living—how rarely do *all these* come together! But by such seed—truth is procreated!

Beside the bad conscience hitherto all *knowledge* hath grown! Break, break, ye knowing, the old tables!

8

When the water hath poles, when gang-way and railing jump over a stream—verily, no one findeth belief who saith: 'Everything is in stream.'

But even churls contradict him. 'How?' say the churls, 'all is said to be in the stream? Poles and railings are evidently *above* the stream!'

'*Above* the stream all is firm, all the values of things, the bridges, concepts, all "good" and "evil"—all that is firm!'

When even the hard winter cometh, the subduer of streams, then even the wittiest learn mistrust. And, verily, not only churls say then: 'Should perhaps everything—*stand still?*

'At bottom everything standeth still'—that is a proper winter-doctrine, a good thing for a sterile time, a good comfort for winter sleepers and fire-side-mopers.

'At bottom everything standeth still.' But the thaw-wind preacheth *the contrary!*

The thaw-wind, a bull which is no ploughing bull, —a raging bull, a destroyer that breaketh ice with wrathful horns! But ice—*breaketh gangways!*

O my brethren, is not *now* all *in stream?* Have not all railings and gangways fallen into the water? Who would still *cling* unto 'good' and 'evil?'

'Woe unto us! All hail unto ourselves! The thaw-wind bloweth!' Thus preach, my brethren, through all lanes!

9

There is an old illusion, called good and evil. Round fortune-tellers and astrologers hitherto the wheel of that illusion hath turned.

Once the folk *believed* in fortune-tellers and astrologers, and therefore they believed: 'All is fate. Thou shalt; for thou must!'

Then at another time they mistrusted all fortune-tellers and astrologers, and *therefore* they believed: 'All is freedom. Thou canst; for thou wilt.'

O my brethren, as to the stars and the future, there hath only been illusion, not knowledge. And therefore, as to good and evil, there hath also been illusion only, not knowledge!

10

'Thou shalt not rob!' 'Thou shalt not commit manslaughter!' Such words were once called holy; before them the folk bent their knees and heads and took off their shoes.

But I ask you: Where in the world have there ever been better robbers and murderers than such holy words?

Is there not in all life—robbing and manslaughter? And by calling such words holy, did they not *murder* truth itself?

Or was it a sermon of death, to call that holy which contradicted all life and counselled against it? O my brethren, break, break the old tables!

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Verily, ye shall not become a nobility one might buy like shop-keepers with shop-keepers' gold. For all that hath its fixed price is of little value.

Not whence ye come be your honour in future, but whither ye go! Your will, and your foot that longeth to get beyond yourselves,—be that your new honour!

Verily, not that ye have served a prince—of what concern are princes now?—or that ye have become a bulwark unto that which standeth, in order that it might stand firmer!

Not that your kin hath become courtly at courts, and that ye have learnt to stand long hours in shallow ponds,—many-coloured, flamingo-like—

(For to be *able* to stand is a merit with courtiers; and all courtiers believe that to be *allowed* to sit is part of the bliss after death!)

Nor that a spirit, called holy, led your forefathers into lands of promise, which *I* do not praise (for where there grew the evilest of all trees, the cross,—in that land there is nothing worthy of praise!)

And, verily, wherever this 'holy ghost' led his knights, always in such expeditions goats and geese and cross-heads and wrong-heads *led* the train!

O my brethren, not backward shall your nobility gaze, but *forward!* Expelled ye shall be from all fathers' and forefathers' lands!

Your *children's land* ye shall love (be this love your new nobility!), the land undiscovered, in the remotest sea! For it I bid your sails seek and seek!

In your children ye shall *make amends* for being

your fathers' children. *Thus* ye shall redeem all that is past! This new table I put over you!

13

'Wherefore live? All is vanity. To live — that meaneth to thrash straw. To live—*i.e.*, to burn one's self and yet not become warm.'

Such ancient talk is still regarded as 'wisdom.' Even *because* it is ancient and smelleth damp, it is honoured the more. Even mould maketh noble.

Children are allowed to speak thus. They *fear* the fire because it burned them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And he who always thrasheth straw—how could he be allowed to backbite thrashing! With such a fool one would have to muzzle his mouth!

Such folk sit down unto dinner and bring nothing with them, not even a good hunger. And now they backbite: 'All is vanity!'

But to eat well and drink well, O my brethren, is, verily, no vain art! Break, break the tables of those who are never joyful!

14

'Unto the pure all things are pure'—thus say the folk. But I tell you: 'Unto the swine all things become swine!'

Therefore the enthusiasts and hypocrites, whose very heart hangeth down, preach: 'The world itself is a filthy monster.'

For they are all of an unclean mind; in particular those who have neither quiet nor rest; unless it be that they see the world *from the back*,—those back-worlds-men!

I tell it to their face, although it doth not sound lovely: 'Therein the world resembleth man, that it hath a backside,—thus *much* is true!'

There is much filth in the world,—*thus much* is true! But for that reason the world itself is not yet a filthy monster!

It is wisdom therein, that much in the world smelleth ill. Loathing itself createth wings and well-divining powers!

In the best one even, there is something loathsome. And even the best one is a something that must be surpassed!

O my brethren, there is much wisdom in the fact that there is much filth in the world!

15

Such sayings I heard pious back-worlds-men say unto their conscience, and, verily, without cunning or deceitfulness,—although there is nothing more deceitful in the world, nor anything worse.

'Let the world be the world! Lift not even a finger against it!'

'Let anybody who careth to do so throttle and sting and flay and scrape the folk! Lift not even a finger against it! Thereby they shall one day learn to renounce the world.'

And thine own reason—thou shalt thyself throttle

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And thus it is always the way of weak men: they lose themselves on their ways. And at last their weariness asketh: 'Wherefore have we ever gone ways! All is the same!'

Unto their ears it soundeth lovely when there is preached: 'Nothing is worth while! Ye shall not will!' But this is a sermon unto slavery.

O my brethren, as a fresh roaring wind Zarathustra cometh unto all who are weary of the way. Many noses he will make sneeze.

Even through walls bloweth my free breath, and into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing delivereth! For willing is creating. Thus I teach. And *only* for the purpose of creating shall ye learn!

And even the learning ye shall only *learn* from me, the learning well! Whoever hath ears, let him hear!

17

There standeth the boat. Over there perhaps is the way into great nothingness. But who will step into this 'perhaps?'

No one of you will step into the boat of death! How then can ye be *weary of the world!*

Weary of the world! And ye did not even part with earth! Longing I found you still for earth, fallen in love with your own weariness of earth!

Not in vain your lip hangeth down. A small earthly desire still sitteth on it! And in the eye—doth there not swim a little cloud of unforgotten earthly delight?

There are on earth many good inventions, some useful, some agreeable. For their sake earth is to be loved.

And all kinds of things so well invented are there, that they are like a woman's breast, alike useful and pleasing.

But ye weary ones of the world! Ye lazy ones of earth! Ye should be lashed with whips! With whip-lashes your legs shall be made brisk again.

For if ye are not sick and worn out wretches of whom earth is weary, ye are sly tardigrades or dainty-mouthed, hidden lust-cats. And if ye wish not to *run* again gaily, ye shall—pass away!

Unto the incurable, one shall not go to be physician. Thus teacheth Zarathustra. Thus ye shall pass away!

But more *courage* is requisite for making an end than for making a new verse. That is known unto all physicians and poets.

18

O my brethren, there are tables created by weariness, and tables created by laziness, rotten laziness. And although they speak equally, they will not be heard equally.

Look here at this languishing one! Only a span is he distant from his goal, but from weariness he hath defiantly put himself down into the dust—the courageous one!

From weariness he yawneth at his way, and at earth, and at his goal, and at himself. No further step will he take—this courageous one!

Now the sun gloweth down on him, and the dogs lick his sweat. But he lieth there in his defiance and will rather die of thirst.

A span distant from his goal will he die of thirst! Verily, by his hair ye will have to pull him into his heaven—this hero!

Better it is, ye let him lie where he hath laid himself, that sleep unto him may come,—the comforter with a cool, murmuring rain.

Let him lie until he awake himself—until he himself gainsay all weariness and all that weariness taught him to teach!

Only, my brethren, drive the dogs away from him, the lazy sneaks, and all the swarming flies—

All the swarming flies, the 'educated,' who—feast luxuriously on the sweat of every hero!

19

I draw around me circles and holy boundaries. Ever fewer mount with me ever higher mountains. I build a mountain chain out of ever holier mountains.

But wherever ye mount with me, O my brethren, see to it that no *parasite* mount with you!

Parasite—that is a worm, a creeping, bent one, that wisheth to fatten upon your hidden sores and wounds.

And *this* is its art, that it findeth out ascending souls, where they are weary. In your sorrow and bad mood, in your tender shame, he buildeth his loathsome nest.

Wherever the strong is weak, and the noble much-

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steep depths? These men of to-day—look at them, how they roll into my depths!

A prelude I am of better players, O my brethren! An example! *Act* after mine example!

And him whom ye do not teach to fly, teach—how to *fall quicker!*

21

I love the brave. But it is not enough to be a swordsman, one must also know against *whom* to use the sword!

And often there is more bravery in keeping quiet and going past, *in order* to spare one's self for a worthier enemy!

Ye shall have only enemies who are to be hated, but not enemies who are to be despised. Ye must be proud of your enemy. Thus I taught you once before.

Ye shall reserve yourselves for the worthier enemy, O my friends! Therefore ye have to pass by many things.

In particular ye have to pass by much rabble that maketh a din of people and peoples in your ears.

Keep your eye pure from their For and Against! Much right is there and much wrong. Whoever looketh on, waxeth angry.

To look on, to use one's sword—in that case it is one and the same thing. Therefore depart into the forests and put your sword to sleep!

Go *your* ways. And let people and peoples go theirs! Verily, dark ways, on which not a single hope lighteneth any longer!

Let the shopkeeper rule there where everything that still shineth is shopkeepers' gold. It is no longer the time of kings. For what to-day calleth itself a people deserveth no kings.

Behold, how these peoples now themselves act like shopkeepers. They seek the smallest profits out of every sort of rubbish!

They lie in ambush for each other; they obtain things from each other by lying in wait. That is called by them 'good neighbourliness.' Oh, blessed, remote time, when a people said unto itself: 'I will be—*master* over peoples!'

For, my brethren, what is best, shall rule; what is best, *will* rule! And where the teaching soundeth different, the best is—*lacking*.

If *they* had bread for nothing, alas!—for what would *they* cry! Their maintenance—that is their proper entertainment. And they shall have a hard life!

Beasts of prey they are. In their 'working'—there is even preying, in their 'earning'—there is even outwitting! Therefore they shall have a hard life!

Thus they shall become better beasts of prey, finer, cleverer, more like man. For man is the best beast of prey.

From all animals man hath plundered their virtues. The reason is that man hath had the hardest life of all animals.

Only the birds surpass him. And if man would

learn to fly in addition, alas, *whither*—would his lust of prey fly *upwards!*

23

Thus would I have man and woman: fit for warfare the one, fit for giving birth the other, but both fit for dancing with head and legs.

And be that day reckoned lost on which we did not dance once! And be every truth called false with which no laughter was connected!

24

Your concluding of marriages—see to it that it be not a bad *concluding!* Ye have concluded too quickly; thus *followeth* therefrom—adultery!

And yet better is adultery than bending marriage, lying in marriage! Thus spake a woman unto me: 'True, I brake marriage, but first marriage brake—me!'

Ill-coupled ones I always found to be the worst revengeful. They take revenge on the whole world, because they no longer walk about singly.

Therefore I will that honest ones speak unto each other: 'We love each other. Let us *see to it* that we keep ourselves in love! Or shall our mutual promise be a mistake?'

'Give us a term and a small marriage, that we may see to it whether we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great thing to be always in pairs!'

Thus I counsel all honest ones. And what would

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26

O my brethren! With whom is the greatest danger for the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just?

Because they are those who speak and feel in their heart: 'We know already what is good and just; we have it in addition. Alas, for those who still seek for it!'

And whatever harm the wicked may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

And whatever harm the calumniators of the world may do, the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

O my brethren, once upon a time a man looked into the heart of the good and just, and said: 'They are the Pharisees.' But he was not understood.

The good and just themselves were not allowed to understand him. Their mind was imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably clever.

But this is the truth; the good *must* be Pharisees. They have no choice!

The good *must* crucify him who inventeth his own virtue! That *is* the truth!

But the second one who discovered their land, the land, heart and soil of the good and just—he it was who asked: 'Whom do they hate most?'

The *creator* they hate most,—him who breaketh tables and old values, the breaker. They call him a criminal.

For the good *cannot* create. They are always the beginning of the end.

They crucify him who writeth new values on new tables; they sacrifice *unto themselves* the future; they crucify the whole human future!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.

27

O my brethren, understood ye this word? And what once I said of the last man?

With whom is the greatest danger for the whole human future? Is it not with the good and just!

Break, break the good and just! O my brethren, understood ye this word?

28

Ye flee from me? Ye are terrified? Ye tremble in the presence of this word?

O my brethren, when I bade you break the good and the tables of the good—it was then only that I put man on board ship for his high sea.

Only now cometh the great terror unto him, the great look round, the great illness, the great loathing, the great sea-sickness.

False shores and false securities ye were taught by the good. In the lies of the good ye were born and hidden. Through the good everything hath become deceitful and crooked from the bottom.

But he who discovered the land 'man,' discovered

also the land 'human future.' Now ye shall be unto me sailors, brave, patient ones!

Walk upright in time, O my brethren, learn how to walk upright! The sea stormeth. Many wish to raise themselves with your help.

The sea stormeth. Everything is in the sea. Up! Upwards! Ye old sailor hearts!

What? A fatherland? *Thither* striveth our rudder, where our *children's land* is. Out thither, stormier than the sea, our great longing stormeth!

29

'Why so hard?' said once the charcoal unto the diamond, 'are we not near relations?'

Why so soft? O my brethren, thus I ask you. Are ye not—my brethren?

Why so soft, so unresisting, and yielding? Why is there so much disavowal and abnegation in your hearts? Why is there so little fate in your looks?

And if ye are unwilling to be fates, and inexorable, how could ye conquer with me someday?

And if your hardness would not glance, and cut, and chip into pieces—how could ye create with me someday?

For all creators are hard. And it must seem blessedness unto 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. The noblest only is perfectly hard.

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THE CONVALESCENT ONE

1

ONE morning, not long after his return into the cave, Zarathustra jumped up from his couch like a madman. He cried with a terrible voice, and behaved as if some one else was lying on the couch and would not get up from it. And so sounded Zarathustra's voice that his animals ran unto him in terror, and that from all caves and hiding places which were nigh unto Zarathustra's cave all animals hurried away, flying, fluttering, creeping, jumping, according to the kind of foot or wing they had been given. But Zarathustra spake these words:

"Up, abyss-like thought, from my depth! I am thy cock and morning-dawn, O sleepy worm! Up! Up! My voice shall crow thee awake!

Untie the fetter of thine ears! Hearken! For I will hear thee! Up! Up! Here is thunder enough so that even graves learn to listen!

And wipe the sleep and all that is dim and blind from thine eyes! Listen unto me with thine eyes also! My voice is a medicine even for the born blind.

And if thou art once awake, thou shalt remain awake for ever. Not *my* way is it to awaken great-grandmothers from sleep in order to ask them to sleep on!

Thou movest, thou stretchest thyself, thou rattlest? Up! Up! Not rattle—speak thou shalt unto me! Zarathustra, the ungodly, calleth thee!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of life, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circle—I call thee, my most abyss-like thought!

Hail unto me! Thou comest; I hear thee! Mine abyss *speaketh!* My last depth have I turned round unto the light!

Hail unto me! Come nigh! Shake hands——ha! Leave me, hahaha!——Loathing, loathing, loathing! ——Alas, for me!"

