Thus Spoke Zarathustra

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE

1844–1900

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Also sprach Zarathustra

Translated from the German with AI (Claude) and edited



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Thus Spoke Zarathustra · Friedrich Nietzsche (1844–1900)

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INTRODUCTION

Thus Spoke Zarathustra (1883–85), "a book for all and none," is Nietzsche's strangest and most famous work: philosophy written as prophecy, in the cadences of Luther's Bible. After ten years of solitude in the mountains, the sage Zarathustra comes down to teach humanity what should come after it.

In speeches, parables, songs and dreams he announces the death of God and the overman, attacks pity, the preachers of death and the "last man," and teaches the will to power. Slowly, and with dread, he confronts his most abysmal thought: the eternal recurrence of all things.

The book was published in four parts. The fourth, printed privately in 1885 and published only in 1891, gathers a company of "higher men" in Zarathustra's cave for a last supper, an ass festival and a midnight song. Nietzsche's short paragraphs are kept as he wrote them.

Zarathustra's Prologue

Zarathustra's Vorrede
After ten years in the mountains Zarathustra goes down to teach the overman, and meets the tightrope walker and the last man.

ZARATHUSTRA'S VORREDE.

P.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 he did not grow weary 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![1]

For ten years you have come up here to my cave: you would have grown weary of your light and of this path 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 weary of my wisdom, like the bee that has gathered too much honey; I need hands that reach out.

I want to give away and share out, until the wise among men once again delight in their folly, and the poor once again in their riches.

1 Zarathustra is the ancient Persian prophet Zoroaster, founder of Zoroastrianism. Nietzsche makes him the mouthpiece of his own teaching.

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*, as men call it, the men to whom I want to descend.

So bless me, then, you calm eye that can look without envy even on an all-too-great happiness![2]

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

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

—Thus began Zarathustra's going-under.

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

P.2 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 up to the mountains: will you now carry your fire into the valleys? Do you not fear the punishment for 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. Alas, you want to go ashore? Alas, you want to drag your body along yourself again?

Zarathustra answered: "I love mankind."

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

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2 *Untergehen* means both the setting of the sun and perishing. "Going under" (*Untergang*) runs through the book in both senses.

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

Zarathustra answered: "What did I say about love! I am bringing mankind a gift."

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

And if you want to give to them, give no more than alms, and make them beg for those 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 sound too lonely to them as they echo through the streets. And just as when, lying in bed at night, they hear a man walking about long before the sun rises, they probably ask themselves: where is the thief going?

Do not go to men, but 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 bowed to the saint and said: "What could 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 that *God is dead*!"—

P.3 When Zarathustra came into the nearest town, which lies by the forests, he found many people gathered in the market-

place, for it had been announced that a tightrope walker would perform. And Zarathustra spoke thus to the people:

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

All beings 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 animals than overcome man?[3]

What is the ape to man? A laughingstock or a painful embarrassment. And that is just what man shall be to the overman: a laughingstock or a painful embarrassment.

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

The overman is the meaning of the earth. Let your will say: may the overman 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 died these blasphemers too. To blaspheme against the earth is now the most terrible thing, and to esteem the entrails of the unfathomable more highly than the meaning of the earth!

Once the soul looked on the body with contempt, and back then this contempt was the highest thing—it wanted the body lean, hideous, starved. Thus it thought to escape the body and the earth.

Oh, this soul was itself still lean, hideous and starved: and cruelty was this soul's lust!

3 "Overman" renders Nietzsche's *Übermensch*; other versions have "superman" or "overhuman."

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

Truly, man is a polluted stream. One must be a sea to take in a polluted stream without becoming unclean.

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

What is the greatest thing you can experience? It is the hour of great contempt: the hour in which even your happiness disgusts you, and so do your reason 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 driven me to frenzy. 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 embers and coals. But the just man is embers and coals!"

The hour when you say: "What does my pity matter! Is pity not the cross on which he who loves mankind is nailed? 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 frugality cries out to heaven; your very stinginess in sinning cries out to heaven!

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

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

When Zarathustra had spoken thus, someone from the crowd cried out: "We've heard enough about the tightrope walker; now

let's 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.

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

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

P.4 A dangerous crossing, a dangerous on-the-way, a dangerous looking-back, a dangerous shuddering and standing-still.

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

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

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

I love those who do not first seek a reason beyond the stars for going under and being sacrifices, but who sacrifice themselves to the earth, so that one day the earth may belong to the overman.

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

I love him who works and invents in order to build a house for the overman and to prepare earth, animal and plant for him: for thus he wills his going-under.

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

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

I love him who makes his virtue his bent and his doom: thus for the sake of his virtue he wants both to live on and to live no longer.

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

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 casts golden words ahead of his deeds and always does even more than he promises: for he wills his going-under.

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

I love him who chastises his god because he loves his god: for he must perish of his god's wrath.

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

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

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

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

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

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.

P.5 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 those who stammer?

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

That is why they dislike hearing 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 man*."

And thus spoke Zarathustra to the people:

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

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

Alas! The time is coming when man will no longer shoot the arrow of his longing beyond man, 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.

Alas! The time is coming when man will no longer give birth to any star. Alas! The time of the most contemptible man is coming, the man who can no longer despise himself.

Behold! I show you *the last man*.

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

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

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

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

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

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

One still works, for work is a form of entertainment. But one takes care that the entertainment is not too taxing.

One no longer becomes poor or rich: both are too much trouble. Who still wants to rule? Who still wants to obey? Both are too much trouble.

No shepherd and one herd! Everyone wants the same thing, everyone is the same: whoever feels differently goes into the asylum of his own accord.

"In the old days all the world was mad"—say the most refined, and blink.

One is clever and knows everything that has ever happened: so there is no end to the mockery. One still quarrels, but one soon makes 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.[4]

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

And here ended Zarathustra's first speech, which is also called "the Prologue": for at this point the shouting and glee of the crowd interrupted him. "Give us this last man, O Zarathustra," they cried, "make us into these last men! Then we'll make you a present of the overman!" 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.

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

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

4 An inversion of Jesus' promise of "one flock, one shepherd" (John 10:16).

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

P.6 But then something happened that struck every mouth silent and fixed every eye. For in the meantime the tightrope walker had begun his performance. 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 reached the middle of his way, the small door opened once more, and a fellow in motley, like a buffoon, sprang out and hurried after the first man with quick steps. "Forward, lamefoot," cried his terrible voice, "forward, sluggard, smuggler, pasty-face! Or I'll tickle you with my heel! What are you up to here between towers? You belong in the tower; you should be locked up. You are blocking the way for someone better than you!"—And with every word he came closer and closer. But when he was only one step behind him, the terrible thing happened that struck every mouth silent and fixed every eye—he let out a shriek like a devil and leapt over the man who was in his way. The latter, seeing his rival triumph like this, lost his head and the rope. He threw away his pole and plunged into the depths even faster than it, a whirl of arms and legs. The marketplace and the people were like the sea when a storm sweeps into it: everyone scattered and scrambled over one another, most of all where the body was bound to come crashing 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 have long known that the devil would trip me up. Now he is dragging me off to hell: will you stop him?"

"Upon my honor, friend," answered Zarathustra, "none of what you speak of exists: there is no devil and no hell. Your soul will be dead even sooner than your body. Fear nothing any more!"

The man looked up distrustfully. "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 scraps of food."

"Not so," 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 seeking Zarathustra's hand to thank him.—

P.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, sunk in thought, and so he forgot the time. At last, however, night fell, and a cold wind blew over the solitary man. Then Zarathustra rose and said to his heart:

Truly, a fine catch Zarathustra made today! He caught no man, but a corpse he did.

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

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

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

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

P.8 When Zarathustra had said this to his heart, he loaded the corpse onto his back and set out. 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. "Leave this town, O Zarathustra," he said. "Too many people here hate you. The good and the just hate you, and they call you their enemy and despiser; the believers of the true faith hate you, and they call you the danger of the multitude. It was your good luck that people laughed at you: and truly, you spoke like a buffoon. It was your good luck that you took up with the dead

dog; by lowering yourself like that, you saved yourself for today. But get out of this town—or tomorrow I will leap over you, a living man over a dead one." 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 their torch in his face, recognized Zarathustra and mocked him roundly. "Zarathustra is carrying off the dead dog: good for Zarathustra, he's 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! Enjoy your meal! Just so long as the devil isn't a better thief than Zarathustra!—he'll steal them both, he'll gobble them both up!" And they laughed among themselves 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 the dead of 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 troubled sleep?"

"A living man and a dead one," 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. Animals and men come to me, the hermit. But tell your companion to eat and drink too; he is wearier than you." Zarathustra answered: "My companion

is dead; I shall hardly persuade him to." "That's no concern of mine," said the old man grumpily. "Whoever knocks at my house must take what I offer him. Eat, both of you, and farewell!"—

Then Zarathustra walked for another two hours, trusting to the path and the light of the stars: for he was used to walking at night and loved to look into the face of all that sleeps. But when morning dawned, Zarathustra found himself in a deep forest, and no path could be seen any more. So he laid the dead man in a hollow tree at his head—for he wanted to protect him from the wolves—and laid himself down on the ground and the moss. And at once he fell asleep, weary in body but with an unmoved soul.

P.9 Long did Zarathustra sleep, and not only the dawn passed over his face, but the morning too. At last, however, his eyes opened. In amazement Zarathustra looked into the forest and the stillness; in amazement he looked into himself. Then he rose quickly, like a seafarer who suddenly sights 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, living ones—not dead companions and corpses that I carry with me wherever I want.

Rather, I need living companions who follow me because they want to follow themselves—and to wherever I want.

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—that is what I came for. The people and the herd shall be angry with me: Zarathustra means 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 believers 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 law-breaker:—but he is the creator.

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

The creator seeks companions, not corpses, nor herds and believers either. The creator seeks fellow creators, those who write new values on new tablets.

The creator seeks companions, and fellow harvesters: for everything around him stands ripe for harvest. But he lacks the hundred sickles, so he plucks the ears of grain by hand and is vexed.

The creator seeks companions, 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 the celebrants.

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

And you, my first companion, farewell! 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 am not to be a shepherd, nor a 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 stairways to the overman.

I will sing my song to the hermits, and to those who are hermits 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 own way. Over the hesitant and the dawdlers I will leap. Thus let my going be their going-under!

P.10 Zarathustra had said this to his heart when the sun stood at noon. Then he looked up questioningly—for he heard above him 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 was coiled around its neck.

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

"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 men than among animals; dangerous are the paths Zarathustra walks. May my animals lead me!"

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

If only I were cleverer! If only I were clever through and through, like my serpent!

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

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

—Thus began Zarathustra's going-under.

Part One: Zarathustra's Speeches

Erster Theil: Die Reden Zarathustra's Speeches in the town of the Motley Cow, from the three metamorphoses of the spirit to the gift-giving virtue.

ON THE THREE METAMORPHOSES

The spirit becomes a camel that bears burdens, then a lion that says "I will," and at last a child.

I.1 Three metamorphoses 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, the strong, load-bearing spirit in which reverence dwells: its strength longs for what is heavy and heaviest.

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

What is heaviest, you heroes? thus asks the load-bearing spirit, so 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 is celebrating its victory? To climb high mountains in order to tempt the tempter?

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

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

Or is it this: to step into dirty 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 laden into the desert, so it hurries into its desert.

But in the loneliest desert the second metamorphosis 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 the enemy of that master and of its last god; it wants to wrestle for victory with the great dragon.

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

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

Values thousands of years old shine on these scales, and thus speaks the mightiest of all dragons: "All the value of things—it shines 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 there need of the lion in the spirit? Why is the beast of burden, which renounces and is reverent, not enough?

To create new values—even the lion cannot yet do that: but to create freedom for itself for new creating—that is within the lion's power.

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 such a spirit it is robbery, the work of a beast of prey.

Once it loved "You-shall" as its most sacred thing: now it must find delusion and caprice even in the most sacred, so that it may

seize freedom from its love by robbery: the lion is needed for this robbery.

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 self-propelled wheel, 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 now wins his own world.

Three metamorphoses 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 that is called: the Motley Cow.[1]

ON THE CHAIRS OF VIRTUE

A celebrated sage teaches virtue as the way to sound sleep, and Zarathustra laughs at him.

I.2 Zarathustra heard a wise man praised who was said to speak well about sleep and virtue. He was greatly honored and rewarded for it, and all the youths sat before his chair. To him went Zarathustra, and he sat before his chair with all the youths. And thus spoke the wise man:

Honor and modesty before sleep! That is the first thing! And avoid all who sleep badly and are awake at night!

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

Sleeping is no small art: for its sake one must stay awake all day.

1 Nietzsche's name for the town is probably modeled on a town in the Buddhist scriptures, Kammāsadhamma, rendered in German as "the speckled cow."

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 searching for truth at night, and your soul will have stayed hungry.

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

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

Shall I covet my neighbor's maidservant? None of that would sit well with good sleep.

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

So that they do not quarrel with one another, the good little women! And over you, unhappy one!

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

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

I shall always call him the best shepherd who leads his sheep to the greenest pasture: that goes well 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 goes well with good sleep.

The poor in spirit please me greatly too: they promote sleep. Blessed are they, especially if one always agrees with them.

Thus passes the day for the virtuous. Now when night comes, I take good care not to summon sleep! Sleep does not want to be summoned—sleep, 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 laughs with which my heart treated itself?

Pondering such things and cradled by forty thoughts, sleep suddenly falls upon me, the unsummoned, the master of the virtues.

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

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

But then I do not stand for long: I am already 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:

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

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

There is magic 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 was what they were after, and poppy-flowered virtues to go with it!

For all these celebrated sages of the professorial chairs, wisdom was sleep without dreams: they knew no better meaning of life.

Even today there are probably still some like this preacher of virtue, and not always such honest ones: but their time is up. And they won't stand much longer: already they are lying down.

Blessed are these sleepy ones: for they shall soon nod off.—[2]

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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

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

Good and evil and pleasure and pain and I and You—colored smoke it seemed to me, before creative eyes. The creator wanted to look away from himself—and so he created the world.[3]

ON THE AFTERWORLDLY

Zarathustra renounces the comforting worlds behind this one, invented out of suffering and weariness.

I.3 It is a drunken joy for the sufferer to look away from his suffering and lose himself. Drunken joy and losing oneself—that is what the world once seemed to me.

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

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

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

He was man, and only a poor piece of man and I: out of my own ashes and embers 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 up to the mountains; I invented a

2 A parody of the Beatitudes in Jesus' Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5:3–10).
3 Nietzsche's coinage *Hinterweltler* mocks those who believe in a world behind or beyond this one; other versions include "backworldsmen" and "otherworldly."

brighter flame for myself. And look! Then the ghost *fled* from me!

It would be suffering to me now, and torment for one who has recovered, to believe in such ghosts: it would be suffering to 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 which only the one who suffers most experiences.

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

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

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

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

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

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 proven?

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

And this most honest being, the I—it speaks of the body, and it still wants the body, even when it makes poetry and rhapsodizes and flutters about on broken wings.

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

My I taught me a new pride, and this I teach to men: no longer to bury one's head in the sand of heavenly things, but to carry it freely—an earthly head, which creates the meaning of the earth!

I teach men a new will: to will this path that man has walked blindly, and to call it good, and no longer to sneak off it to the side, like the sick and the dying!

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

They wanted to escape 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 existence and another happiness!"—and so they invented their sneaking ways and their little bloody potions!

Now these ingrates imagined themselves carried away from their body and this earth. But to whom did they owe the convulsions and bliss of their rapture? To their body and this earth.

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

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

There have always been many sickly people among those who make poetry and crave God; they hate with fury the one who seeks knowledge, and that youngest of the virtues whose name is: honesty.

They always look back to dark ages: then, to be sure, delusion and faith were something different; the raving of reason was likeness to God, and doubt was sin.

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

Truly, not in afterworlds and redeeming drops of blood: rather, they too believe most in the body, and their own body is their thing-in-itself.[4]

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON THE DESPISERS OF THE BODY

The body is a great reason, and the self behind the I rules even the spirit.

I.4 To the despisers of the body I want to say my word. I would not have them relearn and reteach, but only 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 entirely, and nothing besides; and soul is only a word for something about the body.

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

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

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

4 The "thing-in-itself" is Kant's term for a thing as it is apart from how it appears to us.

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

Tools and toys are the senses and the spirit: behind them 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, subdues, conquers, destroys. It rules, and it is also the ruler of the I.

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

There is more reason in your body than in your best wisdom. And who knows, then, why 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 precisely what it is meant to think for.

The self says to the I: "Feel pleasure here!" Then it rejoices and thinks about how it might rejoice often again—and that is precisely what it is meant to think for.

To the despisers of the body I want to say a word. That they despise is the work of their esteem. What is it that created esteem and contempt and value and will?

The creating self created esteem and contempt for itself; it created pleasure and pain for itself. The creating body created the 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 most wants:—to create beyond itself. That is what it wants most; that is its whole fervor.

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

Your self wants to go under, and 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 the earth. An unconscious envy lurks in the jaundiced glance of your contempt.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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

ON JOYS AND PASSIONS

Your virtues grow out of your passions; one virtue is better than two.

I.5 Of course, you want to call it by name and caress it; you want to tweak its ear and have fun with it.

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

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 lofty 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, this is how it pleases me entirely, only thus do I will the good.

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

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

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

Thus you should stammer and praise your virtue.

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

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

And whether you came from the tribe 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 Melancholy—now you drink the sweet milk of her udder.

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

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

It is a mark of distinction to have many virtues, but a hard lot; and many a man has gone into the desert and killed himself because he was tired of being the battle and the 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 craves the highest: it wants your whole spirit, to be *its* herald; it wants your whole strength in anger, 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 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 and stab itself?

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

You do not want to kill, you judges and sacrificers, until the animal has nodded? Look, the pale criminal has nodded: out of his eye speaks the great contempt.[5]

ON THE PALE CRIMINAL

The criminal is judged by those who cannot understand the madness before and after the deed.

I.6 "My I is something that shall be overcome: my I is to me the great contempt for man": so it speaks from this eye.

That he judged himself was his highest moment: do not let the exalted one sink back into his lowliness!

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

Your killing, you judges, should be an act of pity and not of 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 overman: thus you justify your going on living!

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

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

But the thought is one thing, the deed another, and the image of the deed yet another. The wheel of causality 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 a single deed. Madness I call this: the exception turned itself, for him, into the essence.

5 In ancient sacrifice the victim was made to nod its head, as a sign that it consented to its death.

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 yet another madness: and it comes 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 loot: he thirsted for the bliss of the knife![6]

But his poor reason did not understand this madness and talked him round. "What does blood matter!" it said. "Don't you want at least to get some loot out of it? To take some revenge?"

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

And now the lead of his guilt lies on him again, and 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 will shake this head?

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

What is this man? A tangle of wild snakes that are seldom at peace with one another—so they go off on their 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 falls sick now is overcome by the evil that is evil now: he wants to hurt with what hurts him. But there were other times, and another evil and good.

Once doubt was evil, and the will to self. Then the sick man became a heretic and a witch: as heretic and witch he suffered and wanted to make others suffer.

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

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6 A hen held with its beak to a chalk line stays transfixed, as if under a spell; Nietzsche puns on *Strich* (line) and *Streich* (stroke, blow).

Much about your good people disgusts me, and truly not their evil. How I wish they had a madness to perish of, 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 wretched contentment.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Of all that is written, I love only what someone writes with his blood. Write with blood: and you will learn that blood is spirit.

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

ON READING AND WRITING

Of all writing Zarathustra loves only what is written in blood; he would believe only in a god who could dance.

I.7 Whoever knows the reader does nothing more for the reader. One more century of readers—and the spirit itself will stink.

That everyone may learn to read will ruin in the long run not only writing but thinking too.

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

Whoever writes in blood and sayings 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 need long legs. Sayings should be peaks: and those to whom they are spoken, great and tall.

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

I want 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 for elevation. And I look down, because I am elevated.

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

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

Courageous, unconcerned, mocking, violent—so wisdom wants us: she is a woman and only ever loves 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 don't act so delicate! We are all of us fine beasts of burden, he-asses and she-asses.

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 like them among men, seem to know most about happiness.

To see these light, foolish, dainty, nimble little souls flutter about—that tempts 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: he was the spirit of gravity—through him all things fall.

Not by wrath but by laughter does one kill. 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 no longer want to be pushed before I can move from the spot.

Now I am light, now I fly, now I see myself beneath me, now a god dances through me.[7]

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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," look: as he walked he came upon this youth, sitting leaning against a tree and gazing wearily down 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.

ON THE TREE ON THE MOUNTAINSIDE

To a young man, Zarathustra speaks of the danger of the noble who lose their highest hope.

I.8 But the wind, which we do not see, torments it and bends it wherever it wills. We are bent and tormented worst by invisible hands.

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

"Why does that frighten you?—But it is with man 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!" the youth cried again.

"You spoke the truth, Zarathustra. I no longer trust myself since I have wanted to rise to the heights, and nobody trusts me any more—how does this happen?

7 German *Schwere* means both heaviness and physical gravity, hence "through him all things fall"; the spirit of gravity returns as Zarathustra's archenemy in Part III.

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

When I am at the top, I always find myself alone. Nobody speaks to me; the frost of solitude makes me shiver. What do I want in the heights, 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 heights, 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 heights!"

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

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

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? 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 vehement gestures: "Yes, Zarathustra, you speak the truth. I longed for my going-under when I wanted to rise to the heights, and you are the lightning I was waiting for! Look, what am I any more, 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 breaks my heart. Better than your words can say it, your eye tells me all your danger.

You are not yet free; you are still *searching* for freedom. Your searching has left you worn out with sleepless nights and overwakeful.

You want to reach the free heights; your soul thirsts for stars. But your wicked drives also thirst for freedom.

Your wild dogs want to get free; they bark with joy in their cellar when your spirit strives to unlock 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 is freed in spirit must still purify himself. Much prison and mustiness 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 sense your nobility —those who bear you a grudge and cast evil glances at you. 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, it is to put him aside.

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 the danger for the noble man is not that he will become a good man, but that he will become an insolent one, a mocker, 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 scarcely cast their goals beyond the day.

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

Once they thought they would 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.

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

ON THE PREACHERS OF DEATH

Those who preach turning away from life.

I.9 The earth is full of the superfluous; life is spoiled by the many-too-many. May they be lured away from this life with "eternal life"!

"Yellow ones": that is what 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 them and have no choice except lusts or self-laceration. And even their lusts are still self-laceration.[8]

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

There are the consumptives of the soul: scarcely are they born before they begin to die, and they long for doctrines 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 that one face of existence.

Wrapped in thick melancholy and eager for the little accidents that bring death: so they wait, clenching 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 the fact that they still cling to a straw.

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

8 The colors are usually taken to refer to the yellow robes of Buddhist monks and the black cassocks of Christian clergy.

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

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

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

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

"Pity is needed," say the third. "Take what I have! Take what I am! So much 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, with their chains and gifts, they bind others still more tightly!—

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

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

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

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

Or "eternal life": it is all the same to me—as long as they pass away quickly!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON WAR AND WARRIORS

Zarathustra tells his brothers in war to seek their own enemy and to obey their highest thought.

I.10 We do not want to be spared by our best enemies, nor by those whom we love from the bottom of our hearts. So let me tell you the truth!

My brothers in war! I love you from the bottom of my heart; I am and was one of your kind. And I am also your best enemy. So let me tell you the truth!

I know the hatred and envy of your hearts. You are not great enough not to know 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. They are the companions and forerunners of such sainthood.

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

You should be those whose eye is always seeking an enemy—*your* enemy. And in some of you there is hatred at first sight.

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

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

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

One can keep 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 the unfortunate.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To a good warrior "you shall" sounds more pleasant than "I will." And everything you hold dear, you should first have commanded to you.

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

But your highest thought you should have commanded to you by me—and it runs: man is something that shall be overcome.

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

I do not spare you; I love you from the bottom of my heart, my brothers in war!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON THE NEW IDOL

The state, coldest of all monsters, claims to be the people and lures in the superfluous.

I.11 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 shall 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 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 appetites 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 laws.

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

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

Everything about it is false; it bites with stolen teeth, this biter. Even its entrails are false.

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 swallows them 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 in you, you great souls, it whispers its gloomy lies! Ah, it senses the rich hearts that gladly squander themselves!

Yes, it senses you too, you conquerors of the old God! You grew weary in the fight, and now your weariness serves the new idol!

It would like to set up heroes and honorable men around itself, the new idol! It loves 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 itself the luster of your virtue and the look of your proud eyes.

With you as bait it wants to lure the many-too-many! Yes, a hellish trick was invented there, a horse of death, clattering in the finery of divine honors!

Yes, a dying for many was 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 the works of the inventors and the treasures of the wise: they call their theft culture—and everything turns to sickness and trouble for them!

Just look at these superfluous ones! They are always sick; they vomit up 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 grow poorer by them. They want power, and first of all the crowbar of power, plenty of money—these impotent ones!

Look how they climb, these nimble apes! They climb over one another and so drag one another down 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 it is mud that sits on the throne—and often the throne on mud, too.

Out of their minds they all are to me, and climbing apes, and overheated. Their idol smells foul to me, the cold monster: they all smell foul to me together, these idolaters.

My brothers, do you want to suffocate in the fumes of their mouths and appetites? Rather break the windows and leap out into the open!

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

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

The earth is still free for great souls, even now. Many seats are still empty for the lonesome and the twosome, around whom wafts the scent of silent seas.

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

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON THE FLIES OF THE MARKETPLACE

Zarathustra urges his friend to flee the actors and poisonous flies of the marketplace for solitude.

I.12 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, the one you love, the broad-branched one: silent and listening, it leans out over the sea.

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

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

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

The world revolves around the inventors of new values:—it revolves invisibly. 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 makes people 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 changeable nose for the weather.

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

A truth that slips only into subtle 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 their masters of the hour.

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

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

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

Slow is the experience of all deep wells: long must they wait before they know what has fallen into their depths.

All that is great takes place away from the marketplace and fame: away from the marketplace and 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 rough, strong air blows!

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

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

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

You are no stone, but already many drops have hollowed you. You will yet break and burst apart 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.

Blood is what they want 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 across your hand.

You are too proud to kill these greedy nibblers. But beware lest it become your fate to bear all their poisonous injustice!

They buzz around you with their praise too: their praising is importunity. They want to be close to 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 nothing more.

They often present themselves to you as amiable, too. But that has always been the cleverness of cowards. Yes, cowards are clever!

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. From the bottom of their hearts they forgive you only—your mistakes.

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

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

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

Whatever we recognize in a person, we also set alight in him. So beware of the small!

In your presence they feel small, and their baseness 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 left them like 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 dearly 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 fly-like.

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON CHASTITY

Chastity is a virtue for some and nearly a vice for many; lust can disguise itself as pity.

I.13 I love the forest. It is bad to live in cities: there are too many there who are in heat.

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

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

There is mud at the bottom of their souls; and woe if their mud has spirit as well!

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 innocence of the senses.

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

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

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

And how nicely the she-dog Sensuality knows how to beg for a scrap of spirit when she is denied a scrap of meat!

You love tragedies and everything that breaks the heart? But I am suspicious of your she-dog.

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

And I give you this parable too: not a few who wanted to drive out their devil went into the swine themselves.[9]

Those for whom chastity is hard should be counseled against it, lest it become their road to hell—that is, to mud and heat of the soul.

Am I speaking of dirty things? That is not the worst, to my mind.

It is not when truth is dirty but when it is shallow that the seeker of knowledge is reluctant to step into its water.

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

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

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

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

9 Alludes to the Gospel story in which Jesus drives demons out of a man into a herd of swine (Mark 5:1–13).

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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

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

ON THE FRIEND

The friend as an enemy and a bridge to the overman.

I.14 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 like to 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 oneself an enemy in order to hide that one is open to attack.

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

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

In your friend you should still honor the enemy. Can you step close to your friend without going over to him?

In your friend you should have your best enemy. You should be closest to him in 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 should be to him an arrow and a longing for the overman.

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

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

In guessing and keeping silent the friend should be a master: you must not want to see everything. Your dream should betray to you what your friend does when 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 beneath a hard shell; you should break a tooth on it. That way it will have its delicacy and sweetness.

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

For all too long a slave and a tyrant were hidden in woman. That is why woman is not yet capable of friendship: she knows only love.

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

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

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

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

There is comradeship: may there be friendship!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON THE THOUSAND AND ONE GOALS

Every people hangs its own tablet of values over itself, but humanity still has no single goal.

I.15 Zarathustra saw many lands 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 must not esteem as its neighbor esteems.

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

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

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

Praiseworthy is whatever it considers hard; what is indispensable and hard it calls good; and what liberates 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 dread 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 this ladder toward its hope.

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

"To speak the truth and to handle bow and arrow well"—this seemed both dear and hard to that people from whom my name comes—the name that is to me both dear and hard.[10]

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

"To practice loyalty and, for loyalty's sake, to stake honor and blood even on evil and perilous things": teaching itself thus, another people mastered itself, and mastering itself thus, it became pregnant and heavy with great hopes.[11]

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.

It was man who first put values into things, to preserve himself—he first created a meaning for things, a human meaning! That is why he calls himself "man," that is: the esteemer.

Esteeming is creating: hear it, you creators! Esteeming itself is the treasure and jewel of all esteemed things.[12]

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.

Peoples were creators first, and only later individuals; truly, the individual himself is still the most recent 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 together.

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

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10 The Greek ideal echoes Homer (Iliad 6.208); the second people is the Persians, Zarathustra's (Zoroaster's) own, whom Herodotus describes as teaching their sons archery and truthfulness.

11 Commonly read as the Jews (the commandment to honor one's parents) and the Germans (proverbial loyalty).

12 Alludes to an old etymology linking "man" (Mensch) to a root meaning to measure or to think.

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

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

Zarathustra saw many lands 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?

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

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

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

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."

ON LOVE OF THE NEIGHBOR

Zarathustra counsels not love of the neighbor but love of the farthest.

I.16 The You is older than the I; the You has been canonized, but not yet the I: so man crowds toward his neighbor.

Do I counsel you to love of the neighbor? I would rather 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 phantoms.

This phantom 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 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 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 does he lie who speaks against his knowledge, but even more he who speaks against his ignorance. And so you speak of yourselves in company, and use yourselves to lie to your neighbor.

Thus speaks the fool: "Dealing with people ruins one's character, especially if 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 turns your solitude into a prison.

It is those farther away who pay for your love of the neighbor; and whenever there are 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 teach you not the neighbor but the friend. Let the friend be to you the festival of the earth and a foretaste of the overman.

I teach you the friend and his overfull heart. But one must know how to be a sponge if one 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 should love the overman 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

Whoever seeks the way to himself must become his own judge and create out of love and contempt.

I.17 Do you want to go into isolation, my brother? 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": thus 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 share one conscience with you," it will be a lament and a pain.

Look, this very pain was born of that one conscience: and that conscience's last glimmer still glows on your affliction.

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

Are you a new strength and a new right? A first movement? A self-propelled wheel? Can you also compel stars to revolve around you?

Ah, there is so much lusting after 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.

You call yourself free? 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 are many who threw away their last value when they threw away their servitude.

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

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

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

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

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

One day you will no longer see what is high in you, and see what is low in you all too closely; your very sublimity will frighten you like a phantom. One day you will cry out: "Everything is false!"

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

My brother, do you know 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 close to them and yet passed by: that they will never forgive you.

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

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

Injustice and dirt 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 also 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 also of the attacks of your love! The solitary one stretches out his hand too quickly to whoever meets him.[13]

To some people you must not give your hand, but only your paw: and I want your paw to have claws as well.

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 go 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 soothsayer and fool and doubter and unholy one and 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 go the way of the creator: you want to create a god for yourself out of your seven devils!

Solitary one, you go 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.

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

13 "Holy simplicity" (Latin sancta simplicitas) is what Jan Hus is said to have exclaimed at his burning in AD 1415, when a peasant added wood to the pyre.

ON LITTLE OLD AND YOUNG WOMEN

An old woman gives Zarathustra a "little truth" about women.

I.18 "Is it a treasure that was given to you? Or a child that was born to you? Or are you yourself now walking the ways of thieves, 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 carry.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fruits that are 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 man does, but man is more childlike than woman.

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

Let woman be a plaything, pure and fine, like a gem, radiant with the virtues of a world that does not yet exist.

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

Let there be bravery in your love! With your love you should go after the one who makes you afraid!

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 come second.

Let man fear woman when she loves: then she makes every sacrifice, and everything else is worthless to her.

Let man fear woman when she hates: for man, at the bottom of his soul, is merely evil, but woman is bad 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."[14]

Man's happiness is: I will. Woman's happiness is: he will.

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

And woman must obey and find a depth for her surface. Woman's temperament is surface, a restless, stormy film on shallow water.

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

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

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

"And now take a little truth by way of thanks! After all, I am old enough for it!

14 Nietzsche contrasts two German words: böse ("evil") and schlecht ("bad," also "base").

"Wrap it up and hold its mouth shut: otherwise it will scream far 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

An adder bites the sleeping Zarathustra, and he teaches his disciples not to repay evil with good.

I.19 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 in 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. "No, don't go," said Zarathustra. "You have not yet received my thanks! You woke me in time; my way is still long." "Your way is only short," 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 make me a gift of it." Then the adder fell around 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 good and the just call me the destroyer of morality: my story is immoral.

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

And rather be angry than put him to shame! And when you are cursed, I do not like it that you then want to bless. Better to join in the cursing a little!

And if a great wrong was done to you, then quickly do five small ones to go with it! Dreadful to behold is the one who alone bears the weight of wrong.

Did you know this already? A wrong shared is half a right. And let him take the wrong upon himself who can bear it!

A little revenge is more human than no revenge at all. And if 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 eyes of your judges there always looks at me the executioner and his cold steel.

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

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

So 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 kindness to humankind.

But how could I want to be just through and through! How can I give each his own! Let this be enough for me: I give each what is mine.[15]

Finally, my brothers, beware of doing wrong 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 offending the hermit! But if you have done it, well then, kill him too!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

15 "To each his own" plays on the Roman legal maxim suum cuique.

ON CHILD AND MARRIAGE

Marriage should be the will of two to create one who is more than they are.

I.20 I have a question for you alone, my brother: like a sounding lead 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 person 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? Thus I ask you.

Or is it the animal and mere need that speak out of your wish? Or isolation? Or discord with yourself?

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

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

You should propagate yourself not only onward but upward! May the garden of marriage help you with that!

You should create a higher body, a first movement, a self-propelled wheel—you should create a creator.

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

All this they call marriage; 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!

And 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 after truths like a hero, and at last he captured a little dressed-up lie. His marriage, he calls it.

That one was aloof in company and choosy in his choosing. But all at once he spoiled his company once and for all: 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 on top of it.

I have found all buyers careful now, and all have cunning eyes. But even the most cunning still buys his wife sight unseen, 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 of woman and woman's love of man: ah, if only it were pity for suffering and veiled gods! But mostly two animals find each other out.

But even your best love is only a rapturous likeness and a painful glow. 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 of even the best love: thus it arouses longing for the overman, thus it arouses thirst in you, the creator!

Thirst in the creator, arrow and longing toward the overman: 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

Zarathustra teaches dying at the right time and says that Jesus died too early.

I.21 Many die too late, and some die too early. The teaching still sounds strange: "Die at the right time!"

Die at the right time: thus teaches Zarathustra.

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

But even the superfluous make a great fuss about 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 vow to the living.

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

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

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

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

I commend to you my death, the free death, which comes to me because *I* will.

And when will 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 hang no more withered wreaths in the sanctuary of life.

Truly, I do not want to be like the rope-makers: they draw their thread out ever longer and all the while keep walking backward themselves.

Some also grow too old for their truths and victories; a toothless mouth no longer has the right to every truth.

And everyone who wants glory must take leave of honors in good time and practice the difficult art of—going at the right time.

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

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

In some the heart grows old first, in others the spirit. And some are old in their youth: but those who are young late stay young long.

For some, life turns out badly: a poisonous worm eats its way into their heart. Let them see to it, then, that their dying turns out all the better.

Some never grow sweet; they rot already in summer. It is cowardice that keeps them clinging to their branch.

Far too many live, and far too long they hang on their branches. If only a storm would come and shake all this rotten and worm-eaten stuff from the tree!

If only preachers of *quick* death would come! They 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 everything "earthly."

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

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

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

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 to laugh as well!

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 humanity and the earth. His heart and the wings of his spirit are still tied down and heavy.

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

Free for death and free in death, a holy No-sayer when the time for Yes is past: thus he understands death and life.

That your dying may be no blasphemy against humanity and the earth, my friends: that is what I ask of the honey of your soul.

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

Thus I myself want to die, so that you, my friends, may love the earth more for my sake; and I want to become earth again, so that I may find 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 love to see you, my friends, throwing the golden ball! And so I linger a little longer on earth: forgive me for it!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON THE GIFT-GIVING VIRTUE

Leaving the town, Zarathustra praises the gift-giving virtue, urges loyalty to the earth and sends his disciples away.

I.22.1 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 on his way. 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. As a parting gift, however, 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 mild in its luster; it always gives itself away.

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

The highest virtue is uncommon and useless; it is shining and mild in its luster: a gift-giving virtue is the highest virtue.

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

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

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

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

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

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

With the eye of a thief it looks at everything that shines; with the greed of hunger it sizes up whoever has plenty to eat; and it is always slinking around the table of the givers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

When your heart surges broad and full like a river, a blessing and a danger to those who live along its banks: 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 comfort and the soft bed, and cannot make your bed far enough away from the soft: there is the origin of your virtue.

When you are willers of a single 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 murmuring and the voice of a new spring![16]

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

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

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

I.22.2 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: there it has become body and will.

A hundred times so far spirit as well as virtue has experimented and gone astray. Yes, man 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.

We are still fighting step by step with the giant Chance, and over all humanity so far has ruled nonsense, the absence of sense.

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

Through knowing, the body purifies itself; experimenting with knowledge, it elevates itself; to the seeker of knowledge all

drives become holy; to the one who is elevated the soul becomes cheerful.

Physician, heal yourself: then you will heal your patient too. Let this be his best help: that he sees with his own eyes the one who makes himself whole.[17]

There are a thousand paths that have never yet been walked, a thousand healths and hidden islands of life. Man and man's earth are still unexhausted and undiscovered.

