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Thus Spoke Zarathustra

Also sprach Zarathustra

Friedrich Nietzsche

1883–1885

Philosophy · Religion

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Also sprach Zarathustra. Ein Buch für Alle und Keinen

Friedrich Nietzsche

Translated from the German by Ether Library

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Written 1883–1885. Parts One to Three first published at Chemnitz in 1883 and 1884; Part Four printed privately at Leipzig in 1885.

A Note on the Translation

This is a complete translation of *Also sprach Zarathustra*, made directly from Nietzsche's German. No earlier English version was used as its basis; Thomas Common's public-domain translation of 1909 was looked at only where the German is in doubt. The source is a public-domain transcription of the first editions, in their period spelling. A few evident misprints in that transcription were read as the word Nietzsche wrote, and two section numbers printed twice were corrected.

Nietzsche wrote the book as a parody of Luther's Bible, grand and mocking by turns. The English carries that voice through its words and its rhythm ("Truly," "Behold," "Woe," the long chains of *and*) rather than through *thee* and *thou*, which would turn the parody into a costume. Every speech ends on the same refrain, "Thus spoke Zarathustra," and the lines that return across the four parts, such as the midnight song, return here in the same words.

Three decisions shape the whole. *Übermensch* is kept as the German word, which English already uses, instead of "Superman" or "Overman." *Mensch* is "human being," never "man," because Nietzsche's word names the species, not a sex: so "the last human being" and "the higher humans." *Untergang* is "going under," which is also what the sun does at evening, and the book plays on both senses from its first page.

The four parts, their eighty sections, and Nietzsche's numbered subsections are kept as he arranged them, and each of the 3,471 paragraphs of the German appears here as one paragraph. Verse keeps its line breaks. The six notes are the translator's; they explain a word or name a source, and offer no commentary.

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Part One

Zarathustra's Prologue

1

When Zarathustra was thirty years old, he left his home and the lake of his home and went into the mountains. Here he enjoyed his spirit and his solitude and for ten years did not tire of it. But at last his heart changed,—and one morning he rose with the dawn, stepped before the sun, and spoke to it thus:

"You great star! What would your happiness be if you did not have those for whom you shine!

For ten years you have come up here to my cave: you would have grown weary of your light and of this road, without me, my eagle, and my serpent.

But we waited for you every morning, took your overflow from you, and blessed you for it.

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

I want to give away and hand out until the wise among human beings have once again become glad of their folly, and the poor for once glad of their riches.

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

Like you, I must *go under*,[1] as human beings call it, those to whom I want to go down.

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

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

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

—Thus began Zarathustra's going under.

2

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

This wanderer is no stranger to me: many years ago he passed by here. Zarathustra he was called; but he has changed. Back then you carried your ashes to the mountains: will you now carry your fire into the valleys? Do you not fear the punishments meted out to arsonists?

Yes, I recognize Zarathustra. His eye is pure, and no disgust lurks about his mouth. Does he not walk like a dancer?

Zarathustra has changed, Zarathustra has become a child, Zarathustra is one who has awakened: what do you want now among the sleepers?

You lived in solitude as in the sea, and the sea carried you. Woe, you want to climb onto the land? Woe, you want to drag your body yourself again?

Zarathustra answered: "I love human beings."

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

Now I love God: human beings I do not love. The human being is too imperfect a thing for me. Love of the human being would kill me.

Zarathustra answered: “What did I say about love! I am bringing human beings a gift.”

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

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

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

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

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

Do not go to human beings, stay in the forest! Go to the animals rather! Why will you not be as I am,—a bear among bears, a bird among birds?

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

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

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

When Zarathustra had heard these words, he took leave of the saint and said: “What would I have to give you! But let me go quickly, so that I take nothing from you!”—And so they parted from each other, the old man and the man, laughing as two boys laugh.

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

3

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

I teach you the Übermensch.[2] The human being is something that shall be overcome. What have you done to overcome him?

"All beings so far have created something beyond themselves: and you want to be the ebb of this great flood, and would rather go back to the animal than overcome the human being?"

What is the ape to the human being? A laughingstock or a painful shame. And just that is what the human being shall be to the Übermensch: a laughingstock or a painful shame.

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

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

Behold, I teach you the Übermensch!

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

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

They are despisers of life, dying off and poisoned themselves, and the earth is weary of them: so let them go!

Once blasphemy against God was the greatest blasphemy, but God died, and with him these blasphemers died too. To blaspheme against the earth is now the most terrible thing, and to esteem the entrails of the unfathomable higher than the meaning of the earth!

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

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

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

Truly, the human being is a filthy stream. One must be a sea to take in a filthy stream without becoming unclean.

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

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

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

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

The hour when you say: “What does my virtue matter! It has not yet made me rage. How weary I am of my good and my evil! All that is poverty and filth and a wretched contentment!”

The hour when you say: “What does my justice matter! I do not see that I am fire and coal. But the just man is fire and coal!”

The hour when you say: “What does my pity matter! Is pity not the cross on which he is nailed who loves human beings? But my pity is no crucifixion.”

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

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

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

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

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

4

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

The human being is a rope, tied between animal and Übermensch,—a rope over an abyss.

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

What is great in the human being is that he is a bridge and not a goal: what can be loved in the human being is that he is a *crossing* and a *going under*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

I love him who makes of his virtue his inclination and his fate: so for the sake of his virtue he wants to live on and to live no longer.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

5

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

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

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

That is why they do not like to hear the word 'contempt' applied to themselves. So I will speak to their pride.

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

And thus Zarathustra spoke to the people:

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

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

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

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

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

Behold! I show you the *last human being*.

"What is love? What is creation? What is longing? What is a star?"—so asks the last human being, and he blinks.

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

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

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

Falling ill and being mistrustful count as sinful to them: one walks with care. A fool, whoever still stumbles over stones or human beings!

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

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

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

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

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

One is clever and knows everything that has happened: so there is no end to mockery. People still quarrel, but they soon make up—otherwise it upsets the stomach.

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

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

And here ended Zarathustra's first speech, which is also called "the Prologue": for at this point the shouting and delight of the crowd interrupted him. "Give us this last human being, O Zarathustra," so they cried, "make us into these last human beings! Then we will make you a present of the Übermensch!" And all the people cheered and clicked their tongues. But Zarathustra grew sad and said to his heart:

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

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

My soul is unmoved and bright as the mountains in the morning. But they think I am cold, a mocker who makes terrible jokes.

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

6

But then something happened that struck every mouth dumb and made every eye stare. For meanwhile the tightrope walker had begun his work: he had stepped out of a small door and was walking along the rope, which was stretched between two towers so that it hung over the marketplace and the people. Just as he was in the middle of his way, the small door opened once more, and a fellow in motley, like a buffoon, sprang out and went after the first one with quick steps. “Forward, lamefoot,” cried his terrible voice, “forward, sluggard, smuggler, paleface! Or I will tickle you with my heel! What are you doing here between towers? The tower is where you belong; you ought to be locked up; you are blocking the free path for one better than you!”—And with every word he came nearer and nearer to him: but when he was only one step behind him, the terrible thing happened that struck every mouth dumb and made every eye stare:—he let out a cry like a devil and leaped over the one who was in his way. But the other, when he saw his rival win in this way, lost his head and the rope; he threw away his pole and shot down into the depths faster than it, like a whirl of arms and legs. The marketplace and the people were like the sea when the storm drives into it: everyone fled apart and over one another, most of all where the body was bound to come down.

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

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

The man looked up mistrustfully. “If you speak the truth,” he then said, “I lose nothing when I lose my life. I am not much more than an animal that has been taught to dance with blows and scant morsels.”

“Not at all,” said Zarathustra. “You have made danger your calling, and there is nothing contemptible in that. Now you perish of your calling: for that I will bury you with my own hands.”

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

7

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

Truly, a fine catch Zarathustra made today! No human being did he catch, but a corpse.

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

I want to teach human beings the meaning of their being: which is the Übermensch, the lightning from the dark cloud human being.

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

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

8

When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he loaded the corpse onto his back and set out on his way. And he had not yet gone a hundred paces when a man crept up to him and whispered in his ear—and behold! The one who spoke 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 they call you their enemy and despiser; the faithful of the true faith hate you, and they call you the danger to the crowd. It was your good fortune that they laughed at you: and truly, you spoke like a buffoon. It was your good fortune that you joined yourself to the dead dog; by lowering yourself so, you saved yourself for today. But go away from this town—or tomorrow I will leap over you, one living over one dead.” And when he had said this, the man vanished; but Zarathustra walked on through the dark streets.

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

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

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

My hunger has strange moods. Often it comes to me only after a meal, and today it did not come all day: where can it have been?

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

“One living and one dead,” said Zarathustra. “Give me something to eat and drink; I forgot to during the day. He who feeds the hungry refreshes his own soul: so speaks wisdom.”

The old man went away, but came back at once and offered Zarathustra bread and wine. “This is a bad region for the hungry,” he said; “that is why I live here. Animal and human being 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 will hardly persuade him to it.” “That is no concern of mine,” said the old man sullenly; “whoever knocks at my house must also take what I offer him. Eat, and fare well!”—

Then Zarathustra walked another two hours and trusted to the road and the light of the stars: for he was used to walking at night and loved to look into the face of all that sleeps. But when the morning grew gray, Zarathustra found himself in a deep forest, 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 himself on the ground and the moss. And at once he fell asleep, weary in body but with an unmoved soul.

9

Long did Zarathustra sleep, and not only the dawn passed over his face but the morning as well. But at last his eye opened: in wonder Zarathustra looked into the forest and the stillness, in wonder he looked into himself. Then he rose quickly, like a seafarer who all at

once sees land, and shouted for joy: for he saw a new truth. And then he spoke thus to his heart:

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

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

A light has dawned on me: let Zarathustra speak not to the people but to companions! Zarathustra shall not become the shepherd and dog of a herd!

To lure many away from the herd—for that I came. The people and the herd shall be angry with me: Zarathustra wants to call the shepherds robbers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But I am leaving you; the time is up. Between dawn and dawn a new truth came to me.

I shall be no shepherd, no gravedigger. Never again will I so much as speak with the people; for the last time I have spoken to a dead man.

I will join the creators, the harvesters, the celebrants: I will show them the rainbow and all the stairs of the Übermensch.

I will sing my song to the hermits and to those who are solitary in twos; and whoever still has ears for things unheard of, I will make his heart heavy with my happiness.

I want to reach my goal, I go my way; over the hesitant and the dawdlers I will leap. Thus let my going be their going under!

10

This Zarathustra had said to his heart when the sun stood at noon: then he looked up inquiringly—for above him he heard the sharp cry of a bird. And behold! An eagle was sweeping through the air in wide circles, and from it hung a serpent, not like prey but like a friend: for she kept herself coiled around his neck.

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

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

They want to find out whether Zarathustra is still alive. Truly, am I still alive?

I found it more dangerous among human beings than among animals; dangerous are the ways Zarathustra walks. May my ani-

mals lead me!”

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

If only I were cleverer! If only I were clever to the core, like my serpent!

But I am asking for the impossible: so I ask my pride instead always to go with my cleverness!

And if one day my cleverness leaves me:—ah, it loves to fly away!—may my pride then still fly with my folly!

—Thus began Zarathustra’s going under.

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1. *untergehen*, “to go under,” is also the German for the setting of the sun; *Untergang* is both a going down (sunset) and a downfall.

2. *Übermensch*: a human being who goes beyond the human (*über*, “over, beyond”; *Mensch*, “human being”). Older English versions said “Superman.”

Zarathustra's Speeches

On the Three Transformations

Three transformations of the spirit I name for you: how the spirit becomes a camel, and the camel a lion, and the lion at last a child.

There is much that is heavy for the spirit, for the strong, load-bearing spirit in which reverence dwells: its strength craves the heavy and the heaviest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

All these heaviest things the load-bearing spirit takes upon itself: like the camel that hurries loaded into the desert, so it hurries into its desert.

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

Here it seeks out its last master: it wants to become his enemy and the enemy of its last god; it wants to wrestle for victory with the great dragon.

Which is the great dragon that the spirit no longer wants to call master and god? "You-shall" is the great dragon's name. But the spirit of the lion says "I will."

"You-shall" lies in its path, glittering gold, a scaly beast, and on every scale "You-shall!" gleams golden.

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

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

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

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

To create freedom for itself and a sacred No even to duty: for that, my brothers, the lion is needed.

To take for oneself the right to new values—that is the most terrible taking for a load-bearing and reverent spirit. Truly, to it this is plunder, and the business of a beast of prey.

Once it loved the "You-shall" as its most sacred thing: now it must find delusion and caprice even in the most sacred, so that it may plunder freedom from its love: the lion is needed for this plunder.

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

The child is innocence and forgetting, a new beginning, a game, a wheel rolling out of itself, a first movement, a sacred Yes-saying.

Yes, for the game of creating, my brothers, a sacred Yes-saying is needed: the spirit now wills *its own* will; the one who was lost to the world wins *its own* world.

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

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

On the Chairs of Virtue

Zarathustra heard a wise man praised who was said to speak well about sleep and about virtue: he was greatly honored and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him Zarathustra went, and with all the youths he sat before his chair. And thus spoke the wise man:

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ten times you must laugh during the day and be cheerful: otherwise your stomach, that father of gloom, will disturb you at night.

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

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

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

So that they do not quarrel with one another, the well-behaved little women! And quarrel over you, you unhappy man!

Peace with God and with the neighbor: so good sleep wills it. And peace even with the neighbor's devil! Otherwise he will haunt you at night.

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

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

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

A little company is more welcome to me than bad company: but it must come and go at the right time. That agrees with good sleep.

I am also very fond of the poor in spirit: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially when one always agrees with them.

Thus passes the day for the virtuous man. Now when night comes, I take good care not to summon sleep! It does not want to be summoned, sleep, which is the master of the virtues!

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

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

As I ponder such things, rocked by forty thoughts, sleep suddenly falls upon me, the unsummoned one, the master of the virtues.

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

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

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

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

A fool, this wise man here with his forty thoughts: but I believe he knows well enough how to sleep.

Happy even the one who lives near this wise man! Such sleep is contagious, contagious even through a thick wall.

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

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

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

To all these much-praised wise men of the chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no better meaning of life.

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Afterworldly

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

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

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

It is a drunken joy for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and to lose himself. Drunken joy and losing oneself, so the world once seemed to me.

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

Thus I too once cast my delusion beyond the human being, like all the afterworldly. Beyond the human being in truth?

Ah, brothers, this god whom I created was human work and human madness, like all gods!

Human he was, and only a poor piece of human being and I: out of my own ashes and fire it came to me, this ghost, and truly! It did not come to me from beyond!

What happened, my brothers? I overcame myself, the sufferer, I carried my own ashes to the mountains, I invented a brighter flame for myself. And behold! Then the ghost *gave way* before me!

It would be suffering for me now, and torment for the one who has recovered, to believe in such ghosts: it would be suffering for

me now and humiliation. Thus I speak to the afterworldly.

It was suffering and incapacity—that created all afterworlds; and that brief madness of happiness that only the one who suffers most experiences.

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

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

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

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

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

Truly, all being is hard to prove and hard to make speak. Tell me, brothers, is not the strangest of all things still the best proved?

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

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

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

A new pride my I taught me, and this I teach to human beings:—no longer to stick one's head into the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely, an earthly head that creates meaning for the earth!

A new will I teach to human beings: to will this way that the human being has walked blindly, and to call it good and no longer to sneak aside from it, like the sick and the dying!

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

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

They now imagined themselves carried away from their body and this earth, these ungrateful ones. Yet to whom did they owe the spasm and rapture of their carrying-away? To their body and this earth.

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

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

There have always been many sickly people among those who make poems and crave God; furiously they hate the knower and that youngest of the virtues, which is called: integrity.

They always look back to dark times: then, of course, delusion and faith were another thing; frenzy of reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

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

Truly, not in afterworlds and redeeming drops of blood: they too believe most in the body, and their own body is to them their

thing in itself.

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

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

The healthy body speaks more honestly and more purely, the perfect and square-built body: and it speaks of the meaning of the earth.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Despisers of the Body

To the despisers of the body I want to say my word. I do not ask them to relearn and reteach, but only to bid farewell to their own body—and so fall silent.

"I am body and soul"—so speaks the child. And why should one not speak like children?

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

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

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

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

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

Instruments and toys are sense and spirit: behind them there still lies the Self. The Self also seeks with the eyes of the senses; it also listens with the ears of the spirit.

The Self is always listening and seeking: it compares, compels, conquers, destroys. It rules and is also the I's ruler.

Behind your thoughts and feelings, my brother, stands a mighty commander, an unknown sage—his name is Self. He dwells in your

body; he is your body.

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

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

The Self says to the I: “Feel pain here!” And then it suffers and thinks about how it might suffer no more—and that is the very thing it *is meant* to think about.

The Self says to the I: “Feel joy here!” Then it rejoices and thinks about how it might often rejoice again—and that is the very thing it *is meant* to think about.

To the despisers of the body I want to say a word. Their despising is the work of their esteeming. What is it that created esteeming and despising and value and will?

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

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

It is no longer able to do what it wants most:—to create beyond itself. That is what it wants most, that is its whole fervor.

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

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

And that is why you are now angry with life and with the earth. An unwitting envy is in the squint-eyed glance of your contempt.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Joys and Passions

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

To be sure, you want to call it by name and caress it; you want to tug its ear and have your fun with it.

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

You would do better to say: "Unutterable and nameless is what makes the torment and sweetness of my soul and is also the hunger of my entrails."

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

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

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

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

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

So you shall stammer and praise your virtue.

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

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

And whether you came from the race of the hot-tempered or of the lustful or of the fanatics of faith or of the vengeful:

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

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

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

And nothing evil grows out of you from now on, unless it be the evil that grows out of the struggle of your virtues.

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

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

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

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

Each virtue is jealous of the others, and jealousy is a terrible thing. Virtues too can perish of jealousy.

Whoever is ringed about by the flame of jealousy will at last, like the scorpion, turn the poisoned sting against himself.

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

The human being is something that must be overcome: and that is why you shall love your virtues,—for you will perish of them.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Pale Criminal

You do not want to kill, you judges and sacrificers, until the animal has nodded? Behold, the pale criminal has nodded: out of his eye speaks the great contempt.

"My I is something that shall be overcome: my I is to me the great contempt for the human being": so it speaks out of this eye.

That he judged himself was his highest moment: do not let the sublime one go back down into his lowliness!

There is no redemption for one who suffers so from himself, except a quick death.

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

It is not enough that you reconcile yourselves with the one you kill. Let your sadness be love of the Übermensch: so you justify your living on!

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

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

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

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

From then on he always saw himself as the doer of one deed. Madness I call this: the exception turned itself into his essence.

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

Listen, you judges! There is another madness besides: and that is before the deed. Ah, you did not crawl deep enough into this soul!

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

But his poor reason did not understand this madness and talked him round. "What does blood matter!" it said. "Do you not want at least to take some plunder with it? To take a revenge?"

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

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

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

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

What is this human being? A tangle of wild serpents that seldom have rest among themselves,—so they go off each on its own and seek prey in the world.

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

Whoever becomes sick now is overtaken by the evil that is evil now: he wants to cause pain with what causes him pain. But there were other times and another evil and good.

Once doubt was evil, and the will to the Self. Back then the sick man became a heretic and a witch: as heretic and witch he suf-

fered and wanted to cause suffering.

But this will not go into your ears: it harms your good people, you tell me. But what do your good people matter to me!

Much about your good people disgusts me, and truly not their evil. How I wish they had a madness of which they would perish, like this pale criminal!

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

I am a railing by the torrent: let whoever can grasp me grasp me! But your crutch I am not.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Reading and Writing

Of all that is written I love only what one writes with one's blood. Write with blood: and you will learn that blood is spirit.

It is not easy to understand another's blood: I hate the idlers who read.

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

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

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

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

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

The air thin and pure, danger near, and the spirit full of a gay malice: these go well together.

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

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

You look upward when you long to be exalted. And I look down, because I am exalted.

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

Whoever climbs the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic solemnities.

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

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

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

What do we have in common with the rosebud that trembles because a drop of dew lies on 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 to me too, who am fond of life, butterflies and soap bubbles, and whatever is of their kind among human beings, seem to know most about happiness.

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

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

And when I saw my devil, I found him serious, thorough, deep, solemn: it was the Spirit of Gravity,—through him all things fall.

One kills not with wrath but with laughter. Come, let us kill the Spirit of Gravity!

I have learned to walk: since then I let myself run. I have learned to fly: since then I do not want to be pushed before I move from the spot.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Tree on the Mountainside

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

If I wanted to shake this tree here with my hands, I would not be able to.

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

At this the youth rose in dismay and said: "I hear Zarathustra, and I was just thinking of him." Zarathustra replied:

"Why are you frightened by that?—But it is with the human being as with the tree.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This tree stands alone here on the mountainside; it has grown high above human and animal.

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

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

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

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

It tears my heart. Better than your words say it, your eye tells me all your danger.

You are not yet free; you are still *seeking* freedom. Your seeking has left you bleary with sleeplessness and overalert.

You want to go into the free height; your soul thirsts for stars. But your bad drives too thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs want freedom; they bark with joy in their cellar when your spirit strives to open all prisons.

To me you are still a prisoner who dreams up freedom for himself: ah, the soul of such prisoners grows clever, but also cunning and bad.

The one who has freed his spirit must still purify himself. Much prison and mold 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 away your love and hope!

You still feel noble, and the others too still feel that you are noble, those who bear you a grudge and send you evil looks. Know that a noble man stands in everyone's way.

A noble man stands in the way of the good too: and even when they call him a good man, they mean by it to get him out of the way.

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

But that is not the danger for the noble man, that he might become a good man, but that he might become an insolent one, a scoffer, a destroyer.

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

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

"Spirit too is lust"—so they said. Then the wings of their spirit broke: now it crawls about and soils what it gnaws.

Once they thought to become heroes: libertines they are now. The hero is a grief and a horror 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 spoke 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.

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

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

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

They have not even become human beings yet, these terrible ones: may they preach turning away from life and go off themselves!

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

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

They meet a sick man or an old man or a corpse; and at once they say, "Life is refuted!"

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

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

Or else: they reach for sweets and mock their own childishness as they do: they cling to their straw of life and mock that they are

still clinging to a straw.

Their wisdom runs: "A fool, whoever stays alive, but so much are we fools! And just that is the most foolish thing about life!"—

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

And let the teaching of your virtue run thus: "You shall kill yourself! You shall steal yourself away!"—

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

"Giving birth is toilsome," say others, "why go on giving birth? One gives birth only to the unhappy!" And they too are preachers of death.

"Pity is necessary," so say the third. "Take what I have! Take what I am! All the less does life bind me!"

If they were pitying through and through, they would spoil life for their neighbors. To be evil—that would be their true goodness.

But they want to get free of life: what do they care if they bind others still more tightly with their chains and gifts!—

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

All of you who love furious work and what is fast, new, strange, —you bear yourselves badly; your diligence is flight and the will to forget yourselves.

If you believed more in life, you would throw yourselves less to the moment. But you do not have enough content in you for waiting—and not even for laziness!

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

Or "eternal life": it is all the same to me,—provided only that they go off quickly!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On War and Warriors

We do not want to be spared by our best enemies, nor by those whom we love through and through. So let me tell you the truth, then!

My brothers in war! I love you through and through; I am and was your equal. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth, then!

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

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

I see many soldiers: if only I saw many warriors! "Uni-form" they call what they wear: may what they hide beneath it not be uni-form!

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

You shall seek your enemy, you shall wage your war, and for your thoughts! And if your thought is defeated, your integrity shall still cry triumph over that!

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

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

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

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

War and courage have done more great things than love of one's neighbor. Not your pity but your bravery has so far saved those in misfortune.

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

They call you heartless: but your heart is genuine, and I love the modesty of your warmheartedness. You are ashamed of your flood, and others are ashamed of their ebb.

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

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

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

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

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

To a good warrior "you shall" sounds more pleasant than "I will." And everything that is dear to you, you shall first let yourselves be commanded to do.

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

But your highest thought you shall let me command you—and it runs: the human being is something that shall be overcome.

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

I do not spare you, I love you through and through, my brothers in war!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the New Idol

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

The state? What is that? Well then! Now open your ears to me, for now I will tell you my word about the death of peoples.

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

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

It is destroyers who set traps for the many and call them the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

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

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

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

Everything about it is false; it bites with stolen teeth, the biter. False are even its entrails.

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

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

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

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

Ah, even into you, you great souls, it whispers its somber lies! Ah, it divines the rich hearts that like to squander themselves!

Yes, it divines you too, you vanquishers of the old god! You grew weary in the battle, and now your weariness serves even the new idol!

Heroes and honorable men it would like to set up around itself, the new idol! It likes to bask in the sunshine of good consciences, —the cold monster!

It will give *you* everything if *you* worship it, the new idol: thus it buys for itself the luster of your virtue and the look of your proud eyes.

It wants to use you as bait for the many-too-many! Yes, a hellish trick has been invented there, a horse of death clattering in the finery of divine honors!

Yes, a dying for many has been invented there that praises itself as life: truly, a service after the heart of all preachers of death!

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

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

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

Just look at these superfluous ones! They acquire riches and become poorer with them. They want power, and first of all the crowbar of power, much money,—these impotent ones!

See them climb, these nimble apes! They climb over one another and so drag each other into the mud and the depths.

They all want to get to the throne: that is their madness,—as if happiness sat on the throne! Often mud sits on the throne—and often the throne on the mud, too.

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

My brothers, do you want to suffocate in the fumes of their snouts and cravings? Rather break the windows and leap into the open air!

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

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

The earth still stands free for great souls even now. Many seats are still empty for the solitary and for those who are solitary in twos, seats around which the scent of quiet seas wafts.

A free life still stands free for great souls. Truly, whoever possesses little is all the less possessed: praised be a little poverty!

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

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

Thus spoke 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 small.

Forest and rock know how to keep a dignified silence with you. Be like the tree again that you love, the broad-branched one: silent and listening it hangs over the sea.

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

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

The people understand little of what is great, that is: of what creates. But they have a sense for all showmen and actors of great things.

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

The actor has spirit, but little conscience of the spirit. He always believes in whatever he uses to make others believe most strongly,—makes them believe in *him*!

Tomorrow he has a new faith and the day after tomorrow a newer one. He has quick senses, like the people, and a nose that shifts with the wind.

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

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

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

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

Do not be jealous of these unconditional and pressing men, you lover of truth! Never yet has truth hung on the arm of an unconditional man.

Because of these abrupt ones, go back into your security: only in the marketplace is one assailed with Yes? or No?

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

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

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

Flee into your solitude! You have lived too near the small and the pitiful. Flee from their invisible revenge! Toward you they are nothing but revenge.

Raise your arm against them no more! They are innumerable, and it is not your lot to be a flyswatter.

Innumerable are these small and pitiful ones; and many a proud building has been brought to its going under by raindrops and weeds.

You are not a stone, but already you have been hollowed by many drops. You will yet crack and burst from many drops.

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

They want blood from you in all innocence; their bloodless souls crave blood—and so they sting in all innocence.

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

You are too proud, to my mind, to kill these sweet-toothed creatures. But beware lest it become your fate to bear all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around you with their praise as well: importunity is their praise. They want to be near your skin and your blood.

They flatter you as they would a god or a devil; they whimper before you as before a god or a devil. What of it! They are flatterers and whimperers and no more.

Often, too, they present themselves to you as lovable. But that has always been the prudence of cowards. Yes, cowards are prudent!

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

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

Because you are gentle and just-minded, you say: "They are innocent of their small existence." But their narrow soul thinks: "All great existence is guilt."

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

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

What we recognize in a human being we also inflame in him. So beware of the small!

Before you they feel small, and their lowness smolders and glows against you in invisible revenge.

Did you not notice how often they fell silent when you stepped up to them, and how their strength went out of them like the smoke from a dying fire?

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

Your neighbors will always be poisonous flies; what is great in you—that itself must make them more poisonous and ever more flylike.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Chastity

I love the forest. It is bad to live in cities: there are too many who are 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 eye says it—they know nothing better on earth than to lie with a woman.

There is mud at the bottom of their soul; and woe if their mud has spirit too!

If only you were at least perfect as animals! But innocence belongs to the animal.

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

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

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

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

And how nicely 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 the heart? But I am mistrustful of your bitch.

Your eyes are too cruel for me, and you look lustfully at those who suffer. Has not your lust merely disguised itself and called itself pity?

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

Whoever finds chastity hard should be counseled against it: so that it does not become the road to hell—that is, to mud and heat of the soul.

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

Not when truth is dirty, but when it is shallow, does the knower dislike stepping into its water.

Truly, there are some who are chaste through and through: they are gentler of heart, they laugh more readily and more abundantly than you.

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

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

We offered this guest lodging and heart: now it lives with us,—let it stay as long as it wants!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Friend

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

I and Me are always too eagerly in conversation: how could it be endured if there were no friend?

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

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

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

And often with love one only wants to leap over envy. And often one attacks and makes an enemy in order to hide that one is open to attack.

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

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

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

In one's friend one should have one's best enemy. You should be closest to him with your heart when you resist him.

You want to wear no clothes before your friend? It is supposed to honor your friend that you give yourself to him as you are? But for that he wishes you to the devil!

Whoever makes no secret of himself gives offense: that is how much reason you have to fear nakedness! Yes, if you were gods, then you might be ashamed of your clothes!

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

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

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

The friend should be a master at guessing and keeping silent: you must not want to see everything. Your dream should betray to you what your friend does while awake.

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

Let your pity for your friend hide under a hard shell; you should break a tooth on it. Then it will have its delicacy and sweetness.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Thousand and One Goals

Many lands Zarathustra saw, and many peoples: thus he discovered the good and evil of many peoples. Zarathustra found no greater power on earth than good and evil.

No people could live that did not first esteem; but if it wants to preserve itself, it may not esteem as its neighbor esteems.

Much that was called good by this people was called scorn and disgrace by another: so I found it. Much I found called evil here and there decked out with purple honors.

Never did one neighbor understand the other: always his soul marveled at the neighbor's delusion and malice.

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

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

Whatever makes it rule and conquer and shine, to the horror and envy of its neighbor: that it considers the high, the first, the measure, the meaning of all things.

Truly, my brother, once you have come to know a people's need and land and sky and neighbor, you can surely guess the law of its overcomings, and why it climbs to its hope on this ladder.

"You shall always be the first and excel the others: your jealous soul shall love no one, unless it be the friend"—this made the soul of a Greek tremble: with it he walked his path of greatness.

"To speak the truth and to handle bow and arrow well"—so it seemed both dear and hard to that people from whom my name

comes[1]—the name that is both dear and hard to me.

"To honor father and mother and to do their will down to the root of the soul": this tablet of overcoming another people hung up over itself and became mighty and eternal with it.

"To practice loyalty and for loyalty's sake to stake honor and blood even on evil and dangerous things": teaching itself thus, another people mastered itself, and mastering itself thus, it became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.

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

The human being first put values into things in order to preserve himself,—he first created a meaning for things, a human meaning! That is why he calls himself "human," that is: the esteemer.

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

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

Change of values,—that is change of the creators. Whoever must be a creator always destroys.

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

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

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

Truly, the sly I, the loveless one, that wants its own advantage in the advantage of many: that is not the origin of the herd but its going under.

It was always lovers and creators who created good and evil. Fire of love glows in the names of all the virtues, and fire of wrath.

Many lands Zarathustra saw, and many peoples: Zarathustra found no greater power on earth than the works of the lovers: “good” and “evil” is their name.

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

A thousand goals there have been so far, for there have been a thousand peoples. Only the fetter for the thousand necks is still lacking; the one goal is lacking. Humanity still has no goal.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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1. Zarathustra is the Persian prophet known in the West as Zoroaster; the people meant are the ancient Persians.

On Love of One's Neighbor

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

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

The You is older than the I; the You has been pronounced holy, but not yet the I: so the human being crowds toward the neighbor.

Do I counsel you to love of your neighbor? I would sooner counsel you to flight from the neighbor and to love of the farthest!

Higher than love of the neighbor is love of the farthest and of what is to come; higher still than love of human beings is love of things and of ghosts.

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

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

I wish you could not stand to be with all sorts of neighbors and their neighbors; then you would have to create your friend and his overflowing heart out of yourselves.

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

Not only he lies who speaks against his knowledge, but all the more he who speaks against his ignorance. And so you speak of

yourselves in company, and with yourselves you lie to your neighbor.

Thus speaks the fool: "Association with human beings spoils the character, especially when one has none."

One goes to his neighbor because he is seeking himself, and another because he would like to lose himself. Your bad love of yourselves makes a prison of solitude for you.

It is those farther away who pay for your love of the neighbor; and when there are even five of you together, a sixth must always die.

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

I do not teach you the neighbor but the friend. Let the friend be for you the festival of the earth and a foretaste of the Übermensch.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Way of the Creator

Do you want, my brother, to go into isolation? Do you want to seek the way to yourself? Hesitate a little longer and listen to me.

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

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

Behold, this pain itself was still born of that one conscience: and that conscience's last glimmer still glows on your gloom.

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

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

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

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

Free, you call yourself? I want to hear your ruling thought, and not that you have escaped a yoke.

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

Free from what? What does Zarathustra care! But your eye shall tell me clearly: free *for what*?

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

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

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

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

One day you will no longer see your height, and your lowness all too near; your sublimity itself will frighten you like a ghost. One day you will cry: "All is false!"

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

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

You force many to change their minds about you; they hold that hard against you. You came near them and yet went past: that they never forgive you.

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

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

Injustice and filth they throw at the solitary one: but, my brother, if you want to be a star, you must shine on them no less for that!

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

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

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

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

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

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

You will be a heretic to yourself, and a witch and a soothsayer and a fool and a doubter and an unholy one and a villain.

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

Solitary one, you are going the way of the creator: you want to create a god for yourself out of your seven devils!

Solitary one, you are going the way of the lover: you love yourself, and that is why you despise yourself, as only lovers despise.

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

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

Go into your isolation with my tears, my brother. I love him who wants to create beyond himself and so perishes.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Little Old and Young Women

"Why do you creep so shyly through the twilight, Zarathustra? And what are you hiding so carefully under your cloak?

Is it a treasure someone gave you? Or a child that was born to you? Or are you now walking the ways of thieves yourself, you friend of the wicked?"—

Truly, my brother! said Zarathustra, it is a treasure that was given to me: it is a little truth that I am carrying.

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

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

"Zarathustra has said much to us women too, but he has never spoken to us about woman."

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

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

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

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

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

The genuine man wants two things: danger and play. That is why he wants woman, as the most dangerous plaything.

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

Fruits that are all too sweet—the warrior does not like them. That is why he likes woman; even the sweetest woman is still bitter.

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

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

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

Let the ray of a star shine in your love! Let your hope be: "May I give birth to the Übermensch!"

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

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

Let the man fear woman when she loves: then she makes every sacrifice, and every other thing counts as worthless to her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then the little old woman replied to me: "Zarathustra has said many nice things, and especially for those who are young enough for them.

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

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

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Adder's Bite

One day Zarathustra had fallen asleep under a fig tree, for it was hot, and had laid his arms over his face. Then an adder came and bit him in the neck, so that Zarathustra cried out with pain. When he had taken his arm from his face, he looked at the snake: then it recognized Zarathustra's eyes, writhed awkwardly, and tried to get away. "Not so," said Zarathustra; "you have not yet accepted my thanks! You woke me in time; my way is still long." "Your way is short now," said the adder sadly; "my poison kills." Zarathustra smiled. "When did a dragon ever die of a snake's poison?—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.

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

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

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

And rather be angry than put to shame! And when you are cursed, I do not like it that you then want to bless. Rather curse a little along with them!

And if a great injustice was done to you, then quickly do five small ones besides! Hideous to look upon is the one on whom injustice weighs alone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Do you want to hear this too? In one who wants to be just through and through, even the lie becomes friendliness to human beings.

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

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Child and Marriage

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

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

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

Or does the animal speak out of your wish, and need? Or isolation? Or discord with yourself?

I want your victory and your freedom to long for a child. You shall build living monuments to your victory and your liberation.

You shall build beyond yourself. But first you must be built yourself, square-built in body and soul.

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

You shall create a higher body, a first movement, a wheel rolling out of itself,—you shall create a creator.

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

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

Ah, this poverty of the soul in twos! Ah, this filth of the soul in twos! Ah, this wretched contentment in twos!

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

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

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

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

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

Yes, I wish the earth would quake in convulsions when a saint and a goose mate with each other.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But even your best love is only an ecstatic parable and a painful ardor. It is a torch that should light your way to higher paths.

One day you shall love beyond yourselves! So first *learn* to love! And that is why you had to drink the bitter cup of your love.

There is bitterness in the cup even of the best love: thus it creates longing for the Übermensch, thus it creates thirst in you, the

creator!

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Free Death

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

Die at the right time: so Zarathustra teaches.

Of course, how could one who never lives at the right time ever die at the right time? If only he had never been born!—So I counsel the superfluous.

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

Everyone takes dying seriously: but death is not yet a festival. Human beings have not yet learned how to consecrate the most beautiful festivals.

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

The one who consummates dies his death victorious, surrounded by those who hope and those who make promises.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Truly, I do not want to be like the rope makers: they draw out their thread in length and themselves always walk backward as they do.

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

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

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

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

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

For many a one life turns out a failure: a poisonous worm eats its way into his heart. So let him see to it that his dying turns out all the better.

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

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

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

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

Truly, that Hebrew died too early whom the preachers of slow death honor: and for many it has since become their fate that he died too early.

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

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

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

But he was still unripe. The youth loves unripely, and unripely too he hates the human being and the earth. His heart and the wings of his spirit are still tethered and heavy.

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

Free for death and free in death, a holy No-sayer when it is no longer time for Yes: thus he understands about death and life.

That your dying may be no blasphemy against the human being and the earth, my friends: that I beg of the honey of your soul.

In your dying your spirit and your virtue shall still glow, like an evening glow around the earth: or else your dying has turned out badly for you.

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Bestowing Virtue

1

When Zarathustra had taken leave of the town to which his heart was attached and whose name is “the Motley Cow,” many who called themselves his disciples followed him and escorted him. So they came to a crossroads: there Zarathustra told them that from now on he wanted to go alone; for he was a friend of going alone. But at parting his disciples handed him a staff, on whose golden handle a serpent coiled around the sun. Zarathustra was delighted with the staff and leaned on it; then he spoke thus to his disciples.

Tell me, then: how did gold come to have the highest value? Because it is uncommon and useless and shining and gentle in its luster; it always bestows itself.

Only as an image of the highest virtue did gold come to have the highest value. The glance of the one who bestows shines like gold. The luster of gold makes peace between moon and sun.

Uncommon is the highest virtue, and useless; it is shining and gentle in its luster: a bestowing virtue is the highest virtue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

With the eye of the thief it looks at everything that shines; with the greed of hunger it measures the one who has plenty to eat; and it always creeps around the table of those who bestow.

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

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

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

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

Thus the body goes through history, one becoming and one fighting. And the spirit—what is it to the body? The herald of its battles and victories, their companion and echo.

All names of good and evil are parables: they do not speak out, they only hint. A fool, whoever wants knowledge from them!

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

Then your body is elevated and risen from the dead; with its rapture it delights the spirit, so that it becomes creator and esteemer and lover and benefactor of all things.

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

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

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

When you are those who will one will, and you call this turning of all need your necessity: there is the origin of your virtue.

Truly, it is a new good and evil! Truly, a new deep rushing and the voice of a new spring!

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

2

Here Zarathustra fell silent for a while and looked with love at his disciples. Then he went on speaking thus:—and his voice had changed.

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

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

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

A hundred times so far spirit as well as virtue has flown astray and blundered. Ah, all this delusion and blundering still dwells in our body now: there it has become body and will.

A hundred times so far spirit as well as virtue has experimented and gone astray. Yes, the human being was an experiment. Ah, much ignorance and error has become body in us!

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

Still we fight step by step with the giant Chance, and over all humanity so far there has ruled nonsense, the meaningless.

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

Knowing, the body purifies itself; experimenting with knowledge, it elevates itself; to the knower all drives become holy; to the elevated one the soul becomes glad.

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

There are a thousand paths that have never yet been walked; a thousand healths and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered is still the human being and the human earth.

Wake and listen, you solitary ones! From the future come winds with secret wingbeats; and to fine ears good tidings are sent.

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

Truly, the earth shall yet become a place of healing! And already a new scent lies about it, a scent that brings salvation,—and a new hope!

3

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

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

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

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

One repays a teacher badly if one always remains only a pupil. And why do you not want to pluck at my wreath?

You revere me; but what if one day your reverence topples over? Beware that a statue does not strike you dead!

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

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

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

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

And one day you shall have become my friends and children of one hope: then I will be with you a third time, so that I may celebrate the great noon with you.

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

Then the one who goes under will bless himself for being one who crosses over; and the sun of his knowledge will stand at noon for him.

"Dead are all gods: now we want the Übermensch to live."—let this be our last will one day at the great noon!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Part Two

"—and only when you have all denied me will I return to you. Truly, with other *eyes*, my brothers, I shall then seek my lost ones; with another love I shall then love you."

Zarathustra, "On the Bestowing Virtue"

The Child with the Mirror

After this Zarathustra went back again into the mountains and into the solitude of his cave and withdrew from human beings: waiting like a sower who has cast out his seed. But his soul grew full of impatience and desire for those whom he loved: for he still had much to give them. For this is the hardest thing: to close the open hand out of love, and to keep one's modesty as one who bestows.

Thus months and years passed for the solitary one; but his wisdom grew and gave him pain with its fullness.

But one morning he woke even before the dawn, lay long on his bed in thought, and at last spoke to his heart:

What frightened me so in my dream that I woke? Did not a child come to me, carrying a mirror?

"O Zarathustra—the child said to me—look at yourself in the mirror!"

But when I looked into the mirror, I cried out, and my heart was shaken: for it was not myself I saw there, but a devil's grimace and sneering laughter.

Truly, all too well do I understand the dream's sign and warning: my *teaching* is in danger, weeds want to be called wheat!

My enemies have grown powerful and have distorted the image of my teaching, so that my dearest ones must be ashamed of the gifts I gave them.

My friends are lost to me; the hour has come for me to seek my lost ones!—

With these words Zarathustra leapt up, but not like a frightened man gasping for air, rather like a seer and singer whom the spirit

seizes. His eagle and his serpent looked at him in wonder: for a coming happiness lay on his face like the dawn.

What has happened to me, my animals?—said Zarathustra. Am I not transformed! Did not bliss come to me like a whirlwind?

Foolish is my happiness, and foolish things will it speak: it is still too young—so have patience with it!

I am wounded by my happiness: all who suffer shall be physicians to me!

I may go down again to my friends, and to my enemies too! Zarathustra may speak again and bestow and do the dearest thing for those he loves!

My impatient love overflows in torrents, downward, toward sunrise and sunset. Out of silent mountains and thunderstorms of pain my soul rushes into the valleys.

Too long I longed and gazed into the distance. Too long I belonged to solitude: so I have unlearned silence.

I have become mouth through and through, and the roar of a brook from high cliffs: down into the valleys I want to hurl my speech.

And let my river of love plunge into the pathless! How should a river not find its way at last to the sea!

There is a lake in me, it is true, a hermit lake, sufficient to itself; but my river of love sweeps it along with it, down—to the sea!

