

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

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A Book For All And None

Friedrich Nietzsche

New Translation from German
by Thomas Wayne

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PREFACE	1
PART ONE	5
Zarathustra's Prologue: On Supermen And Last Men	5
Zarathustra's Speeches	18
On the Three Metamorphoses	18
On the Academic Chairs of Virtue	19
On the Afterworlders	22
On the Despisers of the Body	24
On Joys And Passions	26
On the Pale Criminal	27
On Reading and Writing	29
On the Tree on the Mountainside	31
On the Preachers of Death	33
On War and Warlike People	34
On the New Idol	36
On the Flies of the Marketplace	38
On Chastity	41
On the Friend	42
On the Thousand and One Goals	43
On Neighborly Love	45
On the Way of the Creator	47
On Little Old and Young Ladies	49
On the Adder's Bite	51
On the Child And Marriage	52
On Free Death	54
On the Bestowing Virtue	56

PART TWO	61
The Child with the Mirror	61
On the Blessed Isles	63
On the Pitying Ones	65
On Priests	68
On the Virtuous	70
On the Rabble	72
On the Tarantulas	74
On the Famous Wise Men	77
The Night Song	79
The Dance Song	81
The Grave Song	83
On Self-Overcoming	86
On The Sublime Ones	89
On the Land of Culture	91
On Immaculate Perception	93
On The Scholars	95
On The Poets	97
On Great Events	99
The Soothsayer	102
On Redemption	105
On Man-Craft	109
The Stillest Hour	112
PART THREE	115
The Wanderer	115
On the Vision and the Riddle	118
On Involuntary Bliss	122
Before Sunrise	124
On the Bedwarfing Virtue	127
On the Mount of Olives	131
On Passing By	134
On the Apostates	137
The Return Home	140
On the Three Evils	143
On the Spirit of Gravity	147
On Old and New Tables	150
The Convalescent	166

On the Great Longing	171
The Other Dance Song	173
The Seven Seals (Or: The Yea and Amen Lay)	177
FOURTH AND LAST PART	181
The Honey Offering	181
The Cry of Distress	184
Conversation with the Kings	187
The Leech	190
The Sorcerer	193
Out of Service	199
The Ugliest Man	202
The Voluntary Beggar	206
The Shadow	209
At Noontime	212
The Greeting	215
The Last Supper	219
The Higher Man	220
The Song of Melancholy	229
On Science	234
Among Daughters of the Desert	236
The Awakening	241
The Ass Feast	244
The Drunken Song	247
The Sign	254

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PREFACE

Friedrich Nietzsche may well be the most misunderstood philosopher of all time. Apologists for Nazi doctrines are only the most obvious case among those who have wrongly appropriated him for their own. “No, no,” we can almost hear him complaining, “I didn’t mean that at all!” And yet, honest attempts to systematize his thought, to get it just right, haven’t done much better, so that the ordinary reader can’t be sure what he was really getting at. Bits and pieces of his ruined edifice lie all around us, and they don’t always fit together. And then there is the problem of translation.

A considerable part and parcel of Nietzsche’s genius is his ability to make his language dance, and this is what becomes extraordinarily difficult to translate. Some have failed in the attempt while others have hardly tried. Our present translator, Thomas Wayne, is himself an aphorist of palpable genius if not yet repute, with several collections to his credit which I have been privileged to edit. He knows that wordplay is the thing wherein he’ll catch the conscience of the reader. I have seen him wrestle with a particularly intractable word or phrase of Nietzsche’s masterwork and snatch an exasperated success from the jaws of failure. While the great tendency among earlier translators has been to smooth out the rough edges, cut corners and sometimes omit troublesome passages outright, this one honors and respects the original as no other.

He has gone into the thicket of Nietzsche’s offering with all its nettles and thorns and pestiferous stinging insects to pluck those deliciously tart red and purple berries which are practically the whole reason for such an exercise. Every now and then he comes into a clearing where blinding sun or a blast of fresh

wind will clear it all away, making the air pure and all the more worth breathing for the difficulty of attainment. Such is Nietzsche's own embattled and tortured spirit breaking free, and our translator's desire to render it in its ultimate exultation and exaltation in utter spite of whatever would hold it back: Nietzsche not only with every wart and thwart but in full forte.

If Nietzsche's German in its coruscating brilliance, its disorienting jumble and tumble of styles from the highest to the lowest (or vice versa!) doesn't read consistently either like everyday German or its higher expressions in imagistic poetry or polished expository prose, why should Mr. Wayne's altogether admirable attempt to match him in English read like that? Perhaps most in evidence here, he has retained Nietzsche's seemingly inordinate use of italics and even his strange-looking punctuation, regarding these as dynamics in the musical sense. For our author himself was extraordinarily sensitive to music and allowed his spirit to be ruled by it.

Wayne's close reading of the original text has exposed the deficiencies of earlier translations, preeminent among them that of the highly esteemed Walter Kaufmann. A few cases in point: Kaufmann has arbitrarily grouped Nietzsche's very short, often single-sentence paragraphs (which effectively imitate Biblical verses) into larger paragraphs; conversely, he sometimes breaks up his longer paragraphs for the sake of a "nicer-looking" English text. Not consistent in honoring his italics, let alone his punctuation, Kaufmann and others are guilty of the deplorable tendency to "improve" on the original in their use of a more academic style, smoothing over, toning down, and sometimes omitting its rough vernacularities (especially the adjectives, when they are doubled and tripled to good effect). Much is lost here, to say nothing of the interior rhythms, the grace notes, the not always graceful but omnipresent and striking puns and wordplays.

I note many specific cases in which Mr. Wayne's rendering cuts closer to the bone than Kaufmann's, more sharply and cleanly, and above all more in keeping with the original. Here are just a few. Where K has: "Is not your soul poverty and filth and wretched contentment?", W has: "dirt and dearth and a wretched comfort." K: "I love him who makes virtue his addiction and his catastrophe"; W: "I love him who makes out of his virtue his fancy and his fate." K: "Their devils draw them down"; W: "Their demons demean them." K: "Back to the body, back to life"; W: "Back to life and limb." K: "tomb-tears comfort"; W: "graves' tear-cheer." K: "musty mystifiers and hearth-squatters"; W: "muddlers, mumblers and mama's boys." K: "gourmets and gourmands" (how many readers would know or remember the fine distinction here without consulting their dictionary?); W:

“lip-lickers and lip-smackers.” In these cases and many more, Mr. Wayne has achieved a simplicity as well as alliteration and wordplay that are more in line with Nietzsche’s literary genius.

And there are not a few instances in which he improves on Kaufmann’s use of English or otherwise clarifies what Nietzsche is really saying. K: “If you believed more in life you would fling yourself less to (wrong preposition) the moment. But you do not have contents enough in yourselves (awkward) for waiting — and not even for idleness”; W: “If you believed more in life you would throw yourselves less into the moment. But you do not have enough in you of what it takes to wait — not even to vegetate.” K: “Let man fear woman when she hates; for deep down in his soul man is merely evil, while woman is bad”; W: “For at the bottom of his soul man is merely angry; woman, however, is downright mean.”

Let’s open the book and see for ourselves which of these is true of Friedrich Nietzsche.

Roger W. Phillips, PhD
Vancouver, Washington
April, 2003

PART ONE

ZARATHUSTRA'S PROLOGUE

1

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake by his home and went into the mountains. Here he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude, and did not tire of this for ten years. Finally, however, he had a change of heart — and one morning, rising with the dawn, he stood before the sun and spoke to it thus:

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

For ten years you have come up here to my cave: you would already have been weary of your light and this journey were it not for me, my eagle, and my serpent.

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

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

I want to dispense and distribute, until the wise once more enjoy their folly and the poor once more enjoy their riches.

That is why I must descend to the deep, as you do in the evening when you pass beyond the sea and bring light even to the underworld, you over-rich star!

Like you I must *go down*, as people say; I want to go down to them.

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

Bless the cup which wants to overflow, so that the water flows golden out of it, carrying in every direction the reflection of your delight!

Behold! This cup wants to become empty again and Zarathustra wants to become a man again.”

— Thus began Zarathustra’s downgoing.

2

Zarathustra climbed down the mountain alone and he came across no one. But when he came to the forest, an old man stood before him, one who had left his holy hut to search for roots in the forest. And thus spake the old man to Zarathustra:

“This wanderer is no stranger to me: many years ago he passed by here. Zarathustra he was called; but he has changed.

At that time you carried your ashes to the mountain: would you now carry your fire into the valleys? Do you not fear the arsonist’s penalty?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. Pure is his eye, and no loathing lurks about his mouth. Does he not move along like a dancer?

Changed is Zarathustra, become a child is Zarathustra, an awakened one is Zarathustra: what do you want now with those who sleep?

As though in a sea you have lived in your solitude, and the sea has borne you up. Alas, you want to go ashore? Alas, you want to drag your body around again, yourself?

Zarathustra answered: “I love mankind.”

“Why,” said the holy man, “do you think I went into the forest and into solitude? Was it not because I loved man all too much?

Now I love God: man, I do not love. Man is too imperfect a thing for me. The love of mankind would kill me.”

Zarathustra answered: “Did I speak of love? I am bringing mankind a gift.”

“Give them nothing,” said the holy man. “Take something from them rather and carry it with you — that would suit them best: if only it suits you!”

And if you want to give them something, give no more than an alms, and let them beg for that!”

“No,” answered Zarathustra, “I give no alms. I am not poor enough for that!”

The holy man laughed at Zarathustra and spoke thus: “Well, see to it that they accept your treasures! They are mistrustful of hermits and do not believe that we come in order to give.

Our steps ring too lonely through the streets. And what if at night in their beds they should hear a man walking, long before the sun comes up, then they probably ask themselves: where is that thief going?

Remain in the forest and do not go to man. Go rather to the animals, even! Why not be like me — a bear among bears, a bird among birds?”

“And what does the holy man do in the forest?” asked Zarathustra.

The holy man answered: “I make songs and sing them, and when I make songs I laugh, cry, and hum: thus I praise God.

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

When Zarathustra heard these words, he saluted the holy man and said: “What would I have to give you? But let me hurry away quickly, lest I take something instead!”— And so they parted from each other, the old man and Zarathustra, laughing like two boys.

But when Zarathustra was alone, he spoke thus to his heart: “Could it be possible, then? This old saint in his forest has heard nothing yet about *God* being *dead*.”

3

When Zarathustra came to the next town which lay by the forest, he found many people gathered in the marketplace there: for it had been promised that a tightrope walker would be seen. And thus spake Zarathustra to the people:

“*I teach you the Superman*. Man is something that must be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?”

All beings hitherto have created something beyond themselves. And you would be the ebb of this great flood, to return even to the beast rather than overcome the man?

What is the ape to man? A laughingstock or an object of shame. And that is just what man shall be for the Superman: a laughingstock or an object of shame.

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

But he who is wisest among you is likewise only a hotbed and hybrid of plant and phantom. But do I command you to become plants or phantoms?

Behold, I teach you the Superman!

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

I entreat you, my brothers, *remain true to the earth* and do not believe those who hold out supernatural hopes for you. They are poisoners, whether they know it or not.

They are despisers of life, dying ones and poisoned themselves; the earth is sick of them — let them leave it, then!

Once the sin against God was the greatest sin; but God died, and with that these sinners died, too. Now the worst sin is the sin against the earth, to regard the innards of the inscrutable more highly than the meaning of the earth.

Once the soul looked upon the body with contempt: and at that time this contempt was the highest thing: the soul wanted the body scrawny, scary, starved. Thus the soul thought to escape the body and the earth.

Oh, this soul was itself still scrawny, scary, and starved; and cruelty was the delight of this soul!

But you as well, my brothers, tell me: what does your body proclaim about your soul? Is your soul not dearth and dirt and a wretched comfort?

Verily, man is a filthy stream. One must be a veritable sea in order to absorb such a filthy stream and not become unclean.

Behold, I teach you the Superman: he is that sea, in him your great contempt can be submerged.

What is the greatest thing you can experience? It is the hour of great contempt, when even your happiness turns to disgust, and your reason and virtue too.

The hour when you say: 'What does my happiness matter? It is dearth and dirt and a wretched comfort. But my happiness should justify being itself!'

The hour when you say: 'What does my reason matter: Does it not crave knowledge the same way a lion craves food? It is dearth and dirt and a wretched comfort!'

The hour when you say: 'What does my virtue matter? It has not yet made me mad. How weary I am of my good and evil! That is all dearth and dirt and a wretched comfort!'

The hour when you say: 'What does my justice matter? I do not see that I am fire and coal. But the just are fire and coal.'

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

Have you ever spoken thus? Have you ever cried thus? Alas, if only I had ever heard you cry thus!

Not your sin but your complacency cries out against heaven, the very stinging of your sin cries out against heaven!

Where is the lightning which licks you with its tongue? Where is the madness with which you should be injected?

Behold, I teach you the Superman: he is that lightning, he is that madness!"—

When Zarathustra had spoken thus, someone from the crowd cried out: "We have heard enough from the tightrope walker; now let us see him, too!" And all the people laughed at Zarathustra. The tightrope walker, however, who thought these words applied to him, set about his task.

4

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

"Man is a rope suspended between animal and Superman — a rope over an abyss.

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

What is great about man is that he is a bridge, not an end: what can be loved about man is that he is a *going-over* and a *going-under*.

I love those who do not know how to live except as downgoers, for they are going over.

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

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going under and sacrificing themselves: but they sacrifice themselves for the earth, that the earth may one day be the Superman's.

I love him who lives in order to know and wants to know in order that the Superman may live. And thus he wills his own downgoing.

I love him who works and invents in order to build the Superman's house and to prepare plant, animal, and earth for him: for thus he wills his own downgoing.

I love him who retains not one drop of spirit for himself but wants it all to be virtue's spirit: thus he strides as spirit across the bridge.

I love him who makes out of his virtue his fancy and his fate: thus for the sake of his virtue he wants to live and no longer live.

I love him who does not want too many virtues. One virtue is more virtue than two, because it is more of a hook to hang ones' fate on.

I love him whose soul squanders itself, who wants no thanks and gives none in return: for he always bestows and wants no part of preserving himself.

I love him who feels ashamed when the dice turn up in his favor, and who then asks: "Am I a false player?" — for he wants to go under.

I love him whose golden words are cast before his deeds, and who does even more than he promises: for he wants his downgoing.

I love him who justifies the future and redeems the past: for he wants to perish in the present.

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

I love him whose soul is deep even in the wounding, and whom a little thing can ruin: thus he gladly goes across the bridge.

I love him whose soul is overfull, so that he forgets himself, and in whom all things exist: thus all things become his downgoing.

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

I love all those who are like heavy raindrops falling individually from the dark cloud that hangs over man: they herald the coming of the lightning and perish as heralds.

Behold, I am a herald of the lightning and a heavy raindrop from the cloud: this lightning, however, is called *the Superman*." —

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

Must one first batter their ears so they learn to hear with their eyes? Must one rattle like drums and penitential preachers? Or do they only believe stammerers?

They have something which they are proud of. But what do they call that which they are proud of? They call it culture; it distinguishes them from the goatherds.

That is why they are unwilling to hear the word 'contempt' applied to themselves. So I will appeal to their pride instead.

So I will speak to them of what is most contemptible: that, however, is *the last man*."

And thus spake Zarathustra to the people:

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

His soul is still rich enough for that. But one day this soul will be poor and tame, and no higher tree will be able to grow on it anymore.

Alas! The day is coming when man will no longer loose the arrow of his longing beyond man, and the string of his bow will have forgotten how to sing.

I tell you: a man must still have chaos within himself in order to give birth to a dancing star. I tell you: you still have chaos within yourselves.

Alas! The day is coming when man will no longer give birth to a star. Alas! The day of the most despicable man is coming, of him who can no longer despise himself.

Behold! I present to you *the last man*.

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

The earth is then grown small, and on it hops the last man, who makes everything small. Like the flea, his kind cannot be exterminated; the last man lives the longest.

'We have discovered happiness' — the last men say, and blink.

They have left the regions where living was hard: for warmth is needed. They still love their neighbor and rub up against him: for warmth is needed.

Becoming sick and harboring mistrust they consider sinful: one proceeds with caution. He is a fool who still stumbles over stones or men!

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

One still works, for work is a form of entertainment. But one takes care not to get too caught up in it.

No one is rich or poor anymore: both are too much trouble. Who still wants to rule? Who still wants to obey? Both are too much trouble.

No shepherd and *one* herd! Everyone wants the same, everyone is the same: he who feels otherwise goes freely to the madhouse.

‘Formerly, all the world was mad’ — the finest ones say, and blink.

They are clever and know all there is to know: so there is endless mockery. They still quarrel, but they are soon reconciled — otherwise they might spoil their appetite.

They have their little pleasures for the day and their little pleasures for the night: but they revere their health.

‘We have discovered happiness’ — the last men say, and blink.”

And here ended the first speech of Zarathustra, also known as “The Prologue”: for at this point the cries and mirth of the crowd interrupted him. “Give us this last man, O Zarathustra,” — thus they cried — “make us into these last men! Then we will present you with the Superman!” And all the people rejoiced and clucked their tongues. Zarathustra, however, was sad and said to his heart:

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

No doubt I have lived too long in the mountains; I have listened too much to the trees and the brooks: now I speak to them as though to goatherds.

Unmoved is my soul and clear, like the mountains in the morning. But they think me cold and a scoffer with awful jokes.

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

6

Then something happened, however, that silenced every tongue and entranced every eye. For in the meantime the tightrope walker had begun his

performance: he had come out of a small door and was walking along the rope, which was stretched between two towers so that it hung over the people and the marketplace. When he was just halfway across, the small door opened once again, and out jumped a colorful, buffoonish fellow who quickly followed after him.

“Move it, lamefoot,” he cried in a terrible voice, “get going, lazybones, chiseler, whey-face! So I don’t tickle your heel with my foot! What do you think you’re doing here between these towers? Back in the tower is where you belong, behind bars, you who bar the way of one who is your better!” — And with every word he came closer and closer to the tightrope walker: but when he was only one step behind him, that terrible thing happened which silenced every tongue and entranced every eye: — he yelled like the devil and sprang over the one who was in his way. This one, however, seeing his rival thus victorious, lost both his head and his toehold; he cast his pole away and shot quicker than it itself into the depths, a descending whirl of arms and legs. The marketplace and the people were like the sea when a storm comes on: they all flew apart from each other and on top of each other, especially where the body was about to fall.

Zarathustra remained standing there, however, and the body landed right next to him, badly bruised and battered but not yet dead. After a while, the shattered man regained consciousness and saw Zarathustra kneeling beside him. “What are you doing here?” he said at last. “For a long time I knew that the devil would trip me up. Now he’s about to drag me off to hell: do you want to prevent him?”

“On my honor, friend,” answered Zarathustra, “all that of which you speak does not exist. There is no devil and there is no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner than your body: fear nothing henceforth!”

The man looked up mistrustfully. “If you speak the truth,” he said, “then I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal, taught to dance by means of blows and meager fare.”

“Not at all,” said Zarathustra. “You have made danger your calling; there is nothing to be despised in that. Now, your calling calls you away for good: therefore, I will bury you with my own hands.

After Zarathustra had said this, the dying man answered no more; but he moved his hand as if to seek Zarathustra’s hand in gratitude. —

7

Evening came on meanwhile, and the marketplace concealed itself in darkness: then the crowd dispersed, for even curiosity and terror get tired. Zarathustra, however, remained sitting next to the dead man on the ground, engrossed in thought, oblivious of the time. Finally, though, it became night, and a cold wind blew over the solitary one. Then Zarathustra arose and said to his heart:

“Verily, a fine catch Zarathustra has made today! No men he caught but a corpse instead.

Uncanny is man’s being and still without meaning: a buffoon can spell his doom.

I want to teach man the meaning of his being, which is the Superman, that lightning from the dark cloud of man.

But I am still far away from them, and my sense does not speak to their senses. To men I am still something midway between a fool and a corpse.

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

8

After Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he loaded the corpse on his back and proceeded on his way. And he had not gone a hundred paces when a man snuck up to him and whispered in his ear — and behold! It was the buffoon from the tower! “Go away from this town, O Zarathustra,” he said. “Too many hate you here. The good and the just hate you and call you their enemy and despiser; the believers in the true belief hate you and call you a danger to the multitude. You were lucky they laughed at you; and truly, you spoke like a buffoon. You were lucky to have sided with that dead dog; when you degraded yourself that way, you saved yourself for the day. But go away from this town — or tomorrow I will jump over you, a living man over a dead one.” And when he had said this, the man disappeared; Zarathustra, however, continued on down the dark streets.

At the town gate he met the gravediggers: they shone a torch in his face, recognized Zarathustra, and mocked him exceedingly. “Zarathustra’s carrying the dead dog away: good thing he’s become a gravedigger, because our hands are too clean for this mess. Perhaps Zarathustra wants to steal a morsel from the devil? Well then! Good luck at mealtime, too! If only the devil’s not a better thief

than Zarathustra! — he'll steal both of them, he'll gobble both of them up!" And they laughed with each other and stuck their heads together.

Zarathustra said not a word to that and went on his way. After traveling a couple of hours, past forests and marshes, he heard too much of the hungry howling of wolves, and he himself felt hungry. So he stopped at a lonely house, in which a solitary light was burning.

"Hunger has ambushed me," said Zarathustra, "like a robber. In forests and marshes hunger has ambushed me, and in the deep of night.

My hunger has strange moods. Often it comes to me only after mealtimes, and today it didn't come all day: where could it have tarried?"

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

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

The old man went away but came right back, offering Zarathustra bread and wine. "This is a bad area for those who hunger," he said; "therefore I live here. Man and beast come to me, the hermit. But bid your companion eat and drink too; he is wearier than you." Zarathustra answered: "My companion is dead; I could hardly persuade him to join in."

"That doesn't concern me," said the old man morosely; "he who knocks on my door must also take what I offer him. Eat and fare thee well!"

After that Zarathustra went on again for two hours, trusting to the way and the light of the stars: for he was accustomed to night walking and loved to look into the face of all that was at rest.

But when the morning dawned, Zarathustra found himself in a deep wood, and no path showed itself to him anymore. Then he laid the dead man in a hollow tree at his head — for he wanted to protect him from the wolves — and laid himself down on the moss and earth. And immediately he fell asleep, fatigued in body but with an unmoved soul.

Zarathustra slept a long time, and not only the rosy dawn but also the morning passed over his face. At last, however, he opened his eyes: astonished, Zarathustra looked into the forest and the stillness; astonished, he looked into

himself. Then he rose up quickly, like a sailor who has just spotted land, and shouted for joy: for he had perceived a new truth. And he spoke to his heart thus:

“A light has dawned upon me: I need companions, and live ones — not dead companions and corpses I can carry with me wheresoever I will.

But I need live companions, who follow me because they themselves want to — and there, wheresoever I will.

A light has dawned upon me: not to the people shall Zarathustra speak, but to companions! No shepherd of the herd and herd dog shall Zarathustra be!

To lure many away from the herd — that is why I have come. People and herd shall be angry with me: the shepherds shall call me a robber.

Shepherds I say, but they call themselves the good and the just. Shepherds I say: but they call themselves the believers in the true belief.

Behold the good and the just! Whom do they hate the most? The one who breaks their tables of values, the breaker, the lawbreaker: — that, however, is the creator.

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

Companions the creator seeks, and co-harvesters: for to him all things stand ripe for the harvest. But he lacks the hundred sickles: so he plucks the ears of corn and is irritable.

Companions the creator seeks, and those who know how to whet their sickles. Annihilators they will be called, and despisers of good and evil. But they are harvesters and celebrators.

Co-creators Zarathustra seeks, co-harvesters and co-celebrators Zarathustra seeks: what does he have to do with herds and shepherds and corpses?

And you, my first companion, fare thee well! Well I buried you in your hollow tree, well I hid you from the wolves.

But now I part from you, the time is up. Between one dawn and the next a new truth has come to me.

Not a shepherd shall I be, not a gravedigger. Never again will I talk with the people: I have spoken to the dead for the last time.

I will join with the creators, the harvesters, the celebrators: I will show them the rainbow and all the steps to the Superman.

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

To my goal will I go, I will go it my way; over the dawdlers and delayers will I jump. Thus may my going be their downgoing!"

10

Zarathustra had said this to his heart as the sun stood at noontide: then he looked inquiringly on high — for he heard above him the sharp cry of a bird. And behold! An eagle described wide circles through the air, and on him there hung a serpent, not like its prey but like a lady-love: for it had curled itself around the eagle's neck.

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

"The proudest animal under the sun and the wisest animal under the sun — they have gone out scouting.

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

More dangerous have I found it among man than among beasts; dangerous ways goes Zarathustra. May my animals lead me!"

After Zarathustra had said this, he reflected on the words of the holy man in the forest, sighed, and spoke to his heart thus:

"Would that I were wiser! Would that I were wise through and through, like my serpent!

But that is asking the impossible: therefore I ask that my pride always accompany my wisdom!

And if one day my wisdom should leave me: alas, she loves to fly away! — may my pride then fly off — with my folly!" —

— Thus began Zarathustra's downgoing.

ZARATHUSTRA'S SPEECHES

On The Three Metamorphoses

I speak to you of three metamorphoses of the spirit: how the spirit becomes a camel, the camel a lion, and finally, the lion a child.

There are many hard things for the spirit, the strong load-bearing spirit in which reverence dwells: in its strength it longs for the hard and the hardest.

What is hard? Thus asks the load-bearing spirit; thus it kneels down like a camel and wants to be well-laden.

What is the hardest thing, you heroes? Thus asks the load-bearing spirit, that I may take it upon myself and rejoice in my strength.

Is it not this: to abase yourself in order to hurt your pride? To let your folly shine in order to mock your wisdom?

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

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

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

Or is it this: to wade in dirty water, when it is the water of truth, and not reject cold frogs and hot toads?

Or is it this: to love those who despise us, and to reach out our hand to the ghost that wants to frighten us?

All these hardest things the load-bearing spirit takes upon itself: like the well-laden camel that hurries into the desert; so the spirit hurries into its desert.

But in the loneliest desert the second metamorphosis takes place: here the spirit becomes a lion; freedom it wants to take as its prey, and to be master of its own desert.

Its last master it seeks here: to him and to its last god it wants to be an enemy; it wants to wrestle for victory with the great dragon.

What is the great dragon which the spirit no longer wants to call God and master? "Thou shalt," the great dragon is called. But the spirit of the lion says, "I will."

"Thou shalt" lies in wait for him, sparkling gold, a scaly beast upon whose every scale a golden "Thou shalt" shines.

Thousand-year-old values shine on these scales, and thus speaks the mightiest of all dragons: “All the values of things — they shine on me.

All value has already been created, and all created value — that is me. Verily, ‘I will’ shall not be anymore!” Thus speaks the dragon.

My brothers, why is the lion required in the spirit? Why is the resigned and reverent beast of burden not enough?

To create new values — that, even the lion cannot yet do. But to create for itself the freedom for new creation — that the lion’s might might do.

To create freedom for itself and a holy ‘Nay’ even before duty: for that, my brothers, the lion is required.

To assume the right to new values — that is the most terrifying assumption for a load-bearing and reverent spirit. Verily, to it it is preying and the act of a beast of prey.

“Thou shalt” it once loved as its holiest thing: now it must find delusion and despotism in even the holiest thing, to take freedom from its love as its prey: for this preying, the lion is required.

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

The child is innocence and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a self-rolling wheel, a first movement, a holy Yea-saying.

Yes, for the game of creation, my brothers, a holy Yea-saying is required: the spirit now wills *its* will, he who has lost the world gains *his* world.

I have spoken to you of three metamorphoses of the spirit: how the spirit becomes a camel, the camel a lion and finally, the lion a child. —

Thus spake Zarathustra. And at that time he resided in the town which is called: The Dappled Cow.

On The Academic Chairs Of Virtue

People praised a certain wise man to Zarathustra, one who knew how to speak well about sleep and virtue: he was greatly revered and rewarded for this, and all the youth would sit before his academic chair. Zarathustra went to him, and with all the youth he sat before his academic chair. And thus spake the wise man:

“Honor and modesty before sleep! That is the first thing! And avoid all who sleep badly and stay awake nightly!

Even the thief is modest before sleep: he always steals silently through the night. But the night watchman is shameless; shamelessly he carries his horn.

Sleeping is no mean feat: indeed, it takes staying awake the whole day.

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

Ten times a day you must be reconciled with yourself again; for overcoming is a bitterness, and he who is unreconciled sleeps badly.

Ten truths a day you must find; otherwise you will still seek truth at night, and your soul will remain hungry.

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

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

Shall I covet my neighbor's handmaid? All that would go badly with good sleep.

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

So they don't quarrel amongst themselves, the nice little ladies! Or over you, you unfortunate soul!

Peace with God and with your neighbor: good sleep demands it so. And peace with your neighbor's devil as well! Or else he will haunt you at night.

Reverence and obedience for authority, even crooked authority! Good sleep demands it so. Can I help it that power likes to walk on crooked legs?

He who leads his sheep to the greenest pastures shall always be called the best shepherd: that goes well with good sleep.

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

Small company is more welcome to me than bad: but they must come and go at the right time. That goes well with good sleep.

The poor in spirit please me very much, also: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if you always give them their way.

Thus the day passes for the virtuous one. When night comes, then I take good care not to summon sleep! He, sleep, the lord of all the virtues, does not like to be summoned!

Instead I think about what I did and thought that day. Ruminating thus, I ask myself patiently, like a cow: All right, what were your ten overcomings?

And what were the ten reconciliations and the ten truths and the ten laughs with which your heart enjoyed itself?

Weighed and swayed this way by forty thoughts, sleep, the unsummoned one, the lord of all the virtues, steals upon me suddenly.

Sleep taps at my eyes: they grow heavy. Sleep touches my mouth: it stays open.

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

But not for long do I stand there: soon, I lie there.”

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

“To me this wise man here with his forty thoughts is a fool: but I believe he is well-versed in sleeping.

Happy indeed is he who lives nearby this wise man! Such sleep is contagious; even through a thick wall it is contagious.

A magic dwells in his very academic chair. And not in vain do the youth sit before this preacher of virtue.

His wisdom is: be awake in order to sleep well. And verily, if life had no sense and I had to choose nonsense, then for me too this would be the most choosable nonsense.

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

To all these celebrated wise men in their academic chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no better meaning of life.

Even today, to be sure, there are some like this preacher of virtue, and not always so honorable: but their time is up. And they will not be standing much longer: soon they will be lying.

Blessed are the sleepy: for they shall soon nod off.—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE AFTERWORLDBERS

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

A dream the world then seemed to me, the fiction of a God, colored smoke before the eyes of a discontented deity.

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

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

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

Thus I too once cast my fancy beyond man, like all afterworlders. But was it in fact beyond man?

Alas, brothers, this God I created was of man's making and madness, like all gods!

Man he was, and only a poor fragment of man and ego: out of my own ashes and embers he came to me, this phantom, and verily, he did not come to me from beyond!

What happened, my brothers? I overcame myself, the sufferer; I carried my own ashes to the mountain, I devised a brighter flame for myself. And behold! The phantom *retreated* from me!

Now, it would be suffering for me and torment for one in recovery to believe in such phantoms: now it would be suffering for me and humiliation. Thus I speak to afterworlders.

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

Weariness, which wants the ultimate in *one* leap, one death leap. A poor ignorant weariness not even willing to will anymore: that created all gods and afterworlds.

Believe me, my brothers! It was the body that despaired of the body, — it groped with the fingers of the deluded spirit upon the ultimate walls.

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

And then it wanted to get through the ultimate walls with its head, and not only with its head, — across to the “other world.”

But that “other world” is well-hidden from man, that inhuman, unhuman world which is a heavenly nothing; and the belly of being does not speak at all to man except as man.

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

Yes, this ego and this ego’s contradiction and confusion still speak most honestly about its being, this creating, willing, valuing ego, which is the measure and value of things.

And this most honest being, the ego — it speaks of the body and still wants the body, even when it poeticizes and romanticizes and flutters about with broken wings.

More and more honestly it learns to speak, this ego: and the more it learns, the more words and honors it finds for the body and the earth.

A new pride my ego taught me, which I now teach to man: no longer to hide his head in the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely, an earthly head that creates meaning for the earth.

A new will, I teach man: to want to follow the path that man has blindly followed and call it good and no longer slink aside from it, as the sick and the dying do!

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

They wanted to escape their misery, and the stars were too far for them. Then they sighed: “Oh that there were heavenly paths to sneak into another existence and into happiness!” Then they devised their bypaths and their bloody little draughts!

They fancied themselves transported from their bodies and this earth, these ingrates. But whom can they thank for the convulsions and delight of their transport? Their bodies and this earth.

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

Nor is Zarathustra angry with the convalescent who looks tenderly upon his illusion and sneaks around the grave of his God in the middle of the night: but to me his tears still speak of sickness and a sick body.

There have always been many sick people among those who write verse and “converse” with the Lord; furiously they hate those in the know and that youngest of virtues known as honesty.

They always look backward toward dark ages; then indeed delusion and belief were a different thing; reason’s fury was likeness with God, and doubt was sin.

All too well I know these godlike ones: they insist upon being believed in and that doubt is sin. All too well I also know what they themselves believe in most.

Verily, it is not in afterworlds and redeeming blood-drops that they most believe: they also believe most in the body, and to them their own body is the thing-in-itself.

But to them it is a sickly thing, and they would gladly slough their skin. Therefore they hearken to the preachers of death and preach afterworlds themselves.

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

The healthy body, perfect and foursquare, speaks more purely and honestly: and it speaks of the meaning of the earth. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

I want to say a word to the despisers of the body. Not that they should teach and learn differently, but only bid farewell to their own bodies — and thus become silent.

“Body am I and soul” — so speaks the child. And why should we not speak like children?

But the awakened one, the knowing one says: Body am I completely and nothing else; and soul is only a word for something in the body.

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

Your little reason, my brother, which you call “spirit,” is also a tool of your body, a little tool and toy of your big reason.

“I,” you say, and are proud of this word. But the greater thing — which you do not want to believe in — is your body and its big reason: it does not say “I,” it does “I.”

What sense feels, what spirit knows, these never are an end in themselves. But sense and spirit want to persuade you that they are the end of all things: so vain are they.

Sense and spirit are tools and toys: behind them still lies the self. Even with the eyes of the senses the self seeks, even with the ears of the spirit it listens.

Continually the self listens and seeks: it compares, compels, conquers, destroys. It rules and is also the ego’s ruler.

Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, there stands a mighty commander, an unknown wise man — he is called self. He lives in your body, he is your body.

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

Your self laughs at your ego and its proud leaps. “What are these leaps and flights of fancy to me?” it says to itself. “A detour to my end. I am the ego’s leading strings and the prompter of its ideas.”

The self says to the ego, “Feel pain here!” And the ego suffers and thinks on how it may suffer no more — and that is just how it *should* think.

The self says to the ego, “Feel pleasure here!” Then the ego rejoices and thinks on how often it may yet rejoice — and that is just how it *should* think.

I want to say a word to the despisers of the body. Their contempt makes for their respect. What is it that created respect and contempt and worth and will?

The creative self created for itself respect and contempt, it created for itself joy and sorrow. The creative self created spirit for itself as the hand of its will.

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

No longer can it do what it most wants to do: — create beyond itself. This is what it most wants, this is its entire burning desire.

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

Your self wants to go under, and therefore you have become despisers of the body! For you can no longer create beyond yourselves.

And therefore you are angry now with life and with the earth. An unconscious envy is in the squint-eyed look of your contempt.

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

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON JOYS AND PASSIONS

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

Of course, you want to call it by name and caress it; you want to pull its ears and have some fun with it.

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

You would have done better to say: “Inexpressible and nameless is this which is sweetness and agony to my soul and also the hunger of my innards.”

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

Speak and stammer in this manner: “This is *my* good, this I love, thus it pleases me entirely, thus alone *I* want the good.

Not as a law of God do I want it, not as a human law and necessity do I want it: no signpost is it for me to super-earths and Edens.

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

But this bird has built its nest by me: therefore I love it and embrace it, — now it sits by me on its golden eggs.”

In this manner you should stammer and praise your virtue.

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

You placed your highest goal in the heart of these passions: then they grew into your virtues and joys.

And whether you came from the race of the irascible or the sensual or the fanatical or the vengeful:

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

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

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

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

My brother, if you are lucky, then you have *one* virtue and no more: so you go more easily over the bridge.

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

My brother, is war and battle evil? But this evil is necessary: necessary is the envy and mistrust and backbiting amongst your virtues.

See how each of your virtues covets the highest place: it wants your whole spirit to be *its* herald, it wants your whole strength in wrath, love, and hate.

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

He who is surrounded by the flame of jealousy turns at last, like the scorpion, the poisoned stinger against himself.

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

Man is something that must be overcome: and therefore you are to love your virtues —: for you will perish on account of them. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

On The Pale Criminal

You are unwilling to kill, you judges and sacrificers, until the animal has nodded his head. Behold, the pale criminal has nodded his head: out of his eye speaks the great contempt.

“My ego is something that should be overcome: my ego is to me the great contempt of man.” — Thus out of this eye it speaks.

That he judged himself, that was his highest moment: do not let the sublime one return again to his baseness!

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

Your killing, you judges, should be an act of compassion, not of revenge. And while you are killing, see to it that you yourselves justify life!

It is not enough that you make your peace with the man you kill. Let your sorrow be love for the Superman: so you justify your living — still!

“Enemy” you should say, but not “villain”; “invalid” you should say, but not “cad”; “fool” you should say, but not “sinner.”

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

But the thought is one thing, the deed another, and the image of the deed yet another still. The wheel of causality rolls not between them.

An image made this pale man pale. He was equal to his deed when he did it, but after the deed was done he could not endure its image.

Then he saw himself ever after as the doer of *one* deed. Madness I call this: the exception changed into the rule for him.

The chalk streak charms the hen; the stroke he struck charmed his poor reason — madness *after* the deed I call this.

Listen, you judges! There is yet another madness: it is that *before* the deed. Alas, you have not crept deeply enough into this soul!

Thus speaks the red judge: “Why did this criminal commit murder? He wanted to rob.” But I say to you: his soul wanted blood, not loot: he thirsted for the happiness of the knife.

But his poor reason did not grasp this madness and persuaded him: “What does blood matter! it said; “Don’t you at least want to make some loot besides? Take some revenge?”

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

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

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

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

What is this man? A ball of wild snakes which seldom have peace together, — so they go forth alone and seek prey in the world.

Look at this poor body! What it suffered and longed for it interpreted for itself, — it interpreted it as blood lust and craving for the happiness of the knife.

Upon him who falls ill now falls that evil which is evil now: he wants to cause pain with that which causes him pain. But there have been other times and another evil and good.

Once doubt was evil and the will to self. At that time the sick became heretics and witches: as heretics and witches they suffered and wanted to cause suffering.

But your ears do not want to hear this: it hurts good people, you tell me. What do I care about your good people!

Much about your good people disgusts me, and verily, it is not their evil. Oh, how I wish they had a madness in which to perish like this pale criminal!

Verily, I wish their madness had the name of truth or faithfulness or justice: but they have their virtue in order to live long and in wretched comfort.

I am a railing by the raging stream: clutch me if you can! Your crutch, however, I am not. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON READING AND WRITING

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

It does not come easy, making out alien blood; I hate the reading idlers.

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

That everyone is allowed to learn to read spoils in the long run not only writing but also thinking.

Once the spirit was God, then it became man, now it has even become riff-raff.

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

In the mountains the shortest path is from peak to peak: but for that you have to have long legs. Aphorisms should be peaks: and those to whom they speak, tall and lofty.

The air thin and pure, with danger near, and the spirit full of joyful malice: that makes for a good match.

I want to have kobolds around me, for I am bold. Boldness, which scares ghosts away, creates kobolds for itself, — boldness wants to laugh.

I no longer feel as you do: this cloud I see beneath me, this blackness and heaviness over which I laugh, — precisely this is your thundercloud.

You look up when you crave elevation. And I look down because I am elevated.

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

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

Valiant, unconcerned, mocking, violent — thus wisdom wants us. She is a woman and always loves only a warrior.

You tell me: “Life is hard to bear.” But why would you have your pride in the morning and your resignation in the evening?

Life is hard to bear: but do not pretend to be so tender! We are altogether fine load bearing asses and she-asses.

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

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

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

And even to me, well-disposed to life as I am, the butterflies and soap-bubbles and those of their kind among mankind seem to know the most about happiness.

To see these light, foolish, delicate, movable little souls flutter — that seduces Zarathustra to tears and song.

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

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

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

I have learned to walk: since then I have let myself run. I have learned to fly: since then I don't want a push first in order to get going.

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

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE TREE ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE

Zarathustra's eye had perceived that a certain youth avoided him. And one evening as he walked alone through the mountains surrounding the town which is called "The Dappled Cow", behold: in his walking there he found the youth, who sat leaning on a tree, casting weary looks into the valley. Zarathustra took hold of the tree by which the youth was sitting and spoke thus:

"If I wanted to shake this tree here with my hands, I would be unable to do so.

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

The youth arose dismayed and said: "I hear Zarathustra and I was just now thinking of him." Zarathustra replied:

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

The more it wants to be up in the height and the light, the stronger its roots strive earthward, downward, into the dark, the deep, — into evil."

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

Zarathustra smiled and said: "Many a soul will never be discovered unless it is first invented."

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

"You have told the truth, Zarathustra. I no longer trust myself ever since I wanted to be up high, and no one trusts me any longer, — how does that happen?"

I am changing too fast: my today refutes my yesterday. I often skip steps when I climb, — no step forgives me for that.

When I am up high I always find myself alone. No one speaks to me, the frost of solitude makes me shiver. What do I want up high?

My contempt and my longing increase together; the higher I climb, the more I despise the one who climbs. What does he want up high?

How ashamed I am of my climbing and stumbling! How I hate the fleeing one! How weary I am, up high!"

At this point the youth fell silent. And Zarathustra contemplated the tree beside which they stood and spoke thus:

"This tree stands lonely here in the mountains; high above man and beast it has grown.

And if it wanted to speak, it would have no one who could understand it: so high has it grown.

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

When Zarathustra had said this, the youth cried, with furious gestures, “Yes, Zarathustra, you speak the truth. I longed for my downgoing when I wanted the height, and you are the lightning I have been waiting for! Behold, what is left of me since you came among us? It is *envy* of you which has destroyed me!” — Thus spoke the youth and wept bitterly. But Zarathustra put his arm around him and led the lad away with him.

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

“It breaks my heart. Better than your words can say, your eyes tell me of all your danger. You are not yet free, you are still *in quest* of freedom. Under-rested your quest has made you, and overwakeful.

You want to be at a free height, your soul thirsts for the stars. But your bad instincts also thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs want to be at liberty; they bark with pleasure in their cellar when your spirit strives to unmake all prisons.

To me you are still a prisoner who imagines freedom: alas, clever become the souls of such prisoners, but also cunning and wicked.

Even the one who is liberated in spirit must purify himself. Much prison and putrefaction still remains in him: his eye must still become pure.

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

You still feel noble, and the others also still feel you are noble, though they hold a grudge against you and give you dirty looks. Know that the noble man stands in everyone’s way.

The noble man also stands in the way of the good: and even when they call him good, they do so in order to do him in.

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

But that is not the danger of the noble man, that he will become one of the good, but that he will become a smart-aleck, a cynic, an annihilator.

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

Then they passed their lives shamelessly, engaged in brief pleasures, barely setting their goals beyond the day.

“Spirit is also sensuality” — so they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke in pieces: now it crawls around and soils what it gnaws on.

Once they thought of becoming heroes: now they are lechers. The hero is a horror and a source of remorse to them.

But by my love and hope I implore you: do not throw away the hero in your soul! Keep holy your highest hope! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE PREACHERS OF DEATH

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

The earth is full of the superfluous, life is spoiled by the many-too-many. May they be enticed by “eternal life” out of this life!

“Yellow ones”: so the preachers of death are called, or “black ones.” But I want to show them to you in still other colors.

There are the terrible ones who carry the beast of prey around in themselves and have no choice except lust or self-laceration. And even their lust is still self-laceration.

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

There are the consumptives of the soul: hardly are they born and already they begin to die, longing for the teachings of weariness and resignation.

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

They meet a sick man or an old man or a corpse; and right away they say: “Life is refuted!”

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

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

Or else: they reach for sweets and mock their childishness the while; they cling to their shoestring existence, and mock their still living on a shoestring.

Their wisdom runs: "A fool is he who stays alive, but such fools are we, and how! And this is surely the most foolish thing about life!" —

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

And let the teaching of your virtue run thus: "Thou shalt do away with thyself! Thou shalt steal away from thyself!" —

"Sensuality is sin," — so say the ones who preach death, — "let us go aside and beget no more children!"

"Giving birth is laborsome," — say the others — "why still give birth? Only unfortunates are born!" And these, too, are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary," — so says a third group. "Take what I have! Take what I am! Life will bind me that much less!" —

If they were truly full of compassion, they would destroy their neighbor's passion for life. To be evil — that would be their true goodness.

But they want to be released from life: what is it to them if with their chains and gifts they bind others ever more tightly! —

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

All you to whom fierce labor is dear, and the fast, the new, the unfamiliar, — you are poor at enduring yourselves, your industriousness is a flight and a will to forget yourselves.

If you believed more in life, you would throw yourselves less into the moment. But in you you do not have enough of what it takes to wait — not even to vegetate!

Everywhere resounds the voice of those who preach death: and the earth is full of those to whom death must be preached.

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

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON WAR AND WARLIKE PEOPLE

We do not wish to be spared by our enemies, nor by those whom we love from the heart. So let me tell you the truth, then!

My brothers in war! I love you from the heart; I am and have been your like. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth, then!

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

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

I see many soldiers: would that I saw many warriors! “Uniform” one calls what they wear: would that it were not uniform what they hide thereby!

You should be one of those whose eye always seeks an enemy — *your* enemy. And with some of you it is hate at first sight.

Your enemy you shall seek, your war you shall wage, and for your thoughts! And if your thought should be defeated, then your honesty shall still cry victory meanwhile!

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

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

One can only be quiet and sit still when one has bow and arrow: otherwise one squawks and squabbles. May your peace be a victory!

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

War and courage have done more great things than love of your neighbor. Not your pity but your bravery has saved the unfortunate thus far.

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

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

You are ugly? Well then, my brothers! Put on the sublime, the mantle of the ugly!

And when your soul becomes large, it becomes high-spirited, and in your sublimity there is malice. I know you.

In malice the princeling and the weakling meet. But they misunderstand each other. I know you.

You may only have enemies to hate, not enemies to despise. You must be proud of your enemy: then your enemy’s successes will also be your successes.

Rebellion — that is the distinction of a slave. May your distinction be obedience!

May your commanding itself be an obeying!

“Thou shalt” sounds sweeter to a good soldier than “I will.” And all that is dear to you shall be that which has first been commanded to you.

May your love of life be love for your highest hope: and may your highest hope be the highest thought of life!

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

So live your life of obedience and war! Who cares about long life! What warrior wants to be spared!

I do not spare you, I love you from the heart, my brothers in war! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE NEW IDOL

Somewhere there are still peoples and herds, but not by us: here there are states.

State? What is that? Well then! Open your ears, for now I will say a word to you about the death of peoples.

State is the name of the coldest of all cold monsters. It lies coldly, too; and this lie crawls out of its mouth: “I, the state, am the people.”

It is a lie! It was creators who created peoples and hung a belief and a love above them: thus they served life.

It is destroyers who set up pitfalls for many people and call them “state”: they hang a sword and a hundred inordinate desires above them.

Where there is still a people, they do not know the state, and they hate it as the evil eye and a sin against customs and rights.

This sign I give to you: each people speaks its own tongue of good and evil; its neighbor does not understand it. Its language it has devised for itself in customs and rights.

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

Everything about it is false; with stolen teeth it bites, the snaphappy one. Even its innards are false.

Speech confusion of good and evil: this sign I give to you as a sign of the state. Verily, the will to death this sign signifies! Verily, it beckons the preachers of death!

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

Just look how it entices them, the many-too-many! How it gobbles and chews and re-chews them!

“There is nothing greater on earth than I: I am the regulating finger of God” — thus the monster roars. And not only the long-eared and the short-sighted sink to their knees!

Alas, to you as well, you great souls, it whispers its gloomy lies! Alas, it divines the rich hearts which gladly squander themselves.