No sooner had Zarathustra said these words than he fell down like one dead, and remained long like one dead. But when he again became conscious, he was pale and trembled, and remained lying, and for a long while would neither eat nor drink. This state of his lasted seven days. But his animals left him not, day or night, unless that the eagle flew off to get food. And whatever prey he fetched and caught, he laid on Zarathustra's couch so that at last Zarathustra was buried under yellow and red berries, grapes, rose-apples, sweet-smelling pot-herbs and pine-cones. But at his feet two lambs were spread which

the eagle had, with much trouble, carried off from their shepherd.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra rose on his couch, took a rose-apple in his hand, smelt it, and found its odour sweet. Then his animals thought the time had come for speaking unto him.

"O Zarathustra," said they, "now thou hast lain like that for seven days, with heavy eyes. Wilt thou not now stand again on thy feet?

Step out from thy cave; the world waiteth for thee like a garden. The wind playeth with heavy odours longing for thee; and all brooklets would fain run after thee.

All things long for thee, because thou remainedst seven days alone. Step out from thy cave! All things wish to be thy physicians!

Hath a new perception come unto thee, a sour hard one? Like a dough mixed with leaven thou didst lie there. Thy soul rose and overflowed all its margins."

"O mine animals," answered Zarathustra, "talk on like that and let me listen! It refresheth me to hear talking like that. Where there is talk, the world lieth like a garden unto me.

How lovely it is that words and tunes exist! Are not words and tunes rainbows and seeming bridges between things eternally separated?

Unto each soul belongeth a different world; for each soul, every other soul is a back-world.

Between things most like unto each other, semblance telleth the most beautiful lies. For the smallest gap is the most difficult to bridge over.

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organ song? But now I lie here, weary from that biting and spitting away, sick still with mine own salvation.

And ye were the spectators of all that? O mine animals, are even ye cruel? Did ye like to look at my great pain, as men do? For man is the cruellest animal.

When gazing at tragedies, bullfights and crucifixions, he hath hitherto felt happier than at any other time on earth. And when he invented hell for himself, lo, hell was his heaven upon earth.

When the great man crieth, swiftly the small man runneth thither. And his tongue hangeth out of his throat from lustfulness. But he calleth it his 'pity.'

The small man, in particular the poet,—how eagerly doth he in words accuse life! Hearken unto him, but fail not to hear the lust which is contained in all that accusing!

Such accusers of life—they are overcome by life with a blinking of the eye. 'Thou lovest me?' saith the impudent one. 'Wait a little; I have no time yet for thee.'

Man is the cruellest animal towards himself. And in all who call themselves 'sinners' and 'bearers of the cross' and 'penitents,' ye shall not fail to hear the lust contained in that complaining and accusing!

And myself?—will I thereby be the accuser of man? Alas, mine animals, that alone I have learnt hitherto, that the wickedest in man is necessary for the best in him—

That all that is wicked, is his best *power* and the hardest stone unto the highest creator; and that man must become better *and* more wicked.

Not unto *that* stake of torture was I fixed, that I know: man is wicked. But I cried, as no one hath ever cried:

'Alas, that his wickedest is so very small! Alas, that his best is so very small!'

The great loathing of man,—it choked me, it had crept into my throat; and what the fortune-teller foretold: 'All is equal, nothing is worth while, knowledge choketh.'

A long dawn limped in front of me, a sadness weary unto death, drunken from death, and speaking with a yawning mouth.

Eternally he recurreth, man, of whom thou weariest, the small man. Thus yawned my sadness and dragged its foot and could not fall asleep.

A cave became the human earth for me, its chest fell in, all that liveth became unto me mould of men and bones and a rotten past.

My sighing sat on all human graves and could no longer get up; my sighing and questioning cried like a toad, and choked, and gnawed, and complained by day and night:

'Alas, man recurreth eternally! The small man recurreth eternally!'

Once I had seen both naked, the greatest man and the smallest man—all-too-like unto each other—all-too-human even the greatest man!

All-too-small the greatest one! That was my satiety

of man ! And eternal recurrence even of the smallest one ! That was my satiety of all existence.

Alas ! loathing ! loathing ! loathing !" Thus spake Zarathustra, and sighed and shuddered ; for he remembered his illness. But his animals would not allow him to speak further.

"Speak not further, thou convalescent one !" Thus his animals answered. "But go out where the world waiteth for thee like a garden.

Go out unto the roses and bees and flocks of doves ! But especially unto the singing birds, that thou mayest learn *singing* from them !

For singing is good for the convalescent ; the healthy one may speak. And when the healthy one wanteth song also, he wanteth other songs than the convalescent one."

"O ye buffoons and barrel-organs, be silent !" Zarathustra answered and smiled at his animals. "How will ye know what comfort I invented for myself in seven days !

That I was compelled to sing again—*that* comfort I invented for myself and that convalescence. Are ye going to make at once a barrel-organ song even out of that ?"

"Speak no further," his animals answered once more. 'Rather, thou convalescent one, make first a lyre, a new lyre !

For, behold, O Zarathustra ! For thy new songs new lyres are requisite.

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But the knot of causes recurreth in which I am twined. It will create me again! I myself belong unto the causes of eternal recurrence.

I come back, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—*not* for a new life, or a better life or an eternal life.

I come eternally back unto this one and the same life, in the greatest things and in the smallest things, in order to teach once more the eternal recurrence of all things;

In order to speak again the word of the great noon of earth and man; in order to proclaim again beyond-man unto man.

I have spoken my word; I break from my word. Thus willeth mine eternal fate. As a proclaimer I perish!

The hour hath come now, when the perishing one blesseth himself. Thus—*endeth* Zarathustra's destruction.'"

The animals having said these words, were silent and waited to see whether Zarathustra would say anything unto them. But Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. On the contrary: he lay still, with his eyes closed, like one asleep, although he did not sleep. For he was communing with his soul. But the serpent and the eagle, finding him thus silent, respected the great stillness round him and cautiously withdrew.

"O MY soul, I taught thee to say 'to-day,' as well as 'once' and 'long ago,' and to dance thy jig over all Here and There and Elsewhere.

O my soul, I redeemed thee from all corners! I brushed down from thee dust, spiders and twilight.

O my soul, I washed the small shame and corner virtue down from thee, and persuaded thee to stand naked before the eyes of the sun!

With the storm which is called 'spirit,' I blew over thine undulating sea. All clouds I blew away and throttled even the throttler called 'sin.'

O my soul, I gave thee the right to say Nay like the storm, and to say Yea as the open sky doth! Still like light, now thou standest and walkest through denying storms.

O my soul, I gave thee back freedom over created and not created things! And who knoweth, as thou dost, the lust of what is to come?

O my soul, I taught thee the despising that cometh not like the gnawing of worms, the great, loving despising that loveth most where it despiseth most.

O my soul, I taught thee thus to persuade, so that thou even persuadedst the reasons unto thy side—like

the sun which even persuadeth the sea to ascend unto his height!

O my soul, I took from thee all obeying, bending of knees and saying lord! I myself gave thee the names 'change of needs' and 'fate.'

O my soul, I gave thee new names and many-coloured toys! I called thee 'fate' and 'orbit of orbits' and 'navel-cord of time' and 'azure bell.'

O my soul, unto thy soil gave I all wisdom to drink, all new wines, and also all beyond-memory old, strong wines of wisdom!

O my soul, every sun I poured out over thee, and every night, and every silence, and every longing! Then thou grewest up unto me like a vine plant.

O my soul, over-rich and heavy thou standest there, a vine plant with swelling udders and close brown grapes—

Close and pressed from thy happiness, waiting because of abundance, and bashful even because of thy waiting.

O my soul, there is certainly now here a soul more full of love, readier to embrace and more comprehensive! Where could the future and what is past be closer together than with thee?

O my soul, I gave thee all, and all my hands have become empty through giving unto thee! And now!—now thou sayest unto me, smiling and full of melancholy: 'Which of us has to thank the other?

Hath the giver not to thank the taker for taking? Is giving not a necessity? Is taking not pity?'

O my soul, I understand the smile of thy melancholy.

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Until it reacheth the golden wonder, the voluntary boat and its master. But he is the vine-dresser who waiteth with diamond vine-knife—

Thy great liberator, O my soul, the nameless one for whom future songs only will find names! And, verily, already thy breath smelleth of future songs.

Already thou glowest and dreamest; already thou drinkest thirstily from all deep, sounding wells of comfort; already thy melancholy resteth in the bliss of future songs!

O my soul, now I have given thee all, and even my last, and all my hands have been emptied by giving unto thee! *My bidding thee sing*, lo, that was the last thing I had!

My bidding thee sing—say, say: *which* of us hath now to thank the other? But still better: sing unto me, sing, O my soul! And let *me* thank!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE SECOND DANCE-SONG

"INTO thine eye I gazed of late, O life! Gold I saw shine in thy night-like eye. My heart stood still because of that lust.

A golden boat saw I shine on night-like waters, a golden, swinging boat, sinking, drinking, shining again.

At my foot which is frantic to dance thou castest thy glance, a swinging glance, laughing, asking, melting.

Twice only thou movedst thy rattle with small hands. There my foot already swung frantic to dance.

To understand thee, my toes did hearken, my heels did rear. For the dancer weareth in his toes his ear!

Unto thy side I jumped. Then thou fleddest back from my bound. And towards me played the tongue of thy hair fleeing, flying round!

Away from thee and from thy serpents, I made my dances. Then thou stoodest there, half turned round, the eye full of longing glances.

With crooked blinking, thou teachest me crooked courses. On crooked courses my foot learneth artful thinking.

I love thee when thou art far; I fear thee when thou art nigh. Thy flight decoyeth me; thy seeking annoyeth me. I suffer; but for thee what suffer gaily would not I!

Her coldness inflameth; her hatred seduceth; her flight tameth; sympathy her mocking produceth.

Who would not hate thee, thou great binder, twiner, tempter, seeker, finder! Who would love thy ways, thou innocent, impatient, storm-like hurrying sinner with a child's gaze?

Where dost thou now draw me, thou unruly paragon? And now thou fleest from me again, thou sweet tom-boy and thankless one!

I dance after thee. Even on slight traces I follow thee. Where art thou? Give me thy hand! Or even a single finger give me!

Here are caves and thickets. We shall go astray! Halt! Stand still! Seest thou not owls and bats flutter their way?

Thou bat! Thou art going to fool me? Thou owl! Where are we? From dogs thou learnedst thus to bark and howl!

With little white teeth thou grinnest at me in thy sweet wise. From thy little curly mane spring forth against me thine evil eyes!

This is a dance over stone and log! I am the huntsman. Wilt thou be my chamois or my dog?

Now beside me! Thou wicked springer, and quick!

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We are the proper pair of good-for-evil things and good-for-good things. Beyond good and evil we found our island and our green meadow—we two alone! Therefore we have to be fond of each other!

And although we do not love each other from the bottom—must folk quarrel, if they love not each other from the bottom?

And that I am fond of thee, and often too fond,—that thou knowest. And the reason is that I am jealous of thy wisdom. Alas, this mad old fool, wisdom!

If one day thy wisdom should run away from thee, alas! my love also would then quickly run away from thee.'

Then life looked thoughtfully behind herself and round herself, and said gently: 'O Zarathustra, thou art not faithful enough unto me!

Thou lovest me not so much by far as thou sayest. I know, thou thinkest of leaving me soon.

There is an old heavy humming bell; it hummeth in the night upwards unto thy cave.

If thou hearest that clock at midnight strike the hour, thou thinkest of it between one and twelve.

Thou thinkest, O Zarathustra, I know it, of soon leaving me!'

'Yea,' I answered hesitating, 'but thou also knowest—'

And I told her something into her ear, in the midst of all the confused, yellow, stupid tresses of her hair.

'Thou *knowest* that, O Zarathustra? That no one knoweth.'

And we gazed at each other, and looked at the

green meadow over which the cool even was spreading, and wept together. Then life was dearer unto me than all my wisdom had ever been unto me."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

"One !
O man ! Lose not sight !
Two !
What saith the deep midnight ?
Three !
I lay in sleep, in sleep ;
Four !
From deep dream I woke to light.
Five !
The world is deep,
Six !
And deeper than ever day thought it might.
Seven !
Deep is its woe—
Eight !
And deeper still than woe—delight.
Nine !
Saith woe : ' Pass, go !
Ten !
Eternity's sought by all delight—
Eleven !
Eternity deep—by all delight ! '
Twelve !"

THE SEVEN SEALS

(OR THE SONG OF YEA AND AMEN)

"IF I am a fortune-teller and full of that foretelling spirit that wandereth on a high mountain ridge between two seas,—

That wandereth between what is past and what is to come, as a heavy cloud,—an enemy unto sultry low lands and all that is weary and can neither die nor live—.

Ready for the lightning in the dark bosom, and for the redeeming beam of light, charged with lightnings that say Yea! that laugh Yea!—ready for foretelling lightnings—

(But blessed is he who is thus charged! And, verily, a long time must he hang as a heavy thunderstorm on the mountain, he who shall one day kindle the light of the future!)

Oh! how could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?

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3

If there hath ever come unto me a breath of creative breath, and of that heavenly necessity that compelleth chance itself to dance star dances;

If I have ever laughed with the laughter of creative lightning, that is followed by the long thunder of the deed, rumbling though willingly;

If I have ever played at dice with Gods at the godlike table of earth, so that the earth trembled and brake and hissed up streams of fire;

(For a godlike table is earth, and trembling from creative new words and dice-casts of Gods.)

Oh! how could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should have liked to have children, unless it be this woman I love. For I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

4

If I have ever drunk a full draught from that foaming spice-mixture-vessel in which all things are mixed;

If my hand hath ever poured what is remotest into what is nighest, and fire into spirit, and lust into woe, and wickedest into kindest;

If I myself am a grain of that redeeming salt that maketh all things mix well in the vessel of mixture;

(For there is a salt that bringeth together what is good and what is evil; and even the wickedest is worthy of serving as seasoning, and as a means for the last foaming over.)

Oh! how could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should have liked to have children, unless it be this woman I love. For I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

5

If I am fond of the sea, and of all that is of the sea's kin! and if I am fondest if it contradicteth me angrily;

If that seeking lust is within me, that driveth the sails after the undiscovered; if there is a sailor's lust in my lust;

If my rejoicing hath ever cried: 'The shore hath disappeared! Now the last chain hath fallen down from me!

The limitless roareth round me! Far, far away shine unto me space and time! Up! upwards! old heart!'—

Oh! how could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I

should have liked to have children, unless it be this woman I love. For I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

6

If my virtue is a dancer's virtue, and I have often leaped with both feet into golden-emerald rapture;

If my wickedness is a laughing wickedness, feeling at home under rose-slopes and lily-hedges;

(For in laughter there is gathered all that is wicked, but proclaimed holy and free through its own bliss.)

And if it be mine Alpha and mine Omega that all that is heavy should become light, all that is body become a dancer, all that is spirit become a bird. And, verily, that is mine A and mine O!—

Oh! how could I fail to be eager for eternity, and for the marriage ring of rings, the ring of re-currence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I should have liked to have children, unless it be this woman I love. For I love thee, O Eternity!

For I love thee, O Eternity!

7

If I have ever spread out above me still skies, and have ever flown into mine own skies by mine own wings;

If I have hovered playfully in deep light-distances and there hath come the bird-wisdom of my freedom;

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THE FOURTH AND LAST PART

"Alas! where in the world have greater follies happened than with the pitiful? And what in the world hath done more harm than the follies of the pitiful?

Woe unto all loving ones who do not possess an elevation which is above their pity!

Thus the devil once said unto me: 'Even God hath his own hell: that is his love unto men.'

And recently I heard the word said: 'God is dead; he hath died of his pity for men.'