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

You solitary ones of today, you who set yourselves apart, you shall one day be a people: from you who have chosen yourselves a chosen people shall grow:—and from it the overman.

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

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.

I go alone now, my disciples! You too go now, away and alone! This is what I want.

I.22.3 Truly, I advise you: go away from me and guard yourselves against Zarathustra! And better still: be ashamed of him! Perhaps he deceived you.

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

One repays a teacher 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 lest a statue strike you dead!

16 A pun: German Notwendigkeit, "necessity," is taken literally as a "turning of need" (Not-Wende).

17 "Physician, heal yourself" echoes Luke 4:23.

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 belief amounts to so little.

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

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

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

And this is the great noon: when man stands at the middle of his course between animal and overman and celebrates his way to evening as his highest hope: for it is the way to a new morning.[18]

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

"*Dead are all gods: now we want the overman to live.*"—let this one day, at the great noon, be our last will!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

18 The "great noon" is a recurring image in the book: the hour of the shortest shadow, when humanity takes stock and decides its future.

Part Two

Zweiter Theil
On the blessed isles Zarathustra speaks on pity, justice and the will to power, self-overcoming and redemption from the past.

II "—and only when you have all denied me will I return to you. Truly, with other eyes, my brothers, shall I then seek my lost ones; with another love shall I then love you." *Zarathustra*, "On the Gift-Giving Virtue" (I, p. 112).[1]

THE CHILD WITH THE MIRROR

Zarathustra dreams that his teaching is being distorted and resolves to go back down to his friends.

II.1 After this Zarathustra went back again to the mountains and to the solitude of his cave and withdrew from people, waiting like a sower who has scattered his seed. But his soul grew full of impatience and longing for those he loved: for he still had much to give them. For this is the hardest thing: out of love to close the open hand, and as a giver to keep one's modesty.

So months and years passed for the solitary one; but his wisdom grew and caused him pain with its fullness.

One morning, however, he woke even before dawn, lay reflecting on his bed for a long time, and at last spoke to his heart:

"Why was I so frightened in my dream that I woke up? Did not a child come up to me carrying a mirror?

1 Part II opens with this epigraph, quoting the close of Part I.

"'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 mocking 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 those dearest to me must be ashamed of the gifts I gave them.

"My friends have been lost to me; the hour has come for me to seek my lost ones!"—

With these words Zarathustra leapt up—not like someone in terror gasping for air, but rather like a seer and singer seized by the spirit. His eagle and his serpent looked at him in amazement: for like the dawn a coming happiness lay upon his face.

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 say: it is still too young—so be patient with it!

I am wounded by my happiness: let all who suffer be my physicians!

I may go down again to my friends, and to my enemies too! Zarathustra may speak and give again, and do his dearest for those he loves!

My impatient love overflows in torrents, downward, toward sunrise and sunset. From silent mountains and thunderstorms of pain my soul rushes down into the valleys.

Too long I yearned and gazed into the distance. Too long I belonged to solitude: so I forgot how to keep silent.

I have become all mouth, and the roar of a brook from high rocks: down into the valleys I want to hurl my *speech*.

And let my river of love plunge into pathless places! How could a river not find its way to the sea at last!

There is a lake in me, it is true, a hermit-like, self-sufficient lake; but my river of love sweeps it along with it, downward—to the sea!

I walk new ways, 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 blessed isles where my friends dwell:—

And my enemies among them! How I now love everyone to whom I may simply speak! My enemies too are part of my bliss.

And when I want to mount my wildest horse, my spear always helps me up best: it is my foot's ever-ready servant:—

The spear that I hurl against my enemies! How grateful I am to my enemies that at last I may hurl it!

Too great was the tension of my cloud: between peals of laughter from the lightning I want to hurl showers of hail into the depths.

Mightily my breast will heave then, mightily it will blow its storm over the mountains: so it will find relief.

Truly, my happiness and my freedom come like a storm! But my enemies shall believe that *the Evil One* is raging above 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 already learned so much together!

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, seeking and seeking 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.

The figs are falling from the trees; they are good and sweet; and as they fall, their red skins split. I am a north wind to ripe figs.

UPON THE BLESSED ISLES

God is a conjecture; Zarathustra tells his friends to create the overman instead.

II.2 Thus, like figs, these teachings fall to you, my friends: now drink their juice and eat their sweet flesh! It is autumn all around, and clear sky and afternoon.

See what abundance is around us! And out of such overflow it is beautiful to look out upon distant seas.

Once people said God when they looked out upon distant seas; but now I have taught you to say: overman.

God is a conjecture; but I want your conjecturing to reach no further than your creating will.

Could you *create* a god?—Then spare me all talk of gods! But you could well create the overman.

Not you yourselves, perhaps, my brothers! But you could re-create yourselves into fathers and forefathers of the overman: and let this be your best creating!—

God is a conjecture: but I want your conjecturing to be bounded by what is thinkable.

Could you *think* a god?—But let the will to truth mean this to you: that everything be transformed into what is humanly thinkable, humanly visible, humanly feelable! You should think your own senses through to the end!

And what you have called world, that shall first be created by you: your reason, your image, your will, your love it shall itself become! And truly, for your bliss, you seekers of knowledge!

And how would you bear life without this hope, you seekers of knowledge? You could not have been born into the incomprehensible, nor into the irrational.

But to reveal my heart to you entirely, my 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? Is the creator to 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, spin. What? Time would be gone, and all that is transitory only a lie?

To think this is whirling and dizziness to human bones, and vomiting to the stomach as well: truly, I call it the spinning sickness to conjecture such things.

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! And the poets lie too much.—

But the best parables should speak of time and becoming: they should be a praise and a justification of all that is transitory!

Creating—that is the great redemption from suffering, and life's growing lighter. But for the creator to exist, suffering itself is needed, and much transformation.[2]

Yes, there must be much bitter dying in your life, you creators! Thus you are advocates and justifiers of all that is transitory.

For the creator himself to be the child that is born anew, he must also want to be the woman in labor, and the pain of the woman in labor.

2 Parodies the last lines of Goethe's Faust ("All that is transitory is only a parable"); "the poets lie too much" is an old Greek saying quoted by Aristotle.

Truly, I have gone my way through a hundred souls 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 wills it, my fate. Or, to tell you more honestly: just such a fate—is what my will wills.

All that feels suffers in me and lies 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, it is because there is will to begetting in it.

This will lured me away from God and gods; for what would there be to create if gods—existed!

But it drives me ever anew toward man, my ardent will to create; thus the hammer is driven toward the stone.

Ah, you humans, 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. Fragments fly from the stone like dust: what do I care?

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 overman came to me as a shadow. Ah, my brothers! What do I still care about—the gods!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

My friends, a mocking remark reached your friend: "Just look at Zarathustra! Does he not walk among us as among animals?"

ON THE PITYING

The noble feel shame before sufferers rather than pity; God died of his pity for mankind.

II.3 But it is better said thus: "The seeker of knowledge walks among humans as among animals."

But to the seeker of knowledge man himself is: the animal with red cheeks.

How did this come about? Is it not because he has had to be ashamed too often?

O my friends! Thus speaks the seeker of knowledge: shame, shame, shame—that is the history of man!

And that is why the noble one commands himself not to put others to shame: 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 recognized: and so I bid you do, my friends!

May my fate always lead across my path those who, like you, do not suffer, and those with whom I *may* share hope and meal and honey!

Truly, I have done this and that for those who suffer: but I always seemed to myself to do better when I learned to feel joy better.

As long as there have been humans, man has felt too little joy: that alone, my brothers, is our original sin!

And if we learn to feel joy better, we best unlearn how to hurt others and to devise hurts.

That is why I wash the hand that helped the sufferer; that is why I wipe off my soul as well.

For seeing the sufferer suffer, I was ashamed for the sake of his shame; and when I helped him, I sinned grievously against his pride.

Great obligations do not make people grateful but vengeful; and if a small kindness is not forgotten, it turns into a gnawing worm besides.

"Be reserved in accepting! Let your accepting be a mark of distinction!"—thus I advise those who have nothing to give.

But I am a giver: I like to give, as a friend to friends. Strangers and the poor, however, may pick the fruit from my tree themselves: that shames them less.

But beggars should be abolished altogether! Truly, it is annoying to give to them and annoying not to give to them.

And likewise sinners and bad consciences! Believe me, my friends: the bites of conscience teach one to bite.

But the worst of all are petty thoughts. Truly, better to have done evil than to have thought small!

True, you say: "The pleasure we take in small malices saves us many a great evil deed." But here one should not want to save.

The evil deed is like a boil: it itches and scratches and breaks open—it speaks honestly.

"Look, I am disease"—thus speaks the evil deed; that is its honesty.

But the petty thought is like a fungus: it creeps and ducks and wants to be nowhere—until the whole body is rotten and withered with little fungi.

But to one 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 still far from meaning we can pass through him.

It is hard to live with people, because keeping silent is so hard.

And we are most unfair not toward the one we dislike, but toward the one who is nothing to us at all.

But if you have a friend who suffers, be a resting place for his suffering, yet a hard bed, as it were, a camp bed: that is how you will serve him best.

And if a friend does you wrong, 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 on to one's heart; for if one lets it go, how soon one's head runs away too!

Ah, where in the world have greater follies been committed than among those who pity? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of those who pity?

Woe to all who love and do not yet have a height that is above their pity!

Thus the devil once spoke to me: "God too has his hell: that is his love for mankind."

And recently I heard him say this: "God is dead; God died of his pity for mankind."—

So be warned against pity: from *there* a heavy cloud is still coming toward mankind! 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 to—create what it loves!

"I offer myself to my love, *and my neighbor as myself*"—thus runs the speech of all creators.

But all creators are hard.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

And once Zarathustra gave his disciples a sign and spoke these words to them:

ON THE PRIESTS

Zarathustra pities the priests as prisoners of their Redeemer and attacks their teaching of blood and sin.

II.4 "Here are priests: and even though they are my enemies, pass by them quietly and with sleeping swords!

"Among them too there are heroes; many of them suffered too much—: so they want to make others suffer.

"They are evil enemies: 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 to be honored even in theirs."—[3]

And when they had passed by, pain seized Zarathustra; and he had not wrestled long with his pain when he began to speak thus:

I feel sorry for these priests. They also go against my taste; but that matters least to me, since I have been among people.

But I suffer and have suffered with them: to me they are prisoners and marked men. He whom they call Redeemer put them in chains:—

In chains of false values and deluded words! Ah, if only someone would redeem them from their Redeemer!

Once, when the sea was tossing them about, they thought they had landed on an island; but look, it was a sleeping monster!

False values and deluded words: 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 these priests have built for themselves! Churches they call their sweet-smelling caves.

Oh, this falsified light, this musty air! Here, where the soul may not—fly up to its height!

Instead, their faith commands: "Up the stairs on your knees, you sinners!"

Truly, I would rather see even the shameless than the contorted 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?

3 Nietzsche was the son and grandson of Lutheran pastors.

And only when the clear sky looks again through broken ceilings, and down upon grass and red poppies on broken walls—will I turn my heart again to the places of this god.

They called God what contradicted them and hurt them: and truly, there was much of the hero in their worship!

And they knew no other way to love their god than by nailing man to the cross!

As corpses they meant to live; they draped their corpse in black; 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.

They would have to sing me better songs for me to learn to believe in their Redeemer: his disciples would have to look more redeemed to me!

I would like to see them naked: for beauty alone should preach repentance. But whom could this muffled-up gloom ever 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 in every gap they had put their delusion, their stopgap, which they called God.

Their spirit had drowned in their pity, 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!

These shepherds had small minds and roomy souls: but, my brothers, what small countries even the roomiest souls have been so far!

They wrote signs in blood along the way they walked, 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 and more highly born ones than those whom the people call redeemers, these blustering winds that sweep people away!

And by greater ones than all the redeemers were, you must be redeemed, my brothers, if you want to find the way to freedom!

Never yet has there been an overman. I have seen them both naked, the greatest and the smallest human being:—

They are still all too alike. Truly, even the greatest I found—all too human!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

With thunder and heavenly fireworks one must speak to slack and sleeping senses.

But the voice of beauty speaks softly: it steals only into the most awakened souls.[4]

ON THE VIRTUOUS

Zarathustra mocks those who want to be paid for their virtue and lists their many kinds.

II.5 Softly my shield trembled and laughed at me today; that is the holy laughter and trembling of beauty.

At you, you virtuous ones, my beauty laughed today. And thus its voice came to me: "They still want—to be paid!"

You still want to be paid, you virtuous ones! You want reward for virtue, and heaven for earth, and the eternal for your today?

And now you are angry with me because I teach that there is no paymaster and no reward-giver? And truly, I do not even teach that virtue is its own reward.

4 "All too human" echoes the title of Nietzsche's book Human, All Too Human (1878).

Ah, this is my sorrow: reward and punishment have been lied into the ground of things—and now even into the ground of your souls, 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 in the sun, rooted up and broken, your lie too will be 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 a mother loves her child; but when has anyone heard of a mother wanting to be paid for her love?

It is your dearest self, your virtue. The ring's thirst is in you: to reach itself again, every ring struggles and turns.

And every work of your virtue is like a star that goes out: its light is still on its way and traveling—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 travels.

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 indeed those for whom virtue means writhing under a whip: and you have listened too much to their cries!

And there are others who call it virtue when their vices grow lazy; and when their hatred and their jealousy for once stretch their limbs, their "justice" wakes up and rubs its sleepy eyes.

And there are others who are dragged downward: their devils drag them. But the deeper they sink, the more ardently their eyes glow, and their craving for their god.

Ah, their cries too reached your ears, you virtuous ones: "What I am *not*, that, that is God and virtue to me!"

And there are others who come along heavy and creaking, like carts carrying stones downhill: they talk much of dignity and virtue—their brake they call virtue!

And there are others who are like everyday clocks that have been wound up; they go tick-tock and want tick-tock to be called —virtue.

Truly, these give me pleasure: wherever I find such clocks, I shall wind them up with my mockery; and they shall even whir for me as I do so!

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 badly the word "virtue" runs from their mouths! And when they say: "I am just," it always sounds just like: "I am avenged!"[5]

With their virtue they want to scratch out their enemies' eyes; and they raise themselves up only to bring others down.

And again there are those who sit in their swamp and speak thus out of the reeds: "Virtue—that is sitting still in the swamp.

"We bite no one, and we get out of the way of anyone who wants to bite; and in everything we hold the opinion we are given."

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 in praise of 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 the police are necessary.

And many a one who cannot see what is high in human beings calls it virtue that he sees what is low in them 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 knocked over—and call that virtue too.

And in this way almost everyone believes they have a share in virtue; and at the very least everyone wants to be an expert on "good" and "evil."

5 The German plays on gerecht ("just") and gerächt ("avenged"), which sound alike.

But Zarathustra did not come to say to all these liars and fools: "What do *you* know of virtue! What *could* you know of virtue!"—

But rather that you, my friends, might grow weary of the old words you have learned from the fools and liars:

That you might grow weary of the words "reward," "retribution," "punishment," "revenge in justice"—

That you might 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 about virtue!

Truly, I took from you perhaps a hundred words and your virtue's favorite 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 away into the deep: now they cry.

But the same wave shall bring them new toys and spill new bright-colored shells out before them!

So they will be comforted; and like them, my friends, you too shall have your comforts—and new bright-colored shells!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON THE RABBLE

Disgust at the rabble drove Zarathustra to the heights, where no rabble drinks at the well.

II.6 Life is a fountain of delight; but where the rabble drinks too, all wells 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 eyes down into the well: now their repulsive smile gleams up at me out of the well.

They have poisoned the holy water with their lustfulness; and when they called their dirty dreams delight, they poisoned the words as well.

The flame grows sullen when they lay their damp hearts on the fire; the spirit itself bubbles and smokes where the rabble steps up to the fire.

In their hands fruit turns sickly sweet and overripe; their gaze makes the fruit tree drop its fruit and wither at the crown.

And many a one who turned away from life turned away only from the rabble: he did not want to share well and flame and fruit with the rabble.

And many a one who went into the desert and suffered thirst among beasts of prey merely did not want to sit around the cistern with filthy camel drivers.

And many a one who came along like a destroyer, like a hailstorm upon all fields of grain, merely wanted to plant his foot in the rabble's jaws and so stop up its throat.

And this is not the morsel that choked me 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 rabble too?

Are poisoned wells necessary, 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 spirit when I found that even the rabble was 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 rabble!

I lived among peoples of foreign tongue with my ears shut, so that the tongue of their haggling and their bargaining for power might remain foreign to me.

And holding my nose, I went disgruntled through all of yesterday and today: truly, all yesterday and today stinks of the scribbling rabble!

Like someone maimed who has become deaf and blind and mute: so I lived for a long time, so as not to live with the power-rabble, the scribbling-rabble and the pleasure-rabble.

Laboriously and cautiously my spirit climbed stairs; alms of delight were its refreshment; life crept along on a staff for the blind man.

What was it that happened to me? How did I redeem myself from disgust? Who made my eye young again? How did I fly to the height where no rabble sits by the well anymore?

Did my disgust itself create wings for me, and powers that divine hidden springs? Truly, I had to fly to the utmost height to find the fountain of delight again!

Oh, I found it, my brothers! Here in the utmost height the fountain of delight wells up for me! And there is a life at which no rabble drinks too!

You flow for me almost too violently, spring of delight! And often you empty the cup again by wanting to fill it!

And I still have to learn to approach you more modestly: all too violently my heart still flows out 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 on the heights, 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: we live here too high and too steep for all the unclean and their thirst.

Just cast your pure eyes into the fountain of my delight, you friends! How could it grow murky from that? It shall laugh back at you with *its* purity.

On the tree Future we build our nest; eagles shall bring food in their beaks to us solitaries!

Truly, no food that the filthy might share! They would think they were devouring fire and would burn their mouths!

Truly, we keep no homes ready here for the filthy! To their bodies and to their spirits our happiness would be an ice cave!

And like strong winds we want to live above them, neighbors to the eagles, neighbors to the snow, neighbors to the sun: that is how strong winds live.

And like a wind I will one day blow among them and with my spirit take their spirit's breath away: so my future wills it.

Truly, Zarathustra is a strong wind to all lowlands; and this is the counsel he gives his enemies and everything that spits and spews: "Beware of spitting *against* the wind!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Look, this is the tarantula's cave! Do you want to see it for yourself? Here hangs her web: touch it, so that it trembles.

There she comes, willingly: welcome, tarantula! Black on your back sits your triangle, your emblem; and I also know what sits in your soul.

ON THE TARANTULAS

The preachers of equality are tarantulas whose poison is revenge; human beings are not equal.

II.7 Revenge sits in your soul: wherever you bite, black scab grows; with revenge your poison makes the soul whirl!

Thus I speak to you in a parable, you who make souls whirl, you preachers of *equality*! To me you are tarantulas, hidden seekers of revenge!

But I will bring your hiding places to light: that is why I laugh my laughter of the heights in your face.

That is why I tug at your web: so that your rage may lure you out of your cave of lies, and your revenge may leap out from behind your word "justice."

For *that humanity be redeemed from revenge*: that to me is the bridge to the highest hope, and a rainbow after long storms.

But the tarantulas, of course, want it otherwise. "Precisely this is what we call justice: that the world be filled with the storms of our revenge"—thus they speak with one another.

"We will take revenge and heap abuse on all who are not equal to us"—so the tarantula-hearts vow.

"And 'will to equality'—that itself shall henceforth be the name for virtue; and against everything that has power we will raise our clamor!"

You preachers of equality, it is the tyrant-madness of impotence that cries out of you for "equality": thus your most secret tyrant-cravings disguise themselves in words of virtue!

Embittered conceit, pent-up envy, perhaps your fathers' conceit and envy: out of you it bursts forth as flame and the madness of revenge.

What the father kept silent comes to speech in the son; and often I have found the son to be the father's secret laid bare.

They resemble the inspired: but it is not the heart that inspires them—it is 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 paths of thinkers too; and this is the mark of their jealousy—they always go too far: so that in the end their weariness has to lie down to sleep even on snow.

From every one of their complaints revenge rings out; in every one of their praises there is a wish to wound; and being judge seems bliss to them.

But this is my advice to you, my friends: distrust all in whom the urge to punish is powerful!

They are people of a bad sort and descent; out of their faces look the hangman and the bloodhound.

Distrust all those who talk much of their justice! Truly, it is not only honey their souls lack.

And when they call themselves "the good and the just," do not forget that nothing keeps them from being Pharisees but—power!

My friends, I do not want to be mixed up with others or mistaken for them.

There are some who preach my doctrine of life and are at the same time preachers of equality, and tarantulas.

That they speak in life's favor, though they sit in their caves, these poison spiders, turned away from life: that is because they want to hurt with it.

They want to hurt those who have power now: for among them the preaching of death is still most at home.

If it were otherwise, the tarantulas would teach otherwise: and it was precisely they who were once the best slanderers of the world and burners of heretics.

I do not want to be mixed up with these preachers of equality or mistaken for them. For thus justice speaks to *me*: "Human beings are not equal."

Nor shall they become so! What would my love of the overman be if I spoke otherwise?

On a thousand bridges and paths they shall throng toward the future, and ever more war and inequality shall be set among them: thus my great love makes me speak!

They shall become inventors of images and phantoms in their enmities, and with their images and phantoms they shall yet fight the highest fight against one another!

Good and evil, and rich and poor, and high and low, and all the names of values: they shall be weapons and clanging signs that life must overcome itself again and again!

Life itself wants to build itself up into the heights 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 the contradiction between steps and climbers! 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 here in stone toward the heights knew the secret of all life as well as the wisest!

That there is struggle and inequality even in beauty, and war for power and supremacy: that is what he teaches us here in the plainest parable.

How divinely vaults and arches break against each other here, as in a wrestling match: how they strive against one another with light and shadow, these divine strivers—

Just as surely and beautifully let us be enemies too, my friends! Divinely we will strive *against* one another!—

Alas! Now the tarantula, my old enemy, has bitten me myself! Divinely sure and beautiful, she bit me on 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 alas! now with revenge she will make my soul whirl too!

But so that I do *not* whirl, my friends, tie me fast here to this pillar! I would rather be a pillar saint than a whirlwind of vengefulness!

Truly, Zarathustra is no whirling wind or twister; and if he is a dancer, still never a tarantula-dancer!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.[6]

ON THE FAMOUS WISE MEN

The famous wise men served the people and its superstitions, not the truth sought by free spirits.

II.8 You have served the people and the people's superstition, all you famous wise men!—and *not* the truth! And precisely for that you were paid reverence.

And that is also why your unbelief was tolerated: because it was a witticism and a detour to the people. So a master lets his slaves have their way and even delights in their impudence.

6 In southern Italian folk belief the tarantula's bite caused a frenzy that had to be danced off in the tarantella. "Pillar saints" were ascetics such as Simeon Stylites (5th century AD), who lived on top of pillars.

But the one whom the people hate as dogs hate a wolf: that is the free spirit, the enemy of fetters, the non-worshipper, the one who dwells in forests.

To hunt him out of his hiding place—that is what the people have always called "a sense of what is right": against him they still set their sharpest-toothed dogs.

"For the truth is here: after all, the people are here! Woe, woe to those who seek!"—so it has resounded from time immemorial.

You wanted to prove your people right in their reverence: that is what you called "will to truth," you famous wise men!

And your heart always said to itself: "From the people I came: from there too God's voice came to me." Stiff-necked and clever, like the ass, you have always been the people's advocates.

And many a powerful man who wanted to fare well with the people harnessed in front of his horses—a little ass, 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 brightly spotted one, and the shaggy locks of the one who investigates, seeks, conquers![7]

Ah, for me to learn to believe in your "truthfulness," you would first have to break your revering will.

Truthful—that is what I call one who goes into godless deserts and has broken his revering heart.

In the yellow sand, 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, solitary, godless: that is how the lion-will wants itself.

Free from the happiness of servants, redeemed from gods and adorations, fearless and fearsome, great and solitary: such is the will of the truthful.

7 Echoes the proverb vox populi, vox dei ("the voice of the people is the voice of God"); the lion's skin recalls Aesop's fable of the ass that dressed in a lion's skin.

The truthful, the free spirits, have always lived in the desert, as masters of the desert; but in the cities live the well-fed famous wise men—the draft animals.

For they always pull, as asses—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 shine in golden harness.

And often they were good servants, worthy of praise. 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: so 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 even in your virtues you remain the people to me—the people with dim eyes, the people who do not know what *spirit* is!

Spirit is the life that itself cuts into life: through its own torment it increases its own knowledge—did you know that already?

And the happiness of the spirit is this: to be anointed and consecrated by tears as a sacrificial animal—did you know that already?

And the blindness of the blind man, and his seeking and groping, shall still bear witness to the power of the sun into which he looked—did you know that already?

And the knower shall learn to *build* with mountains! It is a small thing for the spirit to move 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![8]

Truly, you do not know the spirit's pride! But still less could you bear the spirit's modesty, if ever it wanted to speak!

8 Moving mountains alludes to the faith that "can move mountains" (1 Corinthians 13:2; Matthew 17:20).

And never yet have you been allowed to throw your spirit into a pit of snow: you are not hot enough for that! So you do not know the raptures of its coldness either.

But in everything you are too familiar with the spirit for my taste; and you have often made wisdom into 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 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 to those who act.

There you stand, respectable and stiff and straight-backed, you famous wise men!—no strong wind or will drives you.

Have you never seen a sail going 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.

It is night: now all leaping fountains speak more loudly. And my soul too is a leaping fountain.

THE NIGHT SONG

At night Zarathustra laments that he is light and must always give and never receive.

II.9 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 voiced. A craving for love is in me, which itself speaks the language of love.

Light am I: ah, that I were night! But this is my solitude, that I am girded with light.

Ah, that I were dark and of the night! How I would suck at the breasts of light!

And I would bless even you, you little twinkling stars and glowworms up above!—and be blissful over 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 I have often dreamed that stealing must be more blessed still than taking.

This is my poverty, that my hand never rests from giving; this is my envy, that I see waiting eyes and the lit-up nights of longing.[9]

O wretchedness of all givers! O eclipse of my sun! O craving to crave! O ravenous hunger in satiety!

They take from me: but do I yet 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 I have given gifts to:—thus I hunger for malice.

Withdrawing my hand when the other hand is already reaching out to it; hesitating like the waterfall that hesitates even as it plunges:—thus I hunger for malice.

Such revenge my abundance devises; such spite wells up from my solitude.

My happiness in giving died in giving; my virtue grew weary of itself from its own overflow!

The danger for one who always gives is that he loses his sense of shame; one who always hands out gets calluses on hand and heart from sheer handing 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 have the tears gone from my eye, and the down from my heart? O solitude of all givers! O silence of all who shine!

9 Plays on Acts 20:35, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

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 toward what shines: pitilessly it travels its orbits.

Unjust in its deepest heart toward what shines, cold toward suns—thus every sun travels.

Like a storm the suns fly along their orbits: that is their traveling. They follow their inexorable will: that is their coldness.

Oh, it is only you, you dark ones, you creatures of the night, who create warmth out of what shines! Oh, only you drink milk and refreshment from the udders of light!

Ah, ice is around me, my hand is burned by icy things! Ah, thirst is in me that pines for your thirst!

It is night: ah, that I must be light! And thirst for what is of the night! And solitude!

It is night: now my longing breaks out of me like a spring—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

For dancing girls Zarathustra sings a song about life, his wisdom and the spirit of gravity.

II.10 One evening Zarathustra was walking through the forest with his disciples; and as he was looking for a well, there, suddenly, he came upon a green meadow, quietly surrounded by trees and bushes: on it girls were dancing together. As soon as the girls recognized Zarathustra, they stopped dancing; but Zarathustra approached 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.

"I am God's advocate before the devil: but the devil is the spirit of gravity. How could I, you light-footed ones, be an enemy of divine dances? Or of girls' feet with pretty ankles?

"I am indeed a forest and a night of dark trees: but whoever is not afraid of my darkness will also find slopes of roses beneath my cypresses.

"And he will probably find the little god too, whom girls love best: he lies beside the well, quiet, with his eyes closed.

"Truly, he fell asleep on me in broad daylight, the day-waster! Did he chase too many butterflies, perhaps?

"Do not be angry with me, you beautiful dancers, if I punish the little god a little! He will probably scream and cry—but he is laughable even when he cries!

"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 a mocking song about the spirit of gravity, my supremely highest, most powerful devil, of whom they say that he is 'the lord of the world.'"—

And this is the song that Zarathustra sang while Cupid and the girls danced together.

"Into your eye I looked recently, O life! And I seemed to myself to be sinking into the unfathomable.

"But you pulled me out with a golden fishing rod; you laughed mockingly when I called you unfathomable.

"'That is how all fish talk,' you said; 'what *they* cannot fathom is unfathomable.

"'But I am merely changeable and wild and in everything a woman, and not a virtuous one:

"'Even though you men call me "the deep" or "the faithful," "the eternal," "the mysterious."

"'But you men always endow us with your own virtues—ah, you virtuous ones!'

"Thus she laughed, the incredible one; but I never credit her or her laughter when she speaks ill of herself.

"And when I spoke with my wild wisdom in private, she said to me angrily: 'You will, you desire, you love—that is the only reason you *praise* life!'

"Then I almost gave a wicked answer and told the angry one the truth; and there is no more wicked answer than when one 'tells the truth' to one's wisdom.

"For that is how things stand among the three of us. From the bottom of my heart 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 eyes, its laughter and even its little golden fishing rod: what can I do about the two looking 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 grasps through nets.

"'Is she beautiful? What do I know! But even the oldest carp are still baited with her.

"'She is changeable and defiant; I have often seen her bite her lip and comb her hair against the grain.

"'Perhaps she is wicked and false, and in everything a woman through and through; but when she speaks ill of herself, that is just when she seduces most.'

"When I said this to life, she laughed maliciously and closed her eyes. 'Whom are you talking about?' she said. 'About me, perhaps?

"'And even if you were right—does one say that to my face like that? But now do speak of your wisdom too!'

"Ah, and now you opened your eyes again, O beloved life! And again I seemed to myself to be sinking into the unfathomable."—

Thus sang Zarathustra. But when the dance was over and the girls had gone away, he grew sad.

"The sun has long since set," he said at last; "the meadow is damp, coolness comes from the forests.

"Something unknown is around me and gazes thoughtfully. What! You are still alive, Zarathustra?

"Why? What for? By what means? Where to? Where? How? Is it not folly to go on living?—

"Ah, my friends, it is the evening that asks such questions out of me. Forgive me my sadness!

"Evening has come: forgive me that evening has come!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

"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."

THE GRAVE SONG

Zarathustra mourns the visions of his youth, killed by his enemies, and hails his unburiable will.

II.11 Resolving this in my heart, I sailed over the sea.—

O you visions and apparitions of my youth! Oh, all you glances of love, you divine moments! How quickly you died on me! Today I remember you as I remember my dead.

From you, my dearest dead, a sweet fragrance comes to me, one that loosens the heart and releases tears. Truly, it shakes and loosens the heart of the lone seafarer.

I am still the richest and the most to be envied—I, the loneliest! For I *had* you after all, and you still have me: tell me, for whom did such rosy apples fall from the tree as for me?

I am still your love's heir and soil, blooming in your memory with bright, wild-growing virtues, O you most beloved!

Ah, we were made to remain close to one another, you gracious, strange wonders; and you did not come to me and my desire like timid birds—no, as trusting ones to one who trusts!

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 strike my heart!

And it struck! For you were always what was dearest to my heart, my possession and my being possessed: *that is why* you had to die young, and all too early!

The arrow was shot at the most vulnerable thing I possessed: that was you, whose skin is like down, and even 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 did to me!

You did something worse to me than any murder of human beings; you took from me what can never be recovered:—thus I speak to you, my enemies!

For you murdered the visions and dearest wonders of my youth! You took my playmates from me, the blessed spirits! In their memory I lay down this wreath and this curse.

This curse against you, my enemies! For you made what was eternal in me short, as a note breaks off in the cold night! It came to me barely as a flash of divine eyes—as the twinkling 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 phantoms; 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 off to sleepless torment: ah, where has that joyful wisdom fled now?[10]

10 "Joyful wisdom" echoes the title of Nietzsche's earlier book *The Gay Science* (*Die fröhliche Wissenschaft*, 1882).

Once I longed for happy omens from the birds: then you led an owl-monster across my path, a repulsive one. Ah, where did my tender longing flee then?

I once vowed to renounce all disgust: then you turned those near and nearest to me into festering boils. Ah, where did my noblest vow flee then?

As a blind man I once walked blissful paths: then you threw filth on the blind man's path: and now the old footpath of the blind disgusted him.

And when I did the hardest thing I could and celebrated the victory of my self-overcomings: then you made those who loved me cry out that I was hurting them most.

Truly, that was always your doing: you spoiled my best honey for me, and the diligence of my best bees.

To my charity you always sent the most insolent beggars; around my pity you always crowded the incurably shameless. So you wounded my virtue in its faith.

And when I laid down my holiest as a sacrifice: at once your "piety" set its fatter offerings beside it, so that my holiest was suffocated in the fumes of your fat.

And once I wanted to dance as I had never danced before: I wanted to dance away beyond all the heavens. Then you won over my dearest singer.

And now he struck up a dreadful, dull tune; ah, he blared in my ears like a gloomy horn!

Murderous singer, instrument of malice, most innocent one! I was already standing ready for the best dance: then with your notes 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 on me!

How did I bear it? How did I get over and overcome such wounds? How did my soul rise again from these graves?

Yes, something invulnerable, unburiable is in me, something that bursts rocks: it is called *my will*. Silently it strides through the years, unchanged.

It wants to go its way on my feet, my old will; hard-hearted is its mind, and invulnerable.

Only in my heel am I invulnerable. You still live there and are ever the same, most patient one! You have always broken your way through all graves!

In you lives also what was unredeemed in my youth; and as life and youth you sit here, hoping, on yellow ruins of graves.[11]

Yes, you are still for me the shatterer of all graves: hail to you, my will! And only where there are graves are there resurrections.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.—

"Will to truth"—is that what you call what drives you and makes you ardent, you wisest men?

Will to the thinkability of all that is: that is what *I* call your will!

You want first to *make* all that is thinkable: for you doubt, with well-founded mistrust, whether it is thinkable already.

ON SELF-OVERCOMING

Life tells Zarathustra that all living things are will to power, that which must always overcome itself.

II.12 But it shall also yield and bend to you! So your will wants it. It shall become smooth and subject to the spirit, as its mirror and reflection.

That is your whole will, you wisest men, a will to power; and so it is even when you speak of good and evil and of valuations.

You still want to create the world before which you can kneel: that is your ultimate hope and intoxication.

The unwise, of course, the people—they are like the river on which a boat floats along: and in the boat, solemn and masked, sit the valuations.

11 Inverts the myth of Achilles, who was invulnerable everywhere except his heel.

You set your will and your values on 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 men, who set such passengers in this boat and gave them pomp and proud names—you and your ruling will!

Now the river carries your boat onward: it *must* carry it. It matters little if the broken wave foams and angrily contradicts the keel!

It is not the river that is your danger and the end of your good and evil, you wisest men: it is that will itself, the will to power—the unexhausted, procreating will of life.

But so that you may understand my word about good and evil, I will also tell you my word about life and about the nature of all living things.

I followed the living; I walked the greatest and the smallest paths, so as to know its nature.

With a hundredfold mirror I caught its gaze even when its mouth was closed, so that its eye might speak to me. And its eye spoke to me.

But wherever I found living things, there I also heard talk of obedience. All living things are obeying things.

And this is the second thing: whoever cannot obey himself is commanded. Such is the nature of living things.

But this is the third thing I heard: that commanding is harder than obeying. And not only because the one who commands bears the burden of all who obey, and this burden easily crushes him:—

An experiment and a risk appeared to me in all commanding; and whenever it commands, the living thing 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? I asked myself. What persuades the living to obey and to command, and in commanding still to practice obedience?

Now hear my word, you wisest men! Examine it seriously, whether I have crept into the very heart of life and down to the roots of its heart!

Wherever I found living things, I found will to power; and even in the will of the servant I found the will to be master.

That the weaker should serve the stronger—to this it is persuaded by its will, which wants to be master over what is weaker still: this one delight it will not do without.

And as the smaller gives itself up to the greater so that it may have delight and power over the smallest: so the greatest too gives itself up, and for the sake of power stakes—its life.

This is the devotion of the greatest: that it is risk and danger and a game of dice with death.

And where there is sacrifice and service and loving glances: there too is the will to be master. By stealthy paths the weaker slips into the castle and right into the heart of the more powerful—and there steals power.

And this secret life itself spoke to me. "See," it said, "I am *that which must always overcome itself*.

"Granted, you call it will to procreation or drive toward a goal, toward the higher, the more distant, 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, see, 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 also guesses on what *crooked* paths it must walk!

"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 a footprint of my will: truly, my will to power walks also on the feet of your will to truth!

"He certainly did not hit the truth who shot at it with the phrase 'will to existence': that will—does not exist!

"For what is not cannot will; but what is in existence, how could that still will to exist![12]

"Only where there is life is there also will: but not will to life, rather—so I teach you—will to power!

"Much is valued more highly by the living than life itself; yet out of the valuing itself speaks—the will to power!"—

Thus life once taught me: and with this, you wisest men, I also solve for you the riddle of your heart.

Truly, I tell you: good and evil that would be imperishable—that does not exist! Out of itself it must overcome itself again and again.

With your values and words of good and evil you exercise force, you valuers: and this is your hidden love and the gleaming, trembling and overflowing of your soul.

But a stronger force grows out of your values, and a new overcoming: against it egg and eggshell break.

And whoever must be a creator in good and evil: truly, he must first be a destroyer and break values.

Thus the highest evil belongs to the highest goodness: but this is the creative kind.—

Let us speak of this, you wisest men, even if it is bad. To be silent is worse; all truths kept silent become poisonous.

And let everything break that can—break on our truths! There are still many houses to build!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Still is the floor of my sea: who would guess that it harbors playful monsters!

Unshakable is my depth: but it glitters with swimming riddles and laughter.

Today I saw a sublime one, a solemn one, a penitent of the spirit: oh, how my soul laughed at his ugliness!