Yes, you too it divines, you conquerors of the old God! You have become weary of battle, and now even your weariness serves the new idol!

Heroes and men of honor it wants to set up around itself, the new idol! Gladly it basks in the sunshine of good consciences, — this cold monster!

It will give *you* all when *you* worship it, the new idol: thus it buys the glimmer of your virtue and the glance of your proud eye.

By using you it wants to entice the many-too-many! Yes, a hellish piece of art has been devised here, a horse of death jingling in the trappings of divine honors.

Yes, a dying for many has been devised here which praises itself as life: verily, a heartsend to all preachers of death!

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

Just look at these superfluous ones! They steal for themselves the works of inventors and the treasures of the wise — education they call their theft — and all becomes sickness and distress to them!

Just look at these superfluous ones! They are always sick; they vomit their gall and call it a newspaper. They devour each other and cannot even stomach themselves.

Just look at these superfluous ones! They acquire riches, by the which they become poorer. Power they desire, and first of all that lever of power, lots of money, — these impotent ones!

See them clamber, these quick monkeys! They clamber away, one atop the other, and so drag themselves into the mud and the abyss.

There to the throne they all want to go: it is their madness — as if happiness sat on the throne! Mud often sits on the throne — and oftentimes, too, the throne on mud.

Madmen they are all to me and clambering monkeys and overheated ones. Their idol, the cold monster, smells evil to me: all together they smell evil to me, these idolaters.

My brother, would you smother in the fumes of their maws and lawless desires? Better to smash the window and jump outside.

Get away from the bad smell! Go away from the idolatry of the superfluous!

Get away from the bad smell! Go away from these human sacrifices!

The earth is still open for great souls. Many seats still stand empty for the lonesome and the twosome, around whom the smell of silent seas blows.

A free life still stands open for great souls. Verily, he who possesses little is so much the less possessed: praised be the little poverty!

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

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

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE FLIES OF THE MARKETPLACE

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

Wood and rock know how to keep a worthy silence with you. Be again like the tree you love, the broad-branching one: silent and attentive it hangs over the sea.

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

The best things in the world still amount to nothing without the one who first shows them: great men the people call these showmen.

The people have little grasp of greatness, that is: creativeness. But they have a taste for all showers and actors of great things.

Around the inventors of new values the world revolves — invisibly it revolves. But around the actors the people and the glory revolve: that is how “the world turns.”

Spirit the actor has, but little conscience of the spirit. He always believes in that with which he makes the strongest belief, — the belief in *himself*.

Tomorrow he has a new belief, and the day after tomorrow a newer one. Quick senses he has, like the people, and fickle moods.

To overthrow — to him that means: to prove. To drive crazy — to him that means: to convince. And blood strikes him as the best of all arguments.

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

The marketplace is full of solemn buffoons — and people boast of their great men: to them they are the men of the hour.

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

Do not be jealous on account of these pushy and absolute ones, you lover of the truth! Never yet has truth clung to the arm of an absolutist.

Return to your safety on account of these hasty ones: only in the marketplace is one assaulted with Yes? or No?

Slow is the experience of all deep wells: long must they wait before knowing *what* fell into their depths.

Apart from fame and marketplace all great things take place: apart from fame and marketplace the inventors of new values have always kept a place.

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

Flee into your solitude! You have dwelt too near the small and the pitiful. Flee from their invisible vengeance! Towards you they have nothing but vengeance.

Raise not a hand against them any longer! Countless are they, and it is not your lot to be a flyswatter.

Countless are these small and pitiful ones; and many a proud building has already been brought down by raindrops and weeds.

You are no stone, but already you have become hollow from many drops. From many drops you will yet break and burst asunder.

I see you worn out by poisonous flies, I see you scratched bloody in a hundred places, and your pride refuses to get angry even once.

Blood they want from you in all innocence, blood their bloodless souls crave — and so they go on stinging in all innocence.

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

You are too proud to kill these sweet-tooths. Beware, however, lest it become your fate to bear all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around you with their praise, too: their praise is pushiness. They want to be close to your skin and blood.

They fawn upon you as upon a god or devil: they whine before you as before a god or devil. So what! Fawners and whiners they are and nothing more.

They often try as well to pass themselves off to you as charming. But that was ever the cleverness of the cowardly. Yes, the cowardly are clever!

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

They punish you for all your virtues. Deep down they only forgive you — your mistakes.

Because you are gentle and fair-minded you say: “Guiltless are they in their small existence.” But narrow souls think: “Guilt makes up all great existence.”

Even when you are gentle to them, they still feel despised by you; and your good deed they repay with hidden bad deeds.

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

That which we recognize in a man we also inflame in him. So beware of the small people!

Before you they feel small, and their lowness glimmers and glows in invisible vengeance toward you.

Have you not noticed how often they became silent when you walked up to them, and how their strength deserted them like smoke from a dying fire?

Yes, my friend, you are the bad conscience of your neighbors; for they are unworthy of you. Therefore they hate you and would gladly love to suck your blood.

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

Flee, my friend, into your solitude and to there where a rough, strong breeze blows! It is not your lot to be a fly-swatter. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON CHASTITY

I love the forest. In the cities it is bad to live; there are too many in heat there.

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

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

Slime is at the bottom of their souls; and woe if on top of it this slime has spirit!

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

Do I advise you to kill your senses? I advise you to have innocence of the senses.

Do I advise you to chastity? Chastity is a virtue with some, but with many it is nearly a vice.

They may well abstain: but the bitch Sensuality looks enviously out of all that they do.

Even unto the heights of their virtue and right into the cold spirit this creature and her discord follow them.

And how politely the bitch Sensuality knows how to beg for a piece of spirit when a piece of meat is denied her.

You love tragedies and everything that breaks your heart to smithereens? But I am suspicious of your bitch.

Your eyes are too cruel for me and you look lustfully for sufferers. Has not your lechery merely disguised and described itself as pity?

And this parable too I offer you: Not a few who wanted to cast out their devils entered themselves into the swine thereby.

Chastity is not to be advised for those who find it hard, lest it become the way to hell — that is to slime and soul-lust.

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

Not when the truth is filthy, but when it is shallow: that is when the knowing one is reluctant to go into its waters.

Verily, there are thoroughly chaste ones: they are gentler of heart; they laugh more readily and richly than you.

They laugh at chastity too and ask: "What is chastity?"

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

We offered this guest harbor and heart: now he dwells with us — let him stay as long as he wants!”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE FRIEND

“One is always too many around me” — so thinks the hermit. “Always one times one — in the long run that makes two!”

I and me are always too wrapped up in conversation: how could that be endured unless there were a friend?

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

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

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

And often with our love we only want to overleap envy. And often we attack and make an enemy only in order to hide our vulnerability.

“At least be my enemy!” — thus speaks true reverence, which dares not ask for friendship.

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

One should still honor the enemy in one’s friend. Can you go near your friend without going over to him?

In his friend one should have his best enemy. You should be closest to him in your heart when you resist him.

You want to wear no clothes before your friend? It should be an honor to your friend that you show yourself to him as you are? But he wishes you to the devil for it!

He who makes no secret of himself makes others see red: all the more reason to fear nakedness! Of course, if you were gods, then you could be ashamed of your clothes!

You cannot dress finely enough for your friend: for you are to be an arrow and a longing for the Superman to him.

Have you ever seen your friend asleep, — to find out how he looked? What else is your friend's face, though? It is your own face in a rough and imperfect mirror.

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

In divining and keeping silent the friend should be a master: you must not want to see all. Your dream should reveal to you what your friend does when he is awake.

Let your pitying be a divining: that you may first see whether your friend wants pity. Perhaps he loves in you the unbroken eye and the look of eternity.

Pity for a friend should hide itself under a hard shell: you should break a tooth biting on it. Thus it will have fineness and sweetness.

Are you pure air and solitude and bread and medicine for your friend? Many a man cannot loosen his own chains, and yet he is a savior to his friend.

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

All-too-long have a slave and a tyrant been concealed in woman. Therefore woman is not yet capable of friendship: she only knows love.

In woman's love there is injustice and blindness towards all that she does not love. And even in the knowing love of woman there is still sneak attack and lightning and night alongside the light.

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

Woman is not yet capable of friendship. But tell me, you men, who among you is capable of friendship?

O your poverty, you men, and your avarice of soul! As much as you give your friend I will yet give my foe, and I will be none the poorer for it also.

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

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

No people could live without first valuing; if they want to keep their standing, however, they must not value as their neighbor values.

Much that was good to this people was a mockery and a disgrace to another: thus did I find. Much did I find called evil here and adorned with purple honors there.

Never did one neighbor understand the other: ever did his soul marvel at his neighbor's madness and malice.

A table of the good hangs over every people. Behold, it is the table of their overcoming; behold, it is the voice of their will to power.

Whatever is hard they call praiseworthy; whatever is hard and indispensable is called good; and whatever relieves in even the direst need, the rare, the hardest,— that they praise as holy.

Whatever makes them rule and conquer and shine to the horror and envy of their neighbor: that they consider the height, the foremost, the measure, the meaning of all things.

Verily, my brother, if you only knew a people's need and land and sky and neighbor, then you could surely divine the law of their overcomings and why they climb this ladder to their hope.

“You shall always be first and stand apart from the others: your jealous soul shall love none other than a friend” — that made the soul of a Greek tremble: with that he traveled the path of his greatness.

“To speak the truth and do well with bow and arrow” — that seemed both dear and hard to the people from whom my name comes — the name which is both dear and hard to me.

“To honor mother and father and do their will to the very roots of your soul” — this table of overcoming another people hung over themselves and grew powerful and eternal thereby.

“To practice loyalty, and for the sake of loyalty to risk honor and blood, even on evil and dangerous things”: teaching themselves thus, another people mastered themselves, and thus mastering themselves, they became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

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

Man first implanted values in things in order to maintain his standing, — he first created meaning in things, a human meaning! That is why he calls himself “Man,” that is: the evaluator.

Valuing is creating: hear this, you creators! Valuing itself is of all valued things the treasure and jewel.

Only through valuing is there value: and without valuing the nut of existence would be hollow. Hear this, you creators!

A change in values, — that is a change in creators. He who must be a creator is always destroying.

Creators were peoples first, and only later, individuals; verily, the individual himself is but the latest creation.

Once peoples hung a table of values over themselves. A love which wants to rule and a love which wants to obey have together created for themselves such tables.

The pleasure in the herd is older than the pleasure in the I: and as long as the good conscience is called herd, the bad conscience only says: I.

Verily, the sly I, the loveless one that seeks its advantage in the advantage of many: that is not the beginning of the herd but its downgoing.

It was ever lovers and creators that created good and evil. The fire of love glows in all the names of the virtues, and the fire of anger.

Many lands did Zarathustra see, and many peoples: no greater power on earth did Zarathustra find than the works of the lovers: their names are “good” and “evil.”

Verily, the power of this praising and blaming is a monster. Tell me brothers, who will subdue it for me? Tell me, who will throw a chain over the thousand necks of this beast?

Thus far there have been a thousand goals, for there have been a thousand peoples. Only the chain for these thousand necks is still lacking, the *one* goal is lacking. Mankind still has no goal.

But tell me though, my brothers: if the goal of mankind is still lacking, is not also — mankind itself still lacking? —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

NEIGHBORLY LOVE

You crowd around your neighbor and have fine words for it. But I tell you: your neighborly love is your bad love of yourselves.

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

The “you” is older than the “I”; the “you” has been canonized, but not yet the “I”; thus man crowds towards his neighbor.

Do I advise you to neighborly love? Rather I advise you to neighborly flight and love for the furthest!

Higher than love for the nearest is love for the furthest and future one; higher still than the love of man I consider the love of things and phantoms.

This phantom which runs here before you, my brother, is fairer than you; why not give him your flesh and bones? But you are afraid and go running off to your neighbor.

You cannot stand to be alone with yourselves and do not love yourselves enough: now you want to mislead your neighbor into love and gild yourselves with his mistake.

I wish that you could not stand any kind of nearest ones and their neighbors; then out of yourselves you would have to create your friend and his overflowing heart.

You call in a witness when you want to speak well of yourselves; and when you have misled him into thinking well of you, he himself thinks well of you.

Not only does he lie who speaks contrary to what he does know, but all the more so he who speaks contrary to what he does not know. And so you speak of yourselves in your dealings and deceive your neighbor with yourselves.

Thus speaks the fool: “Contact with men ruins character, especially if one has none.”

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

It is those further away who must pay for your love of neighbor; and as soon as there are five of you together, a sixth one must always die.

I do not love your feast-days either: too many actors I found there, and often the spectators acted like actors, too.

Not the neighbor do I teach you, but the friend. May the friend be the feast of the earth for you and an anticipation of the Superman.

I teach you the friend and his overfull heart. But one must be a sponge if one would be loved by hearts that are overfull.

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

And as the world once rolled apart for him, so it rolls back together again for him in circles, like the development of good through evil, like the development of purpose from chance.

May the future and the furthest be the reason for your today: in your friend you shall love the Superman as your reason.

My brothers, I do not advise you to neighborly love: I advise you to love for the furthest.

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE WAY OF THE CREATOR

Would you go into isolation, my brother? Would you seek the way to yourself? Stay yet a while and hear me.

“He who seeks easily gets lost himself. All isolation is guilt”: thus speaks the herd. And you have long belonged to the herd.

The voice of the herd will still resound in you, too. And when you say: “You and I are no longer of *one* conscience,” it will be a pain and a plaint.

Behold, this pain itself is still brought forth by the *one* conscience: and the last glimmer of that conscience still gleams on your misery.

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

Are you a new might and a new right? A first movement? A self-rolling wheel? Can you force even the stars to revolve around you?

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

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

You call yourselves free? Your ruling thought I want to hear and not that you have escaped from a yoke.

Are you one of those *allowed* to escape from a yoke? There are many who threw away their last value when they threw away their servitude.

Free *from what*? What is that to Zarathustra? But your eye should clearly announce to me: free for what?

Can you provide yourself with your own good and evil and hang your will up over yourself like a law? Can you be the judge of yourself and the avenger of your own law?

It is terrible being alone with the judge and avenger of your own law. Thus a star is thrown into empty space and into the icy breath of aloneness.

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

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

One day you will see your high no more and your low all too near; your very loftiness will frighten you like a ghost. One day you will cry: "All is false!"

There are feelings that would kill the loner; should they not succeed, well then, they themselves must die! But are you capable of being a murderer?

My brother, do you know the word "contempt" yet? And the agony of your justice, being just to those who despise you?

You force many to learn anew about you; they charge you harshly for that. You went near them and passed right over them: that they will never forgive you.

You go above and beyond them: but the higher you climb, the smaller the eye of envy perceives you. The flier, however, is hated most of all.

"How could you be just to me!" — you must say — "I chose your injustice as my allotted part."

Injustice and filth they throw at the loner: but, my brother, if you would be a star, then you must shine for them none the less!

And beware of the good and the just! They like to crucify those who invent their own virtue — they hate the loners.

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

And beware, too, of the attacks of your love! Too quickly the loner extends his hand toward anyone he happens to meet.

To many a man you may not give a hand, only a paw: and I want your paw to have claws, too.

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

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

Heretic you will be to yourself and skeptic and witch and soothsayer and fool and sinner and scoundrel.

You must be willing to burn in your own flame: how could you become new unless you had first become ashes?

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

The lover wants to create because he despises! What does he know of love who has not had to despise precisely that which he loved?

With your love and with your creation go into your isolation, my brother, and only later will justice limp after you.

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

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON LITTLE OLD AND YOUNG LADIES

“Why do you steal so shyly through the twilight, Zarathustra? And what do you hide so carefully under your mantle?”

Is it a treasure that was given to you? Or a child that was born to you? Or are you yourself now going the way of thieves, you friend of the wicked?” —

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

But it is unruly like a young child, and if I do not hold its mouth it will cry too loudly.

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

“Many things has Zarathustra also said to us women, but never has he spoken to us about woman.”

And I replied to her: “About woman one should speak only to men.”

“Speak also to me about woman,” she said; “I am old enough to forget it immediately again.”

And I complied with the little old lady and spoke to her thus:

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

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

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

Man should be trained for war and women for the recreation of the warrior: all else is folly.

All-too-sweet fruits — these the warrior dislikes. Therefore he likes woman; even the sweetest woman is bitter.

Woman understands children better than man, but man is more childlike than woman.

In the true man a child is hidden: it wants to play. Come on, you women, discover the child in man!

Let women be a plaything, pure and fine, like a precious stone illuminated by the virtues of a world yet to come.

Let the radiance of a star sparkle in your love! Let your hope be: "May I give birth to the Superman!"

Let there be bravery in your love! With your love you should head for him who fills you with dread.

Let your honor be in your love! Woman understands little else of honor. But let this be your honor: always to love more than you are loved, and never to be second.

Let man fear woman when she loves: then she makes any sacrifice, and everything else she considers worthless.

Let man fear woman when she hates: for at the bottom of his soul man is merely angry; woman, however, is downright mean.

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

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

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

And woman must obey and find a depth for her surface. Surface is woman's nature, a mobile, stormy film on shallow water.

Man's nature, however, is deep: his torrent roars in subterranean caves; woman senses his strength but can make no sense of it. —

Then the little old lady replied to me: "Many charming things Zarathustra has said, especially for those who are young enough for them.

It is strange: Zarathustra knows little about women, and yet he is right about them! Is that because nothing is impossible with woman?

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

Bundle it up and keep its mouth shut: otherwise it will cry loudly, this little truth.”

“Give me, woman, your little truth!” I said. And thus spake the little old lady:

“You go to women? Do not forget the whip!”—

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE ADDER’S BITE

One day, because of the heat, Zarathustra had fallen asleep under a fig tree and had placed his arms across his face. Then an adder came and bit him on the neck, so that he cried out in pain. When he had taken an arm from his face, he took a look at the snake: it recognized Zarathustra by his eyes, wriggled awkwardly, and wanted to get away. “Not so fast,” said Zarathustra, “you have not yet accepted my thanks! You have awakened me in time, my way is yet long.” “Your way is yet short,” said the adder sadly; “my poison kills.” Zarathustra smiled: “When did a dragon ever die from the poison of a snake?” — he said. “But take your poison back! You are not rich enough to give it to me.” Then the adder fell upon his neck again and licked his wound.

As Zarathustra related this once to his disciples, they asked him: “And what, O Zarathustra, is the moral of your story?” Then Zarathustra answered them thus:

“The annihilator of morals the good and the just call me: my story is immoral.

But if you have an enemy, do not requite him good for evil: for that would put him to shame. Prove rather that he did you some good.

And better to be angry than to put to shame! And when you are cursed, it pleases me not that you then want to bless. Rather curse a little in return!

And if a great wrong has been done you, then quickly do five small ones in addition! Horrible to behold is he who alone a wrong oppresses.

Were you aware of this already? A shared wrong is half right. And only *he* who can take it should take a wrong upon himself!

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

It is nobler to admit being wrong than to insist on being right, especially if one is in the right. Only one must be rich enough for that.

I do not care for your cold justice; and out of the eye of your judges there always gazes the executioner and his cold steel.

Tell me, where is the justice which is love with seeing eyes to be found?

So devise for me the love which bears not only all punishment but also all guilt!

So devise for me the justice which acquits everyone except the one who judges!

Would you hear this, too? With him who would be thoroughly just, even the lie becomes mankindliness.

But how could I be thoroughly just? How can I give each his own? Let this be enough for me: I give each my own.

Finally, my brothers, beware of doing the hermit any harm! How could a hermit forget? How could he requite?

A hermit is like a deep well. It is easy to throw a stone in; but once it has sunk to the bottom, tell me, who will bring it out again?

Beware of offending the hermit! But if you have done so, well then, do him in as well!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE CHILD AND MARRIAGE

I have a question for you alone, my brother: like a plumb line I cast this question into your soul to see how deep it is.

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

Are you the triumphant one, the self-conqueror, the master of the senses, the lord of your virtues? Thus I ask you.

Or does the beast and the utmost necessity speak out of your wish? Or isolation? Or unrest within yourself?

I wish that your triumph and freedom would yearn for a child. Living monuments you should build to your victory and delivery.

Out beyond yourselves you should build. But first you yourself must be built, foursquare in body and soul.

Not only onward shall your seed be planted but upward! May the garden of marriage help you with that!

A higher body you should create, a first movement, a self-rolling wheel, — a creator you should create.

Marriage: thus I call the will of two to create the one who is more than those who created it. I call marriage the reverence for each other of those who will with such a will.

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

Alas, this poverty of the soul in twos! Alas, this filth of the soul in twos! Alas, this wretched comfort in twos!

All this they call marriage; and they say that marriages are made in heaven.

Well, I don't like it, this heaven of the superfluous! No, I don't like it, these animals entangled in the heavenly net!

And may the God who limps this way to bless what he has never joined together stay far away from me!

Do not laugh at such marriages! What child has not had reason to weep over his parents?

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

Yes, I wish that the earth would shake with convulsions when a saint mates with a goose.

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

That one was reserved in conversation and chose choosily. But in no time he spoiled his company for all time: his marriage, he calls it.

Another one sought a maid with the virtues of an angel. But in no time he became the maid of a woman, and now he even needs to be an angel, too.

Cautious have I now found all buyers, and they all have crafty eyes. But even the craftiest still buys his wife in a poke.

Many short follies — that is called love, by you. And your marriage makes an end of many short follies with *one* long stupidity.

Your love of woman and woman's love of man: ah, would that it were a fellow-suffering with suffering and veiled deities! But generally two animals hit upon each other.

But even your best love is only an ecstatic allegory and a painful flame. It is a torch to light you to higher ways.

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

Bitterness is in the cup of even the best love: thus it produces longing for the Superman, thus it produces thirst in you, the creator.

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

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

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON FREE DEATH

Many die too late, and some die too early. The teaching still sounds strange: “Die at the right time”

Die at the right time; thus Zarathustra teaches.

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

But even the superfluous still make a big to-do about their dying, and even the hollowest nut still wants cracking.

All take dying to be important: but death is not yet a feast. The finest feasts men have not yet learned to consecrate.

The consummating death I present to you, one which proves to be a prick and a promise to the living.

The consummator dies his death triumphantly, ringed round by hoping and promising ones.

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

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

But equally hated by the fighter and the victor is your grinning death, which creeps up like a thief — and yet comes as master.

My death I commend to you, the free death which comes to me because I want it.

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

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

Verily, I will not do as the rope-twisters do: they spin out their thread and as a result continually walk backwards.

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

And everyone who desires fame must take leave of honor in good time and practice the difficult art of — leaving at the right time.

When he tastes the sweetest, a person must stop letting himself be eaten: this is known by those who want to be long-loved.

There are sour apples, of course, whose fate demands that they wait until the last day of fall: and they become ripe, yellow, and wrinkled all at the same time.

With some the heart ages first, and with others, the spirit. And some are old in youth: but late youth preserves long youth.

For many a man life is a failure: a poison maggot eats away at his heart. So let him see to it that his death is that much more of a success.

Many a man never becomes sweet; already in summer he rots. It is cowardice that keeps him attached to his branch.

Many-too-many live and much too long they hang on their branches. Would that a storm came to shake all this rotteness and worm-eaten mess from the tree!

Would that there came preachers of *speedy* death! They would be the right storms and shakers of the trees of life! But I hear only the slow death preached and patience with all things “earthly.”

Alas, you preach patience with earthly things? It is these earthly things which have too much patience with you, you blasphemers!

Verily, too early died that Hebrew whom the preachers of death honor: and it has been the doom of many ever since that he died too early.

As yet he had known only tears and the melancholy of the Hebrew, along with the hatred of the good and the just, — the Hebrew Jesus: then the longing for death came over him.

If only he had stayed in the desert and far away from the good and the just! Perhaps he would have learned to live and learned to love the earth — and laughter as well.

Believe me, my brothers! He died too early: he himself would have recanted his teaching had he reached my age! He was noble enough to recant!

But he was still immature. Immaturely the youth loves, and immaturely he hates man and earth. Bound and heavy yet are his temperament and the wings of his spirit.

In the man, however, there is more child than in the youth, and less melancholy: he has a better grasp of life and death.

Free for death and free in death, a holy naysayer when it is no longer time for yea: thus he grasps life and death.

That your dying be no blasphemy against man and earth: this I ask of the honey of your soul.

In your dying your spirit and your virtue should still glow, like a sunset sky over the earth: otherwise your dying has turned out badly.

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

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

More than anything else I love to see you throw the golden ball, my friends! And so I tarry a little longer on earth: forgive me for that!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE BESTOWING VIRTUE

1

When Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached and whose name is "The Dappled Cow," many followed him who called themselves his disciples and gave him escort. Thus they came to a crossroads: then Zarathustra told them that from thenceforth he wanted to go it alone: for he was a friend of going it alone. But in parting, his disciples gave him a staff, upon whose golden handle a serpent had coiled itself around the sun. Zarathustra was pleased with the staff and leaned upon it; then he spoke thus to his disciples:

Tell me now: how did gold come to have the highest value? Because it is uncommon and useless and luminous and gentle in its brilliance; it always bestows itself.

Only as an image of the highest virtue did gold come to have the highest value. Gold-like gleams the glance of the bestower. Golden brilliance makes peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue and useless, luminous it is and gentle in its brilliance: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

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

This is your thirst, to become gifts and offerings yourselves: and therefore you have a thirst to heap up all riches in your soul.

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

You force all things to you and into you, so that they flow back out of your fountain as gifts of your love.

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

There is another selfishness, an all-too-poor, hungry kind that always wants to steal, — that selfishness of the sick, the sick selfishness.

With the eyes of a thief it looks upon all things brilliant; with hunger's greed it measures him who has plenty to eat; and always it crawls around the table of those who bestow.

Sickness speaks out of such craving, and invisible degeneracy; out of a sick body the thievish greed of this selfishness speaks.

Tell me, my brothers: what do we regard as a bad thing and the worst thing? Is it not *degeneracy*? — And we always suspect degeneracy when the bestowing soul is lacking.

Our way goes upward, from species to super-species. But we dread the degenerate sense which says: "Everything for me."

Our sense flies upward: thus it is a parable of our body, a parable of enhancement. Such parables of enhancement go by the names of the virtues.

Thus the body goes through history, a becomer and a battler. And the spirit — what is that to the body? The herald of its battles and victories, its comrade and echo.

All the names of good and evil are parables: they do not speak out, they only wink. A fool is he who seeks knowledge from them.

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

There your body is raised and resurrected; with its delight it enchants the spirit, so that it becomes the creator and evaluator and lover and benefactor of all things.

When your heart flows broad and full like a river, a blessing and a danger to those who border it: there is the source of your virtue.

When you are above praise and blame, and your will wants to command all things, as a lover's will: there is the source of your virtue.

When you despise the pleasant, and the soft bed, and you cannot bed down far enough away from the soft ones: there is the source of your virtue.

When you willers are of *one* will, and this turnaround in need you treat as necessity: there is the source of your virtue.

Verily, a new good and evil it is! Verily, a new deep roaring and the voice of a new wellspring!

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

2

Here Zarathustra paused for a while and looked lovingly upon his disciples. Then he continued to speak thus — and his voice had changed.

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

Do not let them fly away from earthly things and beat against eternal walls with their wings! Alas, there has always been so much flown-away virtue!

Lead the flown-away virtue back to earth, as I do — yes, back to life and limb: that it may give the earth its meaning, a human meaning!

A hundred times hitherto has spirit as well as virtue flown away and blundered. Alas, all this false thinking and blundering dwells in our body to this day: body and will it has become there.

A hundred times hitherto has spirit as well as virtue tried and erred. Yes, man has been an experiment. Alas, much ignorance and error has become flesh in us!

Not only the reason of millennia — the madness as well breaks out in us. Dangerous it is to be an heir.

Still we fight step by step with the giant Chance; and nonsense, no-sense, has ruled over the whole of mankind even to this day.

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

Through knowing, the body purifies itself; by experimenting with knowledge, the body elevates itself; to those who are in the know all drives sanctify themselves; to those who are elevated the soul becomes elated.

Physician, heal thyself: thus you help your patient, too. Let this be his best help, to see with his own eyes the one who heals himself.

There are a thousand paths that have never yet been trodden, a thousand kinds of health and secret islands of life. Man and man's world is still unexhausted and undiscovered.

Wake up and listen, you loners! From the future come wings with secret wing-beats; and good tidings are proclaimed to fine ears.

You loners of today, you separatists, you shall one day be a people: out of you who have chosen yourselves, a chosen people shall arise: — and out of them, the Superman.

Verily, the earth shall yet come to be a place of recovery! And already there is a new odor around it, one bringing health, — and a new hope!

3

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

Now I go alone, my disciples! You too go away now, and alone! So I will it.

Verily, I advise you: go away from me and protect yourselves against Zarathustra. And better yet: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he has deceived you.

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

One repays a teacher badly if one always remains only a pupil. And why do you refuse to pluck at my wreath?

You revere me; but what if one day your reverence comes tumbling down? Beware lest a statue slay you!

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

You had not yet sought yourselves: then you found me. Thus do all believers; therefore all belief means so little.

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

Verily, with different eyes, my brothers, will I then seek my lost ones; with a different love will I then love you.

And once again you shall be my friends and the children of *one* hope: then for the third time will I be with you, to celebrate the noontide with you.

And that is the great noontide when man stands in the middle of his path between animal and Superman and celebrates his passage to evening as his highest hope: for it is the way to a new morning.

That is when the one going under will bless himself for being one who is going across; and the sun of his knowledge will stand at noontide.

“Dead are all gods: now we want the Superman to live” — let this be our last will and testament one day, at the great noontide! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

PART TWO

“— and only when you have all denied me will I return to you.
Verily, with different eyes, my brothers, will I then seek my lost ones; with
a different love will I then love you.”
Zarathustra, On The Bestowing Virtue (I, p.59)

THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR

Then Zarathustra went back again into the mountains and to the solitude of his cave and avoided men, waiting like a sower who has sown his seed. But his soul became full of impatience and desire for those whom he loved: for he still had much to give them. This, you know, is the hardest thing: to close the open hand out of love, and to preserve one's modesty as a giver.

Thus months and years passed for the solitary one; his wisdom grew, however, and through its plenty caused him pain.

But one morning he awoke even before the rosy dawn, reflected long upon his bed, and said at last to his heart:

“But what frightened me so in my dream that I awoke? Did not a child appear before me, carrying a mirror?

‘O Zarathustra’ — the child said to me — ‘look at yourself in the mirror!’

But when I looked in the mirror, I screamed and my heart was shaken: for I did not see myself there, but a devil's grimace and scornful laughter.

Verily, all too well I understand the dream's sign and warning: my *teaching* is in danger, tares want to be called wheat!

My enemies have become powerful and have distorted the image of my teaching, so that my dearest ones must blush for shame at the gifts I have given them.

My friends have been lost to me; the hour has come for me to seek my lost ones!" —

With these words Zarathustra sprang up, not like an anguished man seeking air, but rather like a seer and singer whom the spirit moves. His eagle and his serpent looked upon him in astonishment: for like the rosy dawn an approaching happiness had spread over his countenance.

But what has happened to me, my animals? — said Zarathustra. Am I not transformed? Has blissfulness not come to me like a storm wind?

Foolish is my happiness, and foolishness will it speak: it is still too young — so have patience with it!

I am wounded by my happiness: all who suffer shall be my physicians!

To my friends I can go down again, and to my enemies too! Zarathustra can speak and bestow again, and show love to the dearest again!

My impatient love overflows in torrents, downwards, towards the rising and setting sun. From silent mountains and thunderstorms of pain my soul rushes into the valleys.

Too long have I longed and looked into the distance. Too long have I belonged to solitude: so I have unlearned silence.

Out-and-out mouth have I become, and the surging of a brook out of high rocks: down into the valleys will I plunge my speech.

And may my stream of love plunge into the impassable! How could a stream not find its way to the sea eventually?

Surely there is a lake in me, a solitary, self-contained one; but my stream of love carries it down with it — to the sea!

New ways I go, a new speech comes to me; weary have I become, like all creators, of the old tongues. No longer will my spirit wander on worn-out soles.

Too slowly runs all speech for me: — storm, into your chariot I leap! And even you will I whip with my malice!

Like a cry and a shout for joy will I cross over wide seas, until I find The Blessed Isles, where my friends reside: —

And my enemies among them! How I now love anyone to whom I may simply speak! Even my enemies belong to my blissfulness.

And when I want to mount my wildest horse, it is always my spear that helps me up best: it is my foot's ever-ready servant: —

The spear which I hurl against my enemies! How thankful I am to my enemies for letting me hurl it at last!

The tension of my cloud has been too great: between the lightning's laughter I want to hurl hail showers into the deep.

Violently my breast will heave then, violently will it sound its fury over the mountains: so will its relief come.

Verily, like a storm my happiness comes, and my freedom! But my enemies shall believe that the *foul fiend* rages over their heads.

Yes, you too will be frightened, my friends, by my wild wisdom; and perhaps you will flee from it, together with my enemies.

Ah, if only I knew how to entice you back with pipes of Pan! Ah, if only my lioness Wisdom would learn to roar tenderly! And many things we have already learned together!

My wild Wisdom became pregnant on lonely mountains; on rough rock she brought forth her young, her youngest.

Now she runs foolishly through the harsh desert and searches and searches for soft turf — my old wild Wisdom!

On your hearts' soft turf, my friends! — on your love she would love to make her beloved's bed! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE BLESSED ISLES

The figs fall from the trees, they are ripe and sweet; and as they fall their red skin splits open. A north wind am I to ripe figs.

Thus like figs, my friends, these teachings fall to you: now drink in their juice and their sweet flesh! Fall is all around and clear skies and afternoon.

Behold, what fullness is around us! And from out of plenty it is lovely to look out upon distant seas.

Once people said God, when they looked upon distant seas; now, however, I have taught you to say: Superman.

God is a conjecture; but I want your conjectures to reach no further than your creative will.

Could you *create* a God? — So be quiet then about all gods! But I daresay you could create the Superman.

Perhaps not you yourselves, my brothers! But into fathers and forefathers of the Superman you could re-create yourselves: and may this be your best creation!

—

God is a conjecture: but I want your conjectures to be confined to the conceivable.

Could you *conceive* a God? — But this the will to truth should mean to you, that all things will be transformed into the humanly conceivable, the humanly perceivable, and the humanly perceptible! Your own senses you shall consider to that end!

And that which you have called world shall be re-created by you alone: your reason, your image, your will, your love it shall itself become! And verily, for your bliss, you knowing ones!

And how would you endure life without this hope, you knowing ones? Neither into the unconceivable nor into the unreasonable could you have been born.

But that I may open my heart entirely to you, my friends: *if* there were gods, how could I endure it, not to be a god! *Therefore* there are no Gods.

Well did I draw the conclusion; but now it draws me. —

God is a conjecture: but who could drink in all the agony of this conjecture without dying? Should belief be taken from the creator and soaring at eagle-distances from the eagle?

God is a thought that makes everything straight crooked and everything that stands whirl. What? Should time be gone and all things transitory be but a lie?

To think this is giddiness and dizziness for human limbs, as well as an upchuck for the stomach: verily, the giddy sickness I call it, to conjecture like this.

Evil I call it and misanthropic: all this teaching about the one and the complete and the unmoved and the sufficient and the intransitory!

All the intransitory — that is only a parable! And the poets lie too much! —

But of time and becoming the best parables should speak: they should be a praise and a justification of all transitoriness!

Creation — that is the great salvation from suffering and the lightener of life. But that the creator may come to life, suffering itself is required, and much transformation.

Yes, much bitter dying must be in you life, you creators! Thus you are advocates and justifiers of all transitoriness.

For the creator himself to be the new-born child, he must also be willing to be the mother and the mother's pain.

Verily, through a hundred souls I have gone my way, and through a hundred cradles and birth pangs. Many a farewell I have already taken; I know the heartbreaking last hours.

But my creative will, my fate, wills it so. Or, to say it to you more frankly: just such a fate — my will wills.

All feeling in me suffers and is in prison: but my willing always comes to me as my emancipator and messenger of joy.

Willing sets free: that is the true teaching of will and freedom — thus Zarathustra teaches it to you.

No more willing and no more valuing and no more creating! Oh, may that great weariness always remain far away from me!

In knowing as well I feel only my will's pleasure in begetting and becoming; and if there is innocence in my knowledge, then it is because the will to beget is in it.

Away from God and gods this will has enticed me; what would there be to create then, if gods — were there?

But always it drives me back again to men, my fervent creative will; thus the hammer is driven to the stone.

Alas, you men, an image sleeps in the stone for me, the image of my image! Alas, that it must sleep in the hardest, homeliest stone!

Now my hammer rages cruelly against its prison. From the stone pieces scatter; what does that matter to me?

I want to complete it; for a shadow came to me — the stillest and lightest of all things once came to me!

The beauty of the Superman came to me as a shadow. Alas, my brothers! Of what regard to me now are — the gods? —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE PITYING ONES

My friends, a sarcastic remark has reached your friend: "Just look at Zarathustra! Does he not wander among us as if among animals?"

But it is better said this way: "The knowing one wanders among men *as* among animals."

To the knowing one, though, man himself is: the animal that has red cheeks.

How did that happen to man? Is it not because he has had to be ashamed of himself too often?

O my friends! Thus speaks the knowing one: shame, shame, shame — that is the history of man!

And that is why the noble-minded man commands himself not to put to shame: shame he demands of himself before all who suffer.

Verily, I care not for the merciful, who are blessed in their pitying: they are too lacking in shame.

If I must be filled with pity, then I do not want to be called pity-full; and if I am filled with pity it is preferably at a distance.

Preferably too I cover my head and run away before I am recognized: and so I bid you do, my friends!

May my fate always lead those untouched by suffering, like you, across my path, and those with whom I *may have* hope and meal and honey in common.

Verily, I may have done this and that for those who suffer; but I always seemed to do better when I learned to enjoy myself better.

As long as there have been men, man has enjoyed himself too little: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And when we learn to enjoy ourselves better, then we unlearn best how to cause others pain and contrive pain.

Therefore I wash the hand that has helped the sufferer; therefore I wipe clean my soul, also.

For to have seen the sufferer suffering made me ashamed on account of his shame; and when I helped him, I came down hard on his pride.

Great obligations do not make us grateful but vengeful; and if a small favor is not forgotten it gets to be a gnawing worm.

“Be reserved in accepting! Distinguish by accepting!” — Thus I advise those who have nothing to give away.

I, however, am a giver: gladly I give, as a friend to friends. Strangers and paupers, however, may pluck the fruit themselves from my tree: there is less shame that way.

But beggars should be abolished entirely! Verily, it is annoying to give to them and annoying not to give to them.

And the same goes for sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the bite of conscience teaches biting.

Small thoughts, however, are the worst thing. Verily, better even to have wrought evil than to have thought small!

True you say: "The delight in little acts of spite spares us from many a big bad deed." But here one should not want to be spared.

Like a boil is the evil deed: it itches and scratches and breaks out, — it speaks honestly.

"Behold, I am sickness" — thus speaks the evil deed; that is its honesty.

But the small thought is like a fungus: it crawls and cowers and wants to be nowhere at all — until the whole body is rotten and withered with little fungi.

But to him who is possessed by a devil, I whisper this word in his ear: "Better for you still to rear your devil! Even for you there is still a way to greatness!"

—

Alas, my brothers! One knows a little too much about everyone! And many a man becomes transparent to us, but we are still far from being able to penetrate him through and through.

It is hard to live with men because keeping silent is so hard. And not towards him who is contrary to us are we most unjust, but towards him who means nothing at all to us.

But if you have a suffering friend, then be a resting place for his suffering, but a hard bed as it were, a field bed: thus you will serve him best.

And if a friend does you ill, then say: "I forgive you for what you did to me; but that you did it to *yourself*, — how could I forgive that?"

Thus speaks all great love: it overcomes even forgiveness and pity.

A person should hold fast to his heart; for once he lets it go, how soon he loses his head!

Alas, where in the world have there been greater follies than among the pitying ones? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitying ones?

Woe unto all lovers who do not yet have a height that is above their pity!

Thus spoke the devil to me once: "Even God has his hell: it is his love for man."

And lately I heard him say this word: "God is dead; God has died of his pity for man." —

So be warned against pity: *from there* a heavy cloud shall yet come to man! Verily, I understand weather signs.

But mark this word as well: all great love is above pity, for the beloved it still wants to — create!

“Myself I offer up to my love, and *my neighbor as myself*” — the speech of all creators runs thus.

All creators, however, are hard. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON PRIESTS

And one day Zarathustra gave his disciples a sign and said these words to them:

“Here are priests: and although they are my enemies, pass by them quietly and with sleeping swords!

Even among them there are heroes; many of them have suffered too much: so they want to make others suffer.

They are bad enemies: nothing is more vengeful than their humility. And he who touches them is easily defiled.

But my blood is related to theirs: and I want to know that my blood is honored even in theirs.” —

And when they had passed by, Zarathustra was seized with pain; and not long had he wrestled with his pain when he began to speak thus:

I pity these priests. They offend my taste, too; but that is the least thing to me, since I am among men.

But I suffer and have suffered with them; to me they are prisoners and marked men. He whom they call Savior has put them in fetters. —

In fetters of false values and fanciful words! Ah, if only someone could save them from their Savior!

Once as the sea tossed them about they thought they had landed on an island; but behold, it was a sleeping monster!

False values and fanciful words: they are the worst monsters for mortals, — fate sleeps long in them and waits.

But at last it comes and watches and gulps and engulfs what has built huts upon it.

O, just look at the huts these priests have built! Churches they call their sweetly-scented dens!

O, that falsified light, that mustified air! Here, where up to its height the soul — cannot fly!

But thus their belief commands: “Up the stairs on your knees, ye sinners!”

Verily, even the shameless I would rather see than the distorted eyes of their shame and devotion!

Who created for themselves such dens and penitence-stairs? Was it not those who wanted to hide themselves and were ashamed before the clear sky?

And only when the clear sky looks again through shattered roofs and down again upon grass and red poppies by shattered walls, — will I again turn my heart toward the dwellings of this God.

That which contradicted them and caused them pain they called God: and verily, there was much heroic character in their worship!

And they knew no other way to love their God than to nail men to the cross!

As corpses they thought to live, in black they draped their corpses; even in their speech I still smell the foul odor of burial chambers.

And he who lives near them lives near black pools out of which the toad, that prophet of evil, sings his song of sweet melancholy.

Better songs they would have to sing for me to learn to believe in their Redeemer: more redeemed his disciples would have to look for me!

Naked I would like to see them: for beauty alone should preach penitence. But whom could this muffled misery persuade?

Verily, their redeemers themselves did not come from freedom and freedom's seventh heaven! Verily, they themselves never trod upon the carpets of knowledge!

The spirit of these redeemers consisted of gaps; but into each gap they had placed their *false idea*, their stopgap, which they called God.

Their spirit was drowned in their pity, and when they were swollen and over-swollen with pity, a great folly always swam on top.

Eagerly and with great noise they drove their herd over their footbridge; as if there were but *one* footbridge to the future! Verily, these shepherds themselves still belonged to the sheep!

Small spirits and spacious souls these shepherds had: but, my brothers, what small countries even the most spacious souls have been so far!

Signs of blood they wrote on the path they took, and their folly taught that truth is proved by blood.

But blood is the worst witness of truth; blood poisons even the purest teaching and turns it into delusion and hatred of the heart.

And if someone goes through fire for his teaching, — what does that prove? Verily, it means more when out of your own fire your own teaching comes!

Sultry heart and cold head: where these two meet there arises the hothead, the “Savior.”

Greater ones there have been, verily, and higher-born ones, than those whom the people call Saviors, those enchanted hotheads!

And by ones greater yet than all Saviors have been must you, my brothers, be saved, if you would find the way to freedom!

Never yet has there been a Superman. Naked have I seen them both, the greatest and the smallest man:

They are still all-too-similar to each other. Verily, even the greatest man I found — all-too-human! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE VIRTUOUS

With thunder and heavenly fireworks must one speak to slack and sleeping senses.

But the voice of beauty speaks softly: it steals only into the most awakened souls.

Softly my shield trembled and laughed today; that is the holy laughter and trembling of beauty.

At you, you virtuous ones, my beauty laughed today. And her voice came to me in this way: “They want as well — to be paid!”

You want to be paid as well, you virtuous ones! You want a reward for virtue and heaven for earth and evermore for your today?

And now you are angry with me because I teach that there is no rewarder and paymaster? And verily, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Alas, that is my sorrow: reward and penalty have been laid into the ground of things — and now even into the ground of your souls, you virtuous ones!

But like a boar’s snout my word shall tear up the ground of your soul; a plowshare I shall be called by you.

All the secrets of your soil shall come to light; and when you lie uprooted and split asunder in the sun, your falsehood will be separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: you are too *pure* for the filth of the words: revenge, penalty, reward, recompense.

You love your virtue as a mother does her child; but when have you ever heard of a mother who wanted to be paid for her love?

It is the dearest thing itself to you, your virtue. The thirst of the ring is in you: to attain itself again, that is why every ring struggles and gyrates.

And like the dying star is every work of your virtue: its light is still ever on the way and traveling — and when will it no longer be on the way?

Thus the light of your virtue is still on the way, even when the work is done. Though it now be dead and forgotten: its ray of light still lives and travels.

That your virtue is your very self and not a foreign thing, a skin, a covering: that is the truth from the bottom of your souls, you virtuous ones! —

But certainly there are those to whom virtue is the spasm under the lash: and you have hearkened too much to their cries!

And there are others who call virtue the idle-izing of their vices; and if for once their hatred and jealousy stretch out their limbs for a rest, their “justice” becomes lively and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And there are others who are drawn downwards: their demons draw them down. But the more they sink, the more glowingly gleams their eye and the desire for their God.

Alas, their cries have pierced your ears, too, you virtuous ones: “That which is *not* me, that to me is God and virtue!”

And there are others who come along, heavy and creaking, like carts carrying rocks downhill: they speak much of dignity and virtue, — their brakeshoe they call virtue!

And there are others who are like workaday clocks that have been wound up; they tick and they tock and want their ticktock to be called — virtue!

Verily, with these I have my fun: whenever I find such clocks, I wind them up with my mockery; and thereby they must purr for me!

And others are proud of their handful of justice and desecrate all things for its sake: thus the world is drowned in their injustice.

Alas, how amiss the word “virtue” issues from their mouths! And when they say: “I am just,” it always sounds like: “I am just — revenged!”

With their virtue they want to scratch out the eyes of their enemies; and they elevate themselves only in order to denigrate others.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp and speak out from among the reeds: “Virtue — that is sitting still in the swamp.

We bite no one and avoid him who wants to bite; and in all things we have the opinion that is given us.”

And again there are those who love gestures and think: virtue is a sort of gesture.

Their knees perpetually adore and their hands are eulogies to virtue, but their hearts know nothing about it.

And again there are those who hold it a virtue to say: "Virtue is necessary"; but deep down they only believe that the police are necessary.

And many a man who cannot see the sublime in man calls it virtue to see his baseness all-too-closely: thus he calls his evil eye virtue.

And some want to be built up and straightened up and call it virtue; and others want to be thrown down — and that too they call virtue.

And so nearly everyone believes he has his share of virtue; and at the very least each one expects to be an expert on good and evil.

But Zarathustra did not come to say all these liars and fools: "What do you know of virtue? What *could* you know of virtue?" —

But that you, my friends, might become weary of the old words you have learned from the fools and the liars:

Become weary of the words "reward," "recompense," "penalty," "just revenge" —

Become weary of saying: "That an action is good is because it is selfless."

Alas, my friends! That *your* self may be in your action, as the mother is in the child: let that be *your* word of virtue!

Verily, I daresay I have taken away from you a hundred sayings and your virtues' dearest playthings; and now you are angry with me, the way children get angry.

They were playing by the sea, — then a wave came and swept their playthings into the deep: now they weep.

But the same wave shall bring them new playthings and pour out new colorful shells before them!

So they will be consoled; and like them, my friends, you too shall have your consolation — and new colorful shells! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE RABBLE

Life is a fountain of delight, but where the rabble also drinks all wells are poisoned.

To all things clean I am well-disposed; but I do not care to see the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye down into the well: now their nasty smile gleams out of the well upon me.

They have poisoned the holy water with their lechery; and when they called their filthy dreams pleasure, they also poisoned the words.