Zarathustra, II
Of The Pitiful

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will soon look white and flaxy? Behold, thou sittest in thy pitch!" "What say ye now, mine animals?" said Zarathustra laughing. "Verily, I reviled when speaking of pitch. What I experience is experienced by all fruits which grow ripe. The *honey* in my veins thickeneth my blood and stilleth my soul also." "Thus it will be, O Zarathustra!" answered the animals and thronged round him. "But art thou not going up a high mountain to-day? The air is pure, and this day one seeth more of the world than ever before." "Yea, mine animals," he answered, "ye guess well and according to my wishes. This day I am going up a high mountain. But take care that there be honey at my disposal, yellow, white, good, golden comb-honey as cool as ice. For learn, at the top I am going to make the honey-offering."

But when Zarathustra had reached the summit, he sent home his animals which had led him, and found that now he was alone. Then he laughed from the bottom of his heart, looked round and spake thus.

"That I spake of offering and of honey-offerings, was merely my stratagem of speech, and, verily, a useful stupidity! On this summit one is allowed to speak a little freer than before hermit-caves and an hermit's domestic animals.

Why sacrifice! I waste what I am given. A waster with a thousand hands am I. How could I dare to call that offering!

And when I asked for honey, I merely wanted to have a bait and sweet slime and phlegm, for which

even growling bears and strange, morose, evil birds smack their lips—

To have the best bait that is requisite for huntsmen and fishers. For if the world is like a dark forest of animals, and a pleasure-ground of all wild huntsmen, it seemeth unto me to be still more, and preferably, a bottomless, rich sea—

A sea full of many-coloured fish and crabs, by which even Gods might be tempted to become fishers there and throw out their nets. So rich is the world in strange things, great and small!

In particular the world of men, the sea of men! For *that* I now throw out my golden fishing rod, saying: 'Open, O thou abyss of men!

Open and throw into my hands thy fish and glittering crabs! With my best bait this day I bait the strangest human fish!

My happiness itself I throw out into all distances and remote places, between east, south, and west, to try whether on the hook of my happiness many human fish will learn to pull and wriggle.

Until they, biting on my pointed hidden hooks, are forced to come up unto *my* height, the most many-coloured abyss-groundlings, unto the most malicious one of all catchers of human fish.'

For *this* I am from the bottom and from the beginning, pulling, pulling unto me, pulling up unto me, bringing up—a puller, breeder and governor, who not in vain once counselled himself: 'Become what thou art!'

Thus men may now come *up* unto me. For I am still waiting for the signs indicated that it is time for

my going down. Not yet do I perish among men, as I must do.

For that I wait here, artful and mocking on high mountains, not impatient, not patient; on the contrary, one who hath among other things unlearnt patience, because he suffereth no more.

For my fate alloweth me plenty of time. Did it forget me? Or doth it sit behind a large stone in the shadow catching flies?

And, verily, I am well disposed towards it, towards mine eternal fate, for that reason that it doth not hunt and press me, but leaveth me time for fibs and tricks; so that this day I have gone up this high mountain to catch fish.

Hath ever a man caught fish on high mountains? And though what I seek and do up here be a folly, it is better to do this than by waiting down there to become solemn and green and yellow—

To become by waiting a sprawling one who panteth for wrath, a holy howling storm from the mountains, an impatient one who shouteth down into the valleys: 'Listen, otherwise I shall whip you with the scourge of God!'

Not that I waxed angry with such wrathful ones. As an occasion of laughter, they are good enough unto me! Impatient they must be, the big noise-drums, who find language to-day or never!

But I and my fate, we speak not unto To-day. Nor do we speak unto Never. For speaking we have patience and time and too-much-time. For one day it must come and will not be allowed to pass by.

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THE CRY FOR HELP

THE following day Zarathustra sat again on his stone before the cave, while the animals strayed outside in the world in order to bring home fresh food, including fresh honey. For the old honey had been spent and wasted unto the last drop by Zarathustra. But when he thus sat there with a stick in his hand, and copied the shadow of his figure on the ground, meditating (and, verily, not upon himself and his shadow), suddenly he was terrified and gave a start. For beside his shadow he saw another shadow. And when he looked round quickly and arose, behold, there the fortune-teller stood beside him, the same unto whom he once had given food and drink at his table, the announcer of the great weariness, who taught: "Everything is equal; nothing is worth while; the world is without sense; knowledge choketh." But in the meantime his face had changed. And when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was terrified once more. So many evil prophecies and ashen-gray lightnings passed over that face.

The fortune-teller, who had noticed what was going on in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his face with his hand,

as if he were going to wipe it out. The same did Zarathustra. And when both of them had in silence recovered and reassured themselves, they shook hands to show that they wished to recognise each other.

"Welcome unto me," said Zarathustra, "thou prophet of the great weariness! Not in vain shalt thou have once been the friend of my table and house. Eat and drink in the same way this day with me and forgive a happy old man for sitting down to dinner with thee!" "A happy old man?" answered the fortune-teller, shaking his head. "Whatever thou art or desirest to be, O Zarathustra, that thou hast been up here the largest part of thy sojourn. Thy boat shall in a little while sit no longer on dry ground!" "Do I sit on the dry ground?" asked Zarathustra, laughing. "The waves round thy hill," answered the fortune-teller, "rise and rise, the waves of great need and affliction. They will soon raise thy boat like others and carry thee off." After that Zarathustra was silent and wondered. "Dost thou not hear anything yet?" the fortune-teller continued. "Is there not a rustling and roaring up from the depth?" Zarathustra was silent again and hearkened. Then he heard a long, long cry, which the abysses threw and passed on from the one unto the other. For none had any desire to keep it; so horrid it sounded.

"Thou evil announcer," at last Zarathustra said, "that is a cry for help, and the cry of a man. It may well spring from a black sea. But what doth human danger concern me! My last sin, the sin that was kept for me,—peradventure thou knowest what is its name?"

"*Pity!*" answered the fortune-teller with overflowing heart and lifted both his hands. "O Zarathustra, I have come to seduce thee unto thy last sin!"

And scarce had these words been uttered, when the cry sounded again, and longer and more anxious than before, and also much nigher. "Hearest thou? Hearest thou, O Zarathustra?" the fortune-teller cried. "The cry is meant to be heard by thee; thee it calleth, Come, come, come! It is time, it is high time!"

Then Zarathustra was silent and confused and agitated. At last he asked like one hesitating: "And who is it who there calleth me?"

"Thou knowest well," answered the fortune-teller hotly. "Why dost thou hide thyself? *The higher man* it is who calleth for thee!"

"The higher man?" shouted Zarathustra, horror-stricken. "What wanteth *he*? What wanteth *he*? The higher man! What wanteth he here?" And sweat brake out over his skin.

But the fortune-teller answered not the anxious cries uttered by Zarathustra, but hearkened and hearkened towards the depth. But when all was still there for a long while, he turned his look back and saw Zarathustra stand trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began with a sad voice, "thou dost not stand there like one made giddy by his happiness. Thou wilt have to dance in order not to fall down!

But even if thou wert to dance in my presence and leap all thy side-leaps, nobody shall be allowed to say: 'Behold, here danceth the last gay man!'

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any accident! And, verily, there are many evil animals with me."

With these words Zarathustra turned himself unto his journey. Then the fortune-teller said: "O Zarathustra, thou art a rogue!

I know it well: thou wouldst fain be rid of me! Rather than tarry with me, thou runnest into the forests and liest in wait for evil animals!

But of what good is it for thee? In the evening thou wilt have me back; in thine own cave shall I sit, patient and heavy like a block, and wait for thee!"

"Thus shall it be!" Zarathustra cried back in departing, "and what is my property in my cave, is thy property also, my friend and guest!

But if thou shouldst find there any honey, up! Lick it up, thou growling bear, and sweeten thy soul! For in the evening we two will be gay together—

Gay and happy, because this day hath come unto an end! And thou thyself shalt dance unto my songs, as my dancing bear.

Thou dost not believe it? Thou shakest thy head? Up! Up! Old bear, I also am a fortune-teller."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

CONVERSATION WITH THE KINGS

ZARATHUSTRA had not yet been an hour on his way through his mountains and forests, when all at once he saw a strange procession. Even on the way by which he was going down, there came two kings, adorned with crowns and purple belts, and many-coloured, like flamingo-birds. The kings drove in front of them an ass with a burden. "What do these kings want in my kingdom?" Zarathustra in astonishment said unto his heart, and hid quickly behind a bush. But when the kings came close unto him, he said with a half voice, like one who speaketh only unto himself: "Strange! Strange! How accordeth this? Two kings I see, and *one* ass only!"

Then the two kings stopped, smiled, gazed in the direction of the spot whence the voice came, and then looked into each other's faces. "Such things are thought among us also, it is true," said the king on the right side, "but one doth not say them."

But the king on the left side shrugging his shoulders said: "He will probably be a goat-herd. Or a hermit

who hath lived too long among rocks and trees. For no society at all spoileth good manners also."

"Good manners?" the other king replied angrily and bitterly. "Out of whose way have we gone? Is it not 'good manners,' our 'good society?'

Verily, rather would I dwell among hermits and goat-herds than with our mob gilded over, false, with painted cheeks, although it call itself 'good society'—

Although it call itself 'nobility.' But there all is false and rotten, above all the blood, owing unto old evil diseases and still worse physicians.

He who is best for me and dearest unto me to-day is a healthy peasant, coarse, artful, hard-necked, enduring. That is, to-day, the noblest tribe.

To-day the peasant is the best. And the peasant's tribe should dominate! But it is the kingdom of the mob; I no longer allow any imposition. But mob—that meaneth mish-mash.

Mob-like mish-mash therein is all mixed up with all, saint and rogue and gentleman and Jew and every animal from Noah's Ark.

Good manners! With us, all is false and rotten. Nobody knoweth any longer how to revere. It is from *this* exactly that we seek to escape. They are oversweet, forward dogs; they gild palm-leaves.

I choke with loathing that even we kings have become false, dressed up and disguised with the old withered pomp of our grandfathers, medals for the most stupid and the most cunning, and whoever to-day chaffereth with power!

We *are* not the first; and yet have to *represent* them.

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The man who is higher than we are, although we be kings. Unto him we lead this ass. For the highest man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

There is no harder lot in all human fate, than when the powerful of the earth are not at the same time the first men. There everything becometh false and warped and monstrous.

And when, worst of all, they are the last men, and more beast than man—there the price of the mob riseth and riseth, and at last the virtue of the mob saith: 'Behold, I alone am virtue!'"

"What did I hear just now?" answered Zarathustra. "What wisdom with kings! I am ravished, and, verily, this very moment I feel the desire to make a stanza.

Even if it should become a stanza that is not good for everybody's ears. Long ago I have unlearnt to pay heed unto long ears. Up! Up!"

(Here it came to pass that the ass also could make a remark. And it said distinctly and maliciously Hee-haw!)

"Once—in the year of the Lord one, I opine—
The Sybil spake thus, she was drunk, without wine:
'Alas! Now all goeth wrong on its way!
Ne'er so deep sank the world! Decay! Decay!
Rome grew a whore, a brothel she grew,
Rome's Cæsar a beast, and God—a Jew!'"

At these lines of Zarathustra the king *rejoiced*. But

the king on the right said: "O Zarathustra, how well it was that we went out to see thee!

For thine enemies showed us thy picture in their looking glass. There thou lookedst with a devil's grimace and scornful laughter, so that we were afraid of thee.

But of what good was it! Ever again thou stungest us in ear and heart with thy sayings. Then at last we said: 'What matter how he may look!'

We must *hear* him, him who teacheth: 'Ye shall love peace as a means for new wars, and a short peace better than a long!'

Nobody hath ever said such warlike words: 'What is good? To be brave is good! It is the good war that halloweth every cause.'

O Zarathustra, hearing such words, our fathers' blood moved in our body. That was like the speech of spring unto old wine-barrels.

When the swords crossed each other like serpents with red spots, our fathers grew fond of life. The sun of all peace seemed unto them to be weak and lukewarm, and long peace caused them shame.

How they sighed, our fathers, when seeing at the walls swords glittering, but dry as dry! Like unto them they thirsted for war. For a sword desireth to drink blood and sparkleth with desire."

When thus the kings spake eagerly and gossiped of their fathers' happiness, Zarathustra was seized by no small desire to mock at their eagerness. For apparently very peaceful kings they were whom he saw before him, kings with old and refined faces. But he mastered

himself. "Up!" he said, "in that direction leadeth the way. There lieth the cave of Zarathustra. And this day shall have a long evening! But now a cry for help calleth me in haste away from you.

It will honour my cave if kings come to sit and wait in it. But, it is true, ye will have to wait for long.

Heed not! What matter! Where doth one to-day learn better to wait than at courts? And the whole virtue of kings, the whole virtue that is left unto them, is it not called to-day—to be *able* to wait?"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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"Whoever thou mayest be," said the trodden one still angrily, "thou tramplest upon me, with thy parable as well as with thy foot!

Behold, am I a dog?" And thereupon the sitting one got up and drew his naked arm out of the swamp. For previously he had lain on the ground, stretched out, hidden and not recognisable like such as lie in wait for swamp deer.

"But what dost thou?" cried Zarathustra terrified. For he saw that much blood streamed over the naked arm. "What hath happened unto thee? Did an evil beast bite thee, thou unhappy one?"

The bleeding one laughed, still in anger. "What doth that concern thee?" he said and was about to go his way. "Here am I at home, and in mine own province. Ask me whoever liketh, but I shall scarcely answer a boor."

"Thou art mistaken," said Zarathustra with pity, and held him tight. "Thou art mistaken. Here thou art not at home, but in my kingdom, and there nobody shall suffer any damage.

But heed not, call me as thou choosest, I am he that I must be. But I call myself Zarathustra.

Up! Up there goeth the way unto Zarathustra's cave. It is not far. Wilt thou not in my home take care of thy wounds?

Thou hast been ill off, thou unhappy one, in this life. First a beast bit thee, and then a man trod on thee."

But when the trodden one heard the name of Zarathustra, he changed. "Oh! what happeneth unto me!"

he exclaimed. "*Who* else is of any account unto me in this life but this one man, Zarathustra, and that one beast which liveth on blood, the leech ?

For the sake of the leech I lay here at this swamp, like a fisherman ; and mine arm thrown out had already been bitten ten times. A still more beautiful leech biteth me for my blood, Zarathustra himself !

Oh, happiness ! Oh, wonder ! Praised be this day which allured me into this swamp ! Praised be the best live cupping-glass alive this day ! Praised be the great leech of conscience, Zarathustra !"

Thus spake the trodden one ; and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their fine respectful style. "Who art thou ?" he asked, and shook his hand. "Between us many things remain to be cleared up and brightened. But already, methinketh, it becometh pure, broad daylight."

"I am the *conscientious one of the spirit*," answered he who had been asked, and in matters of the spirit, scarcely any one taketh things more severely, more narrowly, and harder than I, except thee from whom I learned it, Zarathustra himself.

Rather know nothing than know many things by halves ! Rather be a fool on one's own account than a wise man on other folk's approbation ! I examine things down unto the ground.

What matter whether it be great or small ? Whether it be called swamp or sky ? A hand's breadth of ground is enough for me ; if it only be actually a ground and bottom !

A hand's breadth of ground—thereon one can stand.

In the proper conscientiousness of knowledge there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Thus thou art perhaps the perceiver of the leech?" asked Zarathustra; "and thou followest the leech unto its last ground, thou conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered he who had been trodden on, "that would be something immense! How could I dare to undertake that?

The thing whose master and knower I am—that is the leech's *brain*. That is *my* world!

And it is a world as others are! But forgive my pride finding expression here. For here I have not my like. Therefore I said: 'Here am I at home.'

How long have I followed out that one thing, the leech's brain, that the slippery truth might no more escape me here! Here is *my* kingdom!

To get at that, I have thrown away everything else; for the sake of it everything else hath become indifferent unto me; and close unto my knowledge dwelleth my dense ignorance.

The conscience of my spirit demandeth from me that I should know one thing and not know everything else that is. I loathe all the half ones of the spirit, all the vaporous, hovering, enthusiastic.