New ways I go, a new speech comes to me; like all creators, I grew weary of the old tongues. My spirit no longer wants to walk on worn-out soles.

All speaking runs too slowly for me:—into your chariot I leap, storm! And even you I will whip with my malice!

Like a cry and a shout of joy I want to travel over wide seas, until I find the blissful islands where my friends are dwelling:—

And my enemies among them! How I love everyone now to whom I may so much as speak! My enemies too belong to my bliss.

And when I want to mount my wildest horse, my spear always helps me up best: it is always the ready servant of my foot:—

The spear that I hurl against my enemies! How I thank my enemies that at last I may hurl it!

Too great was the tension of my cloud: between the laughter of lightning bolts I want to throw showers of hail into the depths.

Mightily will my breast heave then, mightily will it blow its storm over the mountains: thus relief comes to it.

Truly, like a storm comes my happiness and my freedom! But my enemies shall believe that *the Evil One* is raging over their heads.

Yes, you too will be frightened, my friends, by my wild wisdom; and perhaps you will flee from it along with my enemies.

Ah, if only I knew how to lure you back with shepherds' flutes! Ah, if only my lioness wisdom would learn to roar tenderly! And we have learned much together already!

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

Now she runs foolishly through the hard desert and seeks and seeks for soft turf—my old wild wisdom!

On the soft turf of your hearts, my friends!—on your love she would like to bed her dearest!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Blissful Islands

The figs are falling from the trees, they are good and sweet; and as they fall, their red skin splits. I am a north wind to ripe figs.

Thus, like figs, these teachings fall to you, my friends: now drink their juice and their sweet flesh! It is autumn all around, and clear sky, and afternoon.

Look, what fullness is around us! And out of the overflow it is beautiful to gaze out upon distant seas.

Once people said God when they gazed upon distant seas; but now I have taught you to say: Übermensch.

God is a conjecture; but I want your conjecturing to reach no further than your creating will.

Could you *create* a god?—Then be silent to me about all gods! But you could well create the Übermensch.

Not you yourselves, perhaps, my brothers! But you could re-create yourselves into fathers and forefathers of the Übermensch: and let this be your best creating!—

God is a conjecture: but I want your conjecturing to be bounded by what can be thought.

Could you *think* a god?—But let this mean will to truth to you: that everything be transformed into what is humanly thinkable, humanly visible, humanly feelable! You shall think your own senses through to the end!

And what you called world, that shall first be created by you: it shall itself become your reason, your image, your will, your love! And truly, for your bliss, you knowers!

And how would you bear life without this hope, you knowers? You were not meant to be born into the incomprehensible, nor into the irrational.

But so that I may reveal my heart to you entirely, you friends: *if* there were gods, how could I bear not to be a god! *Therefore* there are no gods.

I drew the conclusion, it is true; but now it draws me.—

God is a conjecture: but who could drink all the torment of this conjecture without dying? Shall the creator be robbed of his faith, and the eagle of his soaring in eagle-distances?

God is a thought that makes all that is straight crooked, and all that stands turn and spin. What? Time would be gone, and all that is perishable only a lie?

To think this is whirling and dizziness for human bones, and vomiting for the stomach besides: truly, the spinning sickness I call it, to conjecture such a thing.

Evil I call it, and hostile to humanity: all this teaching of the One and the Full and the Unmoved and the Sated and the Imperishable!

"All that is imperishable"—that is only a parable![1] And the poets lie too much.—

But the best parables shall speak of time and becoming: a praise they shall be, and a justification of all that is perishable!

Creating—that is the great redemption from suffering, and life's growing lighter. But for the creator to be, that itself requires suffering, and much transformation.

Yes, much bitter dying must be in your life, you creators! Thus you are advocates and justifiers of all that is perishable.

For the creator himself to be the child that is newly born, he must also want to be the one giving birth, and the pain of the one giving birth.

Truly, through a hundred souls I went my way, and through a hundred cradles and birth pangs. Many a farewell have I taken

already; I know the heartbreaking last hours.

But so my creating will, my destiny, wills it. Or, to say it to you more honestly: just such a destiny—my will wills.

All that feels suffers in me and is in prisons: but my willing always comes to me as my liberator and bringer of joy.

Willing liberates: that is the true teaching of will and freedom—thus Zarathustra teaches it to you.

No-longer-willing and no-longer-esteeming and no-longer-creating! ah, may this great weariness always stay far from me!

In knowing, too, I feel only my will's joy in begetting and becoming; and if there is innocence in my knowledge, this is so because will to begetting is in it.

Away from God and gods this will lured me; for what would there be to create if gods—existed!

But to the human being it drives me ever anew, my ardent will to create; so the hammer is driven toward the stone.

Ah, you human beings, in the stone there sleeps an image for me, the image of my images! Ah, that it must sleep in the hardest, ugliest stone!

Now my hammer rages cruelly against its prison. Pieces fly from the stone like dust: what is that 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 Übermensch came to me as a shadow. Ah, my brothers! What are the gods—to me any longer!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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1. The closing chorus of Goethe's *Faust*, Part Two, begins: "All that is perishable is only a parable." Zarathustra turns the line around.

On the Pitying

My friends, a mocking word has reached your friend: "Just look at Zarathustra! Does he not walk among us as among animals?"

But it is better said this way: "The knower walks among human beings *as* among animals."

But to the knower the human being himself is called: the animal with red cheeks.

How did this happen to him? Is it not because he has had to be ashamed too often?

O my friends! Thus speaks the knower: shame, shame, shame—that is the history of the human being!

And that is why the noble one commands himself not to shame others: he commands himself to feel shame before all who suffer.

Truly, I do not like them, the merciful, who are blissful in their pity: they are too lacking in shame.

If I must be pitying, I still do not want to be called so; and if I am, then preferably from a distance.

I also like to cover my head and flee before I am even recognized: and so I bid you do, my friends!

May my destiny always lead across my path those who, like you, are without suffering, and those with whom I *may* share hope and meal and honey!

Truly, I have done this and that for the suffering: but it always seemed to me I did better when I learned to rejoice better.

Since there have been human beings, the human being has rejoiced too little: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And if we learn to rejoice better, then we best unlearn how to hurt others and to think up hurts.

That is why I wash my hand that helped the sufferer, that is why I wipe off my soul as well.

For I was ashamed, for the sake of his shame, that I had seen the sufferer suffering; and when I helped him, I sinned hard against his pride.

Great obligations do not make people grateful, but vengeful; and if the small kindness is not forgotten, it becomes a gnawing worm besides.

"Be reluctant in accepting! Do honor by accepting!"—thus I advise those who have nothing to give away.

But I am one who bestows: I like to bestow, as a friend to friends. But strangers and the poor may pick the fruit from my tree themselves: that shames them less.

But beggars should be abolished entirely! Truly, it annoys you to give to them, and it annoys you not to give to them.

And likewise sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the bites of conscience train you to bite.

But the worst are petty thoughts. Truly, better even to have done evil than to have thought small!

To be sure, you say: "The joy in petty malice spares us many a great evil deed." But here one should not want to spare.

The evil deed is like a boil: 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 petty thought is like a fungus: it creeps and stoops and wants to be nowhere—until the whole body is rotten and withered with little fungi.

But to him who is possessed by the devil I say this word in his ear: "Better still, raise your devil up to greatness! For you, too,

there is still a way to greatness!"—

Ah, my brothers! We know a little too much about everyone! And many a one becomes transparent to us, but that is far from meaning we can pass through him.

It is hard to live with human beings, because silence is so hard.

And it is not against the one we find repugnant that we are most unfair, but against the one who is no concern of ours at all.

But if you have a suffering friend, be a resting place for his suffering, yet a hard bed, as it were, a camp bed: thus you will serve him best.

And if a friend does you wrong, then say: "I forgive you what you did to me; but that you did it to *yourself*—how could I forgive that!"

Thus speaks all great love: it overcomes even forgiveness and pity.

One should hold one's heart firmly; for if one lets it go, how soon one's head runs away too!

Ah, where in the world have greater follies happened than among the pitying? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitying?

Woe to all lovers who do not also have a height that is above their pity!

Thus the devil once spoke to me: "God too has his hell: that is his love of human beings."

And recently I heard him say this word: "God is dead; God died of his pity for human beings."—

So be warned against pity: *from there* a heavy cloud is still coming to human beings! Truly, I know the signs of the weather!

But mark this word too: all great love is above even all its pity: for it wants, beyond that, to—create what it loves!

"I offer myself to my love, and my neighbor as myself"—thus goes the speech of all creators.

But all creators are hard.—
Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Priests

And once Zarathustra gave his disciples a sign and spoke these words to them:

"Here are priests: and even though they are my enemies, pass them by quietly and with sleeping sword!

"Among them too there are heroes; many of them suffered too much—: so they want to make others suffer.

"Wicked enemies they are: nothing is more vengeful than their humility. And whoever attacks them easily soils himself.

"But my blood is related to theirs; and I want my blood honored even in theirs."—

And when they had passed by, pain assailed Zarathustra; and he had not wrestled long with his pain when he began to speak thus:

I am sorry for these priests. They also go against my taste; but that is the least thing to me, since I have been among human beings.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: to me they are prisoners and marked men. He whom they call redeemer put them in fetters:—

In fetters of false values and words of delusion! Ah, if only someone would redeem them from their redeemer!

On an island they once thought they had landed, when the sea tossed them about; but behold, it was a sleeping monster!

False values and words of delusion: these are the worst monsters for mortals—long does doom sleep and wait in them.

But at last it comes and wakes and devours and swallows whatever built huts upon it.

Oh, just look at these huts that these priests built for themselves! Churches they call their sweet-smelling caves.

Oh, this falsified light, this mildewed air! Here, where the soul may not—fly up to its height!

Instead their faith commands thus: "Up the stairs on your knees, you sinners!"

Truly, I would rather see even the shameless than the twisted eyes of their shame and devotion!

Who created such caves and stairs of penance for themselves? Was it not those who wanted to hide and were ashamed before the clear sky?

And only when the clear sky looks again through broken roofs, and down upon grass and red poppies by broken walls—will I turn my heart again to the places of this god.

They called God what contradicted them and hurt them: and truly, there was much of the hero's way in their worship!

And they knew no other way to love their god than by nailing the human being to the cross!

As corpses they meant to live; in black they draped their corpse; even from their speeches I still smell the foul spice of burial vaults.

And whoever lives near them lives near black ponds, out of which the toad sings its song with sweet profundity.

Better songs they would have to sing for me before I learned to believe in their redeemer: more redeemed his disciples would have to look to me!

Naked I would like to see them: for beauty alone should preach repentance. But whom does this muffled-up gloom persuade!

Truly, their redeemers themselves did not come from freedom and freedom's seventh heaven! Truly, they themselves never walked on the carpets of knowledge!

The spirit of these redeemers consisted of gaps; but into every gap they had set their delusion, their stopgap, which they called God.

In their pity their spirit had drowned, and when they swelled and overswelled with pity, a great folly always floated on top.

Eagerly and with shouting they drove their herd over their footbridge: as if there were only one footbridge to the future! Truly, these shepherds too still belonged among the sheep!

Small spirits and spacious souls these shepherds had: but, my brothers, what small countries even the most spacious souls have been until now!

Signs in blood they wrote on the way they went, and their folly taught that truth is proved with blood.

But blood is the worst witness to truth; blood poisons even the purest teaching into delusion and hatred of the heart.

And if someone goes through fire for his teaching—what does that prove! Truly, it is more when one's own teaching comes out of one's own burning!

Sultry heart and cold head: where these meet, there arises the blustering wind, the "redeemer."

Truly, there have been greater ones and higher-born than those whom the people call redeemers, these rapturous blustering winds!

And by still greater ones than all redeemers were, you must be redeemed, my brothers, if you want to find the way to freedom!

Never yet has there been an Übermensch. Naked I have seen them both, the greatest and the smallest human being:—

They are still all too similar to each other. Truly, even the greatest I found—all too human!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Virtuous

With thunder and heavenly fireworks one must speak to slack and sleeping senses.

But beauty's voice speaks softly: it steals only into the most awakened souls.

Softly my shield trembled and laughed for me today; that is beauty's holy laughter and trembling.

At you, you virtuous ones, my beauty laughed today. And thus its voice came to me: "They want to be—paid besides!"

You want to be paid besides, you virtuous ones! You want reward for virtue, and heaven for earth, and the eternal for your today?

And now you are angry with me because I teach that there is no paymaster and no keeper of accounts? And truly, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

Ah, this is my sorrow: into the ground of things reward and punishment have been lied—and now into the ground of your souls as well, you virtuous ones!

But like the snout of the boar my word shall tear open the ground of your souls; I want you to call me a plowshare.

All the secrets of your ground shall come to light; and when you lie rooted up and broken in the sun, your lie too will have been separated from your truth.

For this is your truth: you are *too clean* for the filth of the words: revenge, punishment, reward, retribution.

You love your virtue as the mother loves her child; but when was it ever heard that a mother wanted to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest Self, your virtue. The ring's thirst is in you: to reach itself again, for that every ring strives and turns.

And like the star that goes out is every work of your virtue: its light is always still on its way and wandering—and when will it no longer be on its way?

Thus the light of your virtue is still on its way even when the work is done. Let it now be forgotten and dead: its ray of light still lives and wanders.

That your virtue be your Self and not something foreign, a skin, a cloak: that is the truth from the ground of your soul, you virtuous ones!—

But there are those, to be sure, for whom virtue means writhing under a whip: and you have listened too much to their crying!

And there are others who call it virtue when their vices grow lazy; and once their hatred and their jealousy stretch their limbs, their "justice" comes awake and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And there are others who are drawn downward: their devils draw them. But the more they sink, the more ardently their eye glows, and their desire for their god.

Ah, their crying too has reached your ears, you virtuous ones: what I am *not*, that, that is God and virtue to me!

And there are others who come along heavy and creaking, like carts carrying stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue—their brake they call virtue!

And there are others who are like everyday clocks that have been wound up; they make their ticktock and want ticktock to be called—virtue.

Truly, I take my joy in these: wherever I find such clocks I shall wind them up with my mockery; and they shall even purr for me while I do it!

And others are proud of their handful of justice and for its sake commit outrages against all things: so that the world is drowned in

their injustice.

Ah, how foully the word "virtue" runs from their mouths! And when they say: "I am just," it always sounds just like: "I am even!"

With their virtue they want to scratch out their enemies' eyes; and they raise themselves up only to lower others.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp and speak out of the reeds like this: "Virtue—that is sitting still in the swamp.

"We bite no one and get out of the way of anyone who wants to bite; and in all things we hold the opinion that is given us."

And again there are those who love gestures and think: virtue is a kind of gesture.

Their knees are always worshiping, and their hands are hymns of praise to virtue, but their heart knows nothing of it.

And again there are those who consider it virtue to say: "Virtue is necessary"; but at bottom they believe only that police are necessary.

And many a one who cannot see what is high in human beings calls it virtue that he sees their lowness all too closely: thus he calls his evil eye virtue.

And some want to be edified and raised up, and call it virtue; and others want to be thrown down—and call that virtue too.

And in this way almost all believe they have a share in virtue; and at the very least each wants to be a connoisseur of "good" and "evil."

But Zarathustra did not come to say to all these liars and fools: "What do *you* know of virtue! What *could* you know of virtue!"—

But so that you, my friends, might grow weary of the old words you have learned from the fools and liars:

Grow weary of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," "revenge in justice"—

Grow weary of saying: "What makes an action good is that it is selfless."

Ah, my friends! That *your* Self be in the action as the mother is in the child: let that be *your* word on virtue!

Truly, I have taken from you a hundred words, I suppose, and your virtue's dearest toys; and now you are angry with me as children are angry.

They were playing by the sea—then came the wave and swept their toy into the depths: now they are crying.

But the same wave shall bring them new toys and pour out new motley shells before them!

So they will be comforted; and like them you too, my friends, shall have your comforts—and new motley shells!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Riffraff

Life is a well of joy; but where the riffraff drink too, all fountains are poisoned.

I am fond of everything clean; but I do not like to see the grinning mouths and the thirst of the unclean.

They cast their eye down into the well: now their repulsive smile gleams up at me out of the well.

The holy water they have poisoned with their lechery; and when they called their dirty dreams joy, they poisoned even the words.

The flame grows unwilling when they lay their damp hearts on the fire; the spirit itself bubbles and smokes wherever the riffraff step up to the fire.

In their hand the fruit turns sickly sweet and overripe: their glance makes the fruit tree drop its fruit and wither at the top.

And many a one who turned away from life turned away only from the riffraff: he did not want to share well and flame and fruit with the riffraff.

And many a one who went into the desert and suffered thirst with beasts of prey merely did not want to sit around the cistern with filthy camel drivers.

And many a one who came along like an annihilator and like a hailstorm to all fields of grain wanted only to set his foot in the riffraff's jaws and so stop up its throat.

And it is not the morsel I choked on most, to know that life itself needs enmity and dying and crosses of torture:—

But I once asked, and almost suffocated on my question: What? Does life *need* the riffraff too?

Are poisoned wells needed, and stinking fires, and soiled dreams, and maggots in the bread of life?

Not my hatred but my disgust gnawed hungrily at my life! Ah, I often grew weary of the spirit when I found even the riffraff full of spirit!

And I turned my back on the rulers when I saw what they now call ruling: haggling and bargaining for power—with the riffraff!

I lived among peoples of a foreign tongue with my ears stopped: so that the tongue of their haggling and their bargaining for power might remain foreign to me.

And holding my nose, I went in ill humor through all yesterday and today: truly, all yesterday and today smells foul of the scribbling riffraff!

Like a cripple who has become deaf and blind and dumb: thus I lived long, so as not to live with the riffraff of power and of the pen and of pleasure.

Laboriously my spirit climbed stairs, and cautiously; alms of joy were its refreshment; on a staff life crept along for the blind man.

What happened to me, then? How did I redeem myself from disgust? Who rejuvenated my eye? How did I fly to the height where no riffraff sit by the well any longer?

Did my disgust itself create wings for me, and powers that can sense where springs are? Truly, into the highest I had to fly to find the well of joy again!

Oh, I have found it, my brothers! Here in the highest the well of joy gushes for me! And there is a life at which no riffraff drink too!

Almost too violently you stream for me, spring of joy! And often you empty the cup again by wanting to fill it!

And I must still learn to approach you more modestly: all too violently my heart still streams toward you:—

My heart, on which my summer burns, short, hot, melancholy, overblissful: how my summer heart longs for your coolness!

Gone the lingering gloom of my spring! Past the malice of my snowflakes in June! I have become summer entirely, and summer noon!

A summer in the highest with cold springs and blissful stillness: oh come, my friends, so that the stillness may grow more blissful still! For this is *our* height and our home: too high and steep we dwell here for all the unclean and their thirst. Just cast your clean eyes into the well of my joy, you friends! How should it grow cloudy from that! It shall laugh back at you with *its* cleanness.

On the tree Future we build our nest; eagles shall bring food to us solitary ones in their beaks!

Truly, no food that the unclean could share! They would think they were eating fire and would burn their mouths!

Truly, no homes do we keep ready here for the unclean! An ice cave our happiness would be to their bodies and to their spirits!

And like strong winds we want to live above them, neighbors to the eagles, neighbors to the snow, neighbors to the sun: thus live strong winds.

And like a wind I will one day blow among them yet and with my spirit take away the breath of their spirit: so my future wills it.

Truly, a strong wind is Zarathustra to all lowlands; and this counsel he gives his enemies and all that spits and spews: beware of spitting *against* the wind!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Tarantulas

Look, this is the tarantula's cave! Do you want to see it yourself? Here hangs its web: touch it, so that it trembles.

There it comes, willingly: welcome, tarantula! Black on your back sits your triangle and emblem; and I know too what sits in your soul.

Revenge sits in your soul: wherever you bite, black scabs grow; with revenge your poison makes the soul whirl!

Thus I speak to you in a parable, you who make souls whirl, you preachers of *equality*! To me you are tarantulas and secretly vengeful ones!

But I shall bring your hiding places to light soon enough: that is why I laugh my laughter of the heights in your face.

That is why I tear at your web, so that your rage may lure you out of your cave of lies, and your revenge leap out from behind your word "justice."

For that the human being be redeemed from revenge: that is to me the bridge to the highest hope and a rainbow after long storms.

But the tarantulas, of course, want it otherwise. "Let justice mean to us precisely this: that the world be filled with the storms of our revenge"—thus they speak with one another.

"Revenge we will practice, and abuse, against all who are not equal to us"—thus the tarantula hearts pledge themselves.

"And 'will to equality'—that itself shall henceforth become the name for virtue; and against everything that has power we will raise our outcry!"

You preachers of equality, the tyrant-madness of impotence thus cries out of you for "equality": your most secret tyrant-lusts thus disguise themselves in words of virtue!

Embittered conceit, suppressed envy, perhaps your fathers' conceit and envy: out of you it breaks forth as flame and the madness of revenge.

What the father kept silent comes to speech in the son; and often I found the son to be the father's secret laid bare.

They resemble the inspired: but it is not the heart that inspires them—but revenge. And when they become refined and cold, it is not the spirit but envy that makes them refined and cold.

Their jealousy leads them onto the thinkers' paths too; and this is the mark of their jealousy—they always go too far: so that in the end their weariness must lie down to sleep on snow.

From every one of their complaints revenge sounds, in every one of their praises there is a wish to hurt; and being judge seems bliss to them.

But this is what I advise you, my friends: mistrust all in whom the urge to punish is powerful!

They are people of a bad kind and descent; out of their faces look the hangman and the bloodhound.

Mistrust all those who talk much of their justice! Truly, it is not only honey that their souls lack.

And when they call themselves "the good and the just," do not forget that they lack nothing to be Pharisees but—power!

My friends, I do not want to be mixed up and confused with others.

There are those who preach my teaching of life: and at the same time they are preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

That they speak in favor of life, though they sit in their cave, these poison spiders, and turned away from life: this is because they want to hurt with it.

They want to hurt those who now have power: for among these the preaching of death is still most at home.

Were it otherwise, the tarantulas would teach otherwise: and it was precisely they who were once the best slanderers of the world and burners of heretics.

With these preachers of equality I do not want to be mixed up and confused. For thus justice speaks to *me*: "Human beings are not equal."

Nor shall they become so! What would my love of the Übermensch be if I spoke otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and footbridges they shall throng toward the future, and ever more war and inequality shall be set among them: thus my great love makes me speak!

Inventors of images and ghosts they shall become in their enmities, and with their images and ghosts they shall yet fight the highest fight against one another!

Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all the names of values: weapons they shall be, and clanking signs that life must overcome itself again and again!

Life itself wants to build itself up into the height with pillars and steps: it wants to gaze into vast distances and out toward blissful beauties—*that is why* it needs height!

And because it needs height, it needs steps, and contradiction between the steps and those who climb! Life wants to climb, and in climbing to overcome itself.

And just look, my friends! Here, where the tarantula's cave is, the ruins of an ancient temple rise upward—just look at it with enlightened eyes!

Truly, whoever once piled his thoughts up in stone toward the heights here knew the secret of all life like the wisest!

That there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy: this he teaches us here in the clearest

parable.

How divinely vault and arch break against each other here, as in a wrestling match: how they strive against one another with light and shadow, the divinely striving—

As surely and beautifully let us be enemies too, my friends! Divinely we will strive *against* one another!—

Woe! Now the tarantula has bitten me myself, my old enemy! Divinely sure and beautiful, she bit me in the finger!

"There must be punishment and justice—so she thinks: not for nothing shall he sing songs here in honor of enmity!"

Yes, she has taken her revenge! And woe! now with revenge she will make my soul whirl too!

But so that I do *not* whirl, my friends, bind me fast here to this pillar! I would rather be a pillar saint than a whirlwind of vengefulness!

Truly, no spinning wind or whirlwind is Zarathustra; and if he is a dancer, never, though, a tarantula dancer!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Famous Wise Men

You have served the people and the people's superstition, all you famous wise men!—and *not* the truth! And that is precisely why you were paid reverence.

And that is also why your unbelief was tolerated, because it was a joke and a detour to the people. So the master lets his slaves have their way and even takes delight in their high spirits.

But the one whom the people hate as dogs hate a wolf: that is the free spirit, the enemy of fetters, the non-worshiper, the one who dwells in forests.

To hunt him out of his lair—that was always called "a sense of what is right" by the people: against him it still sets its sharpest-toothed dogs.

"For the truth is here: the people are here, after all! Woe, woe to those who seek!"—thus it has always rung out.

You wanted to prove your people right in their reverence: that you called "will to truth," you famous wise men!

And your heart always said to itself: "From the people I came: from there too came God's voice to me."

Stiff-necked and clever, like the donkey, you have always been as the people's advocates.

And many a powerful man who wanted to fare well with the people harnessed in front of his horses besides—a little donkey, a famous wise man.

And now, you famous wise men, I wish you would at last throw off the lion's skin entirely!

The skin of the beast of prey, the motley-spotted one, and the shaggy locks of the investigator, the seeker, the conqueror!

Ah, for me to learn to believe in your "truthfulness," you would first have to break your reverent will.

Truthful—that is what I call one who goes into godless deserts and has broken his reverent heart.

In the yellow sand and burned by the sun, he may well squint thirstily at the islands rich in springs, where living things rest under dark trees.

But his thirst does not persuade him to become like these comfortable ones: for where there are oases, there are also idols.

Hungry, violent, lonely, godless: so the lion-will wants itself.

Free of the happiness of servants, redeemed from gods and worshipings, fearless and fearsome, great and lonely: such is the will of the truthful one.

In the desert the truthful have always dwelt, the free spirits, as the desert's masters; but in the cities dwell the well-fed famous wise men—the draft animals.

For they always pull, as donkeys—the *people's* cart!

Not that I am angry with them for that: but to me they remain servants and harnessed beasts, even when they gleam in golden harness.

And often they were good servants, and praiseworthy. For thus speaks virtue: if you must be a servant, seek the one whom your service benefits most!

"The spirit and virtue of your master shall grow through your being his servant: thus you yourself grow with his spirit and his virtue!"

And truly, you famous wise men, you servants of the people! You yourselves grew with the people's spirit and virtue—and the people through you! I say this in your honor!

But people you remain to me even in your virtues, people with dull eyes—people who do not know what *spirit* is!

Spirit is the life that itself cuts into life: by its own torment it increases its own knowledge—did you know that already?

And the spirit's happiness is this: to be anointed and consecrated with tears as a sacrificial animal—did you know that already?

And the blindness of the blind man and his seeking and groping shall yet bear witness to the power of the sun into which he gazed—did you know that already?

And with mountains the knower shall learn to *build*! It is little that the spirit moves mountains—did you know that already?

You know only the spirit's sparks: but you do not see the anvil that it is, nor the cruelty of its hammer!

Truly, you do not know the spirit's pride! But still less would you bear the spirit's modesty, if ever it wanted to speak!

And never yet have you been permitted to throw your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that! And so you do not know the raptures of its coldness either.

But in all things you are too familiar with the spirit for my taste; and of wisdom you have often made a poorhouse and hospital for bad poets.

You are no eagles: so you have not experienced the happiness in the spirit's terror either. And whoever is not a bird should not make his camp above abysses.

To me you are lukewarm: but all deep knowledge flows cold. Ice-cold are the innermost wells of the spirit: a refreshment to hot hands and men of action.

Respectable you stand there, and stiff, and with straight backs, you famous wise men!—no strong wind and will drives you.

Have you never seen a sail go over the sea, rounded and swelling and trembling before the violence of the wind?

Like the sail, trembling before the violence of the spirit, my wisdom goes over the sea—my wild wisdom!

But you servants of the people, you famous wise men—how *could* you go with me!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Night Song

It is night: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

It is night: only now do all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover.

Something unstilled, unstillable is in me; it wants to be heard. A craving for love is in me, and it speaks the very language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But this is my loneliness, that I am girded round with light.

Ah, that I were dark and of the night! How I would suck at the breasts of light!

And even you I would bless, you little twinkling stars and glow-worms up above!—and be blissful in your gifts of light.

But I live in my own light, I drink back into myself the flames that break out of me.

I do not know the happiness of those who take; and often I have dreamed that stealing must be more blissful still than taking.

This is my poverty, that my hand never rests from bestowing; this is my envy, that I see waiting eyes and the lit-up nights of longing.

O wretchedness of all who bestow! O eclipse of my sun! O craving to crave! O ravenous hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I still touch their soul? There is a gulf between giving and taking; and the smallest gulf is the last to be bridged.

A hunger grows out of my beauty: I would like to hurt those for whom I shine, I would like to rob those to whom I have given:—

thus I hunger for malice.

Drawing back my hand when another hand already reaches out to it; hesitating like the waterfall that hesitates even as it plunges: —thus I hunger for malice.

Such revenge my fullness devises; such spite wells up out of my loneliness.

My happiness in bestowing died in bestowing, my virtue grew weary of itself in its overflow!

Whoever always bestows is in danger of losing his shame; whoever always deals out has calluses on hand and heart from sheer dealing out.

My eye no longer overflows at the shame of those who beg; my hand has grown too hard for the trembling of filled hands.

Where has the tear gone from my eye and the down from my heart? O loneliness of all who bestow! O silence of all who shine!

Many suns circle in empty space: to everything that is dark they speak with their light—to me they are silent.

Oh, this is the enmity of light against what shines: merciless it travels its courses.

In its deepest heart unjust toward what shines, cold toward suns—thus travels every sun.

Like a storm the suns fly along their courses: that is their traveling. Their inexorable will they follow: that is their coldness.

Oh, it is you alone, you dark ones, you of the night, who create warmth out of what shines! Oh, you alone drink milk and refreshment from the udders of light!

Ah, ice is around me, my hand burns itself on what is icy! Ah, thirst is in me that languishes for your thirst!

It is night: ah, that I must be light! And thirst for what is of the night! And loneliness!

It is night: now my longing breaks out of me like a well—I long for speech.

It is night: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

It is night: only now do all the songs of lovers awaken. And my soul too is the song of a lover.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

The Dance Song

One evening Zarathustra was walking through the forest with his disciples; and as he was looking for a well, behold, he came upon a green meadow, quietly surrounded by trees and bushes: on it girls were dancing with one another. As soon as the girls recognized Zarathustra, they stopped dancing; but Zarathustra stepped up to them with a friendly gesture and spoke these words:

"Do not stop dancing, you lovely girls! No spoilsport has come to you with an evil eye, no enemy of girls.

"God's advocate am I before the devil: but he is the Spirit of Gravity. How should I, you light ones, be an enemy of divine dances? Or of girls' feet with pretty ankles?

"I am a forest, to be sure, and a night of dark trees: but whoever is not afraid of my darkness will find rose slopes too beneath my cypresses.

"And he will likely find the little god too, the one girls love best: beside the well he lies, quietly, with his eyes closed.

"Truly, in broad daylight he fell asleep, the idler! Did he perhaps chase after butterflies too much?

"Do not be angry with me, you beautiful dancers, if I chastise the little god a little! He will cry out, I expect, and weep—but he is laughable even in his weeping!

"And with tears in his eyes he shall ask you for a dance; and I myself will sing a song for his dance:

"A dance song and mocking song on the Spirit of Gravity, my supremely high, most mighty devil, of whom they say that he is 'the lord of the world.'"—

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang when Cupid and the girls danced together.

Into your eye I looked lately, O life! And into the unfathomable I seemed to sink.

But you pulled me out with a golden fishing rod; mockingly you laughed when I called you unfathomable.

"Such is the talk of all fish," you said; "what *they* cannot fathom is unfathomable.

"But I am merely changeable and wild and in all things a woman, and not a virtuous one:

"Although to you men I am called 'the deep' or 'the faithful,' 'the eternal,' 'the mysterious.'—

"But you men always present us with your own virtues—ah, you virtuous ones!"

Thus she laughed, the unbelievable one; but I never believe her and her laughter when she speaks ill of herself.

And when I talked with my wild wisdom in private, she said to me angrily: "You will, you desire, you love: that alone is why you *praise* life!"

I almost answered her wickedly then and told the angry one the truth; and there is no more wicked answer than to "tell the truth" to one's wisdom.

For this is how things stand among us three. From the ground up I love only life—and, truly, most of all when I hate it!

But that I am fond of wisdom, and often too fond: that is because she reminds me so very much of life!

She has life's eye, her laughter, and even her little golden fishing rod: how can I help it that the two look so alike?

And when life once asked me: Who is she, then, this wisdom?—I said eagerly: "Ah yes! Wisdom!

"One thirsts for her and is never sated, one looks through veils, one snatches through nets.

"Is she beautiful? What do I know! But even the oldest carp are still baited with her.

"Changeable she is, and defiant; often I have seen her bite her lip and comb against the grain of her hair.

"Perhaps she is wicked and false, and in all things a female; but precisely when she speaks badly of herself does she seduce the most."

When I said this to life, she laughed maliciously and closed her eyes. "Of whom are you speaking?" she said, "of me, I suppose?

"And if you were right—does one say *that* to my face like this! But now speak of your wisdom too!"

Ah, and now you opened your eye again, O beloved life! And into the unfathomable I seemed to sink again.—

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the girls had gone away, he grew sad.

"The sun has long since gone down," he said at last; "the meadow is damp, a coolness comes from the forests.

"Something unknown is around me and gazes thoughtfully. What! You are still alive, Zarathustra?

"Why? What for? By what? Where to? Where? How? Is it not folly to go on living?—

"Ah, my friends, it is the evening that asks so out of me. Forgive me my sadness!

"Evening has come: forgive me that evening has come!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Grave Song

"There is the island of graves, the silent one; there too are the graves of my youth. There I will carry an evergreen wreath of life."

Resolving this in my heart, I traveled over the sea.—

O you visions and apparitions of my youth! O all you glances of love, you divine moments! How quickly you died for me! I remember you today as I remember my dead.

From you, my dearest dead, a sweet fragrance comes to me, a fragrance that loosens the heart and its tears. Truly, it shakes and loosens the heart of the lonely seafarer.

Still I am the richest and the most to be envied—I, the loneliest! For I *had* you, after all, and you have me still: say, for whom else have such rose apples fallen from the tree as for me?

Still I am the heir and the soil of your love, blooming in your memory with motley, wild-growing virtues, O you most beloved!

Ah, we were made to stay near one another, you sweet strange wonders; and you did not come to me and my desire like shy birds —no, as the trusting to the trusting one!

Yes, made for faithfulness, like me, and for tender eternities: must I now name you after your faithlessness, you divine glances and moments? No other name have I learned yet.

Truly, you died too quickly for me, you fugitives. Yet you did not flee me, nor did I flee you: we are innocent toward each other in our faithlessness.

To kill *me*, they strangled you, you songbirds of my hopes! Yes, at you, my dearest ones, malice always shot its arrows—to hit my heart!

And it hit! For you were always what lay closest to my heart, my possession and my being possessed: *that is why* you had to die young and all too early!

At the most vulnerable thing I possessed they shot the arrow: that was you, whose skin is like down, and still more like the smile that dies at a glance!

But this word I will speak to my enemies: what is all murder of human beings compared with what you have done to me!

Something more evil you have done to me than all murder of human beings; something irretrievable you have taken from me:—thus I speak to you, my enemies!

For you murdered the visions and dearest wonders of my youth! My playmates you took from me, the blissful spirits! To their memory I lay down this wreath and this curse.

This curse upon you, my enemies! For you made my eternal short, as a tone breaks off in the cold night! Barely as the flash of divine eyes did it come to me—as the blink of an eye!

Thus my purity once spoke in a good hour: "All beings shall be divine to me."

Then you fell upon me with filthy ghosts; ah, where has that good hour fled now!

"All days shall be holy to me"—thus the wisdom of my youth once spoke: truly, the speech of a joyful wisdom!

But then you enemies stole my nights from me and sold them into sleepless torment: ah, where has that joyful wisdom fled now?

Once I craved happy omens from the birds: then you led an owl-monster across my path, a repulsive one. Ah, where did my tender craving flee then?

Once I vowed to renounce all disgust: then you transformed those near and nearest to me into boils full of pus. Ah, where did my noblest vow flee then?

As a blind man I once walked blissful ways: then you threw filth on the blind man's way: and now he was disgusted by the old footpath of the blind.

And when I did my hardest and celebrated the victory of my overcomings: then you made those who loved me cry out that I was hurting them most.

Truly, that was always your doing: you embittered my best honey for me, and the industry of my best bees.

To my charity you always sent the most insolent beggars; around my pity you always crowded the incurably shameless. Thus you wounded my virtue in its faith.

And whenever I laid down my holiest as a sacrifice, at once your "piety" set its fatter offerings beside it: so that in the fumes of your fat even my holiest was suffocated.

And once I wanted to dance as I had never yet danced: away over all heavens I wanted to dance. Then you won over my dearest singer.

And now he struck up a gruesome, dull tune; ah, he tooted it in my ears like a gloomy horn!

Murderous singer, instrument of malice, most innocent one! I already stood ready for the best dance: then with your tones you murdered my rapture!

Only in the dance do I know how to speak the parable of the highest things:—and now my highest parable remained unspoken in my limbs!

Unspoken and unredeemed my highest hope remained! And all the visions and consolations of my youth died!

How did I ever bear it? How did I get over and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again out of these graves?

Yes, something invulnerable, unburiable is in me, something that bursts rocks: it is called *my will*. Silently it strides, and unchanged, through the years.

It wants to walk its course on my feet, my old will; hard of heart is its mind, and invulnerable.

Invulnerable am I only in my heel. You still live there and are unchanged, most patient one! You have always broken through all graves!

In you lives on too what was unredeemed in my youth; and as life and youth you sit here hoping on yellow ruins of graves.

Yes, you are still the shatterer of all graves for me: 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, what drives you and makes you ardent?

Will to the thinkability of all that is: that is what *I* call your will!

All that is you want first to *make* thinkable: for you doubt, with well-founded mistrust, whether it is already thinkable.

But it shall yield and bend to you! So 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 even when you speak of good and evil and of valuations. You still want to create the world before which you can kneel: such is your last hope and intoxication.

The unwise, of course, the people—they are like the river on which a boat floats onward: and in the boat sit the valuations, solemn and masked.

Your will and your values you set upon the river of becoming; what the people believe to be good and evil betrays to me an old will to power.

It was you, you wisest ones, who set such guests in this boat and gave them pomp and proud names—you and your ruling will!

Onward the river now carries your boat: it *must* carry it. It matters little whether the broken wave foams and angrily contradicts the keel!

It is not the river that is your danger and the end of your good and evil, you wisest ones: but that will itself, the will to power—the unexhausted, begetting will of life.

But so that you may understand my word about good and evil: for that I will tell you yet my word about life and about the nature of all that lives.

I followed what lives, I walked the greatest and the smallest paths, so that I might know its nature.

With a hundredfold mirror I caught its glance even when its mouth was closed: so that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spoke to me.

But wherever I found what lives, there I also heard the speech of obedience. All that lives is something that obeys.

And this is the second thing: he who cannot obey himself is commanded. Such is the nature of what lives.

But this is the third thing I heard: that commanding is harder than obeying. And not only that the one who commands bears the burden of all who obey, and that this burden easily crushes him:—

An experiment and a risk appeared to me in all commanding; and always, when it commands, what lives risks itself in doing so.

Yes, even when it commands itself: even then it must pay for its commanding. It must become judge and avenger and victim of its own law.

How does this happen! so I asked myself. What persuades what lives to obey and command, and in commanding still to practice obedience?

Hear my word now, you wisest ones! Test it seriously, whether I have crept into the heart of life itself, and to the very roots of its heart!

Wherever I found what lives, there I found will to power; and even in the will of the one who serves I found the will to be master.

That the weaker shall serve the stronger, to this it is persuaded by its will, which wants to be master over what is weaker still: this joy alone it does not like to do without.

And as the smaller gives itself up to the greater, so that it may have joy and power over the smallest: so even the greatest gives itself up, and for the sake of power stakes—life.

This is the self-surrender of the greatest: that it is risk and danger and a casting of dice for death.

And where there are sacrifice and services and loving glances: there too is will to be master. On secret paths the weaker steals into the castle, and into the very heart of the more powerful—and steals power there.

And this secret life itself spoke to me. Behold, it said, I am that which must always overcome itself.

"To be sure, you call it will to begetting or drive to a goal, to the higher, the further, the more manifold: but all this is one, and one secret.

"I would rather go under than renounce this one thing; and truly, where there is going under and the falling of leaves, behold, there life sacrifices itself—for power!

"That I must be struggle and becoming and goal and the contradiction of goals: ah, whoever guesses my will surely guesses too on what *crooked* paths it must go!

"Whatever I create and however much I love it—soon I must be its adversary, and my love's: so my will wills it.

"And you too, knower, are only a path and footprint of my will: truly, my will to power walks on the feet of your will to truth as well!

"He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it with the phrase about the 'will to existence': this will—does not exist!

"For: what is not cannot will; but what is in existence, how could that still will to come into existence!

"Only where there is life is there also will: but not will to life, but—so I teach you—will to power!

"Much is esteemed more highly by the living than life itself; yet out of the esteeming itself speaks—the will to power!"—

Thus life once taught me: and from this, you wisest ones, I solve for you the riddle of your heart as well.

Truly, I tell you: good and evil that would be imperishable—there is no such thing! Out of itself it must overcome itself again and again.

With your values and words of good and evil you exercise power, you valuers: and this is your hidden love and the gleaming, trembling, and overflowing of your soul.

But a stronger power grows out of your values, and a new overcoming: on it egg and eggshell break.

And whoever must be a creator in good and evil: truly, he must first be an annihilator and break values.

Thus the highest evil belongs to the highest goodness: but this is the creative goodness.—

Let us speak of this, you wisest ones, even though it is bad. Silence is worse; all truths kept silent become poisonous.

And let everything break that against our truths
can—break! There are many houses still to build!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Sublime Ones

Still is the floor of my sea: who would guess that it hides playful monsters!

Unshakable is my depth: but it glitters with swimming riddles and laughter.

A sublime one I saw today, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

With his chest thrust out, and like those who draw in their breath: thus he stood there, the sublime one, and silent:

Hung with ugly truths, his spoils of the hunt, and rich in torn clothes; many thorns, too, hung on him—but as yet I saw no rose.

He has not yet learned laughter and beauty. Gloomy, this hunter came back from the forest of knowledge.

From a fight with wild animals he came home: but out of his seriousness there still looks a wild animal too—one not overcome!

Like a tiger he still stands there, wanting to spring; but I do not like these tense souls, my taste is unfriendly to all these withdrawn ones.

And you tell me, friends, that there is no disputing about taste and tasting? But all life is a dispute about taste and tasting!

Taste: that is at once weight and scale and the one who weighs; and woe to all that lives that would want to live without dispute about weight and scale and the one who weighs!

If he grew weary of his sublimity, this sublime one: only then would his beauty begin—and only then will I taste him and find him to my taste.

And only when he turns away from himself will he leap over his own shadow—and, truly! into *his* sun.

All too long he sat in the shadow, the cheeks of the penitent of the spirit grew pale; he almost starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye; and disgust hides at his mouth. He is resting now, to be sure, but his rest has not yet lain down in the sun.

He should do as the bull does; and his happiness should smell of earth and not of contempt for the earth.

As a white bull I would like to see him, snorting and bellowing as he goes before the plowshare: and even his bellowing should praise all that is earthly!