12 A jab at Schopenhauer, who made the blind "will to live" (or "will to existence") the essence of the world.

ON THE SUBLIME ONES

A solemn, heroic seeker of knowledge must still learn beauty, grace and laughter.

II.13 With chest swelled out, like those who hold their breath: so he stood there, the sublime one, and silent:

Hung with ugly truths, his hunting spoils, and rich in torn clothes; many thorns hung on him too—but I have not yet seen a rose.

He has not yet learned laughter and beauty. Gloomy, this hunter came back from the forest of knowledge.

He came home from battle with wild beasts: but out of his seriousness a wild beast still looks too—one not overcome!

Like a tiger he still stands there, about to spring; but I do not like these tense souls, and my taste is unkind to all such 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 the weight and the scale and the weigher; and woe to every living thing that would live without disputes about weight and scale and weigher!

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.

Far too long he sat in the shadow; the cheeks of this penitent of the spirit grew pale; he nearly starved on his expectations.

Contempt is still in his eye, and disgust lurks about his mouth. He is at rest now, it is true, but his rest has not yet lain down in the sun.

He should act like the bull; and his happiness should smell of earth, and not of contempt for the earth.

I would like to see him as a white bull, snorting and bellowing as he goes before the plowshare: and his bellowing should still sing the praise of all that is earthly!

His face is still dark; the shadow of the hand plays upon it. The sense of his eye still lies in shadow.

His deed itself is still the shadow upon him: the hand darkens the one who acts. He has not yet overcome his deed.

I do love the neck of the bull on him: but now I also want to see the eye of the angel.

He must also unlearn his hero's will: he should be one lifted up, not merely one who is sublime—the ether itself should lift him, the one without will!

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 torrent of passion has not yet grown still in beauty.

Truly, his longing should fall silent and sink down not in satiety, but in beauty! Grace belongs to the magnanimity of the great-minded.

His arm laid over his head: that is how the hero should rest, and that is how he should overcome even his resting.

But for the hero above all, 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 counts for much here, this counts for most.

To stand with muscles relaxed and with the will unharnessed: that is the hardest thing for all of you, you sublime ones!

When power becomes gracious and comes down into the visible: beauty is what I call such a coming down.

And from no one do I want beauty as much as from you, you who are mighty: let your goodness be your final self-mastery.

I believe you capable of every evil: that is why I want the good from you.

Truly, I have often laughed at the weaklings who think themselves good because their paws are lame!

You should strive after the virtue of the column: the higher it rises, the more beautiful and delicate it grows, but inwardly harder and better able to bear its load.

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 adoration 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 over-hero.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Too far did I fly into the future: a horror seized me.

And when I looked around me, behold! time was my only contemporary.

Then I fled back, homeward—and ever faster: and so I came to you, you people of today, and into the land of culture.[13]

ON THE LAND OF CULTURE

The people of today are motley and barren; Zarathustra loves only his children's land.

II.14 For the first time I brought an eye for you, and good desire: truly, I came with longing in my heart.

But what happened to me? Anxious as I was—I had to laugh! Never had my eye seen anything so motley and speckled!

I laughed and laughed, while my foot still trembled, and my heart too: "Why, this is the home of all the paint pots!"—I said.

Painted with fifty blotches on face and limbs: that is how you sat there, to my astonishment, you people of today!

And with fifty mirrors around you, flattering your play of colors and echoing it back!

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: that is how well you have hidden yourselves from all interpreters of signs!

13 *Bildung*: education and culture together, the German ideal of self-cultivation.

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 scraps of paper glued together.[14]

All ages and peoples peer out motley from your veils; all customs and beliefs speak motley from your gestures.

Whoever stripped you of veils and wraps and colors and gestures would have just enough left 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!—why, even the dwellers of the underworld are plumper and fuller than you!

This, yes, this is bitterness to my bowels: that I can bear you neither naked nor clothed, you people of today!

Everything uncanny in the future, and whatever ever made stray birds shudder, is truly more homely and more familiar than your "reality."

For this is how you speak: "We are wholly real, and without belief or superstition": that is how you puff out your chests—alas, without even having chests![15]

Yes, how could you be *able* to believe, you motley-speckled ones!—you who are paintings of everything that has ever been believed!

You are walking refutations of belief itself, and the disjointing of all thought. *Unbelievable*: 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!

You are barren: *that is why* you lack belief. But whoever had to create always had his true dreams and star-signs as well—and believed in belief!—

14 Luther's Bible speaks of God as the one who "tests hearts and kidneys" (Psalm 7:9), that is, who searches the inmost self.

15 Reverses Achilles in Homer's *Odyssey* (Book 11), who would rather be a hired laborer among the living than king among the dead.

You are half-open gates 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 of you have surely seen this for yourselves.

And one of them said: "Did some god perhaps steal something from me in secret while I slept? Truly, enough to make himself a little woman out of it!

"Wondrous is the poverty of my ribs!"—so many a person of today has already spoken.[16]

Yes, you are a laughingstock to me, you people of today! And especially when you marvel at yourselves!

And woe to me if I could not laugh at your marveling, and had to drink down everything repulsive from your bowls!

As it is, I will take you more lightly, since I have something *heavy* to carry; and what do I care if beetles and winged worms settle on my bundle as well!

Truly, it shall not grow heavier for me because of that! And it is not from you, you people of today, that the great weariness shall come to me.—

Ah, where shall I climb now with my longing! From every mountain I look out for fatherlands and motherlands.

But home I found nowhere: I am unsettled in every city and a departure at every gate.

Strangers 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*, the undiscovered one, in the farthest sea: for it I bid my sails search and search.

In my children I want to make amends for being the child of my fathers: and in all the future—for *this* present!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

When the moon rose yesterday, I imagined he was about to give birth to a sun, so broad and pregnant did he lie on the horizon.

16 Echoes Mephistopheles in Goethe's *Faust* ("all that comes into being deserves to perish"); the ribs recall Eve's creation from Adam's rib (Genesis 2:21–22).

But he lied to me with his 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-prowler. Truly, he wanders over the rooftops with a bad conscience.[17]

ON IMMACULATE PERCEPTION

Those who claim to contemplate the world without desire are lustful hypocrites, like the moon.

II.15 For he is lustful and jealous, the monk in the moon, lustful for the earth and for all the joys of lovers.

No, I do not like him, this tomcat on the rooftops! Repulsive to me are all who slink around half-closed windows!

Pious and silent he walks along on carpets of stars:—but I do not like any softly treading men's feet on which not even a spur jingles.

The step of every honest man speaks out; but the cat steals away across the floor. Behold, catlike the moon comes along, and dishonest.—

This parable I give to you sentimental hypocrites, you "pure perceivers"! *I* call you—the lustful!

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 talked into despising the earthly, but not your entrails: and *they* are the strongest thing in you!

And now your spirit is ashamed of doing your entrails' bidding, and to escape its own shame it goes by sneaking and lying paths.

"This would be the highest thing for me," so your lying spirit tells itself, "to look upon life without desire, and not like a dog with its tongue hanging out:

17 In German the moon is masculine (*der Mond*), which the whole parable plays on.

"To be happy in looking, with a will that has died away, without the grasp and greed of selfishness—cold and ash-gray all over, but with drunken moon-eyes!"

"This 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 what I call the *immaculate* perception of all things: that I want nothing from things, except to be allowed to lie before them like a mirror with a hundred eyes."—

O you sentimental hypocrites, you lustful ones! You lack innocence in desire: and that is why you now slander desiring!

Truly, you do not love the earth as creators, as begetters, as those who delight in becoming!

Where is innocence? Where there is the will to beget. And whoever wants to create beyond himself has, to my mind, the purest will.[18]

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 for eternities. Will to love: that means being willing to die as well. Thus I speak to you cowards!

But now your emasculated leering wants to be called "contemplation"! And whatever lets itself be fingered by cowardly eyes is to be christened "beautiful"! O you defilers of noble names!

But this shall be your curse, you immaculate ones, you pure perceivers: that you will never give birth, even if you lie broad and pregnant on the horizon!

Truly, your mouths are full of noble words: and we are supposed 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.

18 *Unbefleckte Erkenntnis* puns on *unbefleckte Empfängnis*, the Immaculate Conception.

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 lustful thoughts, your lies and secrets are in the air!

First dare to believe yourselves—yourselves and your entrails! Whoever does not believe himself always lies.

You hung the mask of a god in front of yourselves, you "pure ones": into the mask of a god your hideous coiling worm crept.

Truly, you deceive, you "contemplative ones"! Zarathustra too was once the fool of your godlike skins; he did not guess the coils of snakes they were stuffed with.

I once imagined I saw the soul of a god at play in your games, you pure perceivers! I once imagined there was no better art than your arts!

Distance hid from me the snake-filth and the foul smell: and that a lizard's cunning was slinking lustfully about here.

But I came *near* you: then day came to me—and now it comes to you—and the moon's love affair came to an end!

Just look! Caught and pale he stands there—before the dawn!

For she is already coming, the glowing one—*her* love for the earth is coming! Innocence and creative 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?

She wants to suck at the sea and drink its depth up to herself into the height: and the sea's desire rises with a thousand breasts.

It *wants* to be kissed and sucked by the sun's thirst; it *wants* to become air and height and a footpath of light, and light itself!

Truly, like the sun I love life and all deep seas.

And this is what knowledge means to *me*: all that is deep shall rise—to my height!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

As I lay asleep, a sheep ate at the wreath of ivy on my head—ate, and said as it ate: "Zarathustra is no longer a scholar."

It said this and walked off, stiff and proud. A child told me about it.

I like to lie here, where the children play, by the broken wall, among thistles and red poppies.

ON SCHOLARS

Zarathustra has left the house of the scholars, who only gape at thoughts others have thought.

II.16 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 slammed the door behind me as well.

Too long my soul sat hungry at their table; I am not trained, as they are, to knowing as to cracking nuts.

I love freedom and the air over fresh earth; I would rather sleep on ox-hides than on their dignities and respectabilities.

I am too hot and scorched by my own thoughts: often they nearly take my breath away. Then I must go out into the open, away from all dusty rooms.

But they sit cool in the cool shade: in everything 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 lay hands on them, they give off dust like flour sacks, and without meaning to: but who would guess that their dust comes from grain, and from the yellow delight of summer fields?

When they pose as wise, their little sayings and truths make me shiver: there is often a smell about 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 is *my* simplicity to do amid their multiplicity! Their fingers understand all threading and knotting and weaving: that is how they knit the stockings of the spirit!

They are good clockworks: only take care to wind them up properly! Then they tell the hour without fail and make a modest noise about it.

They work like mills and stamping-mills: just throw them your grain!—they know well how to grind it small and turn it into white dust.

They keep a close eye on one another's fingers and do not trust one another overmuch. Inventive in small cunning, they wait for those whose knowledge walks on lame feet—like spiders they wait.

I always saw them preparing poison with caution; and they always put gloves of glass on their fingers while they did it.

They also know how to play with loaded dice; and I found them playing so eagerly that they sweated.

We are strangers to one another, and their virtues go against my taste even more than their falsehoods and their loaded dice.

And when I lived among them, I lived above them. For that they bore me a grudge.

They will not hear of anyone walking above their heads; and so they put wood and earth and filth between me and their heads.

In this way they muffled the sound of my steps: and until now I have been heard worst of all by the most learned.

All human failings and weaknesses they put between themselves and me:—a "false floor" is what they call that in their houses.[19]

And yet 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.

19 A *Fehlboden* is a sound-deadening false floor packed with rubble; the word puns on *Fehl*, "failing" or "fault."

For human beings are *not* equal: so speaks justice. And what I want, *they* may not want!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

"Since I have come to know the body better," said Zarathustra to one of his disciples, "the spirit is to me only spirit, so to speak; and all the 'imperishable'—that too is only a parable."[20]

ON POETS

Zarathustra tells a disciple that poets lie too much, and that he too is a poet.

II.17 "I have heard you say so once before," answered the disciple, "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 am not one of those who may be asked for their why.

"Is my experience from yesterday, then? 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 keep my reasons with me as well?[21]

"It is already too much for me to keep hold of my opinions themselves; and many a bird flies away.

"And now and then I also find a stray creature in my dovecote that is strange to me, and that trembles when I lay my hand on it.

"But what did Zarathustra once tell you? That the poets lie too much?—But Zarathustra too is a poet.

"Do you believe, then, that he spoke the truth here? Why do you believe it?"

The disciple answered: "I believe in Zarathustra." But Zarathustra shook his head and smiled.

"Faith does not make me blessed," he said, "least of all faith in me.

20 Inverts the close of Goethe's *Faust* again (see II.2); the chapter goes on to parody its "inadequate" that "becomes event" and its "eternal feminine."

21 Zarathustra said this in "Upon the Blessed Isles" (II.2).

"But suppose someone said in all seriousness that the poets lie too much: then he is right—*we* lie too much.

"We also know too little and are bad learners: so we simply have to lie.

"And which of us poets has not adulterated his wine? Many a poisonous concoction has been brewed in our cellars, many an indescribable thing done there.

"And because we know little, we are heartily fond of the poor in spirit, especially when they are young little women!

"And we even crave the things that the old women tell one another in the evening. That is what we ourselves call the eternal feminine in us.

"And as if there were some special secret access to knowledge that is *blocked up* for those who learn something: so we believe in the people and their "wisdom."

"But this is what all poets believe: that whoever lies in the grass or on lonely slopes and pricks up his ears learns something of the things that are between heaven and earth.

"And when tender stirrings come over them, the poets always think that nature herself is in love with them:

"and that she creeps up to their ear to whisper secrets into it, and amorous flatteries: of this they boast and puff themselves up before all mortals!

"Alas, there are so many things between heaven and earth that only the poets have dreamed of![22]

"And especially *above* the heavens: for all gods are poets' parables, poets' sleight of hand!

"Truly, we are always drawn upward—that is, to the realm of the clouds: on these we set our motley stuffed skins and then call them gods and overmen:—

"For they are just light enough for these chairs!—all these gods and overmen.

"Ah, how weary I am of all the inadequate that insists on being an event! Ah, how weary I am of the poets!"

22 Turns around Hamlet's "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, / Than are dreamt of in your philosophy" (*Hamlet* I.5).

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 far distances. At last he sighed and drew breath.

I am of today and of former days, he then said; but there is something in me that is of tomorrow and the day after tomorrow and of days to come.

I grew weary of the poets, the old and the new: to me they are all superficial, and shallow seas.

They did not think deeply enough: that is why their feeling did not sink to the depths.

A little lust and a little boredom: that has so far been their best reflection.

All their harp-tinkling is to me a ghostly breath and flitting; what have they known so far of the fervor 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, half-and-halfers and unclean!—

Ah, I did cast my net into their seas 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.

From the sea they have learned even its vanity: 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.

The buffalo looks on defiantly, close to sand in his soul, closer still to thicket, but closest of all to swamp.

What are beauty and sea and peacock finery to him! 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 are only 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, their gaze turned against themselves.

I saw penitents of the spirit coming: they grew out of them.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON GREAT EVENTS

Seen flying to a volcano, Zarathustra tells the fire-dog that the greatest events are the stillest hours.

II.18 There is an island in the sea—not far from Zarathustra's blessed isles—on which a fire-mountain constantly smokes. Of this island the people say, and the old women among the people say it most of all, that it has been set like a great boulder before the gate of the underworld; and that through the fire-mountain itself runs the narrow path leading down to this gate of the underworld.

Now at the time when Zarathustra was staying on the blessed isles, it happened that a ship dropped anchor at the island where 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![23] It is high time!" But when the figure was closest to them—it flew swiftly past like a shadow, in the direction where the fire-mountain lay—they recognized with the greatest dismay that it was Zarathustra. For they had all seen him before, except

23 The scene closely follows a 1686 ship's-log story reprinted in Justinus Kerner's *Blätter aus Prevorst*, which Nietzsche had read in his youth—a case of unconscious borrowing later discussed by C. G. Jung.

the captain himself, and they loved him as the people love: that is, with love and awe in equal parts.

"Look there!" said the old helmsman, "there goes Zarathustra to hell!"—

At the same time as these sailors landed on the fire-island, a rumor went around that Zarathustra had disappeared; and when his friends were asked, they said he had gone on board a ship by night without saying where he meant to travel.

So there was some unrest; but after three days the sailors' story was added to this unrest—and now all the people said that the devil had fetched Zarathustra. His disciples, it is true, laughed at this talk; and one of them even said: "I would sooner believe that Zarathustra has fetched 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 "man."

And another of these diseases is called "fire-dog": about *him* human beings have told themselves many lies and let themselves be told many.

To fathom this secret I went over the sea: and I have seen the truth naked, truly! barefoot up to the neck.

Now I know what the fire-dog is all about; and likewise all the devils of eruption and overthrow, whom not only old women fear.

Come out of your depths, fire-dog! I cried, and confess how deep these depths are! Where does it come from, what you snort up there?

You drink plentifully from the sea: your salty eloquence gives that away! Indeed, for a dog of the depths 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 just like you: salty, lying and shallow.

You know how to roar and to darken things with ashes! You are the best of loudmouths, and have you learned well enough the art of bringing mud to the boil?

Wherever you are, there must always be mud nearby, and much that is spongy, hollow, hemmed in: it wants to get out into freedom.

"Freedom" is what you all like to roar most: but I have unlearned my belief in "great events" whenever there is much roaring and smoke around them.

And just believe me, friend Hell-Racket! The greatest events—those are not our loudest but our stillest hours.

Not around the inventors of new noise: around the inventors of new values does the world revolve; *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 turned into a mummy and a statue lies in the mud!

And I say this also to those who overthrow 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 it is precisely its law that out of contempt its life and living beauty grow again!

With more godlike features it now rises, seductive in its suffering; and truly! it will yet thank you for overthrowing it, you overthrowers!

But this is the advice I give to kings and churches and to everything weak with age and weak in virtue—just let yourselves be overthrown! So that you may come back to life, and virtue—back 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 in fact the most mendacious kind. But keep quiet, you hypocrite hound! You surely know your own kind best!

Like you yourself, the state is a hypocrite hound; 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 it absolutely insists on being the most important beast on earth, the state; and people believe it, too.—

When I had said this, the fire-dog acted as if he had gone mad with envy. "What?" he cried, "the most important beast on earth? And people believe it, too?" And so much steam and such horrible sounds came out of his throat that I thought he would choke with vexation and envy.

At last he grew quieter, and his panting subsided; but as soon as he was quiet, I said, laughing:

You are angry, fire-dog: so I am right about you!

And so that I may go on being right, hear about another fire-dog: he really speaks from the heart of the earth.

His breath exhales gold and golden rain: so his heart wills it. What are ashes and smoke and hot slime to him anymore!

Laughter flutters out of him like a colorful cloud; he has no liking for your gurgling and spewing and griping of the bowels!

The gold, though, and the laughter—these he takes from the heart of the earth: for, just so you know—*the heart of the earth is made of gold*.

When the fire-dog heard this, he could no longer bear to listen to me. Ashamed, he put his tail between his legs, said Woof! Woof! in a small voice, and crept down into his cave.—

So Zarathustra told his tale. 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. I suppose you have heard something about the wanderer and his shadow?

"One thing is certain, though: I must keep him on a shorter leash—otherwise he will ruin my reputation yet."

And once more Zarathustra shook his head and wondered. "What am I to make of that!" he said again.

"Why did the ghost cry: 'It is time! It is high time!'

"*For what* is it—high time?"—[24]

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

"—and I saw a great sadness come over mankind. The best grew weary of their works.

"A doctrine went forth, and a faith ran beside it: 'All is empty, all is the same, all has been!'

"And from all the hills it echoed back: '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?[25]

THE SOOTHSAYER

A soothsayer's prophecy of weariness overwhelms Zarathustra, who dreams of guarding the castle of death.

II.19 "All labor was in vain, our wine has turned to poison, the evil eye has scorched our fields and hearts yellow.

"We have all grown dry; and if fire falls on us, we scatter like ash:—yes, we have made even fire weary.

"All our wells have dried up, even the sea has drawn back. All ground wants to split open, but the depths will not swallow!

"'Ah, where is there still a sea in which one could drown': so our lament rings out—across shallow swamps.

"Truly, we have grown too weary even to die; now we are still awake and live on—in burial vaults!"—

So Zarathustra heard a soothsayer speak; and his prophecy went to his heart and transformed him. He went about sad and weary; and he became like those of whom the soothsayer had spoken.

24 An allusion to Nietzsche's own book *The Wanderer and His Shadow* (1880).
25 The soothsayer's refrain echoes Ecclesiastes ("all is vanity… there is nothing new under the sun").

Truly, he said to his disciples, a little while, and this long twilight will come. Alas, how shall I save my light and carry it across!

May it not be smothered in this sadness! For it is meant to be a light to more distant worlds and to the most distant nights!

Thus troubled in his heart, Zarathustra went about; and for three days he took neither drink nor food, had no rest, and lost his speech. At last it happened that he fell into a deep sleep. But his disciples sat around him through long night watches and waited anxiously to see whether he would wake, and speak again, and be healed of his affliction.

And this is the speech that Zarathustra made when he awoke; but his voice came to his disciples as if from far away.

Hear the dream I dreamed, my friends, and help me guess its meaning!

It is still a riddle to me, this dream; its meaning is hidden within it and held captive, and does not yet fly above it on free wings.

I had renounced all life, so I dreamed. I had become a night watchman and a guardian of tombs, up there in the lonely mountain castle of death.

Up there I guarded death's coffins: the musty vaults stood full of such trophies of victory. From glass coffins, vanquished life gazed out at me.

I breathed the smell of dusty eternities: my soul lay sultry and dusty. And who could have aired his soul there!

The brightness of midnight was always around me, loneliness crouched beside it; and, as the third, the rattling stillness of death, the worst of my companions.

I carried keys, the rustiest of all keys; and I knew how to open with them the most creaking of all gates.

Like a bitter, malicious croaking the sound ran through the long corridors when the wings of the gate swung up: this bird shrieked balefully, unwilling to be woken.

But more terrible still, and more heart-wrenching, was the moment when it fell silent again and all around grew still, and I sat alone in that treacherous silence.

So time went by for me, and crept by, if there was still such a thing as time: what do I know of it! But at last the thing happened that woke me.

Three times blows struck the gate, like thunder; three times the vaults echoed and howled back: then I went to the gate.

Alpa! I cried, who is carrying his ashes up the mountain? Alpa! Alpa! Who is carrying his ashes up the mountain?

And I pressed the key and heaved at the gate and strained. But still it had not opened a finger's breadth:

Then a roaring wind tore its wings apart: whistling, shrilling and cutting, it hurled a black coffin at me:[26]

And amid the roaring and whistling and shrilling the coffin burst open and spewed out a thousandfold laughter.

And out of a thousand grimacing faces of children, angels, owls, fools and butterflies as big as children, it laughed and mocked and roared at me.

I was horribly terrified by this: it threw me to the ground. And I cried out in horror as I had never cried out before.

But my own cry woke me:—and I came to myself.—

So 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 its shrill whistling that tears open the gates of the castles of death?

"Are you not yourself the coffin full of life's motley malices and angel-grimaces?[27]

"Truly, like a thousandfold children's laughter Zarathustra comes into all the chambers of the dead, laughing at these night

26 "Alpa" is an obscure cry, perhaps from *Alp*, the nightmare demon of German folklore; carrying one's ashes up the mountain recalls the saint's words to Zarathustra in the Prologue (P.2).

watchmen and guardians of tombs, and at whoever else rattles gloomy keys.

"You will terrify them and knock them down with your laughter; fainting and awakening will prove your power over them.

"And even when the long twilight comes, and the weariness of death, you will not go down in our sky, you advocate of life!

"You have let us see new stars and new splendors of the night; truly, you have spread laughter itself over us like a colorful tent.

"From now on children's laughter will always well up out of coffins; from now on a strong wind will always come, victorious over all weariness of death: of this you yourself are our guarantor and soothsayer!

"Truly, *it was they themselves you dreamed*, your enemies: that was your hardest dream!

"But as you woke from them and came to yourself, so they shall wake from themselves—and come to you!"—

So spoke the disciple; and all the others now crowded around Zarathustra, took him by the hands, and tried to persuade him to leave his bed and his sadness and come back to them. But Zarathustra sat upright on his couch, with a strange look in his eyes. Like one returning home from long years abroad, he looked at his disciples and searched their faces; and still he did not recognize them. But when they lifted him and set him on his feet, behold, all at once his eye was transformed; he understood everything that had happened, stroked his beard and said in a strong voice: "Well then! All this has its time; but see to it, my disciples, that we have a good meal, and soon! "That is how 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 so.—

27 Echoes the Gospel of John's "disciple whom Jesus loved."

One day, as Zarathustra was crossing the great bridge, the maimed and the beggars surrounded him, and a man with a hunched back spoke to him thus:

ON REDEMPTION

Answering a hunchback, Zarathustra teaches that redemption means turning every "It was" into "Thus I willed it."

II.20 "Look, Zarathustra! The people too are learning from you and coming to believe in your teaching. But for them to believe you completely, one thing more is needed—you must first win over us, the maimed! Here you have a fine selection, and truly, an opportunity with more than one forelock! 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 as well:—that, I think, would be the right way to make the maimed believe in Zarathustra!"[28]

But Zarathustra answered the one who had spoken: If you take the hunchback's hump from him, you take 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 whoever makes the lame walk does him the greatest harm: for no sooner can he walk than his vices run away with him—so the people teach about the maimed. And why should Zarathustra not learn from the people too, if the people learn from Zarathustra?

But since I have been among people, the least of it for me is 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, and many things so abominable that I would not want to speak of each, and of some would not even want to keep silent: namely, people who lack everything

28 Opportunity is proverbially seized "by the forelock," so the hunchback offers many handles at once. Healing the blind and the lame parodies the miracles of Jesus (Matthew 11:5).

except that they have one thing too much—people who are nothing but a big eye or a big mouth or a big belly or something else big—the maimed in reverse, I call such people.

And when I came out of my solitude and crossed this bridge for the first time, I did not trust my eyes. I looked, and looked again, and said at last: "That is an ear! An ear as big as a man!" I looked more closely still: and in fact, beneath the ear something else was moving, something pitifully small and poor and puny. And truly, the enormous ear sat on a small, thin stalk—but the stalk was a human being! Anyone who held a glass to his eye could even make out a little envious face, and also a bloated little soul dangling from the stalk. But the people told me that the great 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 men—and I held to my belief that it was one maimed in reverse, who had too little of everything and too much of one thing.

When Zarathustra had spoken thus to the hunchback and to those whose mouthpiece and advocate he was, he turned to his disciples in deep dismay and said:

Truly, my friends, I walk among people as among the fragments and limbs of people!

This is what is terrible to my eye: that I find humanity shattered and scattered as if over a field of battle and butchery.

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—alas, my friends—that is what is most unbearable to *me*; and I would not know how to live if I were not also a seer of what must come.

A seer, a willer, a creator, a future itself and a bridge to the future—and alas, also, as it were, one maimed 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 answers.

Is he one who promises? Or one who fulfills? A conqueror? Or an heir? An autumn? Or a plowshare? A physician? Or one who has recovered?

Is he a poet? Or a truthful man? A liberator? Or a tamer? A good man? Or an evil one?

I walk among people 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 gather together what is fragment and riddle and dreadful accident.[29]

And how could I bear to be human if humans were not also poets and riddle-solvers and the redeemers 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 affliction. Powerless against what has been done—it is an angry spectator of everything past.

The will cannot will backwards; that it cannot break time and time's desire—that is the will's loneliest affliction.

Willing liberates: what does willing itself devise to get free of its affliction and mock its dungeon?

Alas, every prisoner becomes a fool! Foolishly the imprisoned will, too, redeems itself.

That time does not run backwards, that is its fury; "That which was"—that is the name of the stone it cannot roll away.

And so it rolls stones out of fury and ill humor, and takes revenge on whatever does not feel fury and ill humor as it does.

29 "Dichten und Trachten" echoes Luther's Bible (Genesis 8:21, "the imagination of man's heart"); *dichten* means both "to compose poetry" and "to make dense, join tight."

Thus the will, the liberator, became a causer of pain: and on everything that can suffer it takes revenge for its not being able to go back.

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 became a curse to everything human that this folly acquired spirit!

The spirit of revenge: my friends, that has so far been humanity's best reflection; and wherever there was suffering, there was always supposed to be punishment.

For "punishment"—that 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 it cannot will backwards—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 preached madness.

"Things are ordered morally, according to justice and punishment. Oh, where is redemption from the flux of things and from the punishment 'existence'?" Thus preached madness.[30]

"Can there be redemption if there is an eternal justice? Alas, the stone 'It was' cannot be rolled away: all punishments, too, must be eternal!" Thus preached madness.

"No deed can be annihilated: how could it be undone by punishment! This, this is what is eternal in the punishment 'existence': that existence must eternally be deed and guilt again!

"Unless the will should at last redeem itself and willing become not-willing—": but you know, my brothers, this fable-song of madness![31]

30 "Everything ... deserves to pass away" echoes Mephistopheles again (see II.14); a moral order of things punished by time recalls the Greek philosopher Anaximander (6th century BC).

31 Willing turning into not-willing is Schopenhauer's ideal of the will's self-denial.

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 ever spoken thus? And when does this happen? Has the will been unharnessed yet from its own folly?

Has the will become its own redeemer and bringer of joy? Has it unlearned the spirit of revenge and all gnashing of teeth?

And who taught it reconciliation with time, and what is higher than any reconciliation?

Something higher than any reconciliation must be willed by the will that is the will to power—: but how does this happen to it? Who has taught it to will backwards, too?

—But at this point in his speech Zarathustra suddenly stopped, looking exactly like someone seized by the most extreme terror. With terrified eyes he looked at his disciples; his eyes pierced their thoughts and hidden thoughts as if with arrows. But after a little while he was laughing again, and said, placated:

"It is hard to live with people because keeping silent is so hard. Especially for someone who likes to talk."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. But the hunchback had been listening to the conversation with his face covered; when he heard Zarathustra laugh, he looked up curiously and said slowly:

"But why does Zarathustra speak differently to us than to his disciples?"

Zarathustra answered: "What is so surprising about that! With hunchbacks one may well talk in a hunchbacked way!"

"Good," said the hunchback, "and with pupils one may well tell tales out of school.

"But why does Zarathustra speak differently to his pupils—than to himself?"—

ON HUMAN PRUDENCE

Zarathustra lets himself be deceived, spares the vain, and does not fear the wicked.

II.21 Not the height: the slope is what is terrible!

The slope, where the gaze plunges *down* and the hand reaches *up*. There the heart grows dizzy before its double will.

Alas, friends, can you guess my heart's double will too?

This, this is *my* slope and my danger: that my gaze plunges into the heights, and that my hand would like to hold on and brace itself—on the depths!

My will clings to humanity, I bind myself to humanity with chains, because I am torn upward toward the overman: for that is where my other will wants to go.

And *to that end* I live blindly among people, as though I did not know them: so that my hand may not wholly lose its faith in what is firm.

I do not know you people: 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.

Alas, if I were on guard against people, how could people be an anchor for my balloon! Too easily would it tear me up and away!

This providence rules over my destiny: that I must be without precaution.

And whoever does not want to die of thirst among people must learn to drink from every glass; and whoever wants to stay clean among people must know how to wash even with dirty water.

And so I often said to myself for comfort: "Well then! Up, old heart! A misfortune went wrong 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 than pride may well grow.

For life to be good to watch, its play must be well played: but for that one needs good actors.

Good actors I have found all the vain to be: they act, and want people to enjoy watching them—all their spirit is in this will.

They perform themselves, they invent themselves; near them I love to watch life—it cures melancholy.

That is why I spare the vain: because they are physicians of my melancholy and keep me attached to people as to a play.

And then: who can gauge the full depth of the vain man's modesty! I am fond of him and pity him for his modesty.

From you he wants to learn his belief 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 its depths his heart sighs, "What am *I*!"

And if the true virtue is the one that 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 timidity spoil for me the sight of the *wicked*.

I am blissful to see the marvels that the hot sun hatches: tigers and palm trees and rattlesnakes.

Among humans too there is a fine brood of the hot sun, and much that is marvelous in the wicked.

True, just as your wisest did not seem so very wise to me, so too I found human wickedness beneath its reputation.

And often I asked, shaking my head: Why go on rattling, you rattlesnakes?

Truly, there is a future even for evil! And the hottest south has not yet been discovered for humanity.

How many things are already called the worst wickedness that are only twelve feet wide and three months long! But one day greater dragons will come into the world.

For if the overman is not to lack his dragon, the overdragon that is worthy of him, much hot sun must still blaze down on damp primeval forest!

Your wildcats must first have turned into tigers, and your poisonous toads into 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 above all your fear of what has so far been called "devil"!

So alien are you in your souls to what is great that the overman would be *terrible* to you in his goodness!

And you wise and knowing ones, you would flee from the scorching sun of wisdom in which the overman bathes his nakedness with delight!

You highest human beings my eyes have met! This is my doubt about you and my secret laughter: I suspect you would call my overman—a devil!

Alas, I grew weary of these highest and best: from their "height" I longed to go up, out, away to the overman!

A shudder came over me when I saw these best ones naked: then wings grew on me to soar away into distant futures.

Into more distant futures, into more southern souths than any artist ever dreamed: there, where gods are ashamed of all clothes!

But I want to see *you* in disguise, you neighbors and fellow humans, and well dressed up, and vain, and dignified, as "the good and the just"—

And in disguise I myself will sit among you—so that I may *mistake* you and myself: for that is my last human prudence.

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

What happened to me, my friends? You see me distraught, driven away, reluctantly obedient, ready to go—alas, to go away from *you*!

Yes, once more Zarathustra must return to his solitude: but this time the bear goes back to his *cave* unwillingly!

THE STILLEST HOUR

His stillest hour tells Zarathustra that he is not yet ripe, and he leaves his friends in tears.

II.22 What happened to me? Who commands this?—Alas, 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 this is how it happened—for I must tell you everything, so that your hearts may not harden against one who departs so suddenly!

Do you know the terror of someone falling asleep?—He is terrified down to his toes, because the ground gives way beneath him and the dream begins.

I tell you this as a parable. Yesterday, at the stillest hour, the ground gave way beneath me: the dream began.

The hand moved on, the clock of my life drew breath—never had I heard such stillness around me, so that my heart took fright.

Then it spoke to me without a voice: "*You know it, Zarathustra*?"—

And I cried out in terror at this whisper, 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 someone 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 that really true? Do not hide in your defiance!"—

And I wept and trembled like a child and said: "Alas, I would like to, but how can I! Just spare me this! It is beyond my strength!"

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What do you matter, Zarathustra! Speak your word and break!"—

And I answered: "Alas, is it *my* word? Who am I? I am waiting for someone worthier; I am not worthy even to break on it."

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What do you matter? You are not yet humble enough for me. Humility has the toughest hide."—

And I answered: "What has the hide of my humility not borne already! I live at the foot of my height: 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 also moves valleys and lowlands."—

And I answered: "My word has not yet moved any mountains, and what I said did not reach people. I did go to people, but I have not yet arrived among them."

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What do you know about *that*! The dew falls on the grass when the night is most silent."—

And I answered: "They mocked me when I found and walked my own way; and in truth my feet trembled then.

"And so they said to me: you have forgotten the way, now you are forgetting how to walk as well!"

Then it spoke to me again without a voice: "What does their mockery matter! You are one who has forgotten how to obey: now you shall command!

"Do you not know who is most needed by all? The one who commands great things.

"To accomplish great things is hard: but harder still 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, 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; you became young late: but whoever would become a child must overcome even his youth.”—

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. Alas, 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 must still 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 return to my solitude. I have kept nothing from you, my friends.

But this too you have heard from me: *who* is still the most reticent of all people—and wants to be!

Alas, my friends! I would still have something to tell you, I would still have something 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 overwhelmed him, so that he wept aloud; and no one knew how to comfort him. But at night he went away alone and left his friends.

Part Three

Dritter Theil
Zarathustra's journey home, his new and old tablets, and his struggle with the thought of eternal recurrence.

III "You look up when you long for elevation. And I look down because I am elevated. Who among you can laugh and be elevated at the same time? Whoever climbs the highest mountains laughs at all tragic plays and tragic seriousness." *Zarathustra*, "On Reading and Writing" (I, p. 53).

THE WANDERER

Crossing the island at night to take ship, Zarathustra knows that his loneliest wandering has begun.

III.1 It was midnight when Zarathustra set off across the ridge of the island, so as to reach the other shore by early morning: for there he meant to board a ship. There was a good anchorage there, where foreign ships too liked to lie at anchor; they would take along many a person who wanted to cross the sea from the blessed isles. Now as Zarathustra climbed the mountain, he thought along the way of his many lonely wanderings since his youth, and of how many mountains and ridges and peaks he had already climbed.

I am a wanderer and a mountain climber, he said to his heart; I do not love the plains, and it seems I cannot sit still for long.

And whatever may yet come to me as destiny and experience —there will be wandering in it, and mountain climbing: in the end one experiences only oneself.

The time has passed when accidents could still befall me; and what *could* still fall to me now that is not already my own!

It only returns, it is finally coming home to me—my own self, and whatever of it has long been abroad and scattered among all things and accidents.

And I know one thing more: I now stand before my last peak and before what has been saved up for me the longest. Alas, I must climb 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 says to him, "Only now are you going your way of greatness! Peak and abyss—they are now joined in one!

"You are going your way of greatness: what until now was called your last danger has now become your last refuge!

"You are going your way of greatness: this must now be your best courage, that there is no longer any way behind you!

"You are going your way of greatness; here no one shall sneak after you! Your own foot has erased the way behind you, and over it is written: Impossibility.

"And if from now on you lack all ladders, you must know how to climb even on your own head: how else would you climb upward?

"On your own head and away over your own heart! Now what is gentlest in you must become the hardest of all.

"Whoever has always spared himself much ends up sickly from all that sparing. Praised be what makes hard! I do not praise the land where butter and honey—flow!

"One must learn to *look away* from oneself in order to see *much*:—every mountain climber needs this hardness.

"But whoever, as a seeker of knowledge, is intrusive with his eyes—how could he see more of all things than their foregrounds![1]

"But you, O Zarathustra, wanted to see the ground and background of all things: so you must climb over yourself—upward, higher, until even your stars are *beneath* you!