Where mine honesty ceaseth, I am blind and will be blind. But where I intend to know, I will also be honest, *i.e.*, hard, severe, narrow, cruel, inexorable.

Because *thou* once saidst, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is the life that cutteth itself into life, I was led and seduced unto thy doctrine. And, verily, with mine own blood have I increased mine own knowledge!"

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THE WIZARD

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BUT when Zarathustra had gone round a rock he saw not far below him on the same road as himself a man who threw his limbs about like a madman, and at last fell down to the ground upon his stomach. "Halt!" then said Zarathustra unto his heart. "The man there seemeth to be the higher man; from him came that horrid cry for help. I will see whether I can be of any help." But when he came unto the place where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with his eyes fixed. And although Zarathustra took all the pains he could to get him up and put him on his legs again, it was in vain. The unhappy one seemed not to notice that anybody was by his side. On the contrary, he continually looked round with moving gestures, like one forsaken and left solitary by all the world. But at last, with much trembling, twitching, and curling himself up, he began thus to lament:

"Who warmeth me, who loveth me still?
Give hot hands!
Give heart's coal-pans!

Stretched out, shivering,
Like one half dead whose feet are warmed,
Shaken, alas! by unknown fevers,
Trembling from the icy, pointed arrows of frost,
  Hunted, thought, by thee!
Unutterable! Veiled! Horrid one!
  Thou huntsman behind the clouds!
Struck to the ground by thee,
Thou mocking eye that gazeth at me from the dark!
Thus I lie,
Bend, writhe, tortured
By all eternal tortures,
  Smitten
By thee, cruellest of huntsmen,
Thou unknown *God* . . .

Smite harder!
Smite once more!
Sting, break to pieces this heart!
What meaneth this torturing
With its blunt-toothed arrows?
Why gazest thou again,
Never weary of human pain,
With the malicious lightning eyes of a God?
Thou wilt not kill,
Only torture, torture?
Wherefore torture *me*,
Thou malicious, unknown God?

Ha! Ha!
Thou creepest nigh

In such a midnight?
What wilt thou?
Speak!
Thou crushest me, thou pressest me,
Ha! already much too nigh!
Thou hearest me breathe,
Thou hearkenest unto my heart,
Thou jealous one!
Jealous of what?
Away, away!
The ladder for what?
Wilt thou step *in*,
Step into my heart,
Step into the loneliest
Of my thoughts?
Shameless one! Unknown one! Thief!
What wilt thou steal for thyself?
What wilt thou hearken for thyself?
What wilt thou get by torturing,
Thou torturer!
Thou hangman's God!
Or shall I roll myself before thee
Like the dog,
Wag love unto thee with the tail,
Giving myself, in eager frenzy?

In vain!
Sting on!
Cruellest of stings!
Not a dog—thy game merely am I,
Cruellest of huntsmen!

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My sole companion,
My great enemy,
Mine unknown one,
My hangman's God! . . .

Nay!
Come back!
With all thy tortures!
Oh, come back
Unto the last of all lonely ones!
All my tears run
Their course unto thee;
And the last flame of my heart—
Up it gloweth unto *thee!*
Oh, come back,
Mine unknown God, my *pain!*
My last happiness! . . . ."

2

But then Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself, but took his stick and, with all his might, struck the wailing one. "Stop," he cried unto him, with wrathful laughter. "Stop, thou actor! Thou false coiner! Thou liar from the bottom! I know thee well!

I shall make thy legs hot, thou evil wizard! I understand well how to make it hot for such as thou art!"

"Cease," said the old man and leaped from the ground, "strike no more, O Zarathustra! I did it merely for fun!

Such things are part of mine art. Thyself I in-

tended to try, when I gave thee this sample! And, verily, thou hast well found me out!

But even thou hast given me no small sample of thyself. Thou art *hard*, thou wise Zarathustra! Hard thou strikest with thy 'truths.' Thy stick forceth *this* truth to come out of me!"

"Flatter not," said Zarathustra, still excited and looking sullen, "thou actor from the bottom! Thou art false. Why speakest thou of truth?

Thou peacock of peacocks, thou sea of vanity, *what* didst thou play before me, thou evil wizard? In *whom* was it purposed to make me believe, when thou wailedst in such a shape?"

"*The penitent of spirit*" said the old man. "*He* it was whom I played; (thou didst once thyself invent this word)—

The poet and wizard who at last turneth his spirit against himself, the changed one who freezeth to death because of his evil knowledge and his evil conscience.

And now confess it! It took thee a long time, O Zarathustra, to find out mine art and lie! Thou *believedst* in my need, when thou heldest my head with both hands.

I heard thee wail: 'They have loved him too little, they have loved him too little!' In deceiving thee so far, my wickedness rejoiced within me."

"Probably thou hast deceived more acute ones than I am," said Zarathustra sternly. "I am not on the watch for deceivers, I *must* be without prudence. Thus my lot willeth.

But thou *must* deceive. So far I know thee. Thou

must always have two, three, four or five meanings! Even what thou hast now confessed, was not nearly true enough or false enough for me!

Thou evil false coiner, how couldst thou do otherwise! The very cheeks of thy disease thou wouldst paint, when thou wouldst show thyself naked unto thy physician.

Thus thou hast now in my presence painted the cheeks of thy lie, when thou saidst: 'I did it *merely* for fun!' There was also some *seriousness* in it. Thou *art* somewhat of a penitent of spirit!

Indeed I have found thee out. Thou hast become the enchanter of all; but for use against thyself thou hast no lie and no artfulness left. Thou art disenchanted in thine own eyes!

Thou hast reaped loathing as thine one truth. No word in thee is genuine any more. But thy mouth is —*i.e.*, the loathing is that cleaveth unto thy mouth."

"Who art thou!" then cried the old wizard with a defiant voice. "Who dareth to speak thus unto *me*, the greatest one, who liveth this day?" And a green lightning shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But immediately thereafter he changed and said sadly.

"O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, I loathe mine arts. I am not *great*. Why do I dissemble? But thou knowest well: I sought for greatness!

I desired to seem a great man and persuaded many. But that lie went beyond my power. On it I go to pieces.

O Zarathustra, everything in me is a lie. But that I go to pieces—this my going to pieces is *genuine!*"

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cave of Zarathustra. In it thou mayest seek him whom thou wouldst find.

And ask mine animals for their counsel, mine eagle and my serpent! They shall help thee to seek. My cave is large.

Myself, it is true, I have not yet seen a great man. What is great, for that to-day the eye of the finest is crude. It is the kingdom of the mob.

Many a one I have found, who strained himself and puffed himself up. And the folk cried: 'Behold there, a great man!' But of what good are any bellows! At last the wind escapeth from them.

At last the frog bursteth which puffed itself up overlong. Then the wind escapeth from it. To stab the womb of a swollen one, that I call good pastime. Hearken unto that, ye boys!

To-day is of the mob. Who *knoweth* any longer what is great, what is small? Who could have good luck seeking for greatness there? A fool only. Fools have good luck.

Thou seekest for great men, thou strange fool? Who *taught* thee that? Is to-day the time for it? Oh, thou evil seeker, why dost thou tempt me?"

Thus spake Zarathustra, comforted in his heart, and went his way onwards, laughing.

OFF DUTY

BUT not long after Zarathustra had rid himself of the wizard, he again saw someone sitting by the way he went, namely a black tall man with a lean, pale face. *He* annoyed him sorely. "Alas!" said he unto his heart, "there sitteth affliction disguised. That seemeth unto me to be of the tribe of priests. What want *they* in my kingdom?

What! Scarce have I escaped from that wizard, until another necromancer is fated to cross my path, some sorcerer with laying on of hands; an obscure wonder-worker by the grace of God; an anointed calumniator of the world whom the devil seize!

But the devil is never on the spot proper for him. He always cometh too late, that cursed dwarf and club-foot!"

Thus Zarathustra impatiently swore in his heart and meditated how, with his face turned away, he might pass unseen by the black man. But behold, it came to pass otherwise. For in the same moment the sitting one had seen him, and not unlike one who meeteth with an unlooked for happiness, he jumped up and walked towards Zarathustra.

"Whosoever thou art, thou wanderer," he said, "help one who hath gone astray, a seeker, an old man who may easily suffer injury here!

This world is strange and remote from me. Besides I heard wild beasts howl. And he who could have given me protection, liveth no more.

I was in search of the last pious man, a saint and hermit, who alone had not heard in his forest what all the world knoweth to-day."

"*What* knoweth all the world to-day?" asked Zarathustra. "Is it that the old God liveth no more, in whom all the world once believed."

"Thou sayest it," answered the old man sadly. "And I served this old God until his last hour.

But now I am off duty, without a master, and yet neither free nor happy for a single hour, except in memory.

I have ascended these mountains, to arrange at last a festival for myself once more, as behoveth an old pope and church-father (for be it known unto thee; I am the last pope!)—a festival of pious memories and services.

But now even he is dead, the most pious man, that saint in the forest who constantly praised his God with singing and humming.

Himself I found no more when I found his hut. But I found two wolves therein which howled because of his death. For all animals loved him. Then I hasted away.

Had I come in vain into these forests and mountains? Then my heart resolved to seek another, the

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honour unto thee that thou speakest well of this dead one, thou knowest, as I do, *who* he was, and that he went strange ways."

"Spoken under three eyes," said the old pope cheerfully (for he was blind of an eye), "in matters of God I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself, and may well be so.

My love served him long years; my will followed all his will. And a good servant knoweth everything, and even many things which his master hideth from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Verily, even his son he begat not otherwise than by a secret way. At the door of belief in him standeth adultery.

Whoever praiseth him as a God of love, thinketh not highly enough of love itself. Did that God not also wish to be a judge? But the loving one loveth beyond reward and retaliation.

When he was young, that God from the East, he was hard and revengeful, and built up his hell for the delight of those he loved best.

But at last he grew old and soft and mellow and full of pity, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a shaky old grandmother.

There he sat, withered, at his fireside, grieved because of his weak legs, weary of the world, weary of will, and one day suffocated by his all-too-great pity."

"Thou old pope," said Zarathustra interrupting, "hast thou seen *that* with thine own eyes? It might have come to pass like that; like that, *and* otherwise

as well. When Gods die, they always die divers kinds of death.

But up! This way or that, this way and that;—he is gone! He was contrary unto the taste of mine ears and eyes. Worse I should not like to say of him.

I love everything that gazeth brightly and speaketh honestly. But he—thou knowest well, thou old priest, there was something of thy tribe in him, of the priestly tribe. He had many meanings.

Besides, he was indistinct. How angry he was with us, this out-breather of wrath, because he thought we understood him ill. But why did he not speak more cleanly!

And if the fault was of our ears, why did he give us ears that heard badly? And if there was mud in our ears, go to! who had put it there?

In too many things he failed, this potter who had not served his apprenticeship! But in taking revenge on his pots and creations, for having turned out ill, he committed a sin against *good taste*.

There is good taste in piety also. And at last that good taste said: 'Away with *such* a God! Rather have no God, rather be a fate for one's self, rather be a fool, rather be God one's self!'"

"What do I hear!" said then the old pope, pricking up his ears; "O Zarathustra, thou art more pious than thou believest, with such an unbelief! Some God within thee hath converted thee unto ungodliness.

Is it not thy piety itself that letteth thee no longer believe in a God? And thine over-great honesty will one day lead thee even beyond good and evil! Lo,

what hath been reserved for thee? Thou hast eyes and hand and mouth. They have been predestined from eternity for bestowing benedictions. One bestoweth benedictions not with the hand alone.

Although thou wouldst have thyself the ungodliest one, I perceive, when thou art nigh, a secret, holy, and goodly smell of long benedictions. From it I feel weal and woe.

Let me be thy guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth do I now feel better than with thee!"

"Amen! So let it be!" said Zarathustra in great astonishment. "Up there leadeth the way; there lieth the cave of Zarathustra.

Verily, with joy would I lead thee there myself, thou venerable one; for I love all pious men. But now a cry for help calleth me in haste away from thee.

In my province no one shall suffer injury. My cave is a good harbour. And best of all would I like to set every sad one on firm land and on firm legs once more.

But who would take *thy* melancholy off thy shoulders? For that I am too weak. A long time, verily, we should have to wait before one would re-awaken thy God.

For this old God liveth no more. He is quite dead."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

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before. And many heavy things lay upon his mind, so that he walked slowly and ever more slowly, and finally stood still. Then, suddenly, opening his eyes, he saw sitting on the wayside a something shaped like a man, but scarcely like a man, a something unutterable. And straightway Zarathustra was seized by a great shame for having cast his eyes upon *such a thing*. Blushing up unto his white hair, he turned his look aside, and lifted his foot to leave that evil spot. But then the dead desert took voice. For from the ground something gushed up gurgling and rattling, as water in the night gurgleth and rattleth through stopped water-pipes. And at last that something developed into a human voice and a human speech which sounded thus:

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Read my riddle! Speak, speak! What is the *revenge on the witness!*

I tempt thee to return. Here is smooth ice! See unto it, see unto it, that thy pride do not here break its legs!

Thou seemest wise unto thyself, O proud Zarathustra! Read the riddle, read it, thou hard cracker of nuts,—the riddle which I am! Say, say; who am *I?*"

But when Zarathustra had heard these words,—what think ye happened then unto his soul? *Pity attacked him*. And all at once he fell down like an oak tree that hath long resisted many wood-cutters,—heavily, suddenly, unto the terror even of those about to fell it. But forthwith he rose from the ground, and his face grew hard.

"I know thee well," he said with a brazen voice "*Thou art the murderer of God!* Let me go!

Thou didst not *endure* him who saw *thee*, who saw thee always, and through and through, thou ugliest man! Thou tookest revenge on this witness!"

Thus spake Zarathustra and was departing. But the unutterable one grasped after the tail of his coat and began again to gurgle and seek after words. "Stay!" he said at last.

"Stay! Pass not by! I have found out what axe hath laid thee low. All hail unto thee, O Zarathustra, because thou standest again!

Thou foundest out, I know well enough, the mood of His slayer, the mood of the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down beside me. It is not in vain.

Unto whom did I intend to go, if not unto thee? Stay, sit down! But look not at me. Honour in that way my ugliness!

They persecute me. *Thou* art now my last refuge. *Not* with their hatred, *not* with their catchpoll. Oh, I would scoff at such a persecution! I would be proud and rejoice at it!

Hath not all success hitherto been with the well persecuted? And whoever persecuteth well, learneth easily how to *follow*. For he is behind somebody! But it is their *pity*—

It is their pity from which I flee, and flee unto thee. O Zarathustra, protect me, thou my last refuge, thou only one who didst find me out!

Thou didst find out the mood of *His* slayer. Stay! And if thou wilt depart, thou impatient one, take not the way I have come. *That* way is bad.

Art thou angry with me, because I have minced my words too long? Because I have counselled thee already? Be it known unto thee: it is I, the ugliest man,—

Who have also the largest, heaviest feet. Where *I* have gone, the road is bad. I trample unto death, and ruin all roads.

But that thou didst pass me by, silent; that thou didst blush, I saw well. Thereby I knew thee to be Zarathustra.

Any other man would have thrown his alms unto me, his pity, with look and speech. But for that I am not beggar enough, as thou didst find out.

For that I am too *rich*, rich in great things, in terrible things, in the most ugly things, in the most unutterable things! Thy blushing, O Zarathustra, *honoured* me!

With much trouble I have got away from the thronging of the pitiful, in order to find the only one who teacheth to-day: 'Pity is an intruder.' To find thyself, O Zarathustra!

Be it a God's, be it men's pity: pity is contrary unto shame. And not to will to help may be nobler than that virtue which readily giveth assistance.

But *that* is to-day called virtue indeed by all petty folk: namely, pity. They feel no reverence for great misfortune, for great ugliness, for great failure.

Over all these I gaze into the distance, as a dog gazeth over the backs of dense flocks of sheep. They are petty gray folk, with good wool and good will.