The flame is put off when they put their damp hearts to the fire; the spirit itself seethes and smokes when the rabble approaches the fire.

Sickly sweet and overmellow the fruit grows in their hand: their glance makes the fruit tree withered at the top and about to topple in the wind.

And many a man who turned away from life only turned way from the rabble: he refused to share fruit and flame and fountain with the rabble.

And many a man who went into the desert and suffered thirst with beasts of prey only refused to sit around the cistern with filthy camel drivers.

And many a man who came along like an annihilator and like a hailstorm to all fruited plains wanted plain and simple to jam his foot down the rabble's throat and stuff its mouth.

And *that* is not the mouthful which stuck in my throat the most, to know that life itself requires enmity and dying and torture-crosses: —

But I once asked and almost choked on the question: what? does life also find rabble *necessary*?

Are poisoned wells necessary and stinking fires and sullied dreams and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred but my nausea gnawed hungrily at my life! Alas, I grew weary in spirit when I found even the rabble spirited!

And I turned my back on the ruling class when I saw what they call ruling: bartering and bargaining for power — with the rabble!

Among men of a foreign tongue I lived, with stopped-up ears: that their bartering tongue might remain foreign to me and their bargaining for power.

And holding my nose, I walked morosely through all yesterday and today: verily, all yesterday and today reeks from the writing rabble!

Like a cripple who has gone deaf and dumb and blind: thus I lived a long time, so as not to live with power- and pleasure- and writing rabble.

Laboriously my spirit climbed the stairs, and warily; alms of delight were its refreshment; life crawled along on a walking stick for the blind.

But what happened to me? How did I free myself from nausea? Who rejuvenated my sight? How did I fly to the height where rabble no longer sit at the well? Did my nausea itself create wings for me and spring-divining powers? Verily, to the summit I had to fly to find again the fountain of delight!

Oh, I found it, my brothers! Here at the summit the fountain of delight gushes forth for me! And it is a life in which no rabble can join in and drink!

Almost too furiously you flow for me, spring of delight! And often in wanting to fill it you empty the cup again!

And I must still learn to approach you more demurely: all-too-furiously my heart still flows toward you: —

My heart, upon which my summer burns, short, hot, melancholy, overhappy: how my summer heart yearns for your coolness!

Gone; the lingering misery of my spring! Gone, the malice of my snowflakes in June! Summer have I become entirely, and summer-noon!

A summer at the summit with cold springs and blissful stillness: O come, my friends, that the stillness may be more blissful still!

For this is our height and *our* home: here we live too high and steep for the unclean and their thirst!

You friends, just cast your pure eyes into the fountain of my delight! How could it be troubled over that? It shall laugh back at you with *its* purity.

On the tree Future we build our nest; eagles shall bring us loners food in their beaks!

Verily, no food which the unclean could join in and eat! They would think they were feeding on fire and would burn their mouths!

Verily, no homesteads do we keep ready here for the unclean! An ice-lair our happiness would be to their bodies and to their spirits!

And like strong winds we want to live above them, neighbors to eagles, neighbors to snow, neighbors to the sun: thus do strong winds live.

And like a wind I will one day yet blow among them and take away the breath of their spirit with my spirit: thus my future wills it.

Verily, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all the lower ranks; and with such counsel he counsels his foes and all those who spit and spew: “Beware of spitting *against* the wind!” —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE TARANTULAS

Behold, it is the tarantula hole! Do you want to see the tarantula itself? Here hangs its web: touch it, so that it begins to tremble.

Here it comes willingly: welcome, tarantula! Black on your back sits your triangle and token; and I know also what sits in your soul.

Vengeance sits in your soul: wherever you bite, a black scab grows; your venom makes the soul giddy with vengeance!

Thus I speak to you in parable, you who make souls giddy, you preachers of *equality*! Tarantulas you are to me and hidden seekers of vengeance!

But I will yet bring your hideaways to light: that is why I laugh my laughter of the heights in your face.

That is why I tear at your web, that your fury may lure you out of your hole of lies and your vengeance may jump out from behind your word “justice.”

For *that man be redeemed from revenge*: that to me is the bridge to the highest hope and a rainbow after long storms.

But the tarantulas would have it otherwise, of course. “Precisely this we call justice, that the world be fraught with the storms of our vengeance” — thus they speak to one another.

“Vengeance and insult we shall wreak on all who are not our equals” — thus the tarantula-hearts pledge to themselves.

“And ‘will to equality’ — henceforth that itself shall be the name for virtue; and against all things with power we will set up a howl!”

You preachers of equality, the tyrant-frenzy of impotence cries out of you thus for “equality”: your most secret tyrant-desires disguise themselves thus in words of virtue!

Careworn arrogance, pent-up envy — your father’s arrogance and envy perhaps: that breaks out in you as the flame and frenzy of revenge.

What was mute in the father comes to speech in the son; and often I found the son to be the father’s secret laid bare.

Inspired ones they resemble: and yet it is not the heart which inspires them, — but revenge. And when they become subtle and cold, it is not spirit but envy which makes them subtle and cold.

Their envy leads them also down the thinker’s path; and this is the mark of their envy — they always go too far: so that at last their weariness has to lay down to sleep on the snow.

Vengeance sounds in their every complaint, there is painmaking in all their praisemaking; and to be judge they judge to be bliss.

But thus I advise you, my friends: mistrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful!

They are people of poor kind and breed; out of their faces peer the hangman and the bloodhound.

Mistrust all those who talk much of their justice! Verily, their souls lack not only honey.

And when they call themselves “the good and the just,” do not forget that for them to be Pharisees nothing is lacking except — power!

My friends, I will not be confounded and confused with anyone else.

There are those who preach my doctrine: and at the same time they are preachers of equality and tarantulas.

That they speak in favor of life, although they sit in their holes turned away from life, these venomous spiders: this is because they want to cause pain.

They want to cause pain to those now in power: for it is with these that the preaching of death is still most at home.

If it were otherwise, the tarantulas would teach otherwise; and precisely they were formerly the best world-slanderers and heretic-burners.

With these preachers of equality I will not be confounded and confused. For thus justice speaks to me: “Men are not equal.”

And they shall not become so either! What would my love for the Superman be if I spoke otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and foot-paths they shall push towards the future, and more and more war and inequality shall be set amongst them: thus my great love makes me speak!

In their hostilities they shall become inventors of figures and phantoms, and with their figures and phantoms they shall yet fight the highest fight against each other!

Good and evil and rich and poor and high and low and all the names of values: arms they shall be, and clashing signs, that life must overcome itself time after time!

Upward it wants to build itself with pillars and stairs, this very life: into vast distances it wants to look and out toward blissful areas of beauty, — *that is why* it requires height!

And because it requires height, it requires stairs and variance amongst climbers and stairs! Life wants to climb and in climbing to overcome itself!

And just look, my friends! Here where the tarantula’s hole is, the ruins of an old temple rise upward, — just look with enlightened eyes!

Verily, like the wisest of men, he who once piled his thoughts upward in stone here knew the secret of all life.

That in beauty too there is struggle and inequality, and a war for power and superiority: that he teaches us here in the clearest allegory.

How divinely vault and arch are refracted here in a wrestling match: how with light and shade they strive against each other, the strivers divine —

Let us also be enemies so sure and fine, my friends! Divinely we will strive *against* each other! —

Woe! Then my old enemy, the tarantula, bit me! Divinely sure and fine it bit me on the finger!

“Punishment and justice there must be” — thus it thinks: “not for nothing shall he sing songs here in honor of hostility!”

Indeed, it has revenged itself! And woe! now it will make my soul giddy with vengeance also!

But so I do *not* whirl, my friends, bind me fast here to this pillar! I would still rather be a pillar-saint than a whirl of vengefulness!

Verily, no twirl- and whirlwind is Zarathustra; and if he is a dancer, certainly never a tarantella dancer! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE FAMOUS WISE MEN

The people you have served and the people’s superstition, all you famous wise men! — and *not* the truth! And that is precisely why they paid you reverence.

And that is also why they put up with your impiety, because to the people it was a joke and a by-way. Thus the master indulges his slaves and even takes delight in their high jinks.

But he who is hated by the people is as a wolf to the dogs: that is the free spirit, the foe of fetters, the non-adorer, the forest dweller.

To chase him from his lair — the people always called that “a sense of propriety”: against him they always set their sharpest-toothed dogs.

For “the truth is there: so there the people are! Woe, woe to those who seek!”: thus it has resounded down the ages. You wanted to do right by the people in their veneration: you called that: “Will to truth,” you famous wise men!

And your heart always said to itself: “I have come from the people: from there as well the voice of God has come to me.”

Stiff-necked and clever, like the ass, were you ever as the people’s advocate.

And many a mighty one who wanted to fare well with the people also harnessed in front of his charger — a little ass, a famous wise man.

And now I wish that you, you famous wise men, would finally throw off entirely your lion's skin!

The skin of the beast of prey, the mottled one, and the shaggy locks of the searching, researching, conquering one!

Alas, for me to learn to believe in your "truthfulness" you would first have to shatter your revering will.

Truthful — thus I call him who goes into godless deserts and has his revering heart shattered.

In the yellow sands and burned by the sun, he squints thirstily indeed for spring-abounding islands, where living things rest under dark trees.

But his thirst does not persuade him to become like these which are at ease; for where there are oases, there are also idols.

Hungry, violent, solitary, godless: thus the lion-will wills itself.

Free from the happiness of slaves, freed from gods and adoration, fearless and fearsome, great and solitary: such is the will of the truthful.

From time immemorial the truthful, the free spirits, have dwelt in the desert, as lords of the desert; in the cities, however, dwell the well-fed famous wise men, — the draft animals.

For they always draw, as asses — the *people's* cart!

Not that I am angry with them over that: but to me they remain in service and in harness, even when they glitter with golden trappings.

And they have often been good servants and praiseworthy. For thus speaks virtue: "If you must be a servant, then seek him whom your service best serves!"

The spirit and the virtue of your master shall grow by virtue of your being his servant: so you yourself shall grow with his spirit and virtue!"

And verily, you famous wise men, you servants of the people! You yourselves have grown with the people's spirit and virtue — and the people through you! In your honor I say that!

But people you remain to me, even in your virtues, people with feeble eyes, — people who cannot shake a spear at *spirit*!

Spirit is the life which itself cuts into life: with its own agony it increases its own knowledge, — did you know that already?

And the spirit's happiness is this: to be anointed and consecrated with tears as a sacrificial animal, — did you know that already?

And the blind man's blindness and his searching and groping shall yet testify to the power of the sun into which he has looked, — did you know that already?

And with mountains the knowing one shall learn to *build*! That the spirit moves mountains means little, — did you know that already?

You know only the spirit's sparks: but you do not see the anvil that it is and the cruelty of its hammer!

Verily, you know not the pride of the spirit! But still less could you endure the modesty of the spirit if ever it wanted to speak!

And never yet have you dared to cast your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that! So you also do not know the delights of its cold.

But in all things you are too familiar with the spirit; and you have often made a poorhouse and a hospital for bad poets out of wisdom.

You are not eagles: so you have also never experienced the happiness of the terror of the spirit. And he who is not a bird should not nest above abysses.

Lukewarm ones you seem to me: but all deep knowledge flows cold. Ice-cold are the innermost springs of the spirit: a refreshment for hot hands and handlers.

Stiff and honorable you stand there, and with backs straight, you famous wise men! — no strong wind and will drives you.

Have you never seen a sail going across the sea, rounded and distended and trembling from the violence of the wind?

Like a sail, trembling from the violence of the wind, my Wisdom goes across the sea — my wild Wisdom!

But you servants of the people, you famous wise men, — how *could* you go with me? —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

The Night Song

It is night: now all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul too is a gushing fountain.

It is night: only now do all lovers' songs awake. And my soul too is the song of a lover.

Something unappeased, unappeasable is within me; it wants to be heard. A craving for love is within me which itself speaks the language of love.

Light am I: ah, to be night! But this is my loneliness, to be girded with light. Ah, to be dark and nightly! How I would suck on the breasts of the light! And even you would I bless, you twinkling little stars and glowworms up above! — and be blessed by your gifts of light.

But I live in my own light, I take back into me the flames that break out of me.

I know not the happiness of the receiver; and often have I dreamed that stealing must be even more blessed than receiving.

This is my poverty, that my hand never rests from giving; this is my envy, that I see waiting eyes and the illuminated nights of longing.

O, the unhappiness of all givers! O, eclipse of my sun! O, craving to crave! O, ravenous appetite in satiety!

They take from me: but do I ever touch their souls? There is a cleft between giving and receiving; and the smallest cleft is the last to be spanned.

A hunger grows out of my beauty: I would like to hurt those for whom I shine, I would like to rob those whose gifts were mine: thus I hunger after malice.

Drawing back the hand when a hand is already stretched out for it; hesitating like the waterfall, which hesitates even in its sudden plunge: thus I hunger after malice.

Such vengeance my abundance thinks up: such maliciousness wells up out of my loneliness.

My happiness in giving died in giving, my virtue grew weary of itself by virtue of its excess!

The danger for him who always gives is that he will lose his shame; the hand and heart of him who always dispenses has calluses from nothing but dispensing.

My eye no longer overflows over the shame of the supplicant; my hand has grown too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Where have the tears in my eyes gone, and the bloom in my heart? O, the loneliness of all givers! O, the quietness of all light-givers!

Many suns revolve in desolate space: to all that is dark they speak with their light, — to me they are silent.

O, this is the light's enmity toward the giver of light: mercilessly it travels its course.

Unjust toward the giver of light in its heart of hearts, cold toward other suns — thus every sun travels.

Like a storm the suns fly along their course, that is their travel. Their inexorable will they follow, that is their coldness.

Oh, it is only you, you dark ones, you nocturnal ones, who create your warmth from the giver of light! Oh, only you drink milk and comfort from the udders of the light!

Alas, ice is around me, my hand burns itself on the icy! Alas, a thirst is in me that yearns for your thirst!

It is night: alas that I must be light! And have a thirst for the nightly! And loneliness!

It is night: now my longing bursts out of me like a fountain, — for speech I long.

It is night: now all gushing fountains speak louder. And my soul too is a gushing fountain.

It is night: only now do all lovers' songs awake. And my soul too is the song of a lover. —

Thus sang Zarathustra.

The Dance Song

One evening Zarathustra went with his disciples through the forest; and as he searched for a well, behold, he came upon a green meadow, quietly surrounded by trees and herbs: upon it maidens were dancing with each other. As soon as the maidens recognized Zarathustra, they stopped dancing; but Zarathustra stepped up to them with a friendly air and said these words:

“Don't stop dancing, you lovely maidens! No killjoy has come to give you the evil eye, no maiden-foe.

God's advocate am I before the devil; he, however, is the spirit of gravity. How could I, you light things, be a foe of divine dancing? Or of maiden feet with beautiful ankles?

To be sure I am a forest and a night of dark trees: but he who is not afraid of my darkness will also find slopes of roses under my cypresses.

And he will also probably find the little god who is dearest to the maidens: near the spring he lies, quietly, with closed eyes.

Verily, in broad daylight he fell asleep, the lazybones! Maybe he chased too long after butterflies?

Do not be angry with me, you beautiful dancers, if I scold the little god a little! He will cry out, no doubt, and weep, — but he is a scream even when he weeps!

And with tears in his eyes he shall ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song to accompany his dance:

A dancing and mocking song on the spirit of gravity, my all-supreme most high and mighty devil, who is said to be “the master of the world.” —

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang when Cupid and the maidens danced together:

Into your eyes I looked lately, O Life! And into the unfathomable I then seemed to sink.

But you pulled me out with a golden fishing rod; scornfully you laughed when I called you unfathomable.

“Such is the speech of all fish,” you said; “what *they* cannot fathom is unfathomable.

But I am only fickle and wild and in all things a woman, and not a virtuous one either:

Although you men call me ‘the deep one’ or ‘the true one,’ ‘the eternal one,’ ‘the mysterious one’!

But you men always present us with your own virtues — ah, you virtuous men!”

Thus she laughed, the unbelievable one; but I never believe her and her laughter when she speaks ill of herself.

And as I talked confidentially with my wild Wisdom, she said to me angrily: “You want, you crave, you love, that alone is why you *praise* Life!”

Then I almost answered maliciously and told the angry one the truth; and you cannot answer more maliciously than to “tell the truth” to your Wisdom.

So that is how it stands amongst the three of us. Deep down I love only Life — and most of all, verily, when I hate her!

But that I am well-disposed towards Wisdom and often too well: that is because she reminds me so very much of Life!

She has her eyes, her laugh, and her little golden fishing rod: what can I do if they are both so alike?

And when Life asked me once: “Who then is this Wisdom?” — I said warmly, “Ah, yes! Wisdom!”

One thirsts for her and is never satisfied, one looks through veils, one snatches through nets.

Is she beautiful? How should I know? But the oldest carp are still lured by her.

Fickle is she and defiant; often have I seen her bite her lip and comb her hair against the grain.

Perhaps she is wicked and false and in all things a female; but when she speaks badly of herself, precisely then she is most alluring."

When I said this to Life, she laughed spitefully and closed her eyes. "Of whom do you speak?" she said, "Of me, I presume?

And granted that you were right, — to say it to my face like *that!* But now at least speak of your Wisdom too!"

Ah, and now you have opened your eyes again, O beloved Life! And into the unfathomable have I again seemed to sink. —

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the maidens had gone away, he became sad.

"The sun has long since set," he said at last. "The meadow is damp, a coolness comes this way from the woods.

An unknown presence is around me and looks on pensively. What! You still live, Zarathustra?

Why? Wherefore? Whereby? Where? Where? How?

Is it not folly to still live?

Alas, my friends, it is the evening which inquires of me so. Forgive me my sadness!

Evening has come: forgive me that evening has come!"

Thus spake Zarathustra.

The Grave Song

"There is the grave-isle, the silent isle; there too are the graves of my youth. I will carry an evergreen wreath of life there."

Resolving thus in my heart, I sailed across the sea. —

O, you sights and visions of my youth! O, all you glimpses of love, you divine moments! How did you die so quickly on me? I think of you today as my dead.

From you, my dearest departed, a sweet scent comes to me, heart-loosening and tear-inducing. Verily, it shakes and loosens the heart of the lonely seafarer.

Still I am the one who is richest and most to be envied — I the loneliest one! For I *have had* you and you still have me: tell me, to whom, like me, have such rose-apples fallen from the tree?

I am still the earth and heir of your love, flourishing in your memory with many-hued, wild-growing virtues, O you most-beloved ones!

O, we were made to remain close to each other, you sweet strange wonders; and not like shy birds did you come to me and my desire — no, as trusting ones to the trusting one!

Yes, made for fidelity, like me, and for tender eternities: now I must call you out on your infidelity, your divine winks and blinks: no other names have I learned yet.

Verily, too quickly you died on me, you refugees. But you did not flee from me, nor did I flee from you: innocent are we in our infidelity to each other.

To kill *me* they strangled you, you songbirds of my hopes! Yes, at you, you dearest ones, malice has always shot its arrows — to hit my heart!

And they hit home! But you were always dearest to me, my possession and my being-possessed: *therefore* you had to die young and all-too-early!

They shot their shafts at the most vulnerable spot I had: that was you, whose skin is like down and even more like the smile that perishes at a glance!

But this word I want to say to my enemies: what is all man-slaughtering compared with what you did to me?

What you did to me is worse than all manslaughter; the irretrievable you took from me: — thus I speak to you, my enemies!

Why, you slew the sights and dearest wonders of my youth! My playmates you took from me, the blessed spirits! In their memory I lay down this wreath and this curse.

This curse upon you, my enemies! For surely you cut short my eternity, like a sound that breaks off on a cold night! It hardly came to me, like the blink of a divine eye, — like a wink!

Once upon a pleasant hour my purity spoke thus: “All living things shall be divine to me.”

Then you attacked me with filthy phantoms; alas, where has that pleasant hour now flown?

“All days shall be holy to me “ — thus the wisdom of my youth spoke once upon a time: verily, a speech of joyful wisdom!

But then you enemies stole my nights from me and sold them into sleepless agony: alas, where has that joyful wisdom now flown?

Once I longed for happy bird-signs; then you led an owl-monster across my path, an adverse sign. Alas, where did my tender longing fly then?

Once I vowed to renounce all disgust: then you changed my near and nearest into abscessed pus. Alas, where did my noblest vow fly then?

As a blind man I once walked blessed paths: then you threw filth on the blind man's path: and now the old blind-footpath disgusts him.

And when I did the hardest thing and celebrated the victory of my overcomings: then you made those who loved me cry that I had caused them the most woe.

Verily, that was always your doing: you embittered for me my best honey and the industry of my best bees.

To my generosity you always sent the freshest beggars; around my pity you always pressed the incurably shameless. Thus you wounded my virtue in its faith.

And when I laid down even my holiest of offerings: at once your "piety" placed its fatter gifts beside it: so that in the fumes of your fat even my holiest offering suffocated.

And once I wanted to dance as I had never yet danced; way up above all the heavens I wanted to dance. Then you won over my favorite minstrel.

And then he struck up a dreadful, dull tune; alas, like a gloomy horn he tooted in my ears.

Murderous minstrel, instrument of malice, most innocent man! There I stood, ready for the best dance: then you murdered my rapture with your rat-a-tat-tat!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things: — and now my highest parable has remained unspoken in my limbs!

My highest hope has remained unspoken and unredeemed! And it has killed for me all the visions and consolations of my youth!

But just how did I endure it? How did I recover from and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again from these graves?

Well, an invulnerable, unburiable thing is in me, a rockblaster: it is called *my will*. Silently it strides and unaltered through the years.

Its walk it wants to walk, upon my feet, my old will; hard of heart its mentality is and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I only in the heel. Ever have you dwelt there, the same as ever, most patient one! Ever have you broken through all graves!

In you still dwells the unredeemed what-not of my youth; and as life and youth you sit here hoping on yellow grave-ruins.

Yes, to me you are still the one who lays all graves to ruin: Hail to you, my will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections. —

Thus sang Zarathustra.

ON SELF-OVERCOMING

“Will to truth” you call it, you wisest ones, that which drives you and makes you feel alive?

Will to the conceivability of all beings: thus *I* call your will!

All being you want to first *make* conceivable: for you doubt with a healthy mistrust whether it is even conceivable.

But it shall bow and bend itself to you! Thus your will wills it. Smooth it shall become and subject to the spirit as its mirror and reflection.

That is your whole will, you wisest ones, as a will to power; and likewise when you speak of good and evil and evaluations.

You still want to create a world before which you can kneel: thus it is your ultimate hope and intoxication.

The unwise, I admit, the people, — they are like a river upon which a boat floats along: and on the boat sit the evaluations, solemn and disguised.

Your will and your values you have placed on the river of becoming; to me it betrays an ancient will to power which was believed by the people to be good and evil.

It was you, you wisest ones, who placed such guests on this boat and lent them pomp and proud names, — you and your ruling will!

Further the river now carries your boat; it *must* carry it. It matters little whether the broken wave foams and angrily opposes the keel!

The river is not your danger nor the end of your good and evil, you wisest ones: but that will itself, the will to power, — the unexhausted, teeming life-will.

But in order that you may understand my word about good and evil, I also want to say a word about life and the nature of all things living.

After the living thing I went, down the greatest and the least of paths I went in order to discern its nature.

With a hundredfold mirror I even caught its glance when its mouth was closed: that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spoke to me.

But wherever I found living things, there I also heard the speech on obedience. Every living thing is obedient.

And this is the second thing: whatever cannot obey itself will be commanded. Such is the nature of living things.

But this is the third thing I heard: that commanding is harder than obeying. And not only because whatever commands bears the burden of all that obeys and that this burden can easily crush it: —

Trial and risk there seemed to me to be in all commanding; and whenever it commands, the living thing runs a risk.

Yes, even when it commands itself: even then it must make amends for its commands. Judge and avenger and victim of its own law it must become.

But how does this come to pass? — thus I asked myself. What persuades the living thing to obey and command and even in commanding to practice obedience?

Now hear my word, you wisest ones! Test seriously whether I have stolen into the heart of life itself and right down to the roots of its heart!

Wherever I found a living thing, there I found the will to power; and even in the will of the servant I found the will to be master.

Persuaded by his will that the weaker should serve the stronger, he wants to be master over those weaker still; this pleasure alone he will not forego.

And as the lesser surrenders itself to the greater, to have pleasure and power over the least: so too the greatest surrenders itself and for the sake of power stakes — life thereon.

This is the surrender of the greatest, to be risk and danger and a roll of the dice with regard to death.

And where sacrifice and service and amorous looks exist: there too the will to be master exists. On secret paths the weaker steals into the stronghold of the stronger and right into the heart of the more powerful — and there steals power.

And this secret life itself told me: “Behold,” it said, “I am *that which must always overcome itself*.”

Of course you call it will to procreation or impetus toward a goal, toward the higher, the further, the more manifold: but all that is one and *one* secret.

I would rather go to my downfall than to renounce this one thing; and verily, where there is downfall and leaves falling down, behold, there life sacrifices itself — for power!

That I must be struggle and becoming and goal and going against goals: alas, whoever divines my will can also divine well on what *crooked* paths it must travel.

Whatever I create and however I love it, — soon I must be an adversary to it and to my love: thus my will wills it.

And even you, knowing one, are only a path and footstep of my will: verily, my will to power wanders even on the feet of your will to truth!

He certainly did not hit the truth, he who shot at it with the term “will to existence”: that will — does not exist!

For what does not exist cannot will; what is in existence, however, how could that still have a will into existence?

Only where there is life is there also will: not will to life, however; but — so I teach you — will to power!

Many things are valued more highly by the living than life itself; out of the valuing itself, however, speaks — the will to power!”

Thus life taught me once: and out of this I shall yet solve the riddle of your hearts, you wisest ones.

Verily, I say unto you: a good and evil that would be everlasting — that does not exist! Of itself it must overcome itself again and again.

With your values and words of good and evil you exercise your power, you evaluators; and this is your secret love and the glistening, trembling, and overflowing of your souls.

But a stronger power springs up out of your values, and a new overcoming: egg and eggshell is shattered on it.

And he who must be a creator in good and evil: verily, he must first be a destroyer and shatter values.

Thus the highest evil belongs to the highest good: that, however, is the creative. —

Let’s just *talk* about this, you wisest ones, although it is bad. Silence is worse; all suppressed truths become poisonous.

And may all be shattered by our truths which — can be! There is still many a house to build!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE SUBLIME ONES

Calm is the bottom of my sea: who would ever guess that it holds droll monsters?

Immovable is my depth: but it sparkles with swimming riddles and laughter.

A sublime one I saw today, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: O, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With upraised breast and like those who suck in their breath: thus he stood there, and silent, the sublime one:

Draped with ugly truths, the spoils of his chase, and rich in torn raiment; many thorns adorned him as well — but no rose as yet did I see.

Not yet has he learned laughter and beauty. Gloomy has this hunter returned from the forest of knowledge.

He returned home from the struggle with wild beasts; but out of his seriousness a wild beast still peers — an unvanquished one!

Like a tiger he still stands there, ready to spring; but I do not care for these high-strung souls; to all who are drawn back taut my taste is ill-disposed.

And you say to me, friends, that there is no disputing taste and tasting? But all life is a dispute over taste and tasting!

Taste: that is weight and scale and weigher at the same time; and woe to all the living that would live without dispute and weight and scale and weighers!

If he would grow weary of his sublimity, this sublime one: only then would his beauty begin, — and only then will I taste him and find him tasty.

And only when he turns away from himself will he leap over his own shadow — and verily! into *his* sun.

All-too-long he sat in the shade, the cheeks of this penitent of the spirit turned pale; he almost starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye; and disgust lurks in his mouth. It is true that he rests now, but his rest has not yet lain out in the sun.

He should be like a bull; and his happiness should smell of the earth and not of contempt for the earth.

Like a white bull I want to see him, walking before the plowshare, snorting and bellowing; and his bellowing too should praise all things earthly!

His visage is still dark; the shadow of a hand plays upon it. His sense of vision is still overshadowed.

His deed itself is the shadow that is still upon him: the hand darkens the handler. He still has not overcome his deed.

Indeed I love the bull's neck on him: but now I still want to see the eyes of an angel.

He must still as well forget his heroic will: a lifted one he shall be, and not just a lofty one: — the ether itself shall lift him up, the will-forsaken one!

He vanquished monsters, he solved riddles; but still he should redeem his monsters and riddles, still he should change them into heavenly children.

Not yet has his knowledge learned to smile and to exist without jealousy; not yet has his streaming passion grown calm in beauty!

Verily, not in satiety shall his longing plunge and become silent, but in beauty! Grace belongs to the greatness of mind of the high-minded!

With his arm laid across his head: so the hero should rest, so he should also overcome his rest.

But precisely for the hero *the beautiful* is the hardest thing of all. The beautiful is unattainable by all violent wills.

A little more, a little less: that precisely is much here, that is the most here.

To stand with relaxed muscles and unharnessed will: that is the hardest thing for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power becomes gracious and descends to the visible: such descent I call beauty.

And from no one do I want beauty so precisely as I do from you, you man of power: may your goodness be your final self-conquest.

I believe you capable of any evil: therefore I demand goodness from you.

Verily, I have laughed often at the weaklings who believe themselves good because they have lame paws!

You should strive for the virtue of the pillar: the higher it rises, the ever finer and fairer, but internally harder and sturdier it becomes.

Yes, you sublime one, one day yet you shall be beautiful and hold your own beauty up to the mirror.

Then your soul will shudder with godly desires; and there will be worship even in your vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: only when the hero has forsaken it is it approached in a dream, — by the superhero. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE LAND OF CULTURE

I flew too far into the future: horror seized me.

And when I looked around me, behold! time was my sole contemporary.

Then I flew backwards, homewards — and ever more hurriedly: thus I came to you, you present-day men, and into the land of culture.

For once I came with an eye for you and a goodly desire: verily, with longing in my heart I came.

But what happened to me? Even though I was so afraid, — I had to laugh! Never had my eye beheld anything so mottled.

I laughed and laughed, while my foot still trembled and my heart as well: “Here is certainly the home of all paintpots!” — I said.

With fifty blotches painted on your face and limbs: thus you sat there to my astonishment, you present-day men!

And with fifty mirrors around you which flattered and imitated the play of your colors!

Verily, there is absolutely no better mask you could wear, you present-day men, than your own faces! Who could — *recognize* you?

Written all over with the characters of the past, and these characters painted over with new characters as well: thus you have hidden yourselves well from all character interpreters.

And even if one were a tester of the reins: who would ever believe you had reins? Out of hues you seem to be baked and out of glued pieces of paper.

All ages and peoples look motley on account of your veils; all customs and beliefs speak motley on account of your gestures.

He who stripped you of veils and wrappings and hues and gestures: he would have just enough left over to scare the birds with.

Verily, I myself am the scared bird who once saw you naked and unpainted; and I flew away when the skeleton beckoned to me lovingly.

Rather would I be a day-laborer in Hades and among the shades of old! Even the shades of Hades are fatter and fuller than you!

This indeed, is bitterness to my bowels, that neither naked nor clothed can I stand you, you present-day men!

Everything sinister in the future and whatever makes stray birds shudder is truly still more comfy and cosy than your “reality.”

For so you speak: “Real are we completely, without beliefs and superstitions”: thus you plume yourselves — ah, still without plumes!

Indeed, how could you *know how to believe*, you mottled ones! — you who are walking refutations of belief itself and a discombobulation of all thought. *Unworthy of belief*: that is what I call you, you real-ists!

All ages prate against each other in your spirits: and the dreams and pratings of all ages were still more real than your waking state is!

Unfruitful you are: *therefore* you lack belief. But he who must create has also always had his vatic dreams and astral signs — and has believed in belief!

Half-open gates you are, at which gravediggers wait. And this is *your reality*: “Everything deserves to perish.”

Alas, how you stand there before me, you unfruitful ones, how lean in the ribs! And many of you have undoubtedly made allowances for this.

And you have said: “No doubt a god stole something from me on the sly while I was sleeping. Enough, verily, to form himself a little female out of it!”

“Marvelous is the poverty of my ribs!” — thus many of you present-day men have already said.

Yes, you make me laugh, you present-day men! And especially when you marvel over yourselves!

And woe unto me if I could not laugh at your marvelling and had to drink down everything adverse in your cups!

So I will make lighter of you, since I have *something heavy* to carry; and what is it to me if beetles and winged mites also alight on my bundle!

Verily, it shall not be heavier on me! And not from you, you present-day men, shall the great weariness come upon me. —

Alas, where shall I climb now with my longing? From every mountain I look out for father- and mother-lands.

But nowhere have I found a home; restless I feel in every city and ready to leave by every gate.

Alien to me and a mockery are the present-day men, to whom my heart was recently impelled; and expelled am I from father- and mother-lands.

So now I love only my *children's land*, the undiscovered land, in the most distant sea: towards it I command my sails to seek and seek.

In my children will I make amends for having been the child of my fathers: and in all the future — for *this present!* —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON IMMACULATE PERCEPTION

Yesterday as the moon arose, I fancied she was ready to give birth to a sun: so broad and pregnant she lay on the horizon.

But she was a liar to me with her pregnancy; and I would sooner believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

Certainly, he is not much of a man either, this timid night-wanderer. Verily, with a bad conscience he wanders over roofs.

For he is covetous and envious, the monk in the moon, covetous of the earth and of all lovers' delights.

No, I do not like him, this tomcat on the roofs! All who creep around half-closed windows are loathsome to me!

Piously and quietly he wanders along on starry carpets:— but I dislike all lightly-treading men's feet upon which not even a spur jingles.

The step of everything honest speaks; but the cat sneaks away along the ground. Behold, along comes the moon, catlike and dishonest. —

This parable I offer to you sentimental dissemblers, you "pure perceivers"! You I call — lechers!

You too love the earth and the earthly: I divine you well! — but there is shame in your love, as well as a bad conscience, — you resemble the moon!

To contempt for the earthly your spirit has been persuaded but not your innards: *these*, however, are the strongest thing about you!

And now your spirit is ashamed that it has given in to your innards, and in its shame it pursues crooked and lying ways.

"That would be the utmost thing for me" — thus your lying spirit tells itself: to look upon life without longing, and not like a dog with its tongue hanging out:

To be happy in looking on with a deadened will, without the grip and greed of self-seeking — cold and ashen all over but with drunken moon-eyes!

"That would be the dearest thing for me," — thus the seducee seduces himself — "to love the earth as the moon loves her and to touch her beauty with the eye alone.

And that is what I call the *immaculate* perception of all things, to want nothing from things: other than being allowed to lie before them like a mirror with a hundred eyes." —

O, you sentimental dissemblers, you lechers! You lack innocence in your desire: and so now you slander desire!

Verily, not as creators, procreators, and would-be merry-makers do you love the earth!

Where is innocence? Where the will to procreate is. And he who wants to create beyond himself has the purest will.

Where is beauty? Where I *must will* with all my will; where I want to cherish and perish, that an image may remain not only an image.

Cherishing and perishing: these have rhymed together for eternities. Will to love: that is also to be willing to die. Thus I talk to you cowards!

But now your emasculated leering wants to be called “contemplation”! And whatever is groped by cowardly eyes is to be baptized as “beautiful”! O, you besmirchers of noble names!

But this shall be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure-perceivers, that you shall never give birth: even if you lie broad and pregnant on the horizon!

Verily, you stuff your mouths full with noble words: and we are to believe that your hearts runneth over, you liars?

But my words are low, despised, crooked words: I gladly pick up what falls under the table at your meals.

With them I can still — tell dissemblers the truth! Yes, my fishbones, mussel shells, and prickly leaves shall — tickle the noses of dissemblers!

Bad air is always around you and your meals: your lewd thoughts, lies, and secrecies are certain to be in the air!

First try believing in yourselves — in yourselves and your innards! He who does not believe in himself always lies.

A god’s mask you hung up in front of yourselves, you “pure ones”: into a god’s mask your awful ringed-worm crawled.

Verily, you deceive, you “contemplative ones”! Zarathustra too was once the dupe of your godly exterior; he did not divine the serpents’ coils with which it was stuffed.

Once I fancied I saw a god’s soul at play in your play, you pure-perceivers! Once I fancied no better art than your arts!

Snake-filth and foul odor the distance concealed from me: and that a lizard’s cunning was crawling around lasciviously here.

But I came *near* to you: then day came to me — and now it comes to you, — the moon’s love affair has come to an end!

Just look there! Unprepared and pale he stands there — before the rosy dawn!

For here she comes already, the glowing one, — *her* love for the earth is coming! All solar love is innocence and creative desire!

Just look there, how impatiently she comes over the sea! Do you not feel the thirst and the hot breath of her love?

She wants to suck at the sea and drink its depth up to her height: now the sea's desire rises with a thousand breasts.

Kissed and sucked by the sun's thirst it *would* be; air it *would* be and height and a footpath of light and light itself!

Verily, like the sun I love life and all deep seas.

And this is what perception means to *me*: all things deep shall come up — to my height! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE SCHOLARS

While I lay asleep, a sheep ate at the ivy-wreath upon my head, — ate it and said: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

Said it and walked away awkwardly and proudly. A child told it to me.

I like to lie here where the children play, by the broken wall, amid thistles and red poppies.

To the children I am still a scholar, and to the thistles and red poppies too. Innocent are they, even in their malice.

But to the sheep I am not anymore: thus my lot wills it — may it be blest!

For this is the truth: I have quit the house of the scholars and even slammed the door behind me.

Too long my soul sat hungry at their table; not, like them, am I trained in knowing as though it were nutcracking.

Freedom I love and the air over fresh earth; rather would I sleep on ox-hides than on their honors and respectability.

I am too hot and burned by my own thoughts: often they are ready to take my breath away. Then I must get out in the open and away from all dust-encrusted rooms.

But they sit cool in the cool shade: in everything they just want to be spectators and to take care not to sit where the sun burns on the stairs.

Like those who stand on the street and gape at the people who pass by: so too they wait and gape at thoughts that others have thought.

If you grasp them with your hands, then they raise a cloud of dust around themselves like sacks of flour, and involuntarily; but who would ever guess that their dust came from grain and from the yellow delight of summer fields?

When they pretend to be wise, their small sayings and truths make my flesh creep: often there is an odor about their wisdom, as if it came from the swamp: and verily, I have even heard the frog croaking out of it!

Adept are they, they have clever fingers: what can *my* simplicity do next to their multiplicity? All threading and knitting and weaving their fingers understand: thus they weave the stockings of the spirit!

Good clockworks are they: just be careful to wind them up properly! Then they indicate the hour without fail and make a modest noise besides.

Like millworks they work and like stampers: just throw them your seed-corn! — they know indeed how to grind grain small and make white dust out of it.

They keep a strict eye on each other and do not trust themselves very well. Inventive in sly little tricks, they wait for those whose knowledge goes on lame feet — like spiders they wait.

I always saw them prepare their poison with caution: and they always wore glass gloves on their fingers the while.

They also know how to play with loaded dice; and I have found them to play so eagerly that they sweat thereby.

We are alien to each other, and their virtues are even more opposed to my taste than their falsehoods and their loaded dice.

And when I lived with them I lived above them. They were livid with me over that.

They wanted to hear nothing about someone wandering over their heads; and so they placed wood and earth and filth between me and their heads.

Thus they muffled the sound of my step: and thus far I have been worst heard by the most learned.

All men's faults and weaknesses they placed between themselves and me: — "false ceiling" they call it in their houses.

But in spite of that I wander *over* their heads with my thoughts; and even if I should wander on my own errors, I would still be over them and their heads.

For men are *not* equal: thus speaks justice. And what I will *they* would not dare to will!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE POETS

“Since I have come to know the body better,” — said Zarathustra to one of his disciples — “the spirit is but quasi-spirit to me; and all the ‘imperishable’ is but a parable as well.”

“So I heard you say once before,” answered the disciple; “and at that time you added: ‘But the poets lie too much.’ But why did you say that the poets lie too much?”

“Why?” said Zarathustra. “I am not one of those whose why one may inquire about.

Is my experience but of yesterday? It was long ago that I experienced the reasons for my opinions.

Would I not have to be a tun of memory if I wanted to have my reasons with me as well?

It is already too much for me, keeping my opinions themselves; and many a bird keeps flying away.

And at times too I find a creature that has flown to my dovecot, an unknown one, and it trembles when I lay my hand upon it.

But what was it that Zarathustra once said to you? That the poets lie too much? — But Zarathustra too is a poet.

Do you now believe that he spoke the truth here? Why do you believe this?

The disciple replied: “I believe in Zarathustra.” But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.

Belief does not make me blessed, he said, especially not belief in me.

But assuming someone said in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: he would be right, — we do lie too much.

We also know too little and are poor learners: so naturally we have to lie.

And who among us poets has not doctored his wine? Many a poisonous mish-mash has been brewed in our cellars, many an indescribable thing has happened there.

And because we know so little, we are heartily pleased with the poor in spirit, especially if they are little young ladies.

And we have a craving even for the things that the little old ladies tell each other in the evening. We call that the eternal-feminine in ourselves.

And as if there were a special secret passageway to knowledge, *covered over* for those who learn something: thus we believe in the folk and their “wisdom.”

This, however, all poets believe: that whoever pricks up his ears while lying in the grass or upon lonely slopes learns something of the things which lie between heaven and earth.

And should tender emotions come to them, then the poets always fancy that Nature herself has taken a fancy to them:

And that she sneaks up to their ear to whisper secrets therein and amorous flatteries: of this they boast and brag before all mortals!

Alas, there are so many things between heaven and earth of which only the poets have let themselves dream!

And especially *above* the heavens: for all gods are poetic symbol, poetic swindle!

Verily, we are always drawn up there — namely, to the realm of the clouds: on these we place our colorful manikins and call them gods and Supermen: —

Are they not just light enough for these chairs after all! — all these gods and Supermen.

Alas, how weary I am of all the inadequate absolutely destined to become event! Alas, how weary I am of the poets!

When Zarathustra spoke thus, his disciple became angry with him but remained silent. And Zarathustra too remained silent; and his eye had turned inward, as if it were looking into far distances. At last he sighed and took a breath. —

I am of today and days past, he said then; but there is something in me that is of tomorrow and the day after and thereafter.

I have grown weary of the poets, the old and the new; superficial they all seem to me and shallow seas.

They have not thought with enough depth: therefore their feeling has not sunk to the bottom.

Some lust and some boredom: that has heretofore been their best reflection.

All their harp jingle-jangle passes for a whiff and whisk of ghost with me; what have they thus far known of the fervor of tones? —

They are also not clean enough for me; they all muddy their water to make it seem deep.

And with that they gladly pass themselves off as mediators; but to me they remain meddlers and middlemen and half-and-halves and ones unclean! —

Alas, well did I cast my net into their seas and wanted to catch good fish; but always I pulled up an old godhead.

Thus the sea gave the hungry one a stone. And they themselves may well have come from the sea.

Surely one finds pearls in them: all the more similar are they themselves to hard shellfish. And instead of a soul I often found salt slime in them.

Even their vanity they learned from the sea: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of buffaloes it twirls its tail, never does it grow weary of its lacy fan of silk and silver.

Defiantly the buffalo looks at it, his soul close to the sand, closer still to the thicket, but closest of all to the swamp.

What is beauty and sea and peacock-finery to him? This parable I speak to the poets.

Verily, their spirit itself is the peacock of peacocks and a sea of vanity!

Spectators the spirit of the poet requites — even if they should be buffaloes!

But of this spirit I have grown weary: and I foresee this spirit growing weary of itself.

Transformed already I have seen the poets, and their sights were set against themselves.

Penitents of the spirit I saw coming: they grew out of the poets. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON GREAT EVENTS

There is an island in the sea — not far from Zarathustra's Blessed Isles — upon which a volcano smokes constantly; of it people say, and especially the little old ladies among the people say, that it is like a boulder placed before the gate to the underworld: and downward through the volcano itself leads the narrow path which guides the way to this gate to the underworld.

Now about the time that Zarathustra took his rest on the Isles of the Blest, it happened that a ship cast anchor on the island where the volcano stands; and her crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. Near the midday hour, however, when the captain and his men were back together again, they suddenly saw a man coming towards them through the air, and a voice distinctly said: "It is time! It is high time!" But when the figure was nearest to them — it flew by quickly, however, like a shadow, in the direction of the volcano — then with great dismay

they recognized that it was Zarathustra; then except for the captain himself they had all seen him before, and they loved him as the people love: so that love and awe are together in equal parts.

“Look at that!” said the old helmsman, “there goes Zarathustra into hell!” —

Around the same time that these sailors landed on the fire-island, a rumor was afloat that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked, they reported that he had embarked at night without saying where he intended to travel.

Thus unrest arose; after three days, however, the sailors’ story added to this unrest — and then all the people said that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples laughed of course at this talk; and one of them even said: “I would sooner believe that Zarathustra has taken the devil.” But in the depths of their souls they were all full of misgiving and longing; and so their joy was great when on the fifth day Zarathustra appeared among them.

And this is the account of Zarathustra’s conversation with the firehound:

The earth, he said, has a skin; and this skin has diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called “man.”

And another of these diseases is called “firehound”: about *him* men have told themselves and let themselves be told a whole pack of lies.

To fathom this mystery I went across the sea: and I have seen the truth naked, verily! from the neck down.

Now I know how it is with the firehound; and also with all the eruption- and upheaval-devils, of whom not only the little old ladies are afraid.

“Out with you, firehound, out of your depth!” I cried, “and confess how deep this depth is! Where does what you huff and puff up here come from?”

Richly you drink from the sea: your oversalted eloquence proclaims that. Truly, for a hound from the deep you take too much of your nourishment from the surface!

At best I take you for the earth’s ventriloquist: and whenever I have heard eruption- and upheaval- devils speak, I found them like you: salted, false, and shallow.

You know how to bellow and blacken with ashes! You are the best blow-hards and are sufficiently learned in the art of making mud boiling hot.

Wherever you are, mud must be nearby, and much that is spongy, hollow, compressed: it wants to go free.

'Freedom' you all love to bellow most of all: but I forget my belief in 'great events' as soon as there is a lot of bellowing and smoke around them.

And believe me, friend Pandemonium! The greatest events — they are not our loudest but our stillest hours.

Not around the inventors of new noise: around the inventors of new values the world revolves; *inaudibly* it revolves.

And just admit it! Once your noise and smoke have passed away, but little has ever come to pass. What does it matter that a city has become a mummy and a statue lies in the mud?

And this word yet I say to the overthrowers of statues. That is indeed the greatest folly, throwing salt into the sea and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt the statue lay: but that is precisely its statute, that out of contempt its life and living beauty may rise again.

With diviner features it stands now and sufferingly seductive; and verily! it will thank you yet for overthrowing it, you overthrowers!

And with this counsel I counsel kings and churches and all that are weak with age and weak in virtue — just let yourselves be overthrown! That you may come back to life, and that back to you may come — virtue! — “

Thus I talked before the firehound; then he interrupted me sullenly and asked: “Church? What is that?”

“Church?” I answered, “that is a kind of state, and what is more, the lyingest kind. But be quiet, you hypocritical hound! No doubt you know your own kind best!

Like you yourself the state is a hypocritical hound; like you it likes to speak with smoke and bellowing, — to make believe, like you, that it speaks from the belly of things.

For by all means it means to be the most important creature on earth, the state; and it is believed to be, too.” —

When I said this, the firehound acted as if insane with envy. “What?” he cried, “the most important creature on earth? And it is believed to be, too?” And so much gas and ghastly voices escaped from his throat that I thought he would choke with indignation and envy.

At last he calmed down and his panting subsided; as soon as he was quiet, however, I said laughingly:

“You are offended, firehound: thus I am right about you! And that I may still be right in the end, hear then of a different firehound: he really speaks from the heart of the earth.

Gold his breath exhales and golden rain: his heart wills it so. What are ashes and smoke and even hot slime to him?

Laughter flutters out of him like a colorful cluster of clouds, averse is he to the gurgling and spewing and griping of your bowels!

The gold, however, and the laughter — that he takes from the heart of the earth: for just so you know, — *the heart of the earth is of gold.*”

When the firehound heard this, he could not stand to listen to me any longer. Ashamed, he tucked in his tail, said bow-wow in a mealy-mouthed manner, and crawled down into his hole.

Thus recounted Zarathustra. His disciples, however, hardly listened to him: so great was their desire to tell him of the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

“What should I make of it?” said Zarathustra. “Am I then a ghost?