Dark still is his face; the shadow of the hand plays upon it. The sense of his eye is still overshadowed.

His deed itself is still the shadow upon him: the hand darkens the doer. He has not yet overcome his deed.

I love the bull's neck in him, it is true: but now I want to see the angel's eye as well.

His hero's will too he must still unlearn: an uplifted one he shall be to me, and not merely a sublime one:—the ether itself should lift him, the will-less one!

He subdued monsters, he solved riddles: but he should also redeem his monsters and riddles, he should yet transform them into heavenly children.

His knowledge has not yet learned to smile and to be without jealousy; his streaming passion has not yet grown still in beauty.

Truly, not in satiety shall his longing fall silent and sink under, but in beauty! Grace belongs to the generosity of the great-minded.

His arm laid over his head: thus should the hero rest, thus should he overcome even his resting.

But precisely to the hero *the beautiful* is the hardest of all things. The beautiful cannot be won by any violent will.

A little more, a little less: precisely this is much here, this is the most here.

To stand with relaxed muscles and with unharnessed will: that is the hardest for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power becomes gracious and comes down into the visible: beauty I call such coming down.

And from no one do I want beauty as much as from you, you mighty one: let your goodness be your last self-conquest.

All evil I believe you capable of: therefore I want the good from you.

Truly, I have often laughed at the weaklings who think themselves good because they have lame paws!

You shall strive after the virtue of the pillar: it grows ever more beautiful and more delicate, but inwardly harder and better able to bear weight, the higher it rises.

Yes, you sublime one, one day you shall yet be beautiful and hold up the mirror to your own beauty.

Then your soul will shudder with divine desires; and there will be worship even in your vanity!

For this is the secret of the soul: only when the hero has abandoned her does there approach her, in a dream—the overhero.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Land of Culture

Too far into the future I flew: a horror came over me.

And when I looked around me, behold! time was my only contemporary.

Then I fled back, homeward—and ever faster: so I came to you, you people of today, and into the land of culture.

For the first time I brought an eye along for you, and good desire: truly, with longing in my heart I came.

But what happened to me? Frightened as I was—I had to laugh! Never had my eye seen anything so motley-speckled!

I laughed and laughed, while my foot was still trembling and my heart as well: "Why, here is the home of all the paint pots!"—I said.

Painted with fifty blotches on face and limbs: thus you sat there to my astonishment, you people of today!

And with fifty mirrors around you, which flattered your play of colors and repeated it!

Truly, you could wear no better mask, you people of today, than your own face! Who could—*recognize* you!

Written all over with the signs of the past, and these signs too painted over with new signs: thus you have hidden yourselves well from all interpreters of signs!

And even if one is a tester of kidneys: who would still believe that you have kidneys! You seem to be baked out of colors and out of glued-together scraps of paper.

All ages and peoples look out motley from your veils; all customs and faiths speak motley from your gestures.

Whoever took away from you your veils and wraps and colors and gestures would keep just enough left over to scare the birds with.

Truly, I myself am the frightened bird that once saw you naked and without color; and I flew away when the skeleton beckoned to me with love.

I would rather be a day laborer in the underworld, among the shades of the past!—fatter and fuller than you, after all, are even the people of the underworld!

This, yes, this is bitterness to my bowels, that I can bear you neither naked nor clothed, you people of today!

All that is uncanny in the future, and whatever ever made stray birds shudder, is truly homelier still and cozier than your "reality."

For thus you speak: "Real we are, entirely, and without faith and superstition": thus you puff out your chests—ah, even without chests!

Yes, how should you *be able* to believe, you motley-speckled ones!—you who are paintings of everything that was ever believed!

Walking refutations of faith itself you are, and the breaking of the limbs of all thoughts. *Unbelievable ones*: that is what *I* call you, you real ones!

All ages babble against one another in your spirits; and the dreams and babble of all ages were more real still than your waking is!

Barren you are: *that is why* you lack faith. But whoever had to create always had his truth-dreams and star-signs as well—and believed in believing!—

Half-open gates you are, at which gravediggers wait. And this is *your* reality: "Everything deserves to perish."

Ah, how you stand before me, you barren ones, how lean in the ribs! And many a one of you, I suppose, has seen this for himself.

And he said: “Can it be that a god secretly took something from me while I slept? Truly, enough to make himself a little female from it!

“Wondrous is the poverty of my ribs!” thus many a one of today has spoken.

Yes, you make me laugh, you people of today! And especially when you wonder at yourselves!

And woe to me if I could not laugh at your wondering and had to drink down everything repulsive from your bowls!

But as it is, I will take you more lightly, since I have something *heavy* to carry; and what is it to me if beetles and winged worms settle on my bundle too!

Truly, it shall not grow heavier for me on that account! And not from you, you people of today, shall the great weariness come to me.—Ah, where shall I climb now with my longing! From all mountains I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But home I found nowhere: restless am I in all cities, and a departure at all gates.

Strange to me and a mockery are the people of today, to whom my heart lately drove me; and I am driven out of fatherlands and motherlands.

So I love only my *children*’s *land* now, the undiscovered one, in the farthest sea: I bid my sails seek and seek for it.

In my children I want to make up for being the child of my fathers: and to all the future—for *this* present!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Immaculate Knowledge

When the moon rose yesterday, I fancied it wanted to give birth to a sun: so broad and pregnant it lay on the horizon.

But it was a liar to me with its pregnancy; and I would sooner believe in the man in the moon than in the woman.

To be sure, he is not much of a man either, this timid night-roamer. Truly, with a bad conscience he walks over the roofs.

For he is lecherous and jealous, the monk in the moon, lecherous for the earth and for all the joys of lovers.

No, I do not like him, this tomcat on the roofs! Repulsive to me are all who creep around half-closed windows!

Pious and silent he walks along on carpets of stars:—but I do not like any soft-treading feet of men on which not even a spur jingles.

Every honest man's step speaks; but the cat steals away over the ground. Behold, catlike the moon comes along, and dishonest. —

This parable I give to you sentimental hypocrites, to you, the "pure knowers"! *I* call you—lecherous!

You too love the earth and the earthly: I have guessed you well! —but there is shame in your love and bad conscience—you are like the moon!

Your spirit has been persuaded to despise the earthly, but not your entrails: and *they* are the strongest thing in you!

And now your spirit is ashamed that it does the will of your entrails, and goes by sneaking and lying paths before its own shame.

"That would be the highest thing for me—so your lying spirit says to itself—to gaze at life without desire, and not like the dog with its tongue hanging out:

"To be happy in gazing, with a will that has died, without the grasping and greed of selfishness—cold and ash-gray all over the body, but with drunken moon-eyes!"

"That would be the dearest thing to me—so the seduced one seduces himself—to love the earth as the moon loves it, and to touch its beauty with the eye alone.

"And let this be called the *immaculate* knowledge of all things, that I want nothing from things: except that I may lie before them like a mirror with a hundred eyes."—

Oh, you sentimental hypocrites, you lecherous ones! You lack innocence in desire: and that is why you now slander desiring!

Truly, you do not love the earth as creators, begetters, ones who rejoice in becoming!

Where is innocence? Where there is will to begetting. And whoever wants to create beyond himself has the purest will, to my mind.

Where is beauty? Where I *must will* with all my will; where I want to love and go under, so that an image may not remain merely an image.

Loving and going under: these have rhymed since eternities. Will to love: that means being willing to die as well. Thus I speak to you cowards!

But now your emasculated squinting wants to be called "contemplation"! And whatever lets itself be touched by cowardly eyes shall be baptized "beautiful"! oh, you defilers of noble names!

But this shall be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure knowers, that you will never give birth: even though you lie broad and pregnant on the horizon!

Truly, you fill your mouths with noble words: and we are to believe that your hearts are overflowing, you liars?

But *my* words are small, despised, crooked words: gladly I pick up what falls under the table at your meals.

With them I can still—tell hypocrites the truth! yes, my fishbones, shells, and prickly leaves shall—tickle the noses of hypocrites!

There is always bad air around you and your meals: your lecherous thoughts, your lies and secrets are in the air, after all!

Dare first to believe yourselves—yourselves and your entrails! Whoever does not believe himself always lies.

A god's mask you hung before yourselves, you "pure ones": into a god's mask your loathsome coiling worm crept.

Truly, you deceive, you "contemplative ones"! Zarathustra too was once the fool of your divine skins; he did not guess the coils of serpents with which they were stuffed.

A god's soul I once fancied I saw playing in your plays, you pure knowers! No better art I once fancied than your arts!

The serpents' filth and foul smell were hidden from me by distance: and that a lizard's cunning crept around here lecherously.

But I came *near* you: then day came to me—and now it comes to you—the moon's love affair has come to an end!

Just look! Caught and pale it stands there—before the dawn!

For already she is coming, the glowing one—*her* love of the earth is coming! Innocence and creator's desire is all sun-love!

Just look how impatiently she comes over the sea! Do you not feel the thirst and the hot breath of her love?

At the sea she wants to suck, and drink its depth up to herself into the height: then the sea's desire rises with a thousand breasts.

Kissed and sucked it *wants* to be by the thirst of the sun; air it *wants* to become, and height, and footpath of light, and light itself!

Truly, like the sun I love life and all deep seas.

And this is what *I* call knowledge: all that is deep shall rise up—to my height!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Scholars

As I lay asleep, a sheep ate at the ivy wreath on my head—ate, and said as it did: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

It said this and went off, stiff and proud. A child told me of it.

I like to lie here where the children play, by the broken wall, among thistles and red poppies.

To the children I am still a scholar, and to the thistles and red poppies too. They are innocent, even in their malice.

But to the sheep I am one no longer: so my lot wills it—blessed be it!

For this is the truth: I have moved out of the house of the scholars: and I slammed the door behind me as well.

Too long my soul sat hungry at their table; unlike them, I have not been trained to knowing the way one is trained to crack nuts.

I love freedom and the air over fresh earth; I would rather sleep on oxhides than on their honors and respectabilities.

I am too hot and burned by my own thoughts: often it is about to take my breath away. Then I must go into the open air and away from all dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in cool shade: in all things they want only to be spectators, and they take care not to sit where the sun burns on the steps.

Like those who stand in the street and gape at the people passing by: so they too wait and gape at thoughts that others have thought.

If you take hold of them with your hands, they give off dust like flour sacks, and involuntarily; but who would guess that their dust

comes from grain and from the yellow delight of summer fields?

When they act wise, their little sayings and truths make me shiver: there is often a smell to their wisdom as if it came from the swamp: and truly, I have heard the frog croaking out of it too!

They are skillful, they have clever fingers: what does *my* simplicity want beside their multiplicity! All threading and knotting and weaving their fingers understand: thus they knit the stockings of the spirit!

Good clockworks they are: only take care to wind them up correctly! Then they show the hour without fail and make a modest noise as they do.

Like mills they work, and like stamping mills: just throw them your grains of fruit!—they know well how to grind grain small and make white dust of it.

They watch one another's fingers closely and do not trust one another overmuch. Inventive in little cunnings, they wait for those whose knowledge goes on lame feet—like spiders they wait.

I always saw them preparing poison with caution; and always they put on gloves of glass to do it.

They know how to play with loaded dice, too; and I found them playing so eagerly that they sweated over it.

We are strangers to one another, and their virtues go against my taste even more than their falsehoods and loaded dice.

And when I lived with them, I lived above them. They resented me for that.

They will hear nothing of anyone walking above their heads; and so they put wood and earth and filth between me and their heads.

Thus they muffled the sound of my steps: and until now I have been heard worst by the most learned.

All human faults and weaknesses they put between themselves and me:—a "false floor," they call it in their houses.

But in spite of that I walk with my thoughts *above* their heads; and even if I wanted to walk upon my own faults, I would still be above them and their heads.

For human beings are *not* equal: thus speaks justice. And what I want, *they* may not want!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Poets

"Since I have known the body better—Zarathustra said to one of his disciples—the spirit is to me only spirit, so to speak; and all that is 'imperishable'—that too is only a parable."

"I have heard you say so once before," the disciple answered; "and that time you added: 'But the poets lie too much.' Why did you say that the poets lie too much?"

"Why?" said Zarathustra. "You ask why? I do not belong to those who may be asked about their why.

"Is my experience, then, from yesterday? It is long ago that I experienced the reasons for my opinions.

"Would I not have to be a barrel of memory if I wanted to have my reasons with me as well?

"It is too much for me already to keep my opinions themselves; and many a bird flies away.

"And now and then I also find an animal that has flown into my dovecote, one that is strange to me, and that trembles when I lay my hand on it.

"But what did Zarathustra once say to you? That the poets lie too much?—But Zarathustra too is a poet.

"Do you now believe that he spoke the truth here? Why do you believe that?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.

Faith does not bring me bliss, he said, least of all faith in me.

But suppose someone said in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: he is right—*we* lie too much.

We also know too little and are bad learners: so we simply have to lie.

And who among us poets has not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous hodgepodge has been brewed in our cellars, many an indescribable thing was done there.

And because we know little, we take heartfelt pleasure in the poor in spirit, especially when they are young little women!

And we are greedy even for the things the little old women tell one another in the evenings. That is what we ourselves call the Eternal-Feminine in us.

And as if there were a special secret access to knowledge that is *buried* for those who learn something: so we believe in the people and their "wisdom."

But this all poets believe: that whoever pricks up his ears while lying in the grass or on lonely slopes learns something of the things that are between heaven and earth.

And when tender stirrings come to them, the poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

And that she creeps to their ear to whisper secret things into it and amorous flatteries: of this they boast and puff themselves up before all mortals!

Ah, there are so many things between heaven and earth that only the poets have dreamed of!

And especially *above* the heavens: for all gods are poets' parable, poets' sleight of hand!

Truly, we are always drawn upward—that is, to the kingdom of the clouds: on these we set our motley bladders and then call them gods and Übermenschen:—

For they are just light enough for these chairs!—all these gods and Übermenschen.

Ah, how weary I am of all the inadequate that is supposed to be an event at all costs! Ah, how weary I am of the poets!

When Zarathustra spoke thus, his disciple was angry with him, but he kept silent. And Zarathustra too kept silent; and his eye had turned inward, as if it were gazing into vast distances. At last he sighed and drew breath.

I am of today and of the past, he said then; but there is something in me that is of tomorrow and the day after and of time to come.

I grew weary of the poets, the old and the new: superficial they all are to me, and shallow seas.

They did not think enough into the depth: that is why their feeling did not sink to the bottom.

Some lust and some boredom: that has been their best reflection so far.

Ghostly breathing and flitting is all their harp-tinkling to me; what have they known so far of the ardor of tones!—

Nor are they clean enough for me: they all muddy their waters to make them seem deep.

And they like to pass themselves off as reconcilers by it: but to me they remain go-betweens and mixers and half-and-halfs and unclean ones!—

Ah, I cast my net into their seas, it is true, and wanted to catch good fish; but always I pulled up the head of some old god.

Thus the sea gave the hungry man a stone. And they themselves may well have come from the sea.

Certainly, one finds pearls in them: all the more do they themselves resemble hard shellfish. And instead of a soul I often found salted slime in them.

They learned from the sea its vanity too: is not the sea the peacock of peacocks?

Even before the ugliest of all buffaloes it spreads out its tail, never does it tire of its lace fan of silver and silk.

Defiantly the buffalo looks on, close to the sand in its soul, closer still to the thicket, but closest of all to the swamp.

What are beauty and sea and peacock finery to it! This parable I tell the poets.

Truly, their spirit itself is the peacock of peacocks and a sea of vanity!

The poet's spirit wants spectators: even if they should be buffaloes!—

But I grew weary of this spirit: and I see the time coming when it will grow weary of itself.

Already I have seen the poets transformed, and their gaze turned against themselves.

Penitents of the spirit I saw coming: they grew out of them.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Great Events

There is an island in the sea—not far from Zarathustra's blissful islands—on which a volcano constantly smokes; of this island the people say, and especially the little old women among the people say, that it has been placed like a block of rock before the gate of the underworld: but through the volcano itself, they say, leads the narrow path downward that brings one to this gate of the underworld.

Now about the time when Zarathustra was staying on the blissful islands, it happened that a ship cast anchor at the island on which the smoking mountain stands; and its crew went ashore to shoot rabbits. Toward the hour of noon, however, when the captain and his men were together again, they suddenly saw a man coming toward them through the air, and a voice said distinctly: "It is time! It is high time!" But when the figure was nearest to them—it flew past quickly, like a shadow, in the direction where the volcano lay—they recognized with the greatest dismay that it was Zarathustra; for they had all seen him before, except the captain himself, and they loved him as the people love: so that love and awe are together in equal parts.

"Just look!" said the old helmsman, "there goes Zarathustra to hell!"—

About the same time that these sailors landed on the fire island, the rumor went around that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked, they said that he had gone on board a ship by night without saying where he meant to travel.

Thus an unrest arose; but after three days the sailors' story was added to this unrest—and now all the people said that the devil had taken Zarathustra. His disciples laughed at this talk, to be sure; and one of them even said: "I would sooner believe that Zarathustra has taken the devil." But at the bottom of their souls they were all full of worry and longing: so their joy was great when on the fifth day Zarathustra appeared among them.

And this is the account of Zarathustra's conversation with the fire dog.

The earth, he said, has a skin; and this skin has diseases. One of these diseases, for example, is called: "human being."

And another of these diseases is called "fire dog": about *him* human beings have told themselves many lies and let themselves be told many lies.

To fathom this secret I went over the sea: and I have seen the truth naked, truly! barefoot up to the neck.

What the fire dog is about, I know now; and likewise all the devils of eruption and overthrow, of whom it is not only little old women who are afraid.

Come out, fire dog, out of your depth! I cried, and confess how deep this depth is! Where does it come from, what you snort up there?

You drink plentifully from the sea: your oversalted eloquence betrays that! In truth, for a dog of the depth you take your nourishment too much from the surface!

At most I take you for the ventriloquist of the earth: and whenever I heard devils of overthrow and eruption speak, I found them like you: salty, lying, and shallow.

You know how to roar and to darken with ash! You are the best braggarts and have learned to the full the art of making mud boil.

Wherever you are, there must always be mud nearby, and much that is spongy, hollow, squeezed in: it wants to get into freedom.

"Freedom" you all like best to roar: but I have unlearned the belief in "great events" whenever there is much roaring and smoke around them.

And just believe me, friend Hellish Noise! 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! Little had ever happened when your noise and smoke cleared away. What does it matter that a city became a mummy and a statue lies in the mud!

And this word I say besides to the overthrowers of statues. It is surely the greatest folly to throw salt into the sea and statues into the mud.

In the mud of your contempt the statue lay: but precisely this is its law, that out of contempt life and living beauty grow back into it!

With more divine features it rises now, and seductive in its suffering; and truly! it will yet thank you for overthrowing it, you overthrowers!

But this counsel I give to kings and churches and to everything that is weak with age and virtue—just let yourselves be overthrown! So that you may come back to life, and virtue—to you!—

Thus I spoke before the fire dog: then he interrupted me sullenly and asked: "Church? What is that?"

Church? I answered, that is a kind of state, and indeed the most mendacious kind. But be quiet, you hypocrite dog! You surely know your own kind best already!

Like you yourself, the state is a hypocrite dog; like you, it likes to speak with smoke and roaring—to make people believe, like you, that it speaks from the belly of things.

For the state wants absolutely to be the most important animal on earth; and people believe it, too.—

When I had said that, the fire dog behaved as if mad with envy. "What?" he cried, "the most important animal on earth? And people believe it, too?" And so much steam and such horrible voices came out of his throat that I thought he would suffocate with vexation and envy.

At last he grew quieter, and his panting subsided; but as soon as he was quiet, I said, laughing:

"You are vexed, fire dog: so I am right about you!

"And so that I may stay right, hear about another fire dog: he really speaks from the heart of the earth.

"Gold his breath exhales, and golden rain: so his heart wills it. What are ash and smoke and hot slime to him any longer!

"Laughter flutters out of him like a motley cloud; he is ill-disposed toward your gurgling and spewing and the griping of your bowels!

"But the gold and the laughter—he takes them from the heart of the earth: for, just so you know—the heart of the earth is of gold."

When the fire dog heard this, he could no longer bear to listen to me. Ashamed, he drew in his tail, said Bow! Wow! in a meek little voice, and crept down into his cave.—

Thus Zarathustra told it. But his disciples hardly listened to him: so great was their eagerness to tell him about the sailors, the rabbits, and the flying man.

"What am I to make of that!" said Zarathustra. "Am I a ghost, then?

"But it must have been my shadow. You have surely heard something already about the wanderer and his shadow?

"But this much is certain: I must keep it on a shorter leash—otherwise it will ruin my reputation yet."

And once more Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. "What am I to make of that!" he said once more.

"Why did the ghost cry: It is time! It is high time!

“*For what* is it, then—high time?”—
Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Soothsayer

"—and I saw a great sadness come over humankind. The best grew weary of their works.

"A teaching went forth, a faith ran beside it: 'All is empty, all is the same, all has been!'

"And from all the hills it echoed: 'All is empty, all is the same, all has been!'

"We have harvested, it is true: but why did all our fruits turn rotten and brown? What fell down from the evil moon last night?

"In vain was all our labor, our wine has turned to poison, an evil eye has scorched our fields and hearts yellow.

"We have all grown dry; and if fire falls on us, we turn to dust like ashes:—yes, we have made fire itself weary.

"All our wells have dried up, even the sea has drawn back. All ground wants to split open, but the depth will not swallow!

"'Ah, where is there still a sea in which one could drown': so our lament sounds—away over shallow swamps.

"Truly, we have grown too weary even to die; now we go on waking and living on—in burial vaults!"—

Thus Zarathustra heard a soothsayer speak; and his prophecy went to his heart and transformed him. Sad and weary he went about; and he became like those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.

Truly, so he said to his disciples, a little while yet, and this long twilight comes. Ah, how shall I save my light to the other side!

That it may not suffocate in this sadness! For it shall be a light to farther worlds and to the farthest nights besides!

Thus troubled in his heart, Zarathustra went about; and for three days he took neither drink nor food, had no rest, and lost his speech. At last it happened that he fell into a deep sleep. But his disciples sat around him in long night watches and waited anxiously to see whether he would wake and speak again and be healed of his gloom.

But this is the speech that Zarathustra spoke when he woke; and his voice came to his disciples as if from a great distance.

Hear the dream I dreamed, you friends, and help me guess its meaning!

A riddle it still is to me, this dream; its meaning is hidden in it and caught, and does not yet fly over it with free wings.

I had renounced all life, so I dreamed. I had become a night watchman and a watchman of graves, there in the lonely mountain castle of death.

Up there I guarded his coffins: the musty vaults stood full of such trophies of victory. Out of glass coffins life that had been overcome gazed at me.

I breathed the smell of dust-covered eternities: sultry and dust-covered lay my soul. And who could have aired his soul there!

The brightness of midnight was always around me, loneliness crouched beside it; and, as the third, death-rattling silence, the worst of my friends.

Keys I carried, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open with them the most creaking of all gates.

Like a bitterly wicked croaking the sound ran through the long corridors when the gate's wings swung up: unfriendly this bird screamed, unwilling to be woken.

But more fearful still and more heart-wringing it was when it fell silent again and all around grew still, and I sat alone in this treacherous silence.

So time passed for me and crept, if there still was time: what do I know of it! But at last that happened which woke me.

Three times blows struck the gate, like thunder, three times the vaults echoed and howled again: then I went to the gate.

Alpa! I cried, who carries his ashes up the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! Who carries his ashes up the mountain?

And I pressed the key and heaved at the gate and strained. But still it did not stand open a finger's breadth:

Then a roaring wind tore its wings apart: whistling, shrilling, and cutting, it threw a black coffin toward me:

And in the roaring and whistling and shrilling the coffin burst and spewed out thousandfold laughter.

And out of a thousand grimaces of children, angels, owls, fools, and butterflies as big as children, it laughed and mocked and roared at me.

I was horribly frightened by it: it threw me to the ground. And I cried out in horror as I have never cried.

But my own cry woke me:—and I came to myself.—

Thus Zarathustra told his dream and then fell silent: for he did not yet know the interpretation of his dream. But the disciple whom he loved most rose quickly, grasped Zarathustra's hand, and said:

"Your life itself interprets this dream for us, O Zarathustra!

"Are you not yourself the wind with shrill whistling that tears open the gates of the castles of death?

"Are you not yourself the coffin full of motley malices and angel-grimaces of life?

"Truly, like thousandfold children's laughter Zarathustra comes into all burial chambers, laughing at these night watchmen and watchmen of graves, and at whoever else rattles with gloomy keys.

"You will frighten them and throw them down with your laughter; fainting and awakening will prove your power over them.

"And even when the long twilight comes and the weariness unto death, you will not go under in our sky, you advocate of life!

"New stars you have let us see, and new splendors of the night; truly, laughter itself you have spread over us like a motley tent.

"Now children's laughter will always well up out of coffins; now a strong wind will always come victorious to all weariness unto death: of this you yourself are our guarantor and soothsayer!

"Truly, *you dreamed them themselves*, your enemies: that was your heaviest dream!

"But as you woke from them and came to yourself, so shall they wake from themselves—and come to you!"—

Thus spoke the disciple; and all the others now crowded around Zarathustra and seized him by the hands and wanted to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness and return to them. But Zarathustra sat upright on his bed, with a strange look. Like one who comes home from a long stay abroad, he looked at his disciples and examined their faces; and still he did not recognize them. But when they lifted him and set him on his feet, behold, all at once his eye was transformed; he understood all that had happened, stroked his beard, and said in a strong voice:

"Well then! This has its time; but see to it, my disciples, that we have a good meal, and quickly! Thus I mean to do penance for bad dreams!

"But the soothsayer shall eat and drink at my side: and truly, I will yet show him a sea in which he can drown!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. But then he looked for a long time into the face of the disciple who had played the interpreter of dreams, and shook his head as he did.—

On Redemption

When Zarathustra was crossing over the great bridge one day, the cripples and beggars surrounded him, and a hunchback spoke to him thus:

"Look, Zarathustra! The people too learn from you and are gaining faith in your teaching: but for them to believe you entirely, one thing more is needed—you must first persuade us cripples too! Here now you have a fine selection, and truly, an opportunity with more than one forelock to seize! You can heal the blind and make the lame walk; and from the one who has too much behind him you could surely take away a little too:—that, I think, would be the right way to make the cripples believe in Zarathustra!"

But Zarathustra replied thus to the one who had spoken: "If you take away the hunchback's hump, you take away his spirit—so the people teach. And if you give the blind man his eyes, he sees too many bad things on earth: so that he curses the one who healed him. But the one who makes the lame man walk does him the greatest harm: for hardly can he walk when his vices run away with him—so the people teach about cripples. And why should Zarathustra not learn from the people too, when the people learn from Zarathustra?

"But it is the least thing to me, since I have been among human beings, to see: 'This one lacks an eye and that one an ear and a third a leg, and there are others who have lost their tongue or their nose or their head.'

"I see and have seen worse things, and many so abominable that I would not like to speak of each, and of some I would not

even like to keep silent: namely, human beings who lack everything except that they have one thing too much—human beings who are nothing more than a big eye or a big mouth or a big belly or something else big—inverse cripples I call such people.

"And when I came out of my solitude and crossed over this bridge for the first time, I did not trust my eyes and looked, and looked again, and said at last: 'That is an ear! An ear as big as a human being!' I looked still more closely: and indeed, under the ear something else was moving that was pitifully small and wretched and slender. And truly, the monstrous ear sat on a little thin stalk—but the stalk was a human being! Whoever put a glass to his eye could even make out a small envious little face as well; and also that a bloated little soul was dangling from the stalk. But the people told me that the big ear was not only a human being but a great human being, a genius. But I never believed the people when they talked about great human beings—and I kept my belief that it was an inverse cripple, who had too little of everything and too much of one thing."

When Zarathustra had spoken thus to the hunchback and to those whose mouthpiece and advocate the hunchback was, he turned with deep ill humor to his disciples and said:

"Truly, my friends, I walk among human beings as among the fragments and limbs of human beings!

"This is the terrible thing to my eye, that I find the human being smashed and scattered as over a battlefield and a slaughterfield.

"And if my eye flees from the now to the past: it always finds the same: fragments and limbs and dreadful accidents—but no human beings!

"The now and the past on earth—ah! my friends—that is what *I* find most unbearable; and I would not know how to live if I were not also a seer of what must come.

“A seer, one who wills, one who creates, a future itself and a bridge to the future—and ah, also, as it were, a cripple at this bridge: all this is Zarathustra.

“And you too have often asked yourselves: ‘Who is Zarathustra to us? What shall we call him?’ And like me, you gave yourselves questions for an answer.

“Is he one who promises? Or one who fulfills? A conqueror? Or an inheritor? An autumn? Or a plowshare? A physician? Or one who has been healed?

“Is he a poet? Or a truthful one? A liberator? Or a tamer? A good man? Or an evil one?

“I walk among human beings as among the fragments of the future: that future which I behold.

“And this is all my composing and striving, that I compose into one and bring together what is fragment and riddle and dreadful accident.

“And how could I bear to be a human being if the human being were not also poet and guesser of riddles and the redeemer of accident!

“To redeem those who are past and to re-create every ‘It was’ into a ‘Thus I willed it!’—that alone would I call redemption!

“Will—that is the name of the liberator and bringer of joy: thus I taught you, my friends! But now learn this as well: the will itself is still a prisoner.

“Willing liberates: but what is the name of that which puts even the liberator in chains?

“‘It was’: that is the name of the will’s gnashing of teeth and loneliest gloom. Powerless against what has been done—it is an angry spectator of all that is past.

“The will cannot will backward; that it cannot break time and time’s desire—that is the will’s loneliest gloom.

"Willing liberates: what does willing itself devise to get free of its gloom and to mock its dungeon?

"Ah, every prisoner becomes a fool! Foolishly the imprisoned will redeems itself as well.

"That time does not run backward, that is its wrath; 'That which was'—such is the name of the stone it cannot roll.

"And so it rolls stones out of wrath and ill humor and takes revenge on whatever does not feel wrath and ill humor as it does.

"Thus the will, the liberator, became a doer of harm: and on everything that can suffer it takes revenge for its being unable to go backward.

"This, yes, this alone is *revenge* itself: the will's ill will against time and its 'It was.'

"Truly, a great folly dwells in our will; and it has become a curse to all that is human that this folly learned spirit!

"The spirit of revenge: my friends, that has so far been the best reflection of human beings; and wherever there was suffering, there punishment always had to be.

"For 'punishment' is what revenge calls itself: with a lying word it feigns a good conscience for itself.

"And because there is suffering in the one who wills, since he cannot will backward—so willing itself and all life were supposed to be—punishment!

"And now cloud upon cloud rolled over the spirit: until at last madness preached: 'Everything passes away, therefore everything deserves to pass away!'

"'And this itself is justice, that law of time that it must devour its children': thus madness preached.

"'Things are ordered morally according to justice and punishment. Oh, where is redemption from the flux of things and from the punishment called existence?' Thus madness preached.

"'Can there be redemption if there is an eternal justice? Ah, the stone "It was" cannot be rolled: eternal too must all punishments be!' Thus madness preached.

"'No deed can be annihilated: how could it be undone by punishment! This, this is what is eternal in the punishment called "existence," that existence must eternally be deed and guilt again!

"'Unless the will at last redeemed itself and willing became not-willing—': but you know, my brothers, this fable-song of madness!

"I led you away from these fable-songs when I taught you: 'The will is a creator.'

"Every 'It was' is a fragment, a riddle, a dreadful accident—until the creating will says to it: 'But thus I willed it!'

"Until the creating will says to it: 'But thus I will it! Thus shall I will it!'

"But has it spoken thus yet? And when will this happen? Has the will been unharnessed yet from its own folly?

"Has the will yet 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 something higher than all reconciliation?

"Something higher than all reconciliation must the will will that is the will to power—: but how does this happen to it? Who has taught it to will backward too?"

—But at this point in his speech it happened that Zarathustra suddenly stopped and looked exactly like one who is frightened to the utmost. With frightened eyes he looked at his disciples; his eye pierced their thoughts and the thoughts behind their thoughts as with arrows. But after a little while he was laughing again and said, appeased:

"It is hard to live with human beings, because silence is so hard. Especially for one who is talkative."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. But the hunchback had listened to the conversation and covered his face while he did; but when he heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up curiously and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak to us otherwise than to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is surprising in that! With hunchbacks one may well speak in a hunchbacked way!"

"Good," said the hunchback; "and with pupils one may well tell tales out of school.

"But why does Zarathustra speak otherwise to his pupils—than to himself?"—

On Human Prudence

Not the height: the slope is what is terrible!

The slope, where the gaze plunges *downward* and the hand reaches *upward*. There the heart grows dizzy before its double will.

Ah, friends, do you guess my heart's double will as well?

This, this is *my* slope and my danger, that my gaze plunges into the height, and that my hand would like to hold on and support itself—on the depth!

To the human being my will clings, with chains I bind myself to the human being, because I am torn upward to the Übermensch: for that is where my other will wants to go.

And *for this* I live blind among human beings, as if I did not know them: so that my hand may not entirely lose its faith in something firm.

I do not know you human beings: this darkness and consolation is often spread around me.

I sit at the gateway for every rogue and ask: Who wants to deceive me?

This is my first human prudence, that I let myself be deceived so as not to be on guard against deceivers.

Ah, if I were on guard against the human being: how could the human being be an anchor for my balloon! Too easily I would be torn up and away!

This providence is over my destiny, that I must be without precaution.

And whoever does not want to languish among human beings must learn to drink from all glasses; and whoever wants to stay clean among human beings must know how to wash even with dirty water.

And thus I often spoke to myself for comfort: "Well then! Up! Old heart! A misfortune has miscarried for you: enjoy this as your —good fortune!"

But this is my other human prudence: I spare the *vain* more than the proud.

Is not wounded vanity the mother of all tragedies? But where pride is wounded, something better still than pride is likely to grow.

For life to be good to watch, its play must be well played: but for that good actors are needed.

Good actors I found all the vain to be: they act and want people to enjoy watching them—all their spirit is in this will.

They put themselves on show, they invent themselves; near them I love to watch life—it cures melancholy.

That is why I spare the vain, because they are physicians to me for my melancholy and keep me attached to the human being as to a play.

And then: who can measure in the vain man the whole depth of his modesty! I am fond of him and pity him for his modesty.

From you he wants to learn his faith in himself; he feeds on your glances, he eats praise out of your hands.

He believes even your lies if you lie well about him: for in the depths his heart sighs: "What am I!"

And if that is the true virtue which does not know about itself: well, the vain man does not know about his modesty!—

But this is my third human prudence, that I do not let your fearfulness spoil for me the sight of the evil.

I am blissful to see the wonders that hot sun hatches: tigers and palms and rattlesnakes.

Among human beings too there is a beautiful brood of hot sun, and much that is wonderful in the evil.

To be sure, just as your wisest did not seem so very wise to me, so I found human malice too below its reputation.

And often I asked, shaking my head: Why still rattle, you rattlesnakes?

Truly, there is still a future even for evil! And the hottest south has not yet been discovered for the human being.

How many things are now called the worst malice that are after all only twelve feet wide and three months long! But one day greater dragons will come into the world.

For so that the Übermensch may not lack his dragon, the over-dragon that is worthy of him: for that much hot sun must yet glow on damp primeval forest!

Your wildcats must first have become tigers, and your poisonous toads crocodiles: for the good hunter shall have a good hunt!

And truly, you good and just! There is much in you to laugh at, and especially your fear of what has so far been called "devil"!

So strange are you in your soul to what is great that the Übermensch would be *terrible* to you in his goodness!

And you wise and knowing ones, you would flee from the sunburn of wisdom in which the Übermensch joyfully bathes his nakedness!

You highest human beings whom my eye has met! this is my doubt about you and my secret laughter: I guess that you would call my Übermensch—devil!

Ah, I grew weary of these highest and best ones: from their "height" I longed to go up, out, away to the Übermensch!

A horror came over me when I saw these best ones naked: then wings grew on me to soar away into distant futures.

Into more distant futures, into more southern souths than any sculptor ever dreamed: there, where gods are ashamed of all clothes!

But *you* I want to see disguised, you neighbors and fellow human beings, and well dressed up, and vain, and dignified, as "the good and the just"—

And disguised I want to sit among you myself—so that I may *mistake* you and myself: for that is my last human prudence.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Stillest Hour

"What has happened to me, my friends? You see me distraught, driven away, unwillingly obedient, ready to go—ah, to go away from *you*!

"Yes, once more Zarathustra must go back into his solitude: but this time the bear goes back to his cave without joy!

"What has happened to me? Who commands this?—Ah, my angry mistress wills it so," she spoke to me: "have I ever told you her name?

"Yesterday toward evening *my stillest hour* spoke to me: that is the name of my terrible mistress.

"And thus it happened—for I must tell you everything, so that your heart may not harden against the one who departs so suddenly!

"Do you know the terror of one who is falling asleep?—

"He is terrified down to his toes because the ground gives way beneath him and the dream begins.

"This I tell you as a parable. Yesterday, in the stillest hour, the ground gave way beneath me: the dream began.

"The hand moved on, the clock of my life drew breath—never did I hear such stillness around me: so that my heart was terrified.

"Then it spoke to me without a voice: 'You know it, Zarathustra?'—

"And I cried out in terror at this whispering, and the blood drained from my face: but I kept silent.

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'You know it, Zarathustra, but you do not speak it!'—

"And at last I answered like one who is defiant: 'Yes, I know it, but I will not speak it!'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'You *will* not, Zarathustra? Is this true as well? Do not hide yourself in your defiance!'—

"And I wept and trembled like a child and said: 'Ah, I would like to, but how can I! Spare me this! It is beyond my strength!'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'What do you matter, Zarathustra! Speak your word and break!'—

"And I answered: 'Ah, is it *my* word? Who am I? I am waiting for one more worthy; I am not worthy even to break against it.'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'What do you matter? You are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the toughest hide.'—

"And I answered: 'What has the hide of my humility not borne already! At the foot of my height I dwell: how high are my peaks? No one has told me yet. But I know my valleys well.'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'O Zarathustra, whoever has mountains to move moves valleys and lowlands too.'—

"And I answered: 'My word has not yet moved mountains, and what I spoke did not reach human beings. I went to human beings, it is true, but I have not yet arrived among them.'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'What do you know of *that*! The dew falls on the grass when the night is most silent.'—

"And I answered: 'They mocked me when I found and went my own way; and in truth my feet trembled then.'

"And so they said to me: 'You have unlearned the way, now you are unlearning walking too!'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'What does their mockery matter! You are one who has unlearned obeying: now you shall command!

"'Do you not know *who* is most needed by all? He who commands great things.

"'To accomplish great things is hard: but what is harder is to command great things.

"'This is what is most unforgivable in you: you have the power, and you will not rule.'—

"And I answered: 'I lack the lion's voice for all commanding.'

"Then it spoke to me again like a whisper: 'It is the stillest words that bring the storm. Thoughts that come on doves' feet steer the world.

"'O Zarathustra, you shall go as a shadow of what must come: thus you will command, and in commanding lead the way.'—

"And I answered: 'I am ashamed.'

"Then it spoke to me again without a voice: 'You must yet become a child, and without shame.

"'The pride of youth is still upon you, late have you become young: but whoever wants to become a child must overcome his youth as well.'—

"And I reflected for a long time and trembled. But at last I said what I had said at first: 'I will not.'

"Then laughter broke out around me. Woe, how this laughter tore my entrails and slit open my heart!

"And it spoke to me for the last time: 'O Zarathustra, your fruits are ripe, but you are not ripe for your fruits!

"'So you must go back into solitude: for you shall yet grow mellow.'—

"And again it laughed, and fled: then it grew still around me as with a twofold stillness. But I lay on the ground, and the sweat poured from my limbs.

"—Now you have heard everything, and why I must go back into my solitude. Nothing have I kept silent from you, my friends.

"But this too you have heard from me, *who* is still the most silent of all human beings—and wants to be!

"Ah, my friends! I would have something more to tell you, I would have something more to give you! Why do I not give it? Am I stingy, then?"—

But when Zarathustra had spoken these words, the force of his pain and the nearness of parting from his friends overcame him, so that he wept aloud; and no one knew how to comfort him. But in the night he went away alone and left his friends.

Part Three

"You look upward when you long to be exalted. And I look down, because I am exalted. Who among you can laugh and be exalted at the same time? Whoever climbs the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic solemnities."

Zarathustra, "On Reading and Writing"

The Wanderer

It was midnight when Zarathustra set out across the ridge of the island, so that he might reach the other shore by early morning: for there he meant to board a ship. There was a good roadstead there, where foreign ships too liked to drop anchor; they took along many a one who wanted to cross the sea from the blissful islands. Now as Zarathustra climbed the mountain, he thought along the way of his many solitary wanderings since his youth, and of how many mountains and ridges and summits he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and a mountain climber, he said to his heart; I do not love the plains, and it seems I cannot sit still for long.

And whatever may still come to me as fate and experience—there will be a wandering in it, and a mountain climbing: in the end one experiences only oneself.

The time is past when accidents could still befall me; and what *could* still befall me now that is not already my own!

It only returns, it finally comes home to me—my own Self, and whatever of it has long been abroad and scattered among all things and accidents.

And one thing more I know: I stand now before my last summit and before what has been saved up for me the longest. Alas, I must go up my hardest path! Alas, I have begun my loneliest wandering!

But whoever is of my kind does not escape such an hour: the hour that speaks to him: "Only now do you go your way of greatness! Summit and abyss—they are now joined in one!

"You go your way of greatness: what until now was called your last danger has now become your last refuge!

"You go your way of greatness: now this must be your best courage, that there is no longer any path behind you!

"You go your way of greatness; here no one shall creep after you! Your own foot has erased the path behind you, and over it stands written: Impossibility.

"And if from now on all ladders fail you, then you must know how to climb even upon your own head: how else would you climb upward?

"Upon your own head and away over your own heart! Now what is mildest in you must become the hardest.

"Whoever has always spared himself much grows sickly in the end from all his sparing. Praised be what makes hard! I do not praise the land where butter and honey—flow!

"To learn to look *away* from oneself is necessary in order to see *much*:—this hardness is needed by everyone who climbs mountains.

"But whoever, as a knower, is intrusive with his eyes, how should he see more of all things than their foregrounds!

"But you, O Zarathustra, wanted to see the ground of all things and their background: so you must climb over yourself—up, upward, until you have even your stars *beneath* you!

"Yes! To look down upon myself and even upon my stars: that alone I would call my *summit*, that is what remained for me as my *last* summit!—"

Thus spoke Zarathustra to himself as he climbed, comforting his heart with hard little maxims: for he was sore at heart as never before. And when he reached the top of the ridge, behold, there lay the other sea spread out before him: and he stood still and was silent a long time. But the night was cold at this height, and clear, and bright with stars.

I recognize my lot, he said at last with sadness. Well then! I am ready. My last solitude has just begun.

Ah, this black, sorrowful sea below me! Ah, this pregnant nocturnal sullenness! Ah, fate and sea! To you I must now climb *down*!

I stand before my highest mountain and before my longest wandering: that is why I must first go down deeper than I ever climbed:

—deeper down into pain than I ever climbed, right into its blackest flood! So my fate wills it: Well then! I am ready.

Where do the highest mountains come from? I once asked. Then I learned that they come out of the sea.