As a heron gazeth scornfully over shallow ponds,

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But He was *compelled* to die. He looked at things with eyes that saw *everything*. He saw the depths and abysses of man, all his hidden shame and ugliness.

His pity knew no shame. He crept into my foulest corners. This most curious, over-officious, over-pitiful one was compelled to die.

He always saw myself. On such a witness I wished to take revenge, or rather not to live at all!

The God who saw everything, *including man*—this God was compelled to die! Man *endureth* not that such a witness should live."

Thus spake the ugliest man. But Zarathustra got up and prepared to depart. For he was shuddering unto his very bowels.

"Thou unutterable one," said he, "thou didst warn me against thy road. In thanks for that I praise mine unto thee. Behold, up that way lieth Zarathustra's cave.

My cave is large and deep and hath many corners. There the best hidden one findeth a hiding place. And close unto it are an hundred things to slip under and creep past, for creeping, fluttering and leaping animals.

Thou outcast who castest thyself out, thou wilt not stay among men and human pity? Up, act like me! Thus thou learnest even from me. The doer alone learneth.

And speak first, and first of all, with mine animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal—they might be the proper counsellors for us both!"

Thus spake Zarathustra and went his way, still

more thoughtful and slow than before. For he asked himself many things, and did not easily know the answer.

"How poor is man after all!" he thought in his heart. "How ugly, how rattling, how full of hidden shame!

I am told that man loveth himself. Alas, how great must that self-love be! How much contempt hath it opposed unto it!

Even that man there loved himself even as he despised himself. A great lover is he, methinketh, and a great despiser.

Never yet have I found any one who did despise himself more deeply. Even *that* is height. Alas! can *he* have been the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. But man is a something that must be surpassed."

THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR

WHEN Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he felt cold and he felt lonely. For many cold and lonely things passed through his mind, chilling even his limbs. But when walking on and on, upwards, downwards, now passing green meadows, then over wild stony strata where once peradventure an impatient brook had lain down to sleep, he felt all at once warmer and heartier again.

"What hath happened unto me?" he asked himself. "Something warm and living refresheth me. It must be nigh unto me.

Already I am less alone. Unconscious companions and brethren hover round me; their warm breath toucheth my soul."

But when he looked round him, and searched for the comforters of his loneliness, behold, there were cows standing on a hill together. Their nearness and smell had warmed his heart. But these cows seemed to listen eagerly unto a speaker, and took no notice of him who approached them. But when Zarathustra was quite nigh unto them, he heard distinctly a human voice out of the midst of the cows. And apparently all of them had turned their heads unto the speaker.

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changed. "Unto whom do I speak?" he exclaimed, terrified, and leaped up from the ground.

"This is the man without loathing, this is Zarathustra himself, the overcomer of the great loathing. This is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And speaking thus, he kissed the hands of him unto whom he spake, with his eyes overflowing, and behaved like unto one for whom a valuable gift and treasure hath fallen from heaven unawares. But the cows gazed at all that and wondered.

"Speak not of me, thou strange one, sweet one!" said Zarathustra, restraining his affection. "Speak first of thyself! Art thou not the voluntary beggar who once threw away vast riches,—

Who was ashamed of his riches and of the rich, and fled unto the poorest in order to give them his abundance and his heart? But they accepted him not."

"But they accept him not," said the voluntary beggar, "thou knowest it, I see. Thus at last I have come unto the animals and unto these cows."

"There thou learnedst," said Zarathustra interrupting the speaker, "how much harder it is to give properly than to take properly, and that to give well is an *art* and the last and cunningest master-art of kindness."

"In particular, nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar, "*i.e.*, to-day, when all that is low hath become rebellious and shy and high-minded in its own way, *i.e.*, in the way of the mob.

For the hour hath come, thou knowest it, for the

great, bad, long, slow rebellion of the mob and the slaves. It groweth and groweth !

Now all alms-giving and petty giving make the low rebellious. And the over-rich ought to be on their guard !

Whoever to-day letteth drops fall,. as doth a big-bellied bottle, out of an all-too-narrow neck—the neck of such a bottle is gladly broken to-day.

Voluptuous greediness, bilious envy, angry revenge, pride of the mob,—all these things leaped into my face. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. But the kingdom of heaven is with the cows."

"And why is it not with the rich ?" asked Zarathustra tempting, while keeping back the cows, which familiarly sniffed at the peaceful one.

"Why dost thou tempt me ?" answered he. "Thou knowest it thyself still better than I do. What drove me unto the poorest, O Zarathustra ? Was it not my loathing of our richest ones ?

Of the convicts guilty of riches, who collect their profit out of all rubbish heaps, with cool eyes and voluptuous thoughts—of that rabble that stinketh unto heaven,—

Of that gilded-over, falsified mob, whose fathers were thieves or birds of carrion, or rag-gatherers with wives complaisant, voluptuous, and forgetful (for none of them hath a far way to go to become a whore) ;

Mob at the top, mob below ! What are to-day 'poor' and 'rich !' This distinction have I unlearnt. Then I fled away, further, ever further, until I came unto these cows."

Thus spake the peaceful one, and snuffed himself, and perspired over his words, so that the cows wondered again. But Zarathustra, all the time the man was speaking so bitterly, gazed with a smile into his face, and silently shook his head.

"Thou dost violence unto thyself, thou mount-preacher, in using such bitter words. For such bitterness neither thy mouth nor thine eye was made.

Nor, methinketh, even thy stomach. Unto *it* all such anger and hatred and overflowing are repugnant. Thy stomach desireth gentler things. Thou art not a butcher.

Thou rather seemest unto me to be an eater of plants and roots. Perhaps thou grindest corn. But certainly thou art averse from the pleasures of the flesh and thou lovest honey."

"Thou hast well found me out," answered the voluntary beggar with his heart lightened. "I love honey, I also grind corn, for I sought what tasteth sweetly and maketh the breath pure.

I sought also what needeth a long time, namely a day's work and a mouth's work for gentle idlers and sluggards.

The highest point, it is true, hath been reached by these cows. They invented ruminating and lying in the sunshine. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts that cause flatulence in the heart."

"Go to!" said Zarathustra. "Thou shouldst see *mine* animals as well, mine eagle and my serpent. Their like doth not exist on earth this day.

Behold, in this direction leadeth the way unto my

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WHEN the voluntary beggar had hasted away, and Zarathustra was again alone with himself, behind him he heard a new voice crying: "Halt! Zarathustra! Wait! Wait! It is I, O Zarathustra, I, thy shadow!" But Zarathustra waited not; for a sudden annoyance seized him because of the great crowding and thronging in his mountains. "Whither hath my loneliness gone?" he said.

"This, verily, is becoming too much for me. These mountains are overcrowded; my kingdom is no longer of *this* world; I need new mountains.

My shadow calleth me? What matter for my shadow? Let it run after me! I run away from it."

Thus spake Zarathustra unto his heart, and ran away. But he who was behind him, followed him, so that very soon three runners were on the way, one behind the other. For in the front was the voluntary beggar, then followed Zarathustra, and the third and last was his shadow. Not long had they run, until Zarathustra came out of his folly and back unto reason, and of a sudden he shook off all annoyance and disgust.

"What!" said he, "Have not at all times the most

ridiculous things happened unto us old hermits and saints?

Verily, my folly hath grown high in the mountains! Now I hear rattle behind each other six legs of old fools!

But is it allowed unto Zarathustra to be afraid of his shadow? Besides, methinketh in the long run it hath longer legs than I."

Thus spake Zarathustra, laughing with eyes and intestines. He stopped and turned quickly round. And, behold, in so doing he almost threw his follower and shadow unto the ground. So close did the latter follow at his heels, and so weak was he. When he looked intently upon him, Zarathustra was terrified as by a sudden ghost. So thin, black, hollow and worn-out looked that follower.

"What art thou?" asked Zarathustra violently, "What dost thou here? And why callest thou thyself my shadow? Thou pleasest me not."

"Forgive me," answered the shadow, "that it is I. And if I please thee not—well, O Zarathustra, in that respect I praise thee and thy good taste.

A wanderer am I who hath already gone far at thy heels; ever on the way, but without a goal and without a home, so that, verily, I fall little short of being the eternal, wandering Jew, except that I am neither eternal nor a Jew.

What? Must I be ever on the way? Whirled about by every wind, unstable, driven away? O earth, thou hast grown too round for me!

On every surface I have sat. Like the wearied dust

I have fallen asleep on looking-glasses and window-panes. Everything taketh from me, nothing giveth; I become thin, I am almost like a shadow.

But after thee, O Zarathustra, I have flown and travelled longest. And though I hid myself from thee, yet have I been thy best shadow. Wherever thou hast sat, there sat I.

With thee I have haunted the remotest, coldest worlds, like a ghost that voluntarily walketh over wintry roofs and snow.

With thee have I striven for everything forbidden, the worst and remotest. And if anything in me is virtue, it is that I had no fear in the presence of any prohibition.

With thee have I broken whatever my heart revered; all landmarks and images I threw down; I pursued the most dangerous wishes. Verily, I have traversed every crime once.

With thee I unlearned the belief in words and values and great names. When the devil casteth his skin, doth not his name fall off as well? For that is also skin. Perhaps the devil himself is skin.

'Nothing is true, everything is lawful' thus I spake unto myself. Into the coldest waters I threw myself with head and heart. Oh, how often have I stood naked, red like a crab through so doing!

Alas, whither hath gone all that is good, and all shame, and all belief in the good! Alas, whither hath gone that deceitful innocence I once possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble falsehoods!

Too often, verily, I followed truth close on its heel.

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criminals sleep? They sleep quietly; they enjoy their new security.

Beware lest at last a narrow creed catch thee, a hard, severe illusion! For thou art now seduced and tempted by everything narrow and firm.

Thou hast lost thy goal. Alas! how wilt thou bear and brook that loss? By it thou hast also lost the way!

Thou poor wandering one, thou fleeting one, thou weary butterfly! Wilt thou have this night a place of rest and home? If so, go up unto my cave!

Yonder goeth the way unto my cave. And now I will quickly run away from thee. Already something lieth on me like a shadow.

I will run alone, so that it may again grow light around me. For that purpose I must be yet a long while gaily on my legs. But in the evening at my home there will be a dance!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

AT NOON

AND Zarathustra ran, and still ran, finding no one else, and was alone ever finding himself again. And he enjoyed and sipped his loneliness, thinking of good things, through many hours. But about the hour of noon, when the sun stood exactly over Zarathustra's head, he passed by an old crooked and knaggy tree which was embraced round about by the rich love of a vine-plant and hidden from itself. From it an abundance of yellow grapes hung down, offering themselves unto the wanderer. Then he felt a desire to quench a little thirst and to break off a grape. When he had stretched out his arm for it, he felt a still stronger desire for something else, to lie down beside the tree, about the hour of perfect noon, and to sleep.

Zarathustra did so. And no sooner did he lie down on the ground, in the stillness and secrecy of the many-coloured grass, than he forgot his little thirst and fell asleep. For, as Zarathustra's saying hath it: "One thing is more necessary than the other." Only his eyes remained open. For they could not satisfy themselves with looking at the tree, and at the love of the vine-plant, and in praising them. But when falling asleep, Zarathustra spake thus unto his heart:

"Hush! Hush! Hath the world not this moment become perfect? Oh, what happeneth unto me?

As a neat wind unseen danceth on the panelled sea, light, light as a feather, thus danceth sleep on me.

Nor doth it shut mine eye; it leaveth my soul awake. Light it is, verily, as light as a feather.

It persuadeth me, I know not how. It toucheth me from the inside with a flattering hand. It compelleth me. Yea, compelleth me, so that my soul stretcheth itself out.

How long and weary it groweth unto me, my strange soul! Did the evening of a seventh day come unto it just at noon? Hath it already walked too long happy among good and ripe things?

It stretcheth itself out, long, long, longer! It lieth still, my strange soul. Too many good things it hath tasted before. This golden sadness presseth upon it; it maketh a wry mouth.

Like a ship that hath entered her calmest bay (Now she leaneth towards the land, weary of the long voyages and the uncertain seas. Is not the land more faithful?

As such a ship putteth to the shore and goeth close in; then it is enough that a spider spin its thread unto it from the land. No stronger ropes are required there;)

Like such a weary ship in the calmest bay, I now rest nigh unto the land, faithful, trusting, waiting, moored unto it with the gentlest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Wilt thou sing, O my soul? Thou liest in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour, when no herdsmen playeth on his flute.

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Now ye have slept your fill. How long? Half an eternity! Up! Up! now, mine old heart! How long wilt thou, after such a sleep, be allowed to have thy fill of wakefulness?"

But then he fell asleep afresh, and his soul spake against him, and defended itself, and lay down again. "Oh, let me alone! Hush! Hath not the world become perfect this moment? Oh, for the golden, round ball!

Get up," said Zarathustra, "thou little thief, thou thief of days! What! Still longer wilt thou stretch thyself out, yawn, sigh, fall down into deep wells?

Who art thou? O my soul!" (And here he was terrified; for a sun-beam fell down from the sky upon his face.)

"O sky above me!" said he sighing and sat upright. "Thou gazest at me? Thou hearkenest unto my strange soul?

When drinkest thou this drop of dew that hath fallen down on all things earthly? When drinkest thou this strange soul?

When, well of eternity? Thou gay, shuddering abyss of noon! When drinkest thou my soul back into thyself?"

Thus spake Zarathustra and arose from his resting-place nigh unto the tree, as from a strange drunkenness. And behold! there the sun still stood exactly above his head. And from that, some one might duly suppose that Zarathustra had not slept long.

SALUTATION

LATE in the afternoon it was when Zarathustra after having searched and strayed about for a long time in vain, returned unto his cave. But when he stood over against unto it, no longer twenty steps distant from it, that thing came to pass which he expected least. Anew he heard the great *cry for help*. And, astounding! this time it came from his own cave. And it was a long, manifold, strange cry. And Zarathustra distinguished clearly that it was composed of many voices, though, when heard from a distance, it might sound like a cry from a single mouth.

Then Zarathustra hasted unto his cave, and behold, what spectacle awaited him there after that concert! For there they all sat together whom he had passed by during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left; the old wizard; the pope; the voluntary beggar; the shadow; the conscientious one of the spirit; the sad fortune-teller; and the ass. And the ugliest man had put a crown on his head, and tied round himself two purple belts. For, like all ugly folk, he liked to disguise himself and play the gallant. But in the midst of that sad company stood Zarathustra's

eagle, its feathers ruffled and itself disquieted. For it had been asked to answer many questions for which its pride knew no answer. And the wise serpent hung round its neck.

At all this Zarathustra looked with great astonishment. Then he examined each of his guests with gracious curiosity, read the contents of their souls and was once more astonished. In the meantime they who had gathered there, had arisen from their seats and waited with reverence till Zarathustra should speak. And Zarathustra spake thus:

"Ye despairing ones! Ye strange ones! Then it was *your* cry for help I heard? And now also I know where he is to be sought whom I this day sought for in vain: *the higher man.*

In mine own cave sitteth he, the higher man! But why am I astonished? Have not I myself allured him unto myself, by honey offerings, and cunning, enticing calls of my happiness?

But methinketh, ye are not very suitable to form a company, ye make each other's hearts angry, ye criers for help, when sitting together here? One must first come—

One who will make you laugh again, a good, gay clown, a dancer, and a wind and romp, some old fool. What think ye?

Forgive me, ye despairing ones, that in your presence I speak with such small words, unworthy, verily, of such guests! But ye find not out *what* maketh my heart wanton.

Ye yourselves do so, and your look, forgive me!

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higher mounts than this mount is. For we have come as eager sight-seers, we longed to see what maketh dim eyes bright.

And behold, all our crying for help is past. Our sense and heart stand open and are enraptured. Little is lacking for our courage to become wanton.

Nothing more agreeable, O Zarathustra, groweth on earth than a high, strong will. It is the most beautiful product of earth. A whole landscape is refreshed by one tree like that.