But it must have been my shadow. Most certainly you have heard something of the wanderer and his shadow?

This, however, is for certain: I must keep a tighter rein on him, — otherwise he will spoil my reputation yet.”

And once again Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. “What should I make of it?” he said once again.

“Why did the ghost cry: ‘It is time! It is high time!’

For what then is it — high time?” —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE SOOTHSAYER

—and I saw a great sadness come over mankind. The best grew weary of their works.

A doctrine came out, a belief ran alongside it: ‘All is empty, all is the same, all has been!’

And from all the hills it rang out again: ‘All is empty, all is the same, all has been!’

Well have we reaped: but for what reason has all our fruit turned rotten and brown? What fell down from the evil moon last night?

All work has been in vain, into poison our wine has been changed, an evil eye has singed our fields and hearts yellow.

Dry we have all become; and if fire lights on us, then like ashes we raise dust: yes, the fire itself we have made tired.

All our wells have run dry, even the sea has receded. All the ground wants to split, but the abyss will not swallow it!

'Alas, where is there still a sea in which we could drown': thus our lament sounds — over shallow swamps.

Verily, we have become too weary even for dying; now we lie awake and go on living — in burial chambers!"

Thus Zarathustra heard a soothsayer speak; and his prophecy touched him to the core and transformed him. Sad and weary he went around; and he became like those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.

"Verily," so he said to his disciples, "a little while then comes this long twilight. Alas, how shall I bring my light safely through?"

Would that it not be snuffed out in this sadness! To remoter worlds it shall surely be a light, and even to remotest nights!"

Thus Zarathustra went around sick at heart; and for three days he took neither food nor drink, had no rest, and lost all speech. At last it happened that he fell into a deep sleep. His disciples, however, sat up in long night-vigils around him and waited anxiously to see whether he would wake and speak again and get over his affliction.

And this is the speech that Zarathustra spoke when he awoke; his voice, however, came to his disciples as though from a great distance:

Hear then the dream I dreamed, you friends, and help me divine its meaning!

It is still a riddle to me, this dream; its meaning is hidden in it and imprisoned and does not yet fly over it with wings free.

All life I had renounced, so I dreamed. Night- and grave-watchman I had become, there, in the lonely mountain-fortress of Death.

I guarded his coffins up there: the damp vaults stood full of such trophies. Out of glass coffins vanquished life looked at me.

I inhaled the odor of dusty eternities: sultry and dusty lay my soul. And who could ever air out his soul there?

The brightness of midnight was ever around me, loneliness covered beside her; and thirdly, death-rattling stillness, the worst of my girlfriends.

Keys I carried, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open the creakiest of all gates with them.

Like a most angry croaking the sound ran down the long corridors when the wings of the gate rose: unkindly cried this bird, unwillingly was it awoken.

But it was more frightening yet and more heart-wringing when it became quiet again and still all around, and I sat alone in this malicious silence.

So it went for me, and time crawled along, if there was still time: what do I know about it? But at last that which awoke me came to pass.

Three times blows beat on the gate, three times the vaults resounded and howled: then I went up to the gate.

Alpa! I cried, who carries his ashes up the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! Who carries his ashes up the mountain?

And I pressed in the key and heaved and strained at the gate. But not even a finger's breadth did it stand open:

Then a raging wind tore the wings apart: whistling, screeching, and penetrating, it threw a black coffin at me:

And in the raging and whistling and screeching the coffin burst open and spat out thousand-fold laughter.

And out of a thousand wry faces of children, angels, owls, fools, and child-sized butterflies, it laughed and roared and jeered at me.

I was terribly frightened by it: it cast me down. And I screamed with terror like I have never screamed.

But my own scream awoke me: — and I became myself again. —

Thus Zarathustra related his dream and then fell silent: for he did not yet know the meaning of his dream. But the disciple whom he loved the most arose quickly, seized Zarathustra's hand and said:

“Your life itself explains this dream to us, O Zarathustra!

Are you not yourself the wind which with shrill whistling tears open the gates to the fortress of Death?

Are you not yourself the coffin full of colorful acts of malice and life's angelic masks?

Verily, like the thousand-fold laughter of a child Zarathustra enters all death chambers, laughing over these night- and grave-watchmen, and whomever else comes rattling along with gloomy keys.

You will frighten and upset them with your laughter; their swooning and coming-to will prove your power over them.

And even when the long twilight comes and the deadly weariness, you will not set in our sky, you advocate of life!

New stars you have let us see and new nightly splendors; verily, laughter itself you have stretched like a many-colored canopy over us.

Now the laughter of children will well up ever after out of coffins; now a strong wind will come triumphantly ever after to all deadly weariness: of this you yourself are our surety and soothsayer.

Verily, *they themselves you dreamed*, your enemies: that was your worst dream!

But as you awoke from them and became yourself again, so they shall wake up from themselves — and come to you!” —

So spoke the disciple; and now all the others crowded around Zarathustra and seized him by the hand and wanted to talk him into leaving his bed and his sadness and returning to them. But Zarathustra sat upright on his bed, and with a look not his own. Like one who returns home after a long time abroad, he looked upon his disciples and examined their faces; and still he did not recognize them. But when they raised him and set him on his feet, behold, suddenly his eye changed; he grasped everything that had happened, stroked his beard and said in a strong voice:

“Well then! This now has its day; but see to it, my disciples, that we prepare a good meal and without delay! Thus I intend to do penance for bad dreams!

The soothsayer, though, shall eat and drink at my side; and verily, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown!”

Thus spake Zarathustra. But then he looked long and hard into the face of his disciple, the one who had served as his dream-interpreter, and shook his head. —

ON REDEMPTION

One day when Zarathustra crossed over the great bridge, he was beset on all sides by the cripples and beggars, and a hunchback talked to him thus:

“Behold Zarathustra! The people also learn from you and acquire belief in your teaching: but for them to believe entirely in you one more thing is required — you must first still convince us cripples! Here you now have a fine selection and truly, an opportunity with more than one knock! You can heal the blind and make the lame walk; and from him who has too much behind him you can also perhaps take a little away: — that, I think, would be the right way to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!”

But to him who spoke here Zarathustra replied thus: “When you take away the hump from the hunchback, you take away his spirit — thus the people teach. And when you give the blind man his sight, then he sees too many bad things on earth: so that he curses the person who healed him. But he who makes the lame man walk does him the greatest harm; for no sooner can he walk than his vices run away with him — thus the people teach with regard to cripples. And why should Zarathustra not also learn from the people when the people learn from Zarathustra?

This is the least thing to me, however, since I have been among men, to see that: ‘This one lacks an eye and that one an ear and a third one a leg, and that there are others who have lost their tongue or their nose or their head.’

I see and have seen worse things and all sorts of things so loathsome that of each one I would not speak and of some I would not once keep silent: namely, men who lack everything save for one thing, of which they have too much — men who are nothing more than a huge eye or a huge belly or something else huge, — inverted cripples I call such men.

And when I came out of my solitude and crossed over this bridge for the first time: then I could not believe my eyes and looked and looked again and finally said: ‘That is an ear! An ear as big as a man! I took an even closer look: and, actually, under the ear something else was stirring, something pitifully small and poor and slight. And, upon my honor, the monstrous ear sat upon a small thin stalk, — the stalk, however, was a man! Whoever put a magnifying glass up to his eye could probably even make out a small envious face; also, that a bloated little soul was dangling from the stalk. The people, however, told me that the huge ear was not only a man, but a great man, a genius. But I never believed the people when they spoke of great men — and have maintained my belief that it was an inverted cripple who had too little of everything and too much of one thing.”

When Zarathustra had spoken thus to the hunchback and to those who had the hunchback as their mouthpiece and advocate, he turned to his disciples with profound discontent and said:

“Verily, my friends, I walk among men as among the fragments and limbs of men! This is the frightful thing to my eye, that I find men shattered and scattered as over a battle- and butcher-field.

And if my eye flees from the now to the formerly, it always finds the same thing: fragments and limbs and terrible accidents — but no men!

The now and the formerly on earth — alas! my friends — that is *my* most unbearable thing; and I would not know how to live if I were not yet a seer of what is to come.

A seer, a willer, a creator, a future itself and a bridge to the future — and alas, still as it were a cripple on this bridge: all this Zarathustra is.

And you too have often asked yourselves: “Who is Zarathustra to us? What shall we call him? And like I myself you gave yourselves questions as answers.

Is he a promiser? Or a fulfiller? A conqueror? Or an inheritor? A harvest? Or a plowshare? A healer? Or one restored to health?

Is he a poet? Or one who is truthful? A liberator? Or a subjugator? A good guy? Or a bad guy?

I walk among men as among the fragments of the future: that future into which I look.

And this is my every thought, to compose and collect into one what is fragment and riddle and terrible accident.

And how could I stand being a man if man were not also the composer, riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance?

To redeem what is past and remold every ‘It was’ into ‘I willed it so’ — only that would I call redemption!

Will — that is what the liberator and bringer of joy is called: thus I taught you, my friends! But now learn this in addition: the will itself is still a prisoner.

Willing liberates: but what is the name of that which puts even the liberator in chains?

‘It was’: that is what the will’s gnashing of teeth and loneliest tribulation is called. Helpless against what has been done — of all things past it is an angry witness.

Backwards the will cannot will: that it cannot break time and time’s inordinate desire, — that is the will’s loneliest tribulation.

Willing liberates: what does willing devise for itself to be free of its tribulation and jeer at its jail?

Alas, every prisoner becomes a fool! Foolishly as well the imprisoned will rescues itself.

That time does not run backwards, this is its anger; ‘That Which Was’ — this is what the stone it cannot roll is called.

And so it rolls stones out of anger and discontent and takes revenge on that which does not feel anger and discontent as it does.

Thus the will, the liberator, has become a perpetrator of pain; and on all that is capable of suffering it takes revenge because it cannot go backwards.

This, yes this alone is *revenge* itself: the will's ill-will toward time and its 'It was.'

Verily, a great folly dwells in our will; and it has turned out to be a curse on all things human that this folly learned spirit!

The spirit of revenge: my friends, this has been man's best reflection hitherto; and where there was suffering there always had to be punishment.

'Punishment,' the name, namely, that revenge has taken for itself: with a lying word it simulates a good conscience.

And because in the willer himself there is the pain of not being able to will backwards, — therefore willing itself and all life — must be punishment!

And then cloud after cloud rolled over the spirit: until at last madness preached: 'Everything passes away; therefore, everything deserves to pass away!'

'And this is justice itself, that law of time that she must devour her own children': thus madness preached.

'Things are morally ordered according to justice and punishment. O, where is the redemption from the flux of things and the punishment called "being"? Thus madness preached.

'Can there be redemption when there is eternal law? Alas, unrollable is the stone "It was": all punishment must be eternal too! Thus madness preached.

'No deed can be annulled: how could it be undone through punishment? This, this is what is eternal in the punishment called "being," that this being must also be deed and debt again, eternally!'

'Unless the will finally redeems itself and willing becomes non-willing—': but you know, my brothers, this fabulous song of madness!

I led you away from these fabulous songs when I taught you: 'The will is a creator.'

All 'it was' is a fragment, a riddle, a terrible accident — until the creative will says to it: 'But thus I willed it!'

— Until the creative will says to it: 'But thus I will it! Thus I will will it!'

But has it already spoken thus? And when did this happen? Has the will already been unharnessed from its own folly?

Has the will already become its own redeemer and bringer of joy? Has it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all gnashing of teeth?

And who has taught it reconciliation with time, and that which is higher than all reconciliation?

That which is higher than all reconciliation must the will which is the will to power will: but how does this happen? Who taught it to will backwards as well?"

— But at this point in his speech it happened that Zarathustra stopped suddenly and looked exactly like someone who was extremely frightened. With terrified eyes he looked at his disciples; his eyes pierced as with arrows their thoughts and hinter-thoughts. But after a little while he laughed again and said, appeased:

"It is hard to live with men because it is so hard to keep silent. Especially for a talkaholic."

— Thus spake Zarathustra. The hunchback, however, had listened to the conversation and covered his face the while; when he heard Zarathustra laugh, however, he looked up curiously and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak differently to us than he does to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is remarkable about that? With hunchbacks one may well speak hunchbacked!"

"Very well," said the hunchback; "and with pupils one may well tell tales out of school."

But why does Zarathustra speak differently to his pupils than he does — to himself?" —

ON MAN-CRAFT

Not the height: the descent is what is terrible!

The descent, where the glance plunges *down* and the hand grasps *up*. There the heart grows dizzy because of its double will.

Alas, friends, do you guess as well my heart's double will?

This, this is *my* descent and my danger, that my glance plunges to the height and my hand wants to stick to and stay at — the depth!

My will clings to man, with chains I bind myself to man, because it draws me up to the Superman: for there my other will has a mind to be.

And *therefore* I live blindly among men: precisely as if I knew them not: lest my hand lose its faith entirely in a sure thing.

I do not know you men: this darkness and consolation is often spread out around me.

I sit at the gateway for the sake of every knave and ask: "Who wants to cheat me?"

This is my first piece of man-craft, to let myself be cheated so as to be off my guard with cheaters.

Alas, if I had to be on my guard with men: how could man be an anchor for my hot-air balloon? Too easily would it sweep me up and away!

This providence lies over my destiny, that I must be without precaution.

And he who would not die of thirst among men must learn to drink from all glasses; and he who would remain clean among men must know how to wash himself even with dirty water.

And thus I often consoled myself: "Well then! Cheer up, old heart! A mishap failed you: enjoy this as your — happiness!"

This, however, is my next piece of man-craft: I spare the *vain* more than the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? Where pride is wounded, however, there something better than pride may yet grow.

That life may look good, its play must be well-played: but for that, good actors are required.

All the vain I found to be good actors: they act and want to be looked upon with pleasure, — all their spirit is in this will.

They represent themselves, they invent themselves; in their presence I love to look upon life, — it cures melancholy.

Therefore I spare the vain, because they are the physicians to my melancholy and keep me attached to man as to a spectacle.

And then: who has fathomed the full depth of the vain man's modesty? I side and sympathize with him on account of his modesty.

From you he wants to acquire his belief in himself; he lives on your looks, he gobbles up praise from your hands.

He even believes your lies when you lie well about him: for deep down his heart sighs: "What am I!"

And if true virtue be that virtue which has no knowledge of itself: well, then the vain man has no knowledge of his modesty! —

This, however, is my third piece of man-craft, that I do not let your timidity spoil my view of the *wicked*.

I am happy to see the wonders which the hot sun hatches: tigers and palm trees and rattlesnakes.

Among men too there is a hot sun's handsome brood and many things wonder-worthy with regard to the wicked.

It is true, like your wisest men who did not appear all that wise to me: so too I found man's wickedness to be less than its reputation.

And often I asked with a shake of the head: "Why do you still rattle, you rattlesnakes?"

Verily, there is still a future even for evil! And the hottest south is still undiscovered by man!

How many things now called the most wanton wickedness indeed are but only twelve feet wide and three months long! Someday, however, greater dragons will come into the world.

For that the Superman may not lack his dragon, the superdragon, of which he is worthy: for that much hot sun must still glow on moist primeval forest!

Out of your wildcats tigers must first arise, and out of your poisonous toads, crocodiles: for the good hunter shall have good hunting!

And verily, you good and just ones! In you there is much that is laughable, and above all your fear of that which has hitherto been called "devil!"

Such a stranger you are in your souls to what is great, that to you the Superman would be *frightful* in his goodness!

And you wise and knowing ones, you would run away from wisdom's broiling sun, in which the Superman bathes his nakedness with pleasure!

You highest of men my eye has met! this is what I doubt in you and secretly laugh about: I suspect that you would call my Superman — devil!

Alas, I grew weary of these highest and best ones: from their "height" I longed to be out, up, out, and away to the Superman!

A shudder came over me when I saw these best ones naked: then I grew myself wings to soar off into distant futures.

Into futures more distant, into souths more southerly than any artist has ever dreamed: there, where gods are ashamed of all clothing!

But disguised I want to see *you*, you neighbors and fellow men, well-adorned and vain and dignified in the role of "the good and the just."

And disguised will I myself sit among you, — in order to *mistake* myself and you: this, you see, is my last piece of man-craft. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE STILLEST HOUR

What happened to me, my friends? You see me confused, driven away, reluctant-compliant, ready to go — alas, to go away from you!

Yes, once more must Zarathustra go into his solitude: but this time the bear goes back into his den morosely!

What happened to me? Who ordered this? — Alas, my angry mistress wishes it so, she spoke to me; have I never told you her name before?

Yesterday toward evening *my stillest hour* spoke to me: this is the name of my terrible mistress.

And so it happened — for I must tell you everything, lest your hearts harden toward the suddenly departing one!

Do you know the terror of the one who is falling asleep? —

Down to his very toes he is terrified, because the ground seems to give way beneath him and the dream begins.

I tell you this in the form of a parable. Yesterday, at the stillest hour, the ground gave way: the dream began.

The hour-hand moved, the clock of my life took a breath — never have I heard such stillness around me: so that my heart was terror-struck.

Then it spoke without a voice to me: “*You know it, Zarathustra?*” —

And I cried out with terror at this whispering, and the blood left my face: but I was silent.

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: “You know it Zarathustra, but you do not say it!”

And at last I answered, like one who was defiant: “Yes, I know it, but I will not say it!”

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: “You *will* not, Zarathustra? Is that really true? Do not hide in your defiance!” —

And I wept and trembled like a child and said: “Alas, I would indeed but how can I? Let me off this once! It is beyond me!”

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: “What do you matter, Zarathustra! Speak your word and shatter!” —

And I answered: “Alas, is it *my* word? Who am I? I await the worthier one; I am unworthy even to shatter upon him.”

Then it spoke again without a voice to me. “What do you matter? You are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the toughest skin.” —

And I answered: "What has the skin of my humility not already endured? At the foot of my height I dwell: how high are my peaks? No one has yet told me. But I know my valleys well."

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: "O Zarathustra, he who has mountains to move moves valleys and lowlands as well." —

And I answered: "My word has moved no mountains yet, and what I have said has not yet reached men. Yes, I went to men, but I have not yet arrived at them."

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: "What do you know *of that*? The dew falls on the grass when the night is most reticent." —

And I answered: "They mocked me when I found and made my own way; and my feet were truly trembling in those days.

And so they said to me: 'You forgot the way, now you have also forgotten the way of going!'"

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: "What does their mockery matter? You are one who has forgotten how to obey: now you shall command!"

Do you not know who is most needed by all? He who commands great things.

To complete great things is hard: but what is harder is to command great things.

That is what is most inexcusable in you: you have the power, and you refuse to rule." —

And I answered: "I lack the lion's voice for commanding."

Then it spoke again as if in a whisper to me: "It is the stillest words which bring on the storm. Thoughts that come on dove's feet rule the world.

O Zarathustra, you shall go as a shadow of that which is to come: thus you will command and in commanding go before." —

And I answered: "I am ashamed."

Then it spoke again without a voice to me: "You must still become a child and be without shame.

The pride of youth is still upon you, lately you have become young: but he who would become a child must still overcome his youth." —

And I reflected a long time and trembled. But at last I said what I had had said at first: "I will not."

Then there was laughter around me. Woe, how this laughter tore apart my innards and slit open my heart!

And it spoke for the last time to me: "O Zarathustra, your fruits are ripe, but you are not ripe for your fruits!

So you must go again into your solitude: for you have yet to become mellow." —

And it laughed again and fled: then it grew still around me, as if with a two-fold stillness. But I lay on the ground and the sweat poured from my body.

— Now you have heard everything and why I have to go back into my solitude. Nothing have I held back from you, my friends.

But this too you have heard from me, *who* of all men is still the most reticent — and wants to be!

I still had something to say to you, I still had something to give to you! Why did I not give it? Am I stingy then? —

But when Zarathustra had spoken these words, he was overcome by the violence of his pain and the imminence of his departure from his friends, so that he wept openly; and no one knew how to console him. In the night, however, he went away alone and left his friends.

PART THREE

“You look up when you crave elevation. And I look down because I am elevated.

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

Whoever climbs the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic realities.”

Zarathustra,

On Reading And Writing,(I, p.29)

THE WANDERER

It was around midnight when Zarathustra made his way across the ridge of the island in order to make the opposite shore by early morning: for he meant to embark there. There was a good roadstead there, you see, where even foreign ships liked to anchor; they took with them many from the Blessed Isles who wanted to cross the sea. So as Zarathustra climbed the mountain now, he thought on the way of the many solitary wanderings he had made since his youth and of how many mountains and ridges and peaks he had already climbed.

“I am a wanderer and a mountain climber,” he said to his heart, “the plains I do not love, and it seems I cannot sit still for long.

And as for what may yet come to me in the way of fate and experience, — a wandering will be in it and a mountain climbing; in the end one still only experiences oneself.

The time is past when accidents might still happen to me: and what *could* still befall me now that is not already my own!

It only comes back, it comes home to me at last — my own self and that part of it which has long been in foreign parts and scattered amongst all things and happenings.

And yet one thing I know: I now stand before my last peak and before that which has been saved up longest for me. Alas, I have to go up my hardest path! Alas, I have begun my loneliest wandering!

But he who is of my kind does not shun such an hour: the hour which says to him: 'Only now you make your way to greatness! Peak and abyss — this is now resolved into *one!*

You make your way to greatness: what was hitherto your ultimate danger has now become your ultimate refuge!

You make your way to greatness: your best courage must now consist in this, that behind you no way exists anymore!

You make your way to greatness: no one shall sneak after you here! Your foot itself has erased the path behind you, and above it is written: Impossibility.

And if henceforth all ladders are lacking, then you must still know how to climb upon your own head: how else would you climb upwards?

Upon your own head and above and beyond your own heart! Now must the mildest in you become the harshest.

He who has always been very sparing of himself sickens at last from his very sparingness. Praised be that which hardens! I praise not the land where butter and honey — flow!

Learning to *look away* from oneself is necessary in order to see *much*: — this harshness is necessary for every mountain climber.

But he who is too forward with his eyes, like the knowing one, how could he see more than the foreground of anything?

You, however, O Zarathustra, would look at the ground and background of all things: so already you must climb over yourself, — onward, upward, until even your stars are *beneath* you!

Yes! To look down upon myself and even upon my stars: this would I first call my *peak*, this would be left behind as my *last peak!* —

Thus spake Zarathustra to himself while climbing, comforting his heart with hard aphorisms: for he was sore at heart like never before. And when he reached the top of the mountain ridge, behold, there lay the other sea spread out

before him: and he stood still and silent a long while. But the night was cold at this height and clear and starry-bright.

“I know my lot,” he said at last with sadness. “Well then! I am ready! My last solitude has just begun.

Alas, this black sad sea beneath me! Alas, this pregnant, nightly spleen! Alas, destiny and sea! To you I must now climb *down!*

Before my highest mountain I stand and before my longest wandering: therefore I must first descend deeper than I ever have:

— deeper down into pain than I have ever descended, down into its blackest flood! So my destiny wills it: Well then! I am ready.

“Whence come the highest mountains?” So I asked once. Then I learned that they come from the sea.

This testimony is written in their stone and in the walls of their peaks. From the deepest place must the highest come to its height. —

Thus spake Zarathustra at the summit of the mountain, where it was cold: but when he came near to the sea and stood at last alone under the cliffs, then he had become weary on the way and was more full of longing than ever before.

“Everything still sleeps,” he said; “even the sea sleeps. Sleepy and strange looks its eye casts at me.

But it breathes warmly, I feel it. And I also feel that it dreams. It tosses and turns, dreaming upon hard pillows.

Hark! Hark! How it groans with wicked recollections! Or wicked expectations?

Alas, I am sad with you, you dark monster, and even mad at myself for your sake.

Alas, that my hand has not strength enough! Gladly indeed, would I deliver you from bad dreams! — ”

And as Zarathustra spoke thus, he laughed with melancholy and bitterness over himself. “What, Zarathustra!” he said; “would you sing solace even to the sea?

Alas, you love-rich fool Zarathustra, you over-trustful, over-joyful one! But thus were you always: trustful you always came to all that was frightful.

Every monster you wanted to caress. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft tuft of fur on its paw — and immediately you were ready to love it and lure it.

Love is the danger of the loneliest one, love of anything, *as long as it lives!*
Truly laughable is my folly and my modesty in love! — ”

Thus spake Zarathustra and laughed a second time: but then he thought of his abandoned friends — and as if had sinned against them in his thoughts, he became angry with himself at the thought of his thoughts. And thereupon it came to pass that the laughing one wept:— with ire and desire Zarathustra wept bitterly.

ON THE VISION AND THE RIDDLE

1

When it became known among the sailors that Zarathustra was on board the ship — for there was a man from the Blessed Isles who had gone on board with him — there arose a great curiosity and expectation. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days and was cold and deaf with sadness, so that he answered neither looks nor questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he opened his ears again, though he still remained silent: for there were many strange and dangerous things to have an ear to on this ship, which came from afar and would travel even farther. But Zarathustra was a friend to all those who make long journeys and take a dislike to living without danger. And behold! at last in listening his own tongue was loosened, and the ice of his heart broke:— then he began to speak thus:

To you, the daring searchers, researchers, and whoever has set sail with subtle sails on frightful seas, —

To you, the riddle-intoxicated, the twilight-delighted, whose souls are lured by flutes to every mis-abbyss:

— For you refuse to grope along a thread with a cowardly hand; and where you can *divine* you hate to *deduce* —

To you alone I relate the riddle that I *saw*, — the vision of the loneliest one.

—

Gloomy I walked lately through the corpse-hued gloaming, — gloomy and hard, with lips compressed. Not only *one* sun had set for me.

A path that climbed defiantly through rubble, a spiteful, lonely one to which neither herb nor shrub spoke any longer: a mountain path crunched under the defiance of my foot.

Striding silently over the scornful clatter of pebbles, trampling underfoot the stone that let it slide: thus my foot forced itself upwards.

Upwards: — although he sat on me, half-dwarf, half-mole; lame, laming; dripping lead into my ear, leaden-drop thoughts into my brain.

“O Zarathustra,” he whispered tauntingly, syllable by syllable, “you stone of wisdom! You threw yourself high, but every stone that is thrown — must fall!

O Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you slingstone, you star-destroyer! You threw yourself so high, — but every stone that is thrown — must fall!

Sentenced to you yourself and your own stoning: O Zarathustra, you sure threw the stone far, — but it will fall back on *you!*”

Then the dwarf was silent; and that lasted a long time. His silence oppressed me, however: such a pairing truly makes one lonelier than being alone!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought, — but everything oppressed me. I was like a sick man whose bad torment makes him weary and whose worse dream wakes him up again from his falling asleep. —

But there is something in me that I call courage: all ill humor it has killed for me hitherto. This courage at last bade me stand still and say:

“Dwarf! You! Or I!” —

Because courage is the best killer, — courage which *attacks*; for in every attack there is music playing.

Man, however, is the most courageous animal: with that he has overcome every animal. With music playing he even overcame every pain; but human pain is the deepest pain.

Courage also kills giddiness at abysses: and where does man not stand at abysses? Is seeing not itself — seeing abysses?

Courage is the best killer; courage also kills pity. But pity is the deepest abyss: however deeply man looks into life, so deeply too he looks into suffering.

But courage is the best killer, courage which attacks: it even kills death dead, for it says: “Was *that* life? Well then! Once more!”

In such a saying, however, there is much music playing. He that has ears to hear, let him hear. —

“Halt! Dwarf” I said. “I! or you! I, however, am the stronger of us two: you are unaware of my abyssal thought! *That* — you could not bear!” —

Then happened that which made me lighter: for the dwarf sprang from my shoulder, the snoop! And he squatted on a stone in front of me. But just at the place where we halted there was a gateway.

“See this gateway! Dwarf!” I continued: “it has two faces. Two paths come together here: no one has yet gone to the end of them.

This long lane back here: it lasts an eternity. And that long lane out there, — that is another eternity.

They oppose each other, these paths; they bang their very heads: — and here at this gateway is where they come together. The name of the gateway stands written above: ‘Moment.’

But he who went further down one of them — ever further and ever farther: do you think, dwarf, that these paths would eternally oppose each other?” —

“Everything straight lies,” the dwarf muttered contemptuously. “All truth is crooked, time itself is a circle.”

“You spirit of gravity!” I said angrily, “don’t take the easy way out! Or I will let you crouch where you crouch, lamefoot, and I have carried you *high!*”

“Behold,” I went on, “this moment! From this gateway Moment a long eternal lane runs *backwards*: behind us lies an eternity.

All things that *can* run, must they not have run along this lane once before? All things that *can* happen, must they not have happened, been done, and been over and done with once before?

And if everything has existed before: what do you make of this moment, dwarf? Must not this gateway too — have existed before?

And are not all things knotted firmly together in such a way that this moment draws *all* things to come after it? *Consequently* — — itself too?

Then of all things that *can* run: even in that long lane *out there* — they *must* run once more! —

And this slow spider that crawls in the moonlight itself, and you and I in the gateway whispering together, whispering of eternal things — must we not have existed before?

— and must we not return and run in that lane out there before us, in that long eerie lane — must we not return eternally? —”

Thus I talked, and ever more softly: for I was afraid of my own thoughts and hinter-thoughts. Then suddenly I heard a dog *howling* nearby.

Had I ever heard a dog howl like this? My thoughts ran back. Yes! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood:

— then I had heard a dog growl like this. And saw him too, hair bristling, head up, trembling, in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

— so that it moved me to pity. For just then the full moon passed quietly as death over the house, just then it stood still, a round glow, perfectly still on the flat roof, exactly as if on foreign property: — on account of that the dog had been horror-stricken then: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I again heard such howling, it moved me to pity once more.

Where had the dwarf gone to now? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Was I dreaming then? Had I awoke? Amidst wild cliffs I stood all of a sudden, alone, desolate, in the most desolate moonlight.

But there lay a man! And there! The dog, jumping, bristling, whining, — now he saw me coming — then he howled again, then he *yelped*: — had I ever heard a dog yelp so for help?

And verily, what I saw, the like of it I had never seen. I saw a young shepherd, writhing, retching, twitching, face contorted, with a heavy black snake hanging out of his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much loathing and pale horror on one face? He had fallen asleep, perhaps? Then the snake had crawled down his throat — there it had bitten itself fast.

My hand yanked at the snake and yanked: — in vain! I could not yank the lizard from his gizzard. Then out of me it cried: “Bite! Bite!

The head off! Bite!” — thus it cried out of me, my horror, my hatred, my loathing, my pity, all my good and bad cried with *one* cry out of me. —

You daring ones around me! You searchers, researchers, and whoever has set sail with subtle sails on unexplored seas! You riddle-happy ones!

Go ahead, solve for me the riddle I beheld then, interpret for me the vision of the loneliest one!

For it was a vision and a foreseeing: — *what* did I see then in an allegory? And *who* is it that is yet to come one day?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the snake crawled thus? *Who* is the man into whose throat all the heaviest, blackest things will crawl thus?

— But the shepherd bit, as my cry advised; he bit off a good mouthful! Far away he spewed the head of the snake —: and sprang up. —

— No longer shepherd, no longer man — a transfigured, light-bathed being that *laughed!* Never yet on earth has a man laughed as *he* laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter that was no human laughter, — — and now a thirst eats at me, a longing that never ceases.

My longing for this laughter eats at me: O, how can I stand to live! And how could I stand to die now! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON INVOLUNTARY BLISS

With such riddles and bitterness in his heart Zarathustra sailed across the sea. But when he was four days' journey from the Blessed Isles and from his friends, then he had overcome all his pain: — triumphant and with firm feet he stood upon his fate once again. And then Zarathustra spoke thus to his jubilant conscience:

I am alone again and want to be, alone with the pure sky and the open sea; and it is afternoon again around me.

It was afternoon one day when I found my friends for the first time, afternoon as well the second time: — at the hour when all light becomes stiller.

For whatever happiness is still on the way between heaven and earth now seeks a bright soul for shelter: *through happiness* all light has now become stiller.

O afternoon of my life! One day *my* happiness also descended to the valley to seek shelter; there it found these open, hospitable souls.

O afternoon of my life! What did I not give up in order to have *one thing*: this live planting of my thoughts and this morning light of my highest hope!

Companions the creator once sought, and children of *his* hope; and behold, it was found he could not find them unless he first created them himself.

Thus am I in the midst of my work, going to my children and returning from them: for the sake of his children must Zarathustra perfect himself.

For deep down we love only our child and work; and where there is great love for oneself, it is a sign of pregnancy: thus I found it.

My children are still green in their first spring, standing next to each other and jointly jostled by the winds, the trees of my garden and best soil.

And verily! Where such trees stand next to each other, there blessed islands *are!*

But one day I want to dig them up and place each one alone by itself: that it may learn solitude and defiance and foresight.

Gnarled and crooked and with supple hardness shall it then stand by the sea, a living lighthouse of invincible life.

There, where the storms rush down into the sea and the mountain's snout drinks water, there each one shall one day have his day- and night- watches, for *his* trial and sentencing.

Tried and sentenced he shall be, to see whether he is of my kin and kind, — whether he is master of a lofty will, taciturn, even when he does speak, and giving in so much that in giving he *takes*: —

— that one day he may be my companion and Zarathustra's co-creator and co-celebrator —: one that writes my will on my tablets: to the fuller perfection of all things.

And for his sake and his like I must perfect *myself*: therefore I turn aside from my good fortune now and offer myself to all misfortune — for *my* last trial and sentencing.

And verily, it was time for me to be on my way; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest while and the stillest hour — all said to me: "It is high time!"

The wind blew through the keyhole at me and said "Come!" The door flew open cunningly for me and said "Go!"

But I lay enchained by the love for my children: desire set this snare for me, the desire for love, to be my children's prey and lose myself in them.

Desire — to me this only means: having lost myself. *I have you, my children!* In this having, everything shall be surety and nothing desire.

But the sun of my love lay brooding over me, in his own juices Zarathustra was stewing — then shadows and doubt flew past me.

After frost and winter I even lusted: "O that frost and winter would make me crackle and crunch again!" I sighed: — then icy mists arose out of me.

My past burst its graves, many a buried-alive pain awoke; it had only enjoyed a good night's sleep, tucked away in a winding sheet.

Thus everything called out to me in signs: "It is time!" But I — heard it not: until finally my abyss stirred and my thought bit me.

Alas, abysmal thought that is *my* thought! When will I find the strength to hear you burrowing and no longer be trembling?

Right up to the throat my heart throbs when I hear you burrowing! Your silence as well wants to throttle me, you abysmally silent one!

Never yet have I dared to summon you *up here*: quite enough to have carried you around with me! Not yet have I been strong enough for my final lion-wantonness and willfulness.

Your weight was always terrible enough for me; but one day yet I shall find the strength and the lion's voice to summon you up here!

Only when I have overcome myself in that will I then also be ready to overcome myself in that which is greater; and the seal of my perfection shall be a *victory!* —

Meanwhile I still drift upon uncertain seas; Chance, the smooth-tongued one, flatters me; forwards and backwards I look —, still no end do I see.

The hour of my final struggle has not yet come to me, — or has it come to me even now? Verily, with mischievous beauty sea and life look all around at me!

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before night! O haven on higher seas! O peace in uncertainty! How I mistrust you all!

Verily, I am mistrustful of your mischievous beauty! I am like the lover who mistrusts the all-too-velvety smile.

Just as he nudges his beloved before him, tender even in his hardness, the jealous one, — so I nudge this blissful hour before me.

Hence, you blissful hour! With you an involuntary bliss came to me! Here I stand ready for my deepest pain: untimely you came.

Hence, you blissful hour! Better to take shelter there — with my children! Hurry! And bless them before evening with *my* happiness!

There evening draws near even now: the sun is sinking. There goes — my happiness! —

Thus spake Zarathustra. And he waited for his unhappiness all night: but he waited in vain. The night remained bright and still, and happiness itself drew nearer and nearer to him. Towards morning, however, Zarathustra laughed in his heart and said mockingly: "Happiness runs after me. That comes from my not running after women. Happiness, however, is a woman."

BEFORE SUNRISE

O heaven above me, you pure one! deep one! You light-abyss! Seeing you I shudder with godly desires!

To project myself to your height — that is *my* depth! To protect myself in your purity — that is *my* innocence!

The deity shrouds his beauty: so you conceal your stars. You do not speak: so you reveal your wisdom to me.

Mute over the raging sea you rose for me today, your love and your modesty speaking revelation to my raging soul.

That you came to me beautifully, shrouded in your beauty, that you speak to me mutely, manifest in your wisdom.

O how could I not divine all the modesty of your soul! *Before* the sun you came to me, the loneliest one!

We have been friends from the very beginning: dread and grief and ground we have in common: even the sun we have in common.

We do not speak to each other because we know too much — : we are silent towards each other, we smile our knowledge towards each other.

Are you not the light to my fire? Do you not have the sister-soul to my insight?

Together we learned to fly; together we learned to rise above ourselves to our very selves and to smile without a cloud: —

— to smile down without a cloud out of lucid eyes and from a distance of miles, while under us aim and blame and constraint dampen like rain.

And when I wandered alone: *for whom* did my soul hunger in the night and on errant paths? And when I climbed mountains, *whom* did I seek on the mountains every time if not you?

And all my wandering and mountain climbing: it was only a necessity and a helping hand for the heavy-handed: — my whole will wants only *to fly*, to fly up into *you*!

And whom did I hate more than passing clouds and whatever defiles you? And even my own hate I hated because it defiled you!

I am angry at the passing clouds, these prowling cats of prey: they take from you and me what is ours in common, — the vast, boundless Yea- and Amen-saying.

We are angry at these meddlers and mediators, the passing clouds: these half-and-halves that have learned neither to curse nor to bless thoroughly.

Rather would I sit in a Diogenes tub under a closed heaven, rather sit in the abyss with no heaven, than see you, light-heaven, defiled by passing clouds!

And often I have longed to wire them fast with the jagged golden wires of lightning, so that I, like the thunder, could beat the kettledrum on their kettlebellies: —

— an angry kettledrummer, because they rob me of your Yea! and Amen!, you heaven above me, you pure one! light one! You light-abyss! — because they rob you of *my* Yea! and Amen!

For rather would I have clamor and thunder and weather-curses than this careful, doubtful cat-calm: and among men too I hate most all pussyfooters and half-and-halves and doubting, dawdling passing-clouds.

And “he who cannot learn to bless shall *learn* to curse!” — this bright teaching fell to me from the bright sky, this star stands in my sky even on black nights.

But I am a blesser and a yea-sayer, if only you are around me, you pure one! light one! You light-abyss! — even into all abysses I then carry my blessing yea-saying.

A blesser I have become and a yea-sayer: I wrestled long for that and was a wrestler so that one day I might free my hands for blessing.

This, however, is my blessing: to stand above everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell and eternal surety: and blessed is he who blesses thus!

For all things are baptized at the font of eternity and beyond good and evil; good and evil, however, are themselves only shadowy go-betweens and damp calamities and passing clouds.

Verily, a blessing it is and no blasphemy when I teach: “Above all things stand the heaven of Chance, the heaven of Innocence, the heaven of Coincidence, the heaven of Exuberance.”

“Von Chance” — this is the oldest nobility in the world, this I gave back to all things; I released them from their captivity under Purpose.

This freedom and heaven-serenity I placed like an azure bell over all things when I taught that above them and through them no “eternal will” — wills.

This exuberance and this folly I placed in place of that will when I taught: “In all things one thing is impossible — Reason!”

A *little* reason to be sure, a seed of wisdom strewn from star to star, — this leaven is mixed in with all things: for the sake of folly wisdom is mixed in with all things!

A little wisdom is quite possible; but this blessed surety I found in all things: that on the feet of Chance they would still rather — *dance*.

O heaven above me, you pure one, lofty one! This is now your purity for me, that there is no eternal reason-spider and spider web: —

— that to me you are a dance floor for divine chance, that to me you are a table of the gods for divine dice and dice players!

But you are blushing? Did I speak the unspeakable? Did I blaspheme while meaning to bless you?

Or is it the modesty of being two that makes you blush? — Do you bid me go and be silent because now — *day* comes?

The world is deep — : and deeper than the day has ever conceived. Not everything can be uttered in the presence of day. But day comes: so let us now part!

O heaven above me, you modest one! glowing one! O you, my happiness before sunrise! Day comes: so let us now part! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE BEDWARFING VIRTUE

I

When Zarathustra was back on solid ground again, he did not set off directly for his mountains and his cave, but took up many paths and questions, inquiring after this and that, so that he said of himself in jest: “Behold a river that in many twists and turns returns to its source!” For he wanted to learn what had happened *to man* in the meantime: whether he had grown larger or smaller. And one day he saw a row of new houses; then he was amazed and said:

“What do these houses mean? Verily, no great soul placed them here in his own image!

Perhaps a dimwitted child took them out of his toy box? Would that another child might put them back in the box again!

And these rooms and chambers: can *men* go in and out here? They strike me as being made for silk dolls or sweet-tooths, who are quite sweet on letting themselves be nibbled, too.”

And Zarathustra stood still and mused. Finally he said, saddened: “*Everything* has grown smaller!”

Everywhere I see lower gateways: he who is of *my* kind still finds a way through, but — he must stoop!

O when will I return to my homeland, where I will not have to stoop anymore — not have to stoop anymore *before the small ones!*” — And Zarathustra sighed and looked off into the distance. —

That same day, however, he made his speech on the bedwarfing virtue.

2

I pass through this people and keep my eyes open: they do not forgive me for not being envious of their virtues.

They snap at me because I say to them: for small people small virtues are necessary — and because it is hard for me to accept that small people are *necessary!*

Here I am still like the cock in a strange farmyard whom even the hens peck at; but I take no offense at the hens for that.

I am polite towards them, as towards all small offenses; to be prickly towards what is small strikes me as wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all speak of me when they sit around the fire at night, — they speak of me, but no one thinks — of me!

This is the new stillness I have learned: their clamor around me spreads a mantle over my thoughts.

They clamor amongst each other: “What does this dark cloud want with us? Let us see to it that it brings no plague upon us!”

And the other day a woman pulled her child back to her when it wanted to come to me: “Take the children away!” she cried; “such eyes singe children’s souls.”

They cough when I speak: they think coughing to be an objection to strong winds, — they guess nothing of the blustering of my happiness!

“We have no time yet for Zarathustra” — thus they object; but who cares about a time that “has no time” for Zarathustra?

And if they praise me at all: how could I possibly go to sleep on *their* praise? Their praise is a belt of thorns to me; it scratches me even when I undo it.

And this too I learned among them: the one who praises acts as if he were giving back, but in fact he wants to be given more.

Ask my foot whether it likes their lauding and luring strains! Verily, to such tick-tock time it wants neither to dance nor to stand still.

To a small virtue they want to laud and lure me; to the tick-tock of a small happiness they want to persuade my foot.

I pass through this people and keep my eyes open; they have grown *smaller* and are growing ever smaller: — *that, however, is due to their teaching on happiness and virtue.*

Namely, they are modest also in their virtue — for they want comfort. With comfort, however, only a modest virtue sits well.

I suppose in their way too they learn to step and to step forward: I call that their *hobbling* —. With that they become a hindrance to anyone who is in a hurry.

And many of them go forward and look backward at the same time, with stiffened necks: I like to smash into them.

Foot and eye shall not lie, nor give each other the lie. But there is much lying by the small people.

Some of them will, but most of them are only willed. Some of them are genuine, but most of them are bad actors.

There are unwitting actors among them and unwilling actors —, the genuine ones are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

Of man there is little here: therefore their women act mannish. For only he who is man enough will *redeem the woman* in woman.

And this hypocrisy I found to be the worst among them: That even those who are in command feign the virtues of those who serve.

“I serve, you serve, we serve” — thus even the ruling hypocrisy prays here; and woe if the first master is *but* the first servant!

Alas, I guess the curiosity of my eye flew too far into their hypocrisies too; and well I guessed all their fly-happiness and their buzzing around sunny windowpanes.

So much kindness, so much weakness I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

Round, kind, and goodly they are with each other, just as grains of sand are round, kind, and goodly with each other.

To embrace modestly a small happiness — this they call “resignation”! and at the same time they are already modestly eyeing a new small happiness.

At bottom they simply want one thing most of all: that no one do them ill. So they get the jump on everyone and do them well.

But this is *cowardice*, even though it be called virtue.

And if for once they speak harshly, these small people : *I* hear only their hoarseness in it, — for every draught of air makes them hoarse.

Clever they are, their virtues have clever fingers. But they lack fists, their fingers do not know how to huddle behind fists.

To them virtue is that which makes modest and tame: with that they have made the wolf into a dog and man himself into man’s best domestic animal.

“We place our chair in the *middle*” — this their smirking says to me — “and just as far away from dying gladiators as from satisfied pigs.”

But this is — *mediocrity*: even though it be called moderation. —

3

I pass through this people and let fall many a word: but they know neither how to take it nor how to retain it.

They marvel that I came not to rail against lusts and vice; and verily, I came not to warn against pickpockets either!

They marvel that I am not ready yet to whet and abet their wit: as if they did not already have enough smart-alecks whose voices grate on me like slate pencils!

And when I cry: “A curse on all the cowardly devils in you that like to whine and fold their hands and adore”: then they cry: “Zarathustra is godless.”

And especially their teachers of resignation cry this —; but precisely into their ears I love to shout: Yes, I *am* Zarathustra the godless!

These teachers of resignation! Anywhere there is something small and sick and scabby, there they crawl, like lice: and only my nausea prevents me from squashing them.

Well then! This is my sermon for *their* ears: I am Zarathustra the godless who says here “Who is more godless than I that I may rejoice in his instruction?”

I am Zarathustra the godless: where am I to find my equal? And all those are my equals who give themselves their own wills and give up all resignation.

I am Zarathustra the godless: I cook every chance in *my* pot regardless. And only when it is fully cooked do I welcome it as *my* food.

And verily, many a chance came arrogantly to me: but more arrogantly still *my will* spoke to it, — then it lay there just begging on its knees —

— begging to find hearth and heart with me, and egging me on fawningly: “Just look, O Zarathustra, how only a friend comes to a friend!” —

But why do I speak when no one has *my* ears? And so I will shout it out to all the winds:

You are growing ever smaller, you small people! You are crumbling, you comfort-creatures! You will yet come to ruin —

— by your many small virtues, by your many small omissions, by your many small submissions!

Too tender, too yielding: such is your soil! But for a tree to become *great*, it must take hard root around hard rock!

Even what you fail to do is woven into the web of all human future; even your naught is a spider web which feeds on the blood of the future.

And when you take, then it is like stealing, you small-virtued ones; but even among thieves *honor* speaks: "Thou shalt only steal where thou canst not rob."

"It will pass" — that too is a teaching of resignation. But I tell you, you comfort-creatures: it will *take a pass* at you and take more and more from you!

Alas, if only you would renounce all *half-willing* and become resolved in idleness as well as in action.

Alas, if only you would understand my word: "Always do what you will, — but first be those who *can will!*"

"Always love your neighbor as yourself, — but first be those who *love themselves* —

— loving with a great love, loving with a great contempt!" Thus speaks Zarathustra the godless. —

But why do I speak when no one has *my ears*? It is still too early an hour for me here.

My own precursor am I among these people, my own cock-crow down dark lanes.

But *their* hour is coming! And mine is coming too! Hourly they become smaller, poorer, more unfruitful, — poor plant! poor soil!

And *soon* they shall stand there for me like dry grass and prairie, and verily! weary of themselves — and thirsting, more for fire than for water!

O blessed hour of lightning! O mystery before noontide! —

One day yet I will make running fires out of them and heralds with tongues of flame: —

— one day yet they shall herald it with tongues of flame: It is coming, it is nigh, *the great noontide!*

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

Winter, a bad guest, sits by me at home; my hands are blue from the handshake of his friendship.

I honor him, this bad guest, but gladly let him sit alone. Gladly I run away from him; and if one runs *well*, one can escape him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts I run there, where the wind stands still, to the sunny hideout of my mount of olives.

There I laugh at my severe guest and even think well of him for removing flies from my place and silencing many small noises.

For he will not suffer it if a gnat wants to sing, or perhaps two; even the lane he makes lonely, so that the moonlight is frightened there at night.

A hard guest is he, — but I honor him and do not pray, like the weaklings do, to the potbellied fire-idol.

Even a little teeth-chattering rather than idol-worshipping! — thus my kind wills it. And I am especially hostile towards all fervent, stuffy, steamy fire-idols.