This testimony is written in their rock and in the walls of their summits. It is from the deepest that the highest must come to its height.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra on the peak of the mountain, where it was cold; but when he came near the sea and at last stood alone among the cliffs, he had grown weary on the way and more full of longing than ever before.

Everything is still asleep now, he said; even the sea is asleep. Drunk with sleep and strange, its eye gazes at me.

But it breathes warmly, I feel that. And I feel too that it is dreaming. Dreaming, it writhes on hard pillows.

Listen! Listen! How it groans with evil memories! Or evil expectations?

Ah, I am sad with you, you dark monster, and vexed even with myself for your sake.

Ah, that my hand is not strong enough! Gladly, truly, would I redeem you from evil dreams!—

And as Zarathustra spoke thus, he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. “What! Zarathustra!” he said, “do you want to sing comfort even to the sea?

“Ah, you loving fool Zarathustra, you overblissful one, so full of trust! But that is how you always were: always you came trustingly to everything terrible.

“Even every monster you wanted to stroke. A whiff of warm breath, a little soft shaggy fur on the paw—: and at once you were ready to love it and to lure it.

“*Love* is the danger of the loneliest one, love of everything, if only it is alive! Laughable, truly, are my folly and my modesty in love!”—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed a second time: but then he thought of the friends he had left—and as though he had wronged them with his thoughts, he was angry with himself for his thoughts. And soon it came to pass that the one who had laughed wept:—from wrath and longing Zarathustra wept bitterly.

On the Vision and the Riddle

1

When word got around among the sailors that Zarathustra was on the ship—for a man from the blissful islands had come aboard along with him—there arose great curiosity and expectation. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days and was cold and deaf with sadness, so that he answered neither glances nor questions. But on the evening of the second day he opened his ears again, though he still kept silent: for there was much that was strange and dangerous to listen to on this ship, which came from far away and meant to go farther still. And Zarathustra was a friend of all those who make long journeys and do not care to live without danger. And behold! at last, as he listened, his own tongue was loosened, and the ice of his heart broke:—then he began to speak thus:

To you, the bold seekers and searchers, and whoever has ever set out with cunning sails upon terrible seas—

to you, the riddle-drunk, the twilight-glad, whose souls are lured with flutes to every treacherous gorge:

—for you do not want to grope along a thread with cowardly hand; and where you can *guess*, there you hate to *deduce*—

to you alone I tell the riddle that I *saw*—the vision of the loneliest one.—

Gloomily I walked not long ago through the corpse-colored dusk—gloomy and hard, with pressed lips. Not only one sun had gone under for me.

A path that climbed defiantly through scree, a malicious, lonely path that no herb, no bush cheered any longer: a mountain path crunched under the defiance of my foot.

Striding mutely over the mocking clatter of pebbles, crushing the stone that made it slip: thus my foot forced its way upward.

Upward:—in defiance of the spirit that drew it downward, drew it toward the abyss, the Spirit of Gravity, my devil and archenemy.

Upward:—although he sat on me, half dwarf, half mole; lame; laming; dripping lead through my ear, leaden-drop thoughts into my brain.

"O Zarathustra," he whispered mockingly, "syllable by syllable, you stone of wisdom! You threw yourself high, but every stone that is thrown must—fall!

"O Zarathustra, you stone of wisdom, you sling-stone, you star-shatterer! Yourself you threw so high—but every stone that is thrown—must fall!

"Condemned to yourself and to your own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed did you throw the stone—but upon *you* it will fall back!"

Then the dwarf fell silent; and that lasted a long time. But his silence oppressed me; and to be two in such a way is, truly, lonelier than to be one!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought—but everything oppressed me. I was like a sick man whom his bad torment makes weary, and whom a worse dream wakes again just as he falls asleep.—

But there is something in me that I call courage: until now it has struck dead every discouragement in me. This courage at last bade me stand still and say: "Dwarf! You! Or I!"—

For courage is the best slayer—courage that *attacks*: for in every attack there is a sound of trumpets and drums.

But the human being is the most courageous animal: with that he has overcome every animal. With trumpets and drums he has overcome even every pain; but human pain is the deepest pain.

Courage also strikes dead the dizziness at abysses: and where does the human being not stand at abysses! Is seeing itself not—seeing abysses?

Courage is the best slayer: courage strikes dead even pity. But pity is the deepest abyss: as deeply as the human being looks into life, so deeply does he look into suffering.

But courage is the best slayer, courage that attacks: it strikes dead even death, for it says: "Was *that* life? Well then! Once more!"

But in such a saying there is much sound of trumpets and drums. Whoever has ears, let him hear.—

2

"Stop! Dwarf!" I said. "I! Or you! But I am the stronger of us two—: you do not know my abysmal thought! *That* thought—you could not bear!"—

Then something happened that made me lighter: for the dwarf jumped down from my shoulder, the curious creature! And he squatted on a stone in front of me. But just where we had stopped there was a gateway.

"Look at this gateway! Dwarf!" I went on: "it has two faces. Two paths come together here: no one has ever yet walked them to the end.

"This long lane back: it lasts an eternity. And that long lane out there—that is another eternity.

"They contradict each other, these paths; they run head-on into each other:—and here, at this gateway, is where they come together. The name of the gateway is written above it: 'Moment.'

"But whoever walked on along one of them—on and on, farther and farther: do you believe, dwarf, that these paths contradict each other eternally?"—

"Everything straight lies," the dwarf murmured contemptuously. "All truth is crooked, time itself is a circle."

"You Spirit of Gravity!" I said angrily, "do not make it too easy for yourself! Or I will leave you squatting where you squat, lame-foot—and I carried you *high*!

"Look," I went on, "at this moment! From this gateway, Moment, a long eternal lane runs *backward*: behind us lies an eternity.

"Must not whatever of all things *can* walk have walked this lane once already? Must not whatever of all things *can* happen have happened, been done, run past once already?

"And if everything has already been here: what do you think, dwarf, of this moment? Must not this gateway too have—been here already?

"And are not all things knotted together so firmly that this moment draws *all* coming things after it? *Therefore*—itself as well?

"For whatever of all things *can* walk: out along this long lane too—it *must* walk once more!—

"And this slow spider that crawls in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and I and you in the gateway, whispering together, whispering of eternal things—must we not all have been here already?

"—and come back and walk in that other lane, out there, before us, in this long, dreadful lane—must we not come back eternally?—"

Thus I spoke, and ever more softly: for I was afraid of my own thoughts and the thoughts behind them. Then, suddenly, I heard a dog *howl* nearby.

Did I ever hear a dog howl like that? My thoughts ran back. Yes! When I was a child, in my most distant childhood:

—then I heard a dog howl like that. And I saw it too, bristling, its head raised, trembling, in the stillest midnight, when even dogs believe in ghosts:

—so that I felt pity for it. For just then the full moon, silent as death, was passing over the house, just then it stood still, a round glow—still on the flat roof, as if on someone else's property:—

that was what terrified the dog back then: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I heard such howling again, I felt pity once more.

Where was the dwarf now? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Was I dreaming, then? Was I waking up? All at once I stood among wild cliffs, alone, desolate, in the most desolate moonlight.

But there lay a human being! And there! The dog, leaping, bristling, whimpering—now it saw me coming—then it howled again, then it *screamed*:—did I ever hear a dog scream so for help?

And, truly, what I saw, I never saw the like of. I saw a young shepherd, writhing, choking, twitching, his face distorted, and a heavy black snake was hanging out of his mouth.

Did I ever see so much disgust and pale horror on one face? He had been asleep, perhaps? Then the snake crawled into his throat —and there it bit fast.

My hand tore at the snake and tore:—in vain! it did not tear the snake out of his throat. Then it cried out of me: "Bite! Bite!

"Its head off! Bite!"—so it cried out of me, my horror, my hatred, my disgust, my pity, all my good and my bad cried out of me with one cry.—

You bold ones around me! You seekers, searchers, and whoever of you has set out with cunning sails upon unexplored seas! You riddle-glad!

Then guess the riddle for me that I beheld back then, then interpret for me the vision of the loneliest one!

For it was a vision and a foreseeing:—*what* did I see back then in parable? And *who* is it that must one day still come?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the snake crawled thus? *Who* is the human being into whose throat everything heaviest, blackest will crawl thus?

—But the shepherd bit, as my cry had counseled him; he bit with a good bite! Far away he spat the snake's head—: and sprang up.—

No longer shepherd, no longer human—one transformed, surrounded with light, who *laughed*! Never yet on earth has a human being laughed as *he* laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter that was no human being's laughter—and now a thirst gnaws at me, a longing that never grows still.

My longing for this laughter gnaws at me: oh, how do I bear to go on living! And how would I bear to die now!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On Unwilling Bliss

With such riddles and bitternesses in his heart Zarathustra sailed across the sea. But when he was four days' journey from the blissful islands and from his friends, he had overcome all his pain—: victorious and with firm feet he stood once more upon his fate. And then Zarathustra spoke thus to his exultant conscience:

"Alone I am again, and want to be, alone with pure sky and open sea; and again it is afternoon around me.

"It was in the afternoon that I once found my friends for the first time, and in the afternoon the second time too:—at the hour when all light grows stiller.

"For whatever happiness is still on its way between heaven and earth now seeks a bright soul for its lodging: *from happiness* all light has now grown stiller.

"O afternoon of my life! Once *my* happiness too went down into the valley to seek itself a lodging: there it found these open, hospitable souls.

"O afternoon of my life! What did I not give up to have one thing: this living plantation of my thoughts and this morning light of my highest hope!

"Once the creator sought companions and children of *his* hope: and behold, it turned out that he could not find them unless he first created them himself.

"So I am in the midst of my work, going to my children and returning from them: for the sake of his children Zarathustra must perfect himself.

"For from the ground up one loves only one's child and one's work; and where there is great love of oneself, it is the sign of pregnancy: so I found it.

"My children are still green in their first spring, standing close together and shaken together by the winds, the trees of my garden and of my best soil.

"And truly! Where such trees stand together, there *are* blissful islands!

"But one day I will dig them up and set each one by itself alone: so that it may learn solitude and defiance and caution.

"Gnarled and crooked and with supple hardness it shall then stand by the sea for me, a living lighthouse of invincible life.

"There, where the storms plunge down into the sea and the mountain range's trunk drinks water, there each one shall at some time keep his watches by day and night, for *his* testing and knowledge.

"He shall be known and tested as to whether he is of my kind and descent—whether he is master of a long will, silent even when he speaks, and yielding in such a way that in giving he *takes*:—

"—so that one day he may become my companion and a fellow creator and fellow celebrant of Zarathustra's—: one who writes my will on my tablets: for the fuller perfection of all things.

"And for his sake and for the sake of those like him I must perfect *myself*: that is why I now avoid my happiness and offer myself to every unhappiness—for *my* last testing and knowledge.

"And truly, it was time that I went; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest while and the stillest hour—all of them urged me: 'It is high time!'

"The wind blew through my keyhole and said 'Come!' The door sprang cunningly open for me and said 'Go!'

"But I lay chained to my love for my children: desire laid this snare for me, the desire for love, that I should become my

children's prey and lose myself to them.

"To desire—for me that already means: to have lost myself. I have you, my children! In this having everything shall be certainty and nothing desire.

"But the sun of my love lay brooding upon me, Zarathustra was stewing in his own juice—then shadows and doubts flew over me.

"I was already craving frost and winter: 'Oh, that frost and winter would make me crack and crunch again!' I sighed:—then icy mists rose up out of me.

"My past burst its graves, many a pain buried alive woke up—: it had only been sleeping its fill, hidden in shrouds.

"So everything called to me in signs: 'It is time!'—But I—did not hear: until at last my abyss stirred and my thought bit me.

"Ah, abysmal thought, you who are *my* thought! When shall I find the strength to hear you digging and no longer tremble?

"My heart pounds up into my throat when I hear you digging! Even your silence wants to strangle me, you abysmally silent one!

"As yet I have never dared to call you *up*: it was enough that I—carried you with me! As yet I was not strong enough for the final lion's high spirits and mischief.

"Your heaviness was always terrible enough for me: but one day I shall yet find the strength and the lion's voice that calls you up!

"Once I have overcome myself in that, then I will overcome myself in what is greater still; and a *victory* shall be the seal of my perfection!—

"Meanwhile I still drift on uncertain seas; chance flatters me, smooth-tongued chance; forward and backward I look—and still I see no end.

"The hour of my last struggle has not yet come to me—or is it perhaps coming to me just now? Truly, sea and life look at me all around with treacherous beauty!

"O afternoon of my life! O happiness before evening! O harbor on the high sea! O peace in uncertainty! How I mistrust you all!

"Truly, I am mistrustful of your treacherous beauty! I am like the lover who mistrusts a smile that is all too velvety.

"As the jealous one pushes his most beloved away from him, tender even in his hardness—so I push this blissful hour away from me.

"Away with you, you blissful hour! With you there came to me a bliss against my will! Willing for my deepest pain I stand here:—you came at the wrong time!

"Away with you, you blissful hour! Better take lodging there—with my children! Hurry! and bless them before evening with *my* happiness!

"There, evening is already approaching: the sun is sinking. Gone —my happiness!—"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And he waited for his unhappiness the whole night: but he waited in vain. The night remained bright and still, and happiness itself came nearer and nearer to him. But toward morning Zarathustra laughed to his heart and said mockingly: "Happiness is running after me. That comes from my not running after women. But happiness is a woman."

Before Sunrise

O sky above me, you pure one! You deep one! You abyss of light! Gazing at you I shudder with godlike desires.

To throw myself into your height—that is *my* depth! To hide myself in your purity—that is *my* innocence!

The god is veiled by his beauty: so you hide your stars. You do not speak: *thus* you proclaim your wisdom to me.

Mute over the roaring sea you have risen for me today; your love and your shame speak revelation to my roaring soul.

That you came to me beautiful, veiled in your beauty, that you speak to me mutely, manifest in your wisdom:

Oh, how should I not guess everything that is bashful in your soul! *Before* the sun you came to me, the loneliest one.

We are friends from the beginning: grief and dread 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 to each other, we smile our knowledge to each other.

Are you not the light to my fire? Do you not have the sister soul to my insight?

Together we learned everything; together we learned to climb above ourselves to ourselves and to smile cloudlessly:—

—to smile cloudlessly down from bright eyes and from miles away, when beneath us compulsion and purpose and guilt steam like rain.

And when I wandered alone: *for what* did my soul hunger in nights and on wrong paths? And when I climbed mountains, *whom* did I ever seek on mountains, if not you?

And all my wandering and mountain climbing: it was only a necessity and a makeshift of the helpless:—to *fly* is all my whole will wants, to fly into *you*!

And whom did I hate more than drifting clouds and everything that stains you? And I hated even my own hatred, because it stained you!

I bear a grudge against the drifting clouds, these sneaking cats of prey: they take from you and me what we have in common—the tremendous, unbounded saying of Yes and Amen.

We bear a grudge against these mediators and mixers, the drifting clouds: these half-and-halfs, who have learned neither to bless nor to curse from the ground up.

I would rather sit in a barrel under a closed sky, rather sit in the abyss without a sky, than see you, sky of light, stained with drifting clouds!

And often I have longed to pin them fast with jagged golden wires of lightning, so that, like the thunder, I might beat the kettle-drum on their kettle-bellies:—

—an angry kettledrummer, because they rob me of your Yes! and Amen!, you sky above me, you pure one! You bright one! You abyss of light!—because they rob you of *my* Yes! and Amen!

For I would rather have noise and thunder and storm-curses than this deliberate, doubting cat-calm; and among human beings too I hate most of all the soft-steppers and half-and-halfs and doubting, hesitating drifting clouds.

And "whoever cannot bless shall *learn* to curse!"—this bright teaching fell to me from a bright sky; this star still stands in my sky even in black nights.

But I am one who blesses and a Yes-sayer, if only you are around me, you pure one! You bright one! You abyss of light!—into all abysses I carry my blessing, my saying of Yes, even then.

I have become one who blesses and one who says Yes: and for that I wrestled long and was a wrestler, so that one day I might get my hands free for blessing.

But this is my blessing: to stand over each and every thing as its own sky, as its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security: and blessed is he who blesses thus!

For all things are baptized at the well of eternity and beyond good and evil; but good and evil themselves are only intervening shadows and damp afflictions and drifting clouds.

Truly, it is a blessing and not a blasphemy when I teach: "Over all things stands the sky Chance, the sky Innocence, the sky Accident, the sky High Spirits."

"By accident"—that is the oldest nobility in the world; I gave it back to all things, I redeemed them from their bondage under purpose.

This freedom and sky-cheerfulness I set like an azure bell over all things when I taught that over them and through them no "eternal will"—wills.

This high spirit and this folly I put in the place of that will when I taught: "In everything one thing is impossible—rationality!"

A *little* reason, to be sure, a seed of wisdom scattered from star to star—this leaven is mixed into all things: for the sake of folly, wisdom is mixed into all things!

A little wisdom is possible, to be sure; but this blissful certainty I found in all things: that they would rather—*dance* on the feet of chance.

O sky above me, you pure one! You lofty one! This is what your purity is to me now, that there is no eternal reason-spider and no reason-spider's web:—

—that you are to me a dance floor for godlike chances, that you are to me a gods' table for godlike dice and dice players!—

But you blush? Did I speak the unspeakable? Did I blaspheme when I meant to bless you?

Or is it the shame of being two that made you blush?—Do you bid me go and be silent because now—the *day* is coming?

The world is deep—: and deeper than the day has ever conceived. Not everything may have words before the day. But the day is coming: so let us part now!

O sky above me, you bashful one! You glowing one! O you my happiness before sunrise! The day is coming: so let us part now!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Virtue That Makes Small

1

When Zarathustra was on dry land again, he did not go straight to his mountains and his cave, but took many paths and asked many questions and inquired into this and that, so that he said of himself in jest: "Look at a river that flows back to its source in many windings!" For he wanted to find out what had happened in the meantime *with the human being*: whether he had become greater or smaller. And once he saw a row of new houses; then he wondered and said:

"What do these houses mean? Truly, no great soul set them up as a likeness of itself!

"Did some silly child take them out of its toy box, perhaps? If only another child would put them back in its box!

"And these rooms and chambers: can *men* go in and out of them? They seem to me made for silk dolls; or for sweet-tooths, who perhaps also let others nibble at them."

And Zarathustra stood still and reflected. At last he said sadly: "*Everything* has become smaller!

"Everywhere I see lower gates: whoever is of *my* kind can still get through them, but—he has to stoop!

"Oh, when shall I come back to my homeland, where I no longer have to stoop—no longer have to stoop before the small!"—And Zarathustra sighed and gazed into the distance.—

On that same day, however, he gave his speech on the virtue that makes small.

2

I go among this people and keep my eyes open: they do not forgive me for not envying their virtues.

They snap at me because I say to them: small people need small virtues—and because it is hard for me to accept that small people are *needed*!

I am still like the rooster here in a strange farmyard, at whom the hens peck too; but I do not hold it against these hens.

I am polite to them as to every small annoyance; to be prickly toward what is small seems to me a wisdom for hedgehogs.

They all talk about me when they sit around the fire in the evening—they talk about me, but no one thinks—of me!

This is the new stillness I have learned: their noise around me spreads a cloak over my thoughts.

They make noise among themselves: "What does this gloomy cloud want with us? Let us see to it that it does not bring us a plague!"

And not long ago a woman snatched back her child, which wanted to come to me: "Take the children away!" she cried. "Eyes like those scorch children's souls."

They cough when I speak: they think coughing is an objection to strong winds—they guess nothing of the roaring of my happiness!

"We have no time for Zarathustra yet"—so they object; but what does a time matter that "has no time" for Zarathustra?

And when they even praise me: how could I possibly fall asleep on *their* praise? Their praise is a belt of thorns to me: it still scratches me when I take it off.

And this too I learned among them: the one who praises pretends to be giving something back, but in truth he wants to be given more!

Ask my foot whether it likes their way of praising and luring! Truly, to such a beat and ticktock it wants neither to dance nor to stand still.

To small virtue they would like to lure and praise me; they would like to talk my foot into the ticktock of small happiness.

I go among this people and keep my eyes open: they have become *smaller* and are becoming ever smaller:—but that is the work of their teaching about happiness and virtue.

For they are modest in virtue too—because they want comfort. But only modest virtue gets along with comfort.

To be sure, they too learn in their own way to stride and to stride forward: I call that their *hobbling*—. With it they become a stumbling block to everyone who is in a hurry.

And many a one of them walks forward and looks backward as he does so, with a stiffened neck: I like to run into him headlong.

Foot and eyes should not lie, nor give each other the lie. But there is much lying among small people.

Some of them will, but most of them are only willed. Some of them are genuine, but most of them are bad actors.

There are actors without knowing it among them, and actors without wanting it—; the genuine are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

There is little of the man here: that is why their women make themselves mannish. For only someone who is man enough will—redeem *the woman* in woman.

And this hypocrisy I found the worst among them: that even those who command feign the virtues of those who serve.

"I serve, you serve, we serve"—so prays even the hypocrisy of the rulers here—and woe if the first lord is *only* the first servant!

Ah, my eye's curiosity no doubt strayed into their hypocrisies too; and I guessed well all their fly-happiness and their buzzing around sunlit windowpanes.

So much kindness, so much weakness I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

They are round, fair, and kind with one another, as grains of sand are round, fair, and kind with grains of sand.

Modestly to embrace a small happiness—that they call "resignation"! and as they do it they are already modestly squinting after a new small happiness.

At bottom what they most want, simply, is one thing: that no one should hurt them. So they anticipate everyone and do them good.

But this is *cowardice*: even if it is called "virtue."—

And when for once they speak roughly, these small people: I hear in it only their hoarseness—for every draft makes them hoarse.

They are clever; their virtues have clever fingers. But they lack fists; their fingers do not know how to crawl behind fists.

Virtue to them is what makes modest and tame: with it they have made the wolf into a dog and the human being himself into the human being's best domestic animal.

"We have set our chair in the *middle*"—so their smirking tells me—"and just as far from dying gladiators as from contented sows."

But this is—*mediocrity*: even if it is called moderation.—

3

I go among this people and let fall many a word: but they know neither how to take nor how to keep.

They are surprised that I did not come to rail against lusts and vices; and truly, I did not come to warn against pickpockets either!

They are surprised that I am not ready to make their cleverness still wittier and sharper: as if they did not already have enough of

the clever little know-alls whose voices scratch at me like slate pencils!

And when I cry: "Curse all the cowardly devils in you who like to whimper and fold their hands and worship," then they cry: "Zarathustra is godless."

And their teachers of resignation cry it especially—; but it is precisely into their ears that I love to shout: Yes! I *am* Zarathustra the godless!

These teachers of resignation! Wherever there is something small and sick and scabby, they crawl to it, like lice; and only my disgust keeps me from cracking them.

Well then! This is my sermon for *their* ears: I am Zarathustra the godless, who says: "Who is more godless than I, that I may rejoice in his instruction?"

I am Zarathustra the godless: where shall I find my equals? And all those are my equals who give themselves their own will and put all resignation away from them.

I am Zarathustra the godless: I cook every chance in *my* pot. And only when it is cooked through there do I welcome it, as *my* food.

And truly, many a chance came to me like a master: but my *will* spoke to it more masterfully still—then it was already lying on its knees, pleading—

—pleading that it might find lodging and heart with me, and coaxing me with flattery: "Just look, O Zarathustra, how only a friend comes to a friend!"—

But why do I speak where no one has *my* ears! And so I will shout it out to all the winds:

You are becoming ever smaller, you small people! You are crumbling away, you comfortable ones! You will yet perish—

—of your many small virtues, of your many small omissions, of your many small resignations!

Too much sparing, too much yielding: such is your soil! But for a tree to become *great*, it wants to strike hard roots around hard rocks!

Even what you omit weaves at the web of all human future; even your nothing is a spider's web and a spider that lives on the future's blood.

And when you take, it is like stealing, you small virtuous ones; but even among rogues *honor* says: "One should steal only where one cannot rob."

"It gives itself"—that too is a teaching of resignation. But I tell you, you comfortable ones: *it takes itself*, and it will take more and more from you!

Ah, that you would put away from you all *half* willing and become resolute for idleness as for action!

Ah, that you understood my word: "Do whatever you will, by all means—but first be such as *can will*!"

"Love your neighbor as yourselves, by all means—but first be such as *love themselves*—

"—love with the great love, love with the great contempt!" Thus speaks Zarathustra the godless.—

But why do I speak where no one has *my* ears! It is still an hour too early for me here.

I am my own forerunner among this people, my own cockcrow through dark lanes.

But *their* hour is coming! And mine is coming too! Hourly they become smaller, poorer, more barren—poor weeds! poor soil!

And *soon* they shall stand before me like dry grass and steppe, and truly! weary of themselves—and thirsting more for *fire* than for water!

O blessed hour of lightning! O mystery before noon!—Running fires I will yet make of them one day, and heralds with tongues of flame:—

—one day they shall yet proclaim with tongues of flame: It is coming, it is near, the great noon!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Mount of Olives

Winter, a bad guest, sits at home with me; my hands are blue from the handshake of his friendship.

I honor him, this bad guest, but I like to leave him sitting alone. I like to run away from him; and if one runs *well*, one escapes him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts I run to where the wind stands still—to the sunny corner of my Mount of Olives.

There I laugh at my stern guest and am still fond of him, because at home he catches the flies for me and silences much small noise.

For he does not tolerate it when a gnat wants to sing, let alone two; he makes even the lane lonely, so that the moonlight in it is afraid at night.

He is a hard guest—but I honor him, and I do not pray, like the softlings, to the potbellied fire-idol.

Better a little teeth-chattering than worshiping idols!—so my nature will have it. And I bear a special grudge against all rutting, steaming, musty fire-idols.

Whom I love, I love better in winter than in summer; I mock my enemies better now, and more heartily, since winter has been sitting in my house.

Heartily, truly, even when I *crawl* into bed—: even then my hidden happiness laughs and makes mischief; even my lying dream laughs.

I—a crawler? Never in my life have I crawled before the powerful; and if I ever lied, I lied out of love. That is why I am glad even in my winter bed.

A humble bed warms me more than a rich one, for I am jealous of my poverty. And in winter it is most faithful to me.

I begin every day with a piece of malice: I mock the winter with a cold bath: at that my stern housemate grumbles.

I also like to tickle him with a little wax candle: so that at last he will let the sky out for me from the ash-gray dusk.

For I am especially malicious in the morning: at the early hour when the bucket clanks at the well and the horses neigh warmly through gray lanes:—

Impatiently I wait then for the bright sky at last to rise for me, the snow-bearded winter sky, the old man and white-head—

—the winter sky, the silent one, which often keeps silent even about its sun!

Did I learn the long bright silence from him, perhaps? Or did he learn it from me? Or did each of us invent it himself?

The origin of all good things is thousandfold—all good, mischievous things leap into existence for joy: how should they always do that only—once!

A good, mischievous thing is long silence too, and to look out, like the winter sky, from a bright, round-eyed face:—

—like it, to keep silent about one's sun and one's unbending sun-will: truly, this art and this winter mischief I have learned *well*!

It is my dearest malice and art that my silence has learned not to betray itself by silence.

Rattling with words and dice, I outwit the solemn watchers: from all these stern spies my will and purpose shall slip away.

So that no one may look down into my ground and my last will —for that I invented the long bright silence.

Many a clever man I found who veiled his face and muddied his water, so that no one might see through him and down into him.

But it was precisely to him that the cleverer mistrusters and nutcrackers came: it was precisely his most hidden fish that was

fished out!

But the bright, the brave, the transparent—these are to me the cleverest of the silent: their ground is so *deep* that even the brightest water does not—betray it.—

You snow-bearded, silent winter sky, you round-eyed whitehead above me! O you heavenly image of my soul and its mischief!

And *must* I not hide myself, like one who has swallowed gold—so that they do not slit my soul open?

Must I not wear stilts, so that they *overlook* my long legs—all these envy-mongers and misery-fanciers around me?

These smoky, room-warm, used-up, moldy, fretted souls—how *could* their envy bear my happiness!

So I show them only the ice and winter on my peaks—and *not* that my mountain still winds all the belts of the sun around itself!

They hear only my winter storms whistling: and *not* that I also sail over warm seas, like longing, heavy, hot south winds.

They even pity my mishaps and accidents:—but *my* word is: "Let chance come to me: it is innocent, like a little child!"

How *could* they bear my happiness if I did not lay mishaps and winter hardships and polar-bear caps and snow-sky cloaks around my happiness!

—if I did not myself have mercy on their *pity*—the pity of these envy-mongers and misery-fanciers!

—if I did not myself sigh and shiver with frost before them and *let* myself be patiently wrapped in their pity!

This is the wise mischief and goodwill of my soul, that it does *not hide* its winter and its frost storms; it does not hide its chilblains either.

One man's solitude is the flight of the sick; another's solitude is the flight *from* the sick.

Let them *hear* me chatter and sigh with the winter cold, all these poor, squinting rogues around me! With such sighing and

chattering I still flee from their heated rooms.

Let them pity me and sigh over me for my chilblains: "He will yet *freeze to death* on the ice of knowledge!"—so they lament.

Meanwhile I run with warm feet this way and that on my Mount of Olives: in the sunny corner of my Mount of Olives I sing and mock all pity.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

On Passing By

Thus, slowly passing through many peoples and many kinds of towns, Zarathustra went back by roundabout ways to his mountains and his cave. And behold, on the way he came unexpectedly to the city gate of the *great city*: but here a foaming fool sprang toward him with outspread hands and blocked his way. This was the same fool whom the people called "Zarathustra's ape": for he had picked up from him something of the phrasing and cadence of his speech, and no doubt he also liked to borrow from the treasure of his wisdom. And the fool spoke thus to Zarathustra:

"O Zarathustra, here is the great city: here you have nothing to seek and everything to lose.

"Why would you wade through this mire? Have pity on your foot! Spit on the city gate instead and—turn back!

"Here is hell for a hermit's thoughts: here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked small.

"Here all great feelings rot: here only rattle-thin little feelings may rattle!

"Do you not smell already the slaughterhouses and cookshops of the spirit? Does this city not steam with the fumes of slaughtered spirit?

"Do you not see the souls hanging like limp, dirty rags?—And they even make newspapers out of these rags!

"Do you not hear how the spirit has turned into wordplay here? It vomits up repulsive word-swill!—And they even make newspapers out of this word-swill.

“They chase one another and do not know where to? They heat one another up and do not know why? They jingle their tin, they clink their gold.

“They are cold and seek warmth from distilled waters; they are overheated and seek coolness from frozen spirits; they are all sickly and addicted to public opinions.

“All lusts and vices are at home here; but there are virtuous people here too, there is much employable, employed virtue:—

“Much employable virtue with writing fingers and hard flesh for sitting and waiting, blessed with little stars on its breast and with padded, rumpless daughters.

“There is also much piety here, and much devout spittle-licking and flattery-baking before the God of Hosts.

“For it is ‘from above’ that the star and the gracious spittle trickle down; it is upward that every starless bosom longs.

“The moon has its court, and the court has its mooncalves: but to everything that comes from the court the beggar-people prays, and all employable beggar-virtue.

“‘I serve, you serve, we serve’—so all employable virtue prays up to the prince: that the deserved star may at last be pinned to its narrow bosom!

“But the moon still revolves around everything earthly: so the prince too still revolves around what is most earthly of all—: and that is the gold of the shopkeepers.

“The God of Hosts is no god of gold bars; the prince proposes, but the shopkeeper—disposes!

“By everything that is bright and strong and good in you, O Zarathustra! Spit on this city of shopkeepers and turn back!

“Here all blood flows rotten and lukewarm and frothy through all the veins: spit on the great city, which is the great rubbish heap where all the scum froths together!

"Spit on the city of dented souls and narrow chests, of sharp eyes, of sticky fingers—

"—on the city of the pushy, the shameless, the scribblers and screamers, the overheated ambitious:—

"—where everything crumbling, ill-famed, lustful, gloomy, overripe, ulcerous, conspiratorial festers together:—

"—spit on the great city and turn back!"—

But here Zarathustra interrupted the foaming fool and put his hand over his mouth.

"Stop at last!" cried Zarathustra. "Your speech and your manner have disgusted me for a long time!

"Why did you live so long by the swamp that you had to become a frog and a toad yourself?

"Does not a rotten, frothy swamp-blood now flow through your own veins, that you have learned to croak and rail like this?

"Why did you not go into the forest? Or plow the earth? Is the sea not full of green islands?

"I despise your despising; and if you warned me—why did you not warn yourself?

"Out of love alone shall my despising and my warning bird fly up: but not out of the swamp!—

"They call you my ape, you foaming fool: but I call you my grunting pig—with your grunting you are spoiling even my praise of folly.

"What was it, then, that first made you grunt? That no one *flattered* you enough:—that is why you sat down beside this filth, so that you might have reason to grunt a great deal—

"—so that you might have reason for much *revenge*! For revenge, you vain fool, is all your foaming; I have guessed you well!

"But your fool's word does harm to *me*, even where you are right! And even if Zarathustra's word *were* a hundred times right: with my word you would always—*do* wrong!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra; and he looked at the great city, sighed, and was silent a long time. At last he spoke thus:

I am disgusted with this great city too, and not only with this fool. Here as there, there is nothing to make better, nothing to make worse.

Woe to this great city!—And I wish I already saw the pillar of fire in which it will be burned!

For such pillars of fire must go before the great noon. But this has its time and its own fate.—

But this teaching I give you, you fool, in parting: where one can no longer love, there one should—*pass by*!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and passed by the fool and the great city.

On Apostates

1

Ah, does everything already lie withered and gray that only lately stood green and many-colored on this meadow? And how much honey of hope I carried from here into my beehives!

These young hearts have all grown old already—and not even old! only tired, common, comfortable:—they call it "We have become pious again."

Only lately I saw them run out in the early morning on brave feet: but their feet of knowledge grew tired, and now they even slander their morning bravery!

Truly, many a one of them once lifted his legs like a dancer; the laughter in my wisdom beckoned to him:—then he thought better of it. Just now I saw him, bent—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 obscurantists and mumblers and stove-squatters.

Did their hearts lose courage, perhaps, because solitude swallowed me like a whale? Did their ears listen longingly for a long time, *in vain*, for me and my trumpet and herald calls?

—Ah! There are always only a few whose hearts have a long courage and high spirits; and in such as these the spirit too stays patient. But the rest are *cowardly*.

The rest: they are always by far the most, the everyday, the superfluity, the many-too-many—all of these are cowardly!—

Whoever is of my kind will also run into the experiences of my kind: so that his first companions must be corpses and buffoons.

But his second companions—they will call themselves his *believers*: a lively swarm, much love, much foolishness, much beardless veneration.

Whoever among human beings is of my kind should not bind his heart to these believers; whoever knows the fleeting, cowardly human kind should not believe in these springtimes and many-colored meadows!

If they *could* do otherwise, they would also *will* otherwise. Half-and-halfs spoil everything whole. That leaves wither—what is there to lament in that!

Let them go and fall, O Zarathustra, and do not lament! Rather blow among them with rustling winds—

—blow among these leaves, O Zarathustra: so that everything *withered* runs away from you all the faster!—

2

"We have become pious again"—so these apostates confess; and some of them are still too cowardly to confess as much.

I look them in the eye—I say it to their faces and to the red of their cheeks: you are such as *pray* again!

But it is a disgrace to pray! Not for everyone, but for you and me and whoever has his conscience in his head too. For *you* it is a disgrace to pray!

You know it well: your cowardly devil within you, who would like to fold his hands and lay them in his lap and have it easier:—this cowardly devil persuades you: "There *is* a God!"

But *with that* you belong to the light-shy kind, whom light never leaves in peace; now you must stick your head deeper into night and fog every day!

And truly, you chose the hour well: for just now the night birds are flying out again. The hour has come for all light-shy folk, the hour of evening and of rest, when they do not—"rest."

I hear it and smell it: their hour has come for hunting and processions, not, to be sure, for a wild hunt, but for a tame, lame, sniffing hunt of soft-steppers and soft-prayers—

—for a hunt for soulful sneaks: all the mousetraps of the heart are set up again now! And wherever I lift a curtain, a little moth comes tumbling out.

Was it squatting there together with another little moth, perhaps? For everywhere I smell little hidden congregations; and wherever there are closets, there are new prayer-brothers in them, and the fug of prayer-brothers.

They sit together through long evenings and say: let us become again as little children and say "dear God"!—their mouths and stomachs ruined by the pious confectioners.

Or they spend long evenings watching a cunning, lurking cross spider, which preaches prudence to the spiders themselves and teaches thus: "Under crosses it is good spinning!"

Or they sit all day with fishing rods by swamps and think themselves *deep* for it; but whoever fishes where there are no fish I do not even call superficial!

Or they learn, piously glad, to play the harp with a songwriter who would like to harp his way into the hearts of young little women:—for he has grown tired of the old little women and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder with a learned half-madman who waits in dark rooms for the spirits to come to him—and the spirit runs off altogether!

Or they listen to an old, drifting whistler of purrs and growls who learned the gloom of tones from gloomy winds; now he whistles after the wind and preaches gloom in gloomy tones.

And some of them have even become night watchmen: they now know how to blow horns and to go about at night and wake up old things that fell asleep long ago.

Five words about old things I heard last night at the garden wall: they came from such old, gloomy, dried-up night watchmen.

"For a father he does not care enough about his children: human fathers do this better!"—

"He is too old! He no longer cares about his children at all"—so the other night watchman answered.

"*Has* he any children, then? No one can prove it if he does not prove it himself! I have long wished he would prove it thoroughly for once."

"Prove? As if *he* had ever proved anything! Proving comes hard to him; he sets great store by people believing him."

"Yes! Yes! Faith makes him blessed, faith in him. That is just the way of old people! It is the same with us!"—

—Thus the two old night watchmen and light-scarers spoke to each other, and then they tooted gloomily on their horns: so it happened last night at the garden wall.

But my heart writhed with laughter and wanted to break and did not know where to go? and sank into my diaphragm.

Truly, this will yet be my death, that I choke with laughter when I see donkeys drunk and hear night watchmen doubting God like this.

Is it not *long* over for all such doubts too? Who may still wake up such old, sleeping, light-shy things!

With the old gods it came to an end long ago, after all:—and truly, they had a good, merry gods' end!

They did not "twilight" themselves to death—that is a lie people tell! Rather: one day they—*laughed* themselves to death!

That happened when the most godless word came from a god himself—the word: "There is one God! You shall have no other god

before me!"—

—an old grim-beard of a god, a jealous one, forgot himself in this way:

And all the gods laughed then and rocked on their chairs and cried: "Is just this not godliness, that there are gods but no God?"

Whoever has ears, let him hear.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra in the town that he loved and that is called the Motley Cow. For from here he had only two more days to walk before he would be back in his cave and with his animals; and his soul exulted constantly at the nearness of his homecoming.—

The Homecoming

O solitude! You my *homeland*, solitude! Too long have I lived wild in wild strange lands not to come home to you with tears!

Now just shake your finger at me, as mothers do, no, smile at me, as mothers smile, now just say: "And who was it that once stormed away from me like a storm wind?—

"—who cried in parting: too long have I sat with solitude, and there I unlearned silence! *That*—you have learned now, I suppose?

"O Zarathustra, I know everything: and that you were more *forsaken* among the many, you single one, than you ever were with me!

"Forsakenness is one thing, solitude another: *that*—you have learned now! And that among human beings you will always be wild and strange:

"—wild and strange even when they love you: for above all they want to be *spared*!

"But here you are at home and in your own house; here you can say everything out and pour out all your reasons; nothing here is ashamed of hidden, hardened feelings.

"Here all things come caressing to your speech and flatter you: for they want to ride on your back. On every parable you ride here to every truth.

"Upright and forthright you may speak to all things here: and truly, it sounds like praise to their ears that someone speaks with all things—straight!

"But being forsaken is something else. For do you still remember, O Zarathustra? That time when your bird cried above you, as

you stood in the forest, undecided where to go, unknowing, near a corpse:—

"—when you said: may my animals lead me! I found it more dangerous among human beings than among animals:—*that* was forsakenness!

"And do you still remember, O Zarathustra? When you sat on your island, a well of wine among empty buckets, giving and giving out, bestowing and pouring out among the thirsty:

"—until at last you sat thirsty and alone among the drunk and lamented by night: 'Is taking not more blessed than giving? And stealing more blessed still than taking?'—*that* was forsakenness!

"And do you still remember, O Zarathustra? When your stillest hour came and drove you away from yourself, when with an evil whisper it said: 'Speak and break!'—

"—when it made you sorry for all your waiting and silence and discouraged your humble courage: *that* was forsakenness!"—

O solitude! You my homeland, solitude! How blissfully and tenderly your voice speaks to me!

We do not question each other, we do not complain to each other, we go openly with each other through open doors.

For with you everything is open and bright; and here even the hours run on lighter feet. For in the dark time weighs more heavily on one than in the light.

Here the words and word-shrines of all being spring open for me: here all being wants to become word, all becoming wants to learn from me how to speak.

But down there—there all speech is in vain! There forgetting and passing by are the best wisdom: *that*—I have learned now!

Whoever wanted to grasp everything about human beings would have to handle everything. But for that my hands are too clean.

I do not even like breathing in their breath; ah, that I lived so long amid their noise and bad breath!

O blissful stillness around me! O pure smells around me! Oh, how this stillness draws pure breath from a deep chest! Oh, how it listens, this blissful stillness!

But down there—there everything speaks, there everything goes unheard. You may ring in your wisdom with bells: the shopkeepers in the marketplace will drown it out with the jingling of pennies!

Among them everything speaks, no one knows how to understand any longer. Everything falls into the water, nothing falls into deep wells any longer.

Among them everything speaks, nothing turns out well any longer and comes to an end. Everything cackles, but who still wants to sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Among them everything speaks, everything is talked to pieces. And what only yesterday was too hard for time itself and its tooth: today it hangs, scraped and gnawed, out of the mouths of the people of today.

Among them everything speaks, everything is betrayed. And what was once called the secret and secrecy of deep souls today belongs to the street trumpeters and other butterflies.

O human ways, you strange thing! You noise in dark lanes! Now you lie behind me again:—my greatest danger lies behind me!

In sparing and pitying lay always my greatest danger; and all human beings want to be spared and tolerated.

With truths held back, with a fool's hand and a besotted heart and rich in the little lies of pity:—thus I always lived among human beings.

I sat among them in disguise, ready to mistake *myself* so that I might bear *them*, and gladly telling myself: "You fool, you do not know human beings!"

One unlearns human beings when one lives among human beings: there is too much foreground in all human beings—what use are farsighted, far-seeking eyes there!

And when they mistook me: fool that I was, I spared them for it more than myself: used to being hard against myself, and often even taking revenge on myself for this sparing.

Stung all over by poisonous flies and hollowed out, like a stone, by many drops of malice, so I sat among them and still told 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; how *could* they be—just toward me!

Whoever lives among the good is taught by pity to lie. Pity makes the air stuffy for all free souls. For the stupidity of the good is unfathomable.

To hide myself and my riches—*that* I learned down there: for I found everyone still poor in spirit. That was the lie of my pity, that with everyone I knew,

—that in everyone I saw and smelled what was spirit *enough* for him and what was already *too much* spirit for him!

Their stiff wise men: I called them wise, not stiff—so I learned to swallow words. Their gravediggers: I called them researchers and examiners—so I learned to exchange words.