1 A twist on the biblical "land flowing with milk and honey" (Exodus 3:8).

"Yes! To look down on myself and even on my stars: only that would I call my *peak*, that has remained for me as my *last* peak! —"

Thus Zarathustra spoke to himself as he climbed, comforting his heart with hard little sayings: for he was sore at heart as never before. And when he reached the top of the ridge, behold, the other sea lay spread out before him: and he stood still and was silent for 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, sadly. Well then! I am ready. My last solitude has just begun.

Alas, this black, sad sea beneath me! Alas, this pregnant nocturnal sullenness! Alas, destiny 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, down into its blackest flood! So my destiny 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 peaks. It is from the deepest that the highest must rise to its height.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra on the summit 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. Its eye looks at me drunk with sleep and strange.

But it breathes warmly, I can feel that. And I also feel that it is dreaming. Dreaming, it tosses on hard pillows.

Listen! Listen! How it groans with bad memories! Or bad expectations?

Alas, I am sad with you, you dark monster, and angry with myself for your sake.

Alas, that my hand is not strong enough! Gladly, truly, would I redeem you from bad dreams!—

And as Zarathustra spoke thus, he laughed at himself with melancholy and bitterness. "What! Zarathustra!" he said, "do you want to sing comfort to the sea as well?

"Alas, you loving fool Zarathustra, you who are overblissful with trust! But you have always been like this: you always approached everything terrible trustingly.

"You wanted to stroke every monster. A breath of warm air, a little soft shagginess on the paw—: and at once you were ready to love it and lure it.

"*Love* is the danger of the loneliest one, love of everything, *so long as it lives*! Truly, my folly and my modesty in love are laughable!"—

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 happened that the one who had laughed was weeping:—with anger and longing Zarathustra wept bitterly.

ON THE VISION AND THE RIDDLE

At sea Zarathustra tells of the gateway called Moment and the shepherd who bit off the snake's head.

III.2.1 When word got around among the sailors that Zarathustra was on board—for a man who came from the blessed isles had boarded along with him—great curiosity and expectation arose. But Zarathustra kept silent for two days and was cold and deaf with sadness, so that he responded neither to glances nor to questions. On the evening of the second day, however, he opened his ears again, though he still kept silent: for there was much that was strange and dangerous to hear on this ship, which came from far away and meant to go farther still. And Zarathustra was a friend of all who make long voyages 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, bold searchers and researchers, and whoever has ever embarked with cunning sails on terrible seas—

to you, the riddle-drunk, the twilight-glad, whose souls are lured by flutes into every labyrinthine abyss:—for you do not want to grope along a thread with cowardly hand; and where you can *guess*, you hate to *deduce*—

to you alone I tell the riddle that I *saw*—the vision of the loneliest one.—[2]

Gloomily I walked recently through corpse-colored twilight—gloomy and hard, with lips pressed tight. Not only one sun had set for me.

A path that climbed defiantly through scree, a spiteful, lonely path that no herb, no shrub cheered any longer: a mountain path crunched under the defiance of my foot.

Striding silently 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 slingstone, you star-shatterer! You threw yourself so high—but every stone that is thrown—must fall![3]

"Condemned to yourself and to your own stoning: O Zarathustra, far indeed did you throw the stone—but it will fall back on *you*!"

2 The thread alludes to Ariadne's thread, which guided Theseus out of the Labyrinth.

3 "Stone of wisdom" plays on the philosopher's stone (German *Stein der Weisen*).

Then the dwarf fell silent, and that lasted a long time. But his silence oppressed me; and being two in this way, one is truly lonelier than being alone!

I climbed, I climbed, I dreamed, I thought—but everything oppressed me. I was like a sick man worn out by his cruel torment, whom a still crueler dream wakes again just as he falls asleep.—

But there is something in me that I call courage: so far it has struck dead every discouragement in me. This courage finally bade me stand still and say: "Dwarf! You! Or me!"—

For courage is the best slayer—courage that *attacks*: for in every attack there is martial music.

But the human being is the most courageous animal: with that he overcame every animal. With martial music he overcame every pain as well; but human pain is the deepest pain.

Courage also slays dizziness at the edge of abysses: and where does the human being not stand at the edge of abysses! Is seeing not itself—seeing abysses?

Courage is the best slayer: courage slays even pity. But pity is the deepest abyss: as deeply as the human being sees into life, so deeply does he see into suffering.

But courage is the best slayer, courage that attacks: it slays even death, for it says: "Was *that* life? Well then! Once more!"

But in such a saying there is much martial music. Whoever has ears, let him hear.—

"Stop! Dwarf!" I said. "Me! Or you! But I am the stronger of us two—: you do not know my abysmal thought! *That*—you could not bear!"—

Then something happened that made me lighter: for the dwarf jumped from my shoulder, the curious creature! And he squatted on a stone in front of me. And just where we had stopped there was a gateway.

III.2.2 "Look at this gateway! Dwarf!" I went on. "It has two faces. Two paths come together here: no one has yet walked either to its end.

"This long lane back: it lasts an eternity. And that long lane out—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: 'Moment.'

"But whoever walked on along one of them—and on and on, ever 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, lamefoot—and I carried you *high*!

"Behold," I went on, "this moment! From this gateway, Moment, a long, eternal lane runs *backward*: behind us lies an eternity.

"Must not whatever among all things *can* run have already run along this lane once? Must not whatever among all things *can* happen have already happened, been done, run past once?

"And if everything has already been here before: what do you think, dwarf, of this moment? Must not this gateway too have already—been here before?

"And are not all things knotted together so tightly that this moment draws *all* things to come after it? *Therefore*——itself as well?

"For whatever among all things *can* run: in this long lane *out* as well—it *must* run once more!—

"And this slow spider creeping in the moonlight, and this moonlight itself, and you and I in the gateway, whispering together, whispering of eternal things—must not all of us have been here before?

"—and return and run in that other lane, out, ahead of us, in this long, dreadful lane—must we not eternally return?"—

Thus I spoke, more and more softly: for I was afraid of my own thoughts and hidden thoughts. Then, suddenly, I heard a dog *howl* nearby.

Had I ever heard 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 it moved me to compassion. 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 then: for dogs believe in thieves and ghosts. And when I heard such howling again, it moved me to compassion once more.

Where now was the dwarf? And the gateway? And the spider? And all the whispering? Was I dreaming, then? Was I waking up? All at once I stood among wild cliffs, alone, desolate, in the most desolate moonlight.

But there lay a man! And there! The *dog*, leaping, bristling, whimpering—now it saw me coming—then it howled again, then it *screamed*:—had I ever heard a dog scream for help like that?

And truly, I had never seen the like of what I saw. I saw a young shepherd, writhing, choking, convulsing, his face distorted, a heavy black snake hanging out of his mouth.

Had I ever seen so much disgust and pale horror on one face? He must have been asleep? Then the snake crawled into his throat—and there it bit fast.

My hand pulled at the snake and pulled:—in vain! It could not pull 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 compassion, all my good and my bad cried out of me in one cry.—

You bold ones around me! You searchers and researchers, and whoever of you has embarked with cunning sails on unexplored seas! You who delight in riddles!

So solve for me the riddle that I beheld back 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 a parable? And *who* is it that must one day come?

Who is the shepherd into whose throat the snake crawled like this? *Who* is the human being into whose throat everything heaviest, blackest will crawl like this?

—But the shepherd bit, as my cry had advised him; he bit with a good bite! Far away he spat the snake's head—: and leapt up.—

No longer a shepherd, no longer human—one transformed, surrounded by light, who *laughed*! Never yet on earth has any human being laughed as *he* laughed!

O my brothers, I heard a laughter that was no human laughter ——and now a thirst gnaws at me, a longing that is never stilled.

My longing for this laughter gnaws at me: oh, how can I bear to go on living! And how could I bear to die now!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON INVOLUNTARY BLISS

Sailing home, Zarathustra pushes away an untimely happiness while he waits for his abysmal thought.

III.3 With such riddles and bitternesses in his heart Zarathustra sailed across the sea. But when he was four days' journey from the blessed isles and from his friends, he had overcome all his pain—: victorious and firm-footed, he stood upon his destiny once more. And then Zarathustra spoke thus to his exultant conscience:

I am alone again and want to be, alone with the clear sky and the open sea; and again it is afternoon around me.

It was in the afternoon that I once first found my friends, in the afternoon too the second time:—at the hour when all light grows stiller.

For whatever happiness is still on its way between heaven and earth now seeks a luminous soul for 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 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 at bottom 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 have found.

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* blessed isles!

But one day I will dig them up and set each one apart by himself, so that he learns solitude and defiance and caution.

Gnarled and crooked and with supple hardness he shall then stand by the sea, a living lighthouse of invincible life.

There, where the storms plunge down into the sea and the mountain's trunk drinks water, each shall one day keep his watches by day and by night, for *his* trial and knowledge.

He shall be known and tried, to see whether he is of my kind and lineage—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* final trial and knowledge.

And truly, it was time for me to go; and the wanderer's shadow and the longest while and the stillest hour—all of them urged me: "It is high time!"[4]

The wind blew through my keyhole and said "Come!" The door sprang slyly 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, so that I would become my children's prey and lose myself to them.

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 on me, and Zarathustra was stewing in his own juice—then shadows and doubts flew over me.

I was already craving frost and winter. "Oh, if only frost and winter would make me crack and crunch again!" I sighed—and icy mists rose up from me.

My past burst open its graves, and many a pain that had been buried alive woke up—: it had only been sleeping itself out, 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 will 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!

Never yet have I dared to call you *up*: it was enough that I—carried you with me! I was not yet strong enough for the lion's ultimate exuberance and daring.

4 "The longest while" plays on *Langeweile*, "boredom"; "the stillest hour" recalls the last chapter of Part Two.

Your weight alone 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, I will overcome myself in something greater still; and a *victory* shall set the seal on my perfection!—

Meanwhile I am still drifting on uncertain seas; chance flatters me, the smooth-tongued; I look forward and backward—, and still I see no end.

The hour of my last battle has not yet come—or is it coming to me right now? Truly, sea and life gaze at me all around with treacherous beauty!

O afternoon of my life! O happiness before evening! O harbor on the high seas! 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 man pushes his most beloved away from him, tender even in his harshness—, 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 over there—with my children! Hurry! And bless them before evening with *my* happiness!

Evening is already drawing near: the sun is sinking. Gone—my happiness!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And he waited for his unhappiness all night long, but he waited in vain. The night remained bright and still, and happiness itself came nearer and nearer to him. Toward morning, however, 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."

O sky above me, you pure one! You deep one! You abyss of light! Gazing at you I shudder with divine desires.

BEFORE SUNRISE

Zarathustra praises the pure sky that stands over all things as chance and innocence.

III.4 To hurl myself into your height—that is *my* depth! To shelter myself in your purity—that is *my* innocence!

The god is veiled by his beauty: so you hide your stars. You do not speak: *thus* you proclaim your wisdom to me.

Silent over the roaring sea you have risen for me today; your love and your modesty speak revelation to my roaring soul.

That you came to me beautiful, veiled in your beauty, that you speak to me silently, revealed in your wisdom:

Oh, how could I not guess all that is bashful in your soul! You came to me before the sun, to me, the loneliest of all.

We have been friends from the beginning: grief and grimness 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 together, 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 without a cloud:—

—to smile down without a cloud 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 through the nights and on wrong paths? And when I climbed mountains, whom did I ever seek on the mountains if not you?

And all my wandering and mountain-climbing: it was only a necessity and a makeshift for one who could not help himself:—to *fly* is all that my whole will wants, to fly into *you*!

And whom did I hate more than drifting clouds and everything that stains you? I even hated my own hatred, because it stained you!

I bear a grudge against the drifting clouds, those stealthy predatory cats: they take from you and from me what we have in common—the tremendous, boundless saying of Yes and Amen.

We bear a grudge against these mediators and mixers, the drifting clouds, these half-and-halves who have learned neither to bless nor to curse from the heart.

I would rather sit in a barrel under a closed sky, rather sit in the abyss with no sky at all, than see you, sky of light, stained with drifting clouds!

And often I have longed to pin them down with jagged golden wires of lightning, so that I, like the thunder, might beat the kettledrum on their kettle bellies:—

—an angry kettledrummer, because they rob me of your Yes! and Amen!, you sky above me, you pure one! bright one! you abyss of light!—because they rob you of *my* Yes! and Amen!

For I would rather have noise and thunder and curses of storm than this cautious, doubting cat's calm; and among human beings, too, what I hate most are all the soft-treaders and half-and-halves and the doubting, hesitating drifting clouds.

And "whoever cannot bless shall *learn* to curse!"—this bright teaching fell to me out of a clear sky; this star 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! bright one! you abyss of light!—then I carry my blessing Yes-saying even into every abyss.

I have become one who blesses and says Yes: and for that I wrestled long and was a wrestler, so that one day I would have my hands free for blessing.

But this is my blessing: to stand over each thing as its own sky, as its round roof, its azure bell and eternal security; and blessed is the one 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 Exuberance."

"By Accident"—that is the oldest nobility in the world. I gave it back to all things; I redeemed them from their servitude to purpose.

This freedom and heavenly cheerfulness I set like an azure bell over all things when I taught that above them and through them no "eternal will"—wills.

This exuberance and this folly I put in the place of that will when I taught: "In everything one thing is impossible—rationality!"[5]

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, certainly; 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! high one! This is what your purity now means to me: that there is no eternal reason-spider and no reason-spider's web:—

—that you are to me a dance floor for divine chances, that you are to me a table of the gods for divine dice and dice players!—

But you are blushing? 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 thought. 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! glowing one! O you, my happiness before sunrise! The day is coming: so let us part now!

—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

5 The German "Von Ohngefähr" ("by accident") puns on "von," the particle of German noble names.

ON THE VIRTUE THAT MAKES SMALL

Back on land, Zarathustra finds that people have grown smaller through their modest virtues.

III.5.1 When Zarathustra was on dry land again, he did not head straight for his mountains and his cave. He made many journeys and asked many questions and found out this and that, so that he said of himself in jest: "Behold a river that flows back to its source in many windings!" For he wanted to learn what had happened *to man* in the meantime: whether he had become greater or smaller. And once he saw a row of new houses; he marveled at them and said:

What do these houses mean? Truly, no great soul set them there as its likeness!

Did some silly child perhaps take them out of its toy box? 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 let themselves be nibbled at as well.

And Zarathustra stood still and reflected. At last he said sadly: "*Everything* has become smaller! Everywhere I see lower gateways: anyone of *my* kind can still get through them, but—he has to stoop!

"Oh, when will I get 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.—

That same day, however, he gave his speech on the virtue that makes small.

III.5.2 I walk among this people and keep my eyes open. They do not forgive me for not envying their virtues.

They snap at me because I tell them that small people need small virtues—and because I find it hard to swallow that small people are needed!

I am still like the rooster here in a strange farmyard, whom even the hens peck at; but I bear these hens no grudge for it.

I am polite to them, as I am 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 clamor among themselves: "What does this gloomy cloud want with us? Let us see that it does not bring us a plague!" And recently a woman snatched back her child, who wanted to come to me. "Take the children away!" she screamed. "Eyes like that 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 even when they praise me—how could I ever fall asleep on *their* fame? Their praise is a belt of thorns to me: it still scratches me when I take it off.

And this too I have learned among them: the one who praises acts as if he were giving something back, but in truth he wants to be given more!

Ask my foot whether it likes their tune of praise and lure! Truly, to such a beat and tick-tock it wants neither to dance nor to stand still.

They would like to lure and praise me into small virtue; they would like to coax my foot into the tick-tock of small happiness.

I walk among this people and keep my eyes open: they have become *smaller* and are becoming ever smaller—*and this is the doing of their doctrine of happiness and virtue*.

For they are modest in virtue, too—because they want comfort. And only modest virtue gets along with comfort.

True, they too learn in their way to stride and to stride forward: that is what I call their *hobbling*—. With it they become a stumbling block to anyone in a hurry.

And many of them walk forward while looking back, with a stiff neck: those I like to run right into.

Foot and eyes should not lie, nor give each other the lie. But there is a great deal of lying among small people.

Some of them will, but most of them are only willed. Some of them are genuine, but most are bad actors.

Among them there are actors without knowing it and actors against their will—; the genuine ones are always rare, especially the genuine actors.

There is little of the man here: that is why their women make themselves mannish. For only one 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 strayed even into their hypocrisies; and I guessed well all their fly-happiness and their buzzing around sunlit windowpanes.

So much kindness, so much weakness do I see. So much justice and pity, so much weakness.

Round, fair and kind they are with one another, as grains of sand are round, fair and kind with grains of sand.[6]

Modestly embracing a small happiness—that they call "resignation"! And all the while they are already squinting modestly after a new small happiness.

At bottom, in their simplicity, they want one thing most of all: that no one should hurt them. So they get in first with everyone and do them good.

But this is *cowardice*, even though 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.

6 Frederick the Great called himself "the first servant of the state"; "Ich dien" ("I serve") is the motto of the Prince of Wales.

They are clever; their virtues have clever fingers. But they lack fists; their fingers do not know how to crawl behind fists.

For them virtue is whatever makes one modest and tame: with it they have turned the wolf into a dog, and man himself into man's best domestic animal.

"We have placed our chair in the *middle*"—so their smirk tells me—"and just as far from dying gladiators as from contented swine."

But this is—*mediocrity*, even though it is called moderation.—

III.5.3 I walk among this people and let many a word fall; 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 know-it-alls, whose voices scratch at me like slate pencils!

And when I cry: "Curse all the cowardly devils in you, who would love to whimper and fold their hands and worship," they cry: "Zarathustra is godless."

And their teachers of resignation cry it loudest—; but it is precisely into their ears that I love to shout: Yes! I *am* Zarathustra, the godless!

These teachers of resignation! Wherever things are small and sick and scabby, they crawl, 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 delight in his instruction?"

I am Zarathustra, the godless: where shall I find my equals? And all those are my equals who give themselves their own will and cast off all resignation.

I am Zarathustra, the godless: I cook every chance in *my* own pot. And only when it is cooked through there do I welcome it, as *my* food.

And truly, many a chance came to me imperiously; but my *will* spoke to it more imperiously still—and at once it lay begging on its knees—

—begging that it might find shelter and a heart with me, and coaxing me flatteringly: "See, O Zarathustra, how only a friend comes to a friend!"—

But why do I talk, where no one has *my* ears! So I will cry 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 if a tree is to grow *great*, it wants to strike hard roots around hard rocks!

Even what you leave undone weaves at the web of all humanity's future; even your nothing is a spider's web and a spider that lives on the future's blood.

And when you take, it is like stealing, you small virtuous ones; but even among rogues *honor* says: "One should steal only where one cannot rob."

"Take what comes"—that too is a doctrine of resignation. But I tell you, you comfortable ones: what comes *takes*, and will take more and more from you!

Ah, if only you would cast off all *half* willing and become resolute in idleness as in action!

Ah, if only you understood my word: "Do whatever you will—but first be such as *can will*!"

"By all means love your neighbor as yourselves—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 talk, 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! Hour by hour they grow 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 secret before noon!—One day I will yet make running fires of them, 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*![7]

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

Winter, a nasty guest, is sitting at home with me; my hands are blue from the handshake of his friendship.

I honor him, this nasty guest, but I gladly leave him sitting alone. I gladly run away from him; and if one runs *well*, one gets away from him!

With warm feet and warm thoughts I run to where the wind stands still—to the sunny corner of my Mount of Olives.[8]

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

In winter Zarathustra hides his happiness from envious people who pity him.

III.6 There I laugh at my stern guest and am still fond of him for catching the flies in the house for me and silencing much small noise.

For he will not stand it when a gnat wants to sing, let alone two; he even makes the lane so lonely that the moonlight is afraid in it at night.

He is a hard guest—but I honor him, and I do not pray, like the softlings, to the pot-bellied fire-idol.

7 "Tongues of flame" recalls the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost (Acts 2:3).

8 The Mount of Olives outside Jerusalem is where Jesus prayed on the night of his arrest.

Better a little teeth-chattering than worshiping idols!—so my nature wills it. And I bear a particular grudge against all rutting, steaming, musty fire-idols.

Whomever 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 crept-away happiness laughs and makes mischief; even my lying dream laughs.

I—a crawler? Never in my life have I crawled before the mighty; and if I ever lied, I lied out of love. That is why I am cheerful 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 bit of malice: I mock the winter with a cold bath, and 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 of the ash-gray dawn for me.

For I am especially malicious in the morning: at the early hour when the bucket clanks at the well and the horses whinny warmly through gray lanes:—

Then I wait impatiently for the bright sky to rise for me at last, the snow-bearded winter sky, the old man and white-head—

—the winter sky, the silent one, who often keeps silent even about his sun!

Did I learn the long bright silence from him? 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 could they ever do that only—once!

Long silence, too, is a good, mischievous thing, and gazing like the winter sky out of a bright, round-eyed face:—

—like him, keeping silent about one's sun and one's unbending sun-will: truly, this art and this winter mischief I have learned *well*!

My favorite malice and art is that my silence has learned not to betray itself by silence.

Rattling words and dice, I outwit the solemn watchers: my will and purpose shall slip away from all these stern lookouts.

So that no one may look down into my ground and ultimate will—for that I invented the long bright silence.

Many a clever man have I found who veiled his face and muddied his waters so that no one could see through him and down into him.

But it was precisely to him that the cleverer mistrusters and nutcrackers came: it was precisely from him that they fished out his most hidden fish!

No—the clear, the brave, the transparent are to me the cleverest of the silent: their ground is so *deep* that even the clearest water does not—betray it.—

You snow-bearded, silent winter sky, you round-eyed whitehead above me! O you heavenly likeness of my soul and its mischief!

And *must* I not hide myself, like someone 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-fiends and misery-friends around me?

These smoky, stuffy, worn-out, moldered, soured 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 chances:—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 wrap mishaps and winter hardships and polar-bear caps and snow-sky mantles around it!

—if I did not myself take pity on their *pity*: the pity of these envy-fiends and misery-friends!

—if I did not myself sigh and shiver with cold in front of them and patiently *let* myself be wrapped in their pity![9]

This is the wise mischief and goodwill of my soul: that it *does not hide* its winter and its frosty storms; nor does it hide its chilblains.

For one man, solitude is the flight of the sick; for another, solitude is flight from the sick.

Let them *hear* me chattering and sighing with the winter cold, all these poor, squint-eyed rogues around me! With such sighing and chattering I still flee from their heated rooms.

Let them pity me and sigh with pity over my chilblains: "He will *freeze* to death on us yet, 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 at all pity.—

Thus sang Zarathustra.

ON PASSING BY

At the gate of the great city Zarathustra rebukes the fool who apes him: where one cannot love, pass by.

III.7 So, making his way slowly through many peoples and many kinds of cities, Zarathustra returned by roundabout paths to his mountains and his cave. And behold, on the way he came unexpectedly to the gate of the *great city*. Here a foaming fool sprang at 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 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!

9 An echo of Jesus' "Let the little children come to me" (Mark 10:14).

Here is hell for a hermit's thoughts: here great thoughts are boiled alive and cooked down small.

Here all great feelings rot: here only rattle-dry little feelings may rattle!

Do you not smell the slaughterhouses and cookshops of the spirit already? Is this city not steaming 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 hound 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 spirits; they are overheated and seek coolness from frozen spirits; they are all sick with and addicted to public opinions.

All lusts and vices are at home here; but there are virtuous people here too, there is much handy, employed virtue:—

much handy virtue with scribbling fingers and flesh hardened by sitting and waiting, blessed with little stars on its breast and padded, rumpless daughters.

There is much piety here too, 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; every starless bosom yearns upward.

The moon has its court, and the court has its mooncalves; but to everything that comes from the court the beggar folk pray, and all handy beggarly virtue.

"I serve, you serve, we serve"—so all handy virtue prays up to the prince: that the well-deserved star may at last be pinned to its narrow breast![10]

10 The German "Hof" means both the halo around the moon and a royal court; "mooncalves" are simpletons.

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 shopkeepers' gold.

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![11]

Here all blood flows rotten and tepid and frothy through every vein: spit on the great city, which is the great rubbish heap where all the scum froths together!

Spit on the city of caved-in souls and narrow chests, of pointed eyes, of sticky fingers—

—on the city of the pushy, the shameless, the scribblers and the screamers, the overheated ambitious:—

—where everything crumbling, disreputable, lecherous, gloomy, overripe, ulcerous and conspiratorial festers together:—

—spit on the great city and turn back!——

Here, however, Zarathustra interrupted the foaming fool and put his hand over his mouth.

"Stop, once and for all!" cried Zarathustra. "Your talk 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?

"Is not rotten, frothy swamp-blood now flowing through your own veins, that you have learned to croak and blaspheme like this?

"Why did you not go into the forest? Or plow the earth? Is not the sea full of green islands?

"I despise your despising; and if you were warning 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!—

11 A twist on the proverb "Man proposes, God disposes."

"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.[12]

"What was it, then, that first made you grunt? That no one *flattered* you enough:—so you sat down by this filth, to have grounds for plenty of grunting—

"—to have grounds for plenty of *revenge*! For revenge, you vain fool, is what all your foaming is; I have guessed you well!

"But your fool's words do harm to *me*, even where you are right! And even if Zarathustra's words *were* a hundred times right, *you* would always—*do* wrong with my words!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra; and he looked at the great city, sighed, and was silent for a long time. At last he spoke thus:

I am disgusted with this great city too, and not only with this fool. In either case there is nothing to make better, nothing to make worse.

Woe to this great city!—And I wish I could already see the pillar of fire in which it will burn!

For such pillars of fire must go before the great noon. But this has its own time and its own destiny.—

But this teaching I give you, you fool, as a parting word: where one can no longer love, there one should—*pass by*!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and he passed by the fool and the great city.

Ah, does everything already lie withered and gray that only lately stood green and bright 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 weary, common, comfortable:

ON THE APOSTATES

Zarathustra's former followers have become pious again; the old gods, he says, died laughing.

III.8.1 —they put it this way: "We have become pious again."

12 "Praise of folly" recalls Erasmus' satire *The Praise of Folly* (1511).

Only recently I saw them running 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 of them once lifted their legs like dancers; the laughter in my wisdom beckoned to them:—then they thought better of it. Just now I saw one of them crawling, bent over—to the cross.

Once they fluttered around light and freedom like gnats and young poets. A little older, a little colder: and already they are mystifiers and mutterers and stove-squatters.

Did their hearts fail them, perhaps, because solitude swallowed me like a whale? Did their ears listen long and longingly for me *in vain,* for my trumpet calls and herald's cries?

—Ah! There are always only a few whose hearts have a long courage and high spirits; and in such people the spirit, too, remains patient. The rest, however, are *cowardly*.

The rest: that is always the great majority, the everyday, the superfluous, the many-too-many—these are all cowardly!—

Whoever is of my kind will also run into experiences of my kind, so that his first companions must be corpses and jesters.

His second companions, however—they will call themselves his *believers*: a lively swarm, much love, much folly, much beardless veneration.

Whoever among human beings is of my kind should not bind his heart to these believers; whoever knows the fickle, cowardly human race should not believe in these springtimes and bright meadows!

If they *could* do otherwise, they would also *will* otherwise. Half-and-halves spoil every whole. That leaves wither—what is there to lament in that!

Let them go, let them fall, O Zarathustra, and do not lament! Better still, blow among them with rustling winds—

—blow among these leaves, O Zarathustra, so that everything *withered* runs away from you all the faster!—

"We have become pious again"—so these apostates confess; and some of them are even too cowardly to confess it.

I look them in the eye—I tell it to their faces and to the blush on their cheeks: you are people who *pray* again!

III.8.2 But it is a disgrace to pray! Not for everyone, but for you and me and anyone who has his conscience in his head as well. For *you* it is a disgrace to pray!

You know it well: the cowardly devil in you, who would love to fold his hands and lay them in his lap and have an easier time of it—this cowardly devil urges you: "There *is* a God!"

But with that you belong to the light-shy kind, whom light never leaves in peace; now every day you must stick your head deeper into night and fog!

And truly, you chose your hour well: for right now the night birds are flying out again. The hour has come for all the light-shy folk, the evening hour of celebration, when they do not —"celebrate."

I hear it and smell it: their hour has come for the hunt and the procession—not a wild hunt, to be sure, but a tame, lame, sniffing hunt of soft-treaders and soft-prayers—

—a hunt for soulful cringers: all the mousetraps of the heart are set again! And wherever I lift a curtain, a little moth comes tumbling out.

Was it perhaps huddled there with another little moth? For everywhere I smell small hidden congregations; and wherever there are closets, there are new prayer-brethren in them and the fug of prayer-brethren.

They sit together through long evenings and say: "Let us become like little children again 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 cleverness to the spiders themselves and teaches thus: "Under crosses it is good spinning!"[13]

13 "Become like little children" echoes Matthew 18:3. The cross spider is the European garden spider, marked with a cross; "spinnen," to spin, also means "to be crazy" in German.

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 would not even call shallow!

Or they learn, piously cheerful, to play the harp from a songwriter who would love to harp his way into the hearts of young ladies—for he has grown tired of the old ladies and their praises.

Or they learn to shudder from a learned, half-crazed man who waits in dark rooms for the spirits to come to him—and the spirit runs off altogether!

Or they listen to an old, restless droning and growling piper, who learned the gloom of tones from gloomy winds; now he pipes to the wind's tune and preaches gloom in gloomy tones.

And some of them have even become night watchmen: they now know how to blow horns and walk about at night and wake up old things that have long since fallen asleep.

Last night by the garden wall I heard five words about old things; they came from such old, gloomy, dried-up night watchmen.

"For a father, he doesn't care enough about his children: human fathers do this better!"—

"He's too old! He doesn't care about his children at all anymore"—thus answered the other night watchman.

"Does he *have* children, then? Nobody can prove it unless he proves it himself! I've 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 being *believed*."

"Yes! Yes! Faith makes him blessed, faith in him. That's just the way old people are! It's the same with us!"—

—Thus the two old night watchmen and light-scarers spoke to each other, and then tooted mournfully 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 turn, and sank into my diaphragm.

Truly, this will yet be the death of me: that I choke with laughter when I see asses drunk and hear night watchmen doubting God like this.

Is it not *long* over, then, even for all such doubts? Who may still wake up such old, sleeping, light-shy things!

The old gods came to an end long ago, after all:—and truly, they had a good, merry end, worthy of gods!

They did not "twilight" themselves to death—that is a lie people tell! Rather: one day they—*laughed* themselves to death![14]

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 like that:—

And all the gods laughed then and rocked on their chairs and cried: "Is not just this godliness: that there are gods, but no God?"

Whoever has ears, let him hear.—[15]

Thus Zarathustra spoke in the city he loved, which 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 rejoiced constantly at the nearness of his homecoming.—

O solitude! You, my *home*, solitude! Too long have I lived wild in wild foreign lands not to return to you in tears!

14 "Twilight" mocks the Germanic "twilight of the gods," the title of Wagner's opera *Götterdämmerung* (1876).

15 The First Commandment (Exodus 20:3) and the "jealous God" of Exodus 20:5; the last line is Jesus' formula in the Gospels (e.g. Matthew 11:15).

THE HOMECOMING

Back in his cave, Zarathustra is welcomed home by his solitude, far from human noise.

III.9 Now just shake your finger at me as mothers do, now 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 as he left: too long have I sat with solitude, and I have unlearned silence! *That*—I suppose you have learned now?

"O Zarathustra, I know everything: and that among the many you, the single one, were more *forsaken* 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 a stranger:

"—wild and a stranger 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 speak everything out and pour out all your reasons; nothing here is ashamed of hidden, hardened feelings.

"Here all things come caressing 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 here to all things: and truly, it sounds like praise in their ears that someone speaks with all things—straight!

"But being forsaken is something else. For do you still remember, O Zarathustra? That time your bird cried out above you, as you stood in the forest, undecided—where to?—not knowing the way, near a corpse:—[16]

"—when you said: let my animals lead me! I found it more dangerous among human beings than among animals:—That was forsakenness!

16 Recalls the end of the Prologue, where Zarathustra carried the dead tightrope walker and his eagle cried above him.

"And do you still remember, O Zarathustra? When you sat on your island, a well of wine among empty buckets, giving and giving out, pouring 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! [17]

"And do you still remember, O Zarathustra? When your stillest hour came and drove you away from yourself, when it spoke with an evil whisper: 'Speak and break!'—

"—when it made you sick of all your waiting and silence, and discouraged your humble courage: That was forsakenness!"—

O solitude! You, my home, solitude! How blissfully and tenderly your voice speaks to me!

We do not question each other, we do not complain to each other, we walk openly together through open doors.

For with you everything is open and bright; and even the hours run on lighter feet here. For in the dark, time weighs more heavily 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 speaking is in vain! There forgetting and passing by is the best wisdom: *that*—I have learned now!

Whoever wanted to grasp everything about human beings would have to lay hands on everything. But my hands are too clean for that.

I do not even like to breathe their breath; alas, that I lived so long amid their noise and foul breath!

O blissful stillness around me! O pure scents 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 talks, there everything goes unheard. You may ring in your wisdom with bells: the

17 Quotes "The Night Song" (II.9).

shopkeepers in the marketplace will drown it out jingling their pennies!

Everything among them talks; no one knows how to understand anymore. Everything falls into the water; nothing falls into deep wells anymore.

Everything among them talks; nothing turns out well anymore or comes to an end. Everything cackles, but who still wants to sit quietly on the nest and hatch eggs?

Everything among them talks, everything is talked to pieces. And what only yesterday was too hard for time itself and its tooth: today it hangs, scraped and gnawed, from the mouths of the people of today.

Everything among them talks, everything is betrayed. And what was once called the secret and the privacy of deep souls today belongs to the street trumpeters and other butterflies.

O humankind, you strange thing! You noise in dark streets! Now you lie behind me once more:—my greatest danger lies behind me!

In sparing and pitying lay my greatest danger, always; and all humankind wants to be spared and suffered.

With truths held back, with a fool's hand and a befooled heart, and rich in the little lies of pity:—that is how I always lived among human beings.

Disguised I sat among them, ready to misjudge *myself* so that I could bear *them*, and gladly telling myself: "You fool, you do not know human beings!"

You unlearn human beings when you live among human beings: there is too much foreground in all human beings—what good are far-sighted, far-craving eyes *there*!

And when they misjudged me, I, fool that I was, spared them for it more than myself: used to being hard on 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* is what I learned down there: for I found everyone still poor in spirit. That was the lie of my pity, that with everyone I knew,

—that I could see and smell in everyone what was *enough* spirit for him and what was already *too much* spirit for him!

Their stiff sages: I called them wise, not stiff—thus I learned to swallow words. Their gravediggers: I called them researchers and examiners—thus I learned to swap words.

Gravediggers dig up diseases for themselves. Under old rubble foul vapors rest. One should not stir up the swamp. One should live on mountains.

With blissful nostrils I breathe mountain freedom again! My nose is at last redeemed from the smell of all humankind!

Tickled by sharp breezes as by sparkling wines, my soul *sneezes*—sneezes and cheers itself: Gesundheit!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

In a dream, in my last morning dream, I stood today on a headland—beyond the world, held a pair of scales and *weighed* the world.

Oh, that the dawn came to me too soon: she glowed me awake, the jealous one! She is always jealous of the glow of my morning dreams.

ON THE THREE EVILS

Zarathustra weighs sensual pleasure, lust for power and selfishness, and finds them good.

III.10.1 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 squall, silent as butterflies, impatient as noble falcons: how did it have the patience and the leisure today to weigh the world!

Did my wisdom perhaps secretly urge it on, my laughing, wide-awake daytime wisdom, which mocks all "infinite worlds"? For it says: "Where there is force, *number* becomes mistress too: it has more force."

How confidently my dream looked upon this finite world, not eager for the new, not eager for the old, not fearing, not begging: —

—as if a full apple offered itself to my hand, a ripe golden apple with cool, soft, velvety skin:—so the world offered itself to me:—

—as if a tree beckoned to me, a broad-branched, strong-willed tree, bent into a backrest and a footrest too for the one weary of the road: so the world stood on my headland:—

—as if delicate hands carried a shrine toward me—a shrine open for the delight of bashful, adoring eyes: so the world offered itself to me today:—

—not riddle enough to scare away human love, 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 grateful I am to my morning dream that I weighed the world like this in the early hours 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 from it what is best in it: I will now put the three most evil things on the scales and weigh them in a humanly good way.—

Whoever taught blessing also taught cursing: which are the three most cursed things in the world? These I will put on the scales.

Sensual pleasure, *lust for power*, *selfishness*: these three have so far been cursed best and most viciously bad-mouthed and lied about—these three I will weigh in a humanly good way.

Up, then! Here is my headland and there is the sea: *it* rolls toward me, shaggy, fawning, the faithful old hundred-headed dog-monster that I love.

Up, then! Here I will hold the scales over the rolling sea: and I also choose a witness to look on—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 down 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 pan carries.

Sensual pleasure: to all hair-shirted despisers of the body their sting and thorn in the flesh, and cursed as "world" by all the afterworldly: for it mocks and befools all muddled and misguided teachers.

Sensual pleasure: for the rabble the slow fire on which it is burned; for all worm-eaten wood, all stinking rags, the furnace ever ready for rut and seething.

Sensual pleasure: for free hearts innocent and free, the garden-happiness of the earth, the overflowing thanks of all the future to the Now.

III.10.2 Sensual pleasure: only to the withered a sweetish poison, but for the lion-willed the great cordial of the heart, and the reverently saved wine of wines.

Sensual pleasure: the great happiness that is a parable of 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!

Sensual pleasure:—but I want to have fences around my thoughts, and around my words too: so that swine and swooners do not break into my gardens!—

Lust for power: the red-hot scourge of the hardest of the hard-hearted; the gruesome torture that saves itself for the cruelest himself; the dark flame of living pyres.

Lust for power: the malicious gadfly set upon the vainest peoples; the scorner of all uncertain virtue; which 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 smasher of whitewashed tombs; the flashing question mark beside premature answers.

Lust for power: before whose gaze man crawls and cringes 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, which preaches to the faces of cities and empires "Away with you!"—until it cries out of them themselves "Away with *me*!"

Lust for power: which, however, also climbs alluringly up to the pure and the solitary, up to self-sufficient heights, glowing like a love that paints crimson raptures alluringly on earthly skies.