Him whom I love I love better in winter than in summer; better do I mock my enemies and more valiantly, now that winter sits in my home.

Valiant indeed, even when I *crawl* into bed —: there my holed-up happiness laughs and even raises holy hell, there even my lie of a dream laughs.

Me — a crawler? Not once in my life have I crawled before the mighty; and if ever I lied, then I lied out of love. That is why I am happy even in a winter bed.

A humble bed warms me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter she is most faithful to me.

I begin each day with an act of malice; I mock winter with a cold bath: my severe friend of the family grumbles at that.

I also tickle him gladly with a little wax candle: that he may finally let the sky out of its ashy-gray twilight.

For I am especially malicious in the morning: at that early hour when the pail rattles at the well and the horses neigh warmly down gray lanes: —

Impatiently I wait then for the bright sun to finally rise, the snow-bearded winter sky, the ancient wight and white-head, —

— the winter sky, the quiet one who often keeps even his sun quietly in hiding!

Could it be that I learned the long bright silence from him? Or did he learn it from me? Or did each of us invent it himself?

The source of all good things is thousand-fold, — all good high-spirited things spring to life out of joy: how could they ever do that — only once?

The long silence is also a good high-spirited thing, and like the winter sky, to look out from a bright, round-eyed countenance: —

— like him, to hide his sun and his inflexible solar will, verily, this art and these winter high spirits I have learned *well!*

My favorite art and act of malice it is, that my silence has learned not to betray itself through silence.

With chit-chat and rattling dice I outwit the solemn ones-in-waiting; my will and purpose shall give all these strict watchdogs the slip.

That no one may see down to my foundation and final will, — that is why I invented the long bright silence.

Many a shrewd man I found: he veiled his face and roiled his water so that no one could see down and through him.

Precisely to him, however, came the shrewder mistrusters and nutcrackers: precisely his most-hidden fish they fished out!

But the clear, the valiant, the transparent — to me these are the shrewdest of the silent: their foundation is so *deep* that not even the clearest water — reveals it. —

You snow-bearded silent winter sky, you round-eyed whitehead above me!
O you heavenly likeness of my soul and its high spirits!

And *must* I not hide myself like one who has swallowed gold, — lest they slit open my soul?

Must I not walk on stilts, that they may *overlook* my long legs, — all these envy-imps and injury-pimps around me?

These smoky, room-warm, worn-out, withered, woebegone souls — how *could* their envy endure my happiness?

So I show them only the ice and winter on my peaks — and not that my mountain winds all the solar zones around itself besides!

They hear only my winter storms whistling: and *not* that I also travel over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot, south winds.

They still feel pity at my haps and mishaps: — but *my* word is: “Let haphazard come to me: it is innocent, like a little child!”

How *could* they endure my happiness unless I set mishaps and polar bear caps and winter hardships and snowy heavens’ coverings around my happiness?

— unless I myself sighed before them and chattered with cold and patiently *let* them swathe me in their pity!

This is the wise high-spiritedness and kind-spiritedness of my soul, that it *hides not* its winter and its ice storms; it hides not its chilblains either.

To one person solitude is the flight of the sick; to another solitude is the flight *from* the sick.

Let them *hear* me sighing and chattering from the winter cold, all these poor jealous jokers around me! With such sighing and chattering I still flee their heated rooms.

Let them sigh and sympathize with me over my chilblains: “From the ice of knowledge he will yet *freeze* to death!” — thus they lament.

In the meantime I run with warm feet here, there, and everywhere on my mount of olives: in the sunny hideout of my mount of olives I sing and mock all pity. —

Thus sang Zarathustra

ON PASSING BY

Thus, proceeding slowly through many a people and many kinds of towns, Zarathustra returned by roundabout ways to his mountains and his cave. And behold, he thereby came unawares even unto the gate of the *great city*: here, however, a foaming fool ran up towards him with outstretched hands and stood in his way. This, however, was the same fool that the people called “Zarathustra’s ape”: for by observing, he had learned something of the phrasing and cadence of his speech and had also borrowed quite readily from the storehouse of his wisdom. The fool, however, spoke thus to Zarathustra:

“O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here you have nothing to seek and everything to lose.

Why would you wade through this mire? Have some pity on your feet! Better to spit on the city gate and — turn back!

Here it is hell for hermit’s thoughts: here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked bite-size.

Here all great feelings rot away: here only little rattleboned feelings are allowed to rattle!

Don’t you already smell the slaughter-houses and soup kitchens of the spirit? Doesn’t this city reek from the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

Don’t you see the souls hanging there like limp, filthy rags? — And they even make newspapers out of these souls!

Don’t you hear here how the spirit has become pun? Ill-willed word-swill it pukes up! — And they even make newspapers out of this word-swill.

They chase each other and know not, whither? They inflame each other and know not, why? They jingle with their tin, they jangle with their gold.

They are cold and seek warmth with distilled spirits; they are hot and seek coolness with frozen spirits; they are all sick and addicted to public opinion.

All lusts and vices are at home here; but there are virtuous ones here too, there is much deftly-placed virtue: —

Much deft virtue with writing-fingers and hard sitting- and waiting-flesh, blessed with little breast-stars and padded, rumpless daughters.

Here there is also much piety and much devout spittle-lickery, wheedle-bakery before the God of Hosts.

“From on high,” yes, the star and the gracious spittle trickle on down; every starless breast longs to be up there.

The moon has its court, and the court has its mooncalves: to all that comes from the court, however, the beggar-folk and all beggar-virtue pray.

“I serve, you serve, we serve” — thus all deft virtue prays up to the prince: that the deserved star may be pinned at last upon the narrow breast!

But the moon still revolves around all things earthly: so too the prince still revolves around the most earthly thing of all: — but that is the shopkeeper’s gold.

The God of Hosts is no God of gold bars: the prince proposes, but the shopkeeper — disposes!

By all that is bright and strong and good in you, O Zarathustra! Spit on this city of the shopkeepers and turn back!

Here all blood flows foamy and tepid and putrid through all veins: spit on the great city, which is the great dump where all the scum gets in a lather together!

Spit on the city of the flattened souls and the narrow breasts, the sticking eyes, the sticky fingers —

— on the city of the pushy, the brazen, the scribe-babies and crybabies, the perspiringly aspiring: —

— where everything tainted, ill-painted, lewd, sad-hued, over-mellow, ulcer-yellow, conspiracy-fellowed comes to a head together: —

— spit on the great city and turn back!” — —

Here however, Zarathustra interrupted the foaming fool and shut his mouth.

“Stop at last!” cried Zarathustra, “for a long time now your speech and your kind have disgusted me!

Why did you live so long by the swamp that you yourself had to turn into a frog and a toad?

Does not foamy, putrid swamp blood flow through your own veins now that you have learned to croak and slander so?

Why do you not go into the forest? Or till the soil? Is the sea not full of green isles?

I have contempt for your contempt; and if you warned me, — why did you not warn yourself?

Out of love alone shall my contempt and my bird of warning take wing: but not out of the swamp! —

They call you my ape, you foaming fool: but I call you my grunting swine, — by your grunting you even spoil for me my praise of folly.

What was it then that first made you grunt? Because no one *flattered* you enough: — that is why you sat yourself down by this filth, that you might have grounds for much grunting, —

— that you might have grounds for much *vengeance*! For all your foaming, you vain fool, is vengeance: I have divined you well!

But your fools' word does *me* harm, even if you are right! And even if Zarathustra's word *were* right a hundred times, you would *do* wrong with my word every time!"

Thus spake Zarathustra; and he looked out on the great city, sighed and was silent a long time. At last he spoke thus:

I also loathe this great city, and not only this fool. Here and there, there is nothing to make better, nothing to make worse.

Woe on this great city! — And I wish I could already see the pillar of fire in which it will be consumed! For such pillars of fire must precede the great noon-tide. But this will have its day and its own fate! —

This lesson, however, I impart to you, you fool, in parting: where one can no longer love, there one should— *pass by*!

Thus spake Zarathustra, and passed by the fool and the great city.

ON THE APOSTATES

1

Alas, already all lies withered and gray which but lately stood green and gay in this meadow! And how much honey of hope I carried from here to my beehives!

All these young hearts have already become old, — and not even old! only weary, vulgar, comfortable: — as they put it, “We have become pious again.”

Just recently I saw them run out in the morning on brave feet: but their feet of knowledge grew weary, and now they even slander their morning bravery.

Verily, many of them once lifted their legs like dancers, the laughter in my wisdom winked at them: — then they thought better of it. Just now I saw one of them bent over — crawling to the cross.

Around light and freedom they once fluttered like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder: and already they are muddlers, mumblers, and mama’s boys.

Did their hearts perhaps despair because solitude had swallowed me up like a whale? Did their ears perhaps hark longingly-long but *in vain* for me and my trumpet- and herald-calls?

— Alas! there are always but few whose hearts are long on spirit and high spirits; and among these the spirit remains patient, too. The rest, however, are cowards.

The rest: that is always the most, the commonplace, the superfluous, the many-too-many — all these are *cowardly!* —

He who is of my kind will also run across the experiences of my kind along the way: so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

But his second companions — they will call themselves his *believers*: a lively bunch, with much love, much folly, much beardless veneration.

On these believers he shall not set his heart, he who is of my kind among mankind; in these springtimes and gay meadows he shall not believe, he who knows flighty-faint human nature!

If they *could* do otherwise, then they *would* will otherwise, too. Half-and halves spoil everything whole. That leaves become withered, — what is there to cry about in that?

Let them go ahead and fall, O Zarathustra, and do not cry about it!

Better yet, blow with a rustling wind amongst them, —

— blow amongst these leaves, O Zarathustra: that everything withered may scurry away from you even faster! —

2

“We have become pious again” — so these apostates confess; and many of them are even too cowardly to confess thus.

I look them in the eye, — I say it to their faces and to the redness of their cheeks: you are those who *pray* again!

But it is a disgrace to pray! Not for everyone, but for you and me and whoever has a conscience in his head! *For you* it is a disgrace to pray!

You know it well: the cowardly devil in you who is fond of hand-folding and placing-hands-in-lap and wants to have it easier: — this cowardly devil exhorts you: “There is a God!”

But *with that* you belong to the light-shunning class, those whom the light never leaves in peace; now every day you must stick your head deeper into darkness and dampness!

And verily, you have chosen the hour well: for even now the night birds are flying out again. The hour has come for all the light-shunning folk, the evening- and leisure hour, when they are not — “at leisure.”

I hear and smell it: their hour for hunting and ranging, not for a wild hunt of course, but for a tame, lame, prying, soft sashayers’- and prayers’-hunt —

— for a hunt after soulful sneaks: all the hearts’ mousetraps have been set once again! And wherever I lift up a curtain, a little night-moth comes rushing out.

Did it perhaps cover there together with another little night-moth? For everywhere I smell little hidden communities; and wherever there are little chambers, there are new devotees within and a devotees’ haze.

They spend long evenings sitting together and talking: “Let us become like little children again and say ‘Dear God!’” — ruined in mouth and stomach by the pious confectioners.

Or they spend long evening watching a cunning, watchful cross-spider that preaches prudence to the other spiders and teaches thus: “Under crosses there is good spinning!”

Or they spend the day sitting by swamps with fishing rods, thereby thinking themselves *profound*; but he who fishes where there are no fish I do not even call superficial!

Or they learn to play the harp in a godly-gay way from a poet of song who would love to harp his way into the young girls' hearts: for he has grown weary of the old ladies and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder from a learned half-wit who waits in dark chambers for the spirit to come to him — and the spirit completely deserts him!

Or they listen to an old hobo moan- and groan-whistler who has picked up the sadness of tones from the sad winds; now he whistles like the wind and preaches sadness in sad tones.

And some of them have even become night watchmen: now they know how to blow into horns and go about at night and wake up old things that have long since gone to sleep.

Five remarks about old things I heard last night by the garden wall: they came from such old, sad, dried-up night watchmen as these.

“For a father he doesn't care enough about his children: human fathers do this better!”

“He's too old! In fact, he doesn't care about his children at all anymore” — thus answered the other night watchman.

“*Has* he any children then? No one can prove it unless he proves it himself! I have long wanted him to thoroughly prove it for once.”

“Prove? As if *he* had ever proven anything! He finds proving difficult; he thinks the world of people *believing* in him.”

“Yes! Yes! Belief saves him, belief in him. That's just the way of old people! And that goes for us, too!”—

— Thus the two old night watchmen and light-frightmen spoke to each other and tooted sadly on their horns: so it was last night by the garden wall.

My heart, however, squirmed with laughter and was about to shatter and knew not, whither? and sank into my midriff.

Verily, it will be the death of me yet, to choke with laughter when I see drunken asses and hear night watchmen doubting God thus.

Is not the time *long* since past for even having such doubts? Who can still awaken such old, sleeping, light-shunning things?

With the old gods after all, the end has long since come to pass: and verily, a gay, goodly, godly ending they had!

They did not “twilight” themselves to death, — that is surely a lie! On the contrary: one day they *laughed* themselves to death!

That happened when a god himself came out with the ungodliest saying, — the saying: “There is *one* God! Thou shalt have no other gods before me!” —

— an old grimbeard of a god, a jealous one, forgot himself this way: —
And then all the gods laughed and rocked back in their chairs and cried out:
“Is this not honest-to-Godliness, that there are gods but no God!”
He that has ears to hear, let him hear. —

Thus talked Zarathustra in the town which he loved and which is also sur-
named “The Dappled Cow.” For from here he had only two days journey back to
his cave and his animals; his soul rejoiced continually, however, at the immi-
nence of his return home. —

THE RETURN HOME

O Solitude! My *homeland*, Solitude! Too long have I lived abroad, savagely in
savage remoteness, not to return to you with tears!

Now just threaten me with your finger, the way mothers threaten, now
smile at me, the way mothers smile, now just say: “And who was it that once
stormed away from me like a stormwind? —

— who cried out in parting: I have sat too long with Solitude, I have
unlearned silence! *That* — you have learned now, I presume?

O Zarathustra, I know everything: and that you were more *forsaken* among
the many, you lone one, than you ever were by me!

Forsakenness is one thing, loneliness another: *That* — you have learned
now! And that among men you will always be savage and strange:

— savage and strange even when they love you: for before anything else
they want to *be spared!*

Here, however, you are at house and home with yourself; here you can
speak out about anything and pour out all the reasons, here nothing is ashamed
of hidden, hardened feelings.

Here all things come caressingly to your speech and flatter you: for they
want to ride upon your back. Here on every simile you ride to every truth.

Upright and uprightly you can speak to all things here: and verily, it sounds
like praise to their ears, for someone to speak to all things — straightforwardly!

But being forsaken is another thing. Then, do you remember, O Zarathus-
tra? When your bird shrieked overhead, when you stood in the forest perplexed,
not knowing which way?, next to a corpse: —

— when you said: May my animals lead me! More dangerous have I found it among men than among beasts: — *That* was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When you sat on your island, a well of wine among empty buckets, giving and giving out, bestowing and bestowing out among the thirsty:

— until at last you alone sat thirsty among the drunken ones and complained nightly ‘Is taking not more blessed than giving? And stealing not more blessed yet than taking?’ — *That* was forsakenness!

And do you remember, O Zarathustra? When your stillest hour came and drove you away from yourself, when it spoke to you in a wicked whisper: ‘Chatter and shatter!’—

— when it made you regret all your waiting and silence and discouraged your humble courage: *That* was forsakenness!” —

O Solitude! My homeland, Solitude! How blessed and tender your voice speaks to me!

We do not question each other, we do not complain to each other, we go openly together through open doors.

For it is open by you and bright; and here the hours pass by on lighter feet, too. For in the darkness time weighs more heavily on us than in the light.

Here the words and word-coffers of all being spring open for me: here all being wants to become word, here all becoming wants to learn speech from me.

But down there — there all speech is in vain! There forgetting and passing-by is the best wisdom: *That* — I have learned now!

He who would get a grasp on all things human must grasp all things human. But my hands are too clean for that.

Even their breath I do not care to breathe; alas, to have lived so long amidst their clamor and bad breath!

O blessed stillness around me! O pure scents around me! O how from a deep breast this stillness draws pure breath! O how it listens, this blessed stillness!

But down there — there everything speaks, there everything is misheard. One may ring in one’s wisdom with bells: the traders in the marketplace will outjingle it with pennies!

Everything speaks by them, now one knows how to understand any more. Everything falls to the ground, nothing falls into deep wells any more.

Everything speaks by them, nothing prospers and comes to a proper end. Everyone cackles, but who wants to sit still on the nest and hatch the eggs?

Everything speaks by them, everything gets talked to death. And that which yesterday was still too hard for time itself and its tooth: today it hangs, gnawed and pawed away, from the mouths of the men of today.

Everything speaks by them, everything is revealed. And what was once called the secret and the secrecy of profound souls now belongs to the street-trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human nature, you curious thing! You noise on dark streets! Now you lie behind me again: my greatest danger lies behind me!

In sparing and pitying my greatest danger always lay; and all human nature wants to be spared and suffered.

With pent-up truths, with a fool's hand and a smitten heart, and rich in pity's little lies: — thus have I always lived among men.

Disguised I sat among them, ready to mistake *myself* in order to endure *them*, and readily telling myself: "You fool, you do not understand man!"

One unlearns man when one lives among men: there is too much foreground in all men — what can far-seeing, far-seeking eyes do *there*?

And when they mistook me: I, fool, spared them more than myself on that account: accustomed as I am to hardness towards myself, and often even taking vengeance on myself for this forbearance.

Stung all over by poisonous flies and hollowed out like a stone by the many drops of spite — thus I sat among them and still tried to persuade myself: "Everything small is innocent of its smallness!"

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; towards me how *could* they be — just?

He who lives among the good — pity teaches him to lie. Pity makes the air stuffy for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To conceal myself and my riches — *that* I learned down there: for I found everyone still poor in spirit. This was the lie of my pity that I knew in everyone.

— that I saw and smelled in everyone what was just *enough* spirit for them and what was already *too much* spirit for them!

Their strait-laced sages: I called them sagacious, not strait-laced, — thus I learned to slur words. Their gravediggers: I called them researchers and testers, — thus I learned to change words.

The gravediggers dig themselves sick. Bad fumes rest under old rubbish. One should not stir up the morass. One should live upon mountains.

With blissful nostrils I breathe mountain freedom again! My nose is freed at last from the smell of all things human in nature!

Tickled by the keen air as if by a sparkling wine, my soul *sneezes* — sneezes and rejoices to itself: *Gesundheit!*

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE THREE EVILS

1

In a dream, in my last dream of the morning, I stood today on a promontory, — beyond the world: held a pair of scales and *weighed* the world.

Alas that the rosy dawn came too early to me: she glowed me awake, the jealous one! She is always jealous of the glow of my morning dream.

Measurable by him who has the time, weighable by a good weigher, wingable by means of strong wings, crackable by divine nutcrackers: thus did my dream find the world: —

My dream, a bold sailor, half-ship, half-gale, silent as a butterfly, impatient as a falcon: but how did it have the patience and leisure for world-weighing today!

Did my wisdom secretly speak to it perhaps, my laughing, waking day-wisdom which scoffs at all “infinite worlds”? For it says: “Where there is force, there *number* will also be mistress: it has more force.”

How securely my dream looked upon this finite world, not curiously, not spuriously, not knock-kneed, not pleading:

— as if a full apple offered itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple with cool-smooth, velvety skin: thus the world offered itself to me: —

— as if a tree beckoned to me, a broad-branched and strong-willed one, curved into an armrest and even a footrest for the way-weary: thus stood the world on my promontory:

— as if delicate hands carried a shrine towards me, — a shrine open for the delight of modest, adoring eyes: thus the world offered itself to me today: —

— not riddle enough to scare human love away, not solution enough to lull human wisdom to sleep: — a humanly good thing the world was for me today, of which people have such bad things to say!

How I thank my morning dream for allowing me thus to weigh the world early this morning! As a humanly good thing it came to me, this dream and heart-comforter!

And that I may do the like by day and learn by and after observing its best: I will now place the three worst things on the scale and weigh them in a humanly good way. —

He who taught to bless also taught to curse: what are the three best-cursed things in the world? These I will place on the scale.

Sensuality, lust for power, selfishness: these three have hitherto been the best cursed, worst slanted and slandered, — these three I will weigh in a humanly good way.

Well then! Here is my promontory and there the sea; *it* rolls itself hither to me, shaggily, fawningly, the faithful old hundred-headed dog-monster that I love.

Well then! Here will I hold the scales over the rolling sea: and a witness too I will choose, to oversee, — you, you recluse-tree, you strongly-scented, broadly-arched one which I love! —

By what bridge does the Now pass to the Hereafter? By what force does the high force its way to the low? And what bids even the highest thing to ever-upwards grow?

Now the scales are balanced and still; three heavy questions I throw in, three heavy answers the other scale holds.

2

Sensuality: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body, their thorn and stake, and cursed as “the world” by all afterworlders: for it mocks and dupes all confusion- and delusion-teachers.

Sensuality: to the rabble, the slow fire on which they are burned; to all worm-eaten wood, to all stinking rags, the ready lust- and must-oven.

Sensuality: for the free hearts, innocent and free, an earthly garden of delight, all the future’s excess thanks to the present.

Sensuality: only for the wilted a sweet poison; for the lion-willed, however, the great cordial and reverently-considered wine of wines.

Sensuality: the great metaphorical happiness for a higher happiness and the highest hope. For to many is marriage promised, and more than marriage, —

— to many that are stranger to each other than man and woman: and who has fully grasped *how strange* man and woman are to each other?

Sensuality: but I want hedges around my thoughts and even around my words, lest swine and swooners break into my garden!

Lust for power: the red-hot scourge of the hardest of the hard-hearted; the gruesome torture reserved for the cruelest ones themselves; the gloomy flame of living funeral pyres.

Lust for power: the wicked gadfly which is set upon the vainest people; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; it rides on every horse and every sort of pride.

Lust for power: the earthquake that breaks and breaks open everything rotten and hollow; the rumbling, grumbling shatterer of whited sepulchres; the flashing question mark next to premature answers.

Lust for power: before whose glance man creeps and stoops and drudges and becomes lower than serpent and swine: until finally the great contempt cries out of him —,

Lust for power: the terrible schoolmistress of the great contempt that preaches in the face of cities and kingdoms “Away with you!” — until out of themselves there cries out “Away with *me!*”

Lust for power: which, however, also rises alluringly to the pure and solitary ones and up to self-sufficient heights, glowing like a love which paints crimson joys alluringly on earthy skies.

Lust for power: but who would call it *lustmania* when the high lusts downward for power! Verily, there is nothing sick or manic in such lusting and descending! That the lonely height may not be eternally alone and self-sufficing; that the mountain may come to the valley and the winds of the height to the plains: —

O who could find the right baptismal and moral name for such longing! “Bestowing virtue” — thus Zarathustra once named the unnameable.

And at that time it also happened — and verily, it happened for the first time! — that his word glorified *selfishness*, the sound, healthy selfishness which wells up out of a mighty soul: —

— out of a mighty soul, to which the lofty body belongs, the handsome, triumphant, uplifting body around which every thing becomes a mirror:

— the supple, persuasive body, the dancer whose likeness and epitome the self-delighting soul is. The self-delight of such bodies and souls calls itself: “virtue.”

With its words about good and bad such self-delight shelters itself as if with sacred groves; with the names of its happiness it banishes everything contemptible from itself.

It banishes everything cowardly from itself; it says: “Bad — *that* is cowardly!” It thinks contemptible the ever-sighing, the ever-crying, the worry-warts, and whoever gleans the least little advantage.

It despises as well all woe-happy wisdom: for verily, there is also a wisdom which blooms in the dark, a nightshade wisdom which always says “All is vain!”

Shy mistrust it thinks little of, and anyone who demands oaths instead of looks and hands: also all the all-too-mistrustful wisdom, for such is the nature of cowardly souls.

It thinks even less of the quick-to-please, the doglike, who lie on their backs immediately, the submissive; and there is also a wisdom which is submissive and doglike and pious and quick to please.

Utterly hateful and distasteful to it is he who will never defend himself, he who swallows down poisonous spittle and evil glances, the all-too-patient, all-suffering, all-satisfied one: for that is slavish in nature.

Whether one be slavish before gods and godly kicks, or before humans and stupid human opinions: *all* slavish nature it spits on, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: so it calls all that is crest-fallen and slavish-knavish, unfree blinker-eyes, depressed hearts, and that falsely compliant nature which kisses with thick lily-livered lips.

And mock-wisdom: so it calls all the wit which slaves, grayheads, and weary-warts affect; and especially the whole sick, sophomoric, sophistical priestly-foolishness.

The would-be-wise, however, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are slavish and womanish in nature, — O how all along their game has been to play a nasty game on selfishness!

And precisely *this* was meant to pass for virtue and to be virtue, *that* one play a nasty game on selfishness! And “selfless” — thus with good reason all these world-weary cowards and cross-spiders wished this term upon themselves!

But for all of them the day is now at hand, the transformation, the executioner’s sword, *the great noontide*: many things shall then come to light.

And he who pronounces the “I” wholesome and holy and selfishness blessed, verily, he, a foreteller, tells likewise what he knows: “*Behold, it is coming, it is nigh, the great noontide!*”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY

1

My glib tongue — is of the people: too coarsely and cordially do I speak for the Angora rabbits. And my word sounds even stranger to all ink-fishes and quill-foxes.

My hand — is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls and whatever has room for fool's scrolling, fool's scrawling!

My foot — is a horse's foot; with it I trot and trample over hill and dale, criss-crossing the fields, devilishly pleased with all fast running.

My stomach — is an eagle's stomach, perhaps? For it loves lamb's flesh the best. Certainly, however, it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished on innocent things and on hardly anything, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away — this is now my nature: how could there not be something of a bird-nature therein!

And chiefly, that I may be an enemy to the spirit of gravity — this is bird-nature: and indeed, a sworn enemy, an arch-enemy, the original enemy! O where has my enmity not yet flown and misflown!

Of that I could well sing a song — — and *will* sing it: even though I am alone in an empty house and must sing it to my own ears.

There are other singers, of course, for whom only a full house can make their throats soft, their hands talkative, their eyes expressive, their hearts awake: — I am not like them. —

2

He who one day teaches men to fly will have removed all boundary stones; all boundary stones will themselves fly in the air for him, the earth he will baptize anew — as “The Light One.”

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, but he still sticks his head heavily into the heavy earth: so it is with the man who cannot yet fly.

Earth and life are heavy for him; and thus the spirit of gravity *wills* it! But he who would be light and a bird must love himself: thus *I* teach.

Of course not with the love of the sick and the diseased: for with these even self-love stinks!

One must learn to love oneself — thus I teach — with a wholesome and healthy love: to stand by oneself and not go roaming around.

Such roaming around dubs itself “neighborly love”: the best lying and dissembling yet has been with these words, and especially by those whom all the world has found to be burdensome.

And verily, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow, *to learn* to love oneself. On the contrary, of all the arts this is the subtlest, slipperiest, latest, and most patient.

Because for its owner all that is his own is well-hidden; and of all treasure troves our own is the last to be unearthed — thus the spirit of gravity manages it.

Almost as early as the cradle we are showered with grave words and values: “good” and “evil” — thus this dowry calls itself. For its sake we are forgiven for living.

And therefore one suffers the little children to come unto one, in order to prevent them betimes from loving themselves: thus the spirit of gravity manages it.

And we — we faithfully carry the dowry we are given, on hard shoulders and over rugged mountains! And if we sweat, they say to us: “Yes, life is hard to bear!”

But man is only hard for himself to bear! That comes from carrying too many strange things on his shoulders. Like a camel he kneels down and allows himself to be well-laden.

Especially the strong, load-bearing man in which reverence dwells: too many *strange*, heavy words and values he loads upon himself, — then life seems to him a desert!

And verily! Many a thing that is *our very own* is also hard to bear! And much that is inside man is like an oyster, namely, loathsome and slippery and hard to grasp —,

— so that a noble shell with noble embellishment must plead on its behalf. But this art too one must learn: *to have* a shell and a fine shine and a prudent blindness!

Many things about man deceive repeatedly, because many a shell is low and sad and too much shell. Much hidden goodness and strength is never divined; the tastiest dainties find no tasters!

Women know that, the daintiest ones do: a little fatter, a little thinner — O how much destiny lies in so little!

Man is hard to discover, and hardest of all for himself; the spirit often lies about the soul. Thus the spirit of gravity manages it.

But he has discovered himself who says: This is *my* good and evil: with this he has silenced the mole and dwarf which says: “Good for all, evil for all.”

Verily, I also do not care for those who call every thing good and this the best of all possible worlds. Those I call the all-satisfied.

Pan-satisfaction, which knows how to taste everything: that is not the best taste! I honor the unruly choosy tongues and stomachs which have learned to say “I” and “Yes” and “No.”

But to chew and digest everything — that is truly swinish in nature! Always to say Ye-haw (Yes and Hee-haw) — only the ass has learned that, and those of his frame of mind! —

Deep yellow and hot red: thus *my* taste wills it, — it mixes blood with all colors. But he who whitewashes his house betrays a whitewashed soul to me.

Some in love with mummies, the others with ghosts, and both alike foes to all that is flesh and blood — O how they both run contrary to my taste! For I love blood.

And I refuse to reside and abide where everyone spits and spews: that is now *my* taste, — rather would I live among perjurers and thieves. No one carries gold in his mouth.

Even more repulsive to me, however, are all lickspittles; and the most repulsive human animal I found I christened parasite: it would not love and yet wanted to live on love.

Unhappy I call all those who have but one choice: to become evil beasts or evil tamers of beasts: among such men I would build no tabernacles.

Unhappy I also call all those who must always *wait*, — that runs contrary to my taste: all the publicans and tradesmen and kings and other land- and store-keepers.

Verily, I also learned waiting, and thoroughly so, — but only waiting for *myself*. And above all else I learned standing and walking and running and jumping and dancing and climbing.

My teaching, however, is this: he who would one day learn to fly must first learn standing and walking and running and jumping and dancing and climbing: you do not fly into flying!

With rope ladders I learned to climb up to many a window, with nimble legs I clambered up high masts: and to sit atop high masts of perception seemed to me no mean bliss, —

— like a small flame flickering atop high masts: a small light, of course, but a great consolation to sailors driven off-course and castaways! —

By many means and methods I came to my truth: not by *one* ladder did I climb to the height where my eye roams about in my distance.

And only reluctantly did I ever ask about the way, — that always went against my taste! Rather I asked and assayed the ways themselves!

All my going has been a testing and a questioning: and verily, one must also *learn* to answer such questioning! That, however — is my taste:

— not good, not bad, but *my* taste, for which I no longer make a secret nor feel any shame.

“This — is now *my* way, — where is yours?” thus I answered those who asked me “the way.” For *the* way — it does not exist!

Thus spake Zarathustra.

ON OLD AND NEW TABLES

1

Here I sit and wait, old broken tables around me and also new half-written tables. When will my hour come?

— the hour of my going down, my downgoing: for yet *once more* will I go unto men.

For that I now wait: for first the signs must come to me that this is *my* hour, — namely, the laughing lion with the flight of doves.

In the meantime I talk to myself as one who has the time. No one tells me anything new: so I tell myself to myself. —

2

When I came to men, I found them sitting on an old conceit: they all thought that for a long time now they have known what is good and evil for man.

All talk of virtue they thought to be an old played-out thing; and he who wanted to sleep well always talked about “good” and “evil” before going to sleep!

I disturbed this slumber when I taught: *no one yet knows* what good and evil is: — unless he be the creator!

— That, however, is he who creates man's goal and gives to the earth its meaning and its future: he first *makes* something *be* good or evil.

And I told them to overturn their old academic chairs and wherever that old conceit was seated; I told them to laugh at their virtue-masters and saints and poets and world-saviors.

At their gloomy wise men I told them to laugh, and at whomever was seated in warning like a black scarecrow on the tree of life.

On the great grave-highway I sat down, and even among carrion and vultures — and I laughed at all their days of yore and their rotten decaying splendor.

Verily, like penitential preachers and fools I cried out in rage and shame at all their things great and small, — that their best is so very small! That their worst is so very small! — thus I laughed.

My wise longing, begotten in the mountains, laughed and cried out of me thus, a wild wisdom indeed! — my great wing-tingling longing.

And often it carried me off and up and away and in the midst of laughter: then I flew shuddering, an arrow, through sun-drunken raptures:

— out into distant futures which no dream had yet seen, into souths hotter than any artist ever dreamed: there, where dancing gods are ashamed of all clothing: —

— because I speak in parables and halt and stammer like the poets: and verily, I am ashamed that I must still be a poet! —

Where all becoming seemed to me gods' dancing and gods' exuberancing, and the world was let out and let loose and fleeing back to itself: —

— as an eternal self-fleeing and self-seeking-again of many gods, as the blessed gainsaying, again-hearing, again-adhering to each other of many gods: —

Where all time seemed to me a blessed mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself playing happily with the thorn of freedom: —

Where I also found again my old devil and arch-enemy, the spirit of gravity, and all that he has created: constraint, statute, need and result and purpose and will and good and evil: —

For must there not be that which is danced *over*, danced across? Must there not for the sake of the light, of the lightest — be moles and heavy dwarves?" —

3

It was there also, by the way, where I picked up the word “Superman,” and that man is something that must be overcome.

— that man is a bridge and not a goal: counting himself blessed on account of his noontide and evening as the way to new rosy dawns: —

— the Zarathustra-word on the great noontide and whatever else I hung above man like another purple sunset sky.

Verily, new stars likewise I let them see, together with new nights; and above the clouds and day and night I even spread laughter like a gay canopy.

I taught them all *my* aims and schemes: to collect and condense into *one* what is fragment in man and riddle and terrible chance, —

— as the composer, riddle-reader, and redeemer of chance I taught them to work on the future and creatively redeem —, all that *has been*.

To redeem the past in man and re-create every “It was,” until the will says: “But so I willed it! So I will will it —”

— this I called their redemption, this alone I taught them to call redemption. — —

Now I await *my* redemption —, that I may go to them for the last time.

For *once more* will I go to men: to my ruin will I go in going *down to* them, in dying will I give them my richest gift!

This I learned from the sun when it goes down, aboundingly rich: from inexhaustible riches it showers gold into the sea, —

— so that even the poorest fisherman rows with *golden* oars! For this did I once see and in the watching did not weary of my tears. — —

Like the sun Zarathustra too wants to go down: now he sits here and waits, old broken tables around him, and also new tables, — half-written.

4

Behold, here is a new table: but where are my brothers who will carry it with me down to the valley and into hearts of flesh?

My great love for the furthest ones demands it thus: *do not spare your neighbor!* Man is something that must be overcome.

There are many means and methods of overcoming: watch what *you* do! But only a buffoon thinks: “Man can also be *passed over*.”

Overcome yourself even in your neighbor: and a right you can seize for yourself you should not allow to be given to you!

What you do, no one can do to you in return. Behold, there is no retribution.

He who cannot command himself shall obey. And many a man can command himself, but much is still lacking before he can also obey himself!

5

Thus the nature of noble soul wills it: they want nothing *for free*, least of all life.

He who is of the masses wants to live for free; but we others, to whom life has given itself, we are always thinking about *what* we can best give *in return*!

And verily, that is a grand speech which says: "What life promises *us*, that promise we shall keep — to life!"

One should not wish to enjoy where one does not give enjoyment. And — one should not *wish* to enjoy!

For enjoyment and innocence are the most modest things: neither would be sought after. One should *have* them — , but one should rather *seek* even guilt and pain! —

6

O my brothers, he who is a firstling is always sacrificed. Now, however, we are firstlings.

We all bleed on secret, sacrificial altars, we all burn and broil in honor of ancient idols.

The best in us is still young; that excites old palates. Our flesh is tender, our skin is only lambskin: — how could we not excite old idol-priests!

In our very selves he still dwells, the old idol-priest who broils our best for his feast. Alas, my brothers, how could firstlings not be sacrifices!

But thus our nature wills it; and I love those who will not preserve themselves. The downgoers I love with all my love: for they go across. —

7

To be true — few *can do* that! And those who can do not even want to! The good can do it least of all, however.

O these good men! *Good men never tell the truth*; for the spirit to be good in such a way is a sickness.

They give way, these good men, they give up; their heart mimics, their foundation obeys: but he who obeys *turns a deaf ear to hearing himself*!

All that the good call evil must come together in order for one truth to be born: O my brothers, are you also evil enough for *this truth*?

The bold venture, the long mistrust, the cruel Nay, the disgust, the cut to the quick — how seldom *these* come together! From such a seed, however — truth is begotten!

All *knowledge* hitherto has grown up *next to* a bad conscience! Break, break for me, you knowing ones, the old tables!

8

When the water has been planked over, when walkways and railings leap over the river: verily, he is not believed who then says: “All is in flux.”

But even the blockheads contradict him. “What?” the blockheads say, “All in flux? Surely there are walkways and railings *over* the river?”

“*Over* the river all is stable, all the values of things, the bridges, the ideas, all the ‘good’ and ‘evil’: all that is *stable!*” —

But comes the hard winter, the river’s animal trainer: then even the wittiest learn mistrust; and verily, not only the blockheads then say, “Do not all things — *stand still!*?”

“Basically all things stand still” — , that is a true winter teaching, a good thing for an unfruitful time, a good consolation for hibernators and homebodies.

“Basically all things stand still” —; *against that*, however, the thawing wind preaches!

The thawing wind, a bull which is no plow-bull, — a raging bull, a destroyer that breaks the ice with angry horns! Ice, however — — *breaks walkways!*

O my brothers, is not all *now in flux*? Have not all walkways and railings fallen into the water? Who would still *hold onto* “good” and “evil”?

“Woe to us! Hail to us! The thawing wind blows!” — Preach thus, my brothers, through all the streets!

9

There is an old delusion called good and evil. Around soothsayers and astrologers the wheel of this delusion has hitherto revolved.

Once upon a time people *believed* in soothsayers and astrologers: and *therefore* they believed “Fate is everything: you shall, for you must!”

Then again, they mistrusted all soothsayers and astrologers: and *therefore* they believed “Freedom is everything: you are able, for you are willing!”

O my brothers, with regard to the stars and the future there has hitherto only been delusion, not knowledge: and *therefore* with regard to good and evil there has hitherto only been delusion, not knowledge.

10

“Thou shalt not steal! Thou shalt not kill!” — such words were once called holy; before them knees and heads were bent and shoes removed.

But I ask you: where have there ever been better robbers and killers in the world than these holy words?

Is there not in all life itself — robbing and killing? And that such words were called holy, was not *truth* itself — killed therewith?

Or was it a sermon of death that was called holy, that denies and advises against life? O my brothers, break, break for me the old tables!

11

My pity for all that is past is this, that I see: it is abandoned, —
— abandoned to the mercy, the mind, the madness of every generation that comes along and re-interprets all that has been as its bridge!

A great tyrant might arise, a clever monster who by his favor and disfavor could force and enforce all the past: until it became for him a bridge and a herald and an omen and a cockcrow.

This, however, is the other danger and my other source of pity: whoever is of the masses, his thoughts go back to the grandfather, — with the grandfather, however, time comes to an end.

Thus is all the past abandoned: for it may come that one day the masses become master and drown all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brothers, a *new nobility* is required, as an adversary to all the rabble and all that is tyrannical and to write anew on new tables the word “noble.”

For many noble sorts are required, and many sorts of nobles, *for there to be nobility!* Or, as I once said in a parable: “Is this not honest-to-Godliness, that there are gods but no God?”

12

O my brothers, I hallow you and show you the way to a new nobility; you shall be breeders and begetters and sowers of the future, —

— verily, not to a nobility you can buy like the shopkeepers do, and with shopkeeper’s gold: for whatever has its price has little value.

Not where you come from but where you are going to, make this your honor from now on! Your will and your foot, which has a will to go beyond you yourself, — make this your new honor!

Verily, not that you have served a prince — what do princes matter? — or that you have become a bulwark for whatever stands, so that it stands more solidly!

Not that your kind have become courtly at court and you have learned to stand colorfully, like a flamingo, for long hours in shallow ponds: — for standing *ability* stands the courtier in good stead; and all courtiers believe that among the blessings after death belongs — *permission* to sit! —

And not that a spirit which they call holy led your forefathers into promised lands, which I promise not to praise: for where the worst of all trees grew, the crucifix — in that land there is nothing to praise! -

— and verily, wherever this “Holy Spirit” led his knights, always in these expeditions there went *foremost* — goats and geese and geeks and Jesus freaks! —

O my brothers, not backward shall your nobility look, but *onward!* Exiles you shall be from all father and forefather lands!

Your *children’s land* you shall love: let this love be your new nobility, — the undiscovered land, in the remotest seas! For that I bid your sails seek and seek!

In your children you shall *make amends* for being your fathers’ children; *thus* shall you redeem all the past! This new table I place over you!

13

“Why live? All is vain! Living — that is threshing straw; living — that is burning oneself and still not getting warm.” —

Such antiquated babble still passes for “wisdom”; but because it is old and smells musty it *therefore* acquires more honor. Even mold ennobles. —

Children might speak thus: they *shy away* from the fire because it has burned them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom!

And he who always “threshes straw,” why should he be allowed to slander threshing? Such fools must certainly be muzzled!

They sit down at the table and bring nothing with them, not even a good appetite — and then they backbite “All is vain!”

But to eat and drink well, O my brothers, is certainly no vain art! Break, break for me the tables of the never-happy!

14

“Unto the pure all things are pure” — so speak the people. But I say to you: Unto the swine all things become swinish!

That is why the dreamers and head-droopers, whose hearts also droop, preach: “The world itself is a filthy monster.”

For all these are unclean spirits; but especially those who enjoy neither rest nor repose unless they view the world *from the backside*, — the afterworlders!

I say it to *their* faces, though it may not sound nice: The world is like man in that it has a backside — *so much* is true!

In the world there is much filth: *so much* is true! But the world itself is not therefore a filthy monster!

In this there is wisdom, that many things in the world smell bad: loathing itself creates wings and spring-divining powers!

In the best there is still something loathsome; and the best is still something that must be overcome. —

O my brothers, in this there is much wisdom, that in the world there is much filth! —

15

Such sayings I heard pious afterworlders saying to their conscience, and verily, without wickedness or falsehood — although there is nothing more false in the world or more wicked.

“Just let the world be! Raise not even *one* finger against it! They will yet learn to renounce the world for that reason.”

“And your own reason — you should stifle and strangle it yourself; for it is a reason of this world, — for that reason you yourself shall learn to renounce the world.” —

— Break, break to pieces, O my brothers, these old tables of the pious. Chatter to pieces the sayings of the world-slanderers!

16

“He who learns much unlearns all violent desire” — this is whispered in all the dark alleys today.

“Wisdom makes weary, it is worth — nothing; thou shalt not desire!” — this new table I found hanging even in open marketplaces.

Break for me, O my brothers, break for me as well this *new* table! The world-weary hung it up there, and the preachers of death, and the jailors too; for lo, it is also a sermon to servitude: —

Because they learned badly and not the best things, and everything too early and everything too quickly: because they *ate* badly — for that reason they all got an upset stomach, —

— for their spirit is an upset stomach: *it* recommends death! Then verily, my brothers, the spirit *is* a stomach!

Life is a fountain of delight: but all wells are poisoned for him out of whom an upset stomach, the father of affliction, speaks.

To know: that is *delight* to the lion-willed! But he who has grown weary is himself only “willed”; every wave plays with him.

And thus is it ever with the weaker sort of men: they lose themselves along the way. And at last their weariness simply asks: “Why did we ever go any way at all? It is all the same!”

It is music to *their* ears to hear this preached: “Nothing is worthwhile! Thou shalt not will” But this is a sermon to servitude.

O my brothers, like a fresh bluster-wind comes Zarathustra to all the way-weary; many noses will he yet get to sneeze!

Even through walls my free breath blows, and into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing sets free: for willing is creating: thus I teach. And you shall learn *only* for the sake of creating!

And the learning as well you shall only learn from me, the learning-well! He that has ears to hear, let him hear!

17

There stands the boat, — over there it goes, perhaps into the great nothingness. — But who is willing to go aboard this “perhaps”?

Not one of you is willing to go aboard the boat of death! Why should you be *world-weary* then?

World-weary! And not once yet have you been earth-removed! Ever lusting for the earth have I found you, ever in love with your own earth-weariness!

Not in vain does your lip hang down: — a little earth-wish still sits upon it! And in your eye — does not a little cloud of unforgettable bliss still float there?

There are many good inventions on earth, some of them useful, others pleasant: on their account the earth is to be loved.

And so many kinds of well-invented things are there that it is like a woman's breast: useful and pleasant at the same time.

But you world-weary ones! You earth-lazy ones! You should be stroked with switches! With switch strokes your legs should be made lively again.

For: if you are not invalids and worn-out wretches of which the world is weary, then you are sly sluggards and sweet-toothed huggermugged pleasure-cats. And if you will not *run* merrily again, then you shall pass away!

To the incurable one should not wish to be a physician: thus Zarathustra teaches: — then you shall pass away!

But it takes more *courage* to make an end than to make a new verse: all physicians and poets know this. —

18

O my brothers, there are tables which weariness has created and tables which laziness, the rotten-tasting, has created: although they speak alike, they must be heard quite differently. —

See this one languishing here! An inch short of his goal is he, but out of weariness he has lain down defiantly in the dust here: this brave soul!

Now the sun glows on him and the dogs lick his sweat: but he lies here in his defiance and would rather languish:

— languish an inch short of his goal! Verily, you will yet have to drag him by the hair into his heaven, — this hero!

Better yet, let him lie where he has lain and let sleep, the comforter, come to him with cooling, pouring rain:

Let him lie until he wakes up on his own, — until on his own he renounces all weariness and what weariness has instilled in him.

If only, my brothers, you would scare the dogs away from him, the rotten sneaks, and all the swarming vermin: —

— all the swarming vermin of the “cultured,” that upon the sweat of every hero — make themselves fat! —

19

I form circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer climb with me on ever higher mountains: I build a mountain range out of ever holier mountains. —

But to wheresoever you care to climb with me, O my brothers: see to it that a *parasite* does not climb with you!

Parasite: that is a creeping, cringing creature that wants to grow fat in your sick, sore corners.

And *that* is its art, to divine in climbing souls where they are weary: in your sorrow and discontent, in your tender modesty, it builds its disgusting nest.

Where the strong are weak, where the noble are all too gentle, — in there it builds its disgusting nest; the parasite lives where the great have little sore spots.

What is the highest species of all being and the lowest? The parasite is the lowest species; but he that is of the highest species feeds the most parasites.

That soul, namely, which has the longest ladder and can go down the deepest: how could it not have the most parasites sitting on it? —

— the most extensive soul, which can run and ramble and roam the furthest within itself; the most essential soul, which hurls itself with pleasure into chance: —

— the being soul which plunges into becoming, the having soul which *insists upon* willing and longing: —

— the self-fleeing soul, which catches up with itself in the widest sphere; the wisest soul, which folly sweet-talks the most: —

— the most self-loving soul, in which all things have their current and counter-current and ebb and flow: — O how could *the highest soul* not have the worst parasites?

20

O my brothers, am I cruel then? But I say: what is falling, we should still push!

Everything today — it is falling, it is falling apart: who would hold it up? but I — I *would* still push it!

Do you know the delight which rolls stones into steep depths? — These men of today: just look how they roll into my depths!

A preceding act am I to better players, O my brothers! A precedent! *Act on my precedent!*

And those you do not teach to fly, teach them — *to fall faster!* —

21

I love the brave; but it is not enough to wield a broadsword, — one must also know *whom* to hew!

And often there is more bravery in restraining yourself and passing by: *thereby* you preserve yourself for a worthier enemy.

You should only have enemies you may hate, not enemies you may despise: you must be proud of your enemy: thus I taught once before.

For the worthier enemy, O my friends, you should preserve yourselves: therefore there is much you must pass by, —

— especially much riff-raff, which noises in your ears about people and peoples.

Keep your eye clear of their For and Against! There is much right, much wrong there: he who looks on flies into a passion.

Viewing thereinto, hewing thereinto — they are one there: therefore go away into the forest and lay your sword to rest!

Go *your* ways! And let people and peoples go theirs! — dark ways, verily, upon which not even *one* hope flashes like lightning any longer!