The gravediggers dig themselves into diseases. Under old rubble rest bad vapors. One should not stir up the swamp. One should live on mountains.

With blissful nostrils I breathe mountain freedom again! At last my nose is redeemed from the smell of all human ways!

Tickled by sharp air, as by sparkling wines, my soul *sneezes*—sneezes and cheers itself: Gesundheit!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Three Evils

1

In a dream, in my last morning dream, I stood today on a promontory—beyond the world; I held a pair of scales and *weighed* the world.

Oh, that the dawn came to me too early: it glowed me awake, the jealous one! It is always jealous of the glow of my morning dreams.

Measurable for one who has time, weighable for a good weigher, reachable in flight for strong wings, guessable for divine nutcrackers: thus my dream found the world:—

My dream, a bold sailor, half ship, half whirlwind, silent like butterflies, impatient like noble falcons: how did it have patience and leisure today for weighing the world!

Did my wisdom secretly urge it on, perhaps, my laughing, wakeful daytime wisdom, which mocks all "infinite worlds"? For it says: "Where there is force, *number* too becomes mistress: it has more force."

How surely my dream looked upon this finite world, not greedy for the new, not greedy for the old, not fearing, not pleading:—

—as if a full apple offered itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple with cool, soft, velvety skin:—so the world offered itself to me:—

—as if a tree beckoned to me, a broad-branched, strong-willed tree, bent to make a backrest and even a footrest for the one weary of the way: so the world stood on my promontory:—

—as if delicate hands carried a shrine toward me—a shrine open to the delight of bashful, adoring eyes: thus the world came toward me today:—

—not riddle enough to scare human love away, not solution enough to put human wisdom to sleep:—a humanly good thing the world was to me today, this world of which so much evil is said!

How I thank my morning dream that I weighed the world like this early today! As a humanly good thing it came to me, this dream and comforter of the heart!

And so that I may do as it did by day, and learn and copy its best from it: I will now put the three most evil things on the scales and weigh them well, in a human way.—

Whoever taught blessing taught cursing too: which are the three best-cursed things in the world? These I will put on the scales.

Lust, lust for power, selfishness: these three have been cursed best until now and have been worst ill-reputed and lied about—these three I will weigh well, in a human way.

Up! Here is my promontory and there the sea: *it* rolls toward me, shaggy, fawning, the faithful old hundred-headed dog-monster that I love.

Up! Here I will hold the scales over the rolling sea: and I choose a witness too, to look on—you, you hermit tree, you strong-scented, broad-vaulted tree that I love!—

On what bridge does the now go over to the someday? By what compulsion does the high compel itself to the low? And what bids even the highest still—grow upward?—

Now the scales stand level and still: three heavy questions I threw in, three heavy answers the other scale carries.

2

Lust: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body their goad and thorn, and cursed as “the world” by all afterworldly ones: for it mocks and fools all teachers of muddle and error.

Lust: for the riffraff the slow fire on which it is burned; for all worm-eaten wood, all stinking rags, the ready oven of rut and seething.

Lust: for free hearts innocent and free, the garden-happiness of the earth, the overflowing thanks of all the future to the now.

Lust: only for the withered a sweetish poison, but for the lion-willed the great cordial for the heart, and the reverently saved wine of wines.

Lust: the great happiness that is a parable for higher happiness and highest hope. For to many things marriage is promised, and more than marriage—

—to many things that are stranger to each other than man and woman:—and who has fully grasped *how strange* man and woman are to each other!

Lust:—but I want fences around my thoughts, and around my words too: so that the swine and the fanatics do not break into my gardens!—

Lust for power: the glowing scourge of the hardest of the hard-hearted; the gruesome torment that saves itself up for the cruelest himself; the dark flame of living pyres.

Lust for power: the malicious gadfly that is set upon the vainest peoples; the mocker of all uncertain virtue; that rides on every horse and every pride.

Lust for power: the earthquake that breaks and breaks open everything rotten and hollow; the rolling, rumbling, punishing breaker of whitewashed tombs; the flashing question mark beside premature answers.

Lust for power: before whose glance the human being crawls and stoops and slaves and becomes lower than snake and swine:—until at last the great contempt cries out of him—

Lust for power: the terrible teacher of the great contempt, who preaches to the face of cities and empires: "Away with you!"—until it cries out of themselves: "Away with *me*!"

Lust for power: which, however, also climbs alluringly up to the pure and the solitary and to self-sufficient heights, glowing like a love that alluringly paints purple blisses on earthly skies.

Lust for power: but who would call it *lust* when the high longs down for power! Truly, there is nothing sick and lustful in such longing and descending!

That the solitary height may not isolate itself forever and be content with itself; that the mountain may come to the valley and the winds of the height to the lowlands:—

Oh, who would find the right baptismal name and virtue-name for such longing! "Bestowing virtue"—thus Zarathustra once named the unnamable.

And it was then too that it happened—and truly, it happened for the first time!—that his word called *selfishness* blessed, the whole, healthy selfishness that wells up from a mighty soul:—

—from a mighty soul, to which belongs the lofty body, the beautiful, victorious, refreshing body, around which each and every thing becomes a mirror:

—the supple, persuasive body, the dancer, whose parable and epitome is the self-enjoying soul. The self-joy of such bodies and souls calls itself: "Virtue."

With its words of good and bad such self-joy fences itself in as with sacred groves; with the names of its happiness it banishes from itself everything contemptible.

Away from itself it banishes everything cowardly; it says: Bad—that is cowardly! Contemptible to it seems the one who always

worries, sighs, complains, and whoever picks up even the smallest advantages.

It despises too all woe-besotted wisdom: for truly, there is also a wisdom that blooms in the dark, a nightshade wisdom: which always sighs: "All is vanity!"

Shy mistrust counts for little with it, and everyone who wants oaths instead of glances and hands: and all all-too-mistrustful wisdom too—for that is the way of cowardly souls.

Of still less account to it is the one who is quick to please, the doglike one, who lies on his back at once, the humble one; and there is wisdom too that is humble and doglike and pious and quick to please.

Hateful to it, even disgusting, is the one who never wants to defend himself, who swallows poisonous spittle and evil looks, the all-too-patient one, the endurer of everything, the one content with everything: for that is the servile kind.

Whether someone is servile before gods and divine kicks, or before human beings and stupid human opinions: *all* servility it spits upon, this blissful selfishness!

Bad: so it calls everything that is broken and stingily servile, unfree blinking eyes, oppressed hearts, and that false, yielding kind that kisses with broad, cowardly lips.

And sham wisdom: so it calls everything that slaves and old men and the weary offer as wit; and especially the whole wicked, witless, overwitty foolishness of priests!

But the sham-wise, all the priests, the world-weary, and whoever has a soul of the womanish and servile kind—oh, how their game has always played selfishness false!

And just this was to be virtue and be called virtue, *that* one played selfishness false! And "selfless"—that is what all these world-weary cowards and cross spiders wished themselves to be, with good reason!

But for all of them the day is now coming, the transformation, the sword of judgment, *the great noon*: then much shall be revealed!

And whoever pronounces the I whole and holy and selfishness blessed, truly, he also says what he knows, as one who foretells: “Behold, it is coming, it is near, the great noon!”

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

On the Spirit of Gravity

1

My mouth—is of the people: I speak too coarsely and heartily for the silken rabbits. And my word sounds stranger still to all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

My hand—is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls, and whatever else has room for fool's frills, fool's scrawls!

My foot—is a cloven hoof; with it I trot and tramp over stick and stone, crisscross and cross-country, and I am devilish with joy at all fast running.

My stomach—is it an eagle's stomach, perhaps? For it loves lamb's flesh best. But certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished on innocent things and on little, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—that is my way now: how should there not be something of the bird's way in it!

And above all, that I am an enemy of the Spirit of Gravity, that is the bird's way: and truly, a deadly enemy, an archenemy, a primal enemy! Oh, where has my enmity not flown already, and flown astray!

Of that I could sing a song—and I *will* sing it: although 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 makes the throat supple, the hand eloquent, the eye expressive, the heart awake:—I am not like them.—

2

Whoever one day teaches human beings to fly will have moved all boundary stones; all boundary stones themselves will fly into the air for him, and he will baptize the earth anew—as "the light one."

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, but it too still sticks its head heavily into heavy earth: so does the human being who cannot yet fly.

Heavy he calls the earth and life; and so the Spirit of Gravity *wills* it! But whoever wants to become light and a bird must love himself:—thus I teach.

Not, to be sure, with the love of the sick and the addicted: for with them even self-love stinks!

One must learn to love oneself—thus I teach—with a whole and healthy love: so that one can bear to be with oneself and does not roam about.

Such roaming about baptizes itself "love of one's neighbor": with this word the best lying and dissembling have been done until now, and especially by those who were heavy on the whole world.

And truly, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow, to *learn* to love oneself. Rather, of all arts this is the finest, the subtlest, the last, and the most patient.

For whatever is one's own is well hidden from its owner; and of all treasure pits one's own is dug up last—so the Spirit of Gravity brings it about.

Almost in the cradle we are given heavy words and values to take along: "good" and "evil"—so this dowry is called. For its sake we are forgiven for being alive.

And that is why they let the little children come to them: so as to forbid them in good time to love themselves: so the Spirit of Gravity brings it about.

And we—we faithfully drag what we are given on hard shoulders and over rough mountains! And if we sweat, we are told: "Yes,

life is hard to bear!"

But only the human being is hard to bear for himself! That comes from his dragging too much that is foreign on his shoulders. Like the camel he kneels down and lets himself be well loaded.

Especially the strong, load-bearing human being in whom reverence dwells: too many *foreign* heavy words and values he loads upon himself—now life seems to him a desert!

And truly! Many things of *one's own* are hard to bear too! And much that is inward in the human being is like the oyster, namely loathsome and slippery and hard to grasp—

—so that a noble shell with noble ornament must plead on its behalf. But this art too one must learn: to *have* a shell, and fair seeming, and clever blindness!

Again, it is deceptive about many things in the human being that many a shell is paltry and sad and too much shell. Much hidden goodness and strength is never guessed; the most exquisite delicacies find no tasters!

Women know that, the most exquisite of them: a little fatter, a little leaner—oh, how much fate lies in so little!

The human being is hard to discover, and hardest of all for himself; often the spirit lies about the soul. So the Spirit of Gravity brings it about.

But he has discovered himself who says: This is *my* good and evil: with that he has silenced the mole and dwarf who says: "Good for all, evil for all."

Truly, I do not like those either for whom each and every thing is good and this world even the best. Those I call the all-content.

All-contentment that knows how to taste everything: that is not the best taste! I honor the refractory, choosy tongues and stomachs that have learned to say "I" and "Yes" and "No."

But to chew and digest everything—that is the true swine's way! Always to say Yea-a[1]—only the donkey has learned that, and who-

ever is of his spirit!—

Deep yellow and hot red: so *my* taste wants it—it mixes blood into all colors. But whoever whitewashes his house betrays to me a whitewashed soul.

Some in love with mummies, the others with ghosts; and both alike hostile to all flesh and blood—oh, how both go against my taste! For I love blood.

And I do not want to live and linger where everyone spits and spews: that is *my* taste now—I would rather live among thieves and perjurers. No one carries gold in his mouth.

But more repulsive to me still are all spittle-lickers; and the most repulsive animal of a human being that I found I baptized parasite: it did not want to love and yet wanted to live on love.

Unblissful I call all who have only one choice: to become evil animals or evil animal tamers: among such I would build no huts for myself.

Unblissful I call those too who must always *wait*—they go against my taste: all the tax collectors and shopkeepers and kings and other keepers of lands and shops.

Truly, I too have learned waiting, and from the ground up,

—but only waiting for *myself*. And above all I learned to stand and walk and run and jump and climb and dance.

But this is my teaching: whoever wants to learn to fly one day must first learn to stand and walk and run and climb and dance:—one does not fly into flying!

With rope ladders I learned to climb to many a window, with nimble legs I clambered up high masts: to sit on high masts of knowledge seemed to me no small bliss—

—to flicker like small flames on high masts: a small light, to be sure, but still a great comfort to storm-driven sailors and the shipwrecked!—

By many kinds of paths and ways I came to my truth; not by one ladder did I climb to the height where my eye roams into my distance.

And only reluctantly did I ever ask the way—that always went against my taste! I preferred to question and try the ways themselves.

A trying and questioning was all my going:—and truly, one must also *learn* to answer such questioning! But that—is my taste:

—not a good taste, not a bad one, but *my* taste, of which I am no longer ashamed and which I no longer hide.

"This—is *my* way now—where is yours?" So I answered those who asked me "the way." For *the* way—it does not exist!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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1. The German donkey's bray I-A (ee-ah) sounds like *Ja*, "yes."

On Old and New Tablets

1

Here I sit and wait, old broken tablets around me and new tablets too, half written on. When will my hour come?

—the hour of my descent, of my going under: for once more I want to go to human beings.

For that I am waiting now: for first the signs must come to me that it is *my* hour—namely the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

Meanwhile I speak to myself as one who has time. No one tells me anything new: so I tell myself myself.—

2

When I came to human beings, I found them sitting on an old conceit: all of them had long fancied they knew what was good and evil for the human being.

All talk of virtue seemed to them an old, tired thing; and whoever wanted to sleep well still spoke of "good" and "evil" before going to bed.

I disturbed this sleepiness when I taught: what is good and evil *no one knows yet*:—unless it be the creator!

—But he is the one who creates the human being's goal and gives the earth its meaning and its future: only he *creates* it *that* something is good and evil.

And I bade them overturn their old chairs of teaching, and wherever that old conceit had sat; I bade them laugh at their great masters of virtue and saints and poets and world redeemers.

At their gloomy wise men I bade them laugh, and at whoever had ever sat on the tree of life as a black scarecrow, warning.

I sat down by their great avenue of tombs, and even beside carrion and vultures—and I laughed at all their past and its crumbling, decaying glory.

Truly, like preachers of repentance and fools I cried wrath and outcry over all their great and small—that their best is so very small! That their most evil is so very small!—thus I laughed.

Thus my wise longing cried and laughed out of me, which was born on mountains, a wild wisdom, truly!—my great longing with its roaring wings.

And often it swept me away and up and off, in the very midst of laughter: then I flew, shuddering, an arrow, through sun-drunk rapture:

—out into distant futures that no dream has yet seen, into hotter souths than artists ever dreamed of: there where gods, dancing, are ashamed of all clothes:—

—for I speak in parables, and like poets I limp and stammer: and truly, I am ashamed that I must still be a poet!—

Where all becoming seemed to me the dance of gods and the mischief of gods, and the world let loose and unbridled and fleeing back to itself:—

—as an eternal fleeing and seeking-again of themselves by many gods, as the blissful self-contradicting, hearing-again, belonging-again-to-themselves of many gods:—

Where all time seemed to me a blissful mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself, which played blissfully with the goad of freedom:—

Where I also found again my old devil and archenemy, the Spirit of Gravity, and everything he created: compulsion, statute, necessity and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil:—

For must there not be something *over* which one dances, dances away? Must there not, for the sake of the light, the lightest —be moles and heavy dwarfs?—

3

It was there too that I picked up the word "Übermensch" from the road, and that the human being is something that must be overcome,

—that the human being is a bridge and not an end: calling himself blessed for his noon and his evening, as the way to new dawns:

—Zarathustra's word of the great noon, and whatever else I hung up over human beings, like purple second sunsets.

Truly, I let them see new stars too, along with new nights; and over clouds and day and night I spread out laughter like a many-colored tent.

I taught them all *my* imagining and striving: to compose into one and carry together what is fragment in the human being and riddle and dreadful accident—

—as poet, guesser of riddles, and redeemer of accident I taught them to create upon the future, and to redeem, by creating, everything that *was*—.

To redeem what is past in the human being and to re-create all "It was," until the will says: "But thus I willed it! Thus shall I will it —"

—This I called redemption for them, this alone I taught them to call redemption.—

Now I am waiting for *my* redemption—that I may go to them for the last time.

For once more I want to go to human beings: *among* them I want to go under, dying I want to give them my richest gift!

I learned this from the sun when it goes down, the overrich one: then it pours gold into the sea out of inexhaustible riches—

—so that even the poorest fisherman rows with *golden* oars! For this I once saw, and as I watched I could not have my fill of tears.—

Like the sun Zarathustra too wants to go under: now he sits here and waits, old broken tablets around him and new tablets too —half written on.

4

Behold, here is a new tablet: but where are my brothers who will carry it with me down into the valley and into hearts of flesh?—

Thus my great love of the farthest demands it: do not spare your neighbor! The human being is something that must be overcome.

There are many kinds of paths and ways of overcoming: see to it *yourself*! But only a buffoon thinks: "The human being can also be *jumped over*."

Overcome yourself even in your neighbor: and a right that you can seize for yourself you shall not let anyone give you!

What you do, no one can do back to you. Behold, there is no retribution.

Whoever cannot command himself shall obey. And many a one *can* command himself, but much is still lacking before he also obeys himself!

5

This is the way of noble souls: they want to have nothing *for nothing*, least of all life.

Whoever is of the rabble wants to live for nothing; but we others, to whom life gave itself—we always reflect on *what* we can best give *in return*!

And truly, it is a noble saying that says: "What life promises *us*, *we* want to keep—for life!"

One should not want to enjoy where one does not give enjoyment. And—one should not *want* to enjoy!

For enjoyment and innocence are the most bashful things: neither wants to be sought. One should *have* them—, but one should rather *seek* guilt and pains!—

6

O my brothers, whoever is a firstling is always sacrificed. But now we are firstlings.

We all bleed on secret altars, we all burn and roast in honor of old idols.

Our best is still young: that excites old palates. Our flesh is tender, our hide is only a lamb's hide:—how should we not excite old idol-priests!

In ourselves he still dwells, the old idol-priest, who roasts our best for his feast. Ah, my brothers, how should firstlings not be sacrifices!

But so our kind wills it; and I love those who do not want to preserve themselves. Those who go under I love with my whole love: for they cross over.—

7

To be true—few *can* do that! And whoever can does not yet want to! But least of all can the good.

Oh, these good ones!—Good people never speak the truth; for the spirit, to be good in such a way is a sickness.

They give way, these good ones, they give themselves up, their heart repeats what it is told, their ground obeys; but whoever obeys does not hear himself!

Everything the good call evil must come together for one truth to be born: O my brothers, are you evil enough for *this* truth?

Reckless daring, long mistrust, the cruel No, surfeit, cutting into the living—how seldom does *that* come together! But from such seed truth is begotten!

Beside the bad conscience all *knowledge* has grown until now! Break, break for me, you knowers, the old tablets!

8

When the water has planks over it, when footbridges and railings spring across the river: truly, then no one is believed who says: "Everything flows."

Instead even the dolts contradict him. "What?" say the dolts, "everything flows? But the planks and railings are *over* the river!"

"*Over* the river everything is firm, all the values of things, the bridges, concepts, all 'good' and 'evil': all that is firm!"—

But when hard winter comes, the tamer of rivers: then even the wittiest learn mistrust; and, truly, not only the dolts say then: "Should not everything—*stand still*?"

"At bottom everything stands still"—that is a true winter teaching, a good thing for barren times, a good comfort for hibernators and stove-squatters.

"At bottom everything stands still"—: but *against* this the thaw wind preaches!

The thaw wind, a bull that is no plowing bull—a raging bull, a destroyer, who breaks ice with angry horns! But ice—*breaks*

footbridges!

O my brothers, is not everything *flowing* now? Have not all railings and footbridges fallen into the water? Who would still *hold on* to "good" and "evil"?

"Woe to us! Hail to us! The thaw wind is blowing!"—Preach this for me, O my brothers, through all the lanes!

9

There is an old delusion that is called good and evil. Around soothsayers and astrologers the wheel of this delusion has turned until now.

Once people believed in soothsayers and astrologers: and that is why they believed: "Everything is fate: you shall, because you must!"

Then again people mistrusted all soothsayers and astrologers: and *that is why* they believed: "Everything is freedom: you can, because you will!"

O my brothers, about stars and the future there has until now only been delusion, not knowledge: and *that is why* about good and evil there has until now only been delusion, not knowledge!

10

"You shall not rob! You shall not kill!"—such words were once called holy; before them people bent knee and head and took off their shoes.

But I ask you: where in the world have there ever been better robbers and killers than such holy words?

Is there not in all life itself—robbing and killing? And by calling such words holy, was not *truth* itself—killed?

Or was it a sermon of death that called holy what contradicted and dissuaded from all life?—O my brothers, break, break for me the old tablets!

11

This is my pity for all that is past, that I see: it is abandoned—

—abandoned to the grace, the spirit, the madness of every generation that comes and reinterprets everything that was as a bridge to itself!

A great despot could come, a cunning monster, who with his grace and disgrace would force and squeeze everything past: until it became a bridge for him and an omen and a herald and a cockcrow.

But this is the other danger and my other pity:—whoever is of the rabble remembers back as far as his grandfather—but with the grandfather time stops.

Thus everything past is abandoned: for it could happen one day that the rabble became master and drowned all time in shallow waters.

Therefore, O my brothers, a *new nobility* is needed, which is the adversary of all rabble and of everything despotic and writes anew on new tablets the word "noble."

For many noble ones are needed, and many kinds of noble ones, for there to be nobility! Or, as I once said in a parable: "Just this is godliness, that there are gods but no God!"

12

O my brothers, I consecrate you and direct you to a new nobility: you shall become begetters and breeders and sowers of the future —

—truly, not to a nobility that you could buy like shopkeepers and with shopkeepers' gold: for everything that has its price has little value.

Let it not be where you come from that makes your honor from now on, but where you are going! Your will and your foot, which wants to go out beyond yourselves—let that make your new honor!

Truly not that you have served a prince—what do princes matter anymore!—or that you became a bulwark for what stands, so that it might stand more firmly!

Not that your family became courtly at courts, and you learned, many-colored, like a flamingo, to stand for long hours in shallow ponds.

—For being *able* to stand is a merit among courtiers; and all courtiers believe that the bliss after death includes—being *allowed* to sit!—

Nor that a spirit they call holy led your forefathers into promised lands that I do not praise: for where the worst of all trees grew, the cross—that land has nothing to be praised!—

—and truly, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, always on such campaigns—goats and geese and crossheads and wrongheads ran *in front*!—

O my brothers, your nobility shall not look backward but *outward*! Exiles you shall be from all fatherlands and forefatherlands!

Your children's land you shall love: let this love be your new nobility—the undiscovered land, in the farthest sea! For it I bid your sails search and search!

In your children you shall *make up* for being your fathers' children: *thus* you shall redeem everything past! This new tablet I place over you!

13

"Why live? All is vanity! Living—that is threshing straw; living—that is burning oneself and still not getting warm."—

Such antiquated chatter still passes for "wisdom"; and *because* it is old and smells musty, it is honored all the more. Even mold ennobles.—

Children were allowed to talk like that: they *shy away* from fire because it burned them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And whoever is always "threshing straw," how should he be allowed to rail against threshing! Such a fool's mouth ought to be muzzled!

Such people sit down at the table and bring nothing with them, not even a good hunger:—and then they rail: "All is vanity!"

But to eat and drink well, O my brothers, is truly no vain art! Break, break for me the tablets of the never-glad!

14

"To the pure all things are pure"—so the people say. But I say to you: to swine all things become swine!

That is why the fanatics and head-hangers, whose hearts hang down too, preach: "The world itself is a filthy monster."

For all of these are unclean in spirit; but especially those who have neither rest nor respite unless they see the world *from behind*—the afterworldly!

To *them* I say to their faces, even though it does not sound lovely: the world resembles the human being in that it has a behind—*that much* is true!

There is much filth in the world: *that much* is true! But that does not make the world itself a filthy monster!

There is wisdom in the fact that much in the world smells bad: disgust itself creates wings and powers that divine water springs!

Even in the best there is still something to be disgusted by; and even the best is still something that must be overcome!—

O my brothers, there is much wisdom in the fact that there is much filth in the world!—

15

Such sayings I heard pious afterworldly ones speak to their conscience; and truly, without guile or falsehood—though there is nothing more false in the world, nor more wicked.

"Let the world be the world! Do not lift even one finger against it!"

"Let whoever wants to choke and stab and cut and scrape people: do not lift even one finger against it! That way they will learn to renounce the world."

"And your own reason—you yourself shall throttle and choke it; for it is a reason of this world—that way you yourself will learn to renounce the world."—

—Break, break for me, O my brothers, these old tablets of the pious! Shatter with your words the sayings of the slanderers of the world!

16

"Whoever learns much unlearns all violent desire"—so people whisper to one another today in all the dark lanes.

"Wisdom makes weary, nothing is—worth it; you shall not desire!"—this new tablet I found hanging even in open marketplaces.

Break for me, O my brothers, break this *new* tablet too! The world-weary hung it up, and the preachers of death, and the jailers too: for look, it is also a sermon for servitude!—

Because they learned badly, and not the best, and everything too early and everything too fast: because they *ate* badly, they got that ruined stomach—

—for their spirit is a ruined stomach: *it* counsels death! For truly, my brothers, the spirit *is* a stomach!

Life is a well of joy: but for anyone out of whom the ruined stomach speaks, the father of gloom, all springs are poisoned.

To know: that is *joy* for the lion-willed! But whoever has grown weary is himself only "willed"; all the waves play with him.

And this is always the way of weak human beings: they lose themselves on their paths. And at last their weariness even asks: "Why did we ever take paths at all! It is all the same!"

To *them* it sounds lovely in their ears when it is preached: "Nothing is worth it! You shall not will!" But this is a sermon for servitude.

O my brothers, Zarathustra comes as a fresh roaring wind to all who are weary of the way; many noses he will yet make sneeze!

My free breath blows even through walls, and into prisons and imprisoned spirits!

Willing liberates: for willing is creating: so I teach. And you shall learn *only* in order to create!

And learning too you shall first *learn* from me,
learning well!—Whoever has ears, let him hear!

17

There stands the boat—over there perhaps the way leads into the great nothing.—But who wants to step into this "perhaps"?

None of you wants to step into the death boat! Then how can you want to be *world-weary*!

World-weary! And you have not even been carried off from the earth! I always found you still lusting after earth, still in love with your own earth-weariness!

Not for nothing does your lip hang down:—a small earthly wish still sits on it! And in your eye—does not a little cloud of unforgotten earthly joy swim there?

There are many good inventions on earth, some useful, others pleasant: for their sake the earth is to be loved.

And there are many things so well invented there that they are like a woman's breast: useful and pleasant at once.

But you world-weary ones! You earth-idlers! You should be beaten with rods! With strokes of the rod your legs should be made lively again.

For: if you are not sick and worn-out wretches of whom the earth is weary, then you are sly sloths or sweet-toothed, skulking cats of pleasure. And if you will not *run* merrily again, then you shall—pass away!

One should not want to be a physician to the incurable: thus Zarathustra teaches:—so you shall pass away!

But it takes more *courage* to make an end than to make a new verse: all physicians and poets know that.—

18

O my brothers, there are tablets that weariness created, and tablets that laziness created, rotten laziness: even if they speak alike, they want to be heard differently.—

Look at this languishing man here! He is only a span away from his goal, but out of weariness he has defiantly lain down here in the dust: this brave one!

Out of weariness he yawns at the path and the earth and the goal and himself: he will not take one more step—this brave one!

Now the sun glows down on him, and the dogs lick at his sweat: but he lies there in his defiance and would rather languish:—

—languish a span away from his goal! Truly, you will yet have to drag him by the hair into his heaven—this hero!

Better still, you let him lie where he has lain down, so that sleep may come to him, the comforter, with cooling, rustling rain:

Let him lie until he wakes of his own accord, until of his own accord he recants all weariness and what weariness taught through him!

Only, my brothers, scare the dogs away from him, the lazy sneaks, and all the swarming vermin:—

—all the swarming vermin of the "educated," who feast on the sweat of every hero!—

19

I draw circles around me and holy boundaries; ever fewer climb with me up ever higher mountains—I build a mountain range out of ever holier mountains.—

But wherever you may climb with me, O my brothers: see to it that no *parasite* climbs with you!

Parasite: that is a worm, a crawling, cringing worm that wants to grow fat on your sick, sore corners.

And *this* is its art, that it guesses where climbing souls are weary: in your grief and dejection, in your tender shame it builds its loathsome nest.

Where the strong is weak, where the noble is all too mild—in there it builds its loathsome nest: the parasite lives where the great has small sore corners.

What is the highest kind of all that is, and what the lowest? The parasite is the lowest kind; but whoever is of the highest kind feeds the most parasites.

For the soul that has the longest ladder and can go down deepest: how should the most parasites not sit on it?—

—the most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and roam farthest within itself; the most necessary soul, which plunges for joy into chance:—

—the soul that is, which dives into becoming; the soul that has, which *wants* to go into willing and longing:—

—the soul that flees itself, that catches up with itself in the widest circle; the wisest soul, to which folly speaks most sweetly:—

—the soul that loves itself most, in which all things have their streaming and counterstreaming and ebb and flood:—oh, how should *the highest soul* not have the worst parasites?

20

O my brothers, am I cruel, then? But I say: what is falling, one should also push!

Everything of today—it is falling, it is decaying: who would hold it up! But I—I *want* to push it as well!

Do you know the lust that rolls stones into steep depths?—These human beings of today: just look at them, how they roll into my depths!

I am a prelude of better players, O my brothers! An example! *Do* as my example does!

And whomever you do not teach to fly, teach him for me—to fall faster!—

21

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a slasher with the sword —one must also know: strike, but look first at *whom*!

And often there is more bravery in holding back and passing by: *so that* one may save oneself for the worthier enemy!

You shall have only enemies who are to be hated, but not enemies to be despised: you must be proud of your enemy: thus I taught once before.

For the worthier enemy, O my friends, you shall save yourselves: that is why you must pass by much—

—especially much riffraff that makes noise in your ears about the people and peoples.

Keep your eye clean of their for and against! There is much right there, much wrong: whoever looks on grows angry.

To look in, to lash in—there they are one: so go away into the forests and lay your sword to sleep!

Go *your* ways! And let people and peoples go theirs!—dark ways, truly, on which not one hope flashes like heat lightning any longer!

Let the shopkeeper rule there, where everything that still glitters—is shopkeepers' gold! It is the time of kings no longer: what calls itself a people today deserves no kings.

Just look how these peoples now act like shopkeepers themselves: they pick the smallest advantages even out of every rubbish heap!

They lie in wait for one another, they lie in wait to get something out of one another—that they call "good neighborliness." O blissful distant time when a people said to itself: "I want to be—*master* over peoples!"

For, my brothers: the best shall rule, the best also wants to rule! And where the teaching sounds otherwise, there—the best is *lacking*.

22

If *they*—had bread for nothing, woe! What would *they* scream for! Their upkeep—that is what really keeps them entertained; and they shall have a hard time of it!

They are beasts of prey: in their "working"—there is robbing too, in their "earning"—there is outwitting too! That is why they shall have a hard time of it!

So they shall become better beasts of prey, finer, cleverer, *more like human beings*: for the human being is the best beast of prey.

The human being has already robbed all animals of their virtues: that is because of all animals the human being has had the hardest time.

Only the birds are still above him. And if the human being learned to fly as well, woe! *how high up*—would his lust for prey fly!

23

This is how I want man and woman: the one fit for war, the other fit for giving birth, but both fit for dancing with head and legs.

And let every day be lost to us on which there was not one dance! And let every truth be called false to us with which there was not one laugh!

24

Your marrying: see to it that it is not a bad *conclusion*! You concluded too quickly: so there *follows* from it—marriage-breaking!

And better still marriage-breaking than marriage-bending, marriage-lying!—Thus a woman said to me: "Yes, I broke the marriage, but first the marriage broke—me!"

The badly matched I have always found to be the worst of the vengeful: they make all the world pay for the fact that they no longer run singly.

For this reason I want the honest to say to each other: "We love each other: let us *see to it* that we keep loving each other! Or shall our promise be a blunder?"

—"Give us a term and a small marriage, so that we may see whether we are fit for the great marriage! It is a great thing always to be two!"

Thus I counsel all who are honest; and what would my love of the Übermensch and of everything that is to come be if I counseled and spoke otherwise!

Not only to propagate yourselves onward but *upward*—for that, O my brothers, may the garden of marriage help you!

25

Whoever has grown wise about old origins, behold, he will at last seek the wellsprings of the future and new origins.—

O my brothers, it will not be long before *new peoples* arise and new springs rush down into new depths.

For the earthquake—it buries many wells, it creates much languishing: it also raises inner powers and secrets to the light.

The earthquake reveals new springs. In the earthquake of old peoples new springs break out.

And whoever cries: "Behold, here is a well for many who are thirsty, one heart for many who are longing, one will for many instruments":—around him a *people* gathers, that is: many who are trying.

Who can command, who must obey—that is tried there! Ah, with what long seeking and guessing and failing and learning and trying anew!

Human society: it is a trial, so I teach—a long seeking: but what it seeks is the one who commands!—

—a trial, O my brothers! And *no* "contract"! Break, break for me such a word of the softhearted and the half-and-halfs!

26

O my brothers! With whom does the greatest danger to all human future lie? Is it not with the good and the just?—

—with those who say and feel in their hearts: "We already know what is good and just, and we have it too; woe to those who still seek here!"—

And whatever harm the evil may do: the harm of the good is the most harmful harm!

And whatever harm the slanderers of the world may do: the harm of the good is the most harmful harm.

O my brothers, someone once looked into the hearts of the good and the just and said: "They are the Pharisees." But he was not understood.

The good and the just themselves were not allowed to understand him: their spirit is imprisoned in their good conscience. The stupidity of the good is unfathomably clever.

But this is the truth: the good *must* be Pharisees—they have no choice!

The good *must* crucify the one who invents his own virtue for himself! That *is* the truth!

But the second one who discovered their land, the land, heart, and soil of the good and the just: it was he who asked: "Whom do they hate most?"

The *creator* they hate most: the one who breaks tablets and old values, the breaker—him they call the 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 tablets, they sacrifice the future to *themselves*—they crucify all human future!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.—

27

O my brothers, have you understood this word too? And what I once said of the "last human being"?—

With whom does the greatest danger to all human 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 understood this word too?

28

You flee from me? You are frightened? You tremble at this word?

O my brothers, when I bade you break the good and the tablets of the good: only then did I put the human being out to sea on his high sea.

And only now does the great terror come to him, the great looking around, the great sickness, the great disgust, the great seasickness.

False coasts and false securities the good taught you; in the lies of the good you were born and sheltered. Everything has been lied crooked and bent down to the ground by the good.

But whoever discovered the land "human being" discovered the land "human future" too. Now you shall be seafarers for me, brave and patient!

Walk upright in good time, O my brothers, learn to walk upright! The sea is storming: many want to pull themselves upright again by you.

The sea is storming: everything is in the sea. Well then! Up! You old sailors' hearts!

What fatherland! *Thither* our helm wants to go, where our *children's land* is! Out there, stormier than the sea, storms our great longing!—

29

"Why so hard!" the kitchen coal once said to the diamond. "Are we not close relatives, after all?"—

Why so soft? O my brothers, thus *I* ask you: are you not, after all—my brothers?

Why so soft, so yielding and giving way? Why is there so much denial, so much self-denial in your hearts? So little fate in your eyes?

And if you will not be fates and inexorable ones: how could you —conquer with me?

And if your hardness will not flash and cut and cut to pieces: how could you one day—create with me?

For creators are hard. And it must seem bliss to you to press your hand upon millennia as upon wax—

—bliss to write upon the will of millennia as upon bronze—harder than bronze, nobler than bronze. Only the noblest is altogether hard.

This new tablet, O my brothers, I place over you: become hard! —

30

O you my will! You turning of all need, you *my* necessity! Preserve me from all small victories!

You dispensation of my soul, which I call destiny! You-in-me! Over-me! Preserve me and save me up for one great destiny!

And your last greatness, my will, save it up for your last—so that you may be inexorable *in* your victory! Ah, who has not succumbed to his victory!

Ah, whose eye has not darkened in this drunken twilight! Ah, whose foot has not reeled and unlearned in victory—how to stand! —

—That I may one day be ready and ripe at the great noon: ready and ripe like glowing bronze, like a cloud pregnant with lightning, and a swelling udder of milk:—

—ready for myself and for my most hidden will: a bow ardent for its arrow, an arrow ardent for its star:—

—a star, ready and ripe in its noon, glowing, pierced, blissful before annihilating sun-arrows:—

—a sun itself and an inexorable sun-will, ready for annihilating in victory!

O will, turning of all need, you *my* necessity! Save me up for one great victory!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Convalescent

1

One morning, not long after his return to his cave, Zarathustra leaped up from his bed like a madman, cried out in a terrible voice, and behaved as though someone else were still lying on the bed who would not get up from it; and Zarathustra's voice rang out so that his animals came running in alarm, and from all the caves and hiding places that neighbored Zarathustra's cave all the creatures scurried away—flying, fluttering, crawling, leaping, according to the kind of foot and wing each had been given. But Zarathustra spoke these words:

Up, abysmal thought, out of my depth! I am your rooster and morning dawn, sleepy worm: up! up! My voice shall crow you awake yet!

Unfasten the fetters of your ears: listen! For I want to hear you! Up! Up! Here is thunder enough to make even graves learn to listen!

And wipe the sleep and all that is dull and blind out of your eyes! Hear me with your eyes too: my voice is a remedy even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, you shall stay awake for me eternally. It is not *my* way to wake great-grandmothers from their sleep only to bid them—go on sleeping!

You stir, stretch, rattle in your throat? Up! Up! Not rattle—you shall speak to me! Zarathustra the godless calls you!

I, Zarathustra, the advocate of life, the advocate of suffering, the advocate of the circle—I call you, my most abysmal thought!

Hail to me! You are coming—I hear you! My abyss *speaks*, I have turned my last depth inside out into the light!

Hail to me! Come here! Give me your hand—ha! let go! Haha!—Disgust, disgust, disgust—woe is me!

2

But scarcely had Zarathustra spoken these words when he fell down like a dead man and remained like a dead man for a long time. But when he came to himself again, he was pale and trembled and stayed lying down and for a long time would neither eat nor drink. This state lasted with him for seven days; but his animals did not leave him by day or night, except that the eagle flew out to fetch food. And whatever he fetched and robbed together he laid on Zarathustra's bed: so that at last Zarathustra lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, rose apples, fragrant herbs, and pine cones. But at his feet two lambs were spread out, which the eagle had with difficulty robbed from their shepherds.

At last, after seven days, Zarathustra sat up on his bed, took a rose apple in his hand, smelled it, and found its smell lovely. Then his animals thought the time had come to speak with him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "now you have been lying like this for seven days, with heavy eyes: will you not at last stand on your feet again?

"Step out of your cave: the world is waiting for you like a garden. The wind is playing with heavy fragrances that want to come to you; and all the brooks would like to run after you.

"All things are longing for you, since you have stayed alone for seven days—step out of your cave! All things want to be your physicians!

“Has some new knowledge come to you, perhaps, a sour, heavy knowledge? Like leavened dough you lay there; your soul rose and swelled over all its edges.”—

—O my animals, answered Zarathustra, go on chattering like this and let me listen! It refreshes me so to hear you chatter: where there is chatter, the world already lies before me like a garden.

How lovely it is that there are words and sounds: are not words and sounds rainbows and illusory bridges between things eternally apart?

To each soul belongs another world; for each soul every other soul is an afterworld.

It is precisely between the most similar things that illusion lies most beautifully; for the smallest gap is the hardest to bridge.

For me—how could there be an outside-of-me? There is no outside! But we forget that with all sounds; how lovely it is that we forget!

Have not names and sounds been given to things so that the human being may refresh himself with things? It is a beautiful folly, speaking: with it the human being dances over all things.

How lovely is all speech and all the lying of sounds! With sounds our love dances on many-colored rainbows.—

—“O Zarathustra,” the animals said then, “to those who think as we do, all things themselves dance: they come and give one another their hands and laugh and flee—and come back.

“Everything goes, everything comes back; eternally rolls the wheel of being. Everything dies, everything blossoms again, eternally runs the year of being.

“Everything breaks, everything is joined anew; eternally the same house of being builds itself. Everything parts, everything greets itself again; eternally the ring of being stays true to itself.

"In every Now being begins; around every Here rolls the sphere There. The center is everywhere. Crooked is the path of eternity."—

—O you jesters and barrel organs! answered Zarathustra, and smiled again, how well you know what had to be fulfilled in seven days:—

—and how that monster crawled into my throat and choked me! But I bit its head off and spat it away from me.

And you—you have already made a hurdy-gurdy song of it? But now I lie here, still weary from this biting and spitting away, still sick from my own redemption.

And you looked on at all of it? O my animals, are you cruel too? Did you want to watch my great pain, as human beings do? For the human being is the cruelest animal.

At tragedies, bullfights, and crucifixions he has felt best on earth until now; and when he invented hell for himself, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

When the great human being cries out—: quickly the small one comes running; and his tongue hangs out of his throat with lust. But he calls it his "pity."

The small human being, especially the poet—how eagerly he accuses life in words! Listen to him, but do not fail to hear the joy that is in all accusing!

Such accusers of life: life overcomes them with a blink of the eye. "You love me?" says the impudent one. "Wait a little longer, I have no time for you yet."

The human being is the cruelest animal toward himself; and in all who call themselves "sinners" and "cross-bearers" and "penitents," do not fail to hear the lust that is in this lamenting and accusing!

And I myself—do I want to be the human being's accuser with this? Ah, my animals, this alone have I learned so far, that the

human being needs what is most evil in him for what is best in him —

—that everything most evil is his best *power* and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that the human being must become better *and* more evil:—

It was not to *this* stake of torment that I was fastened, knowing: the human being is evil—but I cried as no one has yet cried:

"Ah, that his most evil is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small!"

The great surfeit of the human being—*it* choked me and had crawled into my throat: and what the soothsayer foretold: "All is the same, nothing is worth it, knowledge chokes."

A long twilight limped before me, a sadness weary unto death, drunk with death, which spoke with a yawning mouth.

"Eternally he returns, the human being of whom you are weary, the small human being"—so my sadness yawned and dragged its foot and could not fall asleep.

The human earth turned into a cave for me, its chest sank in, everything living became to me human mold and bones and crumbling past.

My sighing sat on all human graves and could no longer get up; my sighing and questioning croaked and choked and gnawed and lamented by day and night:

—"Ah, the human being returns eternally! The small human being returns eternally!"—

Naked I had once seen both, the greatest human being and the smallest human being: all too like each other—all too human even the greatest!

All too small the greatest!—That was my surfeit of the human being! And eternal return even of the smallest!—That was my surfeit of all existence!

Ah, disgust! Disgust! Disgust!—Thus spoke Zarathustra, and sighed and shuddered; for he remembered his sickness. But then his animals would not let him speak further.

"Speak no further, you convalescent!" his animals answered him. "Instead go out, where the world is waiting for you like a garden.

"Go out to the roses and bees and flocks of doves! But especially to the songbirds: so that you may learn *singing* from them!

"For singing is for the convalescent; the healthy may speak. And even if the healthy one wants songs, he wants other songs than the convalescent."

—"O you jesters and barrel organs, do be silent!" answered Zarathustra, and smiled at his animals. "How well you know what comfort I invented for myself in seven days!

"That I must sing again—*that* comfort I invented for myself, and *this* convalescence: do you want to make a hurdy-gurdy song of that right away too?"