With the pine, O Zarathustra, I compare him who groweth up like thee: tall, silent, hard, alone, of the best and most flexible wood, magnificent—

And who at last graspeth with strong, green boughs after *his own* dominion, asking strong questions in presence of winds and thunderstorms, and whatever is at home on heights—

And who giveth stronger answers, a commander, a victorious one! Oh! who would not ascend high mounts in order to see such products?

In thy tree, O Zarathustra, even the gloomy one, the ill-constituted one, rejoiceth; at sight of thee even the restless one becometh sure and healeth his heart.

And, verily, unto thy mount and thy tree this day many eyes direct themselves; a great longing hath arisen, and many folk learned to ask: 'Who is Zarathustra?'

And they into whose ear thou hast ever dropped thy song and thy honey, all the hidden, the hermits, and hermits in pairs, spake all at once unto their hearts thus:

'Liveth Zarathustra still? It is no longer worth while to live. Everything is equal, everything is in vain. If that is to be not so, we must live with Zarathustra!

Why cometh not he who hath announced himself so long?' thus many ask. 'Did loneliness devour him? Or peradventure we meant to come unto him?'

Now it cometh to pass that loneliness itself waxeth mellow and breaketh like a grave, which breaketh and can no longer keep its dead. Everywhere one seeth risen ones.

Now rise and rise the waves around thy mount, O Zarathustra! And however high be thy height, many must ascend unto thee. Thy boat shall not long sit on the dry ground!

And that we despairers have now come into thy cave, and already despair no more—it is merely a sign and omen that better ones are on the way unto thee.

For itself is on the way unto thee, the last relic of God among men, *i.e.*, all the men of the great longing, of the great loathing, of the great satiety—

All those who do not wish to live, unless they learn to *hope* again; unless *they* learn from thee, O Zarathustra, the *great* hope!"

Thus spake the king on the right, and seized Zarathustra's hand in order to kiss it. But Zarathustra hindered his doing reverence and stepped back terrified, as silent and suddenly as though he fled into far distances. But in a little while he was once more with his guests, gazed at them with bright questioning eyes, and said:

"My guests, ye higher men, I will speak in German and clearly unto you. Not for *you* have I waited here in these mounts."

("'In German and clearly?' God-a-mercy!" said then the king on the left, secretly. "One seeth that he knoweth not the dear Germans, this sage from the East!

But he meaneth 'in German and coarsely.' Well! that is nowadays not quite the worst taste!")

"Verily, all of you may be higher men," continued Zarathustra. "But for me, ye are not high and 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 ye belong unto me, ye do so not as my right arm doth.

For whoever standeth himself on sick and weak legs, like you, wisheth above all (whether he knoweth it or hideth it from himself) to be *spared*.

But mine arms and my legs I spare not, *my warriors I spare not*. How could ye be fit for *my* warfare?

By you I should spoil every victory of mine. And many a one of you would fall unto the ground on hearing the loud noise of my drums.

Besides ye are not beautiful and well-born enough for me. I need pure, smooth mirrors for my doctrines. On your surface even mine own image is distorted.

Your shoulders are pressed by many a burden, many a memory. Many an evil dwarf squatteth in your corners. There is hidden mob within even you.

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This guest-gift I request from your love, that ye speak of my children. Therefore am I rich, therefore become I poor. What have I not given away?

What would I not give away, in order to have one thing: *these* children, *this* living plantation, *these* trees of life of my will and of my highest hope!"

Thus spake Zarathustra and suddenly stopped in his speech. For he was seized by his longing, and he closed his eyes and mouth against the movement of his heart. And all his guests were silent also and stood still and confounded. Only the old fortune-teller made signs with hands, and gestures.

FOR at that point the fortune-teller interrupted the salutation between Zarathustra and his guests. He pressed forward like one who hath no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand, and cried: "But, Zarathustra!

'One thing is more necessary than another:' thus thou thyself sayest. Go to! One thing is now more necessary *for me* than any other.

A word at the proper time: didst thou not invite me to *a meal?* And here are many who have made long journeys. I suppose thou meanest not to feed us with speeches merely?

Besides all of you have thought far too much for my taste about dying of cold, by drowning, by suffocation, and about other sorts of bodily danger. But no one thought of *my* sort of danger, *i.e.*, of dying of hunger."

(Thus spake the fortune-teller. But when Zarathustra's animals heard these words, they ran away with terror. For they saw that all they had brought in during the day would not be sufficient to fill even this one fortune-teller's stomach.)

"Including dying from thirst," the fortune-teller

went on. "And although I hear water gurgle here, like speeches of wisdom, *i.e.*, abounding and never tired—I want *wine!*

Not everyone is a born water-drinker like Zarathustra. Neither is water good for weary and withered ones. For *us* wine is proper. *Only it* giveth us a sudden vigour and health there and then!"

Whereupon, when the fortune-teller asked for wine, it came to pass that the king on the left, the silent one, for once had a chance to speak. "Wine," he said, "hath been provided by *us*, by myself and my brother, the king on the right. We have enough of wine, a whole ass-ful. So nothing is lacking but bread."

"Bread!" answered Zarathustra laughing. "It is just bread that hermits lack. But man liveth not by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two.

They shall be killed swiftly and cooked spicily, with sage. That is my taste. Neither are roots nor fruits lacking. There is enough of them even for gormandisers and epicures. Nor are nuts lacking, or other riddles to crack.

Thus in a little while we will have a good meal. But he who meaneth to eat with us, must also put his hand unto the work, the kings included. For in Zarathustra's home even a king may be a cook."

This proposal met the wishes of the hearts of all; only that the voluntary beggar was against meat and wine and spices.

"Now listen unto this glutton Zarathustra!" he said

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"WHEN, for the first time, I went unto men, I committed the hermit folly, the great folly. I stood in the market-place.

And speaking unto all, I spake unto none. But in the evening, rope-dancers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself was almost a corpse.

But with the new morning a new truth came unto me. Then I learned to say: 'What matter for me market and mob, and mob's noise and the mob's long ears!'

Ye higher men, learn this from me. In the market no one believeth in higher men. And if ye are going to speak there, it is well! But the mob blink: 'We are all equal!'

'Ye higher men,'—thus the mob blink—'there are no higher men; we are all equal; man is man; in the presence of God we are all equal!"

In the presence of God! But now that God hath died. But in the presence of the mob we do not wish to be equal. Ye higher men, depart from the market!

In the presence of God! But now hath that God died! Ye higher men, this God hath been your greatest danger.

Only since he hath lain in the grave, ye have arisen. Now only cometh the great noon, now only higher man becometh master!

Understood ye this word, O my brethren? Ye are terrified. Do your hearts grow giddy? Yawneth here an abyss for you? Barketh unto you here the hell-dog?

Up! Up! Ye higher men! It is only now that the mount of man's future giveth birth unto anything. God hath died. Now *we* wish beyond-man to live.

3

The most careful ask to-day: 'How is man preserved?' But Zarathustra asketh as the only and first one: 'How is man *surpassed?*'

Beyond-man is my care; with me, *he* and *not* man is the first and only thing. Not the neighbour, not the poorest one, not the greatest sufferer, not the best one.

O my brethren, what I can love in man, is that he is a transition and a destruction. And even in you there are many things which make me love and hope.

That ye had scorn, ye higher men, that maketh me hope. For the great scorners are the great reverers.

That ye despaired, therein is much to honour. For

ye did not learn how to give yourselves up; ye did not learn petty policies.

For to-day the petty folk have become master. They all preach submission and resignation and policy and diligence and regard and the long etcetera of petty virtues.

Whatever is of the women's tribe, whatever descendeth from the slaves' tribe, and especially from the mish-mash of the mob—*these* will now become master of all human fate. Oh, loathing! loathing! loathing!

These ask, and ask, and weary not with asking: 'How doth man preserve himself best, longest and most agreeably?' Thereby they are the masters of to-day.

Surpass these masters of to-day, O my brethren, —the petty folk. *They* are the greatest danger for beyond-man!

Surpass, ye higher men, the petty virtues, the petty policies, the grains-of-sand-regards, the swarming of ants, the miserable ease, the 'happiness of the greatest number!'

And rather despair than give in! And, verily, I love you for the very reason that ye know not how to live to-day, ye higher men! For thus *ye* live best!

4

Have ye courage, O my brethren? Are ye stout-hearted? I do *not* mean courage in the presence of witnesses, but the courage of hermits and eagles, on which not even a God looketh any more.

Cold souls, mules, blind folk, drunk folk I do not

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Only thus man groweth up unto *that* height where the lightning striketh and breaketh him; high enough for the lightning!

Towards few things, towards long things, towards remote things, my mind and my longing turn. What concern hath your petty, manifold short misery for me!

Ye do not yet suffer enough! For ye suffer from yourselves, ye have never yet suffered *from man*. Ye would lie, did ye say otherwise! None of you suffereth from what *I* have suffered.

7

It is not enough for me, that the lightning causeth no more damage. I do not want to conduct it into the ground. It shall learn to work for *me*.

My wisdom hath for long gathered like a cloud; it becometh stiller and darker. So doth every wisdom that shall one day give birth unto *lightnings*.

Unto these men of to-day I do not seek to be a *light*, nor to be called a light by them. *Them* I will blind. O lightning of my wisdom! Gouge their eyes out!

8

Will nothing beyond your capacity. There is an evil falsehood in such as will beyond their capacity.

In particular if they will great things. For they cause mistrust towards great things, these fine false coiners and actors—

Until at last they grow false to themselves, have squinting eyes, and are a whited worm-eatenness, hidden under strong words, under show-off-virtues, under shining false actions.

Take great care with such, ye higher men! For nothing is to-day regarded by me as more valuable and rare than honesty.

Is this To-day not of the mob? But the mob know not what is great, small, straight, and honest. They are innocently crooked, they always lie.

Have to-day a good mistrust, ye higher men, ye courageous! Ye with open hearts! And keep your reasons secret! For to-day is of the mob.

But what the mob did not learn to believe without reason, who could upset that for them by reason?

In the market-place one convinceth by gestures. But reasons make the mob mistrustful.

And when in that field truth hath once won a victory, ask yourselves with good mistrust: 'What powerful error hath fought the battle for it?'

Take care also of scholars! They hate you. For they are sterile! They have cold, dried-out eyes. Before them every bird lieth unfeathered.

Such folk boast that they do not lie. But impotence to lie is by no means love unto truth. Take care!

Freedom from fever is by no means perception! I do not credit anything from minds chilled through and through. He who cannot lie, knoweth not what truth is.

10

If ye want to rise high, use your own legs! Do not let yourselves be *carried* upwards, sit not down on strange backs and heads!

But thou didst mount a horse? Now thou swiftly ridest up unto thy goal? Up! my friend. But thy lame leg sitteth with thee on horseback!

When thou hast reached thy goal; when thou alightest from thy horse; exactly on thy *height*, thou higher man; thou wilt stumble!

11

Ye creators, ye higher men! One is pregnant only of one's own child.

Let nothing be said in your presence, be not persuaded by anything! Who then is your neighbour? And even suppose ye act 'for the neighbour,'—ye do not create for him!

Unlearn this 'for,' I pray, ye creators! Your very virtue wanteth you to do nothing with 'for' and 'for the sake of' and 'because.' To protect yourselves from these deceitful little words, ye shall glue up your ear.

That 'for the neighbour' is the virtue merely of the petty folk. They say: 'like and like' and 'hand washeth hand.' They have neither the right nor the power for *your* self-interest!

In your self-interest, ye creators, is the caution and providence of the child-bearing ones! What no

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and wild boars—what, if he were to demand chastity of himself?

It would be a folly! It is much, verily, methinketh, for such an one, if he be the husband of one, or two, or three women.

And if he would found monasteries and write over their gates: 'The way unto what is holy,'—yet I would say: 'Wherefore? It is a new folly!

He hath founded for himself a penitentiary and refuge. Much good may it do him! But I do not believe in it.'

In loneliness groweth whatever is brought by one into it, including the inner beast also. On account of that, many are counselled against loneliness!

Hath there ever been anything dirtier on earth than the saints of the desert? Round *them* not only the devil was set free, but the swine also.

14

Shy, ashamed, clumsy, like the tiger foiled in his leap—thus, ye higher men, I have seen you often steal aside. A *cast* of yours had failed.

But what matter ye dice-players? Ye learned not play and mockery, as one must play and mock! Sit we not ever at a great table of mocking and playing?

And if ye have failed in great things, are ye, for that reason, yourselves a failure? But if man is a failure—up! up!

15

The higher its kin is, the seldomer doth a thing succeed. Ye higher men here, are ye not all failures?

Be of good cheer! What matter? How many things are still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves, as one must laugh!

What wonder that ye have failed and half-failed, ye half-broken ones! In yourselves, doth not man's *future* throng and push?

Man's remotest, deepest, star-highest essence, his immense power—do they not all seethe against each other in your pot?

What wonder that many a pot breaketh! Learn to laugh at each other, as one must laugh! Ye higher men, how many things are still possible!

And, verily! how many things have already succeeded. How rich is this earth in small, good, perfect things, in well-constituted things!

Put small, good, perfect things round yourselves, ye higher men! Their golden ripeness healeth the heart. Perfect things teach hope.

16

What hath hitherto been the greatest sin on earth? Was it the word of him who said: 'Woe unto those who laugh here?'

Did he himself find no reasons for laughing on earth? If so, he sought but ill. A child even findeth reasons here.

He did not love enough. Otherwise he would have loved us also, the laughers! But he hated and mocked at us. Howling and gnashing of teeth we were promised by him.

Must one curse outright, where one doth not love?

That, meseemeth, is bad taste. But thus he did, this unconditioned one. He sprang from the mob.

And he himself merely loved not enough. Otherwise he would have been less angry because he was not loved. All great love *wanteth* not love, it wanteth more.

Go out of the way of all such unconditioned ones! That is a poor, sick tribe, a mob-tribe. They look with illwill on this life; they have the evil eye for this earth.

Go out of the way of all such unconditioned ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts. They know not how to dance. How could earth be light unto such!

17

Crookedly all good things draw nigh unto their goal. Like cats they arch their backs, they purr inside with their near happiness. All good things laugh.

The step betrayeth whether one walketh already on *his own* road. See me walk! But whoever draweth nigh unto his goal, danceth.

And, verily, I have not become a statue. Not yet I stand, benumbed, blunt, like a stone, as a pillar. I love quick running.

And although earth hath moors and thick affliction, he who hath light feet runneth even over mud, and danceth as on well-swept ice.

Raise your hearts, my brethren, high, higher! And forget not your legs! Raise also your legs, ye good dancers! Moreover it is better still if ye stand on your heads!

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and all mob-sadness! Oh, how sad seem unto me to-day the mob's buffoons! But to-day is of the mob.

20

Do like the wind when it rusheth forth from its mountain caves. Unto its own pipe it will dance. The seas tremble and leap beneath its footsteps.

Praised be that good unruly spirit which giveth wings unto asses; which milketh lionesses; which cometh like a stormblast unto all To-day and all mob;

Which is an enemy unto all heads of thistles, and minds that pry into things, and unto all withered leaves and tares! Praised be that wild, good, free spirit of the storm which danceth on moors and afflictions as on meadows;

Which hateth the dwindling dogs of the mob, and all the ill-constituted gloomy brood! Praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm which bloweth dust into the eyes of all black-sighted, suppurative ones!

Ye higher men, what is worst in you is, that none of you hath learnt to dance, as one must dance —to dance beyond yourselves! What matter that ye are failures?

How many things are still possible! *Learn*, I pray, to laugh beyond yourselves! Raise your hearts, ye good dancers, high! higher! And forget not the good laughter!

This crown of the laugher, this crown of rose-wreaths —unto you, my brethren, I throw this crown! The laughter I have proclaimed holy. Ye higher men, *learn* how to laugh!"

THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY

1

WHEN making these speeches, Zarathustra stood close unto the entrance of his cave. But when uttering the last words, he escaped from his guests and fled for a short while into the open air.