Let the shopkeepers rule there, where all that still glitters is — shopkeeper's gold! It is no longer the time of kings: that which calls itself the people today deserves no kings.

Just look how these peoples themselves now act like the shopkeepers: they glean the least little advantage from every piece of garbage!

They lie in wait for each other, they lie waiting for something from each other, — they call this “good neighborliness.” O blessed distant time when a people said to itself: “Over peoples I *want* to be— master!”

For, my brothers: the best should rule, the best also *want* to rule! And where the rule is otherwise, there — the best is *lacking*.

22

If they should — have bread for free, oh my! For what would they cry! Their worktime — that is their true pastime; and they should have it hard!

They are beasts of prey: in their “working” there is still robbing, in their “earning” there is still overreaching! Therefore they should have it hard!

Thus they shall become better beasts of prey, subtler, shrewder, *more man-like*: for man is the best beast of prey.

Man has already robbed all the animals of their virtues: that is because of all the animals man has had it the hardest.

Only the birds are above him. And if man learned to fly, oh my! *to what height* — would his rapacity fly!

23

Thus would I have man and woman: the one fit for war, the other fit for childbirth, but both fit for dancing with head and legs.

And lost be that day to us in which there has not been *one* bit of dancing! And false be every truth to us in which there has not been *one* bit of laughter!

24

Your contracting of marriage: see to it that it is not a bad *contract*! You contracted too quickly: thus what *follows* — marriage-breaking!

And better yet marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying!

— Thus spoke a woman to me: “Indeed I broke the marriage, but first the marriage broke — me!”

The badly-paired I always found to be the worst revenge seekers: they make the whole world pay because they can no longer run singly.

That is the reason why I want the honest ones to say to each other: “We love each other: let us *see to it* that we keep each other beloved! Or shall our promise promise to be a mistake?”

— “Give us a trial period and a little marriage, to see whether we are fit for a big marriage! It is a big thing, always to be two!”

Thus I advise all the honest ones: and what would my love for the Superman be, and for all that is to come, if I advised and spoke otherwise!

Not only to bring something forth, but to bring something *up* — to that, O my brothers, may the garden of marriage help you!

25

He who has become wise to old sources, behold, at last he will search for wellsprings of the future and new sources. —

O my brothers, it will not be long before *new peoples* spring up and new wellsprings rush down into new depths.

For the earthquake — it fills in many wells, it makes many languish: it also brings to light inner strengths and secrets.

The earthquake reveals new wellsprings. In the earthquake of old peoples new wellsprings burst forth.

And he who cries out: “Behold, here is a well for many who thirst, *one* heart for many who yearn, *one* will for many an instrument”: — around him gathers a *people*, that is: many venturers.

Who can command, who must obey — *that is ventured here!* Alas, with what long searching and guessing and coming-up-wrong and learning and venturing anew!

Human society: it is a venture, thus I teach, — a long search: it searches, however, for the commander! —

— a venture, O my brothers! And *not* a covenant! Break, break for me that word of the soft-hearted and half-and-halves!

26

O my brothers! With whom does the greatest danger to all of man's future lie? Is it not with the good and the just? —

— with those who speak and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, we possess it, too; woe to those who still seek here!"

And whatever harm the wicked may do: the harm the good do is the most harmful harm!

And whatever harm the world-slanderers may do: the harm the good do is the most harmful harm.

O my brothers, there was once one who looked into the hearts of the good and the just and said: "These are the Pharisees." But he was not understood.

The good and the just themselves were not permitted to understand him: their spirit was imprisoned by their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably shrewd.

The truth, however, is this: the good *must* be Pharisees, — they have no choice!

The good *must* crucify the one who invents his own virtue! That is the truth!

The second one, however, he who discovered their land, the land, heart, and soil of the good and the just: it was he who asked: "Whom do they hate the most?"

The *creator* they hate the most: he who breaks tables and old values, the breaker, — they call him lawbreaker.

For the good — they *cannot* create: they are always the beginning of the end:

—

— they crucify the one who writes new values on new tables, they sacrifice the future *to themselves*, — they crucify all man's future!

The good — they have always been the beginning of the end. —

27

O my brothers, have you also understood this word? And what I once said about the "last man"? — —

With whom does the greatest danger to all man's future lie? Is it not with the good and the just?

Break, break for me the good and the just! — O my brothers, have you also understood this word?

28

You flee from me? You are terrified? You tremble at this word?

O my brothers, when I bade you break the good and the tables of the good: only then did I ship man out on his high sea.

And only now does the great terror come to him, the great looking-around, the great sickness, the great nausea, the great seasickness.

False shores and false assurances the good have taught you; you have been born and harbored in the falsehoods of the good. Everything has been thoroughly hooked and crooked by the good.

But he who has discovered the country "Man" has also discovered the country "Man's Future." Now you shall be my seafarers, valiant, patient!

Walk upright betimes, O my brothers, learn to walk upright! The sea rages: many want to right themselves again on you.

The sea rages: everything is in the sea. Well then! Come on! You old tar-hearts!

Fatherland — what of it! *There* our helm wants to go, where our *children's land* is! Out there, more raging than the sea, rages our great longing! —

29

"Why so hard!" — the kitchen coal once said to the diamond: "Are we not then close kin?" —

Why so soft? O my brothers, thus *I* ask you: are you not then — my brothers?

Why so soft, so pliant and compliant? Why so much denial, self-denial, in your hearts? So little destiny in your glances?

And if you would not be destinies and inexorable ones with me: how can you one day — conquer with me?

And if your hardness would not flash and cut and cut to pieces with me: how can you one day — create with me?

For creators are hard. And blessedness must it seem to you, to press your hand upon millennia as upon wax, —

— blessedness, to write upon the will of millennia as upon bronze, — harder than bronze, nobler than bronze. Only the noblest is entirely hard.

This new table, O my brothers, I place over you: *become hard!* —

30

O thou my will! Thou turnaround of all need, *my* necessity! Preserve me from all small victories!

Thou sending out of my soul which I call fate! Thou In-me! Over-me! Preserve and reserve me for *one* great fate!

And thy last greatness, my will, reserve it for last, — that thou may be inexorable in thy victory! Alas, who has not been overcome by his victory!

Alas, whose eye would not grow dim in this drunken twilight! Alas, whose foot would not stumble and forget in victory how — to stand!

— That I may one day be ready and ripe at the great noontide: ready and ripe like glowing bronze, lightning-gravid clouds, and swelling milk-udders:

— ready for my self and my most hidden will: a bow on fire for its arrow, an arrow on fire for its star —

— a star, ready and ripe at its noontide, glowing, transfixed, transported by annihilating sun-arrows:

— a sun itself and an inexorable solar will, ready to annihilate in victory!

O will, turnaround of all need, thou *my* necessity! Preserve me for *one* great victory! — —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE CONVALESCENT

1

One morning, not long after the return to his cave, Zarathustra sprang up from his bed like a madman, cried in a terrible voice, and acted as if someone unwilling to get up still lay on the bed; and so resounded Zarathustra's voice that has animals came to him terrified, and from all the lairs and hiding-places neighboring Zarathustra's cave all the creatures slipped away, — flying, flutter-

ing, creeping, leaping, each according to just the kind of foot or wing it was given. Zarathustra, however, said these words:

Up, abysmal thought, out of my depth! I am your cock and break of day, sleepy worm: up! up! My voice shall cock-a-doodle you awake yet!

Unbind the fetters of your ears: listen! For I want to hear you! up! up! Here is thunder enough to make even the graves sit up and listen!

And wipe the sleep and all that is blind and asinine out of your eyes! Hear me likewise with your eyes; my voice is a cure for those born blind.

And once you are awake, you shall remain eternally awake. It is not *my* custom to wake great-grandmothers from their sleep in order to bid them — go on sleeping!

You are stirring, stretching, retching? Up! Up! Do not retch — reach me with your speech! Zarathustra summons you, Zarathustra the godless!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of life, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circle — I summon you, my most abysmal thought!

Hail to me! You are coming, — I hear you! My abyss *speaks*, my lowest depth I have turned up to the light!

Hail to me! Come here! Give me your hand — — ah! Let go! Aah! — — horror, horror, horror — — — woe is me!

2

Hardly had Zarathustra spoken these words, however, when he fell down like a dead man and long remained like a dead man. But when he came to his senses again, he was pale and shaking and remained lying there, desiring neither food nor drink. This condition lasted seven days; his animals, however, did not abandon him day or night, except that the eagle flew off to fetch food. And what he fetched and snatched as plunder he laid upon Zarathustra's bed: so that at last Zarathustra lay amidst yellow and red berries, grapes, rose apples, sweetly-scented herbs, and pine cones. At his feet, however, two lambs were spread out, which the eagle had snatched away with difficulty from their shepherds.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra rose up from his bed, took a rose apple in his hand, smelled it, and found its odor pleasing. Then his animals thought the time had come to speak with him.

“O Zarathustra,” they said, “seven days now you have lain thus with heavy eyes: will you not get back on your feet again at last?”

Step out of your cave: the world awaits you like a garden. The wind plays with strong fragrances willing to go your way; and all the brooks look to run after you.

All things long for you because for seven days you have remained alone, — step out of your cave! All things are willing to be your physicians!

Perhaps a new perception has come to you, a sour, serious one? Like leavened dough you lay; your soul rose and swelled over all its borders. —”

— “O my animals,” replied Zarathustra, “keep chattering thus and let me listen! It refreshes me so to hear you chatter: where there is chatter the world is indeed as a garden to me.

How pleasing it is that there are words and tones: are not words and tones rainbows and seeming bridges between the eternally separated?

To every soul belongs another world; for every soul every other soul is an afterworld.

Precisely between the most similar things semblance lies most beautifully; for the smallest gap is the hardest to bridge.

As for me — how could there be an outside-me? There is no outside! But with all the tones we forget this; how pleasing it is that we forget!

Are things not given names and tones so that man can refresh himself with them? It is a beautiful tomfoolery, speaking; with it man dances over all things.

How pleasing is all speech and all the deceit of tones! With tones our love dances on multi-colored rainbows.” —

“O Zarathustra,” the animals then said, “to those who think as we do all things dance of themselves: they come and offer their hand and laugh and flee — and come back.

Everything goes, everything comes back; eternally rolls the wheel of being. Everything dies, everything blooms again; eternally runs the year of being.

Everything breaks, everything is joined anew; eternally the same house of being builds itself. Everything parts, everything greets each other again; eternally the ring of being remains true to itself.

In every instant begins being; round every ‘here’ rolls the ball ‘there’. The center is everywhere. Curved is the path of eternity.” —

— “O you buffoons and hurdy-gurdies,” answered Zarathustra and smiled once more; “How well you know what had to be fulfilled in seven days: —

— and how that monster crawled down my throat and choked me! But I bit the head off and spewed it away from me.

And you, — you have already made a lyre lay out of it? Now, however, I lie here, still weary from this biting and spewing, still ill from my own redemption.

And you watched it all? O my animals, are you also cruel? Did you want to watch my great pain, as men do? For man is the cruelest animal.

At tragedies, bullfights, and crucifixions he has hitherto been happiest on earth; and when he invented hell, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

When the great man cries—: at once the small man comes running; and his tongue hangs out of his mouth lasciviously. But he calls it his “pity.”

The small man, especially the poet — how eagerly he accuses life in words! Hear him, but do not fail to hear the delight that is in all accusation!

These accusers of life: life conquers them with the blink of an eye. “Do you love me?” the impudent one says, “wait a little, I do not have time for you yet.”

Man is the cruelest animal towards himself; and with all those who call themselves “sinners” and “cross-bearers” and “penitents,” do not fail to hear the sensual delight that is in their lamentations and accusations!

And I myself — would I be man’s accuser in this? Alas, my animals, this alone have I learned hitherto, that man’s worst is necessary for his best, —

— that all the worst is his best *strength* and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better *and* badder: —

Not on *this* cross was I nailed, that I know: man is evil, — but I cried as no one yet has cried:

“Alas, that his worst is so very small! Alas, that his best is so very small!”

The great disgust with man, — this had crawled into my throat and choked me: and what the soothsayer had soothsaid: “All is the same, nothing is worthwhile, knowledge strangles.”

A long twilight limped along before me, a dead tired, dead drunk sadness that talked with a yawning mouth.

“Eternally he returns, the man you are weary of, the small man” — thus my sadness yawned and dragged its feet and could not fall asleep.

Man’s earth became a hollow to me, her breast sank in, all living things became human mold and bones and decomposed past to me.

My sighing sat on all human graves and could no longer rise; my sighing and inquiring croaked and choked and wore away and wailed away day and night:

— “Alas, man returns eternally! The small man returns eternally!”

Naked had I once seen them both, the greatest man and the smallest man: all-too-similar to each other, — all-too-human still, even the greatest!

All-too-small, the greatest! — this was my disgust with man! And the eternal return of even the smallest! — this was my disgust with all existence!

Ah, horror! Horror! Horror! — — Thus spake Zarathustra and sighed and shuddered; for he was reminded of his sickness. Then, however, his animals let him speak no further.

“Speak no further, you convalescent!” — thus his animals answered him, “but go out where the world awaits you like a garden.

Go out to the roses and the bees and the flights of doves! But especially to the songbirds: that you may learn *singing* from them!

Because singing is for convalescents; the healthy can speak. And when the healthy man wants songs, he certainly wants songs different from those of the convalescent.”

— “O you buffoons and hurdy-gurdies, do be quiet then!” — replied Zarathustra and smiled at his animals. “How well you know what solace I devised for myself in seven days!

That I had to sing again, — *this* solace I devised for myself and *this* convalescence: and right away you are ready to make a lyre lay out of it?”

— “Speak no further, “ his animals answered once again; “better yet, you convalescent, first make ready for yourself a lyre, a new lyre!

For behold, O Zarathustra! New lays require new lyres!

Sing and bubble over, O Zarathustra, heal your soul with new songs: that you may bear your great fate, which has been no man’s fate yet.

For your animals know it well, O Zarathustra, who you are and must become: behold, *you are the teacher of the eternal return* — , that is now *your* fate!

That you as the first must teach this teaching, — how could this great fate not also be your greatest danger and disease!

Behold, we know what you teach: that all things return eternally, and we ourselves along with them; and that we have already existed countless times, and all things with us.

You teach that there is a great year of becoming, a monster of a great year: it must turn itself over and over again, like an hourglass, so that it can run down and run out again: —

— so that all these years are like themselves in the greatest as well as in the least thing, so that we ourselves in every great year are like ourselves, in the greatest as well as in the least thing.

And if you should want to die now, O Zarathustra: behold, we know too how you would speak to yourself: but your animals beseech you not to die yet!

You would speak and without trembling, breathing, on the contrary, a sigh of bliss: for a great heaviness and uneasiness would be taken from you, you most patient one! —

‘Now I die and fade away,’ you would say, ‘and in an instant I am nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

But the knot of causes in which I am entangled returns, — it will create me again! I myself belong to the causes of the eternal return.

I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent — *not* to a new life or a better life or a similar life:

— I come again eternally to this same and selfsame life, in the greatest as well as in the least thing, to teach again the eternal return of all things, —

— to speak again the word on the great earthly and manly noontide, to proclaim again to man the Superman.

I spake my word, I break on my word: my eternal lot wills it so —, as proclaimer I go under!

The hour has now come for the downgoer to bless himself. Thus — *ends* Zarathustra’s downgoing.” — —

When the animals had spoken these words, they became silent and waited for Zarathustra to say something to them: but Zarathustra did not hear that they were silent. He lay still, rather, with his eyes closed, like one sleeping, although he did not sleep: for just then he was conferring with his soul. The serpent, however, and the eagle, when they found him thus silent, honored the great stillness around him and prudently withdrew.

ON THE GREAT LONGING

O my soul, I taught you to say “today” as “one day” and “in days of yore” and to dance your roundelay away over all Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I rescued you from all corners, I brushed dust, spiders, and twilight away from you.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the shady virtue away from you and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm called "spirit" I blew over your surging sea; all the clouds I blew away, I even strangled the strangleress called "sin."

O my soul, I gave you the right to say Nay, like the storm, and Yea, like the open sky says Yea: calm as light you stay and make your way now through negating storms.

O my soul, I gave you back the freedom over the created and the uncreated: and who knows as you know the sensuality of the future?

O my soul, I taught you the contempt that comes not as worm-eatenness, the great, the loving contempt that loves the most where it despises the most.

O my soul, I taught you to persuade so that even the grounds are swayed: like the sun which persuades even the sea to its height.

O my soul, I freed you from all obeying, knee-bending, and lord-saying; I even gave you the names "Turnaround In Need" and "Fate."

O my soul, I gave you new names and colorful playthings, I called you "Fate" and "Extent of Extensiveness" and Umbilical Cord Of Time" and "Azure Bell."

O my soul, I gave your soil all wisdom to drink, all new wines and also all immemorially old strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul, every sun I poured forth on you and every night and every silence and every longing: then you shot up like a vine for me.

O my soul, superrich and heavy you stand there now, a vine with swelling udders and crowded brown gold-clusters of grapes: —

— crowded and clouded by your happiness, waiting with plenty and yet modest on account of your waiting.

O my soul, there is now nowhere a soul that would be more loving and encompassing and far-reaching! Where would future and past be closer together than with you?

O my soul, I gave you all and you have left me all empty-handed: Now you say to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us has to give thanks? —

— should the giver not give thanks that the receiver has received? Is giving not a necessity? Is receiving not — showing mercy?" —

O my soul, I understand the smile of your melancholy: your superrichness itself now stretches out longing hands!

Your fullness looks out over raging seas and searches and waits; the longing of super-fullness looks out from your smiling eye-skies!

And verily, O my soul! Who could see your smile and not melt into tears? The angels themselves burst into tears at the super-goodness of your smile.

It is your goodness and super-goodness which refuses to wail and weep: and yet, O my soul, your smile longs for tears and your trembling mouth for sobs.

“Is not all weeping a complaint? And is all complaining not an accusing?” Thus you talk to yourself and on that account you would rather smile, O my soul, than pour out your sorrow

— pour out in trembling tears all your sorrow at your fullness and at all the vine’s urgency for the vintager and the vine-knife!

But if you will not weep, will not weep out your purple melancholy, then you will have to *sing*, O my soul! — Behold, I myself smile, I who prophesy such a thing to you:

— sing, with boisterous song, until all the seas become still, to hearken to your longing, —

— until over still, longing seas the boat glides, the golden wonder around whose gold all good, bad, wondrous things gambol: —

— many creatures great and small also, and all that have light, wondrous feet, so they can run on violet-blue paths, —

— toward the golden wonder, the voluntary ferry-boat and its master: that however, is the vintager, who waits with the adamantine vine-knife, — your great savior, O my soul, the nameless one — for whom only future songs will find names! And verily, already your breath exudes the fragrance of future songs, —

— already you glow and dream, already you drink thirstily at all deep resounding comfort-wells, already your melancholy rests in the bliss of future songs! — —

O my soul, now I have given you all and also my last thing, and you have left me all empty-handed: — *that I told you to sing*, behold, that was my last thing!

That I told you to sing, speak now, speak: *which* of us now has to — give thanks? — But better yet: sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let me give thanks! —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE OTHER DANCE SONG

1

Into your eyes I looked lately, O Life: gold I saw glittering in your night-eye, — my heart stood still on account of this delight:

— a golden boat I saw glittering on gloomy waters, a sinking, drinking, re-winking golden seesaw-boat!

At my foot, my dance-mad foot, you cast a glance, a smiling inquiring, melting, seesaw glance:

Twice only you stirred your rattle with your little hands — already my foot seesawed with dance-madness. —

My heels pranced, my toes lent an ear in order to understand you: the dancer, you know, has his ear — in his toes!

I sprang toward you: from my spring you hastily withdrew; and your fleeing, flying hair-tongue darted its tongue in and out at me!

Away from you I sprang and from your serpents: there you stood already, half-turned, your eye full of longing.

With crooked looks — you teach me crooked ways; on crooked ways my foot learns — arch tricks!

I fear you near, I love you far; your fleeing calls me, your seeking stalls me: — I suffer, but what would I gladly not suffer for you!

You whose coldness kindles, whose hatred seduces, whose flight binds, whose mockery — induces:

— who would not hate you, you great binder, entwiner, seducer, seeker, finder! Who would not love you, you impatient, wind-hastened, guileless child-eyed sinner!

Where are you dragging me off to now, you prodigy and problem child? And now you are fleeing me again, you sweet wildcat and ingrate!

I dance after you, I follow your least little clue. Where are you? Give me your hand! Or just a finger will do!

Here are hollows and thickets: we shall go astray! — Halt! Stand still! Do you not hear owls and bats whistling this way?

You owl! You bat! Are you trying to make a monkey out of me? Where are we? From the dogs you have learned this howling and yelping.

You bare delightfully your little white teeth at me, your wicked eyes leap out at me from beneath a curly little mane.

This is a dance over hill and dale, — would you be my hound or my chamois female?

At my side now! And quickly, you wicked springstress! Up now and over! — Alas! In springing thereafter I fell headlong!

O see me lying here, pleading for mercy, you haughty lass! Gladly would I go with you — down lovelier paths!

— down paths of love through hushed, varied brush! Or there along the lake: where goldfish swim and dance!

You are weary now? Over there are sheep and sunset skies: is it not nice to sleep when shepherds play their pipes?

You are so very weary? I will carry you there, just let your arms sink! And if you get thirsty, — have I got something, but your mouth would not have it to drink! —

— O this cursed nimble supple serpent and slick witch! Where have you gone? But from your hand on my face I feel two spots and red blotches!

I am truly weary of being your sheepish shepherd all the time! You witch, if until now I have sung for you, now for me *you* shall — cry!

To the rhythm of my whip you shall cry and dance! Surely I did not forget the whip? — No chance!”

2

Then Life answered me thus and covered her dainty ears the while:

“O Zarathustra! Do not crack your whip so terribly! You know indeed: noise murders thought, — and just now such tender thoughts come to me.

We are both two true ne'er-do-wells and ne'er-do-ills. Beyond good and evil we found our island and our green meadow — we two alone! Therefore we must indeed suit each other!

And even if we do not love each other thoroughly — , must we then hold a grudge for not being thoroughly loved?

And that I am well-disposed toward you and often too well, that you know: and the reason is that I am jealous of your wisdom. Ah, that mad old fool of a woman wisdom!

And if your wisdom should ever run away from you, alas! then my love would also run away from you quickly.” —

Then Life looked reflectively behind her and around her and softly said: “O Zarathustra, you are not faithful enough to me!

You love me not nearly so much as you say; I know you are thinking of leaving me soon.

There is an old heavy, heavy booming-bell: it booms its way nightly up to your cave: —

— when you hear this bell toll at the midnight hour, then between one and twelve you think of it —

— you think, O Zarathustra, I know it, of leaving me soon!”

“Yes,” I answered hesitantly, “but you also know — ” And I said something in her ear, right in the midst of her tangled, yellow, silly, shaggy locks.

“You *know* that, O Zarathustra? No one knows that. —”

And we looked at each other and upon the green meadow over which the cool evening was just coming and we wept together. — Then, however, Life was dearer to me than all my wisdom ever was. —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

3

One!

O man! Take heed!

Two!

What words repeat deep midnight’s creed?

Three!

“I sleep, I sleep —,

Four!

“From deep dream I woke and perceived: —

Five!

“The world is deep,

Six!

“And deeper than the day conceived

Seven!

“Deep is her woe —,

Eight!

“Joy — deeper still than calamity:

Nine!

“Woe bids it: Go!

Ten!

“But all joy wants eternity — ,

Eleven

“— Wants the deep, deep eternity!”

Twelve!

THE SEVEN SEALS

(Or: The Yea and Amen Lay)

1

If I be a soothsayer and full of that soothsaying spirit which wanders on a high ridge between two seas, —

wanders like a heavy cloud between past and future, — enemy to sultry lowlands and all that is weary and can neither live nor die:

ready for lightning in its dark breast and for the redeeming flash of light, pregnant with lightning bolts which say yea! laugh yea!, ready for soothsaying thunderbolts:

— blessed however is he who is thus pregnant! And verily, he who shall one day kindle the light of the future must hang a long while, like heavy weather on the mountains! —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, — the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, Eternity!

2

If ever my wrath broke up graves, moved boundary stones, and rolled old broken tables into steep depths:

if ever my scorn blew away decayed words, and like a broom I came to cross-spiders and as a sweeping wind to old musty burial chambers:

if ever I sat rejoicing where old gods lie buried, world-blessing, world-loving next to the monuments of old world-slanderers: —

— for even churches and gods' graves I love, if only heaven's pure eye looks through their broken roofs; gladly I sit like grass and red poppies on broken churches —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, — the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

3

If ever a breath of creative breath came to me, and of that heavenly necessity which forces even chance events to dance star-dances in the round:

If ever I laughed with the laughter of creative lightning, which the long thunder of the deed follows after rumblingly but obediently:

If ever I played dice with gods at the table of the gods, the earth, so that the earth did quake and break apart and snort up streams of fire:—

— for the earth is a table of the gods, and trembling with creative new words and divine dice-throws: —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, — the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

4

If ever I drank deep from that foaming spice- and mixing bowl in which all things are well-mixed:

if ever my hand poured the furthest with the nearest and fire with spirit and joy with sorrow and the worst with the kindest:

if I myself be a grain of that redeeming salt which makes all things mix well in the mixing bowl: —

— for there is a salt which binds good with evil; and even the most evil thing is worthy of seasoning and of the last foaming-over: —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, — the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

5

If I be fond of the sea and all that is of the nature of the sea, and even most fond when it angrily opposes me:

if that joy in seeking be in me which drives the sails toward the undiscovered, if a seafarer's joy be in my joy:

if ever my rejoicing cried: "The coast has vanished — now the last chain has fallen from me —

— the unbounded roars around me, far out there time and space gleam for me, well them! come one! old heart!" —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, — the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

6

If my virtue be a dancer's virtue, and if often I have leaped with both feet into golden-emerald ecstasy:

if my malice be a laughing malice, at home among rosebeds and lily hedges:

— for in laughter all things evil are together, absolved and resolved as holy, however, by their own bliss: —

and if my alpha and omega be this, that all things heavy shall become light, all bodies dancers, all spirits birds: and verily, this is my alpha and omega! —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, — the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

7

If ever I spread a calm heaven above me and with my own wings flew up to my own heaven:

if I swam playfully in deep light-distances and my freedom's bird-wisdom came: —

— thus, however, speaks bird-wisdom: "Behold, there is no above, no below! Fling yourself all around, out, back, you light one, Sing! speak no more!

— are all words not made for those who are heavy? Do all words not lie for those who are light? Sing! speak no more!" —

O how could I not be fervent for eternity and for the bridal ring of rings, —
the ring of return?

Never yet have I found the woman from whom I wanted children, unless it
be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O Eternity!

For I love you, O Eternity!

THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA

Fourth and Last Part

Alas, where in the world have greater follies taken place than amongst the pitying ones? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitying ones:

Woe to all lovers who do not yet have a height that is above their pity!

Thus spake the devil to me once: “Even God has his hell: it is his love for man.”

And the other day this word I heard him say: “God is dead; God has died of his pity for man.”

Thus Spake Zarathustra, II. p. 67

THE HONEY OFFERING

— And again months and years passed over Zarathustra’s soul, and he heeded them not; his hair, however, turned white. One day as he sat on a stone in front of his cave and calmly looked out — and one looks out here upon the sea and out across tortuous abysses —, then his animals walked pensively around him and settled themselves at last in front of him.

“O Zarathustra,” they said, “perhaps you are looking out for your happiness?” — “What does happiness matter?” he answered, “I have long ceased to strive for happiness; I strive for my work.” — “O Zarathustra,” the animals said once more, “you say that like one who has too much of a good thing. Do you not lie in a sky-blue sea of happiness?” — “You buffoons,” answered Zarathustra and smiled; “how well you chose your metaphor! But you also know my happiness is

heavy and not like a fluid wave: it presses me and refuses to leave me and behaves like molten pitch.” —

Then the animals walked pensively around him again and settled themselves once more in front of him. “O Zarathustra,” they said, “So is *that why* you grow ever yellower and darker although your hair looks white and flaxen? But look, you are sitting in your own sticky mess!” — “What is that you say, my animals?” Zarathustra said and laughed, “verily, I blasphemed when I spoke of pitch. As it is with me, so it is with all fruits that grow ripe. It is the *honey* in my veins that makes my blood thicker and also my soul stiller.” — “Thus will it be, O Zarathustra,” answered the animals and pressed themselves up against him; “but do you not want to climb a high mountain today? The air is pure and one sees more of the world today than ever before.” — “Yes, my animals,” he answered, “you counsel admirably and after my own heart: I shall climb a high mountain today! But make sure honey is at hand there for me, yellow, white, good, icy-cool, golden honeycomb. For know that on high I will make the honey-sacrifice.” —

When Zarathustra was on high, however, he sent those animals home that had accompanied him and found that he was alone: — then he laughed wholeheartedly, looked around himself, and spoke thus:

That I spoke of sacrifices and honey-sacrifices was only a trick of speech and, verily, a useful piece of folly. Up here I can surely speak more freely than before hermits’ caves and hermits’ domestic animals.

What sacrifice! I squander what is given me, I, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I ever call that sacrificing?

And when I craved honey I only craved bait and sweet goo and goop which even grumbling bears and strange, sullen, wicked birds lick up with their tongues:

— the best bait, as hunters and fisherman require. For if the world be like a dark forest of beasts and a garden of delight for all wild hunters, then it strikes me even more so as and I prefer it to be an unfathomably rich sea,

— a sea full of colorful fish and crabs which even gods might lust after, in which they might want to be fishermen and net-casters: so rich is the world in strange things, great and small!

Especially the human world, the human sea: into *that* I now cast my golden fishing rod and say: “Open up, you human abyss!

Open up and cast me your fish and glistening crabs! With my best bait I shall entice the strangest human fish today!

— my happiness itself I shall cast out into all places and spaces amidst sunrise, noon, and sunset, to see whether many human fish do not learn to yank and crank on my happiness:

— until biting on my sharp hidden hooks, they must come up to *my* height, the most motley of abyss-groundlings to the most malicious of all fishers of men.

For *this* I am at the very bottom and from the very beginning, drawing, drawing in, drawing up, bringing up, a drawer, upbringer, and disciplinarian who once exhorted himself, not for nothing: 'Become who you are!'

Thus men may now come *up* to me: for I still await the sign that it is time for my descent; not yet do I myself go down, as I must, among men.

That is why I wait here, cunning and mocking on high mountains, not impatient, not patient, as one rather who has also unlearned patience, — because he no longer 'bears patiently.'

For my fate gives me time: perhaps it has forgotten me? Or does it sit in the shade behind a great stone and catch flies?

And verily, I am much obliged to my fate for not hurrying and harrying me and giving me time for jests and gibes: so that today I have climbed this high mountain to catch fish.

Did a man ever catch fish on high mountains, I wonder? And even if it is folly, what I desire and do up here: better yet this than to become solemn and green and yellow from waiting down below —

— a pompous wrath-snorter from waiting, a holy, howling storm from the mountains, an impatient sort that shouts down into the valleys: 'Listen, or I will lash you with the scourge of God!'

Not that I would hold a grudge against such angry ones: they serve well enough for my laughter! They must be quite impatient, these big clamor-drums which get a chance to speak now or never!

I, however, and my destiny — we do not speak to the Now, we also do not speak to the Never: we have patience and time and overtime for speaking, after all. For one day it must surely come and may not pass by.

What must one day come and may not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is, our great faraway human kingdom, the Zarathustra kingdom of a thousand years — —

How faraway may such a "faraway" be? What is that to me? But as far as that stands, this is no less certain to me — with both feet I stand securely on this ground, —

— on eternal ground, on hard, primeval rock, on this highest, hardest primeval mountain range to which all winds come as to a weather divide, asking Where and Whence? and Whither?

Laugh here, laugh, my hearty, healthy malice! From high mountains cast down your glittering, mocking laughter! Lure for me with your glittering the finest human fish!

And whatever belongs to *me* in all the seas, my in-and-for-me in all things — fish *that* out for me, bring *that* up to me: for that I wait, I, the most malicious of all fishermen.

Out, out, my fish hook! In there, down there, bait of my happiness! Drip down your sweetest dew, my heart's honey! Bite, my fishing hook, all black affliction in the belly!

Out there, out there, my eye! O how many seas around me, what dawning human futures! And above me — what rosy-red stillness! What cloudless silence!

THE CRY OF DISTRESS

The next day Zarathustra again sat on the stone in front of his cave, while his animals roamed about in the world outside in order to bring home new food — new honey, too: for Zarathustra had lavishly spent and squandered the old honey down to the last drop. But as he sat there thus, with a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure upon the earth, reflecting, and verily! not upon himself and his shadow — all at once he was startled and started with fright: for next to his shadow he saw yet another shadow. And as he looked quickly around himself and stood up, behold, there stood next to him the soothsayer, the same one he had once given food and drink at his table, the herald of the great weariness who taught: “All is the same, nothing is worthwhile, the world is without meaning, knowledge strangles.” But his face had changed meanwhile; and when Zarathustra looked him in the eye, his heart was startled again: so many bad tidings and ashy-gray bolts of lightning ran across that face.

The soothsayer, who realized what had taken place in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his hand over his face, as if he wanted to wipe it away; Zarathustra did the same, too. And when both of them had silently composed and strengthened

themselves thus, they shook hands as a sign that they wanted to recognize each other again.

“Welcome,” said Zarathustra, “you soothsayer of the great weariness, not in vain shall you once have been my guest and table mate. Eat and drink today also with me, and forgive a merry old man for sitting at the dinner table with you!” — “A merry old man?” answered the soothsayer, shaking his head, “but whoever you are or want to be, O Zarathustra, you will not be it up here much longer, — in a little while your boat shall no longer be sitting high and dry!” “Am I sitting high and dry then?” — asked Zarathustra, laughing. — “The waves around your mountain,” answered the soothsayer, “are rising and rising, the waves of great distress and tribulation: and soon they will raise your boat and carry you away.” — Zarathustra was silent at this and marvelled. — “Do you hear nothing yet?” continued the soothsayer: “is it not rushing and roaring up from the deep?” — Zarathustra was silent once again and listened: then he heard a long, long cry which the abysses called out and passed back and forth to one another, for none would have it: so evil did it sound.

“You ill herald,” Zarathustra said at last, “that is a cry of distress and the cry of a man; it may well come from a black sea. But what is human distress to me! The last sin which has been reserved for me, — do you know what it is called?”

— “Pity!” answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart and raised both hands on high — O Zarathustra, I come to seduce you to your last sin!” —

And hardly had these words been spoken when the cry rang out again, and longer and more anxiously than before, no doubt much closer, too. “Do you hear? Do you hear, O Zarathustra?” cried the soothsayer, “the cry is aimed at you, it calls out to you: come, come, come, it is time, it is high time!” —

Zarathustra was silent at this, confused and convulsed; at last he asked, like one who hesitates with himself: “And who is it that calls to me there?”

“But surely you know,” replied the soothsayer furiously, “why do you hide yourself? It is *the higher man* that cries out for you!”

“The higher man?” cried Zarathustra, seized with horror: what does *he* want? What does *he* want? The higher man? What does he want here?” — and his skin was covered with sweat.

The soothsayer, however, offered no answer to Zarathustra’s anxiety but listened and listened to the depth. Yet when it remained silent there for a long time, he looked back and saw Zarathustra standing and trembling.

“O Zarathustra,” he began in a sad voice, “you do not stand there as one made giddy by his happiness: you had better dance so you do not fall down!”

But even if you wanted to dance before me and leap all your side-leaps: still nobody could say to me: 'Look, here dances the last happy man!'

Anyone who searched for *him* here, at this height, would have come in vain: caves he would find, possibly, and caves behind caves, hideaways for sly knaves, but no mines of happiness and treasure chambers and new golden lodes of happiness.

Happiness — how could happiness possibly be found with such recluses and solitaries? Must I still seek ultimate happiness on blessed isles and faraway amongst forgotten seas?

But all is the same, nothing is worthwhile, searching does no good, and there are no longer any Blessed Isles!" —

Thus sighed the soothsayer; but with his last sigh Zarathustra became bright and sure again, like one who comes out of a deep gorge into the light. "No! No! Three times No!" he cried out in a loud voice and stroked his beard — "I know better than *that*! There are still Blessed Isles! Be silent about *that*, you sighing sad sack!

Stop splattering *about that*, you raincloud in the morning! Do I not already stand here wet from your distress and drenched like a dog?

Now I shake myself and run away from you in order to get dry again: you need not be surprised at that! Do I seem discourteous to you? But here is *my* court.

And as for your higher man: well then! I shall seek him at once in those woods: *thence* came his cry. Perhaps a wicked beast harasses him there.

He is in *my* domain: therein he shall not come to harm! And verily, there are many wicked beasts near me."

With these words Zarathustra turned to go. Then the soothsayer said: "O Zarathustra, you are a rogue!

I know it already: you want to get rid of me! You would rather run in the woods and set snares for wicked beasts!

But what good will it do you? — In the evening you will have me again all the same; I will be sitting there in your own cave, patient and heavy like a block of wood — and waiting for you!"

"So be it!" Zarathustra called back as he walked away: "and what is mine in my cave is yours too, my guest!

And if you should find some honey in there, well then! just lick it up, you grumbling bear, and sweeten your soul! For in the evening we both want to be in good spirits,

— in good spirits and glad that this day has come to an end! And you yourself shall dance to my songs as my dancing bear.

You do not believe it? You shake your head? Well then! Well then! Old bear! But I too — am a soothsayer.”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

CONVERSATION WITH THE KINGS

1

Zarathustra was not yet an hour underway in his mountains and woods when all at once he came upon a strange procession. Right on the path he wanted to go down, along came two kings on foot, adorned with crowns and purple girdles and colorful as flamingoes: they drove a laden ass before them. “What do these kings want in my kingdom?” Zarathustra said in astonishment to his heart and hid himself quickly behind a bush. But as the kings came up to him, he said in an undertone, like one speaking to himself alone: “Strange! Strange! What kind of arrangement is this? Two kings I see — and only one ass!”

Then the two kings stopped, smiled, and looked toward the spot where the voice had come from, after which they looked each other in the face. “Such things are also thought amongst ourselves no doubt,” said the king on the right, “but one does not speak out about them.”

The king on the left, however, shrugged his shoulders and answered: “That may well be a goatherd. Or a hermit who has dwelt too long among rocks and trees. For no society at all also spoils good manners.”

“Good manners?” The other king retorted, indignantly and bitterly: “what is it then we are trying to get away from? Is it not ‘good manners’? Our ‘good society’?”

Better, verily, to live among goatherds and hermits than with our gilded, false, over-rouged riffraff, — although they call themselves ‘good society’,

— although they call themselves ‘nobility.’ But all is false and foul there, first of all the blood, thanks to old bad diseases and worse quack-healers.

The best and dearest to me even today is a healthy peasant, crude, shrewd, stiff-necked, enduring: that is the foremost type today.

The best at present is the peasant; and the peasant type should be master! But it is the kingdom of the riffraff, — I let nothing fool me. Riffraff, however, that means: mishmash.

Riffraff-mishmash: everything is mixed up with everything else in that, saint and skunk and Junker and Jew and every animal from Noah's ark!

Good manners! All is false and foul with us. No one knows how to show respect any more: precisely *that* is what we are running away from. They are fulsome, meddling dogs, they gild palm leaves.

This loathing chokes me, that even we kings have become fakes, draped and disguised in old yellowed grandfather-splendor, showpieces for the dumbest and the smartest and all those who horse-trade for power today!

We *are* not the first — and yet must *stand for* them: of this fraud we finally have become sick and tired.

We have gone out of our way to get away from the rabble, all these crybabies and scribe-blowflies, the shopkeeper stench, the go-getter squirming, the gutter breath —: phooey on living among the rabble,

— phooey on standing first among the rabble! Oh, horror! Horror! Horror! What do we kings matter now!" —

"Your old sickness assails you," the king on the left then said, "nausea assails you, my poor brother. But surely you know that someone is listening to us."

Zarathustra, who had opened wide his eyes and ears at this speech, immediately arose from his hiding place, approached the kings and began:

"He who listens to you, he who gladly listens to you, you kings, he is called Zarathustra.

I am Zarathustra, who once said: 'What do kings matter now!' Forgive me, I was pleased when you said to each other: 'What do we kings matter!'

Here, however, is *my* kingdom and my domain: what might you possibly be seeking in my kingdom? But perhaps along the way you *have found* what *I* am seeking: namely, the higher man."

When the kings heard this, they beat their breasts and said with one voice: "We are recognized!

With the sword of this word you have hewn through our heart's thickest darkness. You have discovered our distress, for behold! we are on our way to find the higher man —

— the man that is higher than us: although we are kings. We are leading this ass to him. For the highest man should also be the highest master on earth.

There is no harsher misfortune in all human destiny than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becomes false and distorted and monstrous.

And when they are the very last and more beast than man: then the riffraff rises and rises in price and at last even riffraff-virtue speaks: 'Behold, I alone am virtue!' " —

'What did I just hear?' answered Zarathustra; 'what wisdom from kings! I am thrilled and verily quite filled with the desire to make a rhyme upon it: —

— even if it may be a rhyme not fit for everyone's ears. I have long since forgotten consideration for long ears. Well then! Come on! (But here it happened that the ass also got a word in: he said quite distinctly and with bad intent, Ye-haw.)

Once — in the year of our Lord one, no less —

Drunk without wine the Sibyl did confess:

"All's wrong now, woe!

Ruin! Ruin! World's never sunk so low!

Rome's descended to whoredom and whorish stew,

Rome's Caesar sunk to brute, God Himself — turned Jew!"

2

In these rhymes of Zarathustra the kings reveled; the king on the right even said: "O Zarathustra, how well we did in setting out to see you!

For your foes showed us your image in their mirror: there you looked with a devil's wry face and sneered: so that we were afraid of you.

But what was the use! Again and again you pierced our ears and hearts with your sayings. So at last we said: what does it matter how he looks!

We must *hear* him, the one who teaches: 'You shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace more than the long!'

No one ever spoke such warlike words: 'What is good? To be brave is good. It is the good war that hallows every cause!

O Zarathustra, our fathers' blood stirred in our veins at such words: it was as the speech of spring to old wine-casks.

When the swords flew every which way, like red-flecked snakes, then our fathers knew that life was good; the sun of all peace seemed weak and lukewarm to them; the long peace, however, made for shame.

How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw sparkling bright, dried-up swords on the wall! Like them they thirsted for war. For a sword wants blood to drink and sparkles with desire.” ——

— As the kings talked and chattered with such zeal of the happiness of their fathers, Zarathustra was seized by no small desire to mock their zeal: for it was evident that these were very peaceful kings whom he saw before him, men with old and refined faces. But he restrained himself. “Well then!” he said, “Thither the way leads, there lies Zarathustra’s cave; and this day shall have a long evening! Now, however, a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

It does my cave honor when kings are willing to sit and wait in it: but you will certainly have to wait a long time!

Well then! So what! Where does one today learn better to wait than at court? And all that remains of the virtue of kings, — is it not today called “waiting-ability?”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE LEECH

And Zarathustra walked pensively, farther and deeper through forests and past marshy grounds; but as it happens with everyone who ponders serious matters, he managed to tread unawares upon a man. And behold, all at once a woeful cry and a pair of curses and twenty bad curse words squirted him in the face: so that in his alarm he raised his staff and even struck the downtrodden one. Immediately thereafter, however, he came to his senses; and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

“Forgive me,” he said to the downtrodden one, who had risen up furiously and sat back down, “forgive me and hear first of all a parable.

As a wanderer who dreams of distant things stumbles unawares upon a sleeping dog on a lonely street, a dog that lies in the sun:

— as both of them fly up, let fly at each other like deadly enemies, these two who are scared to death: thus it fared with us.

And yet! And yet — how little was lacking for them to be caressing each other instead, this dog and this lonely one! After all, they are both — lonely!”

— “Whoever you may be,” said the downtrodden one, still furious, “you also tread too near me with your parable, and not only with your foot!

What, am I a dog then?" — and with that the sitter arose and pulled his naked arm out of the swamp. For at first he had lain stretched out on the ground, concealed and camouflaged like those who lie in wait for swamp game.

"But what are you doing here!" a startled Zarathustra cried out, for he saw a great deal of blood flowing down the naked arm, — "what has happened to you? Did a bad animal bite you, you unhappy wretch?"

The bleeding man laughed, still angry. "What is it to you?" he said and wanted to move on. "Here I am at home in my domain. Let him who will ask me: but I will hardly answer a yokel."

"You are mistaken," said Zarathustra with compassion and held him fast, "you are mistaken: here you are not in your domain but in mine, and no one shall come to harm here.

But call me what you will, — I am who I must be. I call myself Zarathustra.

Well then! Thither the way leads to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far, — will you not tend your wounds at my place?

It has gone badly for you in this life, you unhappy wretch: first an animal bit you, and then — a man trampled you!" —

But when the downtrodden one heard the name Zarathustra, he was transformed: "But what is happening to me! he cried out, "*who* still matters to me then in this life other than this man, namely Zarathustra, and that one animal that lives on blood, the leech?

On account of the leech I lay here like a fisherman, and my outstretched arm had already been bitten ten times when a still finer leech made a bite for my blood, Zarathustra himself!

O happiness! O miracle! Praised be this day which has allured me into this swamp! Praised be the best, the liveliest cupping glass alive today, praised be the great conscience-leech Zarathustra!" —

Thus spake the downtrodden one; and Zarathustra rejoiced at his words and their fine, reverent manner. "Who are you?" he asked and extended him his hand, "between us much remains to be cleared up and cheered up: but already, it seems to me, a clear, bright day is dawning."

"I am the *conscientious one in spirit*," the questioned one answered, "and in things of the spirit it is not easy to find one stricter, harder, and harsher than I, save him from whom I learned them, Zarathustra himself.

Better to know nothing than to half-know many things! Better to be a fool on your own account than a wise man in someone else's eyes! I — get down to the ground:

— what does it matter whether it is large or small? Whether it is called swamp or sky? A hand's-breadth of ground is enough for me: provided it is genuine ground and grounding!

— a hand's-breadth of ground: upon that a man can stand. In the true science of conscience there is nothing large and nothing small."

"Then perhaps you are an authority on the leech?" asked Zarathustra; "and you trace the leech down to its ultimate roots, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra, how could I presume to undertake that?"

I am a master and authority, however, on the leech's *brain*: — that is *my* world!

And it is indeed a world! But forgive me that here my pride speaks, for here I have no equal. That is why I said, 'Here I am at home.'

How long have I traced this one thing, the leech's brain, so that here the slippery truth may no longer slip away from me! Here is *my* domain!

— on account of this I have thrown everything else away, on account of this everything else has become the same to me; and right beside my knowledge my black ignorance lies down.

My conscience of the spirit demands it thus from me, that I know one thing and nothing else: all the half-in-spirit disgust me, all the hazy, hovering, fanciful ones.

Where my honesty ceases I am blind and also want to be blind. But where I want to know I also want to be honest, namely hard, strict, narrow, cruel, and inexorable.

That *you* once said, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is the life which itself cuts into life,' that induced and seduced me to your teaching. And verily, with my own blood I have increased my own knowledge!"

— "As the evidence shows," Zarathustra cut in; for blood was still flowing down the conscientious one's naked arm. The fact was that ten leeches had sunk their teeth into it.

"O you odd fellow, how much this evidence here shows me, namely you yourself! And perhaps I should not pour all of it into your austere ears!"

Well then! Thus we part here! But I would be glad to stumble upon you again. Up there the way leads to my cave: this night you shall be my dear guest there!

I would also gladly make amends to your body that Zarathustra stepped on you with his feet: I shall reflect on that. Now, however, a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you."

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE SORCERER

1

But when Zarathustra took a turn around a rock, he saw not far below him on the same path a man who threw his limbs about like a raving lunatic and thudded to earth at last and lay flat on his belly.