—"Speak no further," his animals answered him once more; "rather, you convalescent, first make yourself a lyre, a new lyre!

"For behold, O Zarathustra! For your new songs you need new lyres.

"Sing and roar over, O Zarathustra, heal your soul with new songs: so that you may bear your great destiny, which has not yet been any human being's destiny!

"For your animals know well, O Zarathustra, who you are and must become: behold, you are the teacher of the eternal return—that is now *your* destiny!

"That you must be the first to teach this teaching—how should this great destiny not also be your greatest danger and sickness!

"Behold, we know what you teach: that all things return eternally and we ourselves with them, and that we have already been here an eternal number of times, and all things with us.

"You teach that there is a great year of becoming, a monster of a great year: like an hourglass it must turn itself over again and again, so that it may run down and run out anew:—

"—so that all these years are the same as themselves, in the greatest and in the smallest too—so that we ourselves are the same as ourselves in every great year, in the greatest and in the smallest too.

"And if you wanted to die now, O Zarathustra: behold, we know too how you would speak to yourself then:—but your animals beg you not to die yet!

"You would speak, and without trembling, rather breathing a sigh of bliss: for a great heaviness and sultriness would be taken from you, you most patient one!—

"'Now I die and vanish,' you would say, 'and in a moment I am a 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, selfsame life, in the greatest and in the smallest too, so that I may again teach the eternal return of all things—

"'—so that I may again speak the word of the great noon of earth and of human beings, so that I may again proclaim the Übermensch to human beings.

"'I spoke my word, I break upon my word: so my eternal lot wills it—as a proclaimer I perish!

"'The hour has now come when the one who goes under blesses himself. Thus *ends* Zarathustra's going under.'"—

When the animals had spoken these words, they fell silent and waited for Zarathustra to say something to them: but Zarathustra

did not hear that they were silent. Rather, he lay still, with his eyes closed, like one asleep, although he was not sleeping: for he was just then conversing with his soul. But the serpent and the eagle, finding him so silent, honored the great stillness around him and cautiously withdrew.

On the Great Longing

O my soul, I taught you to say “today” as you say “once” and “formerly,” and to dance your round dance over every Here and There and Yonder.

O my soul, I redeemed you from all corners, I swept dust, spiders, and twilight off you.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the corner-virtue off you and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm that is called “spirit” I blew over your surging sea; I blew all clouds away, I strangled even the strangler that is called “sin.”

O my soul, I gave you the right to say No like the storm and to say Yes as the open sky says Yes: still as light you stand, and now you walk through denying storms.

O my soul, I gave you back freedom over the created and the uncreated: and who knows, as you know it, the lust of what is to come?

O my soul, I taught you the despising that does not come like the gnawing of worms, the great, the loving despising, which loves most where it despises most.

O my soul, I taught you to persuade so that you persuade the very grounds to come to you: like the sun, which persuades even the sea to rise to its height.

O my soul, I took from you all obeying, knee-bending, and saying “Lord”; I gave you yourself the name “turning of need” and “destiny.”

O my soul, I gave you new names and many-colored playthings, I called you “destiny” and “circumference of circumferences” 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 the immemorially old, strong wines of wisdom.

O my soul, every sun I poured upon you, and every night and every silence and every longing:—then you grew up for me like a vine.

O my soul, overrich and heavy you stand there now, a vine with swelling udders and crowded brown golden grapes:—

—crowded and pressed by your happiness, waiting out of superabundance and still bashful about your waiting.

O my soul, there is now nowhere a soul that would be more loving and more embracing and more comprehensive! Where would future and past be closer together than with you?

O my soul, I have given you everything, and all my hands have become empty for you:—and now! Now you say to me, smiling and full of melancholy: “Which of us has to give thanks?—

“—does the giver not have to thank the receiver for receiving? Is bestowing not a need? Is taking not—mercy?”—

O my soul, I understand the smile of your melancholy: your overabundance itself now stretches out longing hands!

Your fullness looks out over roaring seas and seeks and waits; the longing of overfullness looks out of the smiling sky of your eyes!

And truly, O my soul! Who could see your smile and not melt into tears? The angels themselves melt into tears at the overgoodness of your smile.

It is your goodness and overgoodness that does not want to lament and weep: and yet, O my soul, your smile longs for tears and your trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping a lamenting? And all lamenting an accusing?" Thus you speak to yourself, and that is why, O my soul, you would rather smile than pour out your suffering.

—pour out in streaming tears all your suffering over your fullness and over all the vine's urgent craving for the vintager and the vintager's knife!

But if you will not weep, not weep out your purple melancholy, then you will have to *sing*, O my soul!—Behold, I smile myself, I who foretell this to you:

—sing, with roaring song, until all seas grow still to listen to your longing—

—until over still, longing seas the boat floats, the golden marvel, around whose gold all good, bad, marvelous things leap:—

—and many animals great and small, and everything that has light, marvelous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths—

—toward the golden marvel, the voluntary boat, and toward its master: but he is the vintager, who waits with a diamond vintager's knife—

—your great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one—for whom only future songs will find names! And truly, your breath already smells of future songs—

—already you glow and dream, already you drink thirstily at all deep, resounding wells of comfort, already your melancholy rests in the bliss of future songs!—

O my soul, now I have given you everything, and even my last, and all my hands have become empty for you:—*that I bade you sing*, behold, that was my last!

That I bade you sing, speak now, speak: *which* of us now has—to give thanks?—But better still: sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let me give thanks!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Other Dance Song

1

"Into your eye I looked not long ago, O life: gold I saw gleaming in your night-eye—my heart stood still with this lust:

"—a golden boat I saw gleaming on mighty waters, a sinking, drinking, ever again winking golden rocking boat!

"At my foot, my dance-mad foot, you cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, rocking glance:

"Only twice you stirred your rattle with little hands—and already my foot was rocking with dance-madness.—

"My heels reared up, my toes listened to understand you: for the dancer wears his ear—in his toes!

"Toward you I leaped: then you fled back from my leap; and the tongue of your fleeing, flying hair licked out against me!

"Away from you I leaped, and from your snakes: there you already stood, half turned, your eye full of yearning.

"With crooked glances—you teach me crooked ways; on crooked ways my foot learns—tricks!

"I fear you near, I love you far; your flight lures me, your seeking stops me:—I suffer, but what have I not gladly suffered for you!

"You whose coldness kindles, whose hatred seduces, whose flight binds, whose mockery—moves:

"—who would not hate you, you great binder, entwiner, temptress, seeker, finder! Who would not love you, you innocent, impatient, wind-swift, child-eyed sinner!

“Where are you pulling me now, you paragon and unbridled one? And now you flee me again, you sweet wild thing and ingrate!

“I dance after you, I follow you even on a faint trace. Where are you? Give me your hand! Or just one finger!

“Here are caves and thickets: we shall go astray!—Stop! Stand still! Do you not see owls and bats whirring?

“You owl! You bat! You want to make a fool of me? Where are we? From the dogs you learned this howling and yapping.

“You bare your little white teeth at me sweetly, your wicked eyes leap at me out of your curly little mane!

“This is a dance over stick and stone: I am the hunter—will you be my dog or my chamois?

“Now beside me! And quickly, you malicious leaper! Now up! And over!—Woe! I myself fell down as I leaped!

“Oh, see me lying here, you high spirits, and begging for grace! Gladly would I walk with you—along lovelier paths!

“—love’s paths through still, many-colored bushes! Or there along the lake: goldfish swim and dance there!

“You are tired now? Over there are sheep and sunsets: is it not lovely to sleep when shepherds play their flutes?

“You are so terribly tired? I will carry you there, just let your arms sink! And if you are thirsty—I might have something, but your mouth does not want to drink it!—

“—Oh, this cursed, nimble, supple snake and slippery witch! Where have you gone? But on my face I feel two spots and red blotches from your hand!

“I am truly weary of always being your sheepish shepherd! You witch, if until now I have sung to you, now *you* shall—scream for me!

“To the beat of my whip you shall dance and scream for me! I did not forget the whip, did I?—No!”—

2

Then life answered me thus, and as she did so she held her dainty ears shut:

"O Zarathustra! Do not crack your whip so frightfully! You know, after all: noise murders thoughts—and just now such tender thoughts are coming to me.

"We are both of us real do-no-goods and do-no-evils. Beyond good and evil we found our island and our green meadow—we two alone! That is why we must be good to each other!

"And even if we do not love each other from the ground up—must people bear each other a grudge if they do not love each other from the ground up?

"And that I am good to you, and often too good, you know: and the reason is that I am jealous of your wisdom. Ah, this mad old fool of a woman, wisdom!

"If your wisdom ever ran away from you, ah! then my love would quickly run away from you too."—

Then life looked thoughtfully behind her and around her and said softly: "O Zarathustra, you are not faithful enough to me!

"You do not love me nearly as much as you say; I know you are thinking of leaving me soon.

"There is an old, heavy, heavy droning bell: it drones at night all the way up to your cave:—

"—when you hear this bell strike the hour at midnight, then between one and twelve you think of it—

"—you think of it, O Zarathustra, I know it, that you want to leave me soon!"—

"Yes," I answered hesitantly, "but you know this too—" And I said something into her ear, right in among her tangled, yellow, foolish tufts of hair.

You *know* that, O Zarathustra? No one knows that.—

And we looked at each other and gazed at the green meadow, over which the cool evening was just then running, and we wept together.—But at that time life was dearer to me than all my wisdom ever was.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

3

One!
O human! Take heed!
Two!
What does the deep midnight say?
Three!
“I slept, I slept—,”
Four!
“From a deep dream I have awoken:—”
Five!
“The world is deep,”
Six!
“And deeper than conceived by day.”
Seven!
“Deep is its woe—,”
Eight!
“Joy—deeper still than heart’s misery:”
Nine!
“Woe says: Begone!”
Ten!
“But all joy wants eternity—,”
Eleven!
“—wants deep, deep eternity!”
Twelve!

The Seven Seals (Or: The Yes and Amen Song)

1

If I am a soothsayer and full of that soothsaying spirit which wanders on a high ridge between two seas—

wanders between past and future as a heavy cloud—hostile to sultry lowlands and to everything that is weary and can neither die nor live:

ready for lightning in its dark bosom and for the redeeming beam of light, pregnant with lightnings that say Yes! and laugh Yes!, ready for soothsaying lightning bolts:—

—but blessed is the one who is pregnant in this way! And truly, whoever is one day to kindle the light of the future must hang long on the mountain like a heavy storm!—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

2

If my wrath ever broke open graves, moved boundary stones, and rolled old tablets, broken, into steep depths:

If my mockery ever blew away moldered words, and I came like a broom to the cross spiders and as a sweeping wind to old, musty burial chambers:

If I ever sat exulting where old gods lie buried, blessing the world, loving the world, beside the monuments of old slanderers of the world:—

—for I love even churches and the graves of God, once the sky looks with clear eyes through their broken roofs; I like to sit on broken churches like grass and red poppies—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

3

If ever a breath came to me from the creative breath, and from that heavenly necessity which compels even chances to dance star-dances:

If I ever laughed with the laughter of the creative lightning, which the long thunder of the deed follows, rumbling but obedient:

If I ever played dice with gods at the gods' table of the earth, so that the earth quaked and broke and snorted up rivers of fire:—

—for the earth is a gods' table, trembling with creative new words and gods' throws of the dice:—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O

eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

4

If I ever drank in full draughts from that foaming jug of spice and mixture in which all things are well mixed:

If my hand ever poured the farthest to the nearest, and fire to spirit, and joy to suffering, and the worst to the kindest:

If I myself am a grain of that redeeming salt which makes all things mix well in the mixing jug:—

—for there is a salt that binds good with evil; and even the most evil is worthy to be used as spice and for the last foaming over:—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

5

If I am fond of the sea and of everything that is of the sea's kind, and fondest of all when it angrily contradicts me:

If that seeking joy is in me which drives the sails toward the undiscovered, if a seafarer's joy is in my joy:

If my exulting ever cried: "The coast has vanished—now the last chain has fallen from me—

"—the boundless roars around me, far out space and time glitter for me, well then! up! old heart!"—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

6

If my virtue is a dancer's virtue, and I have often leaped with both feet into golden-emerald rapture:

If my malice is a laughing malice, at home among rose slopes and hedges of lilies:

—for in laughter all that is evil is together, but sanctified and absolved by its own bliss:—

And if this is my alpha and omega, that everything heavy should become light, every body a dancer, every spirit a bird: and truly, that is my alpha and omega!—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

7

If I ever spread out still skies above me and flew with my own wings into my own skies:

If I swam playfully in deep distances of light, and bird-wisdom came to my freedom:—

—but thus speaks bird-wisdom: "Behold, there is no above, no below! Throw yourself about, out, back, you light one! Sing! speak no more!

"—are not all words made for the heavy? Do not all words lie to the light one! Sing! speak no more!"—

Oh, how should I not lust for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings, the ring of return!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I would want children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

Part Four and Last

Ah, where in the world have greater follies happened than among the pitying? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of the pitying? Woe to all lovers who do not yet have a height that is above their pity! Thus the devil once spoke to me: "God too has his hell: that is his love of human beings." And recently I heard him say this word: "God is dead; God died of his pity for human beings."

Zarathustra, "On the Pitying"

The Honey Offering

—And again months and years ran over Zarathustra's soul, and he paid no heed; but his hair turned white. One day, as he sat on a stone in front of his cave and quietly gazed out,—and from there one gazes out on the sea, and away over winding abysses—his animals walked around him thoughtfully and at last placed themselves in front of him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "are you perhaps 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 spoke again, "you say that as one who has more than enough of the good. Are you not lying in a sky-blue lake of happiness?"—"You rascally fools," answered Zarathustra, and smiled, "how well you chose the image! But you also know that my happiness is heavy and not like a liquid wave of water: it presses on me and will not leave me and behaves like molten pitch."—

Then the animals again walked around him thoughtfully and then once more placed themselves in front of him. "O Zarathustra," they said, "so *that* is why you yourself grow ever yellower and darker, although your hair would like to look white and flaxen? Look, you are sitting in your pitch!"—"What are you saying, my animals," said Zarathustra, and laughed as he said it, "truly, I blasphemed when I spoke of pitch. What is happening to me happens to all fruits that grow ripe. It is the *honey* in my veins that makes my blood thicker and my soul stiller too."—"That must be so, O Zarathustra," answered the animals, and pressed close to him; "but

will you not climb a high mountain today? The air is pure, and today one can see more of the world than ever."—"Yes, my animals," he answered, "you advise well and after my own heart: today I will climb a high mountain! But see to it that honey is at hand for me there, yellow, white, good, ice-fresh golden honey from the comb. For know this: up there I want to make the honey offering."—

But when Zarathustra was up on the summit, he sent home the animals that had escorted him, and found that he was now alone:—then he laughed with his whole heart, looked around, and spoke thus:

That I spoke of offerings and honey offerings was only a ruse of my speech and, truly, a useful folly! Up here I may speak more freely than in front of hermits' caves and hermits' pets.

What, offer! I squander what is given to me, I, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I still call that—offering!

And when I craved honey, I craved only bait and sweet syrup and slime, for which even growling bears and strange, sullen, evil birds lick their tongues:

—for the best bait, such as hunters and fishermen need. For if the world is like a dark forest of beasts and the pleasure garden of all wild hunters, still more, and more dearly, it seems to me an abysmal, rich sea,

—a sea full of brightly colored fish and crabs, for which even gods might lust, so that they would become fishermen at it and casters of nets: so rich is the world in strange things, great and small!

Especially the human world, the human sea:—toward *that* I now cast out my golden fishing rod and say: Open up, you human abyss!

Open up and throw me your fish and glittering crabs! With my best bait I will bait for myself today the strangest human fish!

—my happiness itself I cast out into all the wide and distant places, between sunrise, noon, and sunset, to see whether many human fish will not learn to tug and wriggle at my happiness.

Until, biting on my sharp hidden hooks, they have to come up to *my* height, the most colorful gudgeons of the abyss, to the most malicious of all fishers of human beings.

For *that* is what I am, from the ground up and from the beginning: pulling, pulling toward me, pulling upward, raising up, a puller, a breeder, and a taskmaster, who not for nothing once told himself: "Become who you are!"

So let human beings now come *up* to me: for I am still waiting for the signs that it is time for my going down; I myself do not yet go under, as I must, among human beings.

For this I wait here, cunning and mocking on high mountains, not an impatient one, not a patient one, rather one who has unlearned even patience,—because he no longer "suffers."

For my fate leaves me time: has it perhaps forgotten me? Or is it sitting in the shade behind a big stone, catching flies?

And truly, I am grateful to it for this, my eternal fate, that it does not hound me and press me and leaves me time for pranks and mischief: so that today I climbed this high mountain to go fishing.

Has a human being ever caught fish on high mountains? And even if what I want and do up here is a folly: better this still than that down below I should grow solemn from waiting, and green and yellow—

—a strutting snorter of wrath from waiting, a holy howling storm from the mountains, an impatient one who shouts down into the valleys: "Listen, or I will lash you with the scourge of God!"

Not that I would bear a grudge against such wrathful ones for that: they are good enough for me to laugh at! Impatient they must be, these big noisy drums, who will have their say today or never!

But I and my fate—we do not speak to the Today, nor do we speak to the Never: for speaking we have patience and time and more than time. For one day it must come and may not pass by.

What must come one day and may not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is, our great distant human kingdom, the Zarathustra kingdom of a thousand years—

How far away may such a "far away" be? What is that to me! But it stands no less firm for me because of that—, with both feet I stand secure on this ground,

—on an 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 Where from? and Where to?

Here laugh, laugh, my bright and wholesome malice! From high mountains throw down your glittering mocking laughter! Bait for me with your glitter the most beautiful human fish!

And whatever in all seas belongs to *me*, my in-and-for-myself in all things—fish *that* out for me, bring *that* up to me: for that I wait, the most malicious of all fishermen.

Out, out, my fishing line! In, down, bait of my happiness! Drip your sweetest dew, honey of my heart! Bite, my hook, into the belly of all black gloom!

Out, out, my eye! Oh, how many seas all around me, what dawning human futures! And above me—what rose-red stillness! What cloudless silence!

The Cry of Distress

The next day Zarathustra sat again on his stone in front of the cave, while the animals roamed about outside in the world so that they might bring home new food,—new honey too: for Zarathustra had used up and squandered the old honey down to the last grain. But as he sat there in this way, with a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his form on the earth, thinking and, truly! not about himself and his shadow—all at once he was startled and gave a jolt: for he saw beside his shadow yet another shadow. And as he quickly looked around and stood up, behold, there stood the soothsayer beside him, the same one whom he had once fed and given drink at his table, the proclaimer of the great weariness, who taught: "All is the same, nothing is worth it, the world is without meaning, knowledge chokes." But his face had changed in the meantime; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his own heart was startled once again: so many evil proclamations and ash-gray lightnings ran across that face.

The soothsayer, who had perceived what was going on in Zarathustra's soul, wiped his hand across his face, as if he wanted to wipe it away; Zarathustra did the same. And when both of them had in this way silently composed and strengthened themselves, they gave each other their hands, as a sign that they wanted to recognize each other again.

"Be welcome," said Zarathustra, "you soothsayer of the great weariness, it shall not be for nothing that you were once my table companion and guest. Eat and drink with me today as well, and forgive a contented old man for sitting at table with you!"—"A con-

tented old man?" answered the soothsayer, shaking his head. "But whoever you are or want to be, O Zarathustra, you have been up here long enough,—before long your boat shall no longer sit 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 gloom: soon they will lift your boat too and carry you away."—At this Zarathustra was silent and wondered.—"Do you still hear nothing?" the soothsayer went on. "Is there not a roaring and rushing coming up from the depths?"—Zarathustra was silent again and listened: then he heard a long, long cry, which the abysses threw to one another and passed along, for none of them wanted to keep it: so evil did it sound.

"You wicked proclaimer," Zarathustra said at last, "that is a cry of distress and the cry of a human being; it may well come from a black sea. But what is human distress to me! My last sin, which has been saved up for me,—do you know, perhaps, what it is called?"

—"Pity!" answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart, and raised both hands high—"O Zarathustra, I have come to seduce you to your last sin!"—

And hardly were these words spoken when the cry rang out again, longer and more anxious than before, and already much nearer. "Do you hear? Do you hear, O Zarathustra?" cried the soothsayer. "The cry is meant for you, it is calling you: come, come, come, it is time, it is high time!"—

At this Zarathustra was silent, confused and shaken; at last he asked, like one who hesitates within himself: "And who is it that calls me there?"

"But you know it already," answered the soothsayer vehemently, "why do you hide? It is *the higher human* who is crying out for you!"

"The higher human?" cried Zarathustra, seized with horror. "What does *he* want? What does *he* want? The higher human! What does he want here?"—and his skin was covered with sweat.

But the soothsayer did not answer Zarathustra's fear; he listened and listened toward the depths. But when it remained silent there for a long time, he turned his gaze back and saw Zarathustra standing and trembling.

"O Zarathustra," he began in a sad voice, "you do not stand there like one whose happiness makes him giddy: you will have to dance so that you do not topple over!

"But even if you wanted to dance before me and leap all your side-leaps: no one shall be able to say to me: 'Look, here dances the last joyful human being!'

"Anyone who came up to this height looking for him would come in vain: caves he would find, no doubt, and caves behind caves, hiding places for those in hiding, but not mineshafts of happiness and treasure chambers and new gold veins of happiness.

"Happiness—how would one find happiness among such buried ones and hermits! Must I still seek the last happiness on blissful islands, and far away among forgotten seas?

"But all is the same, nothing is worth it, no seeking helps, and there are no blissful islands anymore either!"—

Thus sighed the soothsayer; but at his last sigh Zarathustra became bright and sure again, like one who comes out of a deep chasm into the light. "No! No! Three times No!" he cried in a strong voice, and stroked his beard—"*That* I know better! There are still blissful islands! Hush about *that*, you sighing sack of sorrow!

"Stop splashing about *that*, you raincloud in the morning! Am I not already standing here wet with your gloom and drenched like a dog?

"Now I shake myself and run away from you so that I may get dry again: you must not wonder at that! Do I seem discourteous to

you? But this is *my* court.

"As for your higher human, though: well then! I will look for him at once in those forests: *from there* came his cry. Perhaps an evil beast is pressing him there.

"He is in *my* domain: in it he shall come to no harm! And truly, there are many evil beasts with me."—

With these words Zarathustra turned to go. Then the soothsayer spoke: "O Zarathustra, you are a rogue!

"I know it already: you want to be rid of me! You would rather run into the forests and hunt evil beasts!

"But what good does it do you? In the evening you will have me back after all; I will be sitting in your own cave, patient and heavy as a block of wood—and waiting for you!"

"So be it!" Zarathustra called back as he went. "And whatever is mine in my cave belongs to you too, my guest!

"But should you find any honey still in there, well then! just lick it up, you growling 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! Up! Old bear! But I too—am a soothsayer."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Conversation with the Kings

1

Zarathustra had not been on his way for an hour in his mountains and forests when all at once he saw a strange procession. Right on the path he meant to go down, two kings came walking, adorned with crowns and purple sashes and as colorful as flamingos: they were driving a laden donkey ahead of them. “What do these kings want in my kingdom?” Zarathustra said to his heart in astonishment, and quickly hid behind a bush. But when the kings came right up to him, he said, half aloud, like one talking only to himself: “Strange! Strange! How does that rhyme? Two kings I see—and only one donkey!”

Then the two kings stopped, smiled, looked toward the spot the voice had come from, and afterward looked each other in the face. “That sort of thing is thought among us too, no doubt,” said the king on the right, “but nobody says it out loud.”

But the king on the left shrugged his shoulders and answered: “That’s probably a goatherd. Or a hermit who lived too long among rocks and trees. For no company at all also spoils good manners.”

“Good manners?” the other king retorted, sullen and bitter. “Then whom are we running away from? Isn’t it ‘good manners’? Our ‘good society’?

“Better, truly, to live among hermits and goatherds than with our gilded, false, painted-over rabble,—even if it calls itself ‘good society,’

"—even if it calls itself 'nobility.' But there everything is false and rotten, the blood first of all, thanks to old bad diseases and worse healers.

"The best and dearest to me today is still a healthy peasant, coarse, cunning, stubborn, long-lasting: that is the most noble kind today.

"The peasant is the best today; and the peasant kind should be master! But it is the kingdom of the rabble,—I won't be fooled anymore. Rabble, though, means: hodgepodge.

"Rabble hodgepodge: in it everything is mixed up with everything, saint and scoundrel and squire and Jew and every beast from Noah's ark.

"Good manners! Everything among us is false and rotten. Nobody knows how to revere anymore: it is *that* we are running away from. They are sugary, pushy dogs; they gild palm leaves.

"This disgust is choking me, that we kings ourselves became false, draped and disguised in the old yellowed pomp of our grandfathers, show coins for the stupidest and the slyest and for all who traffic in power today!

"We *are* not the first—and yet we have to *represent* the first: of this fraud we have finally grown sick and disgusted.

"We got out of the way of the riffraff, of all these loudmouths and scribbling blowflies, of the shopkeepers' stench, the wriggling of ambition, the foul breath—: ugh, to live among the riffraff,

"—ugh, to represent the first among the riffraff! Oh, disgust! Disgust! Disgust! What do we kings matter anymore!"—

"Your old illness is attacking you," said the king on the left at this point, "disgust is attacking you, my poor brother. But you know, don't you, that someone is listening to us."

At once Zarathustra, who had opened his ears and eyes wide at these speeches, rose from his hiding place, stepped up to the kings, and began:

"The one who is listening to you, who gladly listens to you, you kings, is called Zarathustra.

"I am Zarathustra, who once said: 'What do kings matter anymore!' Forgive me, I was glad when you said to each other: 'What do we kings matter!'

"But here is *my* kingdom and my dominion: what might you be looking for in my kingdom? But perhaps on the way you *found* what *I* am looking for: namely, the higher human."

When the kings heard this, they beat their breasts and said with one mouth: "We are found out!

"With the sword of this word you cut through the thickest darkness of our heart. You have discovered our distress, for behold! we are on our way to find the higher human—

"—the human being who is higher than we are: although we are kings. To him we are leading this donkey. For the highest human being shall also be the highest lord on earth.

"There is no harder misfortune in all human fate than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first human beings. Then everything becomes false and crooked and monstrous.

"And when they are even the last, and more beast than human being: then the rabble rises and rises in price, and at last the rabble's virtue even says: 'Behold, I alone am virtue!'"—

What did I just hear? answered Zarathustra; what wisdom in kings! I am delighted, and, truly, I already have a craving to make a rhyme on it:—

—even if it turns out to be a rhyme not fit for everybody's ears. I unlearned long ago any consideration for long ears. Well then! Up!

(But here it happened that the donkey too got a word in: and it said, distinctly and with ill will, Yea-a.)

Once—in the year of grace One, I think—
The Sibyl spoke, drunk without a drink:
"Woe, now all goes amiss!
Decay! Decay! The world never sank as deep as this!
Rome sank to whore and to a whorehouse too,
Rome's Caesar sank to beast, God himself—turned Jew!"

2

The kings feasted on these rhymes of Zarathustra's; but the king on the right said: "O Zarathustra, how well we did to set out to see you!

"For your enemies showed us your image in their mirror: there you looked out with the grimace of a devil, laughing in scorn: so that we were afraid of you.

"But what good did it do! Again and again you stung us in ear and heart with your sayings. Then at last we said: what does it matter how he looks!

"We must *hear* him, him who teaches: 'You shall love peace as a means to new wars, and the short peace more than the long!'

"No one ever spoke such warlike words: 'What is good? To be brave is good. It is the good war that hallows every cause.'

"O Zarathustra, our fathers' blood stirred in our bodies at such words: it was like the speech of spring to old wine casks.

"When the swords crossed each other like red-spotted serpents, then our fathers grew fond of life; the sun of all peace seemed to them limp and lukewarm, but the long peace brought shame.

"How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw gleaming, dried-out swords on the wall! Like them they thirsted for war. For a sword wants to drink blood and sparkles with desire."—

—When the kings were talking and chattering so eagerly about the happiness of their fathers, no small desire came over Zarathustra to mock their eagerness: for evidently they were very peaceable kings that he saw before him, kings with old and fine faces. But he restrained himself. “Well then!” he said. “That way leads the path, there lies Zarathustra’s cave; and this day shall have a long evening! But now a cry of distress calls me away from you in haste.

“It honors my cave if kings want to sit and wait in it: but of course you will have to wait a long time!

“Well, well! What does it matter! Where does one learn to wait better today than at courts? And the whole virtue of kings that is left to them,—is it not called today: being *able* to wait?”

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Leech

And Zarathustra went on, thoughtful, farther and deeper, through forests and past marshy hollows; but as happens to anyone who thinks about heavy things, he stepped unawares on a human being. And behold, all at once a cry of woe and two curses and twenty foul words of abuse sprayed into his face: so that in his fright he raised his stick and struck the one he had stepped on as well. But right afterward he came to his senses; and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

"Forgive me," he said to the one he had stepped on, who had grimly raised himself and sat up, "forgive me, and before anything else hear a parable.

"As a wanderer dreaming of distant things bumps unawares on a lonely road into a sleeping dog, a dog lying in the sun:

"—as both of them start up and fly at each other like mortal enemies, these two frightened to death: so it went with us.

"And yet! And yet—how little was lacking for them to caress each other, this dog and this solitary one! For they are both—solitary ones!"

—"Whoever you may be," said the one who had been stepped on, still grim, "you tread too close to me with your parable as well, and not only with your foot!

"Look, am I a dog, then?"—and with that the sitting man rose and pulled his naked arm out of the swamp. For at first he had been lying stretched out on the ground, hidden and unrecognizable, like those who lie in wait for swamp game.

"But what are you doing!" cried Zarathustra in alarm, for he saw that a great deal of blood was flowing down the naked arm,—what has happened to you? Did an evil beast bite you, you unfortunate one?

The bleeding man laughed, still angry. "What is it to you!" he said, and was about to walk on. "Here I am at home and in my domain. Let whoever wants to ask me: but I will hardly answer a clod."

"You are mistaken," said Zarathustra with pity, and held him fast, "you are mistaken: here you are not at home but in my kingdom, and in it no one shall come to harm.

"But call me what you like, by all means,—I am who I must be. I myself call myself Zarathustra.

"Well then! Up there is the path to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far,—will you not tend your wounds with me?

"Things have gone badly for you, you unfortunate one, in this life: first the beast bit you, and then—the human being stepped on you!"—

But when the one who had been stepped on heard Zarathustra's name, he was transformed. "What is happening to me!" he exclaimed. "*Who* still concerns me in this life but this one human being, namely Zarathustra, and that one animal that lives on blood, the leech?

"For the leech's sake I lay here by this swamp like a fisherman, and my dangling arm had already been bitten ten times, when an even finer hedgehog bites at my blood, Zarathustra himself!

"O happiness! O miracle! Praised be this day that lured me into this swamp! Praised be the best, most living cupping glass alive today, praised be the great leech of conscience, Zarathustra!"—

Thus spoke the one who had been stepped on; and Zarathustra was glad at his words and their fine, reverent manner. "Who are you?" he asked, and offered him his hand. "Between us much

remains to be cleared up and cheered up: but already, it seems to me, it is becoming pure, bright day."

"I am *the conscientious one of the spirit*," answered the one he had asked, "and in matters of the spirit hardly anyone takes it more strictly, more narrowly, and more harshly than I, except the one from whom I learned it, Zarathustra himself.

"Better to know nothing than to know much by halves! Better to be a fool on one's own account than a sage by the lights of others! I—go to the ground of things:

"—what does it matter whether it is great or small? Whether it is called swamp or sky? A hand's breadth of ground is enough for me: if only it is really ground and solid soil!

"—a hand's breadth of ground: on that one can stand. In the right science of conscience there is nothing great and nothing small."

"Then perhaps you are the knower of the leech?" asked Zarathustra. "And you pursue the leech down to its ultimate grounds, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the one who had been stepped on, "that would be something monstrous; how could I presume to do that!

"But what I am master and knower of is the leech's *brain*:—that is *my* world!

"And it is a world too! But forgive me that my pride speaks up here, for here I have no equal. That is why I said 'here I am at home.'

"How long have I been pursuing this one thing, the brain of the leech, so that slippery truth should no longer slip away from me here! Here is *my* kingdom!

"—for its sake I threw away everything else, for its sake everything else became indifferent to me; and right beside my knowledge lies my black ignorance.

"My conscience of the spirit wants it so of me, that I know one thing and know nothing else at all: I am disgusted by all the halfway ones of the spirit, all the hazy, the hovering, the gushing.

"Where my integrity ends, I am blind and want to be blind too. But where I want to know, I also want to be honest, that is, hard, strict, narrow, cruel, inexorable.

"That *you* once said, O Zarathustra: 'Spirit is the life that itself cuts into life': that led and seduced me to your teaching. And, truly, with my own blood I increased my own knowledge!"

—"As the evidence of one's eyes teaches," Zarathustra broke in; for the blood was still flowing down the naked arm of the conscientious one. For ten leeches had bitten into it.

"O you strange fellow, how much this evidence teaches me, namely you yourself! And perhaps I should not pour everything into your strict ears!

"Well then! So we part here! But I would like to find you again. Up there leads the path to my cave: tonight you shall be my dear guest there!

"I would also like to make amends to your body for Zarathustra's having trampled you underfoot: I am thinking it over. But now a cry of distress calls me away from you in haste."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Sorcerer

1

But when Zarathustra turned around a rock, he saw, not far below him on the same path, a human being who was flinging his limbs about like a raving madman and at last fell flat on his belly to the ground. “Stop!” Zarathustra said then to his heart. “That one there must be the higher human; from him came that wicked cry of distress,—I will see whether he can be helped.” But when he ran up to the place where the human being lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with staring eyes; and however hard Zarathustra tried to raise him and set him on his feet again, it was in vain. The unfortunate man did not even seem to notice that anyone was near him; instead he kept looking around with pitiful gestures, like one forsaken and left alone by all the world. But at last, after much trembling, twitching, and curling up, he began to lament thus:

Who warms me, who loves me still?
Give hot hands!
Give braziers for the heart!
Stretched out, shuddering,
Like one half dead whose feet are warmed—
Shaken, alas! by unknown fevers,
Trembling at sharp, icy arrows of frost,
Hunted by you, thought!
Unnameable! Veiled! Terrible!
You hunter behind clouds!
Struck down by your lightning,
You mocking eye that stares at me out of the dark:
—so I lie,
Bend, twist, tormented
By all eternal tortures,
Struck
By you, cruelest hunter,
You unknown—god!

Strike deeper,
Strike once more!
Stab through, break this heart!
Why this torturing
With blunt-toothed arrows?
Why do you look again,
Never tired of human torment,
With gloating lightning eyes of gods?
You do not want to kill,
Only torture, torture?
Why—torture *me*,
You gloating unknown god?—

Haha! You creep closer?
At such a midnight
What do you want? Speak!
You crowd me, press me—
Ha! far too close already!
Away! Away!
You hear me breathing,
You eavesdrop on my heart,
You jealous one—
But jealous of what?
Away! Away! What is the ladder for?
Do you want *in*,
Into my heart,
To climb in, climb into my most secret
Thoughts?
Shameless one! Unknown—thief!
What would you steal from me,
What would you overhear from me,
What would you torture out of me,
You torturer!
You—hangman god!
Or shall I, like a dog,
Roll on the ground before you?
Devoted, rapt beside myself,
Wag my—love to you?

In vain!
Stab on,
Cruelest sting! No,
No dog—I am only your game,
Cruelest hunter!
Your proudest prisoner,
You robber behind clouds…
Speak at last,
What do you want, you highwayman, from *me*?
You lightning-veiled one! Unknown one! Speak,
What do you *want*, unknown god?—

What?
Ransom?
How much ransom do you want?
Ask much—so my pride advises!
And be brief—so my other pride advises!

Haha!
Me—you want? Me?
Me—whole?

Haha!
And you torture me, fool that you are,
Torture my pride to pieces?
Give me *love*—who warms me still?
Who loves me still?—give hot hands,
Give braziers for the heart,
Give me, the loneliest,
Whom ice, alas! sevenfold ice
Teaches to pine even for enemies,
To pine for enemies,
Give, yes, surrender,
Cruelest enemy,
To me—*yourself*!...

Gone!
He himself has fled,
My last, my only companion,
My great enemy,
My unknown one,
My hangman god!...

—No!
Come back,
With all your tortures!
To the last of all the solitary
Oh come back!
All my streams of tears run
Their course to you!

And my heart's last flame—

For *you* it glows!

Oh come back,

My unknown god! My pain!

My last happiness!

2

—But here Zarathustra could no longer restrain himself; he took his stick and struck at the lamenting man with all his strength. "Stop it!" he shouted at him with furious laughter. "Stop it, you actor! You counterfeiter! You liar from the ground up! I recognize you well enough!

"I will warm your legs for you, you wicked sorcerer; I know very well how—to make it hot for the likes of you!"

—"Leave off," said the old man, and sprang up from the ground, "strike no more, O Zarathustra! I was only doing it in play!

"That sort of thing belongs to my art; I wanted to put you yourself to the test when I gave you this performance! And, truly, you have seen through me well!

"But you too—gave me no small proof of yourself: you are *hard*, you wise Zarathustra! Hard you strike with your 'truths'; your cudgel forces out of me—*this* truth!"

—"Do not flatter," answered Zarathustra, still agitated and with a dark look, "you actor from the ground up! You are false: why do you talk—of truth!

"You peacock of peacocks, you sea of vanity, *what* were you playing before me, you wicked sorcerer, in *whom* was I supposed to believe when you lamented in such a form?"

"The penitent of the spirit," said the old man, "*him*—I was playing: you yourself once invented that word—

"—the poet and sorcerer who at last turns his spirit against himself, the transformed one who freezes to death from his evil knowledge and conscience.

"And just admit it: it took you a long time, O Zarathustra, to get behind my art and my lie! *You believed* in my distress when you held my head with both hands,—

"—I heard you lament, 'He has been loved too little, loved too little!' My malice exulted inwardly that I had deceived you so far."

"You may have deceived subtler ones than me," said Zarathustra harshly. "I am not on guard against deceivers, I *must* be without caution: so my lot wills it.

"But you—*must* deceive: that much I know of you! You must always mean two, three, four, and five things at once! Even what you just confessed was not nearly true enough or false enough for me!

"You wicked counterfeiter, how could you do otherwise! You would paint up even your illness if you showed yourself naked to your doctor.

"Just so you painted up your lie before me just now when you said: 'I was *only* doing it in play!' There was *seriousness* in it too; you *are* something of a penitent of the spirit!

"I can guess what you are: you became the enchanter of everyone, but against yourself you have no lie or cunning left,—you are disenchanted with yourself!

"You have reaped disgust as your one truth. No word of yours is genuine anymore, except your mouth: that is, the disgust that sticks to your mouth."—

—"But who are you!" cried the old sorcerer at this in a defiant voice. "Who may speak like that to *me*, the greatest who lives today?"—and a green lightning shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But right afterward he was transformed and said sadly:

"O Zarathustra, I am weary of it, I am disgusted by my arts, I am not *great*, why do I pretend! But you know it well—I sought greatness!

"I wanted to represent a great human being, and I persuaded many: but this lie went beyond my strength. On it I am breaking.

"O Zarathustra, everything about me is a lie; but that I am breaking—this breaking of mine is *genuine*!"—

"It honors you," Zarathustra said darkly, looking down to the side, "it honors you that you sought greatness, but it also betrays you. You are not great.

"You wicked old sorcerer, *that* is the best and most honest thing about you, and that I honor in you: that you grew weary of yourself and said it out loud: 'I am not great.'

"*In that* I honor you as a penitent of the spirit: and even if only for a breath and a flash, for this one moment you were—genuine.

"But tell me, what are you looking for here in *my* forests and rocks? And when you lay down in *my* path, what test did you want of me?—

"—in what were you tempting *me*?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and his eyes sparkled. The old sorcerer was silent for a while, then he said: "Was I tempting you? I—am only seeking.

"O Zarathustra, I am seeking a genuine one, a right one, a simple one, an unequivocal one, a human being of all integrity, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great human being!

"Do you not know it, then, O Zarathustra? I am seeking Zarathustra."

—And here a long silence arose between the two; but Zarathustra sank deep into himself, so that he closed his eyes. But then, returning to the one he was talking with, he grasped the sorcerer's hand and spoke, full of courtesy and cunning:

"Well then! Up there leads the path, there lies Zarathustra's cave. In it you may look for whomever you would like to find.

"And ask my animals for advice, my eagle and my serpent: they shall help you look. But my cave is large.

"I myself, of course—I have not yet seen a great human being. Today even the subtlest eye is coarse for what is great. It is the kingdom of the rabble.

"Many a one I have found already who stretched and puffed himself up, and the people cried: 'Look there, a great human being!' But what good are all the bellows! In the end the wind comes out.

"In the end a frog bursts that puffed itself up too long: then the wind comes out. To stab a swollen one in the belly, I call that a fine pastime. Hear that, you boys!

"This Today belongs to the rabble: who still *knows* there what is great, what is small! Who would seek greatness there with any luck! A fool alone: fools have the luck.

"You seek great human beings, you strange fool? Who *taught* you that? Is today the time for it? O you wicked seeker, why—do you tempt me?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, comforted in his heart, and went on his way laughing eagerly.

Retired

But not long after Zarathustra had freed himself from the sorcerer, he again saw someone sitting beside the path he was walking, namely a tall man in black with a gaunt, pale face: *he* annoyed him mightily. "Woe," he said to his heart, "there sits muffled-up gloom; that looks to me like the priestly kind: what do *they* want in my kingdom?

"What! I have hardly escaped that sorcerer: must another black magician cross my path again,—

"—some wizard with laying on of hands, a dark miracle worker by the grace of God, an anointed slanderer of the world, may the devil take him!

"But the devil is never in his place when he would be in his place: he always comes too late, that accursed dwarf and clubfoot!"—

Thus Zarathustra cursed impatiently in his heart and considered how he might slip past the man in black with his eyes turned away: but behold, it turned out otherwise. For at the same moment the sitting man had already caught sight of him; and not unlike someone on whom unexpected luck has fallen, 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, and I heard wild beasts howling too; and he who could have offered me protection is himself no more.

"I was looking for the last pious human being, a saint and hermit who alone in his forest had not yet heard anything of what all the world knows today."

"*What* does all the world know today?" asked Zarathustra. "Perhaps this, that the old God in whom all the world once believed no longer lives?"

"You say it," answered the old man sorrowfully. "And I served this old God until his last hour.

"But now I am retired, without a master, and yet not free, nor merry for a single hour anymore, except in memories.

"That is why I climbed into these mountains, so that at last I might hold a festival again, as befits an old pope and church father: for know this, I am the last pope!—a festival of pious memories and divine services.

"But now he himself is dead, the most pious human being, that saint in the forest who constantly praised his God with singing and growling.

"Him I no longer found when I found his hut,—but there were two wolves in it, howling over his death—for all the animals loved him. Then I ran away.

"So did I come into these forests and mountains in vain? Then my heart resolved that I should look for another, the most pious of all those who do not believe in God—, that I should look for Zarathustra!"

Thus spoke the old man, and looked with a sharp eye at the one who stood before him; but Zarathustra took the old pope's hand and contemplated it for a long time with admiration.