"Oh, pure odours round me!" he exclaimed, "Oh, blessed stillness round me! But where are mine animals? Come nigh, come nigh, mine eagle and my serpent!

Tell me, mine animals. These higher men altogether —think ye, do they not *smell* well? Oh, pure odours round me! Now only I know and feel how I love you, mine animals!"

And Zarathustra repeated: "I love you, mine animals!" But the eagle and the serpent pressed round him, when he spake these words, and looked up unto him. In this way they were all three together at peace, and snuffed and drew in the good air together. For outside the air was better than among the higher men.

2

But scarce had Zarathustra left his cave, when the

old wizard got up, looked round cunningly and said: "He is gone out!

And straightway, ye higher men, (let me like him tickle you with this name of praise and flattery),—straightway mine evil spirit of deceitfulness and enchantment attacketh me, my melancholy devil;

Who is a fiend from the bottom unto this Zarathustra. Forgive him! Now he *will* practise magic in your presence; it is exactly *his* hour. In vain I struggle with this evil spirit.

Unto all of you, whatever honours ye may attribute unto yourselves in words, whether ye call yourselves 'the free spirits,' or 'the truthful,' or 'the penitent of spirit,' or 'the freed from fetters' or 'the great longers—'

Unto all of you who, like myself, suffer *from the great loathing*, for whom the old God hath died and no new God yet lieth in cradles and napkins—unto all of you is mine evil spirit and magic devil friendly.

I know you, ye higher men; I know him. I also know that fiend whom I love involuntarily, this Zarathustra. He himself seemeth often unto me to be like a beautiful mask of a saint—

Like a new strange masquerade in which mine evil spirit, the melancholy devil, is pleased. I love Zarathustra—thus it seemeth often unto me—for the sake of mine evil spirit.

But even now *he* attacketh me and constraineth me, this spirit of melancholy, this devil of the evening. And, verily, ye higher men, he longeth—

Open your eyes!—he longeth to appear *naked*, whether masculine, or feminine, I know not yet. But

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An animal, a cunning, preying, stealing one,
Which must lie,
Which must lie, consciously, voluntarily,
Longing for prey,
Disguised in many colours,
A mask unto itself,
A prey unto itself.
That—the suitor of truth?
Only a fool! a poet!
Only a speaker in many colours,
Speaking in many colours out of fools' masks
Stalking about on deceitful word-bridges,
On deceitful rain-bows,
Between false heavens
Wandering, stealing about—
Only a fool! a poet!

That—the suitor of truth?
Not still, numb, smooth, cold,
Not become an image,
A statue of a God;
Not set up in front of temples,
A God's usher.
Nay! an enemy unto such statues of virtue,
More at home in any wilderness than in temples
Full of a cat's wantonness,
Leaping through every window,
Swiftly, into every chance,
Led by its scent into every primeval forest,
In order to roam about in primeval forests,
Among many-coloured shaggy beasts of prey,

Sinfully-healthy and beautiful and many-coloured,
To run about with longing lips,
Blissfully-mocking, blissfully-hellish, blissfully-blood-thirsty,
Preying, stealing, *lying*.

Or like the eagle that long,
Long gazeth benumbed into abysses,
Into *its own* abysses!
Oh, how they here wriggle downwards,
Down, down
Into ever deeper depths!
Then,
Suddenly,
With straight flight,
With a sharp attack,
Swoop down on *lambs*,
Head foremost, greedy,
Longing for lambs,
Angry with all lamb-souls,
In sore anger with whatever gazeth
Virtuous, sheeplike, with curly wool,
Stupid with the benevolence of lamb's milk!

Thus,
Like eagles, like panthers,
Are the poet's longings,
Are *thy* longings under a thousand masks,
Thou fool! Thou poet!

Who sawest man

As a *God* and a *sheep*—
To *tear* the God in man,
Like the sheep in man,
And to *laugh* in tearing.

That, that is thy bliss,
A panther's and an eagle's bliss,
A poet's and a fool's bliss!
When the air hath become clear,
And the sickle of the moon,
Green between purple reds
And envious stealeth along,
An enemy unto day,
Sweeping her sickle secretly
Along hammocks of roses,
At every step, until they sink,
Sink down, pale, down into the night—

Thus I once fell downwards,
Out of mine insanity of truth,
Out of my longing of the day,
Weary of the day, sick from the light,
Fell, downwards, towards the night, towards the shadow,
Burnt by, and thirsty for
One truth.
Rememberest thou, rememberest thou, hot heart,
How then thou thirstedst?

In order to be excluded
From all truth!
Only a fool! Only a poet!"

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songs want good echo. After good songs one shall be silent long.

Thus do all these, the higher men. But thou seemest to have understood little of my song? In thee is little of an enchanting spirit.

"Thou praisest me," answered the conscientious one, "by separating me from thee. Go to! But ye others, what do I see? Ye all still sit there with lustful eyes.

Ye free souls, whither is your freedom gone! Methinketh, ye are almost like such as have long looked at evil, dancing, naked girls. Your souls themselves dance!

In you, ye higher men, there must be more of what the wizard calleth his evil spirit of enchantment and deceit. We seem to be very different.

And, verily, we spake and thought enough together, before Zarathustra came home unto his cave, to enable me to know: we *are* different.

We *seek* different things, even up here, ye and I. For I seek more *security*. Therefore have I come unto Zarathustra. For he is the firmest tower and will—

To-day when everything is shaken, when the whole earth trembleth. But, when I see the eyes ye make, methinketh almost, ye seek *more insecurity*,

More shuddering, more danger, more earthquake. Methinketh almost, ye long (forgive my haughtiness, ye higher men)—

Ye long after the evilest, most dangerous life, that causeth *me* the most fear, after the life of wild beasts, after forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine abysses.

And ye are not pleased best by those who lead you *out* of a danger, but by those who lead you away from all paths, by seducers. But if such a longing is *truth* in you, it nevertheless seemeth unto me *impossible.*

For fear—that is man's hereditary and fundamental feeling. By fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue. Out of fear also hath grown *my* virtue, which is called Science.

For the fear of wild beasts hath been bred in man for the longest time, including the beast he containeth and feareth in himself. Zarathustra calleth it 'the beast inside.'

Such long, old fear, at last become refined, spiritual, intellectual, to-day, methinketh, it is called *Science.*"

Thus spake the conscientious one. But Zarathustra, who had just returned into his cave and had heard the last speech and guessed its sense, threw a handful of roses at the conscientious one, laughing at his "truths." "What?" he called. "What did I hear just now? Verily, methinketh, thou art a fool, or I am one myself. And thy 'truth' I turn upside down with one blow, and that quickly.

For *fear* is our exception. But courage and adventure, and the joy of what is uncertain, what hath never been dared—*courage*, methinketh, is the whole prehistoric development of man.

From the wildest, most courageous beasts he hath, by his envy and his preying, won all their virtues. Only thus hath he become a man.

This courage, at last become refined, spiritual, in-

tellectual, this human courage with an eagle's wings and a serpent's wisdom—it, methinketh, is called to-day—"

"*Zarathustra!*" cried all who sat together there, as from one mouth, making a great laughter withal. But a something was lifted from them like a heavy cloud. The wizard also laughed and said shrewdly: "Up! He is gone, mine evil spirit!

And did not I myself warn you of him, when I said that he was a deceiver, a spirit of lying and deceit?

And quite especially, if he show himself naked. But are his intrigues *my* fault? Did *I* create him and the world?

Up! Let us be good again and of good cheer! And although Zarathustra gazeth angrily, look at him! He is angry with me.

Before night come, he will once more learn how to love and praise me. He cannot live long without doing such follies.

He loveth his enemies. This art he knoweth best of all whom I have seen. But he taketh revenge for that on his friends!"

Thus spake the old wizard, and the higher men applauded him, so that Zarathustra went about and shook hands with his friends, mischievously and lovingly, as though he were one with amends to make unto everyone for something, who hath to obtain forgiveness from all. But when he thus doing reached once more the door of his cave, behold, he felt again a desire for the good air out there and for his animals, and tried to steal outside again.

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Thou hast nourished us with strong men's food and powerful sayings. Do not let us at dessert be attacked again by tender, effeminate spirits!

Thou alone makest the air round thee strong and clear! Have I ever found on earth air so good as with thee, in thy cave?

Many different lands have I seen, my nose hath learnt to examine and estimate many kinds of air; but with thee my nostrils taste their highest delight!

Unless it be,—unless it be—oh, forgive an old reminiscence! Forgive me an old desert song I once composed among daughters of the desert.

For with them there was the same good bright oriental air! There was I furthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old-Europe!

Then I loved oriental girls of that tribe, and other blue kingdoms of heaven, over which hung no clouds and no thoughts.

Ye will not believe how prettily they sat there, when they did not dance; deep, but without thoughts; like little secrets; like riddles with ribbons; like nuts at dessert;

Many-coloured and strange, verily! but without clouds; riddles that can be read. To please such girls I then invented my desert psalm."

Thus spake the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow. And before anybody could answer him, he had seized the old wizard's harp, crossed his legs, and looked round, worthy and wise. And with his nostrils he slowly and questioningly drew in

the air, like one who tasteth new air in new countries. Then he began to sing with a kind of roar.

"The desert groweth. Woe unto him who contain-eth deserts!

Ha!
Solemn!
A worthy beginning!
In African solemnity!
Worthy of a lion,
Or of a moral howling monkey,
But nothing for you,
Ye sweetest girl-friends,
At the feet of whom
I am permitted to sit,
An European under palm-trees. Selah!

Wonderful, verily!
There sit I now
Nigh unto the desert, and already
So far away from the desert,
Not yet ruined in anything.
For I am swallowed down
By this smallest oasis.
It hath just opened yawning
Its sweet mouth,
The best smelling of all little mouths.
Then I fell into it,
Down, through it, among you,
Ye sweetest girl friends! Selah!

Hail! hail! unto that whale,
If it made life for its guest
So pleasant! (Ye understand
My learned allusion?)
Hail unto its belly,
If it was thus
A sweet belly of an oasis,
Like this one! (which I doubt however).
The reason is: I come from Europe,
Which is more sceptical than any little wife.
May God mend things!
Amen!

There sit I now
In this smallest oasis,
Like a date,
Brown, sweetened through, suppurative with gold,
Desirous for the round mouth of a girl,
But still more for girl-like,
Ice-cold, snow-white, cutting,
Biting teeth. For after these pine
The hearts of all hot dates. Selah!

Like, all-too-like,
Unto the southern fruits mentioned,
Here I lie.
Round about dance and play
Little winged beetles,
And in the same way still smaller,
Still more foolish and wicked
Wishes and fancies.

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(One doth the same, if one look at it too long),
Like a dancer who (it would seem unto me),
Too long already, dangerously long,
Had always, always stood on *one* little leg!
Then so doing she forgot (it would seem unto me)
The *other* little leg!
At least in vain
Sought I the missing
Twin-jewel
—To wit, the other little leg—
In the holy nearness
Of her very sweetest, very neatest
Little skirt with its fanning, fluttering, and shining.
Yea, if ye will believe me wholly,
Ye beautiful girl-friends:
She hath *lost* it!
Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu! Hu!
It is gone,
Gone for ever,
The other little leg!
Oh, what a pity for this other sweet little leg!
Where doth it dwell and mourn forsaken,
This lonely little leg?
Perhaps in fear of a ferocious,
Yellow, fair-haired, curly,
Lion-monster? Or perhaps even
Gnawed at and nibbled at—
Miserable, alas! alas! Nibbled at! Selah!

Oh, weep not
Soft hearts!

Weep not, ye
Date-hearts l Milk-bosoms !
Ye little licorice-heart's
Purses l
Be a man; Suleika ! Courage, courage !
Weep no more,
Pale Dudu !
Or might peradventure
Something strengthening, heart-strengthening
Be in the right place ?
Some anointed saying ?
Some solemn persuasion ?

Ha !
Up, dignity !
Blow, blow again,
Bellows of virtue !
Ha !
Brawl once more,
Brawl morally,
Brawl as a moral lion in the presence of daughters of the desert !
For virtue-brawling,
Ye sweetest girls,
Is more than all else
European fervency, European voracity !
And there I stand already,
As an European,
I cannot do differently. So help me God !
Amen !

The desert groweth. Woe unto him who containeth deserts !"

THE AWAKENING

AFTER the song of the wanderer and shadow the cave became all at once full of noise and laughter, and the guests assembled speaking all at the same time, and the ass in the face of such an encouragement no longer remaining silent, Zarathustra was seized by some displeasure and ridicule of his visitors, although he rejoiced in their gaiety. For it seemed unto him to be a token of convalescence. Thus he stole out into the open air and spake unto his animals.

"Whither now hath their trouble gone?" said he, and immediately he breathed again after his little displeasure. "In my dwelling, methinketh, they have unlearnt to cry for help!

Although, I grieve to say, not yet to cry altogether." And Zarathustra shut his ears with his hands, for just then the Hee-haw of the donkey mixed strangely with the joyous noise of these higher men.

"They are gay," he began again, "and who knoweth? perhaps at the expense of their host. And if they have learnt from me how to laugh, it is not yet *my* laughter they have learnt.

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intestines are persuaded differently. I am not their physician and teacher.

The loathing leaveth these higher men. Up! That is my victory. In my kingdom they grow secure. All stupid shame fleeth away. They pour themselves out.

They pour out their heart. Good hours return unto them. They cease from labour and ruminate. They grow *thankful*.

This I take as the best sign: they grow thankful. Ere long, they will invent festivals and put up stones *in memoriam* of their old enjoyments.

They are *convalescent!*" Thus spake Zarathustra gaily unto his heart and gazed out. But his animals thronged round him, and honoured his happiness and his silence.

2

But suddenly Zarathustra's ear was terrified. For the cave, which had hitherto been full of noise and laughter, became all at once as still as death. And his nose smelt the sweet-scenting smoke and frankincense, as if it sprang from burning pine-cones.

"What happeneth? What do they?" he asked himself and stole unto the entrance in order to be able to look at his guests, unobserved. But wonder over wonder! What had he then to look at with his own eyes!

"All of them have become *pious* again, they *pray*, they are insane!" he said and was extremely astonished. And, verily, all these higher men, the two kings, the pope off duty, the evil wizard, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old fortune-teller, the

conscientious one of the spirit, and the ugliest man—they were all, like children and faithful old women, down on their knees adoring the ass. And that very moment the ugliest man began to gargle and snort, as if something unutterable was about to come forth from him. But when he had actually reached the point of speaking, behold, it was a pious, strange litany in praise of the adored and incense-sprinkled ass. And this litany sounded thus :

"Amen ! And praise and honour and wisdom and thanks and glory and strength be given unto our God, from everlasting unto everlasting !"

But the ass cried Hee-haw.

"He carrieth our burden, he hath taken the form of a slave, he is patient in his heart, and never saith Nay. And he who loveth his God, chastiseth him."

But the ass cried Hee-haw !

"He speaketh not, unless it be that he for ever saith Yea unto the world he created. Thus he praiseth his world. His policy it is not to speak. Thus he is rarely declared to be wrong."

But the ass cried Hee-haw !

"Without splendour he goeth through the world. Gray is the colour of his body, in which he wrappeth his virtue. If he hath spirit, he hideth it. But every one believeth in his long ears."

But the ass cried Hee-haw !

"What hidden wisdom is in his wearing long eárs and ever saying only Hee-haw and never Nay ! Hath he not created the world after his own image, *i.e.*, as stupid as possible ?"

But the ass cried Hee-haw!

"Thou goest straight and crooked ways. It concerneth thee little what exactly appeareth straight or crooked unto us men. Beyond good and evil is thy kingdom. It is thine innocence not to know what innocence is."

But the ass cried Hee-haw!

"Behold, how thou pushest away none from thee, neither beggars nor kings. The little children thou lettest come unto thee, and when the bad boys allure thee, thou simply sayest Hee-haw."