“Halt!” Zarathustra then said to his heart, “that must surely be the higher man; from him there came that sore cry of distress,— I shall see if I can be of help.” But when he ran to the spot where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with staring eyes; and no matter how hard Zarathustra tried to set him upright and back on his feet again, it was in vain. The unfortunate man did not even seem to notice that anyone was around him: on the contrary, he constantly looked around with pathetic gestures, like one desolated and isolated from all the world. Finally, however, after much trembling, twitching, twisting and turning, he began to yammer thus:

Who warms me, who loves me still?
Give hot hands!
Give heart-braziers!
Laid low, shuddering,
Like a half-dead man whose feet someone warms —
Shaken, alas! by unknown fevers,
Shivering from sharp, icy-frost arrows,
Chased by you, Thought!
Ineffable one! Veiled one! Terrible one!
You hunter behind the clouds!
Struck down by you like a flash of lightning,
You scornful eye, that eyes me from the dark:
— thus I lie,
Bending myself, contorting myself, tortured
By all eternal torment,
Thunderstruck
By you, cruelest hunter,

You unknown-God!

Strike deeper!
Strike yet again!
Puncture, shatter this heart!
Why this torture
With dull-toothed arrows?
Why do you look again,
Not weary of human agony,
With mischief-loving divine-lightning-eyes?
You do not want to kill,
Only torture, torture?
Why — torture *me*,
You mischief-loving unknown God? —
Aha! You steal near?
At such a midnight hour
What do you want? Speak!
You push me, press me —
Ah! already much too close!
Away! Away!
You hear me breathing,
You overhear my heart,
You jealous one —
but jealous of what?
Away! Away! Why the ladder?
Do you want to get *in*,
Into my heart,
To step into, get into
My most secret thoughts?
Shameless one! Unknown one — thief!
What do you mean by stealing?
What do you mean by eavesdropping?
What do you mean by torturing?
You torturer!
You — hangman-God!
Or shall I, like a dog,

Roll over for you?
Devoted, enthused-outside-myself,
Tailwagging my love to you?
In vain! Stick further,
Cruellest thorn! No,
No dog — only your game am I,
Cruellest hunter!
Your proudest captive,
You robber behind the clouds!
Speak at last!
What do you want from *me*, you waylayer?
You lightning-veiled one! Unknown one! Speak,
What do you *want*, unknown — God?

What? Ransom?
Why do you want ransom?
Demand much — that my pride advises!
And be brief — that my other pride advises!

Aha!
You want — *me*? Me?
Me — entirely? ...

Aha!
And you torture me, fool that you are,
Torture my pride to death?
Give me *love* — who warms me still?
Who loves me still? — give hot hands,
Give heart-braziers,
Give me, the loneliest one,
Whom ice, alas, sevenfold ice
Teaches to yearn for enemies,
Even for enemies
Give, yes, give over,
Cruellest enemy,
To me — *yourself!* ——

Away!
There he himself has flown,
My last, only companion,
My great enemy,
My unknown one,
My hangman-God! —

— No! Come back,
With all your torture!
To the last of all the lonely ones
O come back
All the little streams of my tears
Run their course to you!
And the final flame of my heart —
It flares up for *you*!
O come back,
My unknown God! My pain! My final—happiness!

2

— But here Zarathustra could restrain himself no longer; he took his staff and began hitting the yammerer with all his might. “Stop it!” he yelled at him with fierce laughter, “stop it, you actor! You counterfeiter! You liar through and through! I know you well!

I will certainly make your legs warm, you wicked sorcerer, I understand well how to heat things up for such as you!”

— “Leave off,” said the old man and sprang up from the ground, “do not hit me any more, O Zarathustra! I was only playing a game!

Such things belong to my art; you yourself I wanted to put to the test when I gave you this test performance! And verily, you have seen through me well!

But you too gave me no small test of your own: you are *hard*, you wise Zarathustra! You strike hard with your ‘truths’; your stick forces from me — *this* truth!”

— “Do not flatter,” answered Zarathustra, still enraged and scowling, “you actor through and through! You are false: why do you talk — of truth?”

You peacock of peacocks, you sea of vanity, *what* did you perform before me, you wicked sorcerer? In *whom* was I to believe when you yammered in such a manner?"

"*The penitent of the spirit,*" said the old man, *him* — I played: you yourself once coined this term —

— the poet and sorcerer who turns his spirit against himself in the end, the transformed one who freezes to death on account of his bad science and conscience.

And just confess it: it took you a long time, O Zarathustra, to get past my scam and sham! You *believed* in my distress when you held my head in both your hands, —

— I heard you yammer, 'We have loved him too little, loved him too little!' That I deceived you to such a degree, my malice rejoiced inwardly at that."

"You may have deceived subtler ones than I," said Zarathustra harshly. "I am not on the lookout for deceivers, I *must* be without precaution: thus my lot wills it.

But you — *must* deceive: to that degree I know you! You must always be double-, triple-, quadruple-, quintuple-dealing! And what you now confessed was not nearly true or false enough for me!

You wicked counterfeiter, how could you do otherwise! Even your sickness would be wearing make-up were you to show yourself to your doctor naked!

Just as even now you 'made-up' your lie before me when you said: 'I was *only* playing a game! There was *seriousness* in it, too; you *are* somewhat of a penitent of the spirit!

I divine you well: you have become the enchanter of all, but you have no lie or ruse left to use against yourself — you are disenchanting with yourself!

You have reaped loathing as your one truth. Not a word of yours is genuine anymore except your mouth: namely, the loathing that clings to your mouth." —

— "But who are you?" the old sorcerer cried here in a defiant voice, "who dares speak to *me* thus, the greatest man alive today?" — and a green lightning bolt shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But directly thereafter he changed and said sorrowfully:

"O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, my arts are loathsome to me; I am not *great*, why do I dissimulate? But you know it well — I was seeking greatness!

I wanted to pose as a great man, and persuaded many: but this lie has been too much for me. I am going to pieces over it.

O Zarathustra, everything about me is a lie; but that I am going to pieces — this, my going to pieces, is *no lie!*” —

“It does you honor,” said Zarathustra gloomily, looking downward with a sidelong glance, “it does you honor that you sought greatness, but it also betrays you. You are not great.

You wicked old sorcerer, *this* is what is best and most honest in you and what I honor in you, that you grew weary of yourself and expressed it: ‘I am not great.’

In this I honor you as a penitent of the spirit: and even if it was only a whiff and a whisk, in that one moment you were — genuine.

But speak up, what do you seek here in *my* woods and rocks? And when you put yourself in *my* way, to what test did you want to put me? —

— in what way were you testing *me?*” —

Thus spake Zarathustra, and his eyes gleamed. The old sorcerer was silent for a while, then he said: “Did I test you? I — only quest.

O Zarathustra, I seek a true, genuine, artless, unambiguous one, a man of all honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!

Do you not know it then, O Zarathustra? *I seek Zarathustra.*”

— And here a long silence ensued between the two; Zarathustra, however, had become so deeply absorbed in thought that he closed his eyes. But then, returning to his interlocutor, he grasped the sorcerer’s hand and said, full of politeness and policy:

“Well then! Up there the way leads, there lies Zarathustra’s cave. In it you may seek him whom you wish to find.

And ask my animals for advice, my eagle and my serpent: they shall help you seek. My cave is large, however.

I myself, of course — I have never yet seen a great man. Towards what is great the finest eye today is coarse. It is the kingdom of the riffraff.

Many a one have I found indeed that stretched and swelled himself up and the people cried: ‘Behold, a great man! But what good are all bellows! In the end the wind comes out.

In the end the frog bursts that has blown itself up too long: then the wind comes out. To prick a swelled-up one in the belly, I call that a fine pastime. Hear that, boys!

This is the day of the riffraff: who even *knows* what is great, what is small? Who could have success seeking greatness there? Only a fool: fools succeed.

You seek greatness, you strange fool? Who *taught* you *that*? Is today the time for that? O you wicked seeker, why do you seek — to test me?” — —

Thus spake Zarathustra, confident of heart, and went laughingly on his way.

OUT OF SERVICE

Not long, however, after Zarathustra had rid himself of the sorcerer, he again saw someone sitting alongside the path he was taking, namely a tall man in black with a pale, haggard face: *he* vexed him exceedingly. “Woe,” he said to his heart, “there sits masked misery, from the species of priests, it seems to me: what do *they* want in my kingdom?

What! I have hardly escaped that sorcerer: must another necromancer cross my path again, —

— some wizard with his laying on of hands, some dark miracle-worker by the grace of God, an anointed world-slanderer whom the devil may take!

But the devil is never at the place he should be: he always comes too late, that damned dwarf and clubfoot!”

Thus Zarathustra cursed impatiently in his heart and thought how with an averted glance he might slip past the man in black: but behold, it turned out otherwise. For at just that moment the sitter had already sighted him; and not unlike one who has met with unexpected good fortune, he sprang up and made straight for Zarathustra.

“Whoever you are, you wayfarer,” he said, “help one who has lost his way, a seeker, an old man who could easily come to harm here!

This world here is strange and remote to me, I have even heard wild beasts howling; and he who could have offered me shelter is himself no more.

I was in search of the last pious man, a saint and hermit who, alone in his forest, had not yet heard what all the world knows today.”

“*What* does all the world know today?” asked Zarathustra. “Perhaps this, that the old God is no longer alive, the one in whom all the world once believed?”

“Thou hast said,” answered the old man sadly. And I served that old God until his last hours.

But now I am out of service, without a master and yet not free, without a merry hour anymore either, except in remembrances.

Which is why I have climbed in these mountains, to finally have a feast day for myself again, as befits an old pope and church father: for know this, I am the last pope! — a feast day of pious remembrances and divine services.

But now he himself is dead, the most pious man, that saint in the forest who perpetually praised his God with humming and singing.

He himself I found no more when I found his hut, — but there were two wolves within who howled at his death — for all the animals loved him. At that I ran away.

So had I come in vain to these woods and mountains? Then my heart resolved to seek another, the most pious of all those who do not believe in God —, to seek Zarathustra!”

Thus spake the graybeard and peered with a sharp eye at the one who stood before him; Zarathustra, however, seized the hand of the old pope and contemplated it a long while with admiration.

“Behold, you venerable one,” he then said, “what a long and handsome hand! That is the hand of one who has always dispensed blessings. But now it holds fast on him whom you seek, me, Zarathustra.

It is I, the godless Zarathustra, who speaks here: who is more godless than I, that I may rejoice in his teaching?” —

Thus spake Zarathustra and penetrated with his looks the thoughts and hinter-thoughts of the old pope. At last the latter began:

“He who loved and possessed him the most has now also lost him the most —:

— behold, perhaps I myself am now the more godless of us two? But who could rejoice at that!” —

— “You served him to the end?” Zarathustra asked thoughtfully, after a profound silence, “you know *how* he died? Is it true what they say, that pity choked him,

— that he saw how *man* hung on the cross and could not stand it, that the love of man became his hell and in the end his death?” —

The old pope, however, gave no answer but looked aside shyly and with a painful and gloomy expression.

“Let him go,” said Zarathustra after long reflection, in which he still looked the old man straight in the eye.

“Let him go, he is gone. And though it does you honor that you speak only good things of this dead one, you know as well as I do *who* he was; and that he had strange ways.”

“Speaking eye to eyes,” said the old pope cheerfully (for he was blind in one eye), in divine matters I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself — and have the right to be.

My love served him many years, my will followed his will in all things. But a good servant knows everything, and also quite a few things that his master hides from himself.

He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Verily, even a son he came to have by none other than underhanded means. At the door of his faith stands adultery.

Whoever glorifies him as a God of love does not think highly enough of love itself. Did not this God also want to be judge? But the lover loves beyond reward and recompense.

When he was young, this God out of the Orient, he was harsh and vengeful and built himself a hell for the amusement of his favorites.

In the end, however, he became old and soft and mellow and pitying, more like a grandfather than a father, but most of all like a tottering old grandmother.

There he sat, withered, in his corner by the stove, worrying over his weak legs, world-weary, will-weary, and one day he choked to death on his all-too-great pity.” —

“You old pope,” Zarathustra interrupted here, “did you see *that* with your own two eyes? It could have possibly come off that way: that way *and* also otherwise. When gods die, they always die many kinds of death.

But well then! This way or that, this way and that — he is gone! He ran counter to the taste of my eyes and ears, worse I would not say behind his back.

I love all that looks bright and speaks honestly. But he — you know it indeed, you old priest, he had something of your nature about him, of the priestly nature — he was ambiguous.

He was also indistinct. How angry he got with us, this wrath-snorter, for understanding him poorly! But why did he not speak more clearly?

And if the fault lay in our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him poorly? If there was mud in our ears, well then! who put it there?

Too many things he botched, this potter who never finished his apprenticeship. But that he revenged himself on his earthen and earthly vessels because they turned out badly — that was a sin against *good taste*.

In piety too there is good taste: *it* says at last: “Away with *such* a God! Better to have no God, better to make your own destiny, better to be a fool, better to be a God yourself!”

— “What do I hear!” the old pope said here with pricked-up ears; “O Zarathustra, with such unbelief you are more pious than you know! Some god in you has converted you to your godlessness.

Is it not your piety itself which no longer allows you to believe in a God? And your overly great honesty will carry you away yet, beyond good and evil!

Behold, what has been reserved for you? You have eyes and hand and mouth predestined for blessing from eternity. One does not bless with the hand alone.

In your presence, although you want to be the godless one, I sense the sacred and pleasant aroma of long blessings: I feel pleased and pained by it.

Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth shall I now feel better than with you!” —

“Amen! So be it!” said Zarathustra in great amazement, “up there the way leads, there lies Zarathustra’s cave.

Gladly indeed would I see you up there myself, you venerable one, for I love all pious men. But now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you.

In my domain no one shall come to harm; my cave is a good haven. And I would like best of all to put everyone who is in the doldrums back on firm land and firm legs.

But who could take *your* melancholy from your shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long, verily, we should have to wait until someone re-awakens your God for you.

For this old God lives no more: he is as dead as a doornail.” —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE UGLIEST MAN

— And again Zarathustra’s feet ran through mountains and forests, and his eyes searched and searched, but he whom they wanted to see was nowhere to be seen, the great crier and sufferer of distress. The entire way, however, he rejoiced in his heart and was thankful. “What good things,” he said, “this day has granted me as compensation for having started out badly! What strange partners in conversation I have found!

On their words I shall now chew long as upon good grains; my teeth shall mash and smash them small until they flow like milk into my soul!”-

But as the path curved around a rock again, the landscape changed all at once, and Zarathustra entered a kingdom of death. Here black and red cliffs rose

up: no grass, no tree, no bird's melody. For it was a valley that all the animals avoided; except that a species of ugly, thick, green snake, when it grew old, came here to die. That is why the shepherds called this valley: Snakes-Death.

Zarathustra, however, was sunk in a black recollection, for to him it seemed as if he had stood in this valley once before. And many weighty things lay heavy on his mind: so that he walked slowly and ever more slowly and at last stood still. But when he opened his eyes he saw, sitting by the path, something shaped like a man, yet hardly like a man, something unspeakable. And all at once a great shame came over Zarathustra at having set eyes on something like that: blushing up to his white hair, he averted his glance and raised his foot to leave this bad place. But then the dead wasteland became noisy: for from the ground it welled up, gurgling and rattling, as water gurgles and rattles at night in clogged-up waterpipes; until at last it became a human voice and human speech: — it sounded thus:

“Zarathustra! Zarathustra! solve my riddle! Speak! Speak! What is *the revenge on the witness*?

I entice you back, here is slippery ice! Beware, beware that your pride does not break its legs here!

You think yourself wise, you proud Zarathustra! So solve the riddle then, you hard nutcracker, — the riddle that I am! So speak then: who am I?”

— but when Zarathustra had heard these words, — what do you think happened in his soul at that moment? *Pity laid him low*; and all at once he sank down, like an oak tree that has long withstood many woodcutters,— heavily, suddenly, to the dismay of even those who wanted to fell it. But in no time he got up from the ground again and his face grew hard.

“I know you well,” he said in a bronze-like voice: “*You are the murderer of God!* Let me go.

You could not *stand* him who saw you, — who saw you always and through and through, you ugliest man! You took revenge on this witness!”

Thus spake Zarathustra and wanted to be off; but the unspeakable one seized the end of his garment and began to gurgle and search for words again. “Stay!” he said at last—

—“Stay! Do not pass by! I have divined which ax felled you to the ground: hail to you, O Zarathustra, that you stand again!

You have divined, I know it well, how he who slew him feels, — the murderer of God! Stay! Sit down here by me, it will not be in vain.

To whom should I go, if not to you? Stay, sit down! But do not look at me! Honor thus — my ugliness!

They persecute me: now *you* are my last refuge. *Not* with their hatred, *not* with their bailiffs: — O, at such persecution I would jeer and cheer and take pride in!

Has not all success hitherto been with the well-persecuted? And he who persecutes well easily learns *to follow* — after all, all he ever does is — come after! But it is their *pity* —

— it is their pity from which I flee and flee to you. O Zarathustra, protect me, you, my last refuge, you, the only one who has divined me:

— you have divined how he who slew *him* feels. Stay! And should you want to go, you impatient one: go not the way by which I came. *That* way is bad.

Are you angry with me for gibber-jabbering too long already? But know that it is I, the ugliest man,

— who also has the largest, heaviest feet. Where I have gone, the way is bad. I tread all paths to death and ruin.

But that you passed me by in silence: that you blushed, I saw it well: thereby I knew you to be Zarathustra.

Anyone else would have thrown his alms my way, his pity in word and glance. But for that — I am not beggar enough, that you divined —

— for that I am too *rich*, rich in the great, the terrible, the ugliest, the most unspeakable. Your shame, O Zarathustra, *honored* me!

With difficulty I escaped the crush of the pity-pushers, — that I might find the only one today who teaches ‘Pity is obtrusive’ — you, O Zarathustra!

— whether it be the pity of a God or the pity of man: pity goes against modesty. And not-wanting-to-help can be nobler than that virtue which rushes to help.

Pity, however, *this* is called virtue itself by all the small people: — they have no respect for great misfortune, for great ugliness, for great failure.

Over them all I look away, as a dog looks away over the backs of swarming herds of sheep. They are small, gray, good-wooled, good-willed people.

As a heron looks away contemptuously over shallow pools, with a laid-back head: so I look away over the swarm of gray small waves and wills and souls.

Too long have we given them out to be right, these small people: so that in the end we have given them power as well — now they teach: ‘Good is only what small people call good.’

And 'truth' today is what the preacher said who arose himself from them, that odd saint and advocate of the small people who testified of himself: 'I — am the truth.'

For a long time now this immodest one has greatly swelled the small peoples' heads — he who taught no small error when he taught: 'I — am the truth.'

Was an immodest one ever answered more politely? — You, however, O Zarathustra, passed him by and said: 'No! No! Three times no!'

You warned against his error, you first warned against pity — not to all, not to none, but to you and your kind.

You are ashamed at the shame of the great sufferer; and verily, when you say, 'From pity there comes a heavy cloud this way, take heed, you men!'

— when you teach 'All creators are hard, all great love is above pity': O Zarathustra, how well-schooled you seem to be in weather signs!

You yourself, however — warn yourself as well against *your* pity! For many are on their way to you, many suffering, doubting, desponding, drowning, freezing ones —

I warn you as well against myself. You have divined my best, my worst riddle, me myself and what I did. I know the ax which fells you.

But he — he *had to die*: he saw with eyes that saw *everything*, — he saw man's depths and reasons, all his hidden indignity and ugliness.

His pity knew no shame: he crawled into my filthiest corners. This most-inquisitive, over-obtrusive, over-pitying one had to die.

He saw *me* always: on such a witness I would have revenge — or not live myself.

The God who saw everything, *even man*: this God had to die! Man could not *stand* to have such a witness live."

Thus spake the ugliest man. Zarathustra arose, however, and prepared to take his leave: for he felt frozen down to his innards.

"You unspeakable one," he said, "you have warned me against your way. By way of thanks I shall praise mine to you. Behold, up there lies the cave of Zarathustra.

My cave is large and deep and has many nooks and crannies; the most-hidden one finds his hiding place there.

And close by it there are a hundred by-ways and hideaways for creeping, leaping, and fluttering creatures.

You outcast who has cast himself out, you refuse to live among men and men's pity? Well then, do as I do! Thus you shall also learn from me; only the doer learns.

And speak first and next to my animals! The proudest animal and the wisest animal — they could well be the right counselors for both of us!”

Thus spake Zarathustra and went his way, even more reflectively and slowly than before: for he asked himself many things and hardly knew how to answer himself.

“How poor is man though!” he thought in his heart, “how ugly, how throat-rattling, how full of hidden shame!

They tell me that man loves himself: alas, how great this self-love must be! How much contempt it has going against it!

This one here also loved himself when he despised himself, — a great lover he seems to me, and a great despiser.

None yet have I found who despised himself more profoundly: *that* too is loftiness. Alas, was *he* perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

I love the great despisers. Man, however, is something that must be overcome.” — —

THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR

When Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he was frozen and he felt lonely: for much coldness and loneliness had passed through his mind, so that his limbs also became colder. But as he climbed on and on, up, down, sometimes past green meadows, other times over wild stony beds where an impatient brook had possibly lain down to rest in former days: then suddenly he felt warmer again and heartier in spirit.

“But what has happened to me?” he asked himself, “something warm and living quickens me, it must be in my vicinity.

Already I am less alone; unknown companions and brothers roam around me, their warm breath stirs my soul.”

But when he explored around himself and searched for the consolers of his loneliness: behold, they were cows standing next to each other on a knoll; their nearness and odor had warmed his heart. These cows, however, seemed to be eagerly listening to a speaker and paid no heed to the one who approached them.

But as Zarathustra drew quite near them, he distinctly heard a man's voice speaking from out of the midst of the cows; and evidently they had turned their heads all together toward the speaker.

Then Zarathustra sprang forth eagerly and pushed the animals apart, for he feared that someone had suffered injury here, which the cows' pity could hardly remedy. But in this he was mistaken; for behold, there sat a man on the ground, and he seemed to be exhorting the animals to have no fear of him, a peaceable man and preacher-on-the-mount out of whose eyes goodness itself preached. "What do you seek here?" Zarathustra cried out with wonder.

"What do I seek here?" he answered: "the same thing that you seek, you disturber of the peace! namely, happiness on earth.

That, however, I want to learn from these cows. For, do you know, I have already spent half the morning talking to them and just now they were about to tell me. Why do you disturb them?

Except we turn back and become like cows, we shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. One thing namely we should learn from them: chewing the cud.

And verily, what would it profit a man to gain the whole world and not learn this one thing, chewing the cud! He would not be free of his misery.

— his great misery: but today that is called *loathing*. Who does not have a heart, mouth, and eyes full of loathing today? Even you! Even you! But just look at these cows!"—

Thus spake the preacher-on-the-mount and then turned his own gaze upon Zarathustra — for until then it had rested lovingly upon the cows —: but now he was transformed. "Who is this with whom I speak?" he cried out in alarm and sprang up from the ground.

"This is the man without loathing, this is Zarathustra himself, the conqueror of the great loathing, this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself."

And while he was speaking thus, he kissed, with overflowing eyes, the hands of him with whom he spoke and acted exactly like one to whom a precious gift and gem has unexpectedly fallen from heaven. The cows, however, watched all this and marvelled.

"Speak not of me, you strange one! Delightful one!" said Zarathustra and restrained his tenderness, "speak first to me of yourself! Are you not the voluntary beggar who once threw great riches away, —

— who was ashamed of his riches and of the rich and fled to the poorest to give them his plenty and his heart? But they did not accept him."

“But they did not accept me,” said the voluntary beggar, “you know it indeed. So in the end I went to the animals and to these cows.”

“There you learned,” Zarathustra interrupted the speaker, “how proper giving is harder than proper receiving, and that good gift-giving is an *art* and the last, craftiest master-art of kindness.”

“Especially nowadays,” answered the voluntary beggar, “today, namely, when everything low has become rebellious and skittish and insolent in its own way: namely in the rabble way.

For the hour has come, you know it indeed, for the big, bad, long, slow slave-and-rabble rebellion: it grows and grows!

Now the lower ranks are enraged by every good action and small giveaway; and the over-rich must be on their guard!

Those today who trickle out in drops, like bulging bottles with all-too-small necks — such bottles people are fond of breaking the necks of today.

Lascivious greed, bilious envy, grief-stricken vengefulness, rabble pride: all this exploded in my face. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. The kingdom of heaven, however, is with the cows.

“And why is it not with the rich?” asked Zarathustra temptingly, while he restrained the cows which snorted familiarly upon the peaceable one.

“Why do you tempt me?” he replied. “You know it even better than I. What drove me to the poorest after all? Was it not loathing for our richest?

— for the convicts of riches, who glean their advantage from every piece of trash, with cold eyes, obscene thoughts, for this riff-raff that stinks to high heaven,

— for this gilded, falsified rabble, whose fathers were carrion birds or rag-pickers or pickpockets, with wives obliging, lustful, forgetful: — all of them not far from being whores, namely —

Rabble above, rabble below! What do ‘poor’ and ‘rich’ even mean today? I forgot the difference — so I fled, further, ever further, until I came to these cows.”

Thus spake the peaceable one, and even snorted and sweated during his speech: so that the cows marvelled once more. Zarathustra, however, kept looking at him with a smiling face, silently shaking his head as the other talked so harshly.

“You do violence to yourself, you preacher-on-the-mount, when you use such harsh words. Neither your mouth nor your eye was made for such harshness.

Nor, it seems to me, your very stomach either: such anger and hatred and frothing-over makes *it* queasy. Your stomach requires softer things: you are no butcher.

A planter and root-gatherer rather you seem to me. Perhaps you grind up grain. Surely, however, you are averse to fleshly joys and love honey.”

“You have divined me well,” replied the voluntary beggar with a relieved heart. “I love honey, I also grind up grain, for I have sought that which tastes lovely and makes for sweet breath.

— also what takes a long time, a day’s and month’s work for gentle dawdlers and idlers. These cows are surely the most proficient at this: they invented for themselves chewing the cud and lying in the sun. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts, which swell the heart.”

— “Well then!” said Zarathustra, “you should also see *my* animals, my eagle and my serpent — of their like there are none on earth today.

Behold, there leads the way to my cave: be its guest this night. And talk to my animals of the happiness of animals, —

— until I come home myself. For now a cry of distress calls me hastily away from you. New honey too you shall find at my place, icy-fresh golden honeycomb: eat that!

But quickly take leave of your cows now, you strange one! Delightful one! Even though it may be hard for you. For they are your warmest friends and instructors!”

“ — Except for one of whom I am even fonder,” answered the voluntary beggar. “You yourself are good and even better than a cow, O Zarathustra!”

“Away, away with you! you wicked flatterer!” Zarathustra cried maliciously, “why do you spoil me with such praise and honey-flattery?”

“Away, away from me!” he cried once more and brandished his stick at the tender beggar: he, however, ran swiftly away.

THE SHADOW

But no sooner had the voluntary beggar run away than Zarathustra, alone with himself again, heard a new voice behind him: it called out: “Halt! Zarathustra! So wait then! It is I indeed, O Zarathustra, I, your shadow!” But Zarathustra did not wait, for a sudden annoyance came over him at the great rush and crush in his mountains. “Where has my solitude gone?” he said.

“It is truly becoming too much for me; this mountain range is swarming, my kingdom is no longer of *this* world, I need new mountains.

My shadow calls me? What does my shadow matter? Let him run after me! I — shall run away from him.”

Thus spake Zarathustra to his heart and ran away. But he who was behind him followed after him: so that presently there were three runners, one after the other, first the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and third and last, his shadow. Not long were they running thus when Zarathustra came to his senses over his folly and with *one* sudden jerk shook all displeasure and disgust from himself.

“What!” he said, “do not the most ridiculous things always happen to us old hermits and holy men?”

Verily, my folly has grown tall in the mountains! Now I hear six old fools’ legs clattering, one after the other!

But does Zarathustra really need to be afraid of a shadow? And after all I think he has longer legs than me.”

Thus spake Zarathustra, laughing with his eyes and insides, then stopped and quickly turned around — and behold, he almost threw his follower and shadow to the ground: so closely indeed had this shadow followed at his heels, and so weak was he likewise. For when Zarathustra scrutinized him with his eyes, he was terrified as if by a sudden apparition: so thin, dark, hollow, and deathly-weary did this follower appear.

“Who are you?” asked Zarathustra furiously, “what are you doing here? And why do you call yourself my shadow? I do not like you.”

“Forgive me,” answered the shadow, “that it is I; and if I do not please you, well then, O Zarathustra! in that I praise you and your good taste.

I am a wanderer who has already walked a great deal at your heels: always on the way but without a goal, without a home, also: so that truly I am little short of being the Eternal Wandering Jew except that I am not eternal and also not a Jew.

What? Must I always be on the way? Whirled about by every wind, restless, driven onward? O earth, you have grown too round for me!

On every surface I have already sat, like weary dust I have fallen asleep on mirrors and windowpanes: everything takes from me, nothing gives, I grow thin — almost like a shadow.

But after you, O Zarathustra, I have chased and paced the longest, and though I hid myself from you, I was definitely your best shadow: wherever you sat there I sat, too.

With you I haunted the coldest, remotest worlds, like a ghost which freely goes over winter roofs and snow.

With you I strove in everything that is forbidden, worst, remotest: and if anything in me be a virtue, then it is that I had no fear of being forbidden.

With you I shattered whatever my heart revered, I overturned all boundary stones and images, I pursued the most dangerous desires — verily, over every crime I have passed at one time.

With you I unlearned the belief in words and values and great names. When the devil sheds his skin, does not his name fall off as well? For that is also skin. The devil himself is perhaps — skin.

‘Nothing is true, everything is permitted’: thus I exhorted myself. With head and heart I plunged myself into the coldest wasters. Alas, how often I stood there naked like a crab after that!

Alas, where have all the good things gone for me, and all shame, and all belief in the good! Alas, where is that innocence I once possessed, the innocence of the good and their noble lies!

Too often, verily, I followed hard on the heels of truth: then she kicked me in the head. Sometimes I meant to lie and behold! only then did I find — the truth.

Too much became clear to me: now it means nothing to me anymore. Nothing that I love lives anymore, — how could I still love myself?

‘To live as I please or not to live at all’: thus I will it, thus the holiest wills it as well. But alas! how can I even be — pleased?

Do I even have — a goal? A harbor toward which *my* sail is set?

A fair wind? Alas, only he who knows *where* he is sailing also knows which wind is good and is his fair wind.

What remains now for me? A heart weary and shameless; a restless will; flutter-wings, a broken backbone.

This quest for *my* home: O Zarathustra, do you know, this quest has been *my* inquest; it is eating me up.

‘*Where* is — *my* home?’ I ask and seek and have sought after it, but I have not found it. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal — In-vain!”

Thus spake the shadow, and Zarathustra's face grew longer at his words. "You are my shadow!" he said at last, with sadness.

"Your danger is no small one, you free spirit and wanderer! You have had a bad day: see to it that an even worse evening does not come to you!

To restless ones such as you even prison seems blessed in the end. Have you ever seen how imprisoned criminals sleep? They sleep peacefully, they enjoy their new security.

Beware that in the end a narrow belief does not imprison you, a harsh, stern delusion! For everything narrow and firm induces and seduces you now.

You have lost your goal: alas, how will you while away and smile away this loss? With this loss — you have also lost your way!

You poor rover, roamer, you weary butterfly! Would you like repose and a home tonight? Then go up to my cave!

Over there the way leads to my cave! And now I will quickly run away from you again. Already it is as if a shadow were lying over me.

I want to run alone that it may be bright around me again. For that I must be merry on my legs a long while yet. But this evening with me there will be — dancing!" — —

Thus spake Zarathustra.

AT NOONTIME

— And Zarathustra ran and ran and found no one anymore and was alone and found himself over and over again and enjoyed and savored his solitude and thought of good things, — for hours. Around the noontime hour, however, when the sun stood directly above Zarathustra's head, he came upon an old crooked and gnarled tree which was embraced by the rich love of a grapevine and hidden from itself: from it hung yellow grapes in abundance, confronting the wanderer. Then he felt a longing to slake a slight thirst and break off a cluster of grapes; but even as he stretched out his arm to do that, he felt an even greater longing: namely, to lie down beside the tree at the perfect noon hour and to sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and as soon as he lay on the ground in the stillness and secrecy of the brightly-colored grass, he had already forgotten his slight thirst and fallen asleep. For as Zarathustra's proverb says: One thing is more necessary than another. Only that his eyes remained open: — for they did not grow

weariness of seeing and praising the tree and the love of the vine. In falling asleep, however, Zarathustra spoke thus to his heart:

“Hush! Hush! Has not the world just now become perfect? But what is happening to me?

As a delicate wind dances, unseen, upon an inlaid sea, light, feather-light: so — sleep dances upon me.

My eye it closes not, my soul it leaves awake. Light it is, verily! feather-light!

It persuades me, I know not how?, it touches me inwardly with a caressing hand, it forces my hand. Yes, it forces me, so that my soul stretches out: —

— how long and weary she grows, my strange soul! Has a seventh-day evening come to her precisely at noon? Has she already wandered happily among good and ripe things too long?

She stretches herself out long, long — longer! She lies still, my strange soul. Too many good things has she tasted already; this golden sadness oppresses her, she makes a wry mouth.

— As a ship that comes into its calm cove: — now it leans against the earth, weary from the long voyages and the uncertain seas. Is the earth not truer?

As such a ship rests and nestles itself against the land — then it suffices that a spider spin its thread from the land to it. No stronger ropes are required.

As such a weary ship in the calmest cove: so I too rest near the earth now, true, trusting, waiting, tethered to it with the lightest of threads.

O happiness! O happiness! So, would you sing, O my soul? You lie in the grass. But this is the secret solemn hour when no shepherd plays his flute.

Stay! Hot noontide sleeps upon the meadows. Do not sing! Hush! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you grass-gosling, O my soul! Do not even whisper! Just look — hush! The old noontide sleeps, he moves his mouth: does he not even now drink a drop of happiness —

— an old brown drop of golden happiness, of golden wine? It skims over him, his happiness laughs. Thus — laughs a god. Hush! —

— ‘For happiness, how little indeed suffices for happiness!’ Thus I said once and thought myself clever. but it was blasphemy: *that* I have learned now. Clever fools speak better.

Precisely the least thing, the slightest, lightest thing, a lizard's rustling, a whiff, a whisk, an eye-glance — *little* constitutes the nature of the *best* happiness. Hush!

— What has happened to me? Listen! Has time perhaps flown away? Am I not falling? Have I not fallen — listen! into the fountain of eternity?

— What is happening to me? Hush! It pierces me — woe — to the heart? To the heart! O shatter, shatter, heart, after such happiness, after such piercing!

— What? Has not the world just now become perfect? Round and ripe? O the golden round ring — where does it fly, I wonder? I will run after it! Quickly!

Hush — — (and here Zarathustra stretched himself and felt that he slept.)

“Up,” he said to himself, “you sleeper! You noonday sleeper! Well then, come on, old legs! It is time and more than time, many a good stretch of the way still remains for you —

Now you have had a good long rest, how long then? Half an eternity! Well, up now, my old heart! Only after such a sleep, how long may it take you — to wake it off?”

(But then he proceeded to fall asleep again, and his soul spoke against him and defended itself and settled down once again) — “Let me be! Hush! Has not the world just now become perfect? O the golden round ball!” —

“Stand up,” said Zarathustra, “you little thief, you lazy day-thief! What! Still stretching, yawning, sighing, tumbling down into deep fountains?

Who are you though? O my soul!” (and here he was startled, for a sunbeam from heaven fell down upon his face.)

“O heaven above me,” he said, sighing, and sat upright, “you are looking down at me? You are listening to my strange soul?

When will you drink this drop of dew which has fallen upon all earthly things, — when will you drink this strange soul —

— when, fountain of eternity! you cheerful-frightful noontime-abyss! when will you drink my soul back into yourself?”

Thus spake Zarathustra and arose from his resting place by the tree as if from a strange drunkenness: and behold, the sun still stood straight above his head. But one might rightly gather from this that Zarathustra had not slept long.

THE GREETING

It was only late in the afternoon that Zarathustra, after long fruitless searching and wandering around, returned home to his cave. But when he stood opposite it, not more than twenty paces away, what he least expected to happen happened: once again he heard the great *cry of distress*. And, amazingly! this time it came from his own cave. It was a long, varied, peculiar cry, however, and Zarathustra clearly discerned that it was composed of many voices: heard from afar, though, it might sound like the cry from a single mouth.

Then Zarathustra sprang up towards his cave, and behold! what an eyeful awaited him right after this earful! For they sat all together, those he had passed by during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left, the old sorcerer, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the conscientious one in spirit, the sad soothsayer, and the ass; the ugliest man, however, had placed a crown on his head and wound two purple girdles round himself, — for, like all the ugly, he loved to disguise himself and play the dandy. But in the midst of this sad company stood Zarathustra's eagle, ruffled and restless, for he had to answer to too much for which his pride had no answer; the wise serpent hung around his neck, however.

Zarathustra beheld all this with great amazement: then, however, he examined every single one of his guests with genial curiosity, read their souls, and marvelled again. In the meantime the assembled had risen from their seats and waited with reverence for Zarathustra to speak. But Zarathustra spake thus:

“You despairing ones! You strange ones! So I heard *your* cry of distress? And now, where to seek him whom I sought in vain today: *the higher man* — :

— in my own cave he sits, the higher man! But why do I marvel at that? Have I not lured him to myself with honey offerings and cunning bird calls of my happiness?

But methinks you are poor company for each other, you make each other's hearts surly when you sit together, you criers of distress! First there must come one,

— one to make you laugh again, a good joyful tomfool, a dancer and wind and wild child, some old buffoon; — what do you think?

But forgive me, you despairing ones, that I speak to you with such petty words, unworthy, verily, of such guests! But you do not guess *what* makes my heart courageous:—

—you yourselves do, and the sight of you, forgive me! For everyone who looks upon one in despair becomes brave. To encourage one in despair — everyone thinks himself strong enough for that.

To me myself you have given this strength — a good gift, my lofty guests! An honest-to-goodness guest-gift! Well then, do not be angry now if I offer you something of my own as well.

This is my kingdom here and my dominion: what is mine, however, shall this evening and this night be yours. My animals shall serve you: let my cave be your resting place!

In my house and home no one shall despair, in my preserve I shelter each one from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing I offer you: security!

The second thing, however, is: my little finger. And once you have *that*, then go ahead, take the whole hand! and the heart with it! Welcome here, welcome, my guests!”

Thus spake Zarathustra and laughed with love and malice. After this greeting his guests bowed once again and were reverentially silent; the king on the right, however, answered him in their name.

“By the way in which, O Zarathustra, you offered us your hand and your greeting, we recognize you as Zarathustra. You humbled yourself before us; you almost offended our reverence —:

— but who could humble himself with such pride as you? We ourselves *that raises up*, it is refreshment for our eyes and hearts.

To view this alone we would gladly climb mountains higher than this one. For as curiosity seekers we came, we wanted to see what makes dim eyes bright.

And behold, all our cries of distress are over now. Now our hearts and minds are open and overjoyed. Little is lacking: and our spirits will become high-spirited.

Nothing more delightful grows on earth, O Zarathustra, than a lofty, strong will: it is the earth’s finest growth. An entire landscape refreshes itself on one such tree.

He who grows up like you, O Zarathustra, I liken to the pine: tall, silent, hard, alone, of the best, most pliant wood, magnificent, —

— in the end, however, reaching out for *its* domain, with strong green branches, asking strong questions of wind and weather and whatever is at home in high places,

— answering more strongly, a commander, a conqueror: O who would not climb high mountains to behold such growth?

Here at your tree, O Zarathustra, the gloomy, the failures also refresh themselves; at the sight of you even the restless become secure and cure their hearts.

And verily, many eyes are turned toward your mountains and tree today; a great longing has arisen and many have learned to ask: who is Zarathustra?

And if ever you dripped your song and your honey into their ears: all the hidden, the lonesome, the twosome said all at once to their hearts: 'Does Zarathustra still live? It no longer pays to live, all is the same, all is in vain: or — we must live with Zarathustra!'

'Why does he not come, he who has announced himself for so long?' thus many ask; 'did solitude swallow him up? Or should we perhaps come to him?'

Now it comes about that solitude itself becomes brittle and breaks apart, like a grave that breaks apart and can no longer hold its dead. Everywhere one sees the resurrected.

Now the waves rise and rise around your mountain, O Zarathustra. And however high your height might be, many must go up to you: your boat shall not be high and dry much longer.

And that we despairing ones came to your cave and already despair no more: it is but a sign and symbol that better ones are on their way to you, —

— for they themselves are on their way to you, the last remnant of God among men, that is: all the men of great longing, great loathing, great disgust, —

— all those who do not want to live unless they learn *to hope* again — unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the *great hope!*"

Thus spake the king on the right and seized the hand of Zarathustra in order to kiss it; but Zarathustra checked his reverence and stepped back alarmed, as if silently and suddenly fleeing into far distances. After a little while, however, he was already back with his guests, looked at them with bright, searching eyes, and said:

"My guests, you higher men, I will speak plainly and in plain German with you. Not for *you* have I waited here in these mountains."

("Plainly and in plain German? God help us!" the king on the left said here, in an aside; "you can see he doesn't know our dear Germans, this wise man from the East!")

"But he means 'bluntly and in plain German' — well then! That is not the worst taste nowadays!")

"You may truly be higher men all in all," continued Zarathustra, "but for me — you are not high and strong enough."

For me, that is: for the inexorable in me which is silent but will not always be silent. And if you should belong to me, it is surely not as my right arm.

For whoever stands on sickly and frail legs, as you do, wants above all, whether he knows it or hides it from himself: *to be spared*.

My arms and legs, however, I do not spare; *I do not spare my warriors*: how could you serve in *my war*?

With you all my victories would be spoiled. And many of you would fall down if you but heard the loud sound of my drums.

You are not handsome and wellborn enough for me either: I need clean, smooth mirrors for my teaching; on your surface even my own likeness is distorted.

Your shoulders are weighted down by many a burden, many a memory; many a bad dwarf crouches in your corners. There is also hidden rabble in you.

And even though you are high and of a higher kind: much in you is crooked and deformed. There is no blacksmith in the world who could hammer you straight and into shape.

You are only bridges: may higher ones stride across on you! You signify steps: so do not be angry with him who climbs over you to *his height*!

From your seed a true son and perfect heir may yet grow for me one day: but that is far off. You yourselves are not those to whom my heritage and name belong.

Not for you do I wait here in these mountains, not with you may I descend for the last time. Only as omens have you come to me, that higher ones are already on the way, —

— *not* the men of great longing, great loathing, great disgust, and that which you have called the last remnant of God,

— No! No! Three times no! For *others* I wait here in these mountains and will not lift my foot from here without them,

— for higher, stronger, more victorious, more joyous ones, ones who are built foursquare in body and soul: *laughing lions* must come!

Oh, my guests, you oddballs, — have you heard nothing yet of my children? And that they are on their way to me?

But speak to me of my gardens, of my blessed isles, of my new beautiful kind, — why do you not speak to me of that?

This guest-gift I ask of you from your love, that you speak to me of my children. With this I am rich, with this I became poor: what did I not give,

— what would I not give, to have one thing: *these* children, *this* live planting, *these* life-trees of my will and my highest hope!”

Thus spake Zarathustra and stopped suddenly in his speech: for his longing overcame him and he closed his eyes and mouth at the movement of his heart. And all his guests were also silent and stood still and dismayed: except that the old soothsayer made signs and gestures with his hands.

THE LAST SUPPER

For at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting of Zarathustra and his guests: he pressed forward, like one who has no time to lose, grabbed Zarathustra’s hand and cried: “But Zarathustra!

One thing is more necessary than another, so you yourself said: well then, one thing is more necessary *to me* now than anything else.

A word at the right time: did you not invite me to a *meal*? And here there are many who have come a long way. You do not intend to feed us with speeches, do you?

And, to me, all of you have thought far too much about freezing, drowning, suffocating, and other bodily crises: but nobody has thought about *my* crisis, namely, dying of hunger —”

(Thus spake the soothsayer; but when Zarathustra’s animals heard these words, they ran away in terror. For they saw that whatever they had brought home during the day would not be enough to fill up this one soothsayer.)

“With dying of thirst thrown in,” the soothsayer went on to say. “And although here I hear water splashing like words of wisdom, that is, copiously and tirelessly: I — want *wine*!

Not everyone is a born water drinker like Zarathustra. Nor does water do for the weary and the withered: wine is *our* due, — *that* alone provides sudden recovery and spur-of-the-moment health!”

On this occasion when the soothsayer longed for wine, it chanced that the king on the left, the quiet one, even got a word in for once. “As for wine,” he said, “we have seen to it, I, together with my brother, the king on the right, that we have wine enough, — a whole ass-load. So nothing is lacking but bread.”

“Bread?” replied Zarathustra and laughed. “But bread is just what hermits do not have. Man, however, does not live by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two:

— *they* shall quickly be slaughtered and dressed fragrantly with sage: I love them that way. And there is no lack of roots and fruits either, good enough even for lip-lickers and lip-smackers; in addition, nuts and other riddles for cracking.

Thus we shall have a good meal shortly. But he who wants to eat with us must also be willing to lend a hand, even the kings. For with Zarathustra even a king may be cook.”

This proposal appealed to the hearts of all; except that the voluntary beggar objected to the flesh and wine and spices.

“Now just listen to this glutton Zarathustra,” he said jokingly: “does one go into caves and high mountains in order to have such meals?”

Now I truly understand what he once taught us: ‘Praised be the small poverty!’ and why he wants to do away with beggars.”

“Be of good cheer,” Zarathustra answered him, “ as I am. Keep to your custom, you splendid one, grind your grain, drink your water, praise your fare: if only it makes you happy!

I am a law only for my kind, I am not a law for all. But he who belongs to me must be strong of bone as well as light of foot, —

— merry for wars and feasts, no prophet of gloom, no John-a-dreams, ready for the hardest thing as if for his feast, hale and whole.

The best belongs to me and mine; and if it is not given us, then we take it: the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the finest women!” —

Thus spake Zarathustra; the king on the right, however, replied: “Strange! Have you ever heard such intelligent things out of the mouth of a wise man?”

And verily, it is the strangest thing if a wise man, despite all that, is still intelligent and not an ass.”

Thus spake the king on the right and marvelled: the ass, however, said with bad intent “Ye-haw” to his speech. But this was the beginning of that long meal which in the history books is called “The Last Supper.” At this same event, however, nothing was spoken of other than *the higher man*.

THE HIGHER MAN

1

When I first came to men, I committed the hermit’s folly, the great folly: I stood in the marketplace.

And when I talked to all I talked to none. In the evening, however, tight-rope walkers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself nearly a corpse.

But with the new morn a new truth came to me: there I learned to say: “What do I care about marketplace and rabble and rabble-racket and long rabble ears!”

You higher men, learn *this* from me: in the marketplace no one believes in higher men. And if you want to speak there, well all right! But the rabble blinks: “We are all equal.”

“You higher men,” — thus blinks the rabble — “there are no higher men, we are all equal, man is man, before God — we are all equal!”

Before God! — But now this God has died. And before the rabble we do not want to be equal. You higher men, go away from the marketplace!

2

Before God! — But now this God has died. You higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he has lain in the grave are you risen again. Only now comes the great noontide, only now the higher man becomes — master!

Have you understood this word, O my brothers? You are alarmed: do your hearts become giddy? Does the abyss now yawn before you? Does the hellhound now yelp at you?

Well then! Come on! You higher men! Only now the mountain of man’s future is in labor. God has died: now we want, — the Superman to live.

3

The most concerned ask today: “How is man to be preserved?” But Zarathustra is the one and only one to ask: “How is man to be *overcome*?”

The Superman is dear to my heart, *he* is my one and only one, — and *not* man: not the nearest, not the poorest, not the most suffering, not the best. —

O my brothers, what I can love about man is this, that he is a crossing-over and a going-under. And in you too there is much that makes me love and hope.

That you showed contempt, you higher men, that made me hope. For the great despisers are the great venerated.

That you despaired, in that there is much to honor. For you did not learn how to submit, you did not learn petty acts of prudence.

For today the small people have become master: they all preach prudence and deference and diligence and diffidence and submission and the long and-so-on of petty virtues.

Whatever is womanish in nature, whatever stems from a slavish nature and especially the rabble-mishmash: *that* now wants to be the master of all human destiny — O horror! Horror! Horror!

That asks and asks and never grows weary of asking: “How is man to be best, longest, most agreeably preserved? With this — they are the masters of today.

Conquer these masters of today, O my brothers, — these small people: *they* are the Superman’s greatest danger!