"Look at this, you venerable one," he said then, "what a beautiful, long hand! That is the hand of one who has always dispensed blessings. But now it holds fast the one you are looking for, me, Zarathustra.

"It is I, Zarathustra the godless, who says: who is more godless than I, that I may enjoy his instruction?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and pierced with his gaze the thoughts and the hidden thoughts of the old pope. At last the latter began:

"Whoever loved and possessed him most has now also lost him most—:

"—behold, am I myself not perhaps the more godless of us two now? But who could rejoice in that!"—

"You served him to the end," Zarathustra asked thoughtfully, after a deep silence, "do you know *how* he died? Is it true, what people say, that pity strangled him,

"—that he saw how *the human being* hung on the cross, and could not bear it that his love of human beings became his hell and at last his death?"—

But the old pope did not answer; he looked aside, shy, and with a pained and gloomy expression.

"Let him go," said Zarathustra after long reflection, still looking the old man straight in the eye.

"Let him go, he is gone. And though it honors you that you speak only good of this dead one, you know as well as I *who* he was; and that he went strange ways."

"Speaking between three eyes," said the old pope, cheered (for he was blind in one eye), "in matters of God I am more enlightened than Zarathustra himself—and may be so.

"My love served him for long years, my will followed all his will. But a good servant knows everything, and many things too that his master hides from himself.

"He was a hidden God, full of secrecy. Truly, he came even to a son by no other way than by sneaking paths. At the door of his faith stands adultery.

"Whoever praises him as a God of love does not think highly enough of love itself. Did this God not want to be judge as well?

But one who loves loves beyond reward and retribution.

"When he was young, this God from the East, he was hard and vengeful and built himself a hell for the delight of his favorites.

"But at last he grew old and soft and mellow and pitying, more like a grandfather than a father, but most like a wobbly old grandmother.

"There he sat, withered, in his corner by the stove, fretting over his weak legs, weary of the world, weary of willing, and one day he choked on his all-too-great pity."—

"You old pope," Zarathustra broke in here, "did you see *that* with your own eyes? It may well have happened that way: that way, *and* otherwise as well. When gods die, they always die many kinds of death.

"But well then! This way or that, this way and that—he is gone! He went against the taste of my ears and eyes; I would not want to say anything worse of him.

"I love everything that looks bright and speaks honestly. But he —you know it, you old priest, there was something of your kind about him, of the priestly kind—he was ambiguous.

"He was also unclear. How angry he was with us for it, this snorter of wrath, that we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more cleanly?

"And if it was the fault of our ears, why did he give us ears that heard him badly? If there was mud in our ears, well then! who put it there?

"Too much went wrong for him, this potter who had not finished his apprenticeship! But that he took revenge on his pots and creatures because they turned out badly for him,—that was a sin against *good taste*.

"There is good taste in piety too: and it said at last: 'Away with *such* a God! Better no God, better to make one's fate on one's own account, better to be a fool, better to be God oneself!'"

—"What do I hear!" said the old pope at this, pricking up his ears. "O Zarathustra, you are more pious than you believe, with such an unbelief! Some god in you converted you to your godlessness.

"Is it not your piety itself that no longer lets you believe in a God? And your overgreat integrity will yet lead you away even beyond good and evil!

"Look, then, what has been saved up for you? You have eyes and hand and mouth that have been predestined for blessing from all eternity. One does not bless with the hand alone.

"Near you, though you want to be the most godless, I scent a secret smell of incense and sweet fragrance from long blessings: it makes me feel well and woeful at once.

"Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth do I feel better now than with you!"—

"Amen! So shall it be!" said Zarathustra in great astonishment. "Up there leads the path, there lies Zarathustra's cave.

"Gladly, truly, would I lead you there myself, you venerable one, for I love all pious human beings. But now a cry of distress calls me away from you in haste.

"In my domain no one shall come to harm; my cave is a good harbor. And nothing would I like better than to set every sorrowful one back on firm land and firm legs.

"But who could take *your* melancholy off your shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long, truly, might we wait until someone awakens your God for you again.

"For this old God lives no more: he is thoroughly dead."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Ugliest Human Being

—And again Zarathustra's feet ran through mountains and forests, and his eyes searched and searched, but nowhere was the one to be seen whom they wanted to see, the one in great distress, crying out in distress. But the whole way he rejoiced in his heart and was grateful. "What good things this day has given me," he said, "to make up for its bad beginning! What strange people I found to talk with!

"On their words I will now chew for a long time as on good grains; my teeth shall grind and crush them small until they flow into my soul like milk!"—

But when the path again bent around a rock, all at once the landscape changed, and Zarathustra stepped into a kingdom of death. Here black and red cliffs jutted up: no grass, no tree, no bird's voice. For it was a valley that all animals avoided, even the beasts of prey—, except that ugly, thick, green serpents of a certain kind came here to die when they grew old. That is why the shepherds called this valley: Serpents' Death.

But Zarathustra sank into a black memory, for it seemed to him as if he had stood in this valley once before. And much that was heavy settled over his mind: so that he walked slowly and ever more slowly and at last stood still. But then, when he opened his eyes, he saw something sitting by the path, shaped like a human being and hardly like a human being, something unspeakable. And at one stroke the great shame came over Zarathustra at having looked at such a thing with his eyes: blushing up to his white hair, he turned his gaze away and raised his foot to leave this evil place.

But then the dead wasteland grew loud: for up from the ground came a gurgling and rattling, the way water gurgles and rattles at night through clogged water pipes; and at last it became a human voice and human speech:—which went like this.

"Zarathustra! Zarathustra! Guess my riddle! Speak, speak! What is *the revenge on the witness*?

"I lure you back, here is slippery ice! See to it, see to it that your pride does not break its legs here!

"You think yourself wise, you proud Zarathustra! Then guess the riddle, you hard nutcracker,—the riddle that I am! Speak, then —who am *I*!"

—But when Zarathustra had heard these words,—what do you suppose happened then to his soul? Pity overcame him; and all at once he sank down, like an oak that has long withstood many woodcutters,—heavily, suddenly, to the terror even of those who wanted to fell it. But already he stood up from the ground again, and his face became hard.

"I recognize you well," he said in a voice of bronze: "you are the murderer of God! Let me go.

"You could not *bear* the one who saw *you*,—who always saw you through and through, you ugliest human being! You took revenge on this witness!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and wanted to leave; but the unspeakable one grabbed at a corner of his garment and began anew to gurgle and search for words. "Stay!" he said at last—

—"stay! Do not pass by! I guessed what ax struck you to the ground: hail to you, O Zarathustra, that you are standing again!

"You guessed, I know it well, how the one who killed him feels, —the murderer of God. Stay! Sit down here with me, it is not for nothing.

"To whom would I go, if not to you? Stay, sit down! But do not look at me! Honor in this way—my ugliness!

"They are persecuting me: now *you* are my last refuge. *Not* with their hatred, *not* with their bailiffs:—oh, such persecution I would mock, and be proud and glad!

"Has not all success so far been with the well-pursued? And whoever pursues well easily learns to *follow*:—for he is, after all,—behind! But it is their *pity*—

"—it is their pity I am fleeing from, fleeing to you. O Zarathustra, protect me, you my last refuge, you the only one who guessed me:

"—you guessed how the one who killed *him* feels. Stay! And if you want to go, you impatient one: do not go the way I came. *That* way is bad.

"Are you angry with me that I have been talking and mangling words too long already? That I am already advising you? But know that it is I, the ugliest human being,

"—who also has the biggest, heaviest feet. Where *I* have walked, the path is bad. I trample all paths to death and to ruin.

"But that you passed me by, in silence; that you blushed, I saw it well: by that I recognized you as Zarathustra.

"Anyone else would have tossed me his alms, his pity, with look and speech. But for that—I am not beggar enough, that you guessed—

"—for that I am too *rich*, rich in what is great, in what is terrible, in what is ugliest, in what is most unspeakable! Your shame, O Zarathustra, *honored* me!

"With difficulty I got out of the throng of the pitying,—so that I might find the only one who today teaches, 'Pity is intrusive'—you, O Zarathustra!

"—whether it be a god's pity or human pity: pity goes against shame. And not wanting to help can be nobler than that virtue which leaps to help.

"But *that* is what is called virtue itself today among all little people, pity:—they have no reverence for great misfortune, for great ugliness, for great failure.

"Over all these I look away, as a dog looks away over the backs of teeming flocks of sheep. They are little, well-meaning, well-willing gray people.

"As a heron looks away in contempt over shallow ponds, with its head thrown back: so I look away over the swarm of gray little waves and wills and souls.

"Too long people have conceded that they are right, these little people: *so* in the end power too was conceded to them—now they teach: 'Good is only what little people call good.'

"And 'truth' today is what the preacher said who himself came from among them, that strange saint and advocate of the little people who testified of himself: 'I—am the truth.'

"This immodest one has long been making the little people's crests swell high—he who taught no small error when he taught, 'I—am the truth.'

"Was an immodest one ever answered more politely?—But you, O Zarathustra, passed him by and said: 'No! No! Three times No!'

"You warned against his error, you were the first to warn against pity—not all, not none, but yourself and your kind.

"You are ashamed at the shame of the great sufferer; and truly, when you say, 'From pity a great cloud is coming, take heed, you human beings!'

"—when you teach, 'All creators are hard, all great love is above its pity': O Zarathustra, how well trained you seem to me in weather signs!

"But you yourself—warn yourself too against *your* pity! For many are on their way to you, many who suffer, who doubt, who despair, who are drowning, who are freezing—

"I warn you against myself as well. You guessed my best, worst riddle, myself and what I did. I know the ax that fells you.

"But he—*had* to die: he saw with eyes that saw *everything*,—he saw the human being's depths and grounds, all his concealed disgrace and ugliness.

"His pity knew no shame: he crawled into my dirtiest corners. This most curious, over-intrusive, over-pitying one had to die.

"He always saw *me*: on such a witness I wanted to have revenge —or not live myself.

"The God who saw everything, *even the human being*: this God had to die! The human being cannot *bear* that such a witness should live."

Thus spoke the ugliest human being. But Zarathustra rose and made ready to leave: for he was chilled to his very entrails.

"You unspeakable one," he said, "you warned me against your path. To thank you for it, I commend mine to you. Look, up there lies Zarathustra's cave.

"My cave is large and deep and has many corners; there the most hidden one finds his hiding place. And close by it are a hundred holes and hidden paths for creeping, fluttering, and leaping creatures.

"You outcast who cast yourself out, you do not want to live among human beings and human pity? Well then, do as I do! So you will learn from me too; only the doer learns.

"And speak first and foremost with my animals! The proudest animal and the cleverest animal—they may well be the right counselors for us both!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra and went his way, more thoughtful and slower still than before: for he asked himself many things and did not easily know how to answer himself.

"How poor the human being is, after all!" he thought in his heart. "How ugly, how wheezing, how full of hidden shame!

"I am told that the human being loves himself: alas, how great this self-love must be! How much contempt it has against it!

"This one too loved himself as he despised himself,—to me he is a great lover and a great despiser.

"No one have I yet found who despised himself more deeply: that too is height. Woe, was *that one* perhaps the higher human whose cry I heard?

"I love the great despisers. But the human being is something that must be overcome."—

The Voluntary Beggar

When Zarathustra had left the ugliest human being, he felt cold and lonely: for much that was cold and lonely passed through his mind, so that his limbs too grew colder because of it. But as he climbed on and on, up, down, now past green pastures, but also over wild stony beds where formerly, no doubt, an impatient brook had laid itself to rest—all at once he felt warmer and more cheerful at heart again.

"What has happened to me?" he asked himself. "Something warm and living is reviving me; it must be near me.

"Already I am less alone; unknown companions and brothers roam about me, their warm breath touches my soul."

But when he peered about him and looked for the comforters of his loneliness: behold, they were cows, standing together on a rise; their nearness and smell had warmed his heart. These cows, however, seemed to be listening eagerly to someone speaking and paid no attention to the one who was approaching. But when Zarathustra was quite close to them, he clearly heard a human voice speaking from the midst of the cows; and evidently they had all turned their heads toward the speaker.

Then Zarathustra eagerly sprang up and pushed the animals apart, for he feared that some harm had befallen someone here, which the pity of cows could hardly remedy. But in this he had been mistaken; for behold, there sat a human being on the ground and seemed to be urging the animals to have no fear of him, a peaceable human being and preacher on the mount, out of whose

eyes goodness itself preached. “What are you looking for here?” cried Zarathustra in surprise.

“What am I looking for here?” he answered. “The same thing you are looking for, you troublemaker! Namely, happiness on earth.

“But for that I would like to learn from these cows. For, you know, I have been talking to them for half a morning already, and they were just about to give me an answer. Why do you disturb them?

“Unless we turn back and become like the cows, we shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.[1] For there is one thing we should learn from them: chewing the cud.

“And truly, if a human being should gain the whole world and not learn this one thing, chewing the cud: what would it profit him! He would not be rid of his gloom

“—his great gloom: but today that is called *disgust*. Who today does not have heart, mouth, and eyes full of disgust? You too! You too! But just look at these cows!”—

Thus spoke the preacher on the mount, and then turned his own gaze toward Zarathustra,—for until then it had hung lovingly on the cows—: but then he was transformed. “Who is this I am talking with?” he cried in alarm, and sprang up from the ground.

“This is the human being without disgust, this is Zarathustra himself, the overcomer of the great disgust, this is the eye, this is the mouth, this is the heart of Zarathustra himself.”

And as he spoke thus, he kissed the hands of the one he was speaking to, his eyes overflowing, and behaved altogether like one to whom a precious gift and jewel falls unexpectedly from heaven. But the cows watched all this and wondered.

“Do not speak of me, you strange one! you lovely one!” said Zarathustra, warding off his tenderness. “Speak to me first of

yourself! Are you not the voluntary beggar who once threw away a great fortune,—

"—who was ashamed of his wealth and of the rich, and fled to the poorest to give them his abundance and his heart? But they did not accept him."

"But they did not accept me," said the voluntary beggar, "you know it already. So at last I went to the animals and to these cows."

"There you learned," Zarathustra interrupted the speaker, "how it is harder to give rightly than to take rightly, and that giving well is an *art*, and the last, most cunning master art of goodness."

"Especially nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar, "today, that is, when everything low has become rebellious and shy and arrogant in its own way: namely in the rabble's way.

"For the hour has come, you know it already, for the great, wicked, long, slow uprising of the rabble and the slaves: it grows and grows!

"Now every kindness and little giving away outrages the lowly; and the overrich had better be on their guard!

"Whoever today trickles like potbellied bottles from all-too-narrow necks:—today people like to break the necks of such bottles.

"Lecherous greed, bilious envy, sullen vengefulness, rabble pride: all that leapt into my face. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. But the kingdom of heaven is with the cows."

And why is it not with the rich? asked Zarathustra, tempting him, while he warded off the cows, which were trustingly snuffling at the peaceable one.

"Why do you tempt me?" the latter answered. "You know it yourself even better than I. What was it that drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not disgust at our richest?

"—at the convicts of wealth, who pick their advantage out of every rubbish heap, with cold eyes and lewd thoughts, at this

riffraff that stinks to high heaven,

"—at this gilded, falsified rabble whose fathers were pickpockets or carrion birds or ragpickers, with wives compliant, lustful, forgetful:—for none of them is far from being a whore—

"Rabble above, rabble below! What do 'poor' and 'rich' mean today! This difference I unlearned,—then I fled away, farther, ever farther, until I came to these cows."

Thus spoke the peaceable one, and snuffled himself and sweated at his words: so that the cows wondered anew. But Zarathustra kept looking into his face with a smile as he spoke so harshly, and silently shook his head.

"You do violence to yourself, you preacher on the mount, when you use such hard words. Your mouth did not grow for such hardness, nor your eye.

"Nor, it seems to me, your stomach itself: *it* is revolted by all such raging and hating and foaming over. Your stomach wants gentler things: you are no butcher.

"Rather, you seem to me a plant eater and a root man. Perhaps you grind grains. But certainly you are averse to fleshly joys and love honey."

"You have guessed me well," answered the voluntary beggar, his heart relieved. "I love honey, I grind grains too, for I sought what tastes sweet and makes for pure breath:

"—also what takes a long time, a day's work and a mouth's work for gentle idlers and loafers.

"Furthest of all, to be sure, these cows have come: they invented chewing the cud and lying in the sun. They also abstain from all heavy thoughts, which bloat the heart."

"—Well then!" said Zarathustra. "You should also see *my* animals, my eagle and my serpent,—their like does not exist on earth today.

“Look, that way leads the path to my cave: be their guest tonight. And talk with my animals about the happiness of animals, —

“—until I myself come home. For now a cry of distress calls me away from you in haste. You will also find new honey with me, ice-fresh golden honey from the comb: eat it!

“But now take leave of your cows at once, you strange one! you lovely one! though it may be hard for you. For they are your warmest friends and teachers!”—

“—Except for one whom I love even more,” answered the voluntary beggar. “You yourself are good, and better even than a cow, O Zarathustra!”

“Away, away with you! you wicked flatterer!” cried Zarathustra with malice. “Why do you spoil me with such praise and flattery’s honey?”

“Away, away from me!” he cried once more, and swung his stick at the tender beggar: but the beggar ran off nimbly.

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1. Matthew 18:3.

The Shadow

But hardly had the voluntary beggar run off and Zarathustra was alone with himself again when he heard a new voice behind him, calling: "Stop! Zarathustra! Wait, will you! It's me, O Zarathustra, me, your shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait, for a sudden annoyance came over him at all the crowding and thronging in his mountains. "Where has my solitude gone?" he said.

"Truly, it is getting to be too much for me; these mountains are swarming, my kingdom is no longer of *this* world, I need new mountains.

"My shadow calls me? What does my shadow matter! Let him run after me! I—will run away from him."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra to his heart and ran away. But the one who was behind him followed after him: so that soon there were three runners, one behind the other, namely the voluntary beggar in front, then Zarathustra, and third and last his shadow. They had not run like this for long when Zarathustra came to his senses about his folly and with one jerk shook off all his annoyance and weariness.

"What!" he said. "Have not the most ridiculous things always happened among us old hermits and saints?

"Truly, my folly has grown tall in the mountains! Now I hear six old fool's legs clattering one behind the other!

"But may Zarathustra be afraid of a shadow? Besides, it seems to me, when all is said and done, that he has longer legs than I."

Thus spoke Zarathustra, laughing with his eyes and his entrails; he stopped and turned around quickly—and behold, he nearly

threw his follower and shadow to the ground in doing so: so closely was the shadow already following at his heels, and so weak was he too. For when he examined him with his eyes, he was startled as at a sudden ghost: so thin, blackish, hollow, and outlived did this follower look.

"Who are you?" asked Zarathustra vehemently. "What are you doing here? And why do you call yourself my shadow? I do not like you."

"Forgive me," answered the shadow, "that it is I; and if you do not like me, well then, O Zarathustra! in that I praise you and your good taste.

"I am a wanderer who has already walked much at your heels: always on the way, but without a goal, without a home too: so that truly little is lacking for me to be the eternal Wandering Jew, except that I am not eternal, and not a Jew either.

"What? Must I forever be on the way? Whirled by every wind, unsettled, driven on? O earth, you have become too round for me!

"I have sat on every surface already; like weary dust I have fallen asleep on mirrors and windowpanes: everything takes from me, nothing gives, I am growing thin,—I am almost like a shadow.

"But you, O Zarathustra, I flew and trailed after the longest, and though I hid myself from you, still I was your best shadow: wherever you sat, I sat too.

"With you I haunted the farthest, coldest worlds, like a ghost that runs of its own free will over winter roofs and snow.

"With you I strove into everything forbidden, worst, farthest: and if anything about me is virtue, it is that I had no fear of any prohibition.

"With you I broke whatever my heart ever revered; I overturned all boundary stones and images, I ran after the most dangerous wishes,—truly, I once ran right over every crime.

"With you I unlearned faith in words and values and great names. When the devil sheds his skin, does not his name fall off too? For that is skin as well. The devil himself is perhaps—skin.

"'Nothing is true, everything is permitted': so I told myself. Into the coldest waters I plunged, with head and heart. Alas, how often I stood there afterward naked as a red crab!

"Alas, where did all my goodness go, and all my shame, and all my faith in the good! Alas, where is that lying innocence I once possessed, the innocence of the good and of their noble lies!

"Too often, truly, I followed close on the heels of truth: then it kicked me in the head. Sometimes I thought I was lying, and behold! only then did I hit upon—the truth.

"Too much has become clear to me: now nothing concerns me anymore. Nothing lives anymore that I love,—how should I still love myself?

"'To live as I desire, or not to live at all': so I will it, so the holiest wills it too. But woe! how do *I* still have—desire?

"Do *I*—still have a goal? A harbor toward which *my* sail is running?

"A good wind? Alas, only one who knows *where* he is sailing also knows which wind is good and is his sailing wind.

"What is left me now? A heart weary and insolent; an unsettled will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

"This seeking for *my* home: O Zarathustra, do you know, this seeking was *my* visitation; it is eating me up.

"'Where is—*my* home?' For that I ask and seek and have sought, and that I have not found. O eternal everywhere, O eternal nowhere, O eternal—in vain!"

Thus spoke the shadow, and Zarathustra's face grew long at his words. "You are my shadow!" he said at last, with sadness.

"Your danger is no small one, you free spirit and wanderer! You have had a bad day: see to it that a still worse evening does not

come upon you!

"To such unsettled ones as you, even a prison seems blissful in the end. Have you ever seen how captured criminals sleep? They sleep peacefully, they enjoy their new security.

"Beware that in the end a narrow faith does not capture you, a hard, strict delusion! For now everything that is narrow and firm seduces and tempts you.

"You have lost the goal: woe, how will you laugh off and live down this loss? With it—you have lost the way too!

"You poor rover, you dreamer, you weary butterfly! Do you want a rest and a home for this evening? Then go up to my cave!

"That way leads the path to my cave. And now I want to run away from you again quickly. Already something lies on me like a shadow.

"I want to run alone, so that it grows bright around me again. For that I must still be merrily on my legs a long while. But in the evening there will be—dancing at my place!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

At Noon

—And Zarathustra ran and ran and found no one anymore and was alone and found himself again and again and enjoyed and sipped his solitude and thought of good things,—for hours. But around the hour of noon, when the sun stood right over Zarathustra's head, he passed an old, crooked, and gnarled tree, which was embraced all around by the rich love of a grapevine and hidden from itself: from it yellow grapes hung in abundance toward the wanderer. Then he felt a desire to quench a little thirst and break off a grape for himself; but when he was already stretching out his arm to do so, he desired something else still more: namely to lie down beside the tree, at the hour of perfect noon, and to sleep.

This Zarathustra did; and as soon as he lay on the ground, in the stillness and secrecy of the many-colored grass, he had already forgotten his little thirst and fell asleep. For, as Zarathustra's proverb says: One thing is more necessary than the other. Only his eyes stayed open:—for they could not get enough of seeing and praising the tree and the love of the vine. But as he fell asleep Zarathustra spoke thus to his heart:

Still! Still! Has the world not just become perfect? What is happening to me?

As a delicate wind, unseen, dances on the inlaid sea, lightly, light as a feather: so—sleep dances on me.

It does not close my eyes, it leaves my soul awake. It is light, truly! light as a feather.

It persuades me, I do not know how?, it dabs at me inwardly with a caressing hand, it compels me. Yes, it compels me, so that

my soul stretches out:—

—how long and weary it grows, my strange soul! Did a seventh day's evening come to it right at noon? Has it wandered too long already, blissful, among good and ripe things?

It stretches out long, long,—longer! it lies still, my strange soul. Too much that is good it has tasted already; this golden sadness weighs on it, it twists its mouth.

—Like a ship that has run into its stillest bay:—now it leans against the earth, weary of the long voyages and the uncertain seas. Is the earth not more faithful?

As such a ship lies up against the land, nestles against it:—then it is enough for a spider to spin its thread to it from the land. No stronger ropes are needed there.

Like such a weary ship in the stillest bay: so I too now rest near the earth, faithful, trusting, waiting, tied to it with the faintest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Would you like to sing, O my soul? You are lying in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour when no shepherd plays his flute.

Take care! Hot noon is sleeping on the meadows. Do not sing! Still! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you winged thing of the grass, O my soul! Do not even whisper! Look—still! old noon is sleeping, he is moving his mouth: is he not just now drinking a drop of happiness—

—an old brown drop of golden happiness, of golden wine? Something flits over him, his happiness laughs. So—a god laughs. Still!—

—"For happiness, how little is enough for happiness!" So I once said, and thought myself clever. But it was a blasphemy: *that* I have learned now. Clever fools speak better.

Precisely the least thing, the softest, lightest, a lizard's rustling, a breath, a flit, an eye's blink—*little* makes up the kind of the *best*

happiness. Still!

—What has happened to me: Listen! Has time flown away? Am I not falling? Did I not fall—listen! into the well of eternity?

—What is happening to me? Still! It stings me—woe—in the heart? In the heart! Oh break, break, heart, after such happiness, after such a sting!

—What? Has the world not just become perfect? Round and ripe? Oh, the golden round ring—where is it flying? Shall I run after it! Quick!

Still—(and here Zarathustra stretched and felt that he was asleep.)—

Up! he said to himself, you sleeper! You noon sleeper! Well then, up, you old legs! It is time and more than time; many a good stretch of road is still left for you—

Now you have slept yourselves out, for how long? Half an eternity! Well then, up now, my old heart! How long may you take, after such a sleep—to wake yourself out?

(But then he was already falling asleep anew, and his soul spoke against him and resisted and lay down again)—"Leave me alone! Still! Has the world not just become perfect? Oh, the golden round ball!"—

"Get up," said Zarathustra, "you little thief, you thief of days! What? Still stretching, yawning, sighing, falling down into deep wells?

"But who are you! O my soul!" (and here he was startled, for a sunbeam fell down from the sky onto his face)

"O sky above me," he said, sighing, and sat upright, "are you watching me? Are you listening to my strange soul?

"When will you drink this drop of dew that has fallen on all earthly things,—when will you drink this strange soul—

"—when, well of eternity! you cheerful, dreadful abyss of noon! when will you drink my soul back into yourself?"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and rose from his resting place by the tree as if from a strange drunkenness: and behold, the sun still stood right over his head. But one might rightly conclude from this that Zarathustra had not slept long at that time.

The Greeting

It was not until late afternoon that Zarathustra, after long, vain searching and roaming, came home to his cave again. But when he stood facing it, no more than twenty paces away, there happened what he least expected now: once again he heard the great *cry of distress*. And, astonishing! this time it came from his own cave. But it was a long, manifold, strange cry, and Zarathustra clearly made out that it was composed of many voices: although, heard from a distance, it might sound like the cry from a single mouth.

Then Zarathustra sprang toward his cave, and behold! what a play for the eyes awaited him after this play for the ears! For there they all sat together, the ones 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 of the spirit, the sad soothsayer, and the donkey; but the ugliest human being had put on a crown and wound two purple sashes around himself,—for he loved, like all ugly people, to dress up and act beautiful. But in the midst of this sorrowful company stood Zarathustra's eagle, ruffled and restless, for he was supposed to answer too many things for which his pride had no answer; and the clever serpent hung around his neck.

All this Zarathustra beheld with great astonishment; then he examined each one of his guests with affable curiosity, read their souls, and wondered anew. Meanwhile the assembled ones had risen from their seats and were waiting with reverence for Zarathustra to speak. But Zarathustra spoke thus:

"You despairing ones! You strange ones! So it was *your* cry of distress I heard? And now I also know where to look for the one I looked for in vain today: the higher human—:

"—in my own cave he sits, the higher human! But why do I wonder! Did I not lure him to me myself, with honey offerings and the cunning lure-calls of my happiness?

"And yet it seems to me that you are poorly suited to one another's company; you make each other's hearts surly, you who cry out in distress, when you sit here together? Someone has to come first,

"—someone who makes you laugh again, a good, cheerful clown, a dancer and a wind and a madcap, some old fool:—what do you think?

"Do forgive me, you despairing ones, for speaking before you with such small words, unworthy, truly! of such guests! But you do not guess *what* makes my heart so mischievous:—

"—you yourselves do it, and the sight of you, forgive me! For everyone grows bold who watches one in despair. To speak encouragement to one in despair—everyone thinks himself strong enough for that.

"You gave me this strength yourselves,—a good gift, my high guests! An honest guest-gift! Well then, do not be angry now that I offer you something of mine as well.

"This here is my kingdom and my dominion: but what is mine shall be yours for this evening and this night. My animals shall serve you: let my cave be your resting place!

"In my house and home no one shall despair; in my territory I protect everyone from his wild beasts. And that is the first thing I offer you: safety!

"But the second is: my little finger. And once you have *that*, just take the whole hand as well, well then! and the heart besides! Welcome here, welcome, my guests!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed from love and malice. After this greeting his guests bowed once more and were reverently silent; but the king on the right answered him in their name.

"By the way you offered us your hand and your greeting, O Zarathustra, we recognize you as Zarathustra. You humbled yourself before us; you almost hurt our reverence—:

"—but who could humble himself with such pride as you? *That* raises us up ourselves; it is a refreshment to our eyes and hearts.

"Just to see this alone we would gladly climb higher mountains than this mountain. For we came as sightseers; we wanted to see what makes dim eyes bright.

"And behold, already all our crying in distress is over. Already our minds and hearts stand open and are delighted. Little is lacking: and our courage will turn to mischief.

"Nothing more gladdening grows on earth, O Zarathustra, than a high, strong will: that is its most beautiful growth. A whole landscape is refreshed by one such tree.

"To the pine I compare whoever grows up like you, O Zarathustra: tall, silent, hard, alone, of the best, most supple wood, magnificent,—

"—but in the end reaching out with strong green branches for *its* dominion, asking strong questions of winds and storms and whatever is at home on the heights,

"—answering more strongly, a commander, a victor: oh, who would not climb high mountains to see such growths?

"In your tree here, O Zarathustra, even the gloomy one, the failure, is refreshed; at the sight of you even the unsettled one grows secure and heals his heart.

"And truly, toward your mountain and your tree many eyes are turned today; a great longing has set out, and many have learned to ask: who is Zarathustra?

"And whoever had ever had your song and your honey dripped into his ear: all the hidden ones, the hermits, the hermits in pairs, all at once said to their hearts:

"'Does Zarathustra still live? It is no longer worth living, all is the same, all is in vain: or—we must live with Zarathustra!'

"'Why does he not come, he who announced himself so long?' so many ask. 'Has solitude swallowed him up? Or should we perhaps come to him?'

"Now it happens that solitude itself grows brittle and breaks, like a grave that breaks and can no longer hold its dead. Everywhere one sees the risen.

"Now the waves are rising and rising around your mountain, O Zarathustra. And however high your height may be, many must come up to you; your boat shall not sit high and dry much longer.

"And that we despairing ones have now come into your cave and already no longer despair: it is only a sign and omen that better ones are on their way to you,—

"—for he himself is on his way to you, the last remnant of God among human beings, that is: all the human beings of the great longing, of the great disgust, of the great weariness,

"—all who do not want to live unless they learn to *hope* again—unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the *great* hope!"

Thus spoke the king on the right, and seized Zarathustra's hand to kiss it; but Zarathustra warded off his veneration and stepped back in alarm, silent, and suddenly as if fleeing into far distances. But after a little while he was back with his guests again, looked at them with bright, searching eyes, and said:

My guests, you higher humans, I want to speak plain German with you, and plainly. It was not for *you* that I was waiting here in these mountains.

("Plain German and plainly? God have mercy!" said the king on the left at this, aside. "You can tell he doesn't know the dear

Germans, this wise man from the East!

"But he means 'German and coarse'—well then! These days that isn't the worst taste yet!")

"You may truly all be higher humans," Zarathustra went on, "but for me—you are not high and strong enough.

"For me, that is: for the inexorable that is silent in me but will not always be silent. And if you belong to me, it is still not as my right arm.

"For whoever stands on sick and tender legs himself, as you do, wants above all, whether he knows it or hides it from himself: to be *spared*.

"But my arms and my legs I do not spare, I do not spare my warriors: how could you be fit for *my* war?

"With you I would spoil every victory for myself. And many a one of you would fall over as soon as he heard the loud sound of my drums.

"Nor are you beautiful enough for me, and well-born. I need pure, smooth mirrors for my teachings; on your surface even my own image is distorted.

"Your shoulders are pressed by many a burden, many a memory; many a wicked dwarf squats in your corners. There is hidden rabble in you too.

"And though you may be high and of a higher kind: much about you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world who could hammer you right and straight for me.

"You are only bridges: may higher ones stride across on you! You signify steps: so do not be angry with the one who climbs over you into *his* height!

"From your seed a genuine son and perfect heir may one day grow for me too: but that is far off. You yourselves are not those to whom my inheritance and name belong.

"It is not for you that I wait here in these mountains, not with you may I go down for the last time. You came to me only as an omen that higher ones are already on their way to me,—

"—*not* the human beings of the great longing, of the great disgust, of the great weariness, and what you called the remnant of God.

"—No! No! Three times No! For *others* I wait here in these mountains, and I will not lift my foot from here without them,

"—for higher ones, stronger ones, more victorious ones, more high-spirited ones, such as are built square in body and soul: *laughing lions* must come!

"O my guests, you strange ones,—have you heard nothing yet of my children? And that they are on their way to me?

"Do speak to me of my gardens, of my blissful islands, of my new beautiful kind,—why do you not speak to me of them?

"This guest-gift I ask of your love, that you speak to me of my children. For this I am rich, for this I became poor: what did I not give away,

"—what would I not give away to have one thing: *these* children, *this* living plantation, *these* trees of life of my will and my highest hope!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and suddenly stopped in his speech: for his longing overcame him, and he closed his eyes and his mouth at the stirring of his heart. And all his guests too were silent and stood still and dismayed: except that the old soothsayer made signs with his hands and gestures.

The Last Supper

For at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting between Zarathustra and his guests: he pushed forward like one who has no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand, and cried: "But Zarathustra!

"One thing is more necessary than the other, so you say yourself: well then, one thing is more necessary to *me* now than everything else.

"A word at the right time: did you not invite me to a *meal*? And here are many who have come a long way. Surely you do not mean to feed us on speeches?

"Besides, all of you have already had too much to say for my taste about freezing, drowning, suffocating, and other bodily emergencies: but no one remembered *my* emergency, namely starving—"

(Thus spoke the soothsayer; but when Zarathustra's animals heard these words, they ran away in fright. For they saw that whatever they had brought home during the day would not be enough to stuff the one soothsayer.)

"Including dying of thirst," the soothsayer went on. "And although I hear water splashing here, like speeches of wisdom, that is, abundantly and tirelessly: I—want *wine*!

"Not everyone is a born water drinker like Zarathustra. Nor is water any good for the weary and the withered: *we* deserve wine, —*that* alone gives sudden recovery and health on the spot!"

On this occasion, when the soothsayer was craving wine, it happened that the king on the left, the silent one, also got a word

in for once. “For wine,” he said, “*we* have provided, I together with my brother, the king on the right: we have wine enough,—a whole donkey-load. So nothing is lacking but bread.”

“Bread?” Zarathustra retorted, and laughed. “Bread is just what hermits do not have. But the human being does not live by bread alone, but also by the flesh of good lambs, of which I have two:

“—*these* shall be slaughtered quickly and prepared spicily, with sage: that is how I love it. Nor is there any lack of roots and fruits, good enough even for gourmets and gluttons; nor of nuts and other riddles to crack.

“So we will soon make a good meal. But whoever wants to eat with us must also lend a hand, the kings too. For with Zarathustra even a king may be a cook.”

This proposal was after everyone’s heart: except that the voluntary beggar balked at meat and wine and spices.

“Now just listen to this glutton Zarathustra!” he said jokingly. “Is this why one goes into caves and high mountains, to make such meals?

“Now indeed I understand what he once taught us: ‘Praised be a little poverty!’ And why he wants to abolish beggars.”

“Be of good cheer,” Zarathustra answered him, “as I am. Keep to your custom, you excellent one, grind your grains, drink your water, praise your cooking: if only it makes you glad!

“I am a law only for my own, I am not a law for all. But whoever belongs to me must be of strong bones, and of light feet too,—

“—merry for wars and festivals, no gloomy one, no dreamy Jack, ready for the hardest as for his festival, healthy and whole.

“The best belongs to my own and to me; and if it is not given to us, we take it:—the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the most beautiful women!”—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but the king on the right retorted: “Strange! Did anyone ever hear such clever things from the mouth

of a wise man?

"And truly, that is the strangest thing about a wise man, when on top of everything he is also clever and no donkey."

Thus spoke the king on the right, and wondered; but the donkey said Yea-a to his speech with ill will. This, however, was the beginning of that long meal which is called "the Last Supper" in the history books. And at it nothing else was talked about but *the higher human*.

On the Higher Human

1

When I came to human beings for the first time, I committed the hermit's folly, the great folly: I placed myself in the marketplace.

And when I spoke to all, I spoke to none. But in the evening tightrope walkers were my companions, and corpses; and I myself almost a corpse.

But with the new morning a new truth came to me: then I learned to say, "What are the marketplace and the rabble and the rabble's noise and the rabble's long ears to me!"

You higher humans, learn this from me: in the marketplace no one believes in higher humans. And if you want to speak there, well then! But the rabble blinks: "We are all equal."

"You higher humans,"—so the rabble blinks—"there are no higher humans, we are all equal, a human being is a human being, 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 humans, go away from the marketplace!

2

Before God!—But now this God has died! You higher humans, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he has lain in the grave have you risen again. Only now does the great noon come, only now does the higher human become—master!

Have you understood this word, O my brothers? You are startled: are your hearts growing dizzy? Does the abyss yawn here for you? Does the hellhound yowl here at you?

Well then! Up! You higher humans! Only now is the mountain of the human future in labor. God died: now *we* want—the Übermensch to live.

3

The most careful ask today: "How is the human being to be preserved?" But Zarathustra asks, as the only one and the first: "How is the human being to be *overcome*?"

The Übermensch lies close to my heart, *he* is my first and only concern,—and *not* the human being: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the one who suffers most, not the best—

O my brothers, what I can love in the human being is that he is a crossing and a going under. And in you too there is much that makes me love and hope.

That you have despised, you higher humans, makes me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

That you have despaired, in that there is much to honor. For you did not learn how to resign yourselves, you did not learn the little prudences.

For today the little people have become master: they all preach resignation and modesty and prudence and diligence and consideration and the long and-so-forth of the little virtues.

Whatever is womanish, whatever stems from the servile kind, and especially the rabble hodgepodge: *that* now wants to become master of all human fate—oh disgust! disgust! disgust!

That asks and asks and does not grow tired: "How is the human being preserved, best, longest, most pleasantly?" With that—they are the masters of Today.

Overcome these masters of Today, O my brothers,—these little people: *they* are the Übermensch's greatest danger!

Overcome, you higher humans, the little virtues, the little prudences, the grain-of-sand considerations, the antlike swarming trifles, the pitiful contentment, the "happiness of the greatest number"—!

And rather despair than resign yourselves. And, truly, I love you for not knowing how to live today, you higher humans! For so *you* live—best!

4

Do you have courage, O my brothers? Are you stouthearted? Not courage before witnesses, but the courage of hermits and eagles, which not even a god watches anymore?

Cold souls, mules, the blind, the drunken I do not call stouthearted. He has heart who knows fear but *masters* fear; who sees the abyss, but with *pride*.

Whoever sees the abyss, but with the eyes of an eagle; whoever *grasps* the abyss with the talons of an eagle: he has courage.—

5

"The human being is evil"—so all the wisest told me, to comfort me. Alas, if only it is still true today! For evil is the human being's best strength.

"The human being must become better and more evil"—so *I* teach. The most evil is necessary for the Übermensch's best.

It may have been good for that preacher of the little people that he suffered and bore the sin of the human being. But I rejoice in great sin as my great *comfort*.—

But such things are not said for long ears. Nor does every word belong in every mouth. These are subtle, distant things: sheep's hooves shall not reach for them!

6

You higher humans, do you think I am here to make good what you made bad?

Or that from now on I wanted to bed you sufferers more comfortably? Or to show you unsettled ones, you who have lost your way and climbed astray, new and easier footpaths?

No! No! Three times No! Ever more, ever better ones of your kind shall perish,—for you shall have it ever worse and harder. Only so—

—only so does the human being grow up to *that* height where lightning strikes him and breaks him: high enough for the lightning!

My mind and my longing go out to the few, the long, the distant: what would your little, many, short misery be to me!

You do not yet suffer enough for me! For you suffer from yourselves, you have not yet suffered *from the human being*. You would be lying if you said otherwise! None of you suffers from what I suffered from.—

7

It is not enough for me that the lightning no longer does harm. I do not want to conduct it away: it shall learn to—work for *me*.—

My wisdom has long been gathering like a cloud; it is growing stiller and darker. So does every wisdom that shall *one day* give birth to lightning.—

To these human beings of Today I do not want to be *light*, nor to be called light. *Them*—I want to blind: lightning of my wisdom! put out their eyes!

8

Will nothing beyond your means: there is a wicked falseness among those who will beyond their means.

Especially when they will great things! For they awaken mistrust of great things, these subtle counterfeiters and actors:—

—until at last they are false before themselves, squint-eyed, whitewashed worm-rot, cloaked by strong words, by shop-window virtues, by glittering false works.

Take good care there, you higher humans! For nothing counts as more precious and rarer to me today than integrity.

Is this Today not the rabble's? But the rabble does not know what is great, what is small, what is straight and honest: it is innocently crooked, it always lies.

9

Have a good mistrust today, you higher humans, you stouthearted ones! You openhearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this Today belongs to the rabble.

What the rabble once learned to believe without reasons, who could overthrow that for it—with reasons?

And in the marketplace one convinces with gestures. But reasons make the rabble mistrustful.

And if truth has for once carried the victory there, then ask yourselves with good mistrust: "What strong error fought for it?"

Beware of the scholars too! They hate you: for they are unfruitful! They have cold, dried-up eyes; before them every bird lies plucked.

Such men boast that they do not lie: but inability to lie is far from being love of truth. Beware!

Freedom from fever is far from being knowledge! I do not believe chilled spirits. Whoever cannot lie does not know what truth is.

10

If you want to rise high, use your own legs! Do not let yourselves be *carried* up, do not sit on strangers' backs and heads!

But you have mounted a horse? You are riding swiftly up to your goal now? Well then, my friend! But your lame foot is riding the horse with you!

When you are at your goal, when you jump down from your horse: precisely on your *height*, you higher human—you will stumble!

11

You creators, you higher humans! One is pregnant only with one's own child.

Do not let anyone talk you into anything, or talk anything into you! Who, then, is *your* neighbor? And even if you act "for the neighbor,"—still you do not create for him!

Unlearn this "for," you creators: your very virtue wills that you do nothing with "for" and "in order to" and "because." Against these false little words you shall stop up your ears.

"For the neighbor" is the virtue only of the little people: there it is said, "like for like" 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 caution and providence of the pregnant! What no one has yet seen with his eyes, the fruit: that your whole love shelters and spares and nourishes.

Where your whole love is, with your child, there is your whole virtue too! Your work, your will is *your* "neighbor": do not let anyone talk you into false values!

12

You creators, you higher humans! Whoever must give birth is sick; but whoever has given birth is unclean.

Ask women: one does not give birth because it is a pleasure. Pain makes hens and poets cackle.