Lust for power: but who would call it *lust* when the high longs downward for power! Truly, there is nothing sickly or addicted about such longing and descending!

That the lonely height may not isolate itself forever and be content with itself; that the mountain may come down to the valley and the winds of the heights to the lowlands:—[18]

Oh, who could find the right baptismal and virtue name for such longing! "The gift-giving virtue"—so Zarathustra once named the unnameable.

And it was then, too, that it happened—and truly, it happened for the first time!—that his word called *selfishness* blessed, the wholesome, healthy selfishness that wells up from a mighty soul:—

—from a mighty soul, to which the lofty body belongs, the beautiful, victorious, refreshing body, around which every thing becomes a mirror:[19]

18 The German *Herrschsucht* ends in *Sucht*, "craving, addiction", which Nietzsche links with *siech*, "sickly"; the same word ends *Selbstsucht*, selfishness.
19 "On the Gift-Giving Virtue" is the last chapter of Part One.

—the supple, persuasive body, the dancer, whose parable and epitome is the self-delighting soul. The self-delight of such bodies and souls calls itself: "virtue."

With its words of good and bad such self-delight shields itself 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, laments, and whoever picks up even the smallest advantages.

It also despises all wisdom that revels in woe: for, truly, there is also wisdom that blooms in the dark, a nightshade wisdom: the kind that always sighs: "All is vanity!"

Shy mistrust it holds cheap, and everyone who wants oaths instead of looks and hands: also all too mistrustful wisdom—for that is the way of cowardly souls.

Cheaper still it holds the quick-to-please, the doglike one who at once lies on his back, the humble; and there is wisdom, too, that is humble and doglike and pious and quick to please.[20]

Hateful to it, even loathsome, is the one who never wants to defend himself, who swallows poisonous spittle and evil looks, the all-too-patient, the all-enduring, the all-content: for that is the servile way.

Whether someone is servile before gods and divine kicks, or before human beings and stupid human opinions: it spits on *all* servility, this blessed selfishness!

Bad: so it calls everything that is bowed and stingily servile, unfree blinking eyes, oppressed hearts, and that false, yielding way that kisses with broad, cowardly lips.

And sham wisdom: so it calls all the witticisms of slaves and graybeards and the weary; and especially the whole wicked, crackbrained, overclever folly of priests!

But the sham-wise, all the priests, the world-weary, and those whose souls are of the nature of women and slaves—oh, how their game has always played foul with selfishness!

20 "All is vanity": Ecclesiastes 1:2.

And precisely this was supposed to be virtue and be called virtue: *that* one plays foul with selfishness! And "selfless"—that is what all these world-weary cowards and cross-spiders wished to be, with good reason!

But for them all the day is now coming, the change, the sword of judgment, *the great noon*: then much shall be revealed!

And whoever pronounces the I wholesome and holy, and selfishness blessed, truly, he also says what he knows, a soothsayer: "*Behold, it is coming, it is near, the great noon*!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

My mouth—is of the people: I speak too coarsely and heartily for the silken hares. And my word sounds stranger still to all ink-fish and pen-foxes.

ON THE SPIRIT OF GRAVITY

One must learn to love oneself and to fly; there is no single right way.

III.11.1 My hand—is a fool's hand: woe to all tables and walls, and whatever else has room for a fool's flourish, a fool's scribble!

My foot—is a cloven hoof; with it I trample and trot over stick and stone, crisscross and cross-country, and am devilishly delighted by all fast running.

My stomach—is it perhaps an eagle's stomach? For it loves lamb's flesh best of all. But certainly it is a bird's stomach.

Nourished by innocent things, and by little, ready and impatient to fly, to fly away—that is my way now: how could 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 mortal enemy, archenemy, primordial enemy! Oh, where has my enmity not already flown 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, whose throats are made soft, whose hands talkative, whose eyes expressive, whose hearts awake only by a full house:—I am not like them.—

Whoever one day teaches human beings to fly will have moved all boundary stones; all boundary stones will themselves fly into the air for him; he will baptize the earth anew—as "the light one."

The ostrich runs faster than the fastest horse, but it too still sticks its head heavily into heavy earth: so does the man who cannot yet fly.

III.11.2 Earth and life he calls heavy; and so the spirit of gravity *wills* it! But whoever wants to become light and a bird must love himself:—thus I teach.

Not, of course, with the love of the sickly and the addicted: for with them even self-love stinks!

One must learn to love oneself—thus I teach—with a wholesome 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 has been done so far, and especially by those who weighed heavily on all the world.

And truly, it is no commandment for today and tomorrow, to *learn* to love oneself. Rather, of all arts this is the subtlest, the most cunning, the ultimate and the most patient.

For all that is one's own is well hidden from its owner; and of all treasure pits one's own is dug up last—thus the spirit of gravity contrives it.

Almost in the cradle we are given heavy words and values: "good" and "evil"—so this dowry calls itself. For its sake we are forgiven for being alive.

And one lets the little children come to one for this purpose: to forbid them in good time to love themselves: thus the spirit of gravity contrives it.

And we—we faithfully drag what we are given on hard shoulders and over rugged mountains! And if we sweat, we are told: "Yes, life is hard to bear!"[21]

21 Inverts Mark 10:14: "Let the little children come to me, and do not forbid them."

But only man is hard for himself to bear! That is because he drags 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 man in whom reverence dwells: he loads too many *foreign* heavy words and values onto himself—and now life seems a desert to him!

And truly! Much that is one's *own* is hard to bear too! And much that is inside a human being is like the oyster, that is, loathsome and slimy 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 a fair appearance, and prudent blindness!

Then again, much about man deceives because many a shell is poor and sad and too much shell. Much hidden goodness and strength is never guessed; the most exquisite delicacies find no tasters!

Women know this, the most exquisite ones: a little plumper, a little thinner—oh, how much fate lies in so little!

Man is hard to discover, and hardest of all for himself; often the spirit lies about the soul. Thus the spirit of gravity contrives it.

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 also dislike those for whom every thing is good and this world even the best. Such people I call the all-content.[22]

All-contentment, which knows how to taste everything: that is not the best taste! I honor the obstinate, choosy tongues and stomachs that have learned to say "I" and "Yes" and "No."

But to chew and digest everything—that is the true way of swine! Always to say "Ee-yah"—only the ass has learned that, and whoever is of its spirit!—

22 "The best" recalls Leibniz's claim that this is the best of all possible worlds.

Deep yellow and hot red: that is what *my* taste wants—it mixes blood into all colors. But whoever whitewashes his house betrays to me a whitewashed soul.[23]

Some are in love with mummies, others with ghosts; and both alike are 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 now *my* taste—I would rather live among thieves and perjurers. No one carries gold in his mouth.

But more repugnant still to me are all lickspittles; and the most repugnant human animal I found I baptized parasite: it did not want to love and yet wanted to live on love.

Wretched I call all who have only one choice: to become evil beasts or evil tamers of beasts: among such people I would build no huts for myself.

Wretched I also call those who must always *wait*—they go against my taste: all the tax collectors and shopkeepers and kings and other keepers of lands and shops.

Truly, I too learned to wait, and thoroughly—but only to wait 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 one's way into flying!

With rope ladders I learned to climb up to many a window, with nimble legs I clambered up high masts: to sit on the 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-tossed sailors and the shipwrecked!—

By many kinds of way and manner I came to my truth; not by one ladder did I climb to the height from which my eye roams into my distance.

23 In German the ass's bray, *I-A*, sounds like *Ja*, "yes."

And only reluctantly did I ever ask the way—that always went against my taste! I preferred to question and try out the ways themselves.

All my going was a trying and a questioning:—and truly, one must also *learn* to answer such questioning! But that—is my taste:

—not a good one, not a bad one, but *my* taste, of which I am no longer ashamed and which I no longer hide.

"This—is *my* way now—where is yours?" That is how I answered those who asked me "the way." For *the* way—does not exist!

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

ON OLD AND NEW TABLETS

Waiting for his hour, Zarathustra breaks the old tablets of values and sets up new ones.

III.12.1 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 going down, my going under: for once more I want to go to human beings.

For that I now wait: for first the signs must come to me that it is *my* hour—namely the laughing lion with the flock of doves.

Meanwhile I talk to myself as one who has time. No one tells me anything new: so I tell myself about myself.—[24]

III.12.2 When I came to human beings, I found them sitting on an old conceit: they had all long been conceited enough to think they knew what is good and evil for man.

All talk of virtue seemed to them an old, tired business; 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 yet knows*:—unless it be the creator!

24 The tablets recall the stone tablets of the Law that Moses broke and renewed (Exodus 32–34).

—But he is the one who creates man's goal and gives the earth its meaning and its future: he alone *creates* the fact *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 redeemers of the world.

I bade them laugh at their gloomy sages, and at whoever had ever sat as a black scarecrow, warning, in the tree of life.

I sat down by their great road of tombs, even beside carrion and vultures—and I laughed at all their past and its crumbling, decaying splendor.

Truly, like preachers of repentance and fools I cried wrath and woe over all their great and small—that their best is so very small! That their most evil is so very small!—thus 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 rushing wings.

And often it tore me away and up and off, in the middle of laughing: 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, limp and stammer: and truly, I am ashamed that I must still be a poet!—

Where all becoming seemed to me the dance and the high spirits of gods, and the world unleashed and unbridled and fleeing back to itself:—

—as many gods eternally fleeing and seeking one another again, as many gods blissfully contradicting one another, hearing one another again, belonging to one another again:—

Where all time seemed to me a blissful mockery of moments, where necessity was freedom itself, playing blissfully with the goad of freedom:—

Where I also found my old devil and archenemy again, the spirit of gravity, and all that he created: compulsion, statute, need and consequence and purpose and will and good and evil: —

For must there not be something that is danced over, danced beyond? For the sake of the light, the lightest, must there not be —moles and heavy dwarfs?——

It was there, too, that I picked up the word "overman" from the road, and that man is something that must be overcome,

III.12.3 —that man 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 man like a second, crimson sunset glow.

Truly, I also let them see new stars 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* composing and striving: to compose into one and bring together what in man is fragment and riddle and dreadful accident—

—as poet, riddle-solver and redeemer of accident I taught them to work on the future, and to redeem, by creating, all that *was*.

To redeem the past in man and to re-create every "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!

This I learned 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 a *golden* oar! For this I once saw, and as I watched I could not weep my fill.——

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.

Look, here is a new tablet: but where are my brothers who will carry it with me down to the valley and into hearts of flesh? —

III.12.4 Thus my great love of the farthest demands: *do not spare your neighbor*! Man is something that must be overcome.

There are many kinds of way and manner of overcoming: see to it *yourself*! But only a buffoon thinks: "man can also be *leaped 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. Look, there is no requital.[25]

Whoever cannot command himself should obey. And many *can* command themselves, but much is still lacking before they also obey themselves!

This is what the nature of noble souls wants: 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 are always pondering *what* we can best give *in return*!

And truly, this is a noble saying, which says: "What life promises *us*, *we* want to keep—to life!"

III.12.5 One should not want to enjoy where one gives nothing to enjoy. 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 pain!—

O my brothers, whoever is a firstling is always sacrificed. Now, we are firstlings.

We all bleed at secret altars, we all burn and roast in honor of old idols.

25 The buffoon recalls the jester who leaps over the tightrope walker in the Prologue.

III.12.6 Our best is still young: that excites old palates. Our flesh is tender, our hide is only a lamb's hide:—how could we not excite old idol-priests!

In ourselves he still dwells, the old idol-priest who roasts our best for his feast. Alas, my brothers, how could firstlings not be sacrifices!

But so our nature wills it; and I love those who do not want to preserve themselves. Those who go under I love with all my love: for they go over.—

III.12.7 To be truthful—few *can* do that! And whoever can, does not yet want to! But least of all can the good.

Oh, these good people!—*Good people never speak the truth*; for the spirit, being good in this way is a sickness.

They give way, these good people, they give in, their heart repeats what it is told, their depths obey: but whoever obeys *does not hear himself*!

Everything that the good call evil must come together for one truth to be born: O my brothers, are you evil enough for *this* truth?

The audacious venture, the long mistrust, the cruel No, the disgust, the cutting into the living—how seldom does *that* come together! But from such seed—truth is begotten!

Alongside the bad conscience all *knowledge* has grown until now! Break, break for me, you seekers of knowledge, the old tablets!

III.12.8 When there are planks over the water, when footbridges and railings leap across the river: truly, no one will be believed who then says: "Everything is in flux."

Instead, even the blockheads contradict him. "What?" say the blockheads, "everything in flux? But planks and railings are *above* the river!" "*Above* the river everything is firm, all the values of things, the bridges, concepts, all 'good' and 'evil': all that is *firm*!"—[26]

26 The German *im Fluss* means both "in flux" and "in the river"; the saying is Heraclitus' "everything flows."

And when hard winter comes, the tamer of rivers: then even the wittiest learn mistrust; and truly, then not only the blockheads say: "Might not everything—*stand still*?"

"At bottom everything stands still"—that is a real winter teaching, a good thing for barren times, a good comfort for hibernators and stove-squatters.

"At bottom everything stands still"—: but *against* this preaches the thaw wind!

The thaw wind, a bull that is no plowing bull—a raging bull, a destroyer that breaks ice with angry horns! But ice——*breaks footbridges*!

O my brothers, is not everything *in flux 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 streets!

III.12.9 There is an old delusion that is called good and evil. So far the wheel of this delusion has turned around soothsayers and astrologers.

Once people *believed* in soothsayers and astrologers: and *therefore* they believed "Everything is fate: you ought, because you must!" Then again people mistrusted all soothsayers and astrologers: and *therefore* they believed "Everything is freedom: you can, because you will!"

O my brothers, about stars and the future there has so far only been supposing, not knowing: and *therefore* about good and evil there has so far only been supposing, not knowing!

III.12.10 "You shall not rob! You shall not kill!"—such words were once called holy; before them people bowed their knees and heads and took off their shoes.

But I ask you: where in the world were there ever better robbers and killers than such holy words?

Is there not in all life itself—robbing and killing? And when such words were called holy, was not *truth* itself—killed?

Or was it a sermon of death that called holy what contradicted and counseled against all life?—O my brothers, break, break for me the old tablets!

This is my pity for all that is past, that I see: it is abandoned—

—abandoned to the favor, the spirit, the madness of every generation that comes and reinterprets everything that was as its own bridge!

III.12.11 A great tyrant could come, a cunning monster, who with his favor and disfavor would force and squeeze all that is past, until it became for him a bridge and omen and herald and cock-crow.

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.

So all that is 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, the adversary of all rabble and all tyranny, which writes anew on new tablets the word "noble."

For many who are noble 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!"

O my brothers, I consecrate you and appoint you to a new nobility: you shall become begetters and breeders for me, and sowers of the future—

III.12.12 —truly, not to a nobility that you could buy like shopkeepers, with shopkeepers' gold: for everything that has its price has little worth.

Let it be not 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 beyond yourselves—let that be your new honor!

Truly, not that you have served a prince—what do princes matter anymore!—or became a bulwark for what stands, so that it might stand more firmly!

Not that your line became courtly at courts, and you learned, brightly 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 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—in that land there is nothing to praise!——and truly, wherever this "Holy Spirit" led its knights, on such campaigns goats and geese and crossheads and cranks always ran—*in front*!—

O my brothers, your nobility shall not look back but *out*! Exiles you shall be from all fatherlands and forefatherlands![27]

You shall love your *children's land*: let this love be your new nobility—the land undiscovered, in the farthest sea! For it I bid your sails search and search!

In your children you shall *make amends* for being your fathers' children: *thus* you shall redeem all that is past! This new tablet I place over you!

"Why live? All is vanity! Living—that is threshing straw; living—that is burning oneself and still not getting warm."—

III.12.13 Such antiquated chatter still passes for "wisdom"; but *because* it is old and smells musty, it is honored all the more. Mold, too, ennobles.—

Children might talk this way: they *shy away* from the fire because it burned them! There is much childishness in the old books of wisdom.

And whoever is forever "threshing straw"—how could he be allowed to rail against threshing! Such a fool ought to be muzzled![28]

27 Alludes to the Crusades: a band in the People's Crusade of AD 1096 reportedly followed a goose and a goat believed to be filled with the Holy Spirit.

28 Inverts Deuteronomy 25:4: "You shall not muzzle the ox when it treads out the grain."

Such people sit down at the table and bring nothing with them, not even a good appetite:—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!

"To the pure all things are pure"—so the people say. But I tell you: to swine all things turn swinish![29]

III.12.14 That is why the fanatics and the mopers, whose hearts hang down along with their heads, preach: "The world itself is a filthy monster." For these are all of unclean spirit—but above all those who have neither rest nor respite unless they see the world *from behind*: the afterworldly!

To *them* I say it to their faces, though it does not sound lovely: the world is like man in this, that it has a behind—*that much* is true!

There is much filth in the world: *that much* is true! But that does not yet 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 water-divining powers!

Even in the best there is still something disgusting; and 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!—

III.12.15 Sayings like these I heard pious afterworldly people speak to their consciences—and truly, without malice or falsehood, though there is nothing in the world more false, or more malicious.

"Let the world be the world! Do not lift a single finger against it!"

"Let whoever wants to strangle and stab and cut and flay the people: do not lift a single finger against it! That way they will learn to renounce the world." "And your own reason—you yourself should throttle and strangle it; for it is a reason of this world —that way you yourself will learn to renounce the world."—

29 "To the pure all things are pure" is from Titus 1:15.

—Break, break for me, O my brothers, these old tablets of the pious! Unsay for me the sayings of the world-slanderers!

III.12.16 "Whoever learns much unlearns all violent desire"—people whisper this to one another today in every dark alley.

"Wisdom makes weary, nothing is—worthwhile; you shall not desire!"—this new tablet I found hanging even in open marketplaces.

Break for me, O my brothers, break for me this *new* tablet too! The world-weary hung it there, and the preachers of death, and the jailers too: for look, it is also a sermon for servitude!—

They learned badly, and not the best, and everything too early and everything too fast; they *ate* badly: that is how they came by 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 delight: but for anyone out of whom the ruined stomach speaks, that father of gloom, all springs are poisoned.

Knowing: that is *delight* to one who has a lion's will! But whoever has grown weary is himself merely "willed"; all the waves play with him.

And this is always the way of weak people: they lose themselves on their paths. And in the end their weariness even asks: "Why did we ever walk any paths! It is all the same!"

To *them* it sounds sweet in their ears when the sermon goes: "Nothing is worthwhile! 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; he will make many noses sneeze yet!

Even through walls my free breath blows, 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 even learning you must first *learn* from me—learning well!—Whoever has ears, let him hear!

There lies the boat—over there, perhaps, the way leads into the great nothing.—But who wants to board this "perhaps"?

III.12.17 None of you wants to board the boat of death! How, then, can you claim to be *world-weary*!

World-weary! And you have not even got clear of the earth! I found you still lusting after the earth, still in love with your own weariness of the earth!

Not for nothing does your lip hang down:—a little earthly wish still sits on it! And in your eye—is there not a little cloud of unforgotten earthly delight floating there?

There are many good inventions on earth, some useful, others pleasant: for their sake the earth is to be loved.

And many things there are so well invented that they are like a woman's breasts: useful and pleasant at once.

But you world-weary! You earth-idlers! You ought to be switched with rods! With strokes of the rod your legs should be made lively again.

For if you are not invalids and worn-out wretches of whom the earth is weary, then you are sly sloths or sweet-toothed, skulking pleasure-cats. And if you will not *run* merrily again, then you shall—depart!

One should not try to be a physician to the incurable: thus Zarathustra teaches:—so depart you shall!

But it takes more *courage* to make an end than to make a new verse: all physicians and poets know that.—

O my brothers, there are tablets that exhaustion created, and tablets that laziness created, the rotten kind: though they speak alike, they want to be heard differently.—

III.12.18 Look at this man here, parched and languishing! He is only a span from his goal, but out of weariness he has defiantly lain down here in the dust: this brave man!

Out of weariness he yawns at the way and the earth and the goal and himself: he will not take one step further—this brave man!

Now the sun blazes down on him, and the dogs lick at his sweat: but he lies there in his defiance and would rather languish:—

—languish a span from his goal! Truly, you will yet have to drag him into his heaven by the hair—this hero!

Better still, leave him lying 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 all that weariness taught through him!

Only, my brothers, drive the dogs away from him, the lazy sneaks, and all that swarming vermin:—

—all that swarming vermin of the "educated," which on the sweat of every hero—gorges itself!—

I draw circles around me and sacred boundaries; ever fewer climb with me up ever higher mountains—I build a mountain range out of ever holier mountains.—

But wherever you may climb with me, O my brothers: see to it that no *parasite* climbs with you!

Parasite: that is a worm, a creeping, cringing worm, that wants to grow fat on your sick, sore corners.

III.12.19 And *this* is its art: it divines where ascending souls are weary; into your grief and discontent, into your tender shame, it builds its loathsome nest.

Where the strong are weak, where the noble are all too gentle —there it builds its loathsome nest: the parasite dwells where the great have 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 could the most parasites not sit on that soul?—

—the most comprehensive soul, which can run and stray and roam farthest within itself; the most necessary, which out of delight plunges 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 and catches up with itself in the widest circle; the wisest soul, which folly coaxes most sweetly:—

—the soul that loves itself most, in which all things have their streaming and counter-streaming, their ebb and flood:—oh, how could *the highest soul* not have the worst parasites?

O my brothers, am I cruel, then? But I say: what is falling should also be pushed!

Everything of today—it is falling, it is decaying: who would want to hold it up! But I—I *want* to push it too!

III.12.20 Do you know the delight that rolls stones into steep depths?—These people of today: just look how they roll into my depths!

I am a prelude to better players, O my brothers! An example! *Do* as my example shows!

And whoever you do not teach to fly, teach him—*to fall faster*!

—

I love the brave: but it is not enough to be a swashbuckler—one must also know: strike, but look *whom*![30]

III.12.21 And there is often more bravery in holding back and passing by: *so that* one saves oneself for the worthier enemy!

You shall have only enemies to be hated, 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: therefore you must pass by much—

—especially much of the rabble that dins in your ears about the people and the nations.

Keep your eye clean of their for and against! There is much right there, much wrong: whoever watches grows angry.

To look on is to lash out—there the two are one: so go away into the forests and lay your sword to sleep!

30 Plays on the German proverb "Trau, schau, wem!" ("Trust—but look whom!"), turning "trust" into "strike."

Go *your* ways! And let the people and the nations go theirs!—dark ways, truly, on which not a single hope flickers any longer, not even like heat lightning!

Let the shopkeeper rule there, where all that still glitters is—shopkeepers' gold! The age of kings is over: what calls itself a people today deserves no kings.

Just look how these nations now behave like shopkeepers themselves: they pick the smallest advantages out of every heap of sweepings!

They lie in wait for one another, they lie in wait to wheedle something out of one another—that they call "good neighborliness." Oh blessed, distant time, when a people said to itself: "I want to be—*master* over nations!"

For, my brothers: the best shall rule, the best also *wants* to rule! And where the teaching says otherwise, there—the best is *lacking*.

If *they*—had bread for free, woe! What would *they* cry out for then! Making a living—that is what really keeps them amused; and they shall have it hard!

They are beasts of prey: in their "working"—there is still robbing; in their "earning"—there is still cheating! Therefore they shall have it hard!

III.12.22 So they are to become better beasts of prey, finer, cleverer, *more humanlike*: for man is the best beast of prey.

Man has already robbed all the animals of their virtues: that is because, of all the animals, man has had it hardest.

Only the birds are still above him. And if man were to learn to fly as well, woe! to *what heights*—would his lust for prey fly!

Thus I want man and woman: the one fit for war, the other fit for bearing children, but both fit for dancing, with head and legs.

III.12.23 And let every day be lost to us on which there was not a single dance! And let every truth be called false to us that did not bring a single laugh!

Your concluding of marriages: see to it that it is not a bad *conclusion*! You concluded too hastily: so what *follows* from it is—marriage-breaking!

III.12.24 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!" Badly matched couples I have always found to be the most vengeful of all: they make the whole world pay for the fact that they no longer run singly.

That is why I want honest people to say to one another: "We love each other: let us *see to it* that we keep loving each other! Or shall our promise turn out to be an oversight?"

—"Give us a term and a little 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 honest people; and what would my love for the overman, and for all that is to come, amount to 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!

III.12.25 Whoever has grown wise about old origins, behold, will in the end seek the wellsprings of the future and new origins.—

O my brothers, it will not be long before *new peoples* spring up and new springs rush down into new depths.

For the earthquake—it buries many wells, it causes much parching thirst; it also raises inner powers and secrets to the light.

The earthquake reveals new springs. In the earthquake of old peoples, new springs burst forth.

And whoever calls out: "Behold, here is a well for many who thirst, one heart for many who long, one will for many instruments":—around him a *people* gathers, that is: many who try.

Who can command, who must obey—*that is what is tried out there*! Ah, with what long seeking and guessing and misguessing and learning and trying anew!

Human society: it is an experiment, so I teach—a long seeking: but what it seeks is the one who commands!—

—an experiment, O my brothers! And *not* a "contract"! Break, break for me such a word of the soft-hearted and the half-and-halfers!

O my brothers! With whom, then, lies the greatest danger to all of humanity's future? Is it not with the good and just?—

—that is, 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 go seeking here!"

And whatever harm the wicked may do: the harm the good do is the most harmful harm![31]

III.12.26 And whatever harm the world-slanderers may do: the harm the good do is the most harmful harm.

O my brothers, someone once looked into the hearts of the good and just and said: "They are the Pharisees." But he was not understood.

The good and just themselves could not allow themselves 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![32]

The good *must* crucify the one who invents his own virtue for himself! That *is* the truth!

But the second to discover their land—the land, heart, and soil of the good and just—was the one 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 lawbreaker.

For the good—they *cannot* create: they are always the beginning of the end:—

31 A jab at social-contract theories of society, such as Rousseau's.

32 The allusion is to Jesus, who denounced the Pharisees as hypocrites (Matthew 23).

—they crucify the one who writes new values on new tablets, they sacrifice the future to *themselves*—they crucify all of humanity's future!

The good—they have always been the beginning of the end.—

O my brothers, have you understood this word too? And what I once said about the "last man"?

With whom lies the greatest danger to all of humanity's future? Is it not with the good and just?

Break, break for me the good and just!—O my brothers, have you understood this word too?

III.12.28 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 man to sea on his high seas.

And only now does the great terror come over 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 crooked, down to the ground, by the good.

But whoever discovered the land "man" also discovered the land "humanity's future." 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 holding on to you.

The sea is storming: everything is in the sea. Come on! Up! You old sailors' hearts!

What is fatherland to us! *That* is where our helm is set, where our *children's land* is! Out there, stormier than the sea, storms our great longing!—

III.12.29 "Why so hard!—the kitchen coal once said to the diamond; are we not close relations?"—

Why so soft? O my brothers, thus *I* ask you: are you not—my brothers?

Why so soft, so yielding and giving way? Why is there so much denial and self-denial in your hearts? So little destiny in your gaze?

And if you do not want to be destinies and inexorable ones: how could you—be victorious with me?

And if your hardness will not flash and sever 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*!

—[33]

III.12.30 O you, my will! You turning of all need, you *my* necessity! Keep me from all small victories!

You dispensation of my soul, which I call destiny! You in-me! Over-me! Keep me and save me for one great destiny!

And your last greatness, my will, save it for your last—so that you are inexorable *in* your victory! Ah, who has not been defeated by his own victory!

Ah, whose eye has not grown dark in this drunken twilight! Ah, whose foot has not staggered, and in victory unlearned how —to stand!—

—That I may one day be ready and ripe in the great noon: ready and ripe like glowing bronze, like a cloud pregnant with lightning, like a swelling udder full 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 to annihilate in victory!

33 "Harder than bronze" echoes Horace, Odes 3.30, on a monument "more lasting than bronze."

O will, turning of all need, you *my* necessity! Save me for one great victory!——

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

THE CONVALESCENT

Zarathustra summons his abysmal thought, collapses, and recovers as his animals call him the teacher of eternal recurrence.

III.13.1 One morning, not long after his return to the cave, Zarathustra leapt up from his bed like one out of his mind. He cried out in a terrible voice and behaved as if someone else were still lying on the bed who refused to get up from it. And Zarathustra's voice rang out so that his animals came running in fright, and from all the caves and hiding places near Zarathustra's cave all the creatures scurried away—flying, fluttering, creeping, leaping, whatever kind of foot or wing had been given to each. But Zarathustra spoke these words:

Up, abysmal thought, out of my depths! I am your rooster and your dawn, you sleepy worm: up! up! My voice shall crow you awake!

Loosen the fetters of your ears: listen! For I want to hear you! Up! Up! Here is thunder enough to teach even graves to listen!

And wipe the sleep and all that is bleary and blind from your eyes! Hear me with your eyes too: my voice is a cure even for those born blind.

And once you are awake, you shall stay awake for me forever. It is not *my* way to wake great-great-grandmothers from their sleep only to bid them—sleep on!

You stir, you stretch, you wheeze? Up! Up! Not wheeze—speak to me you shall! Zarathustra calls you, the godless one!

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!

III.13.2 Hardly had Zarathustra spoken these words, however, 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 trembling and stayed lying down, and for a long time would neither eat nor drink. This state lasted seven days. His animals, however, did not leave him by day or night, except when the eagle flew out to fetch food. And whatever he fetched and plundered he laid on Zarathustra's bed, so that Zarathustra at last lay among yellow and red berries, grapes, rose apples, fragrant herbs, and pine cones. At his feet, however, lay spread out two lambs, which the eagle had stolen, with great effort, 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 fragrance lovely. Then his animals believed the time had come to speak with him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "now you have lain like this for seven days, with heavy eyes: will you not at last get back on your feet?

"Step out of your cave: the world awaits you like a garden. The wind is playing with heavy fragrances that long to reach you; and all the brooks would like to run after you.

"All things long 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, a sour, heavy one? Like leavened dough you lay there; your soul rose and swelled over all its rims.—"

—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 a different world; for each soul, every other soul is an afterworld.

Precisely between the most similar things illusion lies most beautifully; for the smallest gap is the hardest to bridge.

For me—how could there be anything outside me? There is no outside! But with every sound we forget that; how lovely it is that we forget!

Were not names and sounds given to things so that man might refresh himself with things? Speaking is a beautiful folly: with it man dances over all things.

How lovely is all talking, and all the lies of sounds! With sounds our love dances on many-colored rainbows.—

—"O Zarathustra," the animals then said, "to those who think as we do, all things themselves dance: they come and offer their hands and laugh and flee—and come back.

"Everything goes, everything comes back; eternally rolls the wheel of being. Everything dies, everything blossoms again; eternally runs the year of being.

"Everything breaks, everything is joined anew; eternally the same house of being is built. Everything parts, everything greets itself again; eternally the ring of being stays true to itself.

"In every instant being begins; around every Here rolls the sphere of 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 down my throat and choked me! But I bit its head off and spat it far away from me.

And you—you have already made a hurdy-gurdy song of it? But now I lie here, still weary from that biting and spitting, still sick from my own redemption.

And you looked on at all this? O my animals, are you cruel too? Did you want to watch my great pain, as people do? For man is the cruelest animal.

At tragedies, bullfights, and crucifixions he has so far felt most at ease on earth; and when he invented hell for himself, behold, that was his heaven on earth.

When the great man cries out—: at once the small man comes running; and his tongue hangs out of his mouth with lust. But he calls it his "pity."

The small man, especially the poet—how eagerly he accuses life in words! Listen to him, but do not fail to hear the delight that is in all accusing!

Such accusers of life: life overcomes them with a wink of the eye. "You love me?" says the brazen one. "Wait a little, I have no time for you yet."

Man is the cruelest animal toward himself; and in all who call themselves "sinners" and "cross-bearers" and "penitents," do not fail to hear the voluptuousness that is in this lamenting and accusing!

And I myself—do I mean by this to be man's accuser? Ah, my animals, this alone have I learned so far: that man needs what is most evil in him for what is best in him—

—that all that is most evil is his best *power* and the hardest stone for the highest creator; and that man must become better *and* more evil:—It was not to *this* instrument of torment that I was nailed, the knowledge that man is evil—but I cried out as no one has yet cried out:

"Ah, that his most evil is so very small! Ah, that his best is so very small!"

The great surfeit of man—that is what choked me and had crawled down my throat: that, and what the soothsayer foretold: "All is the same, nothing is worthwhile, knowing chokes."

A long twilight limped ahead of me, a sadness weary unto death, drunk with death, which spoke with a yawning mouth.

"Eternally he recurs, the man you are weary of, the small man"—so yawned my sadness, and it dragged its foot and could not fall asleep.

The human earth turned into a cave for me, its breast sank in; everything living became for 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 wailed by day and night:

—"Ah, man recurs eternally! The small man recurs eternally!"—

Naked I had once seen them both, the greatest man and the smallest man: all too similar to each other—all too human, even the greatest!

All too small, even the greatest!—That was my surfeit of man! And eternal recurrence 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 any further.

"Speak no further, you convalescent!" his animals answered him, "but go out, where the world awaits you like a garden.

"Go out to the roses and the bees and the flocks of doves! But above all to the songbirds: so that you may learn *singing* from them!

"For singing is for convalescents; the healthy may talk. And even when the healthy want songs, they want different songs from the convalescent."

—"O you jesters and barrel organs, do be quiet!" 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 as well?"

—"Speak no further," his animals answered him once more; "better still, you convalescent, first fashion yourself a lyre, a new lyre!

"For behold, O Zarathustra! Your new songs need new lyres.

"Sing and roar and overflow, O Zarathustra, heal your soul with new songs: so that you may bear your great destiny, which has never yet been any man's destiny![34]

"For your animals know well, O Zarathustra, who you are and must become: behold, *you are the teacher of the eternal recurrence*—that is now *your* destiny!

"That you must be the first to teach this teaching—how could this great destiny not also be your greatest danger and sickness!

"Behold, we know what you teach: that all things recur eternally, and we ourselves with them, and that we have already been here 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 things and in the smallest too—so that we ourselves are the same as ourselves in each great year, in the greatest things and in the smallest too.[35]

"And if you wanted to die now, O Zarathustra: behold, we also know how you would then speak to yourself:—but your animals beg you not to die yet!

"You would speak, and without trembling—rather breathing out in bliss: for a great weight and oppressiveness would be lifted from you, you most patient one!—

"'Now I die and vanish,' you would say, 'and in an instant I am a nothing. Souls are as mortal as bodies.

"'But the knot of causes in which I am entangled recurs—it will create me again! I myself belong to the causes of the eternal recurrence.

"'I come again, with this sun, with this earth, with this eagle, with this serpent—*not* to a new life or a better life or a similar life:

34 German "Leier" means both "lyre" and the hurdy-gurdy of a monotonous tune, hence the animals' play on Zarathustra's word.

35 The "great year" is an ancient Platonic and Stoic notion of a cosmic cycle after which everything returns to its starting point.

"'—I come back eternally to this same and selfsame life, in the greatest things and in the smallest too, to teach once more the eternal recurrence of all things—

"'—to speak once more the word of the great noon of earth and man, to proclaim the overman to men once more.

"'I have spoken my word, I break upon my word: so my eternal lot wills it—as a proclaimer I perish!

"'Now the hour has 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 had fallen silent. Rather, he lay still, with closed eyes, like someone asleep, though 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 discreetly withdrew.

ON THE GREAT LONGING

Zarathustra tells his soul everything he has given it, and bids it sing.

III.14 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 Over-There.

O my soul, I delivered you from all corners, I swept the dust, the spiders, and the twilight off you.

O my soul, I washed the petty shame and the corner-virtue from you and persuaded you to stand naked before the eyes of the sun.

With the storm that is called "spirit" I blew across your heaving sea; I blew all the clouds away, I even strangled the strangler that is called "sin."

O my soul, I gave you the right to say No like the storm and to say Yes as the open sky says Yes: still as light you stand, and now you walk through denying storms.

O my soul, I gave you back your freedom over the created and the uncreated: and who knows, as you know it, the voluptuous delight of what is to come?

O my soul, I taught you the contempt that does not come like the gnawing of worms, the great, the loving contempt, which loves most where it despises most.

O my soul, I taught you to persuade so well that you persuade the very grounds over to your side: like the sun, which persuades even the sea up to its own height.

O my soul, I took from you all obeying, knee-bending, and saying "Lord"; I myself gave you the name "turning of need" and "destiny."

O my soul, I gave you new names and 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 strong wines of wisdom, old beyond memory.

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 clusters of brown-gold grapes:—

—crowded and pressed by your happiness, waiting out of superabundance, and still bashful about your waiting.

O my soul, there is now no soul anywhere more loving, more embracing, more encompassing! Where would future and past be closer together than in you?

O my soul, I gave you everything, and all my hands have become empty on your account:—and now! Now you say to me, smiling and full of melancholy: "Which of us should be thankful?—

"—should the giver not be thankful that the receiver received? Is giving not a need? Is receiving not—mercy?"—

O my soul, I understand the smile of your melancholy: your very superabundance now stretches out longing hands!

Your fullness gazes out over roaring seas and searches and waits; the longing of overfullness gazes out of the smiling heaven 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 over-kindness of your smile.

It is your kindness and over-kindness that will not lament and weep: and yet, O my soul, your smile longs for tears, and your trembling mouth for sobs.

"Is not all weeping a lamenting? And all lamenting an accusing?" Thus you speak to yourself, and that is why, O my soul, you would rather smile than pour out your sorrow

—pour out in streaming tears all your sorrow over your fullness, and over all the vine's urgent longing for the vintager and the vintager's knife!

But if you will not weep, will not weep out your purple melancholy, then you will have to *sing*, O my soul!—Behold, I smile myself, I who foretell this to you:

—sing, with roaring song, until all the seas grow still to listen to your longing—

—until over still, longing seas the boat comes floating, the golden marvel, around whose gold all good, bad, wondrous things go leaping:—

—many animals too, great and small, and everything that has light, wondrous feet, so that it can run on violet-blue paths—

—toward the golden marvel, the boat that comes of its own free will, and toward its master: but he is the vintager, who waits with a diamond knife—

—your great deliverer, O my soul, the nameless one——for whom only future songs will find names! And truly, your breath is already fragrant with future songs—

—already you glow and dream, already you drink thirstily at all the deep, resounding wells of comfort, already your melancholy rests in the bliss of future songs!——

O my soul, now I have given you everything, even my last, and all my hands have become empty on your account:—*that I bade you sing*, behold, that was my last!