Conquer, you higher men, the petty virtues, the petty prudence, the grain-of-sand deference, the ants’ hodge-podge, the wretched comfort, the “happiness of the greatest number” — !

And rather despair than submit. And verily, I love you for not knowing how to live today, you higher men! So it is *you* live — best!

4

Have you courage, O my brothers? Are you stout-hearted? *Not* courage before witnesses, but hermit- and eagle-courage, which no God even watches anymore.

Cold souls, mules, the blind, the intoxicated I do not call stout-hearted. He has heart who knows fear but *vanquishes* fear; he who sees the abyss, but with *pride*.

He who sees the abyss, but with eagles’ eyes, — he who *seizes* the abyss with eagles’ claws: he has courage. — —

5

“Man is evil” — so said all the wisest ones to console me. Alas, if only it were still true today! For evil is man’s best strength.

“Man must become better and badder” — thus *I* teach. The baddest is necessary for the Superman’s best.

It may have been good for that preacher of the small people that he suffered and bore the sins of man. But I take pleasure in great sin as my great *consolation*.

—

Such a thing, however, is not said for asses' ears. Nor does every word belong in every mouth. These are fine, faraway things: sheeps' hooves should not paw at them!

6

You higher, men do you think I am here to make well what you have made ill?

Or that I wanted to bed you sufferers more comfortably from now on? Or to show new, easier footpaths to you who are unsteady, who have wandered astray, who have climbed astray?

No! No! Three times no! Ever more, ever better ones of your kind shall perish, — for you shall have it ever worse and harder. In this way alone —

— in this way alone man grows tall, to where the lightning strikes and shivers him: high enough for the lightning!

My feeling and longing goes out to the few, the long, the faraway: what is your much, short, small misery to me!

You do not suffer enough yet for me, you have not yet suffered from *man*. You would be lying if you said otherwise! None of you suffers what *I* have suffered. —

7

It is not enough for me that the lightning cause no harm any longer. I do not want to divert it: for *me* it shall learn — to work. —

My wisdom has long since gathered itself like a cloud; it grows stiller and darker. So does any wisdom which shall one day bring forth *lightning*. —

To these men of today I will not be a *light*, not be called a light. *Them* — I will blind: lightning of my wisdom! poke out their eyes!

8

Will nothing beyond your ability: there is a wicked falsehood in those who will beyond their ability.

Especially when they will great things! For they arouse mistrust toward great things, these fine counterfeiters and play-actors: —

— until finally they are false toward themselves, squinty-eyed, whited worm-rot, covered over with strong words, with showpiece virtues, with glittering false works.

Take good care there, you higher men! For nothing is more precious to me and rarer today than honesty.

Is this not the day of the rabble? But the rabble does not know what is large, what is small, what is straight and honest: it is innocently crooked, it lies continually.

9

Have a healthy mistrust today, you higher men, you brave-hearted ones! You open-hearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this is the day of the rabble.

What the rabble once learned to believe without reasons, who could overturn that — with reasons?

And in the marketplace one convinces with gestures. But reasons make the rabble mistrustful.

And if truth triumphed for once, then ask yourself with a healthy mistrust: “What strong error fought for it?”

Beware of the scholars also! They hate you: for they are unfruitful! They have cold, dried-up eyes; before them every bird lies unplumed.

They plume themselves on the fact that they do not lie: but inability to lie is still a far cry from love of the truth. Beware!

Freedom from fever is still a far cry from insight. Chilled-out spirits I do not believe. He who cannot lie does not know what truth is.

10

If you want to get up high, then use your own legs! Do not let yourselves be *carried up*, do not set yourselves on foreign backs and heads!

But you are mounted on horseback? You are riding swiftly up to your goal? All right, my friend! but your lame foot is also on horseback with you!

When you are at your goal, when you leap from your horse: on your very *height*, you higher man, — you will stumble!

11

You creators, you higher men! One is only pregnant for one's own child.

Let nothing take you in, take you for a ride! Who then is *your* neighbor? And even if you act "for your neighbor," you certainly do not create for him!

Forget this "for" for me, you creators: your very virtue demands that you have nothing to do with "for" and "to" and "because." You should stop up your ears against these false little words.

This "for your neighbor" is only the virtue of the small people: there it is called "birds of a feather" and "One hand washes the other.": — they have neither the right nor the strength for *your* self-interest!

In your self-interest, you creators, is the prudence and providence of the pregnant! What no one has yet seen with his eyes, the fruit: this your whole love preserves and protects and nourishes.

Where your whole love is, with your child, there your whole virtue is too! Your work, your will is *your* neighbor: do not be taken in by false values!

12

You creators, you higher men! He who has to give birth is sick; but he who has given birth is unclean. Ask women: they do not give birth for the fun of it. Pain makes hens and poets cackle.

You creators, much in you is unclean. That is because you have had to be mothers.

A new child: O how much new filth has also come into the world! Go apart! And he who has given birth should wash his soul clean!

13

Do not be virtuous beyond your powers! And demand nothing from yourselves that goes against probability!

Follow in the footsteps where your father's virtue has already gone! How will you climb high unless your father's will climbs with you?

But he who would be a firstling, see to it that he does not also become a lastling! and where your father's vices are, there you should not mean to imply a saint!

Those whose fathers associated with women and wine and wild swine: how would it be if they demanded chastity of themselves? It would be folly! Much, verily, it seems to me, if such a one should be the husband of one or two or three women.

And if he founded monasteries and wrote above the door: "The way to sainthood," I would yet say: Why! It is a new piece of folly.

He founded a refuge and reformatory for himself: much good may it do him! But I do not believe in it.

Whatever a person brings into solitude grows, including the inner beast. Thus solitude is inadvisable for many.

Has there ever been anything filthier on earth than the saints of the desert? Around *them* not only the devil was loose, — but also the swine.

14

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like a tiger whose leap has failed: thus I often saw you slink aside, you higher men. A *throw* failed you.

But you dice-throwers, what does it matter? You have not learned to make and mock the game as one must make and mock it. Are we not always sitting at a great game-making and game-mocking table?

And if something great has failed you, are you yourself therefore — a failure? And if you yourself have failed, is man therefore — a failure? But if man has failed: well then! come on!

15

The higher its kind, the more rarely a thing succeeds. You higher men here, are you not all — failures?

Cheer up, what does it matter! How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh!

Why even wonder at your failing and half-nailing, you half-broken ones! Is it not pressing and pushing in you — man's *future*?

Man's farthest, deepest, star-highest, his tremendous strength: is not all this frothing against each other in your pot?

Why wonder that many a pot breaks! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh! You higher men, O how much is still possible!

And verily, how much has already succeeded! How rich this earth is in small good perfect things, in what has turned out well!

Put small good perfect things around you, you higher men! Their golden ripeness heals the heart. What is perfect teaches hope.

16

What has hitherto been the greatest sin on earth? Was it not the word of him who said: "Woe unto those who laugh here!"

Did he himself find no reasons on earth to laugh? Then he only searched badly. Even a child can find reasons here.

He — did not love enough; otherwise he would have loved us, too, the ones who laugh! But he hated and hooted us; wailing and gnashing of teeth he promised us.

Must one curse right away when one does not love? That — strikes me as bad taste. But thus he did, this absolute one. He came from rabble.

And he himself simply did not love enough: Otherwise he would have been less angry that we did not love him. All great love does not *want* love: — it wants more.

Avoid all such absolute ones! They are a poor, sick breed, a rabble-breed: they look poorly upon this life, they give this earth the evil eye.

Avoid all such absolute ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts: — they do not know how to dance. How could the earth possibly be light for such as these!

17

All good things approach their goal crookedly. Like cats they arch their backs, they purr inwardly at their approaching happiness, — all good things laugh.

The stride betrays whether a person already strides on *his* path: so watch me go! But he who approaches his goal dances.

And, verily, I have not turned into a statue, not yet do I stand here stiff, dull, stony, a pillar; I love running swiftly.

And though there is moor and thick misery on earth: he who has light feet runs away over even the mire and dances as if on cleanly-swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs, too, you good dancers, and better yet: stand on your heads!

18

This crown of the one who laughs, this rose-garland crown: I myself have put on this crown, I myself have pronounced my laughter holy. None other have I found strong enough for it today.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who winks with his wings, ready for flight, winking at all the birds, ready and ripe, a blissful-blithesome one: —

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the soothlaugher, no impatient one, no absolute one, one who loves leaps and side-leaps; I myself have put on this crown!

19

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs, too, you good dancers, and better yet: stand on your heads!

In happiness too there are heavy animals, there are clodhoppers from the beginning. Strangely they strain themselves, like an elephant straining to stand on its head.

But still it is better to be foolish with happiness than foolish with unhappiness, better to dance like a clod than walk like a cripple. So learn from my wisdom then: even the worst thing has two good reverse sides —

— even the worst thing has good dancing legs: so learn from me yourselves, you higher men, and put yourselves on a proper footing!

So forget for me the sounds of sorrow and all rabble sadness! O how sad even the rabble's clowns seem to me today! But this is the day of the rabble!

20

Be like the wind when it rushes out of its mountain caves: it wants to dance to its own tune, the seas tremble and leap under its footsteps.

That which gives asses wings, which milks lionesses, praised be this good unruly spirit which comes like a stormwind to all present-day and all rabble, —
— foe to all thistle-heads and fiddle-heads and all withered leaves and weeds: praised be this wild, good, free storm-spirit, which dances upon moors and miseries as if upon meadows!

Which hates the rabble-swindbags and all the failed, gloomy brood: praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm which blows dust in the eyes of all black-seeing, abscess-seeking ones!

You higher men, the worst thing about you is: you have all not learned to dance as one must learn to dance — above and beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you have failed!

How much is still possible! So *learn* to laugh above and beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget the good laughter either!

This crown of the one who laughs, this rose-garland crown: to you, my brothers, I throw this crown! Laughter I pronounce holy; you higher men, *learn* — to laugh.

THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY

1

When Zarathustra gave this speech, he stood near the entrance to his cave; with these last words, however, he slipped away from his guests and fled outside for a little while.

“O pure smells around me,” he cried out, “O blissful stillness around me! But where are my animals? Come here, come here, my eagle and my serpent!

Tell me then, my animals: these higher men all together — perhaps they do not *smell* so good? O pure smells around me! Only now do I know and feel how I love you, my animals.”

— And Zarathustra said once more: “I love you, my animals.” The eagle and the serpent, however, nuzzled up and looked up to him when he said these words. Thus they were in a silent threesome together and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air outside here was better than by the higher men.

2

Hardly had Zarathustra left his cave, however, when the old sorcerer arose, looked cunningly around and said: "He is out!

And already, you higher men — to tickle you with that name of praise and flattery, as he himself does — already my bad spirit of deceit and magic assails me, my melancholy devil,

— who is an adversary through and through to this Zarathustra: forgive him! Now he *wants* to cast a spell before you, it is *his* hour right now; in vain I struggle with this evil spirit.

To all of you, whatever honors you may grant yourselves with words, whether you call yourselves 'the free spirits' or 'the truthful ones' or 'the penitents of the spirit' or 'the unfettered ones' or 'the ones of great longing'

— to all of you who suffer, as I do, from *the great loathing*, for whom the old God has died and no new God as yet is lying in cradle and swaddling clothes, — to all of you my evil spirit and magic spell-devil is well-disposed.

I know you, you higher men, I know him; I also know this fiend whom I love against my will, this Zarathustra: he himself strikes me more often as like a beautiful saint's mask,

— like a new, strange masquerade in which my evil spirit, the melancholy devil, takes pleasure: — I love Zarathustra, so it often strikes me, for the sake of my evil spirit. —

But already *he* assails me and compels me, this spirit of melancholy, this dusk-devil: and verily, you higher men, he desires —

— do but open your eyes! — he desires to come *naked*, whether male or female I do not know yet: but he comes, he compels me, woe! open your minds!

Day is dying, evening is now coming to all things, even the best things; hear now and see, you higher men, which devil, whether male or female, this spirit of evening-melancholy shall be!"

Thus spake the old sorcerer, looked cunningly around and then seized his harp.

3

In lightlorn air.
When the dew's comfort already
Flows down to earth,

Lost to view, unheard too —
Then tender footwear wears
The comforter dew, like all the comfort-gentle —:
Do you remember then, do you remember, hot heart,
How once you thirsted,
For heavenly tears and dew drops,
Scorched and weary you thirsted,
While on yellow grasspaths
Malicious evening sun glances
Ran around you through black trees,
Blinding, sun-glowing glances, gloating?

“The wooer of *truth*? You?” — so they sneered —
“No! Only a poet!
A beast, cunning, plundering, prowling,
That must lie,
That must wittingly, willingly lie:
Lusting after booty,
Colorfully masked,
Himself a mask,
Himself booty —
This — the wooer of truth?
No! Only a fool! Only a poet!
Only speaking colorfully,
Only screaming colorfully out of fools’ masks,
Climbing around on lying word-bridges,
On colorful rainbows,
Between false heaven
And false earths,
Roving around, hovering around, —
Only a fool! *Only* a poet!

This — the wooer of truth?
Not still, stiff, smooth, cold,
Turned into a picture,
A pillar of God,
Not placed before temples,

A God's doorkeeper:
No! hostile to such statues of truth,
More at home in any wilderness than before temples,
Full of cats' mischief,
Springing through every window,
Just like that, into every chance,
Sniffing every primeval forest,
Sickeningly-longingly sniffing,
That you may run in primeval forests
Among variegated beasts of prey
Sinfully healthy and colorful and beautiful,
With lustful lips,
Blissfully scornful, blissfully hellish, blissfully bloodthirsty,
Running around peeping, prowling, plundering: —

Or like the eagle that looks long,
Long, fixedly, into abysses,
Into *his* abysses: — —
O how his looks spiral downward,
Down, in,
Into ever deeper depths! —
Then,
Suddenly, straight sight,
Straight flight,
Swooping down upon *lamb*s,
With ill will towards all lamb souls,
Rage-filled ill will towards all that look
Sheepish, lamb-eyed, curly-wooled,
Gray, with lamb's-sheep's-wellwishing!
Thus
Eagle-like, panther-like
Are the poets longings,
Are *your* longings beneath a thousand masks,
You fool! You poet!

You who have looked at man
As God and as sheep —:

Tearing up the God in man
As well as the sheep in man,
And in tearing, *laughing* —

This, this is your bliss!
A panther's and eagle's bliss!
A poet's and fool's bliss!" — —

In lightlorn air,
When already the crescent moon,
Green among crimson reds,
And creeping along enviously:
— enemy to the day,
With every step secretly
Reaping rose-hammocks with a sickle,
Till they sink,
Nightly down, faintly sinking down: —

Thus I myself sank once
Out of my truth-frenzy,
Out of my day longings,
Weary of the day, sick of the light,
— sank downward, eveningward, shadowward:
From *one* truth
Burned and thirsty:
— do you remember yet, do you remember, hot heart,
How you thirsted then? —
That I am banished
From all truth,
Only a fool!
Only a poet!

ON SCIENCE

Thus sang the sorcerer; and all that were together there went like birds unawares into the net of his cunning and melancholy sensuality. Only the conscientious one in spirit was not caught: he quickly snatched the harp away from the sorcerer and cried: "Air! Let good air in! Let Zarathustra in! You make this cave sultry and poisonous, you wicked old sorcerer!

You seduce, you false one, you subtle one, to unknown wilds and desires. And woe if such as you speak to and make much ado about the *truth!*

Woe unto all free spirits that do not beware of *such* sorcerers! It is all over with their freedom: you lecture and lure them back into prisons, —

— you old melancholy devil, from your lament a bird call sounds, you are like those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite fleshly delights!"

Thus spake the conscientious one; the old sorcerer, however, looked around, enjoyed his victory, and in so doing swallowed the chagrin the conscientious one had caused him. "Be still!" he said in a modest voice, "good songs want to reverberate well; after good songs one should be silent long.

Thus do all these, the higher men. But perhaps you have understood little of my song? In you there is little of the magic spirit."

"You praise me," replied the conscientious one, "by separating me from you, so there! But you others, what do I see? You all still sit there with lustful eyes —:

You free souls, where has your freedom gone? You are almost, methinks, like those who have long watched wicked naked dancing girls: your very souls are dancing!

In you, you higher men, there must be more of what the sorcerer calls his evil spirit of deceit and magic: — we must surely be different.

And verily, we talked and thought enough before Zarathustra came home to his cave, as if I did not know: we *are* different.

We also *seek* different things up here, you and I. For I seek more *security*, therefore I came to Zarathustra. For he is still the sturdiest tower and will —

— today, when everything totters, when all the earth quakes. You, however, when I see the eyes you make, I almost think you seek *more insecurity*,

— more terror, more danger, more earthquakes.

You lust for, thus I almost conceive it, forgive me my conceit, you higher men, —

— you lust for the worst, most dangerous life, that which terrifies *me* the most, for the life of wild animals, for forests, caves, steep mountains, and blind abysses.

And not those leaders who lead you *out of* harm's way please you the most, but those who lead you away from all ways, the misleaders. But even if such lusts in you are *real*, they still seem *impossible* to me.

For fear — this is man's primary and primordial feeling; fear explains everything, original sin and original virtue. Out of fear grew even *my* virtue, which is called: science.

The fear namely before a wild animal — this fear has been bred the longest in man, including the animal he hides inside himself and fears: — Zarathustra calls it 'the inner beast.'

Such long ancient fear, at last grown refined, spiritualized, intellectualized — today, methinks, it goes by the name of: *science*." —

Thus spake the conscientious one; but Zarathustra, who had just returned to his cave and had heard and surmised this last speech, threw a handful of roses at the conscientious one and laughed at his "truths." "What!" he cried, "What did I hear just now? Verily, methinks you are a fool or I myself am one: and your 'truth' I turn lickety-split on its head.

For *fear* — is the exception with us. Courage, however, and joy and adventure in the uncertain, in the unventured — *courage* seems to me man's whole pre-history.

The wildest, bravest animals he envied and robbed of all their virtues: only thus did he become — man.

This courage, at last grown refined, spiritualized, intellectualized, this human courage with eagle's wings and serpent's wisdom: today, methinks, it goes by the name of — "

"Zarathustra!" all those who sat together cried as one and had a big laugh besides; it arose from them, however, like a heavy cloud. Even the sorcerer laughed and said with wisdom: "Well then! He is gone, my evil spirit!"

"And did I not warn you of him myself when I said he was a cheat, a spirit of falsehood and deceit?"

Especially, of course, when he shows himself naked. But what can *I* do about his mischievous ways! Did *I* create him and the world?

Well then! Let us make up again and be of good cheer! And although Zarathustra is giving me a dirty look — just look at him! he is angry with me —:

— before the night comes he will learn to love and laud me again, he cannot go long without committing such follies.

He — loves his enemies: of all those I have seen he understands this art the best. But in return he takes revenge — upon his friends!”

Thus spake the old sorcerer, and the higher men applauded him: so that Zarathustra went around and with malice and love shook his friends’ hands, — like one, as it were, who has to make amends and apologize for something to all. But when he came close by the door to his cave, behold, he lusted once more for the good air outside and for his animals — and he wanted to slip out.

AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT

1

“Do not go away!” said the wanderer then, the one who called himself Zarathustra’s shadow, “stay with us, — or else the old gloomy affliction may assail us again.

Already that old sorcerer has treated us with his worst, and just look, there the good pious pope has tears in his eyes and has entirely re-embarked on the sea of melancholy.

These kings here may still put on a brave face before us, I daresay: for of all of us today *they* have learned that best! But if they had no witnesses, I bet the bad business would also begin again for them —

— the bad business of passing clouds, damp melancholy, overcast skies, stolen suns, howling autumn winds,

— the bad business of our howling and distress-crying: stay with us, O Zarathustra! Here there is much hidden misery that wants to speak, much evening, much cloud, much damp air!

You have nourished us with strong manly fare and pithy sayings: do not let the weak womanly spirits assail us again at dessert!

You alone make the air around you strong and clear. Have I ever found on earth such air as with you in your cave?

Many lands have I seen indeed, my nose has learned to examine and appraise many kinds of air: but with you my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

Unless it be, — unless it be —, O forgive me an old recollection! Forgive me an old after-dinner song which I once composed among daughters of the desert:

—
for with them there was the same good, clear, Oriental air; there I was furthest away from cloudy, clammy, melancholy Old Europe!

At that time I loved a certain kind of Oriental maiden and another blue kingdom of heaven, over which no clouds or thoughts hang.

You would not believe how nicely they sat there when they did not dance, profound but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like after-dinner nuts —

Many-hued and truly strange, but without clouds: riddles that let themselves be read: for the pleasure of such maidens I then made up an after-dinner psalm.”

Thus spake the wanderer and shadow; and before anyone answered him he had already seized the harp of the old sorcerer, crossed his legs, and looked calmly and sagely around him: — with his nostrils, however, he inhaled the air slowly and questioningly, like one who in new lands tastes of new foreign air. After that he began to sing with a kind of roaring.

2

The desert grows: woe to him who hides deserts!

— Ha! Solemn!

Solemn indeed!

A worthy beginning!

African solemn!

Worthy of a lion

Or a moral howling monkey —

— but nothing for you,

You dearest lady-loves,

At whose feet I

For the first time,

A European under palm trees,

Am allowed to sit. Selah.

Wonderful truly!

Here I sit now,

Near the desert, and already
So far again from the desert,
Even in nothingness still ravaged,
Swallowed down, namely,
By this smallest of oases—
— it just opened, yawning,
Its lovely mouth,
The most fragrant of all little mouths:
Then I fell in,
Down, through — in among you,
You dearest lady-loves! Selah.

Hail, hail to that whale,
If he allowed his guest
To have it so well! — do you understand
My learned allusion?
Hail to his belly
If he had an oasis-belly
As lovely as this:
Which I doubt however,
— because I come from Europe,
Which is more doubt-addicted than any
Elderly married woman.
May God make it better!
Amen!

Here I sit now,
In this smallest of oases,
Like a date,
Brown, thoroughly sweet, oozing gold, lusting
For a maid's round mouth,
But even more for maidenly
Icy-cold, snow-white, cutting
Incisors: for them, namely,
The hearts of all hot dates thirst. Selah.

Similar, all-too-similar

To so-called southern fruits
I lie here,
Sniffed around and played around,
By little flying insects,
Likewise by still smaller
More foolish, more sinful
Wishes and whims, —
Encompassed by you, —
You speechless, you ominous
Girl-cats,
Dudu and Suleika,
— *ensphinxed*, to stuff into *one* word
Many feelings:
(Forgive me God
This sin of speech!)
— here I sit, sniffing the best air,
Edenic air, verily,
Bright, light air, golden-striped,
As good an air as ever
Fell down from the moon —
Was it by chance,
Or did it happen through exuberance,
As the old poets relate?
But I the doubter doubt it,
No doubt because I come
From Europe,
Which is more doubt-addicted than any
Elderly married woman.
May God make it better!
Amen!

Drinking this finest air,
With nostrils swollen like goblets
Without future, without remembrances,
Thus I sit here, you
Dearest lady-loves,
And look upon the palm tree,

How like a dancing girl
It bows and kowtows and sways its hips,
— one joins along if one watches it long!
Like a dancing girl who, as it would seem to me,
Has already stood too long, dangerously long,
Always, always on *one* leg only?
— having forgotten thereon, as it would seem to me,
The other leg?
In vain at least
I sought the missing
Twin-jewel
— namely, the other leg —
In the holy neighborhood
Of her dearest, daintiest
Little pleat- and flutter- and glitter-skirt.
Yes, if you, my fair lady-friends
Would believe me completely:
She has lost it!
It is gone!
gone forever!
The other leg!
O too bad about that lovely other leg!
Where — can it possibly be, tarrying and mourning forlornly?
The lonely leg?
In fear perhaps of a
Fierce goldilocked
Lion-monster?
Or already quite
Gnawed off, chewed off —
Pitiful, alas! Alas! Chewed off! Selah.

O weep not,
Gentle hearts!
Weep not, you,
Date hearts! Milk-breasts!
You little licorice-heart-purses!
Weep no more,

Pale Dudu!
Be a man, Suleika! Courage! Courage!
— Or should perhaps
Something fortifying, heart-fortifying
Be appropriate here?
An anointed saying?
A solemn exhortation? —

Ha! Up, dignity!
Virtuous dignity! European dignity!
Blow, Blow anew,
Bellows of virtue!
Ha!
Roar once more,
Roar morally!
As a moral lion
Roar before the daughters of the desert!
— For virtuous howling,
You dearest maidens,
Is more than anything else
European ardor, European hot-hunger!
And here I stand now,
As a European,
I can do no other, God help me!
Amen!

The desert grows: woe to him who hides deserts!

THE AWAKENING

After the song of the wanderer and shadow, the cave suddenly became full of clamor and laughter: and since all the assembled guests were talking at the same time, and even the ass, with such encouragement, no longer remained silent, a slight antipathy and scorn for his visitors came over Zarathustra: even though he rejoiced at their gladness. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. So he slipped outside and spoke to his animals.

“Where is their distress now?” he said and breathed a sigh of relief himself from his slight disgust, — “with me it seems they have unlearned their distress-crying!

— though unfortunately not yet their crying.” And Zarathustra covered his ears, for just then the asses’ Ye-haw mingled strangely with the joyful noise of these higher men.

“They are merry,” he began again, “and who knows? perhaps at their host’s expense; and if they learned to laugh from me, then it is certainly not *my* laughter that they learned.

But what does it matter! They are old people: they convalesce in their way, they laugh in their way; my ears have surely endured worse and not become surly.

This day is a victory: he yields already, he flees, *the spirit of gravity*, my old archenemy! How well this day will end, which began so badly and roughly!

And it *will* end. Already evening is coming: from across the sea he rides here, the good rider! How he sways in his purple saddle, the blessed, homecoming one!

With that the sky looks clear, the world lies deep: O all you oddballs who came to me, it is well worth your while to abide with me!”

Thus spake Zarathustra. And again from the cave came the clamor and laughter of the higher men: then he began once again.

“They are biting, my bait is working, their enemy, the spirit of gravity, is also retreating. Already they are learning to laugh at themselves: do I hear right?

My manly fare is working, my vim- and vigor-aphorisms: and verily, I did not feed them with flatulent vegetables! But with warrior’s food, conqueror’s food: new appetites I have awakened.

New hopes are in their arms and legs, their hearts are expanding. They are finding new words, soon their spirits will breathe mischief.

Such fare may indeed not be for children, nor for wistful little old and young ladies either. One wins over their innards differently; I am not their physician and teacher.

Loathing is leaving these higher men: well then! — this is my victory. In my kingdom they become secure, all foolish shame runs away, they pour themselves out.

They pour out their hearts, good times return to them, they celebrate and ruminate again, — they become *grateful*.

This I take to be the best sign. Not long now and they will set up festivals and put up memorials to their old joys.

They are *convalescents!*” Thus spake Zarathustra joyfully to his heart and gazed out; his animals, however, pressed up against him and honored his happiness and his silence.

2

But suddenly Zarathustra’s ear was startled: for the cave, which until then had been full of clamor and laughter, became deathly still all at once; his nose however, smelled a sweetly-smelling dense smoke and incense, as though from burning pine cones.

“What is happening? What are they doing?” he asked himself and stole up to the entrance so he could watch his guests unobserved. But wonder upon wonder! What was he obliged to see with his own eyes there?

“They have all become *pious* again, they are *praying*, they are *crazy!*” he said, and marvelled beyond measure. And forsooth! all these higher men, the two kings, the retired pope, the wicked sorcerer, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the conscientious one in spirit, and the ugliest man: they were all on their knees like children and devout little old ladies and were worshipping the ass. And just then the ugliest man began to gurgle and snortle, as if something inexpressible wanted to come out of him; but when it actually came to be brought forth in words, behold, it was a pious, curious litany in praise of the adored and lightly censured ass. The litany, however, sounded like this:

Amen! And praise and honor and wisdom and glory and strength be to our God, forever and ever!

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

He bears our burden, he has assumed the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never says nay; and he who loves his God chastises him.

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

He does not speak: except ever to say yea to the world which he created: thus he praises his world. His slyness it is, not to speak: thus he is seldom found to be wrong.

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

Unshowingly he goes through the world: gray is the body color in which he wraps his virtue. If he has spirit, then he hides it; but everyone believes in his long ears.

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

What hidden wisdom is this, to have long ears and say only yea and never nay! Has he not created the world in his own image, namely, as stupid as possible?

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

You go straight and crooked ways; you care little about what seems straight or crooked to us men. Beyond good and evil is your kingdom. It is your innocence not to know what innocence is.

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

Just look how you turn no one away from you, neither beggars nor kings. You suffer the little children to come unto you, and when the bad boys entice you, you simply say Ye-haw.

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

You love she-asses and fresh figs, you eat anything and everything. A thistle tickles your heart when you feel hungry. Therein lies a God's wisdom.

— The ass, however, cried Ye-haw to that.

THE ASS FEAST

1

At this point in the litany, however, Zarathustra could no longer control himself; he cried out Ye-haw himself and sprang into the midst of his maddened guests. "But what are you doing here, you dear fellows?" he exclaimed, as he pulled those in prayer up from the ground. "Woe, if someone other than Zarathustra had looked upon you:

Everyone would judge you to be with your new belief either the worst of blasphemers or the silliest of all little old ladies!

And even you, you old pope, how is it in keeping with you yourself to worship an ass as God in this manner here?" —

"O Zarathustra," answered the pope, "forgive me, but in divine matters I am even more enlightened than you. And so it stands to reason.

Better to worship God thus, in this form, than in no form at all! Ponder this saying, my noble friend: you will quickly find that there is wisdom in such a saying.

He who said 'God is a spirit' — he took the greatest step and leap to unbelief yet on earth: such a word is not easily amended again on earth!

My old heart skips and leaps that there is still something on earth to worship. O Zarathustra, forgive an old pious pope's heart! —"

— "And you," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "you call and think yourself a free spirit? And you practice such idolatry and hierolatry here?"

Upon my word, you do even worse here than with your bad brown maidens, you bad new believer!"

"Bad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "you are right: but what can I do about it! The old God lives again, O Zarathustra, you may say what you will.

It is all the fault of the ugliest man: he has awakened him again. And if he should say that he once killed him: with gods *death* is always just a prejudice."

— "And you," said Zarathustra, "you wicked old sorcerer, what were you up to? Who in this liberated age could go on believing in you when *you* believe in such divine asininity?"

It was stupidity, what you did; how could you, you clever one, do such a stupid thing?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the clever sorcerer, "you are right, it was a stupid thing, — it has also been hard enough on me."

— "And you too," said Zarathustra to the conscientious one in spirit, "just put your finger up to your nose and think it over! Is there nothing here then that goes against your conscience? Is your spirit not too clean for this praying and this devotees' haze?"

"There is something to this," replied the conscientious one and put his finger up to his nose, "there is something to this spectacle that does even my conscience good.

Perhaps I may not believe in God: certainly, however, it strikes me that God is still most worthy of belief in this form.

God is said to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious; he who has that much time takes his time. As slowly and as stupidly as possible: *thereby* such a one can still go far in the world.

And he who has too much spirit might very well himself become infatuated with stupidity and folly. Ponder this yourself, O Zarathustra!

You yourself — verily! out of super-abundance and wisdom you too could very well turn into an ass.

Does not the consummate wise man gladly walk the crookedest paths? Self-evidence teaches this, O Zarathustra, — *your* self-evidence!”

— “And you at last,” said Zarathustra and turned toward the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground, raising up his arm to the ass (for he was giving him wine to drink). “Speak, you unspeakable one, what have you done?”

You seem transformed to me, your eye is aglow, the mantle of the sublime covers your ugliness: *what* have you done?

Is it true what they say, that you awakened him again? And why? Was he not with good reason done in and done away with?

You yourself seem awakened to me: what did you do? Why did *you* revert? Why did *you* become converted? Speak, you unspeakable one!

“O Zarathustra,” answered the ugliest man, “you are a knave!”

Whether *he* still lives or lives again or is thoroughly dead, — which of us two knows this best? I ask you.

But one thing I know, — from you yourself I learned it once, O Zarathustra: he who wants to kill most thoroughly, *laughs*.

‘Not by wrath, but by laughter does one kill’ — thus you said once. O Zarathustra, you cryptopath, you annihilator without wrath, you dangerous saint, — you are a knave!”

2

Then it happened, however, that Zarathustra, amazed at such pure and simply knavish answers, sprang back to the door of his cave and, turning toward all his guests, cried out in a strong voice:

“O you jesters all of you, you buffoons! Why do you dissemble and disguise yourselves before me?”

How the hearts of each of you squirmed with delight and spite that at last you had once again become like little children, namely, pious, —

— that at last you had done as children do, namely, prayed, folded your hands, and said ‘Dear God!’”

But leave *this* nursery now, my own cave, where all childishness is at home today.

Cool your hot child’s horseplay and heart’s uproar out here!

To be sure: except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into *that* kingdom of heaven. (And Zarathustra pointed upward with his hands.)

But we have no desire whatsoever for the kingdom of heaven: we have become men, — *so we want the kingdom of the earth.*”

3

And once again Zarathustra began to speak. “O my new friends,” he said — “you oddballs, you higher men, how well you please me now, —

— since you have become joyful again! You have all truly blossomed: it seems to me that for such flowers as you *new feasts* are necessary,

— a little brave nonsense, some divine service and ass-feast, some old joyful Zarathustra-fool, a bluster-blast of wind that blows your souls bright.

Forget not this night and this ass-feast, you higher men! You invented *this* by me, I take that to be a good sign — only convalescents invent such things!

And should you celebrate it again, this ass-feast, do it for the love of yourselves, and do it also for the love of me! And in remembrance of *me!*”

Thus spake Zarathustra.

THE DRUNKEN SONG

1

Meanwhile, however, one after the other had stepped outside and into the cool, thoughtful night; Zarathustra himself, however, led the ugliest man by the hand, that he might show him his night world and the big round moon and the silvery waterfalls near his cave. There they stood at last silently next to each other, all of them old people, but with comforted brave hearts and amazed at themselves for having it so good on earth; the secrecy of the night, however, came nearer and nearer their hearts. And once again Zarathustra thought to himself: “O how well they please me now, these higher men!” — but he did not say it aloud, for he honored their happiness and their silence. —

And then happened that which on this long astonishing day was most astonishing: the ugliest man began one more time and for the last time to gurgle and snortle, and when he brought it forth into words, behold, a question popped

out of his mouth round and clean, a good deep, clear question which moved the hearts of all who listened to him.

“My friends, all of you,” said the ugliest man, “what do you think? For the sake of this day — I am satisfied for the first time to have lived my entire life.

And that I testify to so much is still not enough for me. It is worth while to live on earth: *one* day, *one* feast day with Zarathustra has taught me to love the earth.

‘Was *that* — life?’ I will say to death. ‘Well then! Once more!’

My friends, what do you think? Will you not, as I do, say to death: ‘Was *that* — life? Well then, for Zarathustra’s sake! Once more!’” — —

Thus spake the ugliest man; but it was not long before midnight. And what do you think happened then? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they suddenly became aware of their transformation and recuperation and who had given it to them: then they ran up to Zarathustra, thanking, revering, caressing, kissing his hands, each in his own curious manner: so that some laughed, some wept. The old soothsayer, however, danced with delight; and even if he was, as some story-tellers say, full of sweet wine at the time, he was certainly fuller still of sweet life and had renounced all weariness. There are even those who report that the ass danced at that time; not for nothing, namely, had the ugliest man given him wine to drink beforehand. Now that may have been so or else otherwise; and if in truth the ass did not dance that evening, then greater and stranger marvels than the dancing of an ass did take place at that time. In short, as Zarathustra’s adage has it: “What does it matter!”

2

But Zarathustra, when this took place with the ugliest man, stood there as if drunk: his glance grew dim, his tongue stammered, his feet staggered. And who could even guess what thoughts passed through Zarathustra’s soul then? Evidently, however, his spirit withdrew and flew on ahead and was in faraway places and, as it were, “on a high mountain ridge,” as is written, “between two seas,

— between past and future, wandering as a heavy cloud.” Gradually, however, while the higher men held him in their arms, he returned to himself somewhat and restrained with his hands the press of reverent and concerned ones; nevertheless, he did not speak. Suddenly, however, he turned his head quickly,

for he seemed to hear something: then he put his finger up to his mouth and said: “Come!”

And immediately it became still and mysterious all around; slowly up from the deep, however, came the sound of a bell. Zarathustra hearkened to it, as did the higher men; but then he put his finger up to his mouth a second time and said again: “Come! Come! *Midnight is approaching!*” — and his voice had changed. But still he did not stir from the spot: then it became even more still and mysterious, and everything hearkened, even the ass and Zarathustra’s honorary animals, the eagle and the serpent, as well as Zarathustra’s cave and the big cool moon and the night itself. Zarathustra, however, put his hand up to his mouth for a third time and said:

“Come! Come! Come! *Let us wander now! It is the hour! Let us wander into the night!*”

3

You higher men, midnight is approaching: then I will whisper something in your ear, as that old bell whispers it in my ear, —

— as secretly, as horribly, as heartily as that midnight bell which has seen more than any man tells it to me:

— which has already counted your fathers’ heart-smart-beats — alas! alas! how it sighs! how in a dream it laughs! the old deep, deep midnight!

Hush! Hush! Here is many a thing heard that may not be heard by day; now, however, in the cool air, when all your hearts’ uproar has also become still, —

— now it speaks, now it is heard, now it steals into nocturnal, overwakeful souls: alas! alas! how it sighs! how in a dream it laughs!

— do you not hear it, how secretly, horribly, heartily it speaks to *you*, the old deep, deep midnight?

O man, take heed!

4

Woe is me! Where has the time gone? Have I not sunk into deep wells? The world sleeps —

Alas! Alas! The dog howls, the moon shines. Rather would I die, die, than tell you what my midnight heart thinks.

Now I have already died. It is over. Spider, why do you spin around me? Do you want blood? Alas! Alas! The dew is falling, the hour is coming —

— the hour when I shiver and freeze, the hour which asks and asks and asks: “Who has the heart enough for it?

— who shall be lord of the earth? Who will say: *‘thus shall you flow, you great and small streams!’*”

— the hour draws near: O man, you higher man, take heed! this speech is for fine ears, for thine ears — *what words repeat deep midnight’s creed?*

5

I am borne away, my soul dances. Day’s work! Day’s work! Who shall be lord of the earth?

The moon is cool, the wind is silent. Alas! Alas! Did you fly high enough yet? You have been dancing; but a leg is by no means a wing.

You good dancers, now all joy is over: wine has turned to lees, every cup has become brittle, the graves stammer.

You did not fly high enough: now the graves stammer: “Free the dead! Why is night so long? Does not the moon make us drunk?”

You higher men, free the graves, wake up the corpses! Why does the worm still burrow? It draws near, the hour draws near, —

— the bell booms, the heart still rattles, the bore-worm, the heart-worm still burrows. Alas! Alas! *The world is deep!*

6

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love your tone, your drunken croaking tone! — how long, from how far your tone comes to me, from afar, from the ponds of love!

You old bell, you sweet lyre! Every pain has rent your heart, father-pain, fathers’ pain, forefathers’ pain; your speech has become ripe, —

— ripe like golden autumn and afternoon, like my hermit-heart — now you speak: the world itself has become ripe, the grape turns brown,

— now it wants to die, to die of happiness. You higher men, do you not smell it?

A smell is secretly welling up,

— a scent and smell of eternity, a rosy-blessed, brown gold-wine-smell of old happiness,

— of drunken midnight-death-happiness, which sings: the world is deep,
and deeper than the day conceived!

7

Let me be! Let me be! I am too pure for thee. Touch me not! Has not my
world just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Let me be, you dumb, doltish, dull day!
Is midnight not brighter?

The purest should be lords of the earth, the least known, the strongest, the
midnight souls that are brighter and deeper than any day.

O day, you grope for me? You grope for my happiness? To you I am rich, sol-
itary, a treasure mine, a chamber of gold?

O world, you want *me*? Do I seem worldly to you? Do I seem spiritual to
you? Do I seem godly to you? But day and world, you are too clumsy —

— have cleverer hands, reach for deeper happiness, for deeper unhappiness,
reach for some God, do not reach for me:

— my unhappiness, my happiness is deep, you strange day, but yet I am no
God, no God's hell: *deep is its woe*.

8

God's woe is deeper, you strange world! Reach for God's woe, not for me!
What am I? A drunken sweet lyre, —

— a midnight-lyre, a bell-frog that no one understands but which *must*
speak before the deaf, you higher men! For you do not understand me!

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noon! O afternoon! Now evening and night and
midnight have come, — the dog howls, the wind:

— is the wind not a dog? It whines, it yelps, it howls, Alas! Alas! how it
sighs! how it laughs, how it wheezes and gasps, the midnight!

How prosaically she speaks just now, this drunken poetess! she has over-
drunk her drunkenness perhaps? she has become overawake? she ruminates?

— upon her woe she ruminates, in a dream, the old deep midnight, and
even more, upon her joy. For joy, though woe is deep: *joy is deeper still than calamity*.

9

You vine! Why do you praise me? I have cut you after all! I am cruel, you bleed—: what means your praise of my drunken cruelty?

“Whatever has become perfect, everything ripe — wants to die!” so you say. Blessed, blessed be the vine-dresser’s knife! But everything unripe wants to live: woe!

Woe says: “Go! Away, you woe!” But everything that suffers wants to live, that it may become ripe and full of joy and longing,

— longing for the further, the higher, the brighter. “I want heirs,” thus says everything that suffers, “I want children, I do not want *myself*,” —

But joy wants neither heirs nor children, — joy wants itself, wants eternity, wants recurrence, wants everything-like-itself eternally.

Woe says: “Break, bleed, heart! Walk, leg! Wing, fly! Get on! Get up! Pain!” Well then! Come on! O my old heart: *Woe bids it*: “Go!”

10

You higher men, what think you? Am I a soothsayer? A dreamer? A drunkard? A dream-interpreter? A midnight-bell?

A drop of dew? A fume and perfume of eternity? Do you not hear it? Do you not smell it? Just now my world has become perfect, midnight is also midday, —

Pain is also a joy, a curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun, — go away or you will learn: a wise man is also a fool.

Have you ever said yes to one joy? O, my friends, then you also said yes to *all* woe. All things are linked together, threaded together, head-over-heels together,

—

— have you ever wanted once twice, have you ever said “You please me, happiness! Hush! Moment!” then you wanted *it all* back!

— all anew, all eternal, all linked together, threaded together, head-over-heels together, O then you so *loved* the world, —

— you eternal ones, love it eternally and for all time: and to woe as well you say: Go, but come back! *For all joy wants — eternity!*

11

All joy wants the eternity of all things, wants honey, wants lees, wants drunken midnight, wants graves, wants graves' tear-cheer, wants gilded sunset sky —

— *what* does joy not want! it is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more horrible, more stealthy than all woe, it wants *itself*, it bites into *itself*, the will of the ring strives within it, —

— it wants love, it wants hate, it is overrich, bestows, throws away, begs that someone take it, thanks the taker, it would dearly love to be hated, —

— so rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for shame, for the lame, for the *world*, — for this world, O you know it for sure!

You higher men, for you it longs, joy, the unruly, happy one — for your woe, you failures! All eternal joy longs for the failures.

For all joy wants itself, therefore it also wants calamity! O happiness, O pain! O break, heart! You higher men, do learn this, joy wants eternity,

— joy wants the eternity of *all* things, *wants the deep, deep eternity!*

12

Have you learned my song now? Have you guessed what it means? Well then! Come on! You higher men, then sing me now my roundelay!

Sing me yourselves now the song whose name is “Once more,” whose sense is “Unto all eternity!” — sing, you higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!

What words repeat deep midnight's creed?

“I sleep, I sleep —,

“From deep dream I woke and perceived: —

“The world is deep,

“And deeper than the day conceived.

“Deep is her woe—,

“Joy — deeper still than calamity:

“Woe bids it: Go!

“But all joy wants eternity —,

“— Wants the deep, deep eternity!”

THE SIGN

The morning after this night, however, Zarathustra sprang up from his bed, girded his loins, and came out of his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun that comes out of dark mountains.

“You great star,” he said, as he had said once before, “you deep eye of happiness, what would all your happiness be if you had not those for whom you shine?

And if they remained in their chambers while you were already awake and coming and dispensing and distributing: how angry your proud shame would be over that!

Well then! They still sleep, these higher men, while *I* am awake: *these* are not my proper companions! Not for them do I wait here in my mountains.

To my work I want to get, to my day: but they do not get what the signs of my morning are, my step — is no wake-up call for them.

They still sleep in my cave, their dream still drinks on my drunken songs. But the ear that is all ears for *me*, — the *obedient* ear is lacking in their limbs.”

— This Zarathustra had said to his heart as the sun arose: then he looked up inquiringly, for he heard the sharp cry of his eagle above him. “Well then!” he shouted on high, “thus is it pleasing and fitting to me. My animals are awake, for I am awake. My eagle is awake and like me honors the sun. With eagles’ talons he grasps for the new light. You are my proper animals; I love you.

But I still lack my proper men!” —

Thus spake Zarathustra; but then it happened that he suddenly heard himself swarmed around and fluttered around, as if by a myriad of birds, — the whirring of so many wings, however, and the crowding around his head was so great that he closed his eyes. And verily, like a cloud it fell upon him, like a cloud of arrows showering itself upon a new foe. But behold, here it was a cloud of love, and upon a new friend.

“What is happening to me?” thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart and sat down slowly on the large stone which lay next to the exit to his cave.

But as he reached around him and above him and below him with his hands and warded off the tender birds, behold, then something even stranger happened to him: for hereby he reached unawares into a thick warm clump of hair; at the same time, however, a roar rang out before him, — a gentle, long lion’s roar.

“*The sign is at hand*,” said Zarathustra, and he had a change of heart. And in truth, when it grew clear before him, a yellow, powerful animal lay there at his

feet and nestled its head on his knee and would not leave him for love, behaving like a dog that has found his master again. The doves, however, were no less zealous with their love than the lion; and whenever a dove flitted across the lion's nose, the lion shook his head and marveled and laughed about it.

To all this Zarathustra said but a word: "*My children are near, my children*" —, then he became quite mute. His heart, however, was loosed, and tears dropped down from his eyes and fell upon his hands. And he heeded nothing anymore and sat there motionless, without defending himself against the animals anymore either. Then the doves flew here and there and perched on his shoulder and caressed his white hair and did not grow weary of tenderness and rejoicing. The strong lion, however, continually licked the tears which fell down upon Zarathustra's hands and roared and growled shyly. Thus these animals carried on.

—

All this lasted a long time, or a short time: for, properly speaking, there is no time on earth for such things —. Meanwhile, however, the higher men in Zarathustra's cave had awakened and arranged themselves in a train in order to go and meet Zarathustra and bid him good morning: for they had found when they awoke that already he no longer tarried among them. But when they reached the door of the cave and the sound of their footsteps had run on ahead of them, then the lion was mightily startled, turned suddenly away from Zarathustra and sprang toward the cave, roaring wildly: the higher men, however, when they heard him roar, all cried out, as if with *one* voice, fled back, and vanished in a trice.

Zarathustra himself, however, dazed and estranged, arose from his seat, stood there amazed, questioned his heart, deliberated and was alone. "What did I hear, though?" he said at last slowly. "What just happened to me?"

And then the recollection came to him and at *one* glance he grasped all that had taken place between yesterday and today. "Here is indeed the stone," he said and stroked his beard, "upon *which* I sat yesterday morning; and here the soothsayer came to me, and here I first heard the cry of distress.

O you higher men, yes, it was of *your* distress that this soothsayer soothsaid to me yesterday morning, to your distress he wanted to induce and seduce me: 'O Zarathustra,' he said to me, 'I come to seduce you to your last sin.'

"To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra and laughed angrily at his own words: "but *what* has been reserved for me as my last sin?"

— And once again Zarathustra sank into himself and sat down on the large stone and pondered. Suddenly he sprang up, —

“Pity! Pity for the higher man!” he cried out, and his countenance turned to bronze. “Well then! That — has had its time!

My suffering and my pity — what does that matter!

Do I strive for *happiness*? I strive for my work!

Well then! The lion has come, my children are near, Zarathustra has become ripe, my hour is come: —

This is my morning, my day is begun: *up now, up, you great noontide!*” — —

Thus spake Zarathustra and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun that comes out of dark mountains.