You creators, there is much that is unclean in you. That is because you had to be mothers.

A new child: oh, how much new filth has come into the world too! Step aside! And whoever has given birth shall wash his soul clean!

13

Do not be virtuous beyond your strength! And want nothing of yourselves against probability!

Walk in the footsteps where your fathers' virtue already walked! How would you climb high if your fathers' will did not climb with you?

But whoever wants to be a firstling, let him see to it that he does not also become a lastling! And where your fathers' vices are, there you shall not want to pass for saints!

If someone's fathers kept company with women and with strong wines and wild boar: what would it be if he wanted chastity of himself?

It would be folly! It would be much, truly, it seems to me, for such a one to be the husband of one or two or three women.

And if he founded monasteries and wrote over the door: "The way to holiness,"—I would still say: what for! it is a new folly!

He would be founding for himself a house of correction and refuge: much good may it do him! But I do not believe in it.

In solitude whatever one brings into it grows, the inner beast too. That is why solitude is inadvisable for many.

Has there ever been anything filthier on earth than the desert saints? *Around them* not only the devil was loose,—but the swine too.

14

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like a tiger whose leap has failed: thus, you higher humans, I have often seen you slink aside. A *throw* had failed you.

But, you dice players, what does it matter! You have not learned to play and to mock as one must play and mock! Do we not always sit at a great table of mockery and play?

And if great things have failed you, are you yourselves therefore —failures? And if you yourselves have failed, has the human being therefore—failed? But if the human being has failed: well then! up!

15

The higher its kind, the more rarely a thing succeeds. You higher humans here, have you not all—turned out badly?

Be of good courage, what does it matter! How much is still possible! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh!

And what wonder that you failed and half succeeded, you half-broken ones! Is not—the human being's *future* thronging and jostling in you?

The human being's farthest, deepest, star-highest, his monstrous strength: is not all that foaming against one another in your pot?

What wonder that many a pot breaks! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh! You higher humans, oh, how much is still possible!

And truly, how much has already succeeded! How rich this earth is in little, good, perfect things, in things that have turned out well!

Place little, good, perfect things around you, you higher humans! Their golden ripeness heals the heart. What is perfect teaches hope.

16

What has been the greatest sin here on earth so far? Was it not the word of him who said: "Woe to those who laugh here!"

Did he find no reasons for laughing on the earth itself? Then he only searched badly. Even a child finds reasons here.

He—did not love enough: otherwise he would have loved us too, the laughing ones! But he hated and mocked us; howling and gnashing of teeth he promised us.

Must one curse at once where one does not love? That—seems to me bad taste. But so he did, this unconditional one. He came from the rabble.

And he himself just did not love enough: otherwise he would have been less angry that he was not loved. All great love does not

want love:—it wants more.

Get out of the way of all such unconditional ones! That is a poor, sick kind, a rabble kind: they look upon this life with ill will, they have the evil eye for this earth.

Get out of the way of all such unconditional ones! They have heavy feet and sultry hearts:—they do not know how to dance. How could the earth be light for such as these!

17

Crookedly all good things approach their goal. Like cats they arch their backs, they purr inwardly at their approaching happiness,—all good things laugh.

The stride betrays whether someone is already striding on *his* own path: so watch me walk! But whoever comes near his goal dances.

And, truly, I have not become a statue, nor do I stand there, rigid, dull, stony, a pillar; I love swift running.

And even if there are moors and thick gloom on earth: whoever has light feet runs even over mud and dances as on swept ice.

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: stand on your heads too!

18

This crown of the laughing one, this crown of roses: I myself have set this crown on my head, I myself have pronounced my laughter holy. I found no one else strong enough for it today.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckons with his wings, one ready for flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and prepared, a blissfully light-minded one:—

Zarathustra the soothsayer, Zarathustra the sooth-laugher, no impatient one, no unconditional one, one who loves leaps and side-leaps; I myself have set this crown on my head!

19

Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And do not forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: stand on your heads too!

There are heavy beasts in happiness too, there are clumsy-footed ones from the very beginning. Strangely they toil away, like an elephant toiling to stand on its head.

But better to be foolish from happiness than foolish from unhappiness, better to dance clumsily than to walk lamely. So learn this wisdom from me: even the worst thing has two good reverse sides,—

—even the worst thing has good legs for dancing: so learn, you higher humans, to set yourselves on your proper legs!

So unlearn moping and all rabble sadness! Oh, how sad the rabble's clowns seem to me even today! But this Today belongs to the rabble.

20

Do as the wind does when it rushes out of its mountain caves: it wants to dance to its own pipe; the seas tremble and leap beneath its footsteps.

He who gives donkeys wings, who milks lionesses, praised be this good, unruly spirit, who comes like a storm wind to all Today and all rabble,—

—who is an enemy to thistle-heads and puzzle-heads and to all wilted leaves and weeds: praised be this wild, good, free storm

spirit, who dances on moors and gloom as on meadows!

Who hates the rabble's consumptive curs and all the botched, gloomy brood: praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the laughing storm, who blows dust into the eyes of all the dark-sighted and the sore-ridden!

You higher humans, the worst thing about you is: none of you has learned to dance as one must dance—to dance beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you failed!

How much is still possible! So *learn* to laugh beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers, high! higher! And do not forget good laughter either!

This crown of the laughing one, this crown of roses: to you, my brothers, I throw this crown! Laughter I have pronounced holy; you higher humans, *learn*—to laugh!

The Song of Melancholy

1

When Zarathustra spoke these speeches, he stood near the entrance of his cave; but with the last words he slipped away from his guests and fled for a short while into the open air.

"O pure smells around me," he cried, "O blissful stillness around me! But where are my animals? Come here, come here, my eagle and my serpent!

"Tell me, my animals: these higher humans, all of them—do they perhaps not *smell* good? O pure smells around me! Only now do I know and feel how I love you, my animals."

—And Zarathustra spoke once more: "I love you, my animals!" But the eagle and the serpent pressed close to him as he spoke these words, and looked up at him. In this way the three of them were quietly together and sniffed and sipped the good air with one another. For the air out here was better than among the higher humans.

2

But hardly had Zarathustra left his cave when the old sorcerer rose, looked around cunningly, and said: "He has gone out!

"And already, you higher humans—let me tickle you with this name of praise and flattery, as he himself does—already my wicked spirit of deceit and sorcery is attacking me, my melancholy devil,

"—who is an adversary of this Zarathustra from the ground up: forgive him for it! Now he wants to work magic before you, it is just *his* hour; in vain I wrestle with this evil spirit.

"To all of you, whatever honors you may give yourselves with words, whether you call yourselves 'the free spirits' or 'the truthful' or 'the penitents of the spirit' or 'the unfettered' or 'the great longers'—

"—to all of you who suffer *from the great disgust* as I do, for whom the old God has died and no new God yet lies in cradles and swaddling clothes,—to all of you my evil spirit and magic devil is well disposed.

"I know you, you higher humans, I know him,—I also know this fiend whom I love against my will, this Zarathustra: he himself often seems to me like a beautiful mask of a saint,

"—like a new, strange masquerade in which my evil spirit, the melancholy devil, takes pleasure:—I love Zarathustra, so it often seems to me, for the sake of my evil spirit.—

"But already *he* is attacking me and compelling me, this spirit of melancholy, this devil of evening twilight: and, truly, you higher humans, he has a craving—

"—just open your eyes!—he has a craving to come *naked*, whether male or female I do not know yet: but he is coming, he is compelling me, woe! open your senses!

"The day is dying away, evening is now coming to all things, even to the best things; hear now and see, you higher humans, what devil, whether man or woman, this spirit of evening melancholy is!"

Thus spoke the old sorcerer, looked around cunningly, and then reached for his harp.

3

When the air grows clear,
When the dew's comfort
Already wells down to the earth,
Unseen and unheard as well:
—For tender shoes are worn
By the comforter dew, as by all who are mild in comfort—:
Do you remember then, do you remember, hot heart,
How once you thirsted,
For heavenly tears and the dripping of dew
Thirsted, scorched and weary,
While on yellow paths of grass
Malicious glances of the evening sun
Ran around you through black trees,
Blinding, glowing glances of the sun, gloating.

“A suitor of *truth*? You?—so they mocked—
No! Only a poet!
An animal, a cunning, preying, creeping one,
That has to lie,
That knowingly, willingly has to lie:
Lusting for prey,
Masked in colors,
A mask to itself,
To itself a prey—
That—a suitor of truth? No!
Only fool! Only poet!
Only speaking in colors,
Crying out in colors from a fool’s masks,
Climbing about on lying bridges of words,
On many-colored rainbows,
Between false heavens
And false earths,
Roaming about, floating about,—
Only fool! *Only* poet!...

"*That*—a suitor of truth?
Not still, rigid, smooth, cold,
Turned into an image,
Into a pillar of God,
Not set up before temples,
A god's doorkeeper:
No! hostile to such statues of truth,
More at home in any wilderness than before temples,
Full of a cat's mischief,
Leaping through every window
Whoosh! into every chance,
Sniffing toward every primeval forest,
Sniffing with an addict's longing,
That you might run in primeval forests
Among brightly spotted beasts of prey
Sinfully healthy and colorful and beautiful,
With lusting chops,
Blissfully mocking, blissfully hellish, blissfully bloodthirsty,
Run preying, creeping, lying:...

“Or, like the eagle that long,
Long stares rigidly into abysses,
Into *its* abysses:…
—Oh, how they coil down here,
Downward, inward,
Into ever deeper depths!—
Then,
Suddenly,
In a straight line,
With flight unsheathed,
Swoop down on lambs,
Headlong, ravenous,
Lusting for lambs,
Hostile to all lamb-souls,
Fiercely hostile to all that looks
Sheeplike, lamb-eyed, curly-woolly,
Gray, with the goodwill of lamb and sheep!

“Thus
Eaglelike, pantherlike
Are the poet’s longings,
Are *your* longings beneath a thousand masks,
You fool! You poet!

“You who saw the human being
As god as well as sheep—:
To *tear apart* the god in the human being
As well as the sheep in the human being,
And tearing apart to *laugh*—

"*That*, *that* is your bliss! A panther's and an eagle's bliss! A poet's and a fool's bliss!"—

When the air grows clear,
When already the sickle of the moon
Green among the purple reds
And envious, creeps along:
—hostile to the day,
With every step secretly
Sickling away at hammocks of roses
Until they sink,
Sink down pale, toward night:

So I myself once sank
Out of my madness of truth,
Out of my longings of the day,
Weary of day, sick from light,
—sank downward, eveningward, shadowward:
By one truth
Burned and thirsty:
—do you still remember, do you remember, hot heart,
How you thirsted then?—
That I be banished
From *all* truth,
Only fool! Only poet!

On Science

Thus sang the sorcerer; and all who were gathered there went unawares, like birds, into the net of his cunning and melancholy lust. Only the conscientious one of the spirit was not caught: he quickly took the harp away from the sorcerer and cried: "Air! Let good air in! Let Zarathustra in! You are making this cave sultry and poisonous, you wicked old sorcerer!

"You seduce, you false, subtle one, toward unknown desires and wildernesses. And woe when such as you make a great fuss about *truth*!

"Woe to all free spirits who are not on their guard against *such* sorcerers! Their freedom is done for: you teach and lure back into prisons,—

"—you old melancholy devil, out of your lament sounds a decoy whistle; you are like those who with their praise of chastity secretly invite to lusts!"

Thus spoke the conscientious one; but the old sorcerer looked around, enjoyed his victory, and for its sake swallowed the annoyance the conscientious one caused him. "Be still!" he said in a modest voice. "Good songs want to echo well; after good songs one should be silent for a long time.

"That is what all these do, the higher humans. But you, I suppose, have understood little of my song? There is little of a magic spirit in you."

"You praise me," retorted the conscientious one, "by separating me from yourself; well then! But you others, what do I see? You are all still sitting there with lusting eyes—:

"You free souls, where has your freedom gone! It almost seems to me you are like those who have long watched wicked, dancing, naked girls: your souls are dancing themselves!

"In you, you higher humans, there must be more of what the sorcerer calls his evil spirit of magic and deceit:—we must surely be different.

"And truly, we talked and thought together enough before Zarathustra came home to his cave for me to know: we *are* different.

"We *seek* different things up here too, you and I. For I seek *more security*; that is why I came to Zarathustra. For he is still the firmest tower and will—

"—today, when everything totters, when all the earth quakes. But you, when I see the eyes you make, it almost seems to me you seek more *insecurity*,

"—more shudders, more danger, more earthquake. You crave, so it almost seems to me, forgive my presumption, you higher humans—

"—you crave the worst, most dangerous life, which frightens *me* most, the life of wild beasts, forests, caves, steep mountains, and labyrinthine chasms.

"And it is not the leaders *out of* danger who please you best, but those who lead you away from all paths, the misleaders. But if such craving in you is *real*, it seems to me *impossible* nonetheless.

"For fear—that is the human being's inherited and fundamental feeling; from fear everything is explained, original sin and original virtue. From fear *my* virtue too has grown, and it is called: science.

"For fear of wild beasts—that was bred into the human being longest of all, including the beast he harbors and fears in himself:—Zarathustra calls it 'the inner beast.'

"Such long, old fear, at last grown subtle, spiritual, intellectual—today, it seems to me, it is called: science."—

Thus spoke the conscientious one; but Zarathustra, who was just coming back into his cave and had heard and guessed the last speech, threw the conscientious one a handful of roses and laughed at his "truths." "What!" he cried. "What did I just hear? Truly, it seems to me you are a fool, or I am one myself: and your 'truth' I will stand on its head in a flash.

"For *fear*—is our exception. But courage and adventure and joy in the uncertain, in the undared,—*courage* seems to me the human being's whole prehistory.

"He envied and robbed the wildest, most courageous animals of all their virtues: only so did he become—human.

"*This* courage, at last grown subtle, spiritual, intellectual, this human courage with eagle's wings and serpent's cleverness: *that*, it seems to me, is called today—"

"Zarathustra!" cried all who sat together, as with one mouth, and they laughed a great laugh; and it was as if a heavy cloud lifted from them. The sorcerer laughed too and said cleverly: "Well then! He is gone, my evil spirit!

"And did I not warn you against him myself when I said he was a deceiver, a spirit of lies and deceit?

"Especially when he shows himself naked. But what can *I* do about his tricks! Did *I* create him and the world?

"Well then! Let us be good again and of good cheer! And although Zarathustra looks angry—just look at him! he bears me a grudge—:

"—before night comes he will learn again to love and praise me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

"*He*—loves his enemies: this art he understands best of all whom I have seen. But he takes revenge for it—on his friends!"

Thus spoke the old sorcerer, and the higher humans applauded him: so that Zarathustra went around and shook his friends' hands with malice and love,—as one who has something to make good

and to apologize for to all of them. But when in doing so he came to the door of his cave, behold, he already craved again the good air out there and his animals,—and he wanted to slip out.

Among Daughters of the Desert

1

"Do not go away!" said the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow. "Stay with us, or else the old, dull gloom might attack us again.

"That old sorcerer has already treated us to his worst, and just look, the good, pious pope there has tears in his eyes and has set out once more entirely on the sea of melancholy.

"These kings may well still put on a good face before us: for of all of us *they* learned that best today! But if they had no witnesses, I bet the wicked game would start again with them too—

"—the wicked game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of veiled skies, of stolen suns, of howling autumn winds,

"—the wicked game of our howling and crying out in distress: stay with us, O Zarathustra! Here is much hidden misery that wants to speak, much evening, much cloud, much dull air!

"You have fed us with strong men's fare and powerful sayings: do not let the soft, womanish spirits attack us again for dessert!

"You alone make the air around you strong and clear! Did I ever find such good air on earth as with you in your cave?

"And I have seen many lands; my nose has learned to test and appraise many kinds of air: but with you my nostrils taste their greatest joy!

"Unless,—unless—, oh, forgive an old memory! Forgive me an old dessert song that I once composed among daughters of the desert:—

"—for with them there was the same good, bright, Eastern air; there I was farthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy old Europe!

"In those days I loved such Eastern girls and another blue kingdom of heaven, over which no clouds and no thoughts hang.

"You would not believe how sweetly they sat there when they were not dancing, deep, but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert nuts—

"colorful and strange, truly! but without clouds: riddles that let themselves be guessed: for love of such girls I devised a dessert psalm back then."

Thus spoke the wanderer and shadow; and before anyone answered him, he had already seized the old sorcerer's harp, crossed his legs, and was looking around him, calm and wise:—but with his nostrils he slowly and questioningly drew in the air, like one tasting new, foreign air in new lands. Then he began to sing with a kind of roar.

2

The desert grows: woe to him who harbors deserts!

—Ha! Solemn!
Solemn indeed!
A worthy beginning!
African-solemn!
Worthy of a lion,
Or of a moral howler monkey—
—but nothing for you,
You dearest lady friends,
At whose feet I,
For the first time,
A European, beneath palm trees
Am permitted to sit. Selah.

Wonderful, truly!
Here I sit now,
Near the desert and already
So far from the desert again,
And in no way yet laid waste:
That is, swallowed down
By this smallest of oases—:
—it just opened wide, yawning,
Its lovely mouth,
The sweetest-smelling of all little mouths:
Then I fell in,
Down, through—among you,
You dearest lady friends! Selah.

Hail, hail to that whale,
If it made things so pleasant
For its guest!—you understand
My learned allusion?
Hail to its belly,
If it was
So lovely an oasis-belly
As this one: which, however, I call into doubt,
—after all, I come from Europe,
Which is more doubt-addicted than all
Elderly little wives.
May God improve it!
Amen!

Here I sit now,
In this smallest of oases,
Like a date,
Brown, sweetened through, oozing gold, lusting
For a round girl's mouth,
But still more for girlish,
Ice-cold, snow-white, cutting
Biting teeth: for it is for these
That the heart of all hot dates pines. Selah.

Like the southern fruits
Just named, all too like them,
I lie here, by little
Winged beetles
Danced around and played around,
Likewise by still smaller,
More foolish, more malicious
Wishes and notions,
Besieged by you,
You mute, you full-of-foreboding
Girl-cats,
Dudu and Suleika,
—*ensphinxed*, to stuff into one word
Many feelings:
(May God forgive me
This sin against language!)
—I sit here sniffing the best air,
Air of paradise, truly,
Bright, light air, striped with gold,
As good an air as ever
Fell down from the moon—
Was it by chance,
Or did it happen from high spirits?
As the old poets tell.
But I, a doubter, call it
Into doubt, but after all I come
From Europe,
Which is more doubt-addicted than all

Elderly little wives.

May God improve it!

Amen!

Drinking this most beautiful air,
With nostrils swelled like goblets, Without future, without memories,
So I sit here, you
Dearest lady friends,
And watch the palm tree
As, like a dancing girl,
It bends and sways and rocks its hips,
—one does it too if one watches long!
Like a dancing girl who, as it would seem to me,
Has stood too long already, dangerously long,
Always, always only on one leg?
—so that she forgot, as it would seem to me,
The other little leg?
In vain at least
I searched for the missing twin jewel
—namely the other leg—
In the holy vicinity
Of her dearest, daintiest
Fanning and fluttering and glittering little skirt.
Yes, if you, my beautiful friends,
Will believe me entirely:
She has lost it!
It is gone!
Gone forever!
The other leg!
Oh, what a pity about that lovely other leg!
Where—can it be lingering, forsaken and grieving?

The lonely leg?
In fear perhaps of a
Fierce, yellow, blond-maned
Lion-monster? Or even already
Gnawed away, nibbled away—
Pitiably, woe! woe! nibbled away! Selah.

Oh, do not weep,
Soft hearts!
Do not weep, you
Date hearts! Milk bosoms!
You licorice-heart-
Little pouches!
Weep no more,
Pale Dudu!
Be a man, Suleika! Courage! Courage!
—Or should perhaps
Something strengthening, heart-strengthening,
Be in order here?
An anointed saying?
A solemn exhortation?—

Ha! Up, dignity!
Virtue's dignity! European dignity!
Blow, blow again,
Bellows of virtue!
Ha!
Roar once more,
Roar morally!
As a moral lion
Roar before the daughters of the desert!
—For virtue's howling,
You dearest girls,
Is more than anything else
European ardor, European ravenous hunger!
And there I stand already,
As a European,
I can do no other, God help me!
Amen!

The desert grows: woe to him who harbors deserts!

The Awakening

1

After the song of the wanderer and shadow the cave was all at once full of noise and laughter; and since the assembled guests were all talking at once, and even the donkey, at such encouragement, no longer kept still, a slight aversion and mockery toward his visitors came over Zarathustra: although he was glad of their gaiety. For it seemed to him a sign of convalescence. So he slipped out into the open and spoke to his animals.

"Where has their distress gone now?" he said, and already he himself breathed more freely after his slight weariness,—"with me they have unlearned, it seems to me, crying out in distress!

"—though not yet, unfortunately, crying out." And Zarathustra held his ears shut, for just then the donkey's Yea-a was mingling strangely with the jubilant noise of these higher humans.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knows? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they learned to laugh from me, still it is not *my* laughter they have learned.

"But what does it matter! They are old people: they convalesce in their own way, they laugh in their own way; my ears have endured worse already and did not grow surly.

"This day is a victory: he is already giving way, he is fleeing, *the Spirit of Gravity*, my old archenemy! How well this day is going to end, which began so badly and heavily!

"And it *wants* to end. Already the evening is coming: over the sea he rides, the good rider! How he sways, the blissful one, the

homecomer, in his purple saddles!

"The sky looks on clearly, the world lies deep: O all you strange ones who have come to me, it is surely worth it to live with me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And again the shouting and laughter of the higher humans came out of the cave: then he began anew.

"They are biting, my bait is working; their enemy too is giving way, the Spirit of Gravity. Already they are learning to laugh at themselves: do I hear right?

"My men's fare is working, my sayings of sap and strength: and truly, I did not feed them on bloating vegetables! But on warriors' fare, on conquerors' fare: I awakened new desires.

"New hopes are in their arms and legs, their hearts are stretching out. They are finding new words; soon their spirit will breathe mischief.

"Such fare may not be for children, of course, nor for longing little women, old and young. Their entrails are persuaded in other ways; I am not their doctor and teacher.

"*Disgust* is giving way in these higher humans: well then! that is my victory. In my kingdom they grow secure, all stupid shame runs away, they pour themselves out.

"They pour out their hearts, good hours come back to them, they celebrate and chew the cud,—they are growing *grateful*.

"*That* I take as the best sign: they are growing grateful. Not long now, and they will devise festivals for themselves and put up monuments to their old joys.

"They are *convalescents*!" Thus spoke Zarathustra gladly to his heart and gazed out; but his animals pressed close to 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 noise and laughter, all at once became deathly still;—but his nose smelled a fragrant smoke and incense, as of burning pinecones.

"What is happening? What are they up to?" he asked himself, and crept up to the entrance so that he might watch his guests unnoticed. But, wonder upon wonder! what did he have to see there with his own eyes!

"They have all become *pious* again, they are *praying*, they are mad!"—he said, and was astonished beyond measure. And, truly! all these higher humans, the two kings, the retired pope, the wicked sorcerer, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer and shadow, the old soothsayer, the conscientious one of the spirit, and the ugliest human being: they were all on their knees like children and credulous little old women, worshiping the donkey. And just then the ugliest human being began to gurgle and snort, as if something unspeakable wanted to come out of him; but when he had actually brought it to words, behold, it was a pious, strange litany in praise of the worshiped and incensed donkey. And this litany went like this:

Amen! And praise and honor and wisdom and thanks and glory and strength be to our God, forever and ever!

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

He bears our burden, he took upon himself the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never says No; and whoever loves his God chastises him.

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

He does not speak: except that he always says Yes to the world he created: thus he praises his world. It is his slyness that does not speak: so he is seldom in the wrong.

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

Inconspicuous he goes through the world. Gray is the livery in which he wraps his virtue. If he has spirit, he hides it; but everyone believes in his long ears.

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

What hidden wisdom is this, that he wears long ears and says only Yes and never No! Has he not created the world in his own image, namely as stupid as possible?

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

You walk straight and crooked paths; it matters little to you what seems straight or crooked to us human beings. Beyond good and evil is your kingdom. It is your innocence not to know what innocence is.

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

Behold, how you push no one away from you, not the beggars, nor the kings. You let the little children come to you, and when the wicked boys entice you, you say in your simplicity Yea-a.

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

You love she-asses and fresh figs, you are no despiser of good food. A thistle tickles your heart when you happen to be hungry. In that lies the wisdom of a god.

—But the donkey cried Yea-a.

The Donkey Festival

1

But at this point in the litany Zarathustra could no longer control himself; he himself cried Yea-a, louder even than the donkey, and leapt into the midst of his guests, who had gone mad.

"But what are you doing there, you children of men?" he cried, pulling the praying ones up from the ground. "Woe if anyone other than Zarathustra were watching you:

"Everyone would judge that with your new faith you were the worst blasphemers or the most foolish of all little old women!

"And you yourself, you old pope, how does it square with yourself that you worship a donkey here as God in this way?"—

"O Zarathustra," answered the pope, "forgive me, but in matters of God I am even more enlightened than you. And that is only fair.

"Better to worship God in this form than in no form at all! Think about this saying, my lofty friend: you will quickly guess that there is wisdom in such a saying.

"He who said 'God is a spirit'—he took the greatest step and leap toward unbelief so far on earth: such a word is not easily made good again on earth!

"My old heart leaps and skips because there is still something to worship on earth. Forgive that, O Zarathustra, to an old, pious pope's heart!—"

—"And you," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "you call yourself and fancy yourself a free spirit? And you go in for such idolatry and priestcraft here?

"Truly, you are carrying on worse here than with your wicked brown girls, you wicked new believer!"

"Wicked enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "you are right: but what can I do about it! The old God lives again, O Zarathustra, say what you will.

"The ugliest human being is to blame for everything: he has awakened him again. And if he says that he once killed him: with gods, *death* is always only a prejudice."

—And you, said Zarathustra, you wicked old sorcerer, what have you done! Who shall believe in you from now on, in this free age, if *you* believe in such asininities of gods?

It was a stupidity, what you did; how could you, you clever one, commit such a stupidity!

"O Zarathustra," answered the clever sorcerer, "you are right, it was a stupidity,—and it was hard enough for me too."

—"And you, of all people," said Zarathustra to the conscientious one of the spirit, "consider, and put your finger to your nose! Does nothing here go against your conscience? Is your spirit not too clean for this praying and the fumes of these praying brethren?"

"There is something to it," answered the conscientious one, and put his finger to his nose, "there is something in this spectacle that even does my conscience good.

"Perhaps I may not believe in God: but it is certain that God still seems to me most believable in this form.

"God is supposed to be eternal, according to the testimony of the most pious: whoever has so much time takes his time. As slowly and as stupidly as possible: *with that* such a one can go very far indeed.

"And whoever has too much spirit might well become foolishly infatuated with stupidity and folly itself. Think about yourself, O Zarathustra!

"You yourself—truly! even you could well turn into a donkey from overabundance and wisdom.

"Does not a perfect sage like to walk on the most crooked paths? Appearances teach it, O Zarathustra,—*your* appearance!"

—"And you yourself, finally," said Zarathustra, and turned toward the ugliest human being, who was still lying on the ground, raising his arm to the donkey (for he was giving it wine to drink). "Speak, you unspeakable one, what have you done there!

"You seem to me transformed, your eye glows, the mantle of the sublime lies around your ugliness: *what* have you done?

"Is it true, then, what they say, that you awakened him again? And what for? Was he not killed off and done away with for good reason?

"You yourself seem to me awakened: what have you done? what have *you* turned around? Why have *you* converted? Speak, you unspeakable one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest human being, "you are a rogue!

"Whether *he* still lives or lives again or is thoroughly dead,—which of us two knows that best? I ask you.

"But one thing I know,—I learned it from you yourself once, O Zarathustra: whoever wants to kill most thoroughly *laughs*.

"'One kills not with wrath but with laughter'—so you once said. O Zarathustra, you hidden one, you annihilator without wrath, you dangerous saint,—you are a rogue!"

2

But then it happened that Zarathustra, astonished at nothing but such roguish answers, sprang back to the door of his cave and, turned toward all his guests, cried in a strong voice:

"O you rascally fools, all of you, you buffoons! Why do you disguise and hide yourselves from me!

"How every one of your hearts wriggled with joy and malice because at last you had become once again like little children, namely pious,—

"—because at last you did again as children do, namely prayed, folded your hands, and said 'dear God'!

"But now leave *this* nursery for me, my own cave, where today all childishness is at home. Cool off your hot childish high spirits and the noise of your hearts out here!

"To be sure: unless you become like little children, you will not enter *that* kingdom of heaven." (And Zarathustra pointed upward with his hands.)

"But we do not want to enter the kingdom of heaven at all: we have become men,—so we want the kingdom of earth."

3

And once more Zarathustra began to speak. "O my new friends," he said,—"you strange ones, you higher humans, how well I like you now,—

"—since you have become cheerful again! Truly, you have all blossomed: it seems to me that such flowers as you need *new festivals*,

"—a little brave nonsense, some divine service and donkey festival, some old, cheerful Zarathustra fool, a roaring wind that blows your souls bright.

"Do not forget this night and this donkey festival, you higher humans! *That* you invented with me; I take that as a good omen,—such things only convalescents invent!

"And if you celebrate it again, this donkey festival, do it for love of yourselves, do it for love of me too! And in remembrance of *me*!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

The Night Wanderer's Song

1

Meanwhile, however, one after another had stepped out into the open and into the cool, thoughtful night; but Zarathustra himself led the ugliest human being by the hand, to show him his night world and the great round moon and the silver waterfalls near his cave. There at last they stood still together, all of them old people, but with comforted, brave hearts, and wondering within themselves that they felt so well on earth; but the secrecy of the night came closer and closer to their hearts. And anew Zarathustra thought to himself: "Oh, how well I like them now, these higher humans!"—but he did not say it aloud, for he honored their happiness and their silence.—

But then there happened what was the most astonishing thing on that long, astonishing day: the ugliest human being began once more and for the last time to gurgle and snort, and when he had brought it to words, behold, a question sprang round and clean from his mouth, a good, deep, clear question, which moved the heart in the body of all who listened to him.

"My friends, all of you," said the ugliest human being, "what do you think? For the sake of this day—*I* am content for the first time that I have lived my whole life.

"And that I testify so much is not yet enough for me. It is worth living on earth: one day, one festival 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, like me, say to death: Was that—life? For Zarathustra's sake, well then! Once more!"—

Thus spoke the ugliest human being; but it was not long before midnight. And what do you suppose happened then? As soon as the higher humans heard his question, they became aware all at once of their transformation and convalescence, and of who had given it to them: then they sprang toward Zarathustra, thanking, revering, caressing him, kissing his hands, each in the manner peculiar to him: so that some laughed, some wept. But the old soothsayer danced with pleasure; and even if, as some storytellers think, he was full of sweet wine at the time, he was certainly still fuller of sweet life and had renounced all weariness. There are even those who tell that the donkey danced at that time: for not for nothing, they say, had the ugliest human being given it wine to drink beforehand. This may be so, or otherwise; and if in truth the donkey did not dance on that evening, still greater and stranger wonders happened then than the dancing of a donkey would be. In short, as Zarathustra's proverb goes: "What does it matter!"

2

But when this happened with the ugliest human being, Zarathustra stood there like a drunken man: his gaze went dim, his tongue faltered, his feet staggered. And who could guess what thoughts were running over Zarathustra's soul then? But evidently his spirit drew back and fled ahead and was in far distances and, as it were, "on a high ridge, as it is written, between two seas,

"—wandering between past and future as a heavy cloud." But gradually, while the higher humans held him in their arms, he came back to himself a little and warded off with his hands the throng of those who revered him and were concerned for him; yet

he did not speak. But all at once he quickly turned his head, for he seemed to hear something: then he laid his finger on his mouth and said: “Come!”

And at once all around grew still and secret; but from the depths there slowly came up the sound of a bell. Zarathustra listened to it, as did the higher humans; but then he laid his finger on his mouth a second time and said again: “Come! Come! It is drawing toward midnight!”—and his voice had changed. But still he did not stir from the spot: then it grew still more still and secret, and everything listened, the donkey too, and Zarathustra’s animals of honor, the eagle and the serpent, likewise Zarathustra’s cave and the great cool moon and the night itself. But Zarathustra laid his hand on his mouth for the third time and said:

Come! Come! Come! Let us wander now! It is the hour: let us wander into the night!

3

You higher humans, it is drawing toward midnight: so I want to say something into your ears, as that old bell says it into my ear,—

—as secretly, as terribly, as heartily as that midnight bell speaks it to me, which has lived through more than one human being:

—which has already counted the heart’s pain-beats of your fathers—alas! alas! how she sighs! how she laughs in her dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

Still! Still! Things are heard now that may not grow loud by day; but now, in the cool air, since all the noise of your hearts too has grown still,—

—now it speaks, now it is heard, now it creeps into nocturnal, overwakeful souls: alas! alas! how she sighs! how she laughs in her dream!

—do you not hear how she speaks secretly, terribly, heartily to *you*, the old, deep, deep midnight? O human, take heed!

4

Woe is me! Where has the time gone? Did I not sink into deep wells? The world is asleep—

Alas! Alas! The dog howls, the moon shines. I would rather die, die, than tell you what my midnight heart is thinking now.

Now I have died already. It is gone. 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, which asks and asks and asks: "Who has heart enough for it?

"—who shall be master of the earth? Who will say: *thus* shall you run, you great and little rivers!"

—the hour draws near: O human, you higher human, take heed! this speech is for subtle ears, for your ears: what does the deep midnight say?

5

It carries me away, my soul is dancing. Day's work! Day's work! Who shall be master of the earth?

The moon is cool, the wind is silent. Alas! Alas! Have you flown high enough yet? You danced: but a leg is still no wing.

You good dancers, now all joy is over, wine has turned to dregs, every cup has grown brittle, the graves are stammering.

You did not fly high enough: now the graves are stammering: "Redeem the dead! Why is the night so long? Does the moon not make us drunk?"

You higher humans, redeem the graves, awaken the corpses! Alas, why is the worm still digging? It draws near, it draws near, the hour,—

—the bell is humming, the heart is still rasping, the woodworm is still digging, the heartworm. Alas! Alas! The world is deep!

6

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love your tone, your drunken toad's tone! —from how long ago, from how far away your tone comes to me, from far away, from the ponds of love!

You old bell, you sweet lyre! Every pain has torn into your heart, father-pain, fathers'-pain, forefathers'-pain; your speech has grown ripe,—

—ripe like golden autumn and afternoon, like my hermit's heart —now you say: the world itself has grown ripe, the grape is turning brown,

—now it wants to die, to die of happiness. You higher humans, do you not smell it? A smell is secretly welling up,

—a scent and smell of eternity, a rose-blissful, brown, golden-wine smell of old happiness,

of drunken midnight happiness of dying, which sings: the world is deep, and deeper than conceived by day!

7

Leave me! Leave me! I am too pure for you. Do not touch me! Has my world not just become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Leave me, you stupid, clumsy, dull day! Is midnight not brighter?

The purest shall be masters of the earth, the most unknown, the strongest, the midnight souls, who are brighter and deeper

than any day.

O day, you grope for me? You fumble for my happiness? To you I am rich, lonely, a treasure pit, a chamber of gold?

O world, you want *me*? Am I worldly to you? Am I spiritual to you? Am I divine 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 still I am no god, no god's hell: deep is its woe.

8

God's woe is deeper, you strange world! Reach for God's woe, not for me! What am I! A drunken sweet lyre,—

a midnight lyre, a bell-toad that no one understands, but that *must* speak, before the deaf, you higher humans! For you do not understand me!

Gone! Gone! O youth! O noon! O afternoon! Now evening has come, and night and midnight,—the dog howls, the wind:

—is the wind not a dog? It whimpers, it yelps, it howls. Alas! Alas! how she sighs! how she laughs, how she rattles and gasps, midnight!

How soberly she speaks just now, this drunken poetess! has she perhaps overstepped her drunkenness? has she grown overwakeful? is she chewing the cud?

—her woe she is chewing over, in her dream, the old, deep midnight, and still more her joy. For joy, though woe is deep: joy is deeper still than heartache.

9

You vine! Why do you praise me? Did I not cut you! I am cruel, you bleed—: what does your praise of my drunken cruelty mean?

"What has become perfect, all that is ripe—wants to die!" so you say. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But all that is unripe wants to live: woe!

Woe says: "Begone! Away, you woe!" But everything that suffers wants to live, that it may grow ripe and merry and longing,

—longing for what is farther, higher, brighter. "I want heirs," so says everything that suffers, "I want children, I do not want *myself*,"—

But joy does not want heirs, nor children,—joy wants itself, wants eternity, wants return, wants everything eternally the same.

Woe says: "Break, bleed, heart! Walk, leg! Wing, fly! Onward! Upward! Pain!" Well then! Up! O my old heart: Woe says: "Begone!"

10

You higher humans, what do you think? Am I a soothsayer? A dreamer? A drunkard? An interpreter of dreams? A midnight bell?

A drop of dew? A vapor and fragrance of eternity? Do you not hear it? Do you not smell it? Just now my world has become perfect; midnight is also noon,—

Pain is also a joy, a curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun,—go away, or you will learn: a sage is also a fool.

Did you ever say Yes to a single joy? Oh, my friends, then you said Yes to *all* woe as well. All things are chained together, entwined, in love,—

—if ever you wanted one time twice, if ever you said, "You please me, happiness! Quick! Moment!" then you wanted *everything* back!

—everything anew, everything eternal, everything chained together, entwined, in love, oh, then you *loved* the world,—

—you eternal ones, love it eternally and for all time: and to woe too you say: begone, but come back! For all joy wants—eternity!

11

All joy wants the eternity of all things, wants honey, wants dregs, wants drunken midnight, wants graves, wants the comfort of tears at graves, wants gilded evening glow—

—*what* does joy not want! it is thirstier, heartier, hungrier, more terrible, more secret than all woe, it wants *itself*, it bites into *itself*, the ring's will wrestles in it,—

—it wants love, it wants hate, it is overrich, gives, throws away, begs someone to take it, thanks the one who takes, it would gladly be hated,—

—so rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for hate, for disgrace, for the cripple, for *world*,—for this world, oh, you know it well!

You higher humans, it longs for you, joy, the unruly, blissful one, —for your woe, you failures! All eternal joy longs for failures.

For all joy wants itself, therefore it also wants heartache! O happiness, O pain! Oh break, heart! You higher humans, learn this, joy wants eternity,

—joy wants the eternity of *all* things, wants deep, deep eternity!

12

Have you learned my song now? Have you guessed what it wants? Well then! Up! You higher humans, now sing me my roundelay!

Now sing me yourselves the song whose name is "Once More," whose meaning is "to all eternity!"; sing, you higher humans,

Zarathustra's roundelay!

O human! Take heed!
What does the deep midnight say?
"I slept, I slept—,
From a deep dream I have awoken:—
The world is deep,
And deeper than conceived by day.
Deep is its woe—,
Joy—deeper still than heart's misery:
Woe says: Begone!
But all joy wants eternity
wants deep, deep eternity!"

The Sign

But on the morning after this night Zarathustra sprang up from his bed, girded his loins, and came out of his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of dark mountains.

"You great star," he said, as he had once said, "you deep eye of happiness, what would all your happiness be if you did not have *those* for whom you shine!

"And if they stayed in their chambers while you are already awake and come and give and distribute: how your proud shame would be angered at that!

"Well then! they are still asleep, these higher humans, while I am awake: *those* are not my right companions! It is not for them that I wait here in my mountains.

"I want to go to my work, to my day: but they do not understand what the signs of my morning are; my step—is no wake-up call for them.

"They are still asleep in my cave; their dream is still chewing on my midnights. The ear that listens for *me*,—the ear that *obeys* is lacking in their limbs."

—Zarathustra had spoken this to his heart when the sun rose: then he looked up questioningly, for he heard above him the sharp call of his eagle. "Well then!" he called up. "So it pleases me and befits me. My animals are awake, for I am awake.

"My eagle is awake and, like me, honors the sun. With eagle's talons he reaches for the new light. You are my right animals; I love you.

"But I still lack my right human beings!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but then it happened that he suddenly heard himself swarmed and fluttered around as by countless birds, —but the whirring of so many wings and the crowding around his head was so great that he closed his eyes. And truly, it fell upon him like a cloud, like a cloud of arrows that pours itself out over a new enemy. But behold, here it was a cloud of love, and over a new friend.

"What is happening to me?" thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and slowly let himself down on the big stone that lay beside the exit of his cave. But as he reached with his hands around him and above him and below him, and warded off the tender birds, behold, something still stranger happened to him: for in doing so he reached unawares into a thick, warm shag of hair; and at the same time a roar rang out before him,—a gentle, long lion's roar.

"The sign is coming," said Zarathustra, and his heart was transformed. And in truth, when it grew bright before him, there lay at his feet a yellow, mighty beast, nestling its head against his knees, unwilling to leave him for love, and behaving like a dog that finds its old master again. But the doves were no less eager with their love than the lion; and every time a dove flitted across the lion's nose, the lion shook its head and wondered and laughed at it.

To all this Zarathustra said only one word: "My children are near, my children"—, then he became quite mute. But his heart was loosened, and tears dripped from his eyes and fell on his hands. And he no longer heeded anything and sat there motionless, no longer warding off the animals. Then the doves flew to and fro and settled on his shoulder and caressed his white hair and did not grow tired of tenderness and rejoicing. But the strong lion kept licking the tears that fell on Zarathustra's hands, and roared and growled shyly as he did so. This is how 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—. But meanwhile the higher humans in Zarathustra's cave had woken up and were forming themselves into a procession to go out to meet Zarathustra and offer him their morning greeting: for when they awoke they had found that he was no longer among them. But when they reached the door of the cave, and the sound of their steps ran ahead of them, the lion started violently, turned away from Zarathustra all at once, and sprang, roaring wildly, at the cave; but the higher humans, when they heard it roar, all cried out as with one mouth, and fled back, and in a moment had vanished.

But Zarathustra himself, dazed and strange, rose from his seat, looked around, stood there in astonishment, questioned his heart, came to himself, and was alone. "What did I hear?" he said at last, slowly. "What just happened to me?"

And already memory came to him, and he grasped at one glance everything that had happened between yesterday and today. "Here is the stone," he said, and stroked his beard, "on *this* I sat yesterday morning; and here the soothsayer came up to me, and here I first heard the cry that I heard just now, the great cry of distress.

"O you higher humans, it was of *your* distress that the old soothsayer prophesied to me yesterday morning,—

"—to your distress he wanted to seduce and tempt me: O Zarathustra, he said to me, I have come to seduce you to your last sin.

"To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, and laughed angrily at his own word: "*what* was it that was saved up for me as my last sin?"

—And once more Zarathustra sank into himself and sat down again on the big stone and pondered. Suddenly he sprang up,—

"Pity! Pity for the higher human!" he cried out, and his face turned to bronze. "Well then! *That*—has had its time!

"My suffering and my pity—what does it matter! Do I strive for *happiness*? I strive for my *work*!

"Well then! The lion has come, my children are near, Zarathustra has grown ripe, my hour has come:—

"This is *my* morning, *my* day is beginning: rise now, rise, you great noon!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun coming out of dark mountains.

Colophon

Thus Spoke Zarathustra

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