That I bade you sing—speak now, speak: *which* of us now should—be thankful?—Better still, though: sing to me, sing, O my soul! And let me be thankful!—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

"Into your eye I looked recently, O life: I saw gold gleaming in your night-eye—my heart stood still at this delight:

"—I saw a golden boat gleaming on nocturnal waters, a sinking, drinking, ever-again-winking golden rocking boat!

THE OTHER DANCE SONG

Zarathustra chases life in a dance, quarrels with her, and whispers something in her ear.

III.15.1 "At my foot, my dance-mad foot, you cast a glance, a laughing, questioning, melting, rocking glance:

"Only twice did you stir your rattle with your little hands—and my foot was already rocking with dance-frenzy.—

"My heels reared up, my toes listened to understand you: for the dancer carries his ear—in his toes!

"I leapt toward you: you fled back from my leap; and the tongue of your fleeing, flying hair flickered out at me!

"I leapt away from you and from your snakes: and there you stood already, half-turned, your eyes full of longing.

"With crooked glances—you teach me crooked paths; on crooked paths my foot learns—tricks!

"I fear you near, I love you far; your flight lures me, your seeking stops me short:—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 untamed thing? And now you flee me again, you sweet wildling and ingrate!

"I dance after you, I follow you even on the faintest trail. Where are you? Give me your hand! Or just one finger!

"Here are caves and thickets: we will get lost!—Stop! Stand still! Do you not see the owls and bats whirring?

"You owl! You bat! Do you want to make a monkey of me? Where are we? It was from the dogs that you learned this howling and yapping.

"You bare your little white teeth at me sweetly, your wicked eyes leap at me from under your curly little mane!

"This is a dance over sticks and stones: I am the hunter—will you be my hound or my chamois?

"Now beside me! And quick, you spiteful leaper! Now up! And over!—Woe! Now I myself have fallen, mid-leap!

"Oh, see me lying here, you madcap, begging for mercy! I would gladly walk with you—along lovelier paths!

"—love's paths, through quiet, colorful bushes! Or there, along the lake: goldfish swim and dance there!

"Are you tired now? Over there are sheep and sunset glows: is it not lovely to sleep while shepherds play their flutes?

"Are you so terribly tired? I will carry you there, just let your arms drop! And if you are thirsty—I might have something, but your mouth will not drink it!—

"—Oh, this cursed, nimble, supple snake and slippery witch! Where have you gone? But on my face I feel two marks and red blotches from your hand!

"I am truly tired of always being your sheepish shepherd! You witch, if till now I have sung for you, now *you* shall—scream for me!

"To the beat of my whip you shall dance and scream for me! I did not forget the whip, did I?—No!"—

Then life answered me thus, holding her delicate ears shut as she did:[36]

III.15.2 "O Zarathustra! Do not crack your whip so terribly! You know it well: noise murders thoughts—and just now such tender thoughts are coming to me.

"We are both of us a real pair of do-no-goods and do-no-evils. Beyond good and evil we found our island and our green meadow—we two alone! And so we have to be good to each other!

"And even if we do not love each other through and through—must people bear each other a grudge just because they do not love each other through and through?

"And that I am good to you, and often too good, you know that: and the reason is that I am jealous of your wisdom. Ah, that mad old fool of a wisdom!

"If your wisdom ever ran away from you, ah, then my love too would quickly run away from you."—

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 booming bell: at night it booms 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, O Zarathustra, I know it, of how 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 shocks 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

36 Echoes the old woman's advice in "On Little Old and Young Women" (I.18): "You are going to women? Do not forget the whip!"

together.—But at that moment life was dearer to me than all my wisdom had ever been.—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

One! O man! Take heed!

Two! What does deep midnight say?[37]

III.15.3 *Three!* "I slept, I slept—,

Four! "From a deep dream I have awoken:—

Five! "The world is deep,

Six! "And deeper than the day has thought.

Seven! "Deep is its woe—, *Eight!* "Joy—deeper still than heartache:

Nine! "Woe says: Pass away!

Ten! "But all joy wants eternity—,

Eleven! "—wants deep, deep eternity!"

Twelve!

(Or: The Yes and Amen Song.

If I am a soothsayer, and full of that soothsaying spirit which wanders on a high ridge between two seas,—[38]

THE SEVEN SEALS

In seven stanzas Zarathustra declares his love for eternity and the wedding ring of recurrence.

III.16.1 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 ray of light, pregnant with lightnings that say Yes!, that laugh Yes!, ready for soothsaying lightning bolts:—

—but blessed is the one who is so pregnant! And truly, whoever is one day to kindle the light of the future must hang long on the mountain like a heavy storm!—

37 This midnight song returns, expanded, near the end of Part Four.

38 Subtitle of the chapter "The Seven Seals," whose title recalls the sealed book of Revelation 5.

oh how could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

If ever my wrath burst open graves, shifted boundary stones, and rolled old tablets, broken, into sheer depths:

III.16.2 If ever my mockery blew moldering words away, and I came like a broom to the cross-spiders and as a sweeping wind to old, musty burial chambers:

If ever I sat rejoicing where old gods lie buried, blessing the world, loving the world, beside the monuments of old world-slanderers:—

—for I love even churches and the tombs of God, once heaven gazes with clear eyes through their broken roofs; I like to sit, like grass and red poppies, on broken churches—Oh how could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

III.16.3 If ever a breath came to me from the creative breath, and from that heavenly necessity which compels even chance events to dance in rounds of stars:

If ever I laughed with the laughter of creative lightning, which the long thunder of the deed follows, rumbling but obedient: If ever I played dice with gods at the gods' table of the earth, so that the earth quaked and broke and snorted up rivers of fire:—

—for the earth is a gods' table, trembling with creative new words and gods' throws of the dice:—

Oh how could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

If ever I drank in full draughts from that foaming jug of spice and mixture in which all things are well mixed:

III.16.4 If ever my hand poured the farthest into the nearest, and fire into spirit, and joy into sorrow, and the worst into 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 of serving as spice and for the final foaming over:—

Oh how could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

If I am fond of the sea and of all that is of the sea's kind, and fondest of all when it angrily contradicts me:

If that searching joy is in me which drives the sails toward the undiscovered, if a seafarer's joy is in my joy:

III.16.5 If ever my exultation cried: "The coast has vanished—now the last chain has fallen from me—

"—the boundless roars around me, far out there space and time are gleaming for me, come on! up with you, old heart!"—

Oh how could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

If my virtue is a dancer's virtue, and I have often leapt with both feet into golden-emerald rapture: If my malice is a laughing malice, at home beneath slopes of roses and hedges of lilies:

—for in laughter all that is evil is gathered together, but hallowed and absolved by its own bliss:—

And if this is my alpha and omega, that all that is heavy should become light, every body a dancer, every spirit a bird: and truly, that is my alpha and omega!—

III.16.6 Oh how could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence!

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted children, unless it be this woman whom I love: for I love you, O eternity!

For I love you, O eternity!

If ever I spread still skies above me and flew on my own wings into my own skies:

If I swam playfully in deep distances of light, and the bird-wisdom of my freedom came:—

III.16.7 —but thus speaks bird-wisdom: "Look, 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 could I not burn with desire for eternity and for the wedding ring of rings—the ring of recurrence?

Never yet have I found the woman by whom I wanted 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

Vierter und letzter Theil
The higher men gather in Zarathustra's cave: a last supper, an ass festival and the drunken midnight song.

IV Ah, where in the world have greater follies been committed than among those who pity? And what in the world has caused more suffering than the follies of those who pity? Woe to all who love and do not yet have a height that is above their pity! Thus the devil once spoke to me: "God too has his hell: that is his love for mankind." And recently I heard him say this: "God is dead; God died of his pity for mankind." *Thus Spoke Zarathustra* 2 p. 12.[1]

THE HONEY SACRIFICE

Grown old and white-haired, Zarathustra climbs a peak and baits his happiness to catch human fish.

IV.1 —And again months and years passed 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 gazed silently out—from there one looks out over the sea, and beyond, over winding abysses—his animals walked thoughtfully around him and at last placed themselves in front of him.

"O Zarathustra," they said, "are you 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-

1 The motto of Part IV quotes II.3, citing the page of the first edition of Part II.

blue lake of happiness?"—"You wags," answered Zarathustra, and smiled, "how well you chose the image! But you also know that my happiness is heavy and not like a flowing wave of water: it presses on me and will not leave me and behaves like molten pitch."—

Then the animals again walked thoughtfully around him and once more placed themselves in front of him. "O Zarathustra," they said, "so *that* is why you yourself keep growing yellower and darker, even though your hair would like to look white and flaxen? Look, you are sitting in your pitch!"—"What are you saying, my animals?" said Zarathustra, laughing. "Truly, I was blaspheming when I spoke of pitch. What is happening to me happens to all fruits that ripen. It is the *honey* in my veins that makes my blood thicker and my soul quieter too."—"So it must be, O Zarathustra," answered the animals, pressing close to him; "but won't you climb a high mountain today?[2] The air is clear, 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 up there, yellow, white, good, ice-fresh golden honey in the comb. For know this: up there I want to offer the honey sacrifice."—

But when Zarathustra was up on the summit, he sent home the animals that had accompanied him and found that he was now alone:—then he laughed with all his heart, looked around, and spoke thus:

That I spoke of sacrifices and honey sacrifices was only a ruse of speech and, truly, a useful folly! Up here I may speak more freely than in front of hermits' caves and hermits' pets.

Sacrifice, indeed! I squander what is given to me, I, a squanderer with a thousand hands: how could I still call that—sacrificing!

2 German Pech means both "pitch" and "bad luck"; to "sit in pitch" is to be down on one's luck.

And when I craved honey, I was craving only bait and sweet syrup and slime, for which even grumbling bears and strange, sullen, wicked birds lick their lips:

—the best bait, such as hunters and fishermen need. For if the world is like a dark forest full of beasts and a pleasure garden for all wild hunters, to me it seems even more—and I prefer it so—an abysmal, rich sea,

—a sea full of colorful fish and crabs, one that even gods might lust after, so that they would become fishermen and net-casters on it: so rich is the world in strange things, great and small!

Above all the human world, the human sea:—into it I now cast my golden fishing rod and say: open up, you human abyss!

Open up and toss me your fish and glittering crabs! With my best bait I shall today lure for myself the strangest human fish![3]

—my happiness itself I cast out into all the wide distances, between sunrise, noon and sundown, to see whether many human fish will not learn to tug and wriggle on my happiness.

Until, biting on my sharp hidden hooks, they have to come up to *my* height, the most colorful bottom-feeders of the abyss, up to the most malicious of all fishers of men.

For *that* is what I am from the ground up and from the beginning: pulling, pulling in, pulling up, bringing up, a puller, a breeder and a disciplinarian, who not in vain once told himself: "Become who you are!"[4]

So let people 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 men.

That is why I wait here, cunning and mocking on high mountains, not an impatient one, not a patient one, but rather one who has unlearned patience too—because he no longer "suffers" anything.

3 The human "fish" and "fishers" echo Jesus' promise to make his disciples "fishers of men" (Matthew 4:19).

4 "Become who you are" is Nietzsche's version of a line from Pindar (Pythian Odes 2), a lifelong motto of his.

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 and hurry me and leaves me time for pranks and mischief: so that today I climbed this high mountain to go fishing.

Has anyone ever caught fish on high mountains? And even if what I want and do up here is a folly: better this than that down there I should grow solemn from waiting, and green and yellow —

—a pompous snorter of wrath from waiting, a holy howling storm out of 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 people for that: they are good enough for me to laugh at! Impatient they must be, these big noisy drums, who get their say today or never!

But I and my fate—we do not speak to Today, nor do we speak to Never: for speaking we have patience and time and more than time. For one day he must come, and must not pass by.

Who must come one day and must not pass by? Our great Hazar, that is, our great distant human kingdom, the Zarathustra-kingdom of a thousand years——[5]

How far off may such a "far off" be? What is it to me! But it stands no less firm for me because of that—, with both feet I stand securely on this ground,

—on eternal ground, on hard primeval rock, on this highest, hardest primeval range, to which all winds come as to a weather divide, asking Where? and Where from? and Where out to?

Here laugh, laugh, my bright, healthy malice! Hurl down your glittering, mocking laughter from high mountains! Lure for me with your glitter the most beautiful human fish!

5 Hazar is Persian for "thousand"; in Zoroastrian tradition each millennium is brought to its close by a savior.

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: that is what I am waiting for, I, the most malicious of all fishermen.

Out, out, my hook! In, down, bait of my happiness! Drip your sweetest dew, honey of my heart! Bite, my hook, into the belly of all black sorrow!

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![6]

THE CRY OF DISTRESS

The soothsayer returns and tempts Zarathustra to his last sin, pity, with the higher man's cry.

IV.2 The next day Zarathustra was again sitting on his stone in front of the cave, while the animals roamed about out in the world to 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 like this, a stick in his hand, tracing the shadow of his figure on the ground, pondering—and truly, not about himself and his shadow—he was all at once startled and gave a jolt: for beside his shadow he saw yet another shadow. And as he quickly looked around and stood up, look, there beside him stood the soothsayer, 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 in the meantime his face had changed; and when Zarathustra looked into his eyes, his heart was startled once again: so many evil prophecies and ash-gray lightnings passed over that face.

The soothsayer, who had perceived what was going on in Zarathustra's soul, passed his hand over his face as though he wanted to wipe it away; Zarathustra did the same. And when both had in this way silently composed themselves and gathered

6 A play on the Hegelian formula "in and for itself" (an und für sich).

their strength, they gave each other their hands, as a sign that they wanted to recognize each other again.

"Welcome," said Zarathustra, "you soothsayer of the great weariness; not for nothing shall you once have been 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 contented 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 on dry land!"—"Am I sitting on dry land, then?" asked Zarathustra, laughing.—"The waves around your mountain," answered the soothsayer, "are rising and rising, the waves of great distress and sorrow: soon they will lift your boat too and carry you away."—At this Zarathustra fell silent and wondered. —"Do you still hear nothing?" the soothsayer went on. "Is there not a rushing and roaring coming up from the depths?"—Zarathustra again fell silent and listened: then he heard a long, long cry, which the abysses threw to one another and passed on, for none of them wanted to keep it: so evil did it sound.

"You ill 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 what it is called?"

—"*Pity*!" answered the soothsayer from an overflowing heart, raising both hands high—"O Zarathustra, I have come to seduce you into your last sin!"—

And hardly had these words been spoken when the cry rang out again, longer and more anguished than before, and much nearer too. "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 fell silent, confused and shaken; at last he asked, like one who hesitates within himself: "And who is it that is calling me there?"

"But you know that already," the soothsayer answered vehemently. "Why are you hiding? It is *the higher man* who is crying out for you!"

"The higher man?" cried Zarathustra, seized with horror. "What does *he* want? What does *he* want? The higher man! What does he want here?"—and his skin broke out in sweat.

But the soothsayer did not respond to Zarathustra's dread; he listened and listened toward the depths. When it remained quiet down there for a long time, however, he turned his gaze back and saw Zarathustra standing there trembling.[7]

"O Zarathustra," he began in a sad voice, "you are not standing there like one whose happiness makes him giddy: you will have to dance so as not to fall over!

"But even if you wanted to dance before me and cut all your capers: no one shall be able to say to me: 'Look, here dances the last joyful man!'

"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 who hide, but not mineshafts of happiness and treasure chambers and new golden veins of happiness.

"Happiness—how could anyone find happiness among such buried people and hermits! Must I seek the last happiness on the blessed isles, far off among forgotten seas?

"But all is the same, nothing is worth it, no seeking helps, and there are no blessed isles anymore either!"——

Thus sighed the soothsayer; but at his last sigh Zarathustra became bright and sure again, like one who comes up into the light out of a deep chasm. "No! No! Three times no!" he cried in a strong voice, stroking his beard. "*That* I know better! There are still blessed isles! Be quiet about *that*, you sighing sack of gloom!

"Stop splashing on about *that*, you rain cloud in the morning! Am I not already standing here wet with your gloom and drenched like a dog?

7 "The higher man" (*der höhere Mensch*) names the type of the visitors Zarathustra meets in Part IV.

"Now I shake myself and run away from you so that I can get dry again: you must not wonder at that! Do I seem discourteous to you? But this is *my* court.

"But as for your higher man: very well! I'll look for him at once in those woods: *that* is where his cry came from. Perhaps some wicked beast is pressing him hard there.

"He is in *my* domain: here he shall come to no harm! And truly, there are many wicked beasts around me."—

With these words Zarathustra turned to go. Then the soothsayer said: "O Zarathustra, you are a rogue!

"I know it already: you want to be rid of me! You would rather run into the woods and chase after wicked beasts!

"But what good will it do you? In the evening you will have me back anyway; I will be sitting in your own cave, patient and heavy as a log—waiting for you!"

"So be it!" Zarathustra called back as he went away. "And what is mine in my cave belongs to you too, my guest and friend!

"But should you find any honey still in there, very well! just lick it up, you grumbling bear, and sweeten your soul! For in the evening we both want to be in good spirits,

"—in good spirits and glad that this day has come to an end! And you yourself shall dance to my songs as my dancing bear.

"You don't believe it? You shake your head? Come on! Up with you, old bear! But I too—am a soothsayer."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

CONVERSATION WITH THE KINGS

Two kings driving an ass have fled false "good society" to seek the higher man.

IV.3.1 Zarathustra had not yet been walking an hour in his mountains and forests when all at once he saw a strange procession. Right along the path he meant to go down came two kings, adorned with crowns and purple sashes and as colorful as flamingos: they were driving a laden ass before 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 up close to him, he said half aloud, like one who is talking only to himself: "Strange! Strange! How does this rhyme? Two kings I see—and only one ass!"

At that the two kings stopped, smiled, looked toward the spot the voice had come from, and then looked each other in the face. "That sort of thing is thought among us too," said the king on the right, "but one doesn't say it aloud."

But the king on the left shrugged his shoulders and answered: "That may well be a goatherd. Or a hermit who has lived too long among rocks and trees. For no company at all corrupts good manners too."[8]

"Good manners?" the other king retorted, indignant and bitter. "What is it we are running away from? Is it not 'good manners'? Our 'good society'?

"Truly, better to live among hermits and goatherds than with our gilded, false, over-painted rabble—even if it calls itself 'good society,'

"—even if it calls itself 'nobility.' But there everything is false and rotten, the blood above all, thanks to bad old diseases and worse healers.

"The best and dearest to me today is still a healthy peasant, coarse, cunning, stubborn, enduring: that is the noblest kind today.

"The peasant is the best today; and the peasant kind should be master! But this is the kingdom of the rabble—I no longer let myself be fooled. And rabble means: hodgepodge.

"Rabble-hodgepodge: in it everything is jumbled up with everything, saint and scoundrel and squire and Jew and every beast out of Noah's Ark.

"Good manners! Among us everything is false and rotten. No one knows how to revere anymore: it is precisely *that* we are running away from. They are sugary, pushy dogs; they gild palm leaves.

"This disgust chokes me, that we kings ourselves have become false, draped and disguised in the old, yellowed pomp of our grandfathers, show medals for the stupidest and the craftiest and for all who today traffic in power!

"We *are* not the first—and yet we have to *represent* it: of this fraud we have at last grown sick and disgusted.

"We got out of the way of the riffraff, of all these screamers and scribbling blowflies, of the shopkeepers' stench, the wriggling of ambition, the bad breath—: ugh, to live among the riffraff,

"—ugh, to represent the first among the riffraff! Ah, disgust! Disgust! Disgust! What do we kings matter anymore!"—

"Your old sickness is attacking you," said the king on the left at this point, "disgust is attacking you, my poor brother. But you know, 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 delighted when you said to each other: 'What do we kings matter!'

"But this is *my* kingdom and my dominion: what might you be seeking in my kingdom? But perhaps on the way you *found* what *I* am seeking: namely, the higher man."

When the kings heard this, they beat their breasts and said with one voice: "We have been recognized!

"With the sword of this word you cleave the thickest darkness of our hearts. You have discovered our distress, for look! We are on our way to find the higher man—

"—the man who is higher than we: although we are kings. To him we are bringing this ass. For the highest man shall also be the highest lord on earth.

8 A twist on Paul's "Bad company ruins good morals" (1 Corinthians 15:33).

"There is no harder misfortune in all human destiny than when the mighty of the earth are not also the first men. Then everything becomes false and crooked and monstrous.

"And if they are even the last, and more beast than man: then the rabble rises and rises in price, and at last rabble-virtue itself says: 'Look, I alone am virtue!'"—

"What did I just hear?" answered Zarathustra. "What wisdom among kings! I am delighted, and truly, I already feel the urge to make a rhyme on it:—

"—even if it turns out a rhyme not fit for everyone's ears. Long ago I unlearned all consideration for long ears. Come on! Up with you!"

(But here it happened that the ass too got a word in: it said, distinctly and with ill will, "Ye-a.")

Once—in the year of grace One, I think—
The Sibyl spoke, drunk without a drop to drink:
"Woe, now things go amiss!
Decay! Decay! Never did the world sink low as this!
Rome sank to a prostitute and a brothel,
Rome's Caesar sank to a beast, God himself—became a Jew!"[9]

IV.3.2 The kings delighted in 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 pierced our ears and hearts with your sayings. So at last we said: what does it matter what he looks like!

"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!'

9 The ass's bray, German *I-A*, sounds like *Ja* ("yes"); hence "Ye-a," a pun that returns later in Part IV. The Sibyl is the prophetess of the ancient oracles; the year of grace One is AD 1.

"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, at such words our fathers' blood stirred in our bodies: it was like the speech of spring to old wine casks.

"When swords ran in among one another like red-spotted snakes, then our fathers grew fond of life; the sun of all peace seemed to them limp and lukewarm, and a long peace brought shame.

"How they sighed, our fathers, when they saw gleaming, dried-out swords on the wall! Like those swords, they thirsted for war. For a sword wants to drink blood and sparkles with desire."——

—When the kings talked and chattered in this way so eagerly about the happiness of their fathers, Zarathustra was seized by no small desire to mock their eagerness: for evidently the kings he saw before him were very peaceable ones, kings with old and refined faces. But he restrained himself. "Very well!" he said. "That is the way, there lies Zarathustra's cave; and this day shall have a long evening! But now a cry of distress calls me urgently away from you.

"It honors my cave if kings wish to sit in it and wait: but you will have to wait a long time, to be sure!

"Well now! 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

Zarathustra steps on the conscientious in spirit, a scholar who studies only the leech's brain.

IV.4 And Zarathustra went on, thoughtful, farther and deeper, through forests and past marshy hollows; but as happens to anyone who ponders difficult things, he stepped on a man without noticing. And look, all at once a cry of pain and two curses and twenty nasty insults sprayed into his face: so that in his fright he

raised his stick and struck the man he had stepped on as well. But the next moment he came to his senses; and his heart laughed at the folly he had just committed.

"Forgive me," he said to the man he had stepped on, who had risen grimly and sat up, "forgive me, and first of all hear a parable.

"As a wanderer dreaming of distant things may, on a lonely road, bump into a sleeping dog without noticing, a dog lying in the sun:

"—as both then jump up and jump 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 lonely one! For they are both—lonely ones!"

—"Whoever you may be," said the man who had been stepped on, still grimly, "you step on my toes with your parable too, and not only with your foot!

"Look, am I a dog, then?"—and with that the seated man rose and pulled his bare 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 running down the bare arm —"what has happened to you? Did some nasty beast bite you, you unfortunate man?"

The bleeding man laughed, still angry. "What is it to you!" he said, and was about to go on. "Here I am at home and in my own domain. Let anyone who wants to ask me: but I will hardly answer a lout."

"You are mistaken," said Zarathustra with pity, holding 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 whatever you like—I am who I must be. I call myself Zarathustra.

"Very well! Up there is the way to Zarathustra's cave: it is not far—won't you tend your wounds at my place?

"Things have gone badly for you in this life, you unfortunate man: first the beast bit you, and then—man stepped on you!"——

But when the man who had been stepped on heard Zarathustra's name, he was transformed. "What is happening to me!" he exclaimed. "*Who* in this life still concerns me except this one man, 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 outstretched arm had already been bitten ten times, when a still finer hedgehog bites for my blood, Zarathustra himself!

"Oh joy! Oh wonder! Praised be this day that lured me into this swamp! Praised be the best, liveliest cupping glass alive today, praised be the great leech of conscience, Zarathustra!"—[10]

Thus spoke the man who had been stepped on; and Zarathustra was pleased by his words and their refined, reverent manner. "Who are you?" he asked, offering him his hand. "Between us much remains to be cleared up and brightened up: but already, it seems to me, it is becoming clear, bright day."

"I am *the conscientious in spirit*," answered the one he had asked, "and in matters of the spirit hardly anyone is stricter, narrower and harder than I, except the one from whom I learned it, Zarathustra himself.

"Better to know nothing than to know many things by halves! Better to be a fool on one's own account than a sage by other people's lights! I—go to the bottom of things:

"—what does it matter whether that bottom is large or small? Whether it is called swamp or sky? A hand's breadth of bottom is enough for me: if only it is really solid ground!

"—a hand's breadth of ground: on that one can stand. In the true con-science of knowledge there is nothing great and nothing small."[11]

10 A pun: German Igel ("hedgehog") plays on Egel ("leech").

11 Nietzsche's coinage Wissen-Gewissenschaft fuses Wissenschaft ("science, scholarship") with Gewissen ("conscience").

"Then perhaps you are the one who knows the leech?" asked Zarathustra. "And you pursue the leech down to its ultimate grounds, you conscientious one?"

"O Zarathustra," answered the man who had been stepped on, "that would be something immense; how could I presume to undertake that!

"But what I am master and connoisseur 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 leech's brain, so that slippery truth might slip away from me here no longer! Here is *my* realm!

"—for its sake I threw everything else away, for its sake everything else became indifferent to me; and right beside my knowledge lies my black ignorance.

"My conscience of the spirit demands this of me: that I know one thing and know nothing else at all. I am disgusted by all the half-hearted of the spirit, all the hazy, the hovering, the enthusiasts.

"Where my honesty stops, I am blind and want to be blind. But where I want to know, I want to be honest too—that is, hard, strict, narrow, cruel, relentless.

"That *you* once said, O Zarathustra, 'Spirit is the life that itself cuts into life'—that led me, and led me on, to your teaching. And truly, with my own blood I have increased my own knowledge!"

—"As the evidence shows," Zarathustra broke in; for the blood was still running down the bare arm of the conscientious man. Ten leeches had bitten into it.

"Oh you strange fellow, how much this evidence here teaches me—namely, you yourself! And perhaps I should not pour all of it into your strict ears!

"Well then! Here we part! Yet I would gladly find you again. Up there runs the path to my cave: tonight you shall be my dear guest there!

"I would also gladly make amends to your body for Zarathustra's having trodden on you with his feet: I am thinking about how. But now a cry of distress calls me urgently away from you."

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

THE MAGICIAN

An old magician acts out a lament of despair; Zarathustra beats him and exposes the actor.

IV.5.1 But as Zarathustra came around a rock, he saw, not far below him on the same path, a man who was flinging his limbs about like a raving man out of his mind and at last fell flat on his belly to the ground. "Stop!" Zarathustra said to his heart. "That one there must surely be the higher man; that terrible cry of distress came from him—I will see whether he can be helped." But when he ran up to the spot where the man lay on the ground, he found a trembling old man with staring eyes; and however hard Zarathustra tried to raise him and set him back on his feet, it was in vain. Nor did the unhappy man seem to notice that anyone was near him; rather, he kept looking around with pitiful gestures, like one forsaken and left alone by all the world. At last, however, after much trembling, twitching and curling up, he began to lament thus:

Who warms me, who loves me still?
Give me hot hands!
give me braziers for the heart!
Stretched out, shuddering,
like a half-dead man whose feet are warmed—
shaken, ah! by unknown fevers,
shivering before sharp icy arrows of frost,
hunted by you, thought!
Unnamable! Veiled! Terrible!
you hunter behind the clouds!
struck down by your lightning,
you mocking eye that stares at me out of the dark:
—so I lie,
bend, writhe, tormented
by all eternal tortures,
struck
by you, cruelest hunter,
you unknown—*god* ...
Strike deeper!
Strike once more!
Pierce, break this heart!
Why this torment
with blunt-toothed arrows?[12]

12 Nietzsche later reworked this song as "Ariadne's Lament" in his *Dionysus Dithyrambs* (1888).

/ Why do you look again,
never weary of human agony,
with gloating god-lightning eyes?
You do not want to kill,
only to 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!
You hear me breathing,
you listen at my heart,
you jealous one!
—but jealous of what?
Away! Away!
What is the ladder for?
Do you want *in*,
to climb into my heart,
to climb into my most secret
thoughts?
Shameless one! Unknown one!—Thief!
What would you steal for yourself?
What would you overhear for yourself?

/ What would you wring from me by torture,
you torturer!
you—hangman-god!
Or shall I, like a dog,
roll about before you?
surrendering, rapturous, beside myself,
wag my love—at you!
In vain!
Stab on!
cruelest sting!
No dog—only your quarry am I,
cruelest hunter!
your proudest captive,
you robber behind the clouds …
Speak at last,
you who hide in lightning! Unknown one! speak!
What do you want, you highwayman, from—me? …
What?
Ransom?
How much ransom do you want?
Ask for much—so my pride advises!
and keep it short—so my other pride advises!
Haha!
Me—you want me? me?
me—whole? …
Haha!

/ And you torture me, fool that you are,
you 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, ah! sevenfold ice
teaches to pine for enemies themselves,
to pine for enemies,
give, yes, give yourself up,
cruelest enemy,
to me—*yourself*!——
Gone!
He fled, even he,
my only companion,
my great enemy,
my unknown one,
my hangman-god! ...
—No!
Come back!
with all your tortures!
All my tears run
their course to you!
And my heart's last flame—
for *you* it blazes up!

/ Oh come back,
my unknown god! my *pain*!
my last happiness!

IV.5.2 —But here Zarathustra could contain himself no longer; he took his stick and struck at the lamenting man with all his might. "Stop it!" he shouted at him with furious laughter. "Stop it, you actor! You counterfeiter! You liar to the core! I know you well!

"I'll warm your legs for you, you wicked magician; I know very well how to make things hot for the likes of you!"

—"Leave off," said the old man, and sprang up from the ground. "Don't strike any more, O Zarathustra! I was only doing it as a game![13]

"That sort of thing belongs to my art; I wanted to put you yourself to the test when I gave you this sample! And truly, you saw right through me!

"But you too—gave me no small sample of yourself: you are *hard*, you wise Zarathustra! Hard you strike with your 'truths'; your cudgel forces out of me—*this* truth!"

—"Don't flatter," answered Zarathustra, still agitated and glowering, "you actor to the core! You are false: why do you speak—of truth![14]

"You peacock of peacocks, you sea of vanity, *what* were you playing before me, you wicked magician? In *whom* was I supposed to believe when you lamented in such a shape?"

"*The penitent of the spirit*," said the old man, "*him*—I was playing: you yourself once coined that phrase—

"—the poet and magician 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 a long time, O Zarathustra, before you saw through my art and my lie! You *believed* in my distress when you held my head in both your hands—

"—I heard you lament, 'He has been loved too little, loved too little!' That I deceived you so far—at that my malice inwardly rejoiced."

"You may have deceived subtler people than me," said Zarathustra harshly. "I am not on my guard against deceivers; I *must* be without caution: so my lot wills it.

"But you—*must* deceive: that much I know of you! You must always be ambiguous—two-, three-, four- and fivefold! Even what

13 In IV.5 "the magician" is often taken as a portrait of Richard Wagner.

14 German Probe means both "test" and "sample"; Nietzsche plays on both senses.

you just confessed was for a long while neither true enough nor false enough for me!

"You wicked counterfeiter, how could you do otherwise! You would paint over even your sickness if you showed yourself naked to your doctor.

"Just so, you were painting over your lie before me when you said, 'I was *only* doing it as a game!' 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 you have no lie or cunning left against yourself—you yourself are disenchanted with yourself!

"You have reaped disgust as your one truth. No word of yours is genuine any more—except your mouth: that is, the disgust that clings to your mouth."

—"Who are you, then!" the old magician cried here in a defiant voice. "Who may speak like that to *me*, the greatest man alive today?"—and a green flash shot from his eye at Zarathustra. But immediately afterward he changed and said sadly:

"O Zarathustra, I am tired of it, my arts disgust me, I am not *great*—why do I pretend! But you know it well—I sought greatness!

"I wanted to represent a great man, and I persuaded many: but this lie was 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," said Zarathustra gloomily, looking down and aside, "it honors you that you sought greatness, but it also betrays you. You are not great.

"You wicked old magician, *that* is the best and most honest thing about you, and I honor it: that you grew tired of yourself and said it out loud: 'I am not great.'

"*In this* I honor you as a penitent of the spirit: and even if only for a breath and a flicker, in this one moment you were—genuine.

"But tell me, what are you seeking here in *my* forests and rocks? And when you laid yourself in *my* path, what test did you want of me?—

"—with what did you tempt *me*?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and his eyes flashed. The old magician was silent for a while; then he said: "Did I tempt you? I—am only seeking.

"O Zarathustra, I am seeking one who is genuine, right, simple, unambiguous, a man of all honesty, a vessel of wisdom, a saint of knowledge, a great man!

"Don't you know it, O Zarathustra? *I am seeking Zarathustra.*"[15]

—And here a long silence arose between the two; but Zarathustra sank deep into himself, so that he closed his eyes. Then, returning to the man he was talking with, he grasped the magician's hand and said, full of courtesy and cunning:

"Well then! Up there runs the path; there lies Zarathustra's cave. In it you may seek whomever you would like to find.

"And ask my animals for advice, my eagle and my serpent: they shall help you seek. But my cave is large.

"I myself, of course—I have not yet seen a great man. For what is great, even the eye of the most refined is coarse today. It is the realm of the rabble.

"Many a one I have found already who stretched and puffed himself up, and the people cried: 'Look, there, a great man!' But what use are all the bellows! In the end the wind comes out.

"In the end a frog bursts that has blown itself up too long: then the wind comes out. To stick a swollen one in the belly—that is what I call a fine pastime. Hear that, you boys!

"This today belongs to the rabble: who there still *knows* what is great and what is small! Who would seek greatness there with any luck! Only a fool: fools have the luck.

"You seek great men, you strange fool? Who *taught* you that? Is today the time for it? Oh you wicked seeker, why—do you tempt me?"——

15 A play on suchen ("seek") and versuchen ("tempt," also "try"), which recurs through Part IV.

Thus spoke Zarathustra, his heart comforted, and went on his way laughing.

OUT OF SERVICE

The last pope, masterless since God's death, tells Zarathustra how the old god died.

IV.6 Not long after Zarathustra had freed himself from the magician, however, he again saw someone sitting beside the path he was walking: a tall man in black with a gaunt, pale face. *This one* annoyed him enormously. "Alas," he said to his heart, "there sits gloom in disguise; it looks to me like the priestly kind: what do *they* want in my realm?

"What! Hardly have I escaped that magician, and must another black artist cross my path again—

"—some sorcerer with a 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 where he would be in place: he always comes too late, this accursed cloven-footed dwarf!"—

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 who meets with an unexpected stroke of luck, he sprang up and went straight toward Zarathustra.

"Whoever you are, you wanderer," he said, "help one who has lost his way, a seeker, an old man who could easily come to harm here!

"This world here is strange and remote to me; I heard wild animals howling, too; and he who could have offered me protection—he himself is no more.

"I was looking for the last pious man, a saint and hermit who, alone in his forest, had not yet heard anything of what all the world knows today."

"*What* does all the world know today?" asked Zarathustra. "This, perhaps: that the old god in whom all the world once believed no longer lives?"[16]

"You say it," answered the old man sorrowfully. "And I served this old god until his last hour.

"But now I am out of service, without a master, and yet not free, and never merry for an hour any more, except in memories.

"That is why I climbed into these mountains: to hold a festival for myself again at last, 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 man, that saint in the forest who constantly praised his god with singing and humming.

"Him I found no more when I found his hut—but two wolves were in it, howling over his death, for all the animals loved him. So I ran away.

"Had I come into these forests and mountains in vain, then? Then my heart resolved that I should seek another, the most pious of all those who do not believe in God—that I should seek Zarathustra!"

Thus spoke the old man, and looked sharply at the one who stood before him; but Zarathustra grasped the old pope's hand and contemplated it for a long time with admiration.

"Look at that, you venerable one," he then said, "what a beautiful, long hand! It is the hand of one who has always dispensed blessings. But now it holds fast the one you are seeking, me, Zarathustra.

"It is I, the godless Zarathustra, who says: who is more godless than I, that I may enjoy his instruction?"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and pierced with his looks the thoughts and the ulterior thoughts of the old pope. At last the pope began:

16 The hermit of the Prologue (P.2), who had not heard that God is dead.

"He who loved and possessed him most has now lost him most, too—:

"—look, of the two of us I myself am probably the more godless now? But who could rejoice in that!"—

—"You served him to the last," 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 *man* hung on the cross, and could not bear it that love for man became his hell and at last his death?"——

But the old pope did not answer; he looked aside, shy, 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 have a right to be.[17]

"My love served him for many years, my will followed all his will. But a good servant knows everything, including many things his master hides from himself.

"He was a hidden god, full of secrecy. Truly, even to a son he came by no other way than by stealth. At the door of his faith stands adultery.

"Whoever praises him as a god of love does not think highly enough of love itself. Did this god not want to be judge as well? But the 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.

17 A joke on the idiom unter vier Augen ("between four eyes," i.e. in private).

"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 put in here, "did you see *that* with your own eyes? It may well have happened that way: that way, *and* otherwise too. When gods die, they always die many kinds of death.

"But well then! One way or another, this way and that—he is gone! He offended the taste of my ears and eyes; worse than that I would not wish to say of him.

"I love everything that looks clear and speaks honestly. But he —you know it, you old priest, there was something of your kind in him, of the priestly kind—he was ambiguous.

"He was unclear, too. How angry he got with us, this snorter of wrath, because we understood him badly! But why did he not speak more cleanly?

"And if it was our ears' fault, 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 never finished his apprenticeship! But that he took revenge on his pots and creations because they turned out badly—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 own fate with one's own hands, better to be a fool, better to be god oneself!'"

—"What do I hear!" said the old pope here, pricking up his ears. "O Zarathustra, you are more pious than you believe, with such 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 honesty will lead you even beyond good and evil!

"Just look, what has been saved up for you? You have eyes and hand and mouth that have been predestined for blessing since eternity. One does not bless with the hand alone.

"Near you, though you want to be the most godless, I scent a secret fragrance of incense and sweet savor from long blessings: it makes me feel both well and woeful.

"Let me be your guest, O Zarathustra, for a single night! Nowhere on earth do I feel better now than with you!"—

"Amen! So be it!" said Zarathustra in great astonishment. "Up there runs the path; there lies Zarathustra's cave.

"Gladly, indeed, would I lead you there myself, you venerable one, for I love all pious people. But now a cry of distress calls me urgently away from you.

"In my domain no one shall come to harm; my cave is a good harbor. And most of all I would like to set every sorrowful person back on firm land and firm legs.

"But who could take *your* melancholy off your shoulders? For that I am too weak. Long indeed might we wait until someone wakes your god up for you again.

"For this old god lives no more: he is thoroughly dead."—

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

THE UGLIEST MAN

In a valley of death Zarathustra meets God's murderer, who could not bear a witness.

IV.7 —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 who had cried out in distress. All along the way, however, he rejoiced in his heart and was grateful. "What good things," he said, "this day has given me, to make up for its bad beginning! What strange people I have found to talk with!

"Now I will chew on their words for a long time, as on good grains; my teeth shall grind and crush them fine, until they flow like milk into my soul!"—

But when the path turned around a rock once more, the landscape changed all at once, and Zarathustra entered a realm of death. Here black and red cliffs jutted up: no grass, no tree, no

birdsong. For it was a valley that all animals shunned, even the beasts of prey; only a kind of ugly, fat, green snake came here to die when it grew old. That is why the shepherds called this valley Snakes' Death.

But Zarathustra sank into a black memory, for it seemed to him that he had stood in this valley once before. And much that was heavy weighed on 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 man and yet hardly like a man, something unspeakable. And at one stroke Zarathustra was overcome by great shame at having looked at such a thing: blushing up to the roots of his white hair, he turned his eyes away and lifted his foot to leave this evil place. But then the dead wasteland grew loud: from the ground there welled up a gurgling and a rattling, as water gurgles and rattles at night through blocked 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 *revenge on the witness*?

"I lure you back, here is slippery ice! Take care, take care that your pride does not break its legs here!

"You think yourself wise, proud Zarathustra! Then guess the riddle, you hard nutcracker—the riddle that I am! So speak: who am *I*!"

—But when Zarathustra had heard these words—what do you suppose happened then in 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 was rising from the ground again, and his face grew hard.

"I know 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 saw you always and through and through, you ugliest man! You took revenge on this witness!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra and wanted to leave; but the unspeakable one caught at a corner of his garment and began again to gurgle and grope for words. "Stay!" he said at last—

—"stay! Don't pass by! I have 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 don't 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 constables:—oh, such persecution I would mock, and be proud and glad of it!

"Has not all success so far been with the well-pursued? And whoever pursues well easily learns to *follow*:—after all, he is already—behind! But it is their *pity*—

"—it is their pity I am fleeing, 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: don't go the way I came. *That* way is bad.[18]

"Are you angry with me that I have been talking and mangling words too long already? That I am already giving you advice? But know this: it is I, the ugliest man,

"—who also has the biggest, heaviest feet. Where *I* have walked, the path is bad. I trample all paths to death and 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 word. But for that—I am not beggar enough; that you guessed—

18 A pun: verfolgen means both "persecute" and "pursue," and folgen "follow."

"—for that I am too *rich*, rich in what is great, in what is terrible, in the ugliest, in the most unspeakable! Your shame, O Zarathustra, *honored* me!

"It was hard work to get out of the throng of the pitying—to find the only one who teaches today, 'Pity is intrusive'—you, O Zarathustra!

"—whether it is a god's pity or men's: pity offends against shame. And not wanting to help can be nobler than that virtue which rushes in.

"But *that* is what is called virtue itself today among all small 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 small, well-meaning, well-willing, gray people. As a heron, head thrown back, looks away contemptuously over shallow ponds: so I look away over the teeming of gray little waves and wills and souls.

"For too long people have agreed with them, these small people: and so at last they were given power as well—now they teach: 'Good is only what small people call good.'

"And 'truth' today is what the preacher said who himself came from among them, that strange saint and advocate of the small people, who testified of himself: 'I—am the truth.'

"This immodest one has long since made the small people puff up their crests—he, who taught no small error when he taught 'I—am the truth.'

"Was an immodest man ever answered more politely?—But you, O Zarathustra, passed him by and said: 'No! No! Three times no!'[19]

"You warned against his error; you were the first to warn against pity—not everyone, and not no one, but yourself and your kind.

"You are ashamed at the shame of the great sufferer; and truly, when you say, 'From pity comes a great cloud; take care, you men!'

19 Jesus' words in John 14:6: "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"—when you teach, 'All creators are hard, all great love is above its pity': O Zarathustra, how well versed in the signs of the weather you seem to me!

"But you yourself—warn yourself, too, against *your* pity! For many are on their way to you, many who suffer, doubt, despair, drown, freeze—

"I warn you against myself as well. You guessed my best, my 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 man's depths and grounds, all his hidden disgrace and ugliness.

"His pity knew no shame: he crept into my dirtiest corners. This most curious, overly intrusive, overly pitying one had to die.

"He always saw *me*: on such a witness I wanted to have revenge—or not live myself.

"The god who saw everything, *even man*: this god had to die! Man cannot *bear* that such a witness should live."

Thus spoke the ugliest man. But Zarathustra rose and made ready to go: for he was chilled to his very entrails.

"You unspeakable one," he said, "you warned me against your path. In thanks for that 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 hideaways for creeping, fluttering and hopping creatures.

"You outcast who cast yourself out, you do not want to live among men and men's pity? Well then, do as I do! So you will learn from me too; only the doer learns.

"And first and foremost, talk 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.

"How poor man is, after all!" he thought in his heart. "How ugly, how rattling, how full of hidden shame!

"They tell me that man loves himself: ah, how great this self-love must be! How much contempt it has against it!

"This one, too, loved himself as he despised himself—a great lover he is to me, and a great despiser.

"I have found no one yet who despised himself more deeply: that, too, is a height. Alas, was *he* perhaps the higher man whose cry I heard?

"I love the great despisers. But man is something that must be overcome."——

THE VOLUNTARY BEGGAR

A rich man who gave away his wealth preaches among cows and learns chewing the cud.

IV.8 When Zarathustra had left the ugliest man, he was cold and felt lonely: for much that was cold and lonely passed through his mind, so that his limbs grew colder too. But as he climbed on and on, up, down, now past green pastures, but also over wild, stony beds where once perhaps an impatient brook had lain down to sleep: all at once he felt warmer and more cheerful at heart again.

"What has happened to me?" he asked himself. "Something warm and living refreshes me; it must be near me.

"Already I am less alone; unknown companions and brothers roam around me; their warm breath touches my soul."

But when he looked about him and searched for the comforters of his loneliness: behold, they were cows, standing together on a knoll; 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 approaching. But when Zarathustra was quite close to them, he heard distinctly that a human voice was speaking from the midst of the cows; and evidently they had all turned their heads toward the speaker.

Then Zarathustra eagerly sprang up and pushed the animals apart, for he feared that some harm had come to someone here that the pity of cows could hardly remedy. But in this he was mistaken; for behold, there sat a man on the ground who seemed to be urging the animals not to be afraid of him—a peaceable man and preacher on the mount, from whose eyes goodness itself was preaching. "What are you seeking here?" cried Zarathustra in surprise.[20]

"What am I seeking here?" he answered. "The same thing you are seeking, 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 the morning already, and they were just about to give me their answer. Why do you disturb them?

"Unless we turn and become like cows, we shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. For there is one thing we should learn from them: chewing the cud.[21]

"And truly, if a man gained the whole world and did not learn this one thing, chewing the cud: what would it profit him! He would not be rid of his affliction

"—his great affliction: but today that is called *disgust*. Who today does not have his heart, mouth and eyes full of disgust? You too! You too! But just look at these cows!"—[22]

Thus spoke the preacher on the mount, and then turned his own gaze on Zarathustra—for until now it had hung lovingly on the cows—: but then he changed. "Who is this I am talking to?" he cried in alarm, and sprang up from the ground.

"This is the man 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 talking to, his eyes overflowing, and behaved altogether like

20 The "preacher on the mount" (Berg-Prediger) recalls Jesus' Sermon on the Mount (Matthew 5–7).

21 Parodies Matthew 18:3: "unless you turn and become like children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven."

someone to whom a precious gift and jewel has unexpectedly fallen from heaven. But the cows looked on at all this and wondered.

"Don't speak of me, you strange one! you lovely one!" said Zarathustra, fending off his tenderness. "Speak to me first of yourself! Are you not the voluntary beggar who once threw away great riches—

"—who was ashamed of his riches 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, "as you know. So in the end 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 and most cunning master art of goodness."

"Especially nowadays," answered the voluntary beggar. "Today, that is, when everything low has become rebellious and shy and in its own way arrogant: in the way of the rabble.

"For the hour has come, as you know, for the great, wicked, long, slow uprising of the rabble and the slaves: it grows and grows!

"Now the lowly are outraged by every charity and every little handout; and the overrich had better be on their guard!

"Whoever today, like a big-bellied bottle, trickles out through far too narrow a neck:—such bottles people now like to break by the neck.

"Lustful greed, bilious envy, sullen vengefulness, rabble pride: all that leapt into my face. It is no longer true that the poor are blessed. The kingdom of heaven, however, is with the cows."

22 Echoes Mark 8:36: "what does it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?"

"And why is it not with the rich?" asked Zarathustra, tempting him, while he fended off the cows, which were snuffling trustingly at the peaceable man.

"Why do you tempt me?" he answered. "You know it better than I do yourself. What drove me to the poorest, O Zarathustra? Was it not disgust with our richest?[23]

"—with the convicts of riches, who pick up their profit from every rubbish heap, with cold eyes and lewd thoughts; with this riffraff that stinks to high heaven,

"—with this gilded, falsified rabble, whose fathers were pickpockets or carrion birds or ragpickers, compliant, lustful and forgetful with women:—for none of them is far from prostitution —

"Rabble above, rabble below! What do 'poor' and 'rich' still mean today! This distinction I unlearned—then I fled, farther, ever farther, until I came to these cows."

Thus spoke the peaceable man, and himself snorted and sweated as he spoke: so that the cows wondered anew. But Zarathustra kept looking him in the face with a smile while he spoke so harshly, and silently shook his head.

"You do violence to yourself, you preacher on the mount, when you use such harsh words. Your mouth was not made for such harshness, nor your eye.

"Nor, it seems to me, your stomach itself: *it* recoils from all such raging and hating and frothing over. Your stomach wants gentler things: you are no butcher.

"Rather you seem to me a planter and a man of roots. Perhaps you grind grain. But certainly you are averse to the pleasures of the flesh, and you love honey."

"You have guessed me well," answered the voluntary beggar, his heart relieved. "I love honey, I also grind grain, for I sought what tastes sweet and makes for clean breath:

"—and also what takes a long time: a day's work and a jaw's work for gentle idlers and loafers.

23 Inverts the Beatitude "Blessed are the poor" (Luke 6:20; Matthew 5:3).

"Furthest of all, of course, these cows have gone: 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—there are none like them on earth today.

"Look, that way runs the path to my cave: be its guest tonight. And talk with my animals about the happiness of animals—

"—until I come home myself. For now a cry of distress calls me urgently away from you. You will also find new honey at my place, ice-fresh golden honey in the comb: eat it!

"But now quickly take leave of your cows, you strange one! you lovely one! even 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 even better than a cow, O Zarathustra!"

"Away, away with you, you wicked flatterer!" cried Zarathustra with malice. "Why do you spoil me with such praise and flattery-honey?"

"Away, away from me!" he cried once more, and swung his stick at the affectionate beggar; but the beggar ran swiftly away.

THE SHADOW

Zarathustra's shadow, a weary free spirit who has lost every goal and home, follows him.

IV.9 But no sooner had the voluntary beggar run off, and Zarathustra was alone with himself again, than he heard a new voice behind him. It called: "Stop! Zarathustra! Wait for me! It's me, O Zarathustra, me, your shadow!" But Zarathustra did not wait, for a sudden vexation came over him at all the crowding and thronging in his mountains. "Where has my solitude gone?" he said.

"It is truly getting to be too much for me. These mountains are teeming; my kingdom is no longer of *this* world; I need new mountains.

"My shadow is calling 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: first the voluntary beggar, then Zarathustra, and third and hindmost his shadow. They had not run like this for long before Zarathustra came to his senses about his folly, and with a single jerk shook off all his vexation and all his weariness.

"What!" he said. "Haven't the most ridiculous things always happened to us old hermits and saints?

"Truly, my folly has grown tall in the mountains! Now I hear six old fool's legs clattering along one behind the other!

"But should Zarathustra really be afraid of a shadow? Besides, when all is said and done, it seems to me that he has longer legs than I do."

Thus spoke Zarathustra, laughing with his eyes and his guts. He stopped and turned around quickly—and behold, in doing so he almost knocked his follower and shadow to the ground, so closely was the shadow already following at his heels, and so weak was he, too. For when Zarathustra examined him with his eyes, he was startled as if by a sudden ghost: so thin, blackish, hollow and worn-out did this follower look.

"Who are you?" Zarathustra asked vehemently. "What are you doing here? And why do you call yourself my shadow? I do not like you."

"Forgive me for being who I am," answered the shadow, "and if you do not like me—well then, O Zarathustra, I praise you for it, and your good taste.

"I am a wanderer who has already walked a great deal at your heels: always on the way, but without a goal, and without a home as well. So truly, I lack little of being the Eternal Jew—except that I am not eternal, and not a Jew either.

"What? Must I always be on the way? Whirled about by every wind, restless, driven on? O earth, you have grown too round for me![24]

"I have already sat on every surface; like tired dust I have fallen asleep on mirrors and windowpanes. Everything takes from me, nothing gives; I am growing thin—I almost resemble a shadow.

"But you, O Zarathustra, I have flown and trailed after longest of all; and though I hid from you, I was still your best shadow: wherever you sat, I sat too.

"With you I have haunted the farthest, coldest worlds, like a ghost that runs of its own free will over winter roofs and snow.

"With you I strove toward everything forbidden, worst, farthest; and if there is any virtue in me, it is that I was afraid of no 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, at one time or another I have run straight over every kind of crime.

"With you I unlearned faith in words and values and great names. When the devil sheds his skin, doesn't his name fall away too? For that is skin as well. The devil himself is perhaps—skin.

"'Nothing is true, everything is permitted': so I told myself. I plunged into the coldest waters, head and heart. Ah, how often I stood there afterward, naked and red as a crab![25]

"Ah, where has all goodness gone for me, and all shame, and all faith in the good! Ah, 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: and it kicked me in the head. Sometimes I thought I was lying, and behold! only then did I hit upon—the truth.

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24 "The Eternal Jew" is the German name for the legendary Wandering Jew, condemned to roam the earth until the Second Coming.

25 A motto Nietzsche attributes to the medieval Order of Assassins; he cites it again in *On the Genealogy of Morality* (III.24).

"Too much has become clear to me: now none of it concerns me any more. Nothing I love is alive any longer—how should I still love myself?

"'To live as I have a mind to, or not to live at all': that is what I want, and what the holiest man wants too. But alas! how could *I* still have—a mind to anything?

"Do *I*—still have a goal? A harbor toward which *my* sail is running?

"A good wind? Ah, only one who knows *where* he is sailing also knows which wind is good and is his fair wind.

"What is left to me now? A heart weary and insolent; a restless will; fluttering wings; a broken backbone.

"This searching for *my* home: O Zarathustra, you know, this searching has been *my* affliction; it is eating me up.

"'Where is—*my* home?' That is what I ask and search and have searched for, and I have not found it. 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.[26]

"Your danger is no small one, you free spirit and wanderer! You have had a bad day: see to it that an even worse evening does not come upon you!

"To restless ones like 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 lest in the end a narrow faith should capture you, a hard, rigorous delusion! For from now on you are seduced and tempted by anything that is narrow and firm.

"You have lost your goal: alas, how will you laugh off this loss and live it down? With it—you have also lost your way!

"You poor roamer and rover, you weary butterfly! Would you like a rest and a home for this evening? Then go up to my cave!

26 A pun: German "Heimsuchung" (affliction, visitation) literally means "home-seeking."

"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 stay merrily on my legs a long while yet. But in the evening, at my place, there will be—dancing!"——

Thus spoke Zarathustra.

AT NOON

Lying under a tree at noon, Zarathustra falls asleep and feels the world become perfect.

IV.10 —And Zarathustra ran and ran and found no one else, and was alone, and found himself again and again, and enjoyed and savored his solitude and thought of good things—for hours. But around the hour of noon, when the sun stood directly over Zarathustra's head, he passed an old, crooked and gnarled tree. It was embraced all around by the rich love of a grapevine and hidden from itself, and yellow grapes hung from it in abundance, down toward the wanderer. Then he felt a desire to quench a little thirst and break off a bunch of grapes for himself. But when he was already stretching out his arm to do so, he felt a desire for something else even 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 another. 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:

Hush! Hush! Did the world not just become perfect? What is happening to me?[27]

As a dainty wind, unseen, dances on a sea smooth as parquet, light, feather-light: so—sleep dances on me.

27 The proverb echoes Jesus' words to Martha, "one thing is needful" (Luke 10:42).

It closes no eye of mine; it leaves my soul awake. It is light, truly! feather-light.

It persuades me—I don't 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! Has 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. It has already tasted too much that is good; this golden sadness weighs on it; it twists its mouth.

—Like a ship that has come into its stillest cove:—now it leans against the earth, weary of long voyages and uncertain seas. Is the earth not more faithful?

As such a ship lies alongside the land and 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 cove: so I too now rest close to the earth, faithful, trusting, waiting, bound to it by the faintest threads.

O happiness! O happiness! Do you want to sing, O my soul? You lie in the grass. But this is the secret, solemn hour when no shepherd plays his flute.

Take care! Hot noon is sleeping on the fields. Do not sing! Hush! The world is perfect.

Do not sing, you bird of the grass, O my soul! Do not even whisper! Look—hush! Old noon is sleeping, he moves his mouth: isn't he just now drinking a drop of happiness—[28]

—an old brown drop of golden happiness, of golden wine? Something flits across him; his happiness laughs. So—a god laughs. Hush!—

—"Happily, how little it takes to be happy!" So I once spoke, and thought myself clever. But it was a blasphemy: *that* I have now learned. Clever fools speak better.

28 In Greek pastoral poetry (Theocritus, Idyll 1) shepherds do not pipe at noon, for fear of waking the god Pan.

Precisely the least, the softest, the lightest, a lizard's rustle, a breath, a flit, an eye-blink—*little* is what makes the *best* happiness. Hush!

—What 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? Hush! Something stings me—alas—in the heart? In the heart! Oh break, break, heart, after such happiness, after such a sting!

—What? Did the world not just become perfect? Round and ripe? Oh, the golden round ring—where can it be flying? Let me run after it! Quick!

Hush——(and here Zarathustra stretched, and felt that he was asleep.)

Up!—he said to himself—you sleeper! You noon-sleeper! Come on, get up, you old legs! It is time and past time; many a good stretch of road is still left for you—

Now you have slept it off—but for how long? Half an eternity! Come on, get up now, my old heart! After such a sleep, how long may you take—to wake it off?

(But then he fell asleep all over again, and his soul spoke against him and resisted, and lay down again)—"Leave me alone! Hush! Did the world not just become perfect? Oh, the golden round ball!"—

"Get up," said Zarathustra, "you little thief, you thief of the day! What? Still stretching, yawning, sighing, falling down into deep wells?

"Who are you, then! O my soul!" (and here he was startled, for a sunbeam fell down from the sky onto his face.)

"O heaven above me," he said, sighing, and sat upright, "are you watching me? Are you listening to my strange soul?

"When will you drink this drop of dew that 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 he rose from his couch by the tree as if from a strange drunkenness: and behold, the sun was

still standing directly over his head. From this one might rightly conclude that Zarathustra had not slept long that time.

THE GREETING

Zarathustra finds the higher men in his cave and tells them they are not those he awaits.

IV.11 It was not until late afternoon that Zarathustra, after long and fruitless searching and roaming about, came home again to his cave. 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, astonishingly, this time it came from his own cave. It was a long, manifold, strange cry, and Zarathustra could clearly make out that it was made up of many voices, even though, heard from a distance, it might sound like a cry from a single mouth.

Then Zarathustra leaped 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, those he had passed during the day: the king on the right and the king on the left, the old magician, the pope, the voluntary beggar, the shadow, the conscientious in spirit, the sad soothsayer and the ass. The ugliest man, however, had put on a crown and wrapped two purple sashes around himself—for, like all ugly people, he loved to dress up and play at being beautiful. But in the midst of this dejected 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.

Zarathustra looked at all this with great astonishment. But then he examined each of his guests with affable curiosity, read their souls, and was astonished anew. Meanwhile those assembled had risen from their seats and were waiting reverently for Zarathustra to speak. And 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 man*—:

"—he sits in my own cave, the higher man! But why am I surprised! Did I not lure him to me myself, with honey offerings and the cunning lure-calls of my happiness?

"Yet it seems to me that you make poor company for one another; you sour each other's hearts, you who cry out in distress, when you sit here together? First someone must come,

"—someone who makes you laugh again, a good merry clown, a dancer and a wind and a wild thing, some old fool:—what do you think?

"Forgive me, you despairing ones, for speaking before you with such small words, truly unworthy of such guests! But you do not guess *what* makes my heart so high-spirited:—

"—it is you yourselves, and the sight of you, forgive me! For everyone grows courageous who watches someone in despair. To speak encouragement to someone in despair—everyone thinks himself strong enough for that.

"You yourselves have given me this strength—a good gift, my high guests! An honest guest-gift! Well then, do not be angry if I now offer you something of my own in return.

"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*, go ahead and take the whole hand too! and the heart along with it! Welcome here, welcome, my guests and friends!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra, and laughed with love and malice. After this greeting his guests bowed once more and kept a reverent silence; 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 wounded our reverence—:

"—but who could humble himself with such pride as you? *That* lifts us up ourselves; it is a refreshment to our eyes and hearts.

"Just to see this, we would gladly climb higher mountains than this one. For we came as sightseers; we wanted to see what makes dim eyes bright.

"And behold, all our crying out in distress is already over. Already our minds and hearts stand open and are enraptured. A little more, and our courage will turn to high spirits.

"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 as you do, O Zarathustra: tall, silent, hard, alone, of the best and 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 else is at home on the heights,

"—answering more strongly, a commander, a victor: oh, who would not climb high mountains to see such growths?

"At your tree here, O Zarathustra, even the gloomy one, the one who turned out badly, is refreshed; at the sight of you even the restless one becomes steady and heals his heart.

"And truly, many eyes are turned today toward your mountain and your tree; a great longing has set out, and many have learned to ask: who is Zarathustra?

"And all those into whose ears you ever dripped your song and your honey—all the hidden ones, the hermits, the hermits-for-two—suddenly spoke to their hearts:

"'Is Zarathustra still alive? Life is no longer worth living, everything is the same, everything is in vain: or else—we must live with Zarathustra!'

"'Why doesn't he come, he who announced himself for so long?' many ask. 'Has solitude swallowed him up? Or should we come to him?'

"Now it is happening that solitude itself grows brittle and breaks apart, like a grave that breaks apart and can no longer hold its dead. Everywhere one sees the resurrected.

"Now the waves 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 on dry land much longer.

"And that we despairing ones have now come into your cave and already no longer despair: that is only a token and an omen that better ones are on their way to you—

"—for he himself is on his way to you, the last remnant of God among men, that is: all the men of great longing, of great disgust, of great weariness,

"—all who do not want to live unless they learn to *hope* again—unless they learn from you, O Zarathustra, the *great* hope!"

Thus spoke the king on the right, and seized Zarathustra's hand to kiss it. But Zarathustra fended off his veneration and stepped back, startled, silent, and suddenly as if fleeing into far distances. After a little while, however, he was back with his guests again, looked at them with bright, searching eyes, and said:

"My guests, you higher men, I want to speak to you German and plain. It was not for *you* that I was waiting here in these mountains."[29]

("German and plain? God have mercy!" said the king on the left at this point, aside. "You can tell he doesn't know our dear Germans, this wise man from the East!

"But he means 'German and coarse'—well then! Nowadays that is not yet the worst taste!")

"You may truly all be higher men," Zarathustra continued, "but for me—you are not high and strong enough.

"For me, that is: for the inexorable thing in me, which is silent but will not always be silent. And if you do belong to me, it is still not as my right arm.

29 "Deutsch und deutlich" (German and plain) is an idiom for speaking bluntly; the king on the left puns on it.

"For whoever stands on sick and delicate 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, even now. And many of you would fall over at merely hearing the loud roll of my drums.

"Nor are you beautiful and well-born enough for me. I need clean, smooth mirrors for my teachings; on your surface even my own image is distorted.

"Many a burden, many a memory weighs on your shoulders; many a wicked dwarf squats in your corners. There is hidden rabble in you too.

"And even if you are high and of a higher kind: much in you is crooked and misshapen. There is no smith in the world who could hammer you right and straight for me.

"You are only bridges: may higher ones stride across on you! You are steps: so do not be angry with the one who climbs over you into *his* height!

"From your seed, too, a true son and perfect heir may one day grow for me: but that is far off. You yourselves are not the ones to whom my inheritance and my name belong.

"It is not for you that I wait here in these mountains; it is not with you that I may go down for the last time. You came to me only as omens that higher ones are already on their way to me—

"—*not* the men of great longing, of great disgust, of great weariness, and what you called the remnant of God.

"—No! No! Three times no! It is for *others* that I wait here in these mountains, and I will not lift my foot from this place without them,

"—for higher, stronger, more victorious, more high-hearted ones, such as are built foursquare in body and soul: *laughing lions* must come!

"Oh, my guests and friends, you strange ones—have you heard nothing yet of my children? And that they are on their way to me?

"Speak to me of my gardens, of my blessed isles, of my new, 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 have I not given 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 broke off 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 fell silent too, and stood still and dismayed—except that the old soothsayer was making signs with his hands and gestures.

For at this point the soothsayer interrupted the greeting between Zarathustra and his guests. He pushed forward like someone who has no time to lose, seized Zarathustra's hand and cried: "But Zarathustra!

THE LAST SUPPER

The soothsayer asks for bread and wine, and Zarathustra's guests sit down to a meal.

IV.12 "One thing is more necessary than another—so you say yourself. Well then, one thing is now more necessary to *me* than everything else.

"A word in season: didn't you invite me to a *meal*? And here are many who have traveled long roads. Surely you don't mean to feed us on speeches?

"Besides, all of you have already talked far too much for my taste about freezing, drowning, suffocating and other bodily distress: but no one has thought of *my* distress, namely starving—"

(Thus spoke the soothsayer; but when Zarathustra's animals heard these words, they ran away in terror. For they saw that whatever they had brought home during the day would not be enough to stuff this one soothsayer.

"Not to mention dying of thirst," the soothsayer went on. "And though 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 withered: *we* deserve wine—*that* alone gives sudden recovery and instant health!"

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. "As for wine," he said, "*we* have seen to that, I and my brother, the king on the right: we have wine enough—a whole ass's load. So nothing is lacking but bread."

"Bread?" replied Zarathustra, and laughed as he said it. "Bread is the one thing hermits don't have. But man does not live by bread alone, but also by the meat of good lambs, and I have two of them:

"—*these* should be slaughtered quickly and prepared with spice, with sage: that is how I like it. Nor is there any lack of roots and fruits, good enough even for gourmets and epicures; nor of nuts and other riddles to crack.

"So let us make a good meal before long. But whoever wants to eat with us must also lend a hand—even the kings. For at Zarathustra's even a king may be a cook."

This proposal was after everyone's heart; only the voluntary beggar objected to the meat and wine and spices.

"Just listen to this glutton Zarathustra!" he said jokingly. "Is this why one goes into caves and high mountains—to make such meals?

"Now indeed I understand what he once taught us: 'Praised be a little poverty!' And why he wants to do away with beggars."

"Be of good cheer," Zarathustra answered him, "as I am. Keep to your custom, you excellent man: munch your grains, drink your water, praise your cooking—as long as it makes you cheerful!

"I am a law only for my own; I am not a law for all. But whoever belongs to me must be strong of bone, and light of foot too,
—

"—eager for wars and feasts, no gloom-monger, no dreamer, ready for the hardest as for his feast, healthy and whole.

"The best belongs to my own and to me; and if it is not given to us, we take it:—the best food, the purest sky, the strongest thoughts, the most beautiful women!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but the king on the right replied: "Strange! Has anyone ever heard 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 it all he is clever too, and no ass."

Thus spoke the king on the right, and marveled; but the ass said Ye-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. At it nothing else was spoken of but *the higher man*.

ON THE HIGHER MAN

Zarathustra teaches the higher men: God has died, overcome the small virtues, learn to laugh.

IV.13.1 When I came to men for the first time, I committed the hermit's folly, the great folly: I stood 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 was almost a corpse.

But with the new morning a new truth came to me: then I learned to say, "What do the marketplace and the rabble and the rabble's noise and the rabble's long ears matter to me!"

You higher men, learn this from me: in the marketplace no one believes in higher men. And if you want to speak there, go ahead! But the rabble blinks: "We are all equal."

"You higher men"—so the rabble blinks—"there are no higher men, we are all equal, a man is a man; before God—we are all equal!"

Before God!—But now this God has died. And before the rabble we do not want to be equal. You higher men, go away from the marketplace!

IV.13.2 Before God!—But now this God has died! You higher men, this God was your greatest danger.

Only since he has lain in the grave have you risen again. Only now does the great noon come; only now does the higher man become—master!

Have you understood this word, O my brothers? You are frightened: are your hearts growing dizzy? Does the abyss gape at you here? Does the hellhound yap at you here?

Well then! Up! You higher men! Only now is the mountain of mankind's future in labor. God has died: now *we* want—the overman to live.[30]

IV.13.3 The most careful ask today: "How is man to be preserved?" But Zarathustra asks, as the only one and the first: "How is man to be *overcome*?"

The overman is close to my heart; *he* is my first and only concern—and *not* man: not the neighbor, not the poorest, not the one who suffers most, not the best—

O my brothers, what I can love in man is that he is a *crossing-over* and a *going-under*. And in you too there is much that makes me love and hope.

That you have despised, you higher men—that makes me hope. For the great despisers are the great reverers.

That you have despaired—there is much to honor in that. For you did not learn how to submit; you did not learn the petty prudences.

For today the small people have become master: they all preach submission and modesty and prudence and diligence and consideration and the long and-so-on of the small virtues.

Whatever is of womanly kind, whatever stems from slavish kind, and especially the rabble-hodgepodge: *that* now wants to

30 "The mountain in labor" echoes Horace: "The mountains labor, and a ridiculous mouse is born" (Ars Poetica 139).

become master of all human destiny—oh disgust! disgust! disgust!

That asks and asks and never tires: "How does man preserve himself best, longest, most pleasantly?" With that—they are the masters of today.

Overcome these masters of today for me, O my brothers—these small people: *they* are the overman's greatest danger!

Overcome for me, you higher men, the small virtues, the petty prudences, the grain-of-sand considerations, the swarming ant-stuff, the miserable contentment, the "happiness of the greatest number"—!

And sooner despair than submit. And truly, I love you for not knowing how to live today, you higher men! For that is how *you* live—best!

Do you have courage, O my brothers? Are you stout-hearted? *Not* courage before witnesses, but the courage of hermits and eagles, which not even a god watches any more?[31]

IV.13.4 Cold souls, mules, the blind, the drunken I do not call stout-hearted. He has heart who knows fear but *masters* fear; who sees the abyss, but with *pride*.

Who sees the abyss, but with an eagle's eyes—who *grasps* the abyss with an eagle's talons: he has courage.——

"Man is evil"—so all the wisest told me, for my comfort. Ah, if only it is still true today! For evil is man's best strength.

IV.13.5 "Man must become better and more evil"—so *I* teach. The most evil is necessary for the overman's best.

It may have been good for that preacher of the small people that he suffered and bore the sin of man. But I rejoice in great sin as my great *comfort*.—

But such things are not said for long ears. Nor does every word belong in every mouth. These are fine, far-off things: sheep's hooves should not grab at them!

IV.13.6 You higher men, do you think I am here to make good what you have made bad?

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31 A jab at Bentham's utilitarian formula, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

Or that from now on I would make softer beds for you sufferers? Or show you restless ones, you who have strayed and climbed astray, new and easier footpaths?

No! No! Three times no! Ever more, and ever better ones of your kind shall perish—for you shall have it ever worse and harder. Only thus—

—only thus does man grow up to the height where lightning strikes and breaks him: high enough for lightning!

My mind and my longing are set on the few things, the long things, the distant things: what would your small, many, short miseries matter to me!

You do not yet suffer enough for me! For you suffer from yourselves; you have not yet suffered *from man*. You would be lying if you said otherwise! None of you suffers from what *I* have suffered from.——

It is not enough for me that lightning no longer does harm. I do not want to divert it: it shall learn—to work for *me*.—

IV.13.7 My wisdom has long been gathering like a cloud; it grows stiller and darker. So does every wisdom that is one day to give birth to *lightning*.—

To these men of today I do not want to be *light*, nor be called light. *Them*—I want to blind. Lightning of my wisdom! put out their eyes!

Will nothing beyond your power: there is a wicked falseness in those who will beyond their power.

Especially when they will great things! For they arouse mistrust of great things, these subtle counterfeiters and play-actors: —

IV.13.8 —until at last they are false even before themselves, squint-eyed, whitewashed worm-rot, cloaked in strong words, in shop-sign virtues, in glittering false works.

Be well on your guard there, you higher men! For nothing today seems more precious and rarer to me than honesty.

Does this today not belong to the rabble? But the rabble does not know what is great, what is small, what is straight and honest: it is innocently crooked; it always lies.

IV.13.9 Have a good mistrust today, you higher men, you stout-hearted ones! You open-hearted ones! And keep your reasons secret! For this today belongs to the rabble.

What the rabble once learned to believe without reasons—who could ever, with reasons—overturn that?

And in the marketplace one persuades with gestures. But reasons make the rabble mistrustful.

And if truth has for once carried the day there, then ask yourselves with good mistrust: "What strong error fought on its side?"

Beware of the scholars too! They hate you, for they are sterile! They have cold, dried-up eyes; before them every bird lies plucked.

Such people boast that they do not lie: but inability to lie is still a long way from love of truth. Beware!

Freedom from fever is still a long way from knowledge! I do not believe cooled-off spirits. Whoever cannot lie does not know what truth is.

IV.13.10 If you want to rise high, use your own legs! Do not let yourselves be *carried* up; do not sit on other people's backs and heads!

But you have mounted a horse? You are now riding swiftly up to your goal? Very well, my friend! But your lame foot is riding along too!

When you reach your goal, when you leap down from your horse: precisely on your *height*, you higher man—you will stumble!

You creators, you higher men! One is pregnant only with one's own child.

IV.13.11 Do not let anyone talk you into anything, or talk anything into you! Who, after all, is *your* neighbor? And even if you act "for the neighbor"—you still do not create for him!

Unlearn this "for," you creators: your very virtue wants you to do nothing "for" and "in order to" and "because." You should stop up your ears against these false little words.

"For the neighbor" is the virtue only of the small people: there it is "like with like" and "one hand washes the other":—they have neither the right nor the strength for *your* selfishness!

In your selfishness, you creators, lie the caution and foresight of the pregnant woman! What no one has yet seen with their eyes, the fruit: that is what your whole love shelters and spares and nourishes.

Where your whole love is, with your child, there too is your whole virtue! Your work, your will is *your* "neighbor": do not let anyone talk false values into you!

You creators, you higher men! Whoever must give birth is sick; but whoever has given birth is unclean.

IV.13.12 Ask women: one does not give birth because it is enjoyable. 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 with it! Step aside! And whoever has given birth should wash his soul clean!

Do not be virtuous beyond your strength! And demand nothing of yourselves against probability!

IV.13.13 Walk in the footsteps where your fathers' virtue already walked! How would you climb high if your fathers' will does 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 the vices of your fathers lie, there you should not want to pass for saints!

If a man's fathers were fond of women and strong wines and wild boar: what would it be if he demanded chastity of himself?

It would be folly! Truly, it seems a great deal to me for such a man if he is 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 has founded a house of correction and of escape for himself: 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. For this reason solitude is inadvisable for many.

Has there ever been anything filthier on earth than the desert saints? Around *them* not only was the devil loose—but the swine too.

Shy, ashamed, awkward, like a tiger whose leap has failed: thus, you higher men, have I often seen you slink aside. A *throw* had failed you.

But, you dice-players, what does it matter! You have not learned to play and mock as one must play and mock! Do we not always sit at a great table of mockery and play?

IV.13.14 And if something great went wrong for you, does that make you yourselves—failures? And if you yourselves failed, does that mean that man—has failed? But if man has failed: well then! onward!

The higher its kind, the more rarely a thing turns out well. You higher men here, have you not all—turned out badly?

Take heart, 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 only half succeeded, you half-broken ones! Is there not a pressing and jostling within you—of man's *future*?

IV.13.15 Man's farthest, deepest, star-highest, his tremendous strength: does all that not foam against itself in your pot?

What wonder that many a pot breaks! Learn to laugh at yourselves as one must laugh! You higher men, oh how much is still possible!

And truly, how much has already succeeded! How rich this earth is in small, good, perfect things, in things that turned out well!

Place small, good, perfect things around you, you higher men! Their golden ripeness heals the heart. What is perfect teaches us to hope.

IV.13.16 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 laughter on the earth itself? Then he 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; he promised us wailing and gnashing of teeth.[32]

Must one curse straight away where one does not love? That—seems to me bad taste. But that is what he did, this unconditional one. He came from the rabble.

And he himself simply 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 ever lie light on such as these!

All good things approach their goal crookedly. Like cats they arch their backs, they purr inwardly at their approaching happiness—all good things laugh.

A person's stride betrays whether he is already walking on *his own* path: so watch me walk! But whoever comes near his goal, dances.

IV.13.17 And truly, I have not become a statue, nor do I stand there stiff, stolid, stony, a pillar; I love swift running.

And even if there are bogs 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 don't forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: stand on your heads as well![33]

IV.13.18 This crown of the laughing one, this rose-wreath crown: I myself have set this crown on my head, I myself have pro-

32 Jesus, in Luke 6:25: "Woe to you who laugh now, for you will mourn and weep." "Wailing and gnashing of teeth" echoes Matthew 8:12.

33 "Lift up your hearts" echoes the *Sursum corda* of the Latin Mass.

nounced my laughter holy. I found no one else strong enough for that today.

Zarathustra the dancer, Zarathustra the light one, who beckons with his wings, one ready for flight, beckoning to all birds, ready and set, one blissfully light and lighthearted:—

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![34]

IV.13.19 Lift up your hearts, my brothers, high! higher! And don't forget your legs either! Lift up your legs too, you good dancers, and better still: stand on your heads as well!

Even in happiness there are heavy beasts; there are clumsy-footed ones from the very beginning. They strain away strangely, like an elephant straining to stand on its head.

But better to be foolish with happiness than foolish with unhappiness, better to dance clumsily than to walk lamely. So learn this wisdom of mine: even the worst thing has two good reverse sides—

—even the worst thing has good legs for dancing: so learn, you higher men, to stand on your proper legs!

So unlearn blowing the horn of gloom and all rabble-sadness! Oh how sad even the rabble's clowns seem to me today! But this today belongs to the rabble.

IV.13.20 Do as the wind does when it rushes from its mountain caves: it wants to dance to its own piping; the seas tremble and leap beneath its footsteps.

He who gives asses wings, who milks lionesses—praised be this good, unruly spirit that comes like a storm wind to all today and all rabble—

—that is hostile to thistle-heads and quibble-heads and to all wilted leaves and weeds: praised be this wild, good, free storm-spirit that dances on bogs and glooms as on meadows!

That hates the consumptive curs of the rabble and all misbegotten, gloomy brood: praised be this spirit of all free spirits, the

34 German *Rosenkranz* means both "wreath of roses" and "rosary."

laughing storm that blows dust into the eyes of all the dark-sighted and sore-sick!

You higher men, the worst thing about you is: none of you has learned to dance as one must dance—to dance out beyond yourselves! What does it matter that you failed!

How much is still possible! So *learn* to laugh out beyond yourselves! Lift up your hearts, you good dancers, high! higher! And don't forget good laughter either!

This crown of the laughing one, this rose-wreath crown: to you, my brothers, I throw this crown! I have pronounced laughter holy; you higher men, *learn*—to laugh!

When Zarathustra spoke these speeches he was standing near the entrance of his cave; but with the last words he slipped away from his guests and fled outside for a little while.

"Oh pure scents around me," he cried, "oh blissful stillness around me! But where are my animals? Come here, come here, my eagle and my serpent!

THE SONG OF MELANCHOLY

The magician sings a song of longing and deception to the higher men.

IV.14.1 "Tell me, my animals: these higher men, all of them—do they perhaps not *smell* good? Oh pure scents around me! Only now do I know and feel how much I love you, my animals."

—And Zarathustra said 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. So 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 with the higher men.

IV.14.2 But hardly had Zarathustra left his cave when the old magician rose, looked around slyly, and said: "He has gone out!

"And already, you higher men—let me tickle you with this name of praise and flattery, as he himself does—already my

wicked spirit of deceit and magic is assailing me, my melancholy devil,

"—who is an adversary of this Zarathustra from the ground up: forgive him for it! Now he *wants* to work his magic before you; this is just *his* hour; in vain do 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 yearners'—

"—to all of you who suffer *from the great disgust* as I do, for whom the old God died and no new god yet lies in cradle and swaddling clothes—my evil spirit and magic-devil is fond of you all.

"I know you, you higher men, 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 and strange masquerade in which my evil spirit, the melancholy devil, takes delight:—I love Zarathustra, so it often seems to me, for the sake of my evil spirit.—

"But already *he* is assailing me and compelling me, this spirit of melancholy, this devil of the evening twilight: and truly, you higher men, he has a craving—

"—just open your eyes!—he has a craving to come *naked*, whether male or female I do not yet know: but he is coming, he compels me, woe! open your senses!

"The day is fading, evening now comes to all things, even to the best things; now hear and see, you higher men, what devil—whether man or woman—this spirit of evening melancholy is!"

Thus spoke the old magician, looked around slyly, and then reached for his harp.

IV.14.3 When the air has cleared,
when the comfort of the dew
already wells down to the earth,
unseen, unheard as well—
for tender shoes are worn
by the comforter dew, as by all gentle comforters—:
do you remember then, do you remember, hot heart,
how once you thirsted,
for heavenly tears and drippings of dew
thirsted, scorched and weary,
while on yellow grassy paths
the glances of the evening sun, malicious,
ran around you through black trees,
blinding, glowing sun-glances, gloating.
"The suitor of *truth*? You?—so they mocked—
No! Only a poet![35]

35 Nietzsche later included this song, revised, in his *Dionysus Dithyrambs* (1888) under the title "Only Fool! Only Poet!"

/ a beast, a cunning, preying, prowling beast,
that must lie,
that must lie knowingly, willingly:
lusting for prey,
masked in many colors,
a mask to itself,
a prey to itself—
that—the suitor of truth?
No! Only fool! only poet!
only speaking in colors,
crying out in colors from fool's masks,
clambering about on lying bridges of words,
on colorful rainbows,
between false heavens
and false earths,
roaming about, hovering about—
only fool! only poet!
That—the suitor of truth?
Not still, stiff, smooth, cold,
become an image,
a pillar of God,
not set up before temples,
a god's doorkeeper:
no!

hostile to such statues of truth,
more at home in any wilderness than before temples,
full of feline mischief,
leaping through every window
whoosh! into every chance,
sniffing toward every jungle,
sniffing with addicted longing,
so that in jungles you,
among many-spotted beasts of prey,
might run sinfully healthy and colorful and beautiful,
with lusting chops,
blissfully mocking, blissfully hellish, blissfully
    bloodthirsty,
might run preying, prowling, lying:—
Or, like the eagle that gazes long,
long and fixedly into abysses,
into *its own* abysses:——
oh how they coil downward here,
down, within,
into ever deeper depths!

—
then,
suddenly, in a straight line,
with flight unsheathed,
to swoop on lambs,
headlong down, ravenous,
lusting for lambs,
hating all lamb-souls,
grimly hating all that looks
sheepish, lamb-eyed, curly-woolly,
gray, with lamb-and-sheep benevolence!
Thus
eagle-like, panther-like
are the poet's longings,
are *your* longings beneath a thousand masks,
you fool! you poet!
You who saw man
as god and sheep alike—:
to *tear apart* the god in man
as well as the sheep in man,
and, tearing, 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 has cleared,
when the moon's sickle already
green amid the crimson glows
and envious, creeps along:
—hostile to the day,
with every step secretly
at hammocks of roses
scything, till they sink,
sink pale, down toward night:—
So I myself once sank
out of my madness of truth,
out of my longings of the day,
weary of the day, sick from the light,
—sank downward, evening-ward, shadow-ward:
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

The conscientious one says science grew from fear; Zarathustra answers that courage made man.

IV.15 Thus sang the magician; and all who were gathered there went unawares, like birds, into the net of his cunning and melancholy lust. Only the conscientious in spirit was not caught: he quickly snatched the harp from the magician and cried: "Air! Let good air in! Let Zarathustra in! You are making this cave sultry and poisonous, you wicked old magician!

"You seduce, you false one, you subtle one, toward unknown desires and wildernesses. And woe when such as you make much talk and fuss about *truth*!

"Woe to all free spirits who are not on guard against *such* magicians! Their freedom is done for: you teach and lure back into prisons—

"—you old melancholy devil, a decoy whistle rings out from your lament; you are like those whose praise of chastity is a secret invitation to lusts!"

Thus spoke the conscientious man; but the old magician looked around, enjoyed his victory, and in doing so swallowed the annoyance the conscientious man was causing him. "Be quiet!" he said in a modest voice, "good songs want to echo well; after good songs one should keep silent a long time.

"That is what all these are doing, the higher men. But you probably understood little of my song? There is little of a magic spirit in you."

"You praise me," replied the conscientious man, "by separating me from yourself—very well! But you others, what do I see? You are all still sitting there with lusting eyes—:

"You free souls, where has your freedom gone! Almost, it seems to me, you are like those who have long watched wicked, dancing, naked girls: your souls themselves are dancing!

"In you, you higher men, there must be more of what the magician 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 also *seek* different things up here, you and I. For I seek more *security*; that is why I came to Zarathustra. For he is still the firmest tower and will—

"—today, when everything totters, when all the earth quakes. But you—when I see the eyes you are making—it almost seems to me that you are seeking *more insecurity*,

"—more shudders, more danger, more earthquake. You crave, so it almost seems to me—forgive my presumption, you higher men—

"—you crave the worst, most dangerous life, the life that frightens *me* most, the life of wild animals, forests, caves, steep mountains and labyrinthine gorges.

"And it is not the guides *out of* danger who please you best, but those who lead you away from all paths, the seducers. But even if such craving is *real* in you, it still seems to me *impossible*.

"For fear—that is man's hereditary and fundamental feeling; fear explains everything, original sin and original virtue. From fear grew *my* virtue too, and it is called: science.

"For fear of wild animals—that was bred into man longest of all, including the animal he harbors within himself and fears:—Zarathustra calls it 'the inner beast.'

"Such long, old fear, at last grown refined, spiritual, intellectual—today, it seems to me, it is called: *science*."—[36]

Thus spoke the conscientious man; but Zarathustra, who was just coming back into his cave and had heard and guessed the last speech, threw a handful of roses at the conscientious man and laughed at his "truths." "What!" he cried, "what did I just hear? Truly, it seems to me that you are a fool, or else I am one myself: and your 'truth' I shall stand on its head in a trice.

"For *fear*—is our exception. But courage and adventure and delight in the uncertain, in the undared—*courage* seems to me the whole of man's prehistory.

"He envied the wildest, most courageous animals all their virtues and robbed them of them: only thus did he become—man.

"*This* courage, at last grown refined, spiritual, intellectual, this human courage with eagle's wings and serpent's wisdom: *that*, it seems to me, is called today—"

"*Zarathustra*!" cried all who sat together, as if from one mouth, and they burst into great laughter; and something lifted from them like a heavy cloud. The magician too laughed and said shrewdly: "Very well! He is gone, my evil spirit!

"And did I not warn you against him myself when I said that he was a deceiver, a spirit of lies and deceit?

36 *Wissenschaft* covers all rigorous, systematic knowledge and scholarship, not only the natural sciences.

"Especially, that is, when he shows himself naked. But what can *I* do about his tricks! Did *I* create him and the world?

"Very well! Let us be good again and in good spirits! And although Zarathustra looks angry—just look at him! he is cross with me—:

"—before night comes he will learn again to love and praise me; he cannot live long without committing such follies.

"*He*—loves his enemies: he understands this art best of all whom I have seen. But he takes revenge for it—on his friends!"

Thus spoke the old magician, and the higher men applauded him: so that Zarathustra went around and shook hands with his friends with malice and love—as one who has something to make good and to apologize for with everyone. But when in doing so he came to the door of his cave, look, he was already craving the good air outside again and his animals—and he wanted to slip out.

AMONG DAUGHTERS OF THE DESERT

The shadow sings a mock-oriental dessert song he once composed among girls of the desert.

IV.16.1 "Do not go away!" said the wanderer who called himself Zarathustra's shadow, "stay with us, or else the old stifling gloom may assail us again.

"That old magician has already regaled us with the worst he has, and just look, the good pious pope there has tears in his eyes and has set sail once more on the sea of melancholy.

"These kings may well still put on a good face before us: for *they* learned that best of all of us today! But if they had no witnesses, I bet the evil game would start again with them too—

"—the evil game of drifting clouds, of damp melancholy, of veiled skies, of stolen suns, of howling autumn winds!

"—the evil game of our howling and cries of distress: stay with us, O Zarathustra! Here is much hidden misery that wants to speak, much evening, much cloud, much stifling air!

"You nourished us with strong man's fare and powerful sayings: do not let the weak and womanly spirits assail 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?

"Many lands have I seen, my nose has learned to test and appraise many kinds of air: but with you my nostrils taste their greatest delight!

"Unless—unless—, oh forgive an old memory! Forgive me an old dessert song that I once composed among daughters of the desert:—

"—for with them there was equally good, bright Eastern air; there I was farthest from cloudy, damp, melancholy Old Europe!

"Back then I loved such girls of the East and other blue kingdoms of heaven over which no clouds and no thoughts hang.

"You would not believe how prettily they sat there when they were not dancing, deep but without thoughts, like little secrets, like beribboned riddles, like dessert nuts—

"colorful and strange, to be sure! but without clouds: riddles that let themselves be guessed: for the love of such girls I then devised a dessert psalm."

Thus spoke the wanderer and shadow; and before anyone could answer him, he had already seized the old magician's harp, crossed his legs, and was looking around calmly and wisely:—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.

The desert grows: woe to him who harbors deserts!

IV.16.2 —Ha! Solemn!
Solemn indeed!
A worthy beginning!
African-solemn!
Worthy of a lion,
or of a moral howler monkey—
—but nothing for you,
you most charming 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:
swallowed down, that is,
by this smallest of oases—:
—it was just opening, yawning,
its lovely mouth,
the sweetest-smelling of all little mouths:
and in I fell,
down, right through—among you,
you most charming lady friends! Selah.[37]

37 "Selah" is the obscure Hebrew word that marks pauses in the Psalms.

/ Hail, hail to that whale,
if he made things so pleasant
for his guest!—you understand
my learned allusion?—
Hail to his belly,
if it was
such a lovely oasis-belly
as this one: which, however, I doubt,
—for I come from Europe,
which is more doubt-addicted than all
aging little wives.
May God set it right!
Amen!
Here I sit now,
in this smallest oasis,
like a date,
brown, sweet through and through, oozing gold, lusting
for a girl's round mouth,
but even more for girlish,
ice-cold, snow-white, sharp
biting teeth: for it is for these
that the heart of all hot dates pines. Selah.[38]

38 The whale is Jonah's, which swallowed the prophet and kept him in its belly for three days (Jonah 1:17).

/ Like the aforesaid southern fruit,
alike, all too alike,
I lie here, by little
winged beetles
danced around and played around,
and likewise by still smaller,
more foolish, more malicious
wishes and notions—
besieged by you,
you mute, you foreboding
girl-cats,
Dudu and Suleika,
—*ensphinxed*, if I may cram into one word
many feelings:
(may God forgive me
this sin against language!)
—I sit here sniffing the best air,
paradise air, truly,
bright, light air, gold-striped,
as good air as ever
fell down from the moon—
whether by chance,
or did it happen out of high spirits?
as the old poets tell.[39]

39 Suleika is the beloved in Goethe's *West-Eastern Divan*; Dudu is a harem girl in Byron's *Don Juan*.

/ But I, the doubter, call it
into doubt; for I come, you see,
from Europe,
which is more doubt-addicted than all
aging little wives.
May God set it right!
Amen!
Drinking this most beautiful air,
with nostrils swelled like goblets,
without future, without memories,
thus I sit here, you
most charming lady friends,
and watch the palm tree,
how, like a dancer,
she bends and sways and rocks her hips
—one does it too, if one watches long!—
like a dancer who, as it seems to me,
has stood too long already, dangerously long,
always, always on just one leg?

/ —so that she forgot, as it seems to me,
the other leg?
In vain, at least,
did I search for the missing
twin jewel
—namely, the other leg—
in the holy vicinity
of her most charming, most dainty
fanning, fluttering, flittering little skirt.
Yes, if you, my beautiful lady 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—might it be lingering and grieving, forsaken?
this lonely leg?
In fear, perhaps, of a
fierce, yellow, blond-curled
lion-monster? Or even already
gnawed off, nibbled away—
wretchedly, woe! woe! nibbled away! Selah.

/ Oh, do not weep,
soft hearts!
Do not weep, you
date-hearts! milk-bosoms!
You licorice-heart-
pouches!
Weep no more,
pale Dudu!
Be a man, Suleika! Courage! Courage!
—Or should perhaps
something strengthening, heart-strengthening,
be in order here?
An anointed saying?
A solemn exhortation?—
Ha! Up, dignity!
Virtue'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 most charming girls,
is, more than anything,
European fervor, European ravenous hunger!

/ And here I stand already,
as a European,
I can do no other, God help me!
Amen![40]

The desert grows: woe to him who harbors deserts!

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 ass, at such encouragement, no longer kept quiet, a slight aversion to his visitors and a touch of mockery came over Zarathustra—although he rejoiced in their cheerfulness. For it seemed to him a sign of recovery. So he slipped out into the open and spoke to his animals.

THE AWAKENING

The higher men recover, and Zarathustra finds them at prayer before the ass.

IV.17.1 "Where has their distress gone now?" he said, and already he himself was breathing more freely after his little bout of disgust—"with me, it seems to me, they have unlearned their cries of distress!

"—though not yet, alas, their crying." And Zarathustra covered his ears, for just then the ass's Ye-a was mingling strangely with the jubilant noise of these higher men.

"They are merry," he began again, "and who knows? perhaps at their host's expense; and if they learned from me to laugh, it is still not *my* laughter that they learned.

"But what does it matter! They are old people: they recover in their own way, they laugh in their own way; my ears have endured worse and did not grow testy.

"This day is a victory: he is already yielding, he is fleeing, *the spirit of gravity*, my old archenemy! How well this day means to end that began so badly and heavily!

"And end it *will*. Already 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, clear, the world lies deep: oh all you strange ones who came to me, it is worth it already to live with me!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra. And again the shouting and laughter of the higher men came out of the cave: then he began anew.

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40 Luther's legendary words at the Diet of Worms (AD 1521): "Here I stand, I can do no other. God help me. Amen."

"They are biting, my bait is working; their enemy too is yielding from them, the spirit of gravity. Already they are learning to laugh at themselves: do I hear right?

"My man's fare is working, my sayings full of sap and strength: and truly, I did not feed them bloating vegetables! But with warrior's fare, with conqueror's 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 high spirits.

"Such fare may not be for children, of course, nor for longing little women, old and young. Their bowels must be persuaded otherwise; I am not their doctor and teacher.

"*Disgust* is leaving these higher men: well then! that is my victory. In my realm they become 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 become *grateful*.

"*That* I take as the best sign: they become grateful. Not much longer, and they will be devising festivals and setting up memorials to their old joys.

"They are *convalescents*!" Thus spoke Zarathustra cheerfully to his heart and gazed out; but his animals pressed close to him and honored his happiness and his silence.

Suddenly, however, Zarathustra's ear took fright: 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 pine cones.

IV.17.2 "What is happening? What are they up to?" he asked himself, and crept up to the entrance so that he could watch his guests unnoticed. But, wonder upon wonder! what did he then have to see with his own eyes!

"They have all become *pious* again, they are *praying*, they are mad!"—he said, and was astonished beyond measure. And sure enough! all these higher men, the two kings, the pope out of service, the wicked magician, the voluntary beggar, the wanderer

and shadow, the old soothsayer, the conscientious in spirit, and the ugliest man: they all lay on their knees like children and credulous little old women, and worshipped the ass. And just then the ugliest man began to gurgle and snort, as if something unspeakable wanted to come out of him; but when he had actually brought it to words, look, it was a pious, strange litany in praise of the worshipped and incensed ass. And this litany went thus:

Amen! And praise and honor and wisdom and thanks and glory and strength be to our God, for ever and ever!

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a.

He bears our burden, he took the form of a servant, he is patient of heart and never says No; and whoever loves his God chastises him.

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a.[41]

He does not speak: except that he always says Yes to the world he created: thus he praises his world. It is his cunning that does not speak: that way he is seldom in the wrong.

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a. He goes through the world unnoticed. 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 ass brayed: Ye-a.

What hidden wisdom it is that he wears long ears and only says Yes and never No! Has he not created the world in his own image, that is, as stupid as possible?

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a.

You walk straight and crooked paths; it matters little to you what seems straight or crooked to us humans. Beyond good and evil is your kingdom. It is your innocence not to know what innocence is.

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a.

41 The litany parodies Scripture: Revelation 7:12, Philippians 2:7 (“took the form of a servant”), and, inverted, Hebrews 12:6 (“the Lord disciplines the one he loves”).

See how you push no one away, not the beggars, nor the kings. You let the little children come to you, and when wicked boys try to lead you astray, you simply say Ye-a.

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a.

You love she-asses and fresh figs, you do not turn up your nose at food. A thistle tickles your heart when you happen to be hungry. Therein lies a god's wisdom.

—But the ass brayed: Ye-a.

THE ASS FESTIVAL

Zarathustra rebukes his guests for worshipping the ass, then blesses their new festival.

IV.18.1 But at this point in the litany Zarathustra could no longer control himself; he himself cried Ye-a, louder even than the ass, and leaped into the midst of his guests who had gone mad. "But what are you doing there, you children of men?" he cried, pulling those who were praying 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 you that you worship an ass 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 exalted 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 on earth so far: such a word is not easily made good again on earth!

"My old heart leaps and skips that there is still something on earth to worship. Forgive that, O Zarathustra, to an old, pious pope's heart!—"

—"And you," said Zarathustra to the wanderer and shadow, "you call yourself and fancy yourself a free spirit? And you carry on such idolatry and priestcraft here?[42]

"Truly, you carry on even worse here than with your wicked brown girls, you wicked new believer!"

"Bad enough," answered the wanderer and shadow, "you are right: but what can I do about it! The old God lives again, O Zarathustra, say what you will.

"The ugliest man is to blame for everything: he has raised him up again. And when he says that he once killed him: with gods, *death* is always only a prejudice."

"And you," said Zarathustra, "you wicked old magician, what have you done! Who is to believe in you from now on, in this free age, if *you* believe in such divine asininities?

"It was a stupidity, what you did; how could you, you clever man, commit such a stupidity!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the clever magician, "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 in 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 fug of these pious brethren?"

"There is something to it," answered the conscientious man, 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 seems to me most credible 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 slow and as stupid as possible: *with that* such a one can still go very far indeed.

"And whoever has too much spirit might well grow foolishly fond of stupidity and folly itself. Think about yourself, O Zarathustra!

42 Jesus, in John 4:24: "God is a spirit, and those who worship him must worship in spirit and truth."

"You yourself—truly! even you could well become an ass out of abundance and wisdom.

"Does not a perfect sage like to walk the most crooked paths? The evidence shows it, O Zarathustra—*your* evidence!"

—"And you yourself, finally," said Zarathustra, turning to the ugliest man, who still lay on the ground raising his arm to the ass (for he was giving it wine to drink). "Speak, you unspeakable one, what have you done there!

"You seem to me transformed, your eye glows, the mantle of the sublime lies about your ugliness: *what* did you do?

"Is it true, then, what those others say, that you raised him up again? And what for? Was he not killed off and done away with for good reason?

"You yourself seem to me awakened: what did you do? what did *you* overturn? What made *you* convert? Speak, you unspeakable one!"

"O Zarathustra," answered the ugliest man, "you are a rogue!

"Whether *he* still lives or lives again or is thoroughly dead—which of us two knows that best? I ask you.

"But one thing I do know—I learned it from you yourself once, O Zarathustra: whoever wants to kill most thoroughly, *laughs*.

"'Not by wrath but by laughter does one kill'—thus you once spoke. O Zarathustra, you hidden one, you annihilator without wrath, you dangerous saint—you are a rogue!"

But then it happened that Zarathustra, astonished at nothing but such roguish answers, leaped back to the door of his cave and, turning toward all his guests, cried out in a strong voice:[43]

IV.18.2 "Oh you rogues and jesters, all of you, you buffoons! Why do you disguise and hide yourselves from me!

"How the heart of each of you wriggled with delight and malice that at last you had once again become like little children, namely pious—

"—that at last you did again as children do, namely prayed, folded your hands and said 'dear God'!

43 Zarathustra said this in "On Reading and Writing" in Part I.

"But now leave *this* nursery, 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!

"Of course: unless you become like little children, you will not enter *that* kingdom of heaven. (And Zarathustra pointed upward with his hands.)

"But we have no wish at all to enter the kingdom of heaven: we have become men—*so we want the kingdom of earth*."

And once more Zarathustra began to speak. "Oh my new friends," he said—"you strange ones, you higher men, how well I like you now—

IV.18.3 "—since you became cheerful again! Truly, you have all blossomed: it seems to me that flowers such as you need *new festivals*,

"—a little brave nonsense, some divine service and ass festival, some cheerful old Zarathustra-fool, a blustering wind that blows your souls bright.

"Do not forget this night and this ass festival, you higher men! *That* you invented with me, that I take as a good omen—such things are invented only by convalescents![44]

"And if you celebrate it again, this ass festival, do it for your own sake, and do it for my sake too! And in remembrance of *me*!"

Thus spoke Zarathustra.[45]

THE SLEEPWALKER SONG

At midnight Zarathustra sings of the bell, the world's depth and joy that wants eternity.

IV.19.1 Meanwhile, however, one after another had stepped outside, into the open and into the cool, pensive night; but Zarathustra himself led the ugliest man by the hand, to show him his night-world and the great round moon and the silvery

44 Recalls the medieval Feast of the Ass (*festum asinorum*), a church celebration with mock-solemn braying responses.

45 Echoes Jesus at the Last Supper, Luke 22:19: "Do this in remembrance of me."

waterfalls near his cave. There at last they stood still together, all of them old people, but with comforted, brave hearts, and marveling within themselves that they felt so well on earth; and the intimacy of the night came closer and closer to their hearts. And again Zarathustra thought to himself: "oh how well I like them now, these higher men!"—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 of that long, astonishing day: the ugliest man began once more, and for the last time, to gurgle and snort. And when he had managed to bring it to words, look: a question sprang from his mouth, round and clean, a good, deep, clear question, which moved the heart in the body of everyone who heard him.

"My friends, all of you," said the ugliest man, "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 bear witness to this much is not yet enough for me. It is worth living on the 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!'[46]

"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 man; and it was not long before midnight. And what do you suppose happened then? As soon as the higher men heard his question, they became aware all at once of their transformation and recovery, and of who had given it to them. Then they rushed toward Zarathustra, thanking, revering, caressing him, kissing his hands, each in the way that was his own, so that some laughed and some wept. But the old soothsayer danced with delight; and even if, as some storytellers think, he was full of sweet wine at the time, he was certainly fuller still of sweet life, and had renounced all weariness. There are even some who tell that the ass danced then: for not for

46 Echoes Zarathustra's own words in "On the Vision and the Riddle" (III.2), where courage says to death: "Was that life? Well then! Once more!"

nothing, they say, had the ugliest man given it wine to drink beforehand. This may be so, or it may be otherwise; and if in truth the ass did not dance that evening, greater and stranger wonders happened then than an ass's dancing would be. In short, as Zarathustra's saying goes: "What does it matter!"

IV.19.2 But Zarathustra, while this was happening with the ugliest man, stood there like someone drunk: his gaze went dim, his tongue slurred, his feet swayed. And who could guess what thoughts were then passing over Zarathustra's soul? Plainly, though, his spirit drew back and fled ahead and was in far distances, as it were "on a high ridge, as it is written, between two seas,[47]

"—wandering between past and future as a heavy cloud." Gradually, though, while the higher men held him in their arms, he came back to himself a little and with his hands fended off the throng of those who revered him and were anxious for him; yet he did not speak. All at once, however, he turned his head quickly, for he seemed to hear something. Then he laid his finger to his mouth and said: "*Come*!"

And at once all around grew still and secret; but from the depths the sound of a bell came slowly up. Zarathustra listened for it, as did the higher men; then he laid his finger to his mouth a second time and said again: "*Come*! *Come*! *It is getting toward midnight*!"—and his voice had changed. But still he did not stir from the spot. Then it grew stiller and more secret still, and everything listened, even the ass, and Zarathustra's animals of honor, the eagle and the serpent, and likewise Zarathustra's cave and the great cool moon and the night itself. But Zarathustra laid his hand to his mouth for the third time and said:

Come! *Come*! *Come*! *Let us walk now*! *It is the hour*: *let us walk into the night*!

You higher men, it is getting toward midnight: now I will say something into your ears, as that old bell says it into my ear,—

47 Zarathustra quotes his own words from "The Seven Seals" (III.16).

—as secretly, as terribly, as tenderly as that midnight bell speaks it to me, which has lived through more than any one man:

—which already counted the heart-pain-beats of your fathers —ah! ah! how she sighs! how she laughs in her dream! the old, deep, deep midnight!

IV.19.3 Hush! Hush! Now many things can be heard that may not be spoken aloud by day; but now, in the cool air, when all the noise of your hearts has grown still too,—

—now it speaks, now it is heard, now it creeps into nocturnal, overwakeful souls: ah! ah! how she sighs! how she laughs in her dream!

—do you not hear how secretly, terribly, tenderly she speaks to *you*, the old, deep, deep midnight? *O man, take heed*!

IV.19.4 Woe is me! Where has time gone? Did I not sink into deep wells? The world sleeps—

Ah! Ah! 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, what are you spinning around me? Do you want blood? Ah! Ah! 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 lord of the earth? Who will say: *this* is how you shall run, you great and small rivers!"

—the hour draws near: O man, you higher man, take heed! this speech is for fine ears, for your ears—*what does the deep midnight say*?

It carries me away, my soul dances. Day's work! Day's work! Who shall be lord of the earth?

The moon is cool, the wind is silent. Ah! Ah! Have you flown high enough yet? You danced: but a leg is still no wing.

IV.19.5 You good dancers, now all joy is over: wine has turned to dregs, every cup has grown brittle, the graves stammer.

You did not fly high enough: now the graves stammer, "Redeem the dead! Why is the night so long? Does the moon not make us drunk?"

You higher men, redeem the graves, wake the corpses! Ah, why is the worm still digging? The hour draws near, draws near, —

—the bell booms, the heart still rattles, the woodworm still digs, the heart-worm. Ah! Ah! *The world is deep*!

Sweet lyre! Sweet lyre! I love your sound, your drunken toad-croak sound!—from how long ago, from how far away your sound comes to me, from far off, 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 grew ripe,—

IV.19.6 —ripe like golden autumn and afternoon, like my hermit's heart—now you speak: the world itself has grown ripe, the grape is turning brown,

—now it wants to die, to die of happiness. You higher men, do you not smell it? A scent is secretly welling up,

—a fragrance and scent of eternity, a rose-blissful, brown, golden-wine scent of old happiness,

—of drunken midnight death-happiness, which sings: the world is deep, *and deeper than the day had thought*!

IV.19.7 Let me be! Let me be! I am too pure for you. Do not touch me! Has my world not just now become perfect?

My skin is too pure for your hands. Let me be, you stupid, clumsy, dull day! Is midnight not brighter?

The purest shall be lords of the earth, the least known, 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?[48]

O world, you want *me*? Am I worldly to you? Am I spiritual to you? Am I godly to you? But day and world, you are too clumsy,—

48 "Do not touch me" echoes the risen Jesus' words to Mary Magdalene (John 20:17).

—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*.

IV.19.8 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 men! 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. Ah! Ah! how she sighs! how she laughs, how she rattles and gasps, midnight!

How soberly she speaks just now, this drunken poet! has she perhaps outdrunk her drunkenness? has she grown overwakeful? is she ruminating?

—her woe she ruminates on, in her dream, the old deep midnight, and still more her joy. For joy, even if woe is deep: *joy is deeper still than heartache*.

IV.19.9 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 want?

"What has become perfect, everything ripe—wants to die!" so you speak. Blessed, blessed be the vintner's knife! But everything unripe wants to live: woe!

Woe says: "Pass away! Be gone, you woe!" But everything that suffers wants to live, so that it may become ripe and joyful and full of longing,

—longing for what is farther, higher, brighter. "I want heirs," so speaks 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 recurrence, wants everything-eternally-the-same.

Woe says: "Break, bleed, heart! Walk, leg! Wing, fly! Onward! Upward! Pain!" Well then! Up then! O my old heart: *woe says*: "*pass away*!"

You higher men, what do you think? Am I a soothsayer? A dreamer? A drunkard? An interpreter of dreams? A midnight bell?

A drop of dew? A haze and fragrance of eternity? Do you not hear it? Do you not smell it? Just now my world became perfect, midnight is also noon,—

IV.19.10 Pain is also a joy, a curse is also a blessing, night is also a sun—go away, or you will learn: a wise man is also a fool.

Did you ever say Yes to a single joy? Oh, my friends, then you said Yes to *all* woe as well. All things are enchained, entwined, enamored,—

—if you ever wanted one time twice, if you ever said, "You please me, happiness! Quick! Moment!" then you wanted *everything* back!

—everything anew, everything eternally, everything enchained, entwined, enamored—oh, that is how you *loved* the world,—

—you eternal ones, love it eternally and for all time: and to woe too you say: pass away, but come back! *For all joy wants—eternity*!

All joy wants the eternity of all things, wants honey, wants dregs, wants drunken midnight, wants graves, wants the comfort of graveside tears, wants gilded evening glow—

IV.19.11 —*what* does joy not want! it is thirstier, more heartfelt, 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 for someone to take it, thanks the taker, it would gladly be hated,—

—so rich is joy that it thirsts for woe, for hell, for hate, for disgrace, for the maimed, for *world*—for this world, oh, you surely know it!

You higher men, it longs for you, joy, the unruly, blissful one —for your woe, you who have turned out badly! All eternal joy longs for what has turned out badly.

For all joy wants itself, and so it also wants heartache! O happiness, O pain! Oh break, heart! You higher men, learn it, then: joy wants eternity,

—joy wants the eternity of *all* things, *wants deep, deep eternity*!

Have you now learned my song? Have you guessed what it wants? Well then! Up then! You higher men, now sing me my roundelay!

IV.19.12 Now sing me yourselves the song whose name is "Once More," whose meaning is "to all eternity!"—sing, you higher men, Zarathustra's roundelay!

O man! Take heed!
What does the deep midnight say?
"I slept, I slept—,
From a deep dream I have woken:—
The world is deep,
And deeper than the day had thought.
Deep is its woe—,
Joy—deeper still than heartache:
Woe says: Pass away!
But all joy wants eternity—,
—wants deep, deep eternity!"

THE SIGN

At dawn a laughing lion and doves arrive; Zarathustra puts pity behind him and goes to his work.

IV.20 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 that comes out of dark mountains.

"You great star," he said, as he had once spoken before, "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 angry your proud modesty would be at that![49]

"Well then! they are still asleep, these higher men, while *I* am awake: *these* are not my true 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 call to waking for them.

"They are still asleep in my cave, their dream is still chewing on my midnights. The ear that listens for *me*—the *obedient* ear is lacking in their limbs."

—This Zarathustra had said to his heart as the sun rose. Then he looked up questioningly, for he heard above him the sharp cry of his eagle. "Well then!" he called up, "so it pleases me, and so it 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 true animals; I love you.

"But I still lack my true human beings!"—

Thus spoke Zarathustra; but then it happened that he suddenly heard himself swarmed and fluttered about as if by countless birds—and the whirring of so many wings and the crowding about his head were so great that he closed his eyes. And truly, it fell upon him like a cloud, like a cloud of arrows pouring down on a new enemy. But look, here it was a cloud of love, and upon a new friend.

"What is happening to me?" thought Zarathustra in his astonished heart, and slowly sat down on the large stone that lay beside the mouth of his cave. But as he reached with his hands around him and above him and below him, fending off the tender birds, look, something stranger still happened to him: in doing so he reached, without noticing, into a thick, warm, shaggy mane; and at the same moment a roar rang out before him—a gentle, long lion's roar.

49 Echoes Zarathustra's address to the sun at the opening of the Prologue (P.1).

"*The sign is coming*," said Zarathustra, and his heart was transformed. And in truth, when it grew light before him, a mighty yellow beast lay at his feet, pressing its head against his knees, unwilling for love to leave him, 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 each 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 thing: "*my children are near*, *my children*"—, then he fell completely silent. But his heart was loosened, and tears dropped from his eyes and fell upon his hands. And he paid no more heed to anything, and sat there motionless, no longer fending off the animals. Then the doves flew to and fro and settled on his shoulder and caressed his white hair and did not tire of tenderness and rejoicing. But the strong lion kept licking the tears that fell upon Zarathustra's hands, roaring and growling shyly as it did. So these animals carried on.—

All this lasted a long time, or a short time: for, properly speaking, for such things there is *no* time on earth—. Meanwhile, however, the higher men 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 footsteps ran ahead of them, the lion started violently, turned all at once away from Zarathustra, and leapt, roaring wildly, at the cave. The higher men, when they heard it roar, all cried out as if with one mouth, fled back, and in an instant were gone.

But Zarathustra himself, dazed and estranged, rose from his seat, looked around him, stood there in amazement, questioned his heart, collected himself, and was alone. "What was it I heard?" he said at last, slowly. "What happened to me just now?"

And already memory came back to him, and in a single glance he grasped everything that had happened between yesterday and today. "Why, here is the stone," he said, stroking his

beard; "on *this* I sat yesterday morning; and here the soothsayer came up to me, and here I first heard the cry I have just heard, the great cry of distress.

"O you higher men, it was of *your* distress, after all, 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 into your last sin.'

"To my last sin?" cried Zarathustra, laughing angrily at his own words, "*what* was it that was saved up for me as my last sin?"

—And once more Zarathustra sank into himself, sat down again on the large stone, and reflected. Suddenly he sprang up,—[50]

"*Pity*! *Pity for the higher man*!" 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! Am I striving for *happiness*? I am striving 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 he left his cave, glowing and strong, like a morning sun that comes out of dark mountains.

End of *Thus Spoke Zarathustra*.

50 Refers to "The Cry of Distress" (IV.2), where the soothsayer came to tempt Zarathustra to pity for the higher men.