But the ass cried Hee-haw!

"Thou lovest she-asses and fresh figs, thou art no despiser of food. A thistle tickleth thy heart, when thou chancest to be hungry. Therein lieth a God's wisdom."

But the ass cried Hee-haw!

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Mine old heart leapeth and hoppeth because there is still something to be adored on earth. Forgive that, O Zarathustra, unto the old pious heart of a pope!"

"And thou," said Zarathustra unto the wanderer and shadow, "thou callest and thinkest thyself a free spirit? And thou dost here such idolatry and service of priests?

Worse, verily, thou dost here than with thine evil brown girls, thou evil new believer!"

"It is bad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "thou art right. But how is it my fault? The old God liveth again, O Zarathustra, thou mayest say whatever thou likest.

All this is the fault of the ugliest man. He hath awakened him again. And if he saith that he hath slain him,—with gods *death* is always only a prejudice."

"And thou," said Zarathustra, "thou evil old wizard, what didst thou? Who shall, in this time of freedom, believe any more in thee, if thou believest in such goddoltishnesses?

It was a stupidity thou didst. How couldst thou, thou prudent one, do such a stupidity!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the prudent wizard, "thou art right, it was a stupidity. Besides, it hath been hard enough upon me."

"And even thou," said Zarathustra unto the conscientious one of the spirit, "meditate and put thy finger unto thy nose! Doth nothing here go contrary unto thy conscience? Is thy spirit not too cleanly for this praying and the smell of these bigots?"

"There is something in that," answered the conscientious one, putting his finger unto his nose, "there is something in this spectacle that gratifieth even my conscience.

Perhaps I may not be allowed to believe in God. But certain it is that in this shape God seemeth unto me to be the most credible of all.

God is said to be eternal according unto the testimony of the most pious. He who hath much time, taketh his time. As slow and as stupid as possible. *Thereby* such an one can nevertheless go very far.

And he who hath too much of the spirit might well be infatuated with stupidity and folly. Meditate on thyself, O Zarathustra!

Thyself, verily! even thou mightest become an ass out of abundance and wisdom.

Doth not a perfect wise man prefer to walk by the most crooked roads? Appearances teach thus, O Zarathustra,—*thine* appearances!"

"And last of all thou," said Zarathustra, turning towards the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground raising his arm unto the ass (for he gave it wine to drink). "Say, thou unutterable one, what didst thou there!

Thou seemest unto me to be changed; thine eye gloweth; the mantle of what is sublime lieth round thine ugliness. What didst thou?

Is it really true, what these say, that thou awakenedst Him again? And wherefore? Was he not slain and put aside with good reason?

Thou thyself seemest unto me to be awakened. What

didst thou? What didst *thou* turn round? Why wert *thou* converted? Say, thou unutterable one!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest man, "thou art a villain!

Whether *He* is still alive, or liveth again, or is thoroughly dead, which of us two knoweth that best? I ask thee.

But one thing I know. From myself I once learned it, O Zarathustra. He who wanteth to kill most thoroughly, *laugheth*.

'Not through wrath, but through laughter one slayeth' thus saidst thou once. O Zarathustra, thou hidden one, thou destroyer without wrath, thou dangerous saint, thou art a villain!"

~

Then it came to pass that Zarathustra, astonished at such mere villains' answers, leaped back unto the door of his cave and, turning towards all his guests, cried with a strong voice.

"O ye buffoons assembled, O ye clowns! Why do ye dissemble and hide in my presence?

How the hearts of all of you bounded with delight and wickedness, because ye at last became once more like the little children, *i.e.*, pious,—

That at last ye did again as children do, *i.e.*, prayed, folded your hands, and said 'dear God!'

But now leave unto me *this* nursery, mine own cave, where to-day all childishness is at home. Cool down here outside your hot children's wantoning and noise of hearts!

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THE DRUNKEN SONG

IN the meantime one after the other had stepped out into the open air and into the cool, thoughtful night. Zarathustra himself led the ugliest man by the hand, in order to show him his night-world and the great round moon and the silvery waterfalls nigh unto his cave. There at last they stood silently together, all old men, but with comforted, brave hearts, and astonished at themselves, because they felt so well on earth. But the secrecy of night came nigher and nigher unto their hearts. And once more Zarathustra thought in his mind: "Oh, how well am I now pleased with them, these higher men!" But he did not say it aloud, for he honoured their happiness and their silence.

Then a thing came to pass, the most astonishing of that astonishing long day. The ugliest man began once more, and for the last time, to gargle and snort. And when he had found words, behold, a question sprang round and clean from his mouth, a good, deep, clear question, which moved the heart in the body of all who listened.

"Mine assembled friends," said the ugliest man, "what

think ye? For the sake of this day, *I* am for the first time content to have lived the whole of life.

And to bear witness for so much is not yet enough for me. It is worth while to live on earth. One day, one festival with Zarathustra, taught me to love earth.

'Hath *that* been life?' I shall say unto death. 'Up! Once more!'

My friends, what think ye? Will ye not, like me, say unto death: 'Hath *that* been life? For Zarathustra's sake, up! Once more!'"

Thus spake the ugliest man. But it was not far from midnight. And what think ye then befell? As soon as the higher men had heard his question, all at once they became conscious of their change and convalescence and who occasioned them. Then they leaped towards Zarathustra, thanking, revering, fondling, kissing his hands, each in his own peculiar way, so that some laughed and some cried. But the old wizard danced with pleasure. And though he then, as some tale-tellers think, was full of sweet wine, he was certainly still fuller of sweet life and had renounced all weariness. There are even such as tell that then even the ass danced. For not in vain had the ugliest man (it is said) given it wine to drink before. This may be so, or it may be otherwise. And if in truth the ass did not dance that night, greater and stranger wonders happened, than the dancing of an ass would have been. In short, as Zarathustra's saying goeth, "What matter!"

-

When this came to pass with the ugliest man, Zara-

thustra stood there like one drunken. His look was dimmed, his tongue stammered, his feet staggered. And who could guess what thoughts then passed over Zarathustra's soul? But his spirit apparently retreated and fled before him, and was in far distances, and, as it were, "walking like a heavy cloud on a high ridge," as it is written,

"Between two seas, between what is past and what is to come." But by and by, while the higher men held him in their arms, he came back somewhat unto himself, and with his hands hindered the throng of the revering and anxious ones. But he spake not. All at once he swiftly turned his head, for he seemed to hear something. Then he laid his finger on his mouth and said: "*Come!*"

And immediately it grew still and homelike round about. But from the depth there rose slowly the sound of a bell. Zarathustra listened unto it, like the higher men. But then, for a second time, he laid his finger on his mouth and said again: "*Come! come! It is nigh unto midnight!*" And his voice had changed. But not yet did he move from the spot. Then it grew still quieter and more homelike, and everything hearkened, including the ass and Zarathustra's animals of honour, the eagle and the serpent; and likewise Zarathustra's cave, and the great cool moon, and the night itself. But Zarathustra, for a third time, laid his hand on his mouth and said:

"*Come! Come! Come! Let us walk now! It is the hour! Let us walk into the night!*

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The hour when I feel cool and cold, which asketh and asketh and asketh: 'Who hath courage enough?

Who shall be the master of earth? Who will say: "*Thus* shall ye flow, ye great and small streams!"'

The hour approacheth! O man, thou higher man, lose not sight! This speech is for fine ears, for thine ears. *What saith the deep midnight?*

5

I am carried away. My soul danceth. Work of the day! Work of the day! Who shall be the master of earth?

The moon is cool, the wind is silent. Alas! alas! Have ye hitherto flown high enough? Ye danced. But ye see, a leg is not a wing.

Ye good dancers, now all lust is gone. Wine became less, every cup became mellow, the graves stammer.

Ye have not flown high enough. Now the graves stammer: 'Redeem the dead! Why is it night so long? Doth the moon not make us drunken?'

Ye higher men, redeem the graves, awaken the corpses! Alas! Why diggeth the worm? The hour approacheth, approacheth.

The bell hummeth, even the heart purreth, even the wood-worm, the heart-worm, diggeth. Alas! alas! *The world is deep!*

6

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love thy tone, thy drunken tone of toads! From what time, from what distance, come thy tones unto me, from a far distance, from the ponds of love?

Thou old bell, thou sweet lyre! Every pain made a gap in thy heart, the pain of the father, the pain of the fathers, the pain of the forefathers. Thy speech hath become ripe;

Ripe as a golden autumn and afternoon, as my hermit-heart. Now speakest thou: 'The world itself hath become ripe, the grape becometh brown.

Now it wanteth to die, to die of happiness.' Ye higher men, do ye not smell it? Secretly an odour springeth up.

A smell and odour of eternity, a smell blissful as roses, brown, like golden wine, an odour of old happiness!

An odour of the drunken happiness of midnight-death, that singeth: 'The world is deep, *and deeper than ever day thought it might!*'

7

Leave me! Leave me! I am too pure for thee! Touch me not! Hath my world not this moment become perfect?

My skin is too pure for thy hands. Leave me, thou stupid, doltish, sultry day! Is midnight not brighter?

The purest shall be the lords of earth; the least recognised, the strongest, the midnight-souls, which are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, thou graspest after me? Thou gropest for my happiness? For thee I am rich, lonely, a treasure pit, a gold chamber?

O world, thou wantest *me*? Am I of the world for

thee? Am I spiritual for thee? Am I divine for thee? But day and world, ye are too bulky.

Have cleverer hands; grasp for deeper happiness, for deeper misfortune; grasp for any God, grasp not for me!

My misfortune and my happiness are deep, thou strange day, and yet I am no God, no God's hell. *Deep is its woe.*

8

God's woe is deeper, thou strange world! Grasp for God's woe, not for me! What am I? A drunken sweet lyre.

A midnight-lyre, a bell-toad, understood by no one, but *compelled* to speak, before deaf ones, ye higher men! For ye understand me not!

Gone! Gone! Oh, youth! Oh, noon! Oh, afternoon! Now evening and night and midnight have come. The dog howleth, the wind.

Is the wind not a dog? It whimpereth, barketh, howleth. Alas! alas! How midnight sigheth! How it laugheth, how it rattleth and panteth, midnight!

How it now speaketh soberly, this drunken poet! Did it overdrink its drunkenness? Did it become over-wakeful? Doth it ruminate?

It ruminateth upon its woe in dream, the old deep midnight. And it still more ruminateth upon its delight. For delight,—if woe be deep, be deep already—*Deeper is still than woe—delight.*

9

Thou vine-plant! Why praisest thou me? Did I

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if ye did, ye have also said Yea unto *all* woe. All things are chained, knotted, in love.

If ye ever wanted to have one time twice, if ye ever said: 'Thou pleasest me, O happiness, O instant, O moment!' ye wished *everything* to come back!

Everything anew, everything eternal, everything chained, knotted, in love. Oh! thus ye *loved* the world!

Ye eternal ones, ye love it eternally and for all time. And even unto woe ye say: 'Pass, go, but return!' *For eternity's sought by all delight!*

11

Eternity of all things is sought by all delight. Honey, lees, drunken midnight, graves, comfort of tears at graves, gilded evening red, are sought by it.

What is not sought by delight! It is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more dreadful, more familiar than all woe. It seeketh itself, it biteth into *itself*. The will of the ring struggleth in it.

It seeketh love; it seeketh hatred; it is over-rich; it giveth; it throweth away; it beggeth, that one may take it; it thanketh him who taketh; it would fain be hated.

So rich is delight, that it thirsteth for me, for hell, for hatred, for shame, for the cripple, for *world*, for this world! Oh, ye know it!

Ye higher men, for yourselves it longeth, delight, the unruly, blissful one,—for your woe, ye ill-constituted! For failures all eternal delight longeth!

For all delight seeketh itself. Therefore it also

seeketh woe! Oh, happiness! Oh, pain! Oh, break, heart! Ye higher men, learn that eternity is sought by delight.

Eternity of *all* things is sought by delight, *eternity deep—by all delight!*

12

Have ye now learnt my song? Guessed ye what it seeketh? Up! Up! Ye higher men, sing now my roundelay!

Sing now yourselves the song whose name is 'Once more,' whose sense is 'For all eternity!' Sing ye higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Lose not sight!
What saith the deep midnight?
'I lay in sleep, in sleep;
From deep dream I woke to light.
The world is deep,
And deeper than ever day thought it might.
Deep is its woe—,
And deeper still than woe—delight.
Saith woe: 'Pass, go!
Eternity's sought by all delight—,
Eternity deep—by all delight!'"

THE SIGN

BUT the morning after that night, Zarathustra jumped up from his couch, girded his loins, and stepped out of his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming from dark mountains.

"Thou great star" he said, as he had said once, "thou deep eye of happiness, what would be all thy happiness, if thou hadst not those for whom thou shinest!

And if they would remain in their chambers, while thou art awake and comest and givest and distributest, how angry would thy proud shame be at that!

Up! They sleep still, these higher men, whilst *I* am awake. *They* are not my proper companions! Not for them wait I here in my mountains.

Unto my work will I go, unto my day. But they understand not what are the signs of my morning. My step is for them not a call that awaketh them from sleep!

They sleep still in my cave. Their dream drinketh still at my drunken songs. The ear that hearkeneth for *me*, the *obeying* ear, is lacking in their limbs."

This had Zarathustra said unto his heart, when

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and clung with its head at his knees, and would not leave him, and did this out of love, and did as a dog doth when he findeth his own master again. But the doves with their love were no less eager than the lion. And every time when a dove flew quickly across the nose of the lion, the lion shook its head and wondered and laughed.

Whilst all this went on, Zarathustra said but one thing: "*My children are nigh, my children.*" Then he became quite mute. But his heart was loosened, and from his eyes tears dropped and fell upon his hands. And he no more took notice of any thing and sat there unmoved, and without keeping the animals back any more. Then the doves flew to and fro and sat down on his shoulder, and fondled his white hair, and wearied not with tenderness and rejoicing. But the strong lion always licked the tears which fell down on Zarathustra's hands, and roared and hummed shyly. Thus did these animals.

This all took a long time or a short time. For, properly speaking, for such things there is *no* time on earth. But in the meantime the higher men had awakened in Zarathustra's cave and arranged themselves into a procession in order to go to meet Zarathustra and to offer him their morning greeting. For they had found, when they awoke, that he no more dwelt among them. But when they came unto the door of the cave, and the sound of their steps went before them, the lion, terribly startled, turned all at once away from Zarathustra, and leaped, wildly roaring, towards the cave. But the higher men, when they

heard him roar, all cried out as with one mouth, and fled back and vanished in a moment.

But Zarathustra himself, stunned and strange, rose from his seat, looked round, stood there astonished, asked his heart, remembered, and was alone. "What heard I?" he at last said slowly. "What happened unto me this moment?"

And immediately his memory came back, and with one look he understood all that had happened between yesterday and to-day. "Here is the stone," he said, and stroked his beard. "On *it* I sat yester-morning. And here the fortune-teller stepped unto me; and here for the first time I heard the cry I heard this moment, the great cry for help.

O ye higher men, of *your* need it was that yester-morning that old fortune-teller told me his tale.

Unto your need he tried to seduce me and tempt me. 'O Zarathustra,' he said unto me, 'I come to seduce thee unto thy last sin.'

Unto my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, and angrily laughed at his own word. "*What* hath been reserved for me as my last sin?"

And once more Zarathustra sank into himself and again sat down on the great stone and meditated. Suddenly he jumped up.

"*Pity! Pity for the higher man!*" he cried out, and his face turned into brass. "Up! *That* hath had its time!

My woe and my pity, what matter? Do I seek for *happiness?* I seek for my *work!*

Up! the lion hath come. My children are nigh. Zarathustra hath ripened. Mine hour hath come!

This is *my* morning. *My* day beginneth! *Come up, then, come up, thou great noon!*"

Thus spake Zarathustra, and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun which cometh from dark mountains.

THE